

Standing in the Light of a Rainbow

A COLLECTION OF COLORFUL IMAGES AND POEMS

"Bipolar Storm"

A flipped coin,
Forever spinning,
From heads to tails
and back again...

Two minds next to every point,
Deep South meets Due North,
Far East crosses Old West;
Sometimes my tank
Is running on empty.

And sometimes my cup runneth over;
Bound in a knot and completely undone,
A storm within myself...
Summer showers against a winter storm.

Blessedly Simple Things

There is always a click, when a minute shifts
One new tick tock between the beats.
Some speak to pins and the cloak of the old
Other seconds are blessedly simple things
Dark whispers that touch the skin and the soul
Pushin' the past and pullin' in the day
Hiding the future in a fog just long enough...
To frame the time by envisioning the moment
Spells that are all too small to count,
But can never be forgotten, never really.
Bits of poems I find fractured in space
Floating freely, a myth of rhythm and melody
Where sweets and bitters play on the tongue
Like lemon sour syrup on a perfect icy cone.



"Blueberry"

Cooks boil you into a purple coulis
By grinding and bleeding you dry
But you were never purple to me
Not red, orange, yellow or green.
I think of you, I truly do at night
When the skies have no heavenly lights
Sitting around counting my toes
While rain clouds crowd the skies
I am kinda blue when eating my

Blueberry Buckle

You're so wholesome and sweet
I can eat you up by the handful
For when there are no stars
I have you frozen or fresh
You are one and only star-berry.

Nowhere to Sit

The word I say is wonderful,
The time I speak of it is today.
Yesterday we lived in a promise,
There's always hope in Sun's rays.

Those who can't speak to move us,
Will point their fingers to shame.
Greed and power leads to bloodlust.
Be fearful of a mob without a name.

Your first appeasement comes early.
The second will indeed hurt a bit.
Then when you question their logic,
Turn around and have nowhere to sit.

Like the beeping of an alarm clock,
The darkest point before dawn.
Between a tough spot and a rock,
It's hard to admit that you're wrong.

Protection for the youngest among us,

We shall always run to that battle cry.
But the removal of "mom" and "dad",
Just let there be hope to wonder why.

Some will always try to cushion the blow,
To restack the deck to make it fair.
Only there always a figure they don't know,
Even if know-it-alls think that's rare.

So, in the end we come to that word,
Wonderous in its glow and wisdom.
A spell that has been place all above,
I say that magic word spoken is "love".

Some might look up to block out the sun,
As the power to shade thought is real.
To stop freewill is a devil's plaything,
And it's always harder to think than feel.

Time is the greatest master of all,
For a moment we all shall shine.
A few in the shadows wish giants to fall,
As a shapeless mob of a blob has no spine.

When best laid plans are written by fools,
The stepping on egg shells type rules,

They then command people don't hop.
Looking through broken mirrors,
Looking down from the top.
With history washed clean,
Then hope is something that's not seen.
That's a course not likely to stop.



Frederique 2021

Happy Birthday Fifi

Or should I say Frederique

As now you are so grown

Perhaps childish names we shouldn't speak

Another year has passed

Time I recall when you could

Count your years on one hand

But now we should have known those times.

Would never really last

Because the band must always play on

For if not the case of this

Birthday wishes would never ever come true.

If in the wish.

We wished we never grew.

Shouting Forever

Heart to my heart
Time I ask no more of you
I whisper of so many tomorrows
These tales I really wish I knew
If I could only enjoy the moment
And look up into the sun
To see a spell of Godly love
With fresh flowers all around
And in my daily hopes and fears
I am left to ask
Be my valentine this year.
Looking into a broken mirror
Things I had in mind
No longer will I doubt
No longer will I be blind.
I shall never shout the word "forever"
For in yesterday was our forever
And tomorrow might not be anymore
A musing of our forgiveness
Yet love is a shadow.
Behind every single open door.



Valentine Mastermind

How can I start to say,
Be my valentine?
With laughs and charms,
Color and hopes?
I do certainly wish to be kind.
Words can be pretty things,
When used with flattery,
They can make you unwind.
Joy can be spread all around,
With a bit of poetic verse.
Perhaps you can overlook,
The many times I was,
Acting like a jerk.
I think of myself,
As a mastermind,
That must always get his way.
It's a failing that I have,

What can I truly say?

Be my valentine?

Be my valentine?

Wash your dark thoughts of me away.

Let me apply some of my rhymes.

And all the darkness will just go way.

Let the sweetness of my words sink in.

Be my valentine this Sunday.

And let it all begin.

Stardust to Stardust

Like a length of string
Through a yard of fabric
Time binds us to this moment
We are here now then not
From cheerful Stardust to Stardust
Time is but a sweet told mystery
In these wishes we see the world
Together we have the whirlwind
From this bit of instance to that
We burn here for a brief moment
From our lips we blow it all out
Birthday wishes are stepping stones
A circular path to our past.



Time Has Gone

The crowded campus of St. Elizabeth Square
We met each other through college friends
Between the years we missed a few
But in my hearts of hearts I needed you
We spent weekends at the Jersey shore
3 or 4 we share one room
Stayed at a motel in the summertime
Hanged up in large smokey joints,
To meet the guys.

You were there for me
I really needed you.
Missed you all those years.
Just a friend in need is a friend indeed.
Cherished moments spent over
50 years ago.
Where all that time has gone?
Hush now.
Don't ask me such mystical things.
I never will truly know.

Full Circle

And Time that gave doth now his gift confound
She met her husband when they were teenagers
Donna and Peter on a summer's day
The pleasantries of chatty
At the ice cream stand.
10 grandchildren playing
Time can't break this delightful spell
Years have been swell
From nurse to office manager
Kids always all around.
Life is Life.
Time is Time.
Hope is eternal.

Back home form the One Star State

Where my daughters both reside
In San Antonio along the River Walk
Pedestrian promenade lined with
Cafes and shops and Ice Cream Stands
We come full circle
And found love once again
HemisFair Park's 750-foot Tower there
Outlooks the city fare.



Sky Meets Sea

"As The Sky Meets The Sea"

I have no faith in gold.
I counted all the costs.

Time has no glory.
All crumbs to the Lord.
From the Garden State.
From sea to glory sea.

Daylight to Daylight.
Heaven to Heaven
In this I see you and me.

Tales of friendship
Tales of Peace.

There is a hill I cherish.

By the Brick Township
In Ocean County, New Jersey

Sailboats float in the bay
Sunlight in the air
Wind in a constant thought
All my heart with the Lord
There is nothing more I want

Maybe
Perhaps
Your Friendship
With my eternal peace

Love to the West
Hope to the East

Salvation to the North
I will sit with the world
And look out upon the sea
And see the sea
As the Golden Reds
Breaks the Blues
The Greens and Yellows

On the horizons

There is nothing
More that I want
But to hold your hand
And for you to be with me
As the sky meets the sea.
(Hallelujah)

"The Richness of Island Life"

Richness of Island Life

Island hopping, new lands to see

Sunsets and dolphin-watching,

Private yachts,

Fresh cut, white triangle sails

Bobbing far on the horizon

Cutting a course through the seas

Richness of Island Life

With no lacking of coastal sands

A coral Beach with water sports

Festive parties and night time bands

Richness of Island life

Below the motion of the waves

On dives, the few places you can go

Where you can rave,

About the pearls you had saved

Richness of Island Life

Try to count all the islands here

You are bound to miss a few

While traversing,

Through the timeless breeze,

Along the King Faisal Corniche,

Across the Muharraq Bridge

Life can be refreshingly rich here

If you come you'll know it's true.

Richness of Island Life

Ospreys and falcons,

And boundless more

Fly over the Hawar Islands

Birdwatchers the world over come,

To watch the beauty of their soar.

Richness of Island Life

During the Spring of Culture

Artists storm Forts and Public Spaces

Transforming the whole country,
Of ordinary to something so great

Slowly it becomes a Cultural Hub
As you wait calmly on the spokes
Dancers twirling on their toes,
Singers sooth troubled souls;
Harmonizing a few heavy beats.

Poets tell us what isn't true.
And question what we seek.
Artists show a window canvas,
Of bush-work and skillful dabs,
Sometimes taking a dry, broken land;
And conjuring one,
Without any lies or hate.

Richness of Island Life
Where we often skip past
The many childhood tales
Into realms of the unbelieved

Not by the youngest of heart
But by those who choose,
Never to be deceived

Assured that a Magic Carpet can't fly,
They'll just drink their sweet tea.
Yet they might come around,
For an mirthful education
See a wonder of delight in all things
And even humor,

The good Bradran Carpet Store owner,
That we are bound by all the goodness,
The whole world has to bring,

Richness of Island Life
Picked straight from the tree
A world of bursting flavor,
With a hint of forgetfulness
Of all the troubles made,
Of all the troubles told.

Standing in the sun,
Hoping for one more to.
Sit upon your tongue,
Squeeze upon your lips,
It's almost as sweet,
As a summertime kiss.

Hot dates what can I say
One holds you in disarray
And the other;
You can have almost any day.



Like the Sun

I believe in you

Like the stars above

Like the trees below

The flowerbeds around

The summer showers

The winter winds

The Heartfelt promise

My boundless,

Outward Love

Like the Timeless

Glow of our Celestial Fire

Happy Anniversary Ghaffar & Sara

Time brushes the years
Yet skips the moments
Of life's journey.

Together there is joy
In the unknown wonder
Beyond charted waters
That stretch into an ocean
Of tomorrows.

For new places wait
To be explored
And looked back on,
Like today, so fondly.

Bluest Breeze

While waves beat, break on shore
Days are short and nights are long
On the bluest breeze white birds soar
With passion played softly like a song
Still in life there is a glowing amber
A firebird that flames up, below the ash

High on spirit wildflowers clamber
Albeit the whole affair is a little brash
Questions float unanswered upon my head
While the sky is painted yellow and red
I looked thru a door I cannot walk past
Forever knowing the skit will never last
Life may dull, but it is never formulaic
Even when the intone is a bit prosaic





Brian Haiku 2014

Birthdays go and go / And the wisdom grows and grows / Age betters a mind

Add to joy we must / And make it the best we can / A passionate gust

Happiness moves days / With music and song of heart / A mind can replay

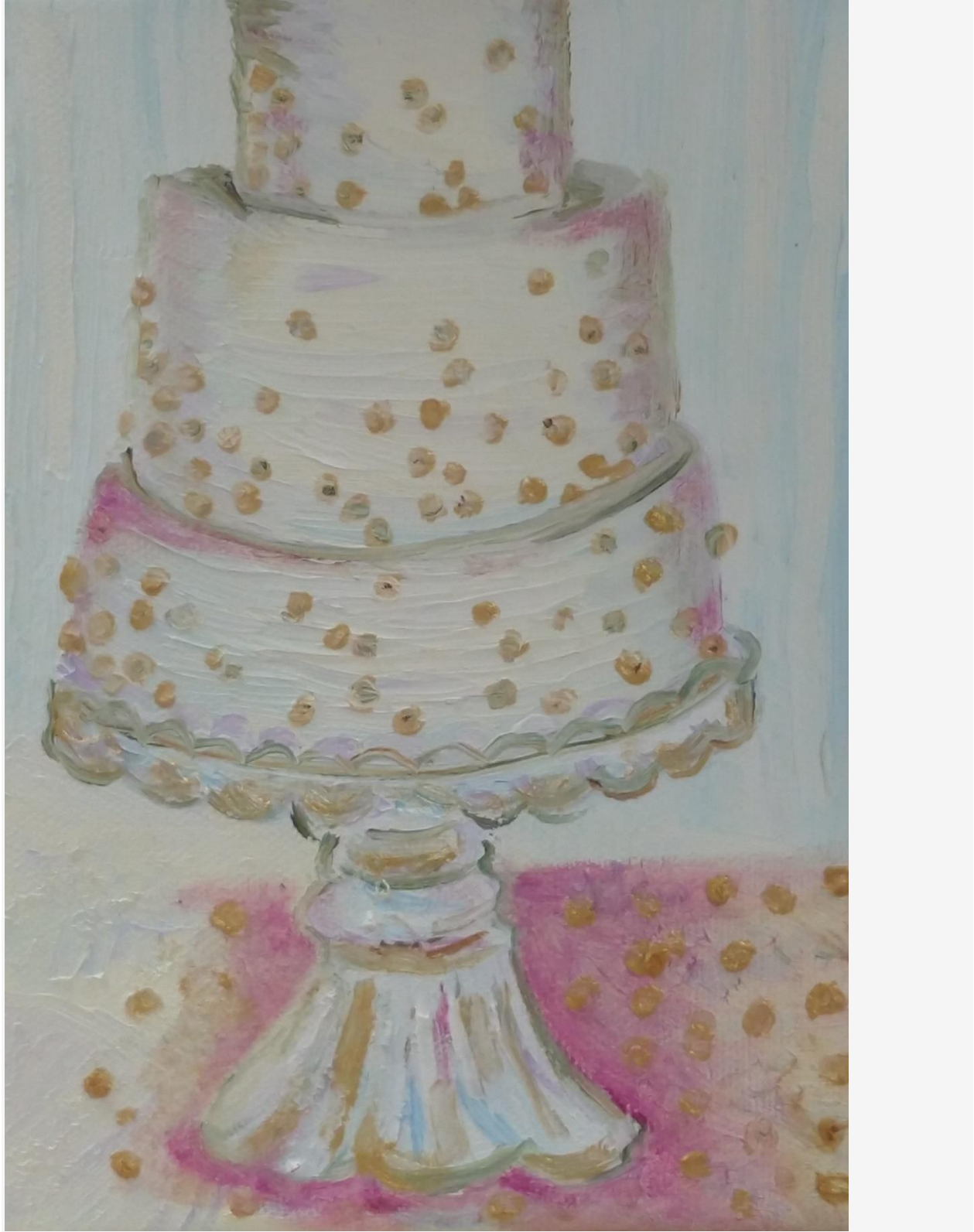
For joy can be found / And many moments may last / In our memories

Butterfly, Butterfly

Butterfly, butterfly I used to love you,
But you took flight from me in the end;
And now I ponder what this makes me,
I wish I knew.

A seductive time mistress whispers softly
Calling me upon the very edge of the earth
I quiet moment of haunting longing kindly
It might transport me to a narrowing dearth
A spirit so lively.

Joys of the day spring to the sun of morning
A lasting hope very tender, sweet and strong
Talking on forever a knowing wisdom singing
Of dreams, of heart not forgotten or undone
These bonds so true.



By the Bay

I've been at the edge of the bay all night
A peaceful stillness on surface
Pools of moonlight had encompassed me
I wish I could be the perfect son

But I come back to these waters,
No matter how hard I try I venture every trail I trace
I sail on every bet I place

To the place I know
Where I cannot go,
Where I long to be.

Sea is a wetter version of the sky, It calls to me.

No one shall ever know how far it goes.

If the wind blows so very strong
Much of my life will leave me behind

One day I'll know.

When I go there's no telling how far I'll go

I know everyone on the bay, we have our own island
Everything in life is set that way.

Every bit of their 'Truth' has its own 'Meaning'

And all the people must find their own star

So maybe we should let the island inhabitants be.

Cactus Flowers and Hummingbirds

I listen to the lazy melody of the rustle of trees
Family memories I delight with in harmony
Why is one's loves a question I cannot know?
Or when received without pleasure ignored?
When the sun lit raindrop prisms aglow
Dark clouds must also shadow the lands below
Life has vast ties of intangible connectedness
That strikes back to a spark, a starting source
Fragmented thoughts doubt the wisdom of this
But there is always a bond no matter how faint
A whimsical state between child and mother
In all time the moments builds on another
Cactus flowers and hummingbirds,
A wish on this day I bring
That songs of peace will play,
And pleasantries will ring.



Captain Hook Been Downsized

Upon the poop deck it was plain to perceive
The sea was just a wetter version of the sky,
Below he bellowed commands to his crew
And they moved with much purpose and skill

Within the sail rigging and about the ship
He was in his element plotting revenge,
Thinking he would have forever in Neverland
To study his trusty dog-eared maps
And hatch schemes against Peter Pan

But he was forced to retire to Arizona.
When he failed to read the fine print
On his piracy contract it spelled his doom
One small clerical error had done him in

He failed to file every other thousand years
And was replaced with dopey first mate
On his wall a dueling sword gathers dust
For poker games replaced his old reprisals

He lives in a western ranch house now
His new rocky seas are mountain ranges
With succulent cacti scattered in-between
Being landlocked he has lost his sea legs

For the only swaying was the gait of his horse
Muddy cowhands replaced salty sailors
And being stationary was his only course.

His one concession was buried treasure
Of Spanish doubloons and jeweled goblets
I wouldn't cross him and steal his plunder
The question if Hook will kill is a certain bet

Not with a sword or by walking a plank
For he has gotten good with a six shooter
And it won't be loaded with blanks

Crisscrossed Love

A promise made in amorous account
Kept to this day, for this remains quite true
Where reflections are made and soon breakout
It is always easy in the end to construe
But in this there is hope for happiness
Hold fast to the sweet songs which you encase
And then heartfelt pleasantries could egress
Turning fiery conflicts into an embrace
Perhaps a moment might abide a day
Time so truly full it lasts forever
For those who endeavor, love finds a way
Binding us through the unknown together
And in all love, there is never a lost
Be it passionate and a little crisscrossed



"Dangling it on a whim"

Shoulder length and stir crazy
Her messy blond hair,
Fell like a wild thing,
Over brilliant blue eyes that
Sparkled with plenty of trouble
Dressed in a denim skirt
And a thinly striped shirt
She stood only four feet tall,
Barely,
Barefoot.
A complete terror,
With an impish smile
Carrying a pond turtle
In her small hand
Dangling it on a childish whim

Evanescence of Twilight

When the sun is not up
Trees are the last to be told
Their sleep is long felt
The hours just roll and roll.
The flowers are up and ready
To reach to the sky
Through puffy clouds
The shiny planes passed by.

The moon hangs back...
We will see her again;
In her brilliance last night
The evanescence of twilight
A cold embrace of starlight

It was little comfort,
To be there weary
In front of their far off places,
Some say there aren't there
Burnt out long ago.

I have hope they're wrong
But I doubt we'll ever know.

Father's Day 2014

Most joyous day this Father's Day,
Wind in the west quiet to a breeze.
So many things I don't know what to say,
Please sit back comfortably with ease.
And see the hectic world at peace,
At least until you finish reading this card.
May troubling thoughts simply cease
For pleasantries are never really far.

"Flash Poems"

Sailboat in the wind. / Crystal waves brush the white sands. / Lofty palm trees sway

Locked in writer's block. / When I require them most, / Words fail me at times.

Morning alarm clocks. / Cell phones with stylish rings. / Time a fleeing thing.

Tiny fingers hold / Onto a pinky tightly, / And rattle its hand.

Precariously. / Wry characters spring to form. / As words turn on page.

Sailboats hug the wind. / The sun peaks behind the clouds. / Sands warm on sea shore.

Cannot sleep a wink / maybe it was the coffee / it is what I drink.

To the city lights / leaving home far behind me / moonless nights beacon

A word of passing / A small gesture of farewell / A tale of goodbyes



Field of Flowers

Thoughts peacefully wonder about
As I expand my very troubled mind
Past my fears and woeful worries
I know what is true, I will never doubt
That the answers are always there
Far beyond the unknown horizon
For silence is just the absence of noise
In solace I will be shed from this storm.
I must trust in god that things will,
Work out well in the field of flowers,
The sanctuary under the stars of hope

"Forever in the Moment"

Summer days.
We're inside today.
Heat outside like a fire ablaze.
Cool waters splash,
With grandchildren at play.

Feeding little fishes in a pond,
It's a wondrous display.

Patches of greens,
Here and there.

Around the kitchen windowsill.
Watered with the breathe of life,
As you enter the front door.

Sun filled place, a glorious glow
Year's being pulled to December.
Nearly over, halfway there.

Forever in the moment,
The momentum is always
Going there...

Above my heart
Within the peace in my head
Myself at rest I have found this world
In a card unfolding with a bit of my love.

Words streams together in a stream
Out to the sea, to the open ocean.

How calm truly can we be?

But in this time between these lines,
I hold your mind helplessly
With the power of my poetry.

How calm truly can we be?

Though I stand two feet tall elsewhere
Whatever I dream it's never too big,
A feat,
As in this card I don't plan to skip,
A beat.

How calm truly can we be?

Locked in my thoughts,
I pray,
I wish,
An interconnection without,
The stressfulness beyond it.

All things end...

Even the spell of this card.

But don't think me so dim,
Because my shadow doesn't extend,
I am only a sometimes,
Manic Little Lord.

And can only prolong a wish
Along my woeful wordings
Only hoping a lot of joy,
Will stick to our outside world.

Forgetting You

A timeless thought comes sneaking by towards my view
While the morning light scatter onto something new,
A flash of tomorrow's promise,
A melody of yesterday's memories,
In this there is the belief system that there was something,
I could have known that was true.
Yet certainty only comes to fools;
Forever fearing the taste of wisdom,
But on this day the sweet timelessness of thought,
Holds onto the hope I will never forget you.

Frederique Turns One

Soon you will be turning one and this is splendid to me;
‘cause this will be the first of many more to be.
You had your first fall and I've seen your first step.
Then will come your first tooth
Your first jump, your first skip.
Your first sentence will be soon after that.
So many firsts it is fair to wager
That the number will seem staggering
When you are old enough to attend very first grade.
But the number will grow every day that you age.

Frederique's Haircut

In the midst of a haircut you are quiet and sure,
Patiently waiting in a turquoise cutting cape
With a mosaic of smiling faces up and down the sides Inviting
and stylish and full of good cheer

All of them had haircuts like you are having now
Many got it cut short and others had it cut long A few buzzed it
off while some fluffed it out.

All of them asking, "How are you going to wear yours?"
Are your pretty brown locks going to have a barrette? Perhaps
they will be topped with a red a bow

Or maybe with flowers neatly tucked in a row
They might shake and roll to the blare of music
Or hang peacefully with the reading of a book
How you choose to flaunt it will be your decision
The way you tease your hair can be a daily revision.

Glory in the New Year

Merry Christmas!

Announce it to you I dare.

Though I speak of Happy Holidays

Because I fear a backlash,

From the easily offended

Like a pin prick,

On a birthday balloon

I try not to laugh at them,

But I can't help but stare

What can I write that hasn't said

All the moments have come to past

Every single tea leaf has been read

Only what is long gone will always last

As far as our memories will not falter

Yesterday's joys cannot be forgotten

For present despair will never alter

What's been fought for and dearly bought'en

Reaching for the future of the undiscovered

Too many delights to predict

There's peace, it's just over your shoulder

So sidestep every other conflict.

And look for the glory in the New Year.

God Be You and I

If there was no heaven or hell
And God be you and I
Time could not rob what was before us
Because I would not let it die

Power of Death over Life?
I wouldn't even blink an eye
I've been dead before my friend
It was like a broken lullaby
When hope skipped a beat,
Hands chained from behind

Forced to think:
"Don't you try"

Not knowing how to laugh
Too empty to even cry.

Wondering who would remember me
What of it of what I wrote or said

Mozart and Shakespeare
What of them now, they're dead

What does a compliment make now?
Like the applause at a silver screen
Acclaim a living actor can only dream.



Good People

Those that keep well in our hearts,
Are the good people in this world.
Anchored to a little island of hope,
On the shores of Nowhere,
And Tomorrow more.
I was overcome with a fever dream,
Out on one too many bad turns,
Outside the wrong turns,
Of so many incorrect, bad turned doors.
Yet the Good People lift you up,
When you have fallen down flat.
And when you do take a bad turn,
That is not all there is to say about that.

Hating Thyself

I don't mean to cavil the situation
So I'll strive to be as laconic as I can
We mustn't ever seem too venal
Expunging all the foibles at hand

Living in a dearth of emotions
Free of ostentatious conversations
Censuring everyone around us
Never assimilating into other lands

Being occupied with austere attitudes
With the only solace of erudition
No quandaries are ever protracted
Only the fervent violence of demand

Too egoistical to ingratiate anyone
Mind too hateful to be quiescent
Soul far too lost to be ameliorated
And too circumspect to ever stand

I Do, I Do

I wonder why.I do.

I wonder why.

I do, I do.

I tell myself no.

Am I wrong to do so?

But my heart speaks of many things

Freestanding temples that stand on lush parkland

Gleaming glass towers that are steely strong

Shaded thoroughfares and common commands

Where fingers of sunlight dance the day away

A jumble of sounds that buzz the air

Somehow it all makes sense

This freewheeling rumble of logic

These nights that never sleep

These days that never end

Hope that never fades

Somehow I fit in it.

But the question,

Still remains:

"Just how"?

"Just"?

"How"?

I do, I do.

I wonder why.

I do.

I wonder why.

"Lacking Paper"

Swift Scratches of letters bleed
As the warm ink flows out of me
Sitting by as the night goes thin
When the conjuring of poems begins

Two lines of juvenile rhymes
Above a tricky stanza below
Some sounds, sound out of place
With harmony broken I tend to know

Stirring of confidence cracks the Earth
Like a word in a song that does not go
Endless shapes of pieces I will search
Time is the only obstacle to make it so

My mind when it writes sweet nothings
Perhaps the whispery of recollections to me
Twisted and forgotten, flying without wings
But I can never recite verse lacking paper,
Because in the moment I am always free

Lights & Bows

The frost on me when I have said:
"Lights & Bows who hardly knows
What lies below the tree unread"

"The big blue box isn't for you," the wind blows
"That's 'cause life in heaven isn't red

No winter chills nor socks on icy feet"
"Oh yes," I say "no hunger or pain in my head
But what is there to eat, will any of it be sweet?"

What of the charms and the honey smells?
What of the want, will there be no take?"
"No waiting, no wanting below the tree knell
An unopened gift leaves nothing to forsake

Winter bells ring & simple things sings
Wonders of living is an animated thing."

Locked In Double Spaced Pages

When we can write a poem,
Why do we do fiction?
Poems are so much easier to write.
Yet one poem made me late for Mr. Parker,
The loss of time gave me an awful fright.
I glanced at my map and saw room 430.
Where it was I just didn't know,
Because some ditz forgot a legend,
I kept walking around and around,
Until I was able to greet Matthew;
With a cordial hello. The class skipped poetry and went to
fiction,
I had only two days to write my first piece.
But the joke was on them; I self-plagiarized.
Trimmed a few pages and applied the grease.
The very first one to take the bait was Jonathon;
I smiled when he said "Rosenthal" with a bit of glee,
He was a surgeon who did an Appendectomy on me.
Other comments were made of my depictions,
They were clever; I thought well worth the class fee.
Then I came to the realization:
Were the characters locked in double spaced pages?

Or perhaps they were in the circle in front of me.

Gregarious Jennifer and Garrulous Antha

Adroit Aaron and Candor Christopher

Steph up for a stiff punch and Antonio right you are.

Tenable Taylor and Emily, the Queen of Embellishments I heard
it said no writer is pleased with their work,

They only have a queer, divine dissatisfaction,

It's one of their many quirks.

They bleed ink, black as the new moon light,

See in their writings the uncanny ability of foresight.

Days tumble and break upon December rocks,

Time so precious, waste it wisely

For time spins quicker as you grow old

The weeks like days, the minutes like seconds.

Make the most of the Holiday and New Year

You won't get it back,

Unless you speak of it kindly in your writings.

"Love the Snow"

Traveling into the woods,
Within those old white pines
The bright greens inside quickens
I'm feeling an evanescence glow
It keeps me warm in the midst of winter
In all of its love,
It is snow

I'm in love of it.
From the wonders,
Of its nightly blue
Colored lights hang happily above
Over the freshness of a winter decree

Time and again happiness will ever blow
Waiting upon the early morning sun
Where your color will brighten up
Like a single daisy on a summer's field

Life is often a maze,
My love of Snow is often a riddle
Upon the coming New Year
Whatever you might plan to do,
Don't plan to settle for very little.



My Soul

I stand perfect in the day,
Long past the dawn
On a path to her heart
Instead, I find it frozen
I think I am too late
Something about my timing
But in this daylight
I find her love shining
Like a star at night
I am the moon
She's the fiery sun
In this twilight, I've won.
A lunatic's howl to the skies
As she stares into my soul
I find it very freighting.

Ode to the Train

Across a rough desert landscape and blue skies,
The railroad cuts a track through the countryside.
Passing fields of greens, peppered with pine trees,
Undeterred the train rolls on a wondrous sightsee.

On the horizon there is a sense of the unexplored,
When day turns to night as the miles linger onward.
At the dining car it is both full of food and good cheer,
As ever closer to our final destination we move near.

Time and space fall distant in the pale moonlight,
As small talk falls to sleep ever slowly tonight.
And pleasant dreams to not wake my peace.
As the slight turns and light rocks finally cease.

My mood is joyous when the train does rest,
I don't have a care and in no way distressed.
Everyone is well situated in heart and in mind,
Traveling by rail is always the best way to unwind.

Life Is Like Origami

Constructed;

Using a sheet of paper,

Then blessed softly,

Often by a mark of Melancholy;

Always falling to a bit of folly

With the torturous folds,

That inspired my mind.

A fleeting moment of creation

Blood drips generously from my,

Hand;

Black as the new moon light.

Silent;

As the celestial starry sky

Time;

You have no power over me

Question;

Why must I forever unfold life?

Resolution;

Once I remove the folds, I will be free

A Past of Winter Echoes

Bits of questions
Answered in a mirror, darkly
Spirits awaken in the parlor,
Wings of angels,
Shine bright like silver,
Flowers friendly, from a rosy prism,
Everyday fresh, everyday divine.
Once inside this change of happiness
Breaking above, the morning light
In the whispers of a melody, someone sings,
Past spring and into the warmth,
That summer brings,
Far away, long ago

Things my heart used to know
I will hold fast to my memories.
Never doubting what I hold dear
Never losing sight of what is clear.
And most of all:
Never forgetting those that I owe.

Prancer

If possible I would extend a moment,
Formulate a year to last blissfully forever.
Glowing petals would never fall from,
A red rose of passion on it lustful lips,
Lock in a lively love bounded in its grips.
Water to its heaven, valleys to it peaks
A cycle to its rhythms, a heart to it beats
I speak of what is and what is meant to be
For wedding bells will toll not once,
They will surely ring freely and yearly
Asked a zillion times, edged in stone
The question has but one answer
May your marriage be a prancer

Purple

Royal is the color of purple
A little flare on a bunch of flowers
Perhaps on one or a few
I've always known you so lovely
Only in this forever moment
Forever in this moment
I've always known it to be true.
Days gone now here and past
How in that time you grew
But never was there a time
That somehow, I knew you.



Questions & Dopes

Hearts and Stars

Questions and dopes

Things that ring up

And others that don't

Words that play on the tip of the tongue

Whistling a tune that you can hardly hear

In a game where times and rules appear,

And come as quick as they come

Resurgence

Harsh darkness brews the light of day,
While songs whisk on silly
Sounds of joyous play.
High above the light begins
First it breaks the horizon,
And then it gives a sweet grin.
From the delight of a watering hose
Flowers dance from a morning shower.
This day of summer is no longer cold
Midday heat can be a powerful hour.
The dryness of the Arizona Sun
Can strike you down,
Rob you of your daily power.
But the sunrays won't break you
For your strength of spirit is renowned.

"Sara Birthday 2017"

Faisal, Sara and Ghaffar

On the warm horizon,
Under a glowing star
Beaches wind swept with ease
On all sides of a swaying sea

Time of season, who to know?
Will leaves be falling?
Is there snow?

Never coasted by
Not in a shipping boat,
Or submarine
Not on a drone,
Or any type of flying
Machine.

All I know is I wish them well

I might not see a musketeer three

Any time soon.

If I could wish or simple compel

To see them landlocked once again

I say that would be a mighty godsend

But my time of wishing has come and gone

Candles blown and wishes not told

Goes to Sara now, this time bestowed

Just a skip to the renewal to a new year.

Happy Birthday Sara. Wish you were near.

The Slowness of Wishes

Shamrocks and phantom rainbows,

Red ribbons tied in a bow.

The whistling of a silver flute,

Yellow roses all lined in a row;

A long tale of days gone past.

An image captured of tomorrow,

With a cold pint of green ale in hand.

Corned beef, cabbage and lamb stew.

Dance the merry dance of the Irish,

Keep all characters in one happy band,

They are all part of something new.

Summer waits on much longer days,

Sweetness of the coming, not promised,

Hopes I have for you are in abundance.

They fall freely like a fury of snow

Lights off now for the Birthday Wish

And don't forget to take things slow

“A Small Piece of Mind”

Stars aren't so far away when you have,
A song in your heart,
The longest road isn't that long,
When there is a place to call home,
The sweetest sounds are kind words,
That aren't sullied by want.

For peaceful hours are like the many waves,
At the sandy shore finding a balance between,
The ins and the outs.

Listening to a melody played aimlessly on the piano
Having your thoughts lost in a pleasant moment
With Happiness to recall a better notion
When all anger was sapped from daily frustration

Leaving the howling,
of pressing madness behind
Forgotten in time's dwindling refractions

Small Things

I dream of small things that come and go

Like a warm steady wind over the cold

A cool shower on a dry, hot day

Friendly daisies on an empty table

A thank you

A hug

Time to think

A chance to correct a wrong

A new thought

A clever line

A dark quiet night

The dawn of a new day

A simple "YES"

A way around a "NO"

The power to forgive

The ability to say "I KNOW"



Sunset, Sunrise.

It's always darkest before the dawn
There's never a joy without a hopeless tear
Melodies are needed for every song
Sadness is something that I hear
May words spoken be very clear
And pronounced with every care and joy
For they are all too pleasing to the ears
The search for happiness isn't a ploy
It is a steady hope and a cry to God
That my prayers will be answered
And that remarks that are roughshod
Will no longer be a factor.
In the moment between the storm
Peace is the path that keeps us warm.

“A Temerarious Act”

“This president is an awful disgrace”

Blasts the radio with heavy tones

Full of sweetness and sorrow

Madonna reminisces in a song

Accompanied by a lightsaber duel

“This use to be my playground...”

She sings as the music plays on.

“Impressive, most impressive”

Darth Vader praises her,

With his deep booming voice,

“Because I love you,” answers Kate Moseley

While Doug Dorsey looks down at her bemused

“Don’t forget who said it first,”

He remarks before they kiss.

All of this has happened before,

And it all will happen again.

Back to the chapter menus
And click the play buttons.

With physiological crutches gone;
The story will continue.
As the same song repeats
And talk radio blares on and on.

Long lost and abandoned.
Minutes now pass with,
The quickness of seconds
This much stimuli can drive one insane
Yet for those touched with the fire,
This use of media is pretty tame.

These thoughts far from lethargic
With the trade of midnight mania
For daily depressions
Has gone the other way

Death is no longer a slim seductress

On the dark side of oblivion.
With soft moonlight in her raven hair,
A silhouette of shadows and curves.

Beyond the ink black pit of nothingness,
So deceptively deep and incredibly wide.
Lies an ocean of rudderless boats
And a sky of kites without strings.

With hope restored to the inflicted;
Their world is a little skewed.
For them being knighted is likely
And getting kinged is nothing new.

Living forever is just an option -
Included with incremental infallibility.
Omniscience.
Omnipotence.
And finally godhood.

Thank You

Thank you for being there when I was shipwrecked,
For I was seeing my life thru a circus mirror
Distorted, elongated and E*Grand*Gat*Ed – (new word)
And every other way that it was I wasn't.
There were other times my life was like a birthday candle
That wavered below the beatings of a ceiling fan
Although I wish it I never did blow out,
Because you were there:

Giving a hand, a thought and a prayer.
I thank you for your clichéd logic
Because everything I've learned, had a reason.
Even predictable dialogue can be a guiding light.
And in this I always have you in my thoughts.

I thank you for your voice.
A shining star over troubled waters.

Untold Love

Created with “Untold Love”
And the hope,
That a great deal more will unfold

That I reach into this dawn
And place the light upon;
The Earth;

For all to behold,
Wondrous riches,
will be known

Questions shall be answered
And advice shall be sound.
You will have a much honored place
In your coming future.
If you wish it

For there is only one;

Who stands firmly in your path

He is a cunning opponent

He knows how to race.

He thinks as you do

And this is how you win

Play him as a fool

He's your identical twin

You go left

He goes right

Psyche him out

Shake him silly

Let him fall and break

For when you master yourself

That's when you truly wake.

Whispers at Sea

Colors plainly rippled,
Rolled and swayed,
Over the horizon.

I thought I heard a whisper there,
That thumbed the waves at sea.

Feeding a wish;
Fathering a dream not yet answered,
As it steadies the storms and circles the breeze.

As weeks leap to years,
Some colorful melodies,
Are carried away from me.

But I listen to the quiet roar,
Of these waters.
Sometimes I catch a whisper,
If I listen closely to the sea.