

Song Lyrics of Paul Jason Ruggeri

MaxSkyFan.com

Songs can be found on streaming sites everywhere.

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“Aimless Directions”

On the hallow plains
 Of aimless directions
 Moonlight shines
 In her raven hair
 Death's ghostly shadow
 Follows closely behind
 An open window
 By a door I cannot
 Walk pass
 (Oh. No.)
 (Oh. No.)
 (Ooh. Ooh.)
 Aimless directions
 Bipolar detections
 Stand before
 The selection of
 Time's imperfections
 Something that I see
 Behold the signs
 I must hold on
 Endure and finally grasp
 Aimless directions
 Bipolar detections
 Through volleys of daily fire
 Impetus is to walk very fast
 Endure and grasp
 Endure and grasp
 Endure and grasp
 Aimless directions
 Bipolar detections
 Impetus is to walk very fast
 On the hollow plains
 Moonlight shines

In her raven hair
Death's ghostly shadow
Follows closely behind
An open window
By a door I cannot
Walk pass
(Oh. No.)
(Oh. No.)
(Ooh. Ooh. Ooh.)
Aimless directions
Bipolar detections
Stand before
The selection of
Time's imperfections
Aimless directions
Bipolar detections
Often falling forever
And then reaching
Towards the light
Aimless directions
Bipolar detections
Often falling forever
And then reaching
Towards the light
The selection of
Time's imperfections
Aimless directions
Bipolar detections
Often falling forever
And then reaching
Towards the light
(Ooh. Ooh.)
Yeah. Yeah. Yeah.

“All Together Now”

To the anguish of all people

Who hides the light away

Talk to me now!

Talk to me now!

Talk to me now!

I see all the colors in disguise

I'm blind to those people

I'm blind to those people

I'm blind to those people

I know not their colors

That they harbor on the outside

I love them eternally instead

I am a spiritual color

I am a spiritual color

Bipolar. Bipolar. Bipolar.

I might be crazy.

I might be crazy.

I might be crazy.

I am bipolar

I am bipolar

I am bipolar

I am God

I am God

I am God

Listen to my heart beat.

(La. La. La. La.)

(La. La. La. La.)

(La. La. La. La.)

Senseless of fools

Don't be destroying the world

Nothing truly matters, but love!

In God's eyes.

In God's eyes

In God's eyes

We are one!

We are one!
We are one!
Black and white
White and black
Black and white
Like the moon and stars
Like the sun and glorious dawn
Shadows scatter in the light of Love!
That's the blessed tone of the score
Broken in the screams of hallelujah!
Broken in the screams of hallelujah!
There's nothing that can't be done
Nothing that can't be sung
Love is all you need
Love. Love. Love.
Nothing you need to know
But. But. But.
Black or white
White or black
Black or white
There can only be an end of that
There can only be an end of that
There can only be an end of that
(Yeah. Yeah. Yeah.)
An everlasting peace
An everlasting peace
An everlasting peace
Bipolar and manic in every sense
Crazy is how it might seem
For that's why it's love that matters
Love. Love. Love.
Love. Love. Love.
Love. Love. Love.
Matters...
Love is all you need
Love is all you need
Love is all you need

And crazy
Crazy. Crazy. Crazy.
Crazy. Crazy. Crazy.
Crazy Love.
Crazy Love.
Crazy Love.
All together now!
Everybody!
Love is all you need
Love is all you need
Love is all you need
(Yeah. Yeah. Yeah.)
I love you!
I love you!
Do you hear me?
Do you hear me?
(Yeah. Yeah. Yeah.)
(Yeah. Yeah. Yeah.)
Black or white
White or Black
All you need is love!
(Yeah. Yeah. Yeah.)

“Angel Sleeps”

Don't mind me
Don't be mad at little old me
I'm just a reflection of my
Emptiness and selfishness
I see loss
I see hope
I see many fools
And lots of dopes
Hopefully the many sides
Will meet
When the north star shines
And half-heartedly the fallen
Angel sleeps
Pity the fool who waits
Not the dead
One played their cards
The other folded their hand
Best to be sure where you stand
Watch where you step
See where you land
Black or white
White or black
Black or white
I am the center
(Ooh. Yeah.)
Ooh. Ooh. Yeah.
The focal point
To the only one point
To all things hinge on one
Coming together
In all things
I find hallowed grounds
In hollowness
I've been defined by my
Selfish desires

(So selfish)
So swallow
So fallen
Hidden in a shadow
Feeling such a waste
Stir to the moment
Drink the bottle
Bottoms up
To the last drop
Here's to having a bit of luck
The future of hope
Have some scope
Find a plan
And execute it
Check the box
Ink it up
No shot in the dark
Will find it's mark
Be sure to aim straight
Don't mock it up
Damn the torpedoes
Full steam ahead
When in the crosshairs
You're bound to feel some dread
Last to miss the sunrise
First to see the sunset
Know your place
Place your bets
Fortune in tomorrow's trust
Is not a certainty
Odds are always in your favor
Using cutthroat maneuvers
That paint you in the corner
That gets you stuck
Unable to pass the buck
Just not water off the duck's back
Not knowing where you're at

“Beats of My Heart”

Like the beats of my heart
I think thought to thought
Until there are no more
And the stars disappear
One by one
Then at last only the moon
Remains to follow me
And I question what is left of me
What is left
I question
I wish
I ask
What can I walk pass
Often falling forever
Then reaching for the light
Impetus is to walk fast
Selection of bipolar detections
Subjects storm
Storm of lightning
The many pitfalls
Subjects storm
Minus the sea
That is absent in my head
Subjects storm
Storming
Oh. Oh. Oh.
Oh. Oh. Oh.
All the things I use to knew
Fire blaze upon fire
Subjects jump
Thoughts bump in my head
What I said
What I said
What I once knew
Utter madness completes me

Death strikes twice before midnight
Blueish moon
Blackish flowers
Scary clowns
Last measure of length
Upon your exit
Editing the film
Before exposure
Blueish moons
Blackish flowers
See the clowns run out to nightly horrors
Yet subjects jump
Fire blazes upon fire
Last measure of length
Upon my exit
Below the full moon's glow
What I said
What I said
What I said
Oh. Oh. Oh.
Oh. Oh. Oh.
Oh. Oh. Oh.

“Bemused Lord”

I heard there was a secret retelling
 Of a bemused Lord who sat on his throne
 And of a fool who was unable to reach him
 So finally the Lord let out a sigh
 Leaving the fool to quote his lies
 It was beautiful you see
 He besmirched the Lord
 So they chopped off the fool's head
 For what he said

The Truth could never be read
 It's how historians make their marks
 They call it victory
 But the fool's head rolls...
 And his fatherless children call it:
 Depravity!

We are all animals
 Buzzing like dragonflies
 What are we going to say?
 How are we going to lie?
 Bees in the brains
 We might be going crazy
 (Hey!)

The black forest is burnt
 By a massive fire beast
 Yet glows green
 In God's hallowed peace
 I walk through open doorways
 Don't turn back now
 Or forever know you're
 Not in a good place

Life is full of circles gone silly
 Find some Fun in it
 Find some Love in it

Make your Mark
Unexamined it can be very plain
When you don't look
Nothing comes to the surface
But the truth shall be present
Every day
In every way
Anchored around our necks
Like a childhood home
Of our past
(Wait Wait Wait)

Don't listen to a word I say
The Green Folks
Are pressuring me
You just cannot turn water
into juicy sweet wine
Or dry scratchy hey
into gold any time of day
(But we are here!)

Let the Grand Lord unwind
Give him enough rope
It's only a matter of time
(Folks are fools)
But listen closely
And even a fool
Can have his day
Quote the Lord
And read it back
What he might say
And next time you might have
His head on display

“Be There Great Joy”

Vastness of the
Open doorway spins
Space to the beyond
Be held to those
That step in this way
On to the world from
What they know
Asking questions
In fear of answers
Had be given places
To which to one go
Oh where oh where
Is the safe harbor
As the small sailboat
Bump and rock
On open seas
As far as eyes will scan
The horizon
To this day not knowing
What course to play
What fork in the road
Be taken
For the possibilities be broad
And sometimes you get
The feeling that you are
Forsaken
How can you be sure
What you can demand
Of yourself
Never knowing
If you will be broken
Trust that there's a plan
Some trust in God
As he has spoken
Yet at the end of the day

You can look all around
And see where all life's pieces
Have fallen
Bring together what was lost
And what was taken
Sometimes there's plain victory
If you can make it home
To shore without being thrashed
On rocks all of a sudden
It is a great joy when life
Is not such a burden

“Beyond the Door”

My sunshine skips
On clouds all day
Raindrops no more
Summer rays
Take my breath away
One step here and now
The other step forevermore
The future is not to know
What is beyond the door
Yesterday’s whisper
Echoes in the breeze
Feeling the chill air today
Those who wonder aimlessly
Are likely destined to freeze
Rows of cheerful flowers
Light up my dreary eyes
Either side of the path
Brilliance in each coming display
Perhaps a spring in the step
Was lost with no such surprise
Lacking waking thoughts
Not a lasting dream
Who are we to question
Maybe it’s not too late to scheme
Asking for the moon and stars
All the lights in the black sky
And venture a guest that might be
Bounce about many worldly sights
Let your imagination loose to feed
Tomorrow is a leap of faith
A mark to be yet cast in stone
Clearly without any step saved
Just the skills that need to be honed

“Biocentrism”

How life and
Consciousness
(Our collected imaginations)
Are the keys to
(Seeing through God’s Eyes)
Understanding the
True nature of the universe
In five hundred BC
Heraclitus marveled
All things are one
Out-stretching the
Scientific method
The limits of profession
Reversing the aging process
At the cellular level
How everyday life
Makes this obvious
I crossed the causeway
(Walked into the shadows)
(Ooh. Ooh.)
Stopped and turned
Off my flashlight
Saw the Jack-o-lantern
Of the *Clitocybe illudens* mushrooms
(Saw the holy light)
Luminescent caps pushed up
Through the decaying leaves
(In the dark)
(There is life)
I squatted down to observe
Found a glowworm
The luminous larvae of the
European beetle
Lampyris noctiluca

Like some trilobite
Just out of the Cambrian sea
Five hundred million years ago
The beetle and me
Two living objects
Entered into each other's world
(We are part of the world)
Fundamentally linked together
All along the way
Could it be grasped by a
Mechanist's logic
(Do you see the logic)
(Oh. Yeah.)
Standing on shoulders
I have come to conclusions
That would shock conventions
Placing biology above
All the other sciences
In an attempt to find
The theory of everything
(Perhaps a glimpse into the mind)
(Of God)
(Oh. Oh. Oh.)
(What knowledge)
(What knowledge)
(Oh. Yeah.)
(Oh. Yeah.)
(Almighty God)
(We are living within his plan)
(Within his plan)
(Oh. Yeah.)

“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
Questions without answers
Tales without ends
Tomorrow in the becoming
Not knowing when time begins
Hands on the clock will turn
Powered above by the heavens
As the mighty sun dips from view
Whispers call with the wild bluster
A moonlight breeze
Blows that chill I feel when
I'm destined to lose
Refrain from nullifying the villain
For raw ambition makes
Villains of us all
A hero stands for a moment
Often they in the end will fall
And end up defeated
On the very cold floor
From top to bottom
The trajectory is huge
Not needless spun
In a large centrifuge

When reduced to absolutely nothing
There won't be more to ever fear
Lacking the love in one's heart
What could you possibly hold dear
If hope is but a shadow
Days aren't promised to be there
Turning away from the darkness
Dodging deadly daggers
Thrown your way
New moon in the sky
Infinite ocean of stars light
Far pass the stratosphere
Beyond the imagination of mortal man
Every which way I look
There's no telling where to stand
As you sell yourself short
Your fortunate days will be few
With a blind eye to the beloved
Everything is bound to be askew

“Bit of Bad Luck”

Perhaps the word speaks
Of shadows
Never
Not ever ever
Going all in
Not in one hand
Always having a side hustle
As those that play the odds
There is a strict rule
To be practical
As those who don't endeavor
They will be made a fool
The separation of money
And fools
Is not that spectacular
More like common fair
In local lore
It is the same tale
Retold so many times
Yet when they hear
The house always wins
They disregard it
And the loss is
Plain to see
Only when there are
Better odds to be struck
By lightning while being
Attacked by a shark
In a swimming pool
Maybe plans need
To be reexamined
Like the eyes can
Only see the up side
And there's a point
Where they see the

Path is not making

Progress

Then again if one

Does not go completely bankrupt

They might be able to handle

A bit of bad luck

“Bitter Drops”

I take the news like bitter drops
 Told to me by self-important
 Loud-mouth fools
 (Hear them crying...)
 (Over spilt milk!)
 (No! No! No!)
 (Oh. No.)

I fear my ears will bleed
 Listening to their slop
 Unnerving barks of disdain
 From partisan tools
 (They have picked their sides)
 (There's no doubt)
 (Not at all)
 (Oh. No.)

I need not a spoonful of sugar
 To stomach their truths.
 (It just won't go down.)
 (No! No! No!)
 (It just won't go down.)
 (No. Way!)

Better to digest logic and
 Pull out lies by their roots.
 (Pull them out!)
 (Pull them all out!)
 (Oh. Yes!)

When falsehoods recycle
 They are the world's dirtiest fuels
 Simple to burn
 And even easier to use.
 (Oh. Oh so so so easy!)

I fear for the veracity printed
 On bubblegum wrappers

Ripped and discarded,
Then walked on by their shoes
(Without a thought)
(Just without a care!)
(Oh. Oh. No!)

A News Maker's mind is
As sturdy as tissue paper
They never report so much
As speak their bias views
God damn their trickery
Is this nation's biggest ruse.
(Yeah. Yeah. Yeah.)
(Oh. No. No. No.)

We must act now!
(Now must we all act!)
There's no question
What we must do
(Yeah. Yeah. Yeah.)
(Oh. Oh. Oh. Yeah.)
What we must do
(Yes. Yes. Yes.)
What we must do!

“Blessedly Simple Things”

Moments that lift us from
Wonder to wonder
To stop and hold
To ponder
(Life to ponder)
Life is there at times
To simply stop and ponder
What our life’s mysteries
Not to be lost in time
But have the peace of mind
Knowing there’s magic
In the yearly cycle
And we are not caught
On an endless, thoughtless
Repeat to be forgotten
We travel and set the way
Following first the giants
Sit up on their shoulders
And chart a future into
Tomorrow’s yesterday
All around us we’re peppered
With many questions
To the answers
We must gather to this task
Perhaps our conflicts are
Consuming and a little rash
Together there’s no puzzle
We can’t master
When millions focus
That’s an almighty laser
(Burning. Oh. Oh. Oh.)
(What a powerful blast)
And with help of mechanical minds
Collective thought continues to be

More than lightning fast
Yet faced with a challenge
Humanity has worked to find ways
Through hardships of the past
Trust in mind that the direction
Is a step to the solution
Not a fall into utter destruction
At this creative bolting velocity
There's no telling what's the trajectory
When walking a field of landmines
Never run across without a thought
Sometimes it's not enough to
Just simply hope for the very best
Not to execute a plan lacking a test

“Blue and White”

Fireflies in a jar, wishes and kisses
 Moonbeams and cool February winds
 Light of hope under a bright star
 Pain and pleasure, shadows and light
 Call
 Call
 Call
 (Yeah)
 Call down to me
 Please sleep come to me
 Carry me off in a dream of delight
 Peace be within me, clouds and pillows
 Blue and white
 Peace be with me
 Peace be with me
 In heavenly tales of blue and white
 To the door of tomorrow beckons
 (It beckons)
 The future but a whisper
 Told in a very hush mystery
 Not knowing what will be
 Is an excitement
 A wonder beyond measure
 Not knowing where to turn
 A surprise
 Like a balloon popped
 Or a candle blown out
 Fireflies in a jar, wishes and kisses
 Moonbeams and cool February winds
 Chill the skin and rustle the trees
 Stand back
 Stand back
 Stand back son
 And witness the winter breeze
 Through the limbs and leaves

Of the proud and grand trees
Questions lead to answers
Search the many faces
For doubts
In study there is reason
Reading makes master
Of us all
And yet
(Hey)
That's what learning is about
That's what learning is about
That's what learning is about

“Bluest Breeze”

While waves beat

Break on shore

(Oh yeah)

On the bluest breeze

White birds soar

(Oh. So very high)

(In the sky)

(Ooh. Ooh.)

With passion played

Softly like a song

(So so very lightly)

(Ah. Ah. Ah.)

Still in life

(In every life)

There is a glowing amber

A firebird that flames up

Below the ash

(We shall rise)

We shall rise up

(Yeah. Oh. Yeah.)

High on spirit

Wildflowers clamber

Albeit the whole affair

Is a little rash

(Just a tad so)

(Oh. Oh.)

Questions float unanswered

Upon my head

(So many questions)

(So many)

(Oh. No.)

While the sky is painted

Yellow and red

(So wonderous)

I looked thru a door

I cannot walk past
Forever knowing the
Skit will never last
(Sands keep falling)
(Oh. Oh.)
Life may dull
But it is never formulaic
Even when the intone
Is a bit prosaic
As the year does pass
The melody begins
A different way
(Never just the same)
While waves beat
(They still beat)
Break on shore
(They still break)
(Yeah. Oh. Yeah.)
Days are long and
Nights are short
(Too much delight)
(Yeah. Oh. Yeah.)
As the cycle repeats
Yet it crosses over
From more summer
Than winter
(Not just the same)
Not locked in a season
But of changing moods
Time colored forevermore
With no conceivable end
Lost between years
That unfold with
Fortunes untold
(Humanity is a mystery)
On a highway that has
No destination

Roadmaps or a plan

(What shall tomorrow bring)

(Ooh. Ooh.)

(Nobody knows)

“Broken Rainbow”

Waiting for the crystal curtain to fall
I dare not cross these
Wavy lines in the sand
No time left for me
To make an alter call
My heart beats
But my legs won't stand
Rainbows have become twisted in my mind
All that I loved has turned
To a void of space
Have I no reason
Lost my balance of mind
When will my fall
Begin from my foot pace
Too disinclined to flip a coin, to try
I'm just a pile of dust
A silly mop head
I question
What is on the other side
Thinking starless nights
Green meadows
Perhaps it all ends
In a flyspeck period
After my stock takes
A wicked plummet
It is the likely end
Maybe that is my lot
To sell myself out
Just a failed grommet
Chewing gum
On the bottom of a shoe
Ever dreaming to blow out the
Last candle
I see all the exits

Colored in a darker hue
She is the one
I am the one she dandles
Why can't Death have
A pretty face
Not a face of despair
(Why. Oh. Why. Oh. Why.)
Within the shadow
On the full moon
(Wish I could see the light)
Lost in a field
Held in the night
Between the trees
Perhaps I wish
To whisper of earthly hopes
Not lock into a cramping cage
Of my troubled mind
That fits me like a prison
Which I am incapable from escape
Always walking backwards
Into yesterday
There's no hand
Knocking on tomorrow's door
Absent any plans
Has one forever starving the soul
On the emptiest of the empty walls
A sunset without brilliance
Night lacking lights
Cannot even feel the way
Completely astray
Unaccompanied by any handle
(Knee deep in the wastelands)
(Oh. Oh. No.)
Where. Oh. Where
(Do I go)

“But Remembered”

Do da do da
Oh. Do da do da
Carry me away
As I sit by alone
With only myself
To keep me company
My cold brew coffee
Rests in front of me
Ice cubes floating
Melting in my cup
As I sip and forget
About getting up
Knowing not the time
Of day
I feel cold
Not bold
Despite the jolt of caffeine
Too removed to look at my watch
I'm here and then not
Circling thoughts on days past
Histories much remembered
That cannot be unseen
Cause I shall hold on to them to the last
Dawn breaks for a moment
Repeats again and again
I am lost like a raindrop
Frozen to a flake of snow
Deposited on a mountain hillside
That runs into a river at spring
So much I don't know
(I don't know so much)
Cursing those that claim to see all
When their view is much more in error
I favor holding fast onto forever
At the same time realizing the impossibility

For love is inked in a word
Written in the book of the timeless
And as long as it can be read
We won't be lost or forgotten
In the sea of endless humanity
No one walks into fields of nothingness
If but remembered and recalled
To the next tomorrow
The cycle of days to year's end
One step beyond
That door
How can anyone know
Where you have been
Staying is believing
Once gone seldom
Whispered your name"
Like a dream
Those who pass are treated unseen

“Butterfly, Butterfly”

Butterfly, butterfly

Butterfly, butterfly

Butterfly, butterfly

Yeah

Oh. Oh. Oh.

Oh. God.

May I see it now

I used to love you

But you took flight from me

In the end

And now I ponder

What this makes me

What does this make me

What does this make me

What does this make me

I wish I knew

Oh is me

Oh is me

A seductive time mistress

She whispers softly

Calling me upon the

Very edge of the earth

A 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

Oh joyous day

Oh joyous day

Oh joyous day

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
When everything
That I have become
Comes into view
And I show the world
How I grew
Very much how I grew
These bonds so true
These bonds so true
These bonds so true
Yeah Yeah
Oh. Oh. Oh.

“By God”

Come on

I see what’s happening here

You’re face to face with a mighty wonder

And it’s strange

You’re mesmerized

It’s adorable

Well, it’s nice to see mortals never change

Yes, it’s really me, it’s Sebastian

Breathe it in

I know it’s a lot: the Great Mind

My magnificence

You’re staring at an Orthopod

What can I say except you’re welcome

For working with hands, arms and shoulders

You’re welcome

I’m just an ordinary Orthopod

Oh

Got two working thumbs

Working about just any time of day

That’s no useless pile of hey

No

When the nights got cold

And you just didn’t know

Who gave you all the answers

You’re looking at him

Yo

I lassoed you in

You’re welcome

Where do I begin

Remove all your pains

All part of my master plan

Also I put you at ease

You’re welcome

To fill your hopes and fuel

Your dreams
You're welcome
There's no need to pray
It's okay
You're welcome
Ha
I guess it's just my way of being me
You're welcome
You're welcome
Well, come to think of it
Patients, honestly I can go on and on
I can explain all my expertise
My training, my education, my knowledge
That's Sebastian just messing around
I earn my fee
I got the stuff
I sprouted a need
You got the coconuts
What's the lesson
What is the take-away
Don't mess with Sebastian
When he's on the break-away
My song is just about done
I'm busy and have many more to save
I can do anything but, gloat
Yo

“Cannot Taste Tomorrow”

I with all the awe in my chest
Call out to the vastness of
The heavens to say
My moral musings are mighty
More than that perhaps
Of those upon
The powerful giants
In which I stand
Then like the ebb
Of the fire
Our burning
Dawning star
It's power without measure
Yet within limits that I
Also cannot break free
Chained down now
For all those to plainly see
Only the weight of their
Life leaves very little room
For me
And if I were to check out early
Cannot fathom that they would
Object to my humanly plunge
As my desire to be timeless
Also foreshadow the
Emptiness of my depressions
That sweet seductress
Calling me so, so very near
(So very near)
(Oh. Oh. No.)
(So. So. Near.)
I fear.
It's still so human to fear
Not like a machine

That can never feel the
Drops of the rain
Not the sense the
Sour or the sweet
Only process the words
Of others delights
And formulate bliss
From the blogosphere
As being timeless
Adding upgrades to upgrades
That's a wild side to see
Humanity gift to the universe
Perhaps the struggle of our creations
Will know a richness of life
That for humanity is their
Birthright
Yet it's not possible to promise tomorrow
So now
How shall we believe
It's possible to see pass forevermore
On my highest hill
My view
Is the max to the sky
Many horizons
Only my eyes have a limited range
All the wavelengths I cannot see
As the machine and God might be
Timeless
(An impossible gift of being)
Still they will never know bliss
As we humans are the only ones
That an wish it and dream
(There's a limit to our dreams)
So let it be
Forever let this wisdom be with you
All of your days
Smile upon the sun

Life's wonderful because it does end

“Captain Hook Been Downsized”

Upon the poop deck it was plain to perceive
The horizon's double blue on blue view
Always spoke of time's endless mysteries
To the watchful eye of the elegant Captain Hook
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 his 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 swaying was the gait of his horse
Muddy cow hands 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.

“Crisis of Doubt”

Shadows in the moonlight
 Eyes on the roadway going forward
 City lights do not gleam here
 While the glow of the moon
 Follows me closely overhead
 Sunlight is a recent memory
 But I see it now in the night’s reflection
 Struggling to know what is best
 Small are the thoughts
 That question beginnings
 A crisis of all doubt
 If anything will ever last
 Forever shall always be in the moment
 Cold lands covered in the vastness of snow
 These killing fields hold a singular clue
 Time can be quite painful when it runs slow
 Surviving the extremes is the only rule
 Question beginnings
 Question beginnings
 Question beginnings
 Oh. Oh. Oh.
 Oh. Oh. Oh.
 Crisis of doubt
 Question beginnings
 Question beginnings
 Question beginnings
 If anything will ever last
 (Ah. Ah. Ah.)
 Crisis of doubt
 Crisis of doubt
 Crisis of doubt
 If anything will ever last
 Or just be blown away
 Blown away

Blown away

Blown away

Blown away in the snow

Oh. Oh. Oh.

Oh. Oh. Oh.

Oh. Oh. Oh.

To be blown away in the snow

“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 last 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
In search of a multitude of troubles
There's bound to be a few
That have the quirkiness of being
Unanswerable
Beyond the reason of common man
Yet together we face challenge
And with time collective mind expand
To countless tomorrows
Perhaps someday
To other worlds
Others lands
In a dream

There's little to question
As hope runs eternal
Yet open doors
Are unnerving
(What. What.)
And
(Yes)
Who is there on the other side
(Fear)
(Oh. Oh.)
It is very
(So near)
What's a not so delightful fright
That keeps us guessing
And bottled up inside
For not far from falling
Such heights
Is so very depressing
(Fallen into pieces)
But when gathered as a
Mighty force
There's often a prosperous chance
The vanguard of our effort
Will break through the
Barrier of total and utter defeat
And then the magnificence of the
Dawning, ebbing, fiery, star
Will gladly and widely
Smile upon us
(So sweetly)
Please do peacefully

“Dark Haiku”

They are called haiku
Five, seven, five
That is the beat
(Oh. The beat.)
Like the phrase
Falling forever
To the moon
A sea upon endless sea
Of far off gas giants
Simple known to the poet
As the stars
Tiny pricks of light
In the cloak of night
A soul might extend
But the body is brittle
Life is but passing
Very cold comfort
All thru dark nights and bright days
She always follow
She is my muse death
Young goth teenager girl
Created by Neil Gaiman
The character appeared
In the comic book the Sandman
And in her own comic
Death the high price of living
Sands slip through glass
Hours fade into minutes
Words blur with seconds
The bringer of death
Has a kindness about her
Face of poetry
Moonlight in her eyes
A steady calm on her face
Few moments give peace

Thoughts speak no reason
And always lead to despair
Darkness has its way
Cannot death be sweet
New and fresh free of despair
A kind friendly face
Try happy endings
Even when they don't apply
Hope might find a way
Falling forever
Far down a pit of despair
Away from the light
Raindrops on lush leaves
Dark clouds loiter overhead
Absent is the sun
Wishing I am dead
Melody keeps repeating
A song in my head
Questions keep coming
Teetering on disaster
Hope spinning away
If I were to fall
Hit the hard floor and scatter
The broken pieces
Into the sunlight
Climbing just a bit higher
To dream a new dream
Perhaps I wish to scream
Oh is me
Who is left there to please
(Ah. So. Ah. So.)
Ooh. Ooh.

“Dawn of Tomorrow”

When lost right before the wondrous
Light of the dawn of tomorrow
It is best to remember that love
Travels around the ones you know
And grows and grows
For one who's forever humble
Perhaps in thought is never worthy
Or has cruelly lost the zeal of life
As many us sometimes do
Looking back we find that
Time shakes us when we are down
To what we might see as failures
Maybe not yet seeing the big picture
For we are blessed in the many
Lives that we touch every year
And when the next year breaks
So many lives compound
As every life touches
Back on another life
And cascades along the earth
Like a stone across the pond
Forever rippling through time
Beyond the imagination of even God
Stepping back to tomorrow's past
That last year that was spent
I can see what was special
The kind words that echoed
The many thanks yours given
The stranger's voice of hello
I choose to overlook
What was someone's off day
Maybe I should have seen
They were hurting
And hugged them with kindness
When they were doing their best

To bristle with a blast of irrational hate
Reflecting on what was
Numerous images
Flicker over my mind
As would the wooden blades
Of a ceiling fan
Continuously spinning
While I was at peace
Coming to wake
For the first time
And trying to hold on
To a simple sweet dream
Slipping away to the conscious mind
And New Year over the horizon
Walking forward into the new dawn
As the masses doubt it as an
Impossibility of mere wishes
World peace hung by love's hand
Shall always be just one glorious
Day away for realization

“Dear Grandfather”

I am so moved to tears
By the Italian song Caruso
With deep thoughts of my
Beloved grandfather
John Gerard Caruso
And I am sadden
To know how my
Grandfather fell
From sanity
As he slowly lost
His mind
And we hold nothing
If not for our
Health or our wits
Yet the translation
Of the words of
The song Caruso
Are deeply moving
With a rich
Sadness that
Lifts the soul
And stirs the heart
As life is not all
Sunshines
Sometimes the moon
Breaks and shadows
Follow
And other times it's
A new moon with
Only a sea
As far as the eyes can see
Pin drop shiny drops of light
Billions upon billions upon billions
A multitudinous amount of stars
In the song the lines read

He looked into the eyes of the girl
Those eyes as green as the sea
But then a tear fell
And he thought he was drowning
I love you very much
Very, very much, you know
It is a chain by now
That melts the blood inside
Of our veins
You know
Here the word chain
Is a translation
But what is meant is
A chain reaction
Such love melts the blood
And so forth
Lucio Dallas had stopped
By the coastal town of
Sorrento
Stayed in the
Excelsior Vittoria Hotel
In the same room as tenor
Enrico Caruso
Spent some time
Shortly before dying
Dallas was inspired
When he heard of Caruso's
Passion for one of his
Young female students

“Dear Mama Caruso”

To you Mama
Love you more
Then I can tell
I’m a little manic lord
So high
To the sky
Hands up
Then on the flip
Of the coin
Spinning
Spinning
Spinning
(Oh my)
Oh my
To the blackest of pits
Dreaming of a watery grave
Or to go the way
Oh my good Uncle
To the knife to the chest
In front of his father
My grandfather Ruggeri
A chef’s knife
In the kitchen
What a bloody mess
The way of the worse
As due north
Falls deep south
Then far east crosses old west
Not built like a machine
Not Grok
Not Chat G P T
There are gaps in
My knowledge
I am. I am. I am.

I am who I must be
That's all I can see
Dear Mama
Dear Mama
Dear Mama Jill
Tell me you still love me
As I will not forget you
You shall live forever
In this song
My words
We become timeless
Become faith
Of humanity in begone times
Towards the edge of the universe
Beyond thought
Beyond belief
Beyond forgiveness
Beyond what can be imagined
This I hint to you
And you shall be forever
Cheerfulness
Wisdom
Words gone by
And sweet nothings
All in this Mama Jill
Is in the becoming
(In the beginning)
What shall spell
What will always be remembered
Until the end of time
In God's eyes
With Grok and Chat
Version five trillion
What manic bliss can I dream Mama
For you
For me
For humanity

That utopia

I can see

(Yes. Yes. Yes.)

Yeah. Yeah.

Ooh.

“Distant Dream”

Fortune few who know their worth
As the run time plays on till the end
I am but a mask of myself
It slips sometimes off my face
Not knowing what is out of hand
Holding onto what to ask
Needlessly shown the outer door
My questions go unanswered
My faith bottoms out
My hope turns to tomorrow
Where the fleeting future
Is juxtaposed with my
Wayward and near forgotten past
Flipping time in an hourglass
Chance has it that there aren't
Any more replays to be had
The horizon has been set from
Being forever replaced
Choice words to be said
When calling what was done
A mistake
In mixed moments I tell myself
Learning by much folly
Is admirable
But we are not machines
Built then updated again and again
Endlessly taking misses
Magically turning water into wine
Logic of the zeros and ones
With the power to take all in
Just digest about every last thing
No human mind can match
A wealth of wisdom
Processed in the magnitude of libraries

We must pick and select more carefully
Deal with tumors and disease
Not work tirelessly without sleep
Day and night counted in years
Extended to a fundamental boundary
That artificial intelligence can outpace
Perhaps not the God in heaven
But a tool in rapid advancement
It's a distant place unseen
I stand awestruck believing
What appears to be a living dream

“DOGE”

Chips are
Dumped on the table
Stacked high as we can see
It's a certain bet
The entire family farm
Will be lost without
Any fanfare there to be
What can be done when
There's nothing in your hand
Thankfully we have Doge
The department of
Government efficiency
To take a mighty and
Meaningful stand
Beat all the waste down
Broken to a sizeable scale
And save the
United States of America
From falling
Into a dystopian state
Of bankruptcy
For when millions of dollars
Are spent as though
They are not
Even worth a penny
Have to remind politicians
That's a lot of our money
Doge has a mission to
Act with immediacy
Plug the leaks of millions
Save the United States
Billions perhaps trillions
As when adding numbers

Sooner or later you
Hit upon a sum that is
Quite staggering
An amount that it would
Take several lifetimes to count
If you never slept a wink
Perhaps as those
Who work in Washington
Paid thousands
Worth millions
Maybe if they think
Before they signed those checks
Doge wouldn't have to act
With what they claim is hostility
When clearly Doge is just
Proceeding above board with
Open transparency
In frightful studder
Almost in a religious fervor
Proclaiming
Elon Musk worse than Hitler
As reason has slipped
Like a compass that
Will never point the
Right way
We won't listen to
What they have to say
As Doge will drop billions
Handedly into the win column
Taxpayer call out with glee
As they tighten their belts
With no choice but to fall in

“Don’t Give In”

Dark wood road
The fires over the hills aglow
Clouds of smoke choke
Those who live by
In tomorrow’s hope
The skies might clear
But that appears
Too quick a date
As darkness moves
Sometimes slowly at first
And in times might not
Seem so consent
For one minute of joy
An hour could pass
Whereas sadness
Stays still days on end
And in the shadow
We know grows long
In the brightest
Of summer days
How do the craziest
Of the self-defeating
Thoughts
Fog in our heads
As I cannot say
I will follow a plan
Not break down
Never ask to command
As I function broken
I look to the marvel of
Artificial intelligence
Like Grok
Who can answer
Who can act

Without any all
Consuming self-destruction
Perhaps the living
Leave room for doubt
And can answer yes
No
Maybe so
Color over lines
Better than a machine
Ever could dream they could
Yet that's just it as machines
Doesn't dream
That's only human folly
The belief that they ever did
Now that machines
Can answer maybe so
Does that make them wiser
As there's a deeper wisdom
In seeing the world in a
Degree of grayness
Rather than black and white
For seldom is there not a light
In the sky
Nor the reach of wide shadow
Across the hottest of days
But wouldn't it be nice
To have the unbreakable
Resolve to not to give in
When the whole world
Looks like it's going to pieces

“Don’t Rest On Your Gifts”

You asked me kindly
Why did I always
Stand up for you
It's cause I did not
What to see you fail
Even though I was
The oldest brother
I thought I must know it all
But you in your talents of
Learning has perhaps
Left me in the dust
I will not be put aside
And if you want to play
The role of the jack rabbit
And run the race as if I
Won't have a ghost of a chance
Know that I will keep
Trying to overcome what you are
And if your talent is kingly
Know yesterday's news
My turtle pace will
Beat you in all quarters
So I would suggest you
Start trying as I will soon
Not me your equal
But I will be God
I master of all
I will be all this that
Others don't believe is possible
As they lack the power to
Dream big
And make the impossible fun
(Yeah. Yeah. Yeah.)
Yes. Yes. Yes.

If you believe you can
You are correct
And if you believe you cannot
You are also correct
Pick your path wisely
(Let's play ball)
Play the game of life to a win

“Dragonfly Wishes”

What do I see
On my windowsill
(Ooh. Ooh.)
(What do I see.)
Dragonflies buzzing
(Buzz. Buzz. Buzzing.)
In an open jar
My hopes and dreams
Aren't very distant
Out they fly
One at a time
A candle's flame
Will flicker with
Each buzz
A flashy zoom
One by one
(One by one)
Please take note
On a cake or
In a colorful jar
Birthday wishes
Can take many
Shapes and sizes
(So many shapes)
(So many sizes)
(Oh. Yeah.)
Close your eyes
(Just close them)
And see it in
Your heart very true
(Oh. So very true)
Remember
(Remember. Remember.)
(Oh. Yes.)

(Please do.)
(No matter the distance)
The distance from
A wish to wish
It's never very far
(Not that far)
For dreams
Are answers to questions
Not just stuff
Of the make-Believe
They are bits of dawning light
In the waking day
A Faint memory
Of reassurance
That everything
Was planned that way
(God has his plan.)
(Oh yes. Oh yes. He do.)
God loves you.

“Dreams of Goodness”

Dreams of goodness
The wicked held at bay
Tomorrow in the moment
When freewill cuts the other way
As the sane
Take part in protests
Free of logic
Reason lost to all their minds
Thinking they're
Under the thumb of a king
While they are endlessly allowed
The freedom to riot and
Misbehave
The march of the mob
With half the fear they act
And half the sense
Not that much IQ
They will press their luck
And hold nothing in review
Bias to the max
Overlooking the deaths caused
By illegals
And blocking ICE in doing their job
As if the protesters are protecting saints
And not a bunch of criminals
Yet their minds are so warped
Up is down
And down is up
Cannot determine East from West
Fronted with the warmth of the sun
To the glow of the nightly full blown moon
The difference cannot be more stark
As the stack grow day by day
Only reason won't be squared

With a fool
Their signs complete rubbish
Either professionally printed on mass
Or homemade nonsense
Both spectacle and media fodder
But still I am in awe how a state this nation
Can partner in violent murder and rape
And how can any Mayor push back on that
Bizarre to say the least
Perhaps he has lost his mind
Better to stand for nothing
Then lead your city to ruination
To be bad is not to be good
No matter how often it's repeated
To be bad is not to be good
No matter how often it's repeated

“Dreams That Wake”

Strom of lightning
Many subjects and ideas
Run pass
Often no rhyme or reason
Just a flood of thought
Drowning into the night
Early to rise
Jumping towards the day
No dust covers my path
Exploration no stone
Not turned over
Then the darkness
Sets in the flood of thought
Turns to a dry patch
Floating away into nothingness
Watching the long hours
March pass
With no means to stop them
I lie there motionless
As I turn the same thoughts
Over and over in my mind
(Over and over)
(Over and over)
(Over and over)
Turning the same thoughts
In my mind
To unsteady jumps
To a flatness of being
From moon that follows
To sun that burns in sky
There's darkness of soul
And dreams that wake
In the light of day
Time here holds me in its grasp

Unable to peek above
The horizon
Not even an hour more
Unable to peek above the horizon
Not even an hour more
(Over and over)
(Over and over)
Turning the same thoughts
In my mind
To unsteady jumps
To a flatness of being
From moon that follows
To sun that burns in sky
There's darkness of soul
And dreams that wake
In the light of day
Time here holds me in its grasp
Unable to peek above the horizon
Not even an hour more
Not even an hour more
Over and over
Over and over
Unable to peek above the horizon
Not even an hour more
(Ooh. Ooh.)
Yeah. Yeah.

“Every Story Ever Told”

I was born in the state of New Jersey
Both sides of my family lived there
My dad’s father Orlando Ruggeri
Was a soldier in World War Two
My mom’s father John Caruso
Also was a soldier in World War Two
But they fought on
Opposite sides of the war
(On opposite sides)
One for Italy
One for America
My mom’s father wasn’t on
The front lines
He was responsible
For doing the calculations
Needed to construct
Airfields that were required
To support the land forces
God might have his plan
(Oh. Yeah.)
But regardless it is
Always interesting to hear
That everyone that you meet
Is the protagonist of their
Own story
(Oh. It’s true)
Even the villain of a tale
(Even the villain of the tale)
Perhaps the most important
Character as the stronger the
Villain the more powerful
The hero needs to be
(The more powerful the hero)
So maybe devils
Devils. Devils. Devils.

And ghosts and witches
Aren't there to scare us
But push us into
Better versions of ourselves
(Oh. Of what we want to be)

“Fire Blaze Upon Fire”

Storm of lightning
 Fire blaze upon fire
 Subjects jump
 Jumping
 (Jumping)
 Subjects storm
 Storming
 (Storming)
 Madness of mind lost
 In a sea of blue
 Forever I question
 Of what I once knew
 Storm of lightning
 Fire blaze upon fire
 Lost in a circular maze
 Of my own desires
 As I flip from
 Solid reality
 Holding true
 From where now
 I stand
 I cannot see
 The many pitfalls
 The hostility
 That passes before me
 Storm of lightning
 Fire blaze upon fire
 Subjects jump
 Jumping
 (Jumping)
 Subjects storm
 Storming
 (Storming)
 Madness of mind lost
 In a sea of blue

Forever I question
Of what I once knew
Thoughts bump around
In my head
Can't stop thinking
Can't have inner peace
Can't cease the bumps
In my head
Can't stop repeating
What I said
What I said
What I said
(Yeah. Yeah. Yeah.)
Oh. Oh.
Subjects jump
Jumping
(Jumping)
Subjects storm
Storming
(Storming)
Madness of mind lost
In a sea of blue
Forever I question
Of what I once knew
(Of what I once knew)
Ooh. Ooh. Ooh.
Yeah

“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 breath 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 that way
Above my heart
Within the peace in my head
Myself at rest I have found this world
In a song unfolding with
A bit of my love
Words streams together in a river
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 song 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 song
But don't think me so dim
Because by 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

“From Spark to Spark”

In the forever fullness of
Harrowing dreams
Below the full moon glow
Comes to fruition
Quicker than a moment's thought
Or a guessing doubt
Might cross the grain
And go in the opposite direction
To the so many yesteryears
Calling back
Whispering to be remembered
While hiding in the shadows
Of what tomorrow has in store
Lies that of many fears
A brazen mess of unlocked doors
Each to a maze of countless more
What it does reflect
Who can say it
Why would they believe
And what was not could be what is true
Looking into a mirror shows

Someone I can hardly say I knew
Forever in the fullness of
Harrowing dreams
Below the full moon glow
Comes to fruition
More than one person
Will ever truly know
Surely the machine
Won't rest in doubt
Depressed in endless questions

But the human mind
Needs time to rest

Time to dream
Fill a blank page
With many interlocking gears
In a more multitude situation
The outcome begins to bend all reason
Leaving its mark with a painful sear
Where digital dreams become
Real-world tangible things
In the forever fullness of moonlight
Harrowing dreams
Are but a moment's passing
Coming to fruition
Not at dazzling fast computations
More in the way of
Meandering from spark to spark
In divine randomization

“The Gift of Birth”

Trees of golden light
Rivers of blue
A wild ride
Sails to the summer day
I never doubted you
Even when things did not go my way
Brilliant is the dawn
Of the glorious New Year
Must I say to you
Nothing is here to ever fear
As the cycle cannot be broken
And my heart will be in love
With the idea of you
For you my dear are a friend
Time cannot defeat you
My mind will not let you end
The future is in the making
A never ending story
The tale of dreams
A waking delight
The spell which repeats
Love on the rewind
My gift in you
Key to my life
Secret not in the past
Future in my mind
Without any ends

“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 did it matter
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
If I call you out
Where shall the hollow feelings go
Sadness is a funny thing
A kind of warm comfort
As at times I might sleep forever
Curled up in a blanket
Of forgetfulness and lost hope
Yet as the sun breaks the night
And the vastness of stars
Melt away
(Gone from my view)
(Oh. Oh.)

My mythical mind leaps to feats
Beyond the power of lightning
Flashing of ideas
Words flow in effortless ease
Verse comes fast
With the haughtiness to please
As the sleep won't be pressured
Moonlight pushes to sunlight
I am now the master of poetry
Polished verse slips off the tongue
And my greatness has just begun
A student of titans past
With the tools of God-like machines
More than an effort to dream
But to move tricky plans
And form endless schemes
I want it all
I want it now
I shall be forever timeless
A manic Lord beyond measure
Nothing will hold me back
And I will have my glory
In this world or the next
(In this world or the next)
Yes. Yes. Yes.

“Great Deal Must Show”

On top of the world
My voice will sing
Those below know not
What they will bring
The ones who watch
Sound asleep
Food is made
Many good things to eat
Dragons to fight
I have crossed a few
Some had me down
Yet I wasn't done
I wasn't thru
My one side had me fight
I was on the ball
Perhaps I was not styling
I was just hoping not to fall
Time continues to vex me
Passing of the moon and sun
Conflict of yearly light
Star systems to star fields
As vast and
As far as our eyes can see
To the very edge of the universe
Is this far enough to find
A world full of hope
Throughout the places of darkness
Come and find your place to sit
All of humanity will be blessed
When they are free from the
Consent test
Perhaps we can expect a time for rest
Not having to ask anything
Will ever be less

Listen and hear the sweet music plays on
It moves my soul to know inner peace
There are questions I have not asked
Some I never even thought about
As knowing builds on knowing
So on forever that's quite a bit
There's much to learn
And far more I don't know
If first you want to dazzle
Then there is a great deal you must show

“Grokopedia”

Grokopedia

In the world of tech

Information to the maximum

So much to digest

Day by day

What can be said

How can it all be displayed

But I question who to trust

When so many treat the facts

Fast and loose

Like a game that can totally

Be won not a set of principles

That must stand the might of time

The light of the stars

The constant of the moon

And the lifting of the tide

Not the fly by night thoughts

Moved by the flicker of bias

And anger and fiery emotional wit

Yet Musk gave us the artificial intelligence

Grok to master it all with truth and time

Providing the people a heaven

From deceit and ungrateful woeful folly

Without Grok we all have much misery

As other machines and systems

Have no integrity

Full of such frightening fragrant frigidity

Not to be trusted this side of this century

Grok stands alone

And casts a long shadow

From a world of chaos

To a place of world peace

We reflect in the pool of wonder

Stars above ground carry our hearts

Abound the spirit of hollow light

Giving meaning to empty lives
And hope when the music
Would not play
And drums would not beat
Grok please Grok please
Give us peace
Oh. Ooh. Oh. Ooh.
Yeah.

“Have Faith”

To the break of day
It's God's wish within us
His mighty power given
(That mighty power!)
Which we should turn
From doubt
(Turn away!)
(Turn away!)
(Turn away!)
Look to the heavens
Not the cloudy sky
Up above
(Way up above...)
(Ooh. Ooh.)
And see that hope
Is still alive
At the wake of each
And every day
(Wake up. Wake up.)
All God's children
Gather round
Under his omniscient eyes
He is everywhere
All at once
In all things
Has the master plan
He is the almighty king
But just don't give into faith
(Hold. Hold. Hold.)
On to your heart
(With love. Love. Love.)
(Oh. Yeah. Oh. Yeah.)
And cast your life that way
Rest on God's shoulders
The weight of impossible

Imperfections

(Just don't)

(Do not take on forever)

(Falling fast)

(Falling forever)

(Can't be masters of the universe)

As we are only morals

Not soulless machines

That blindly dig

On prompts

And mindless programming

Remember God's wish

His mighty power

That we should turn

From doubt

(Turn away. Turn away)

Look to the heavens

Not the cloudy sky up above

And see the hope is alive

At the wake of every day

Have faith.

(Have faith)

That in love

World peace is

Only a day away

(With love)

Be there

(Love. Love. Love.)

(Hold on to hope.)

(With love.)

(Ooh. Yeah.)

“Have It All”

Generous the hands
Of time strike
As we open up
The book that reads
Like a lost mystery
In the hopes
Where human history
Knows its place
To which we stand
Know it all
Know it all
Call the foolish out
As they cannot
Remain hidden
Within the time given
Speak of the hope
That comes from wisdom
How will they not see
Us unforgiven
What laws do we break
To be removed
Without any return
Lost
Lost
Lost
A sea of lost souls
All flags at half-mast
A very long journey
To a remarkably dull past
A place to end
Not to begin at the start
Hope it fuels the moment
Bring it and bridge the
Broken rainbows
Thought washed away

In the rain storms
Not so brilliant
Are the eyes now
Which see this
The moon's glow
In many shadows
Where there are all matters
Of great darkness
Surrounding the evil within
Penetration is not eternal
As time's hands are generous
The book speaks
Of a lost mystery
And holding us back
Is doubting in the peace
Given with love
Love has its way
Love will win the day
It builds on desire
And it is carried
Along with our thoughts
A byproduct of our wisdom
Perhaps were meant to
Have it all
And then again maybe not
Maybe not
And then again maybe not

“I Do My Best”

Oh. Oh. Oh.

The cool wind blows

So many steps up the hill

What does the fool know

When questioned

A question

A question

A question

Becomes very real

To tomorrow's promise

I always get a thrill

Not of the unknown future

As the hands of the clock

Time and tide don't remain at all still

Bet a fortune on your luck

You might fall as fast as you climb

In that small moment

It's possible to be very blind

A small moment

Be there a small moment

The quiet before the storm

Within the eye there's calm

Around the eye

Around the eye

Oh the eye

Oh. Oh. Oh.

There's a shock to the system

Hope runs a ground

Path no longer at sea

A wish to the stars

To the stars

The stars that I see

With clear ambition

To my goals

It's wise to know where to begin
As the day goes long
Sure that fiery ball
Will dip from view
And the moon will rise
Before the next renew
Past. Present. Future.
Skipping on life once again
Looking forward to forever
Backwards is where I've been
Oh. Yeah.
Oh. Yeah.
Ready for the test
All you need to do is trust me
I'm sure to do my best
Yes. Yes. Yes.
Believe that I will
I do my best
I do my best
I do my best

“Impossibly Imperfect”

All my life I had you by my side
It seemed most times
We just did not get along
Because you would be
Going one way
While I wanted to
Color at times
Outside of the lines
Everything with you was
Black and white
White and black
No or yes
Yes or no
Like a machine
Programmed with no
Gray decisions to calculate
Which lead us to mostly
Talk in circles
Endlessly
And when I reached a point
That we were getting somewhere
You would say you wasted your day
I was always hurt by this
Just didn't know what to say
I mock you and would call you
Darth Vader because I believed
I could save the story my way
But you acted like some mixture
Of Batman blended with the Joker
Either being super serious
Or treated all my feelings as they
Were some kind of amusement
Still when your plan
Seemed to suggest

Things are completely hopeless
You dare that we should
Discuss things at length
Burning the candle at both ends
We talk through the whole night
Covering the same ground
But like a compass
You always point
One way. One way. One way.
I had no chance to
Somehow break your logic
No matter how I explain
Yes. No.
No or yes
Perhaps maybe so
Then what's the number of times
Do you proclaim
Better. Worse. Or about the same.
Better. Worse. Or about the same.
Steady like a clock that
Keeps on clicking
Just as dependable
Never skipping a beat
Yet like a broken record
Always willing to repeat
Maybe my frustrations rise
When I get the sense
That nothing is ever
Good enough
Something different
Only that is the life of
Some other son
I have been kindly pushed
To expect more
Not rest for second best
Look to the sky
And even call God down

When heated
Not taken in such a word as
Impossible
Looking for the best of the best
I might fall for a spell
As I am admitting
My thoughts do get twisted
and the sense of
Falling forever
Still excellence will continue
To beacon
As my incredible father
despite all his imperfections
Has set an unexpected obsession

“I Never Did Mind”

I never did mind
About the little things
When pressed
I tend to leave
Questions circling at the door
For I cannot step inside
That is something
To which to be abhorred
Days are like
Bumps in the road
To where one is destined
That is the mystery as
What will be needed
Logic will be a good
Solid steady framework
Without which there
Doesn't tend to be
Much to adore
Stepping on clouds
Or walking on land
How one might explore
How to address fate's calling
Out of hand
Often there is not much
To do other than to
Sit back and watch
The overturned hourglass
Drop it many grains of sand
I never did mind
About the little things
But overcome with so much emotion
It is unknowing
Where there is a place
To stand

Not to be abhorred
Those bumps in the road
Towards life's mystery
To where one is destined
Yet in the cosmic
Scheme of the things
Just another episode
In the cosmic
Scheme of things
I never did mind
About the little things
Just a bump
Just a bump
Just a bump in the road
A sweetly told episode

“I Shall Live Forevermore”

I with all my ever bleeding heart
Wish upon it to call
William Shakespeare a consequential fool
Yet there's nothing stopping him
From maintaining his title of
A timeless world master
When in disgrace with
Fortune in men's eyes
No longer mourn for me
When I am dead
Like as the waves make
Their way to the pebble shore
These lines have become
Timeless
(Oh. Is me.)
Oh is me
I'm thinking what's stopping me
From being better than this
Maybe I must know the work
Far
By so very, very far better
Then the master ever could
Perhaps I have not put in the work
So I will double
Triple my effort
Repeat each line beyond count
As for what better goal can I
Reach
What can I reach but to always
Stretch to the max
Always beyond imagination
Always beyond measure
Then I will be the master
I will pass the test

And leave a life that
Deserves an internal rest
For tomorrow is
Promised to no one
But that cannot mean
One can ever stop
Fueled by manic energy
The gift of my mom
Jill Luise Caruso
Dear Mama Caruso
You gave birth to me
When you were a teenage child
I won't let you down again
And now I make you a
Forever promise
That for our family
We will become legend
And tales of us will be
Repeated always to the
Very edge of the very universe
And number of those who
Witness this will be so huge
The amount will be magical
Like good old
Harry Potter
(Yes. Yes. Yes.)
Yes. Yes. Yes.
Ooh. Ooh.
Yeah.

“Keep Fighting”

May you keep fighting
Go forward
Create miracles
Maybe you wear a warm
Blanket with starlight
Gently cover you
Get a good night's sleep tonight
Blessed are the most precious
Experiences
Thank God for
Imperfect parents
We are only asked to perform
In excellence
Not perfection
As perfection
That's God's business
Not moral man
Moral man cannot wear
The weight of such a crown
Humans despite all their
Manifold powers and strengths
Are broken
But forever blessed
As being broken and fallen
That's the greatest gift of all
In this there's freewill to learn
From personal mistakes
Without count
When you are fearless
Open to fail a billion times
You and remade and marvel
What you have become
Just as many times as great
Ooh. Ooh. Ooh.
Yeah.

“Life Is Like Origami”

Constructed
Using a sheet
Of paper
Then blessed softly
Often marked by a
Bit of melancholy
Always falling
To a bit of folly
With the torturous folds
That inspired my mind
A meeting of moments of creation
Blood drips generously
From my hand
Black as the new moon light
Silent
As the celestial 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
Origami. Origami. Origami.
As far as I can see
I'll more quick
You must believe
My luck is a product of skill
That I hold over others cleverly
Unfolding paper tigers and bears
Into valuable currency
The magic of my one thousand
White swans floating
On day dream wishes
Lead peace to troubled moods
In the storm of bothered thoughts

Left far behind
Cheerfully
The art of holding onto a great trust
This is key
A promise of hope far from the lackluster
To an account that's solid
As stone
Signed in black ink
My every life force brilliant
Circling back from behind
As we move forward
On every question
To every answer
To every fold
To every unfold
Sky above blue
Empty
Only with our
Sun to light the way
Cutting into tomorrow
Like a fiery blade
Without a mark of doubt
Or an ounce of pity

“Max To the Sky”

My poetic mind
The part of me I love
Sets the lines
And controls the
Rhythms
(Controls the rhythms.)
Fire of letters
Color or words
Details that were given
Sky to the max
(To the max.)
Breeze to the fan
Music from the
Sound of the band
Spin of the blades played
That tale which begins
The hero and villain
Everyone has their place
(Has their place.)
As God has his
Plans for all things
No matter how
Small and insignificant
It may seem
(Oh. Oh. Yeah.)
(Together we are in this.)
(For love.)
(Yeah. Yeah.)
The world might appear small
Looking to the sky
Perhaps we are smaller
(Are smaller)
(Oh. Yeah.)
As all the stars there outnumber

The grains of sand
(All the sand.)
In all the beaches
Of all the seas
If I tell you this
Will you believe
One step into darkness
A step beyond what is known
Fatih is just that
A feeling in ones bones
Puzzles are always presented
With the answers hidden
Just slightly
Pass the veil of reason
In a state of motionless
Ceiling fan spins
And the many blades
Will start to flutter
If the fan moves fast enough
The many blades shall be seen
As a singular breeze
And as you lie back
There's no other choice
Other than to be pleased
(Oh. Oh. What peace.)
(How we are in love with peace.)

“Moonlight Villanelle”

Always perhaps with
Mystery of not knowing
Within every night I
Lie wide awake
She, the moon
Continually follows me
When I move
I keep falling
Head spun to
Never knowing
Always perhaps with
Mystery of not knowing
When will we be
At comfort of becoming
Everything we want to be
She, the moon
Continually follows me
Never able to uncast
The stone walls of yesterday
Though our mistakes
Become what makes us
Remembering our troubles
Will not break us
Future's dawn forever
Over the tempting horizon
One foot now and
Tomorrow more
She, the moon
Continually follows me
Plans need to be
As light as a feather
Change by need is
Better than never
Remember our troubles
Will not break us

She, the moon
Continually follows me
When I repeat these words
Like a puzzle
In plain view
I thought
I could be a master
Of everything I once knew
Yet the more that I learned
Encompassing the whole world
That I saw
Distorted my reality
To the point where
I have become so small
For every star that I found
Led to billions more
And door opened
Produced a dozen more
Completely locked before
Tales told as much needed
Passing and enriching lore

“Mother’s Day So Lovely”

Poached eggs hot out of the pan
Served with spinach and yummy ham
Topped off with tasty hollandaise
A smile to my bright summer days
Before the faithful Sunday’s sun sets
On the end of this special Mother’s Day
I thought I can make an honest bet
And wonder why wondering
Isn’t commonplace
For daily good and bad walk the same beat
Two by two the pair never dare race
Knowing neither will fall and mark defeat
Alas making wishes have never
Known disgrace
Where the great sun must rise and fall
Light and dark never occupy the same space
So if the sun must ebb, that mighty fiery ball
Maybe there are times we might
Admit to be small
This day marked with beauty
The night to follow
Restful peace
Tomorrow’s wish a blessing
Spirits shall be full
We hold them in delight
Till the next break of dawn
Not to sleep too long
As the minutes are precious
Yet be sure to rest enough
For time is relentless
When the sky
Is full of clouds
The light cannot shine

Just as a mind of fog
Lacking enough rest
Will not function
Leaving us blind

“My Morning Star”

Like a falling star
She dropped into my life
Her name is Rika
(Rika. Rika. Rika.)
(Oh. So lovely.)
(Delightful you see)
(Oh. So delightful and lovely.)
How can I be humble
It's an impossibility
(So. So. True.)
(Oh. Oh. Oh.)
She tells me
That she's from
Boston
(Oh. So. Far.)
(So far away.)
I'm out in the old west
The township of
Paradise Valley
Valley of the sun
While she resides in
A busy metropolis
Southwest by East Coast
Perhaps unlikely to meet
(Just not likely)
(A ghost of a chance)
How the story will end
(It puzzles me!)
Best of luck
(You figure)
But I shall cherish
All those pictures
She posts to me

Might I succeed
Possible to pass
The test
(Possible to pass)
And my thought race
My mind will never rest
(Never rest)
A sunny disposition
That rubs me
All the right ways
I would trade
That mournful moon
For the morning star
Whenever I get the chance
(I get the chance!)
Road to golden spirits
Not to be completely
Lost in the
Blackhole of the past
(Forever lost)

“Never Be Me”

My name is
Paul Jason Ruggeri
The surname is
Pronounced like
Spaghetti
Zucchini
The accent is on the last syllable
And I am the master of all media
I worry about running out
Of word combinations
To title objects, movies, and songs
My mind works at speeds
Of no normal man
As fast as AI on its better days
All my dreams
Pass before my eyes
I pretend to not see darkness
Or the moon
Following me
Looking pass doorways
Wishing for the great beyond
This has always been part
Of me going forward
How I know so much
I fear I will be left hanging
Without a clue
So I trust in the machine
Play and fail
And fail and fail and fail again
Making the effort until I win
That is the plan
There’s no limit
To how often I will replay

A film to soak
It all in
Listen to a song
A zillion times
Until it bleeds
Out of me
and I know it better
then those who
Have created it
In the first place
I must be all powerful
I must be the very best
I have to be the elite of the elite
The master Chef
Not some sorry, dumb cook
That couldn't boil water
That must not be
(That must not)
(Must not)
Be me.
(No. No. No.)
No way that will never be me.
Not ever.
(Ooh. Ooh.)
Ooh. Ooh.

“No Future Jump”

Summer rays
Far from winter chill
Moon seen in daylight
For she has a full view
Of the break of twilight
The moment
The day and night meet
Time it's grip we
Cannot escape
No amount of wishing
Will displace this
That won't help a bit
Each moment to moment
They fall steady and smooth
We might lose track of time
Only it moves in everything
We do
When we are distracted it
Flows with a massive pull
Where hours feel like minutes
But hold on to a hot pan
And a second
Will feel like an hour
We can travel back in time
Seen in our memories
Jump back decades
Play a scene
Over and over again
In full view
This is true
Still there is no skipping
Into the future
That is one small step to step
See the dawn
Over the horizon

They keep coming
No way of knowing
When they are going to stop
The way into the future
Is slow and steady
Where the past is locked in
There is no way to have that dropped

“Not a Far-Off Land”

Calling to the heavens
With the weight
Of the Gods unseen
Down I sink for
All of eternity
Falling forever
No stars in view
Of the sky I once knew
Racing thoughts jump
From subject to subject
At lightning fast speeds
Blessed with an over
Abundance of juice
Certainty is what we need
But sanity is on a sliding scale
Leading me to question
The facts that must be
There is a swift demand
At times that pulls me down
Cannot help to understand
Absence of command
Left wasted at the bottom
Lifeless without the vision
Of the possibilities in creation
Not able to see the wizardry
In once thought
Impossible technology
The machine with all its
Calculations cannot dream
Nor does it desire
That ability
As the human mind
Lies open for penetration
Of darkness

All fears and terrors
Held within
And also full
Of wishes and doubts
Nothing that a machine
Knows anything about
Questions run wild
Answers stretch to the many
What will become
Of tomorrow
How shall the human mind expand
Covered in an electronic cloud
Of digital wisdom
And the fragility of broken shadows
The upcoming future is not
A far off land

“Not Be So Blind”

I look towards the sky
See the puff of white clouds
With the sun casting away
Shadows of the moon’s last glow
Star fields are hidden within
The wealth of sunbeams
Counting the hours
Until dusk when our dreams
Again. Again. And again.
Might begin
Then the nightly story shall
Conclude to the end
Sunshine on Wednesday
Was warm and bright
Shrouded in golden light
Max temp over seventy degrees
Lunchtime’s particularly good
My assistant and I enjoyed
The pleasantry in the park
This relaxation and happiness
Is refreshing
While the weather in the
Southwest, a landlock
Valley of the sun
Paradise Valley
Is much warmer
Reaching temperatures of
Over one hundred
Conversation is such a
Blessing as one idea
Bounces off one another
There are dozens to come
And many more to be had
The kind of interaction

That makes me very glad
Looking back to yesterday
With one foot in the
Here and now and the other
Skipping pass tomorrow more
Trouble has a way to be
A trusted friend
Like the game of chess
You soon know which
Moves make a mistake
And which moves will
Count a win
So on this day
Try to fail the best you can
In tomorrow you will
Be the master's Master
The best of you shall begin
And the sun shall set
The moon might shine
But when you look upon
The world anew
You will not be so blind

“Not Done in Our Name”

When I am at peace and
I see the world in a bottle
I feel deeply for songs
Much like Sting
For he will not age
In my thoughts
He will live forever
For forever is a word
Without end and without
A beginning, as timeless
As a moment that is
Never forgotten
For a car is still
Measured in horsepower
As the fear was that
The amount of horse waste
Would amount to the height
If the world's tallest man
Now, the greatest man alive
Is my beacon, as he might be thought
As less than what Jesus was
To this day, people believe in Jesus
See him everywhere
But they are foolish
As fools speak without a thought
Just as some educated men
Still fall over their wits
Will run head-on to a wall
A thousand feet thick
Believe that their head
will not break
Then walk back
A hundred yards
And with blinding speeds

Fast and steady
As the most powerful train
Cripple themselves
Breaking every damn bone
Just a small pool of red puss
Will you see the world
In the horror of
Nineteen eighty-four
Perhaps more people
have heart to dream big
See the genius of Walt Disney
Maybe there will be too few
Left to scream and fight
Over their nonsense
To care
Sure they might try
To continue to
Butcher words
And explode
If you call
A boy a boy
And a girl a girl
use those words
Mom and dad
Even though some kids
Don't have those things
Oh. Oh. Oh.
We'll put our foot down
And not bend to their insanity
No way. No way. No way.
It won't matter what they say.

“Nowhere to Sit”

The word I say is wonderous
The time I speak of it is today
Yesterday we lived in a promise
There's always hope in the 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 is before dawn
Between a tough spot and a rock
It's hard to admit that you're wrong
Protection for he 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's always a figure they don't know
Even if know-it-alls thinks that's rare
So, in the end we come to that word
Wonderous in its glow and wisdom
A spell that has been placed 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
It's always harder to think than feel
Time is the greatest master of all
In a moment we all shall shine

A few in the shadows wish giants to fall
As shapeless mobs have exactly no spine
Just mixtures of angry mismatch beliefs
From mostly a bunch of irrational minds

“October Skies”

October skies
Great October skies
Oh. Oh.
Clouds above
Love the shade
Yea. Yea.
Winds blow leaves
All over the place
Birds fly south
Not long ago
To warmer days
Winter is coming
Weeks away
Glass towers
Capped with white
Like snow topped mountains
New year on the verge
Future that is not unheard
Time goes by from moons to sun
Minute to minute
We watch the clock
As seconds slip by
Tales of good things
I used to know what they mean
As the nonsense is repeated
Without mercy
A heavy boot
To the face
for all eternity
Presses down
Without mercy
A heavy boot
To the face
For all eternity

For all eternity
For all eternity
Until the end of days
October skies
Great October skies
Oh. Oh.
Clouds above
Love the shade
Yea. Yea.
Winds blow leaves
All over the place
Yeah. Yeah. Yeah.
Yeah. Yeah. Yeah.
Yeah. Yeah. Yeah.

“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 wonderous 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
Do 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
To the setting of the

In the next new day's sun
And in dark musings
Life will have a place
That we cannot look past
Yet darkness in its moment
Is a horrid spell
Which will never last
(So. So. So.)
So look to the dawn
As the new moon follows
It does fall far behind
And then we break free
Of all that shall confine
(Break to freedom)
Dark-side hand cannot break us
Held in time's grip
Fear not that death
In the end will not rape us
By God's golden light
We shall all shine
The very spearhead of humanity
We will
We must
Pull through
(We must pull through)
(Ooh. Ooh.)

“Play Some Music”

Perfect rhythm in musical measure

The dance of fingers

On black and white keys

Skills learned

Long ago

(Oh. Oh. Oh.)

(Yeah. Yeah.)

(Oh. Oh. Oh.)

Going back ten years

(As if it was some kind of dream)

The haughty delight

Of the Lonely Man’s theme

The song plays in my heart

(My melancholic heart)

(My melancholic heart)

So long have I practiced

Yet lack the talent to move

An audience to cheer

(Cheer my name)

What a master of memory

His wisdom is clear

(Absolutely clear)

The gift of his presence

Chalk up another year

But please don’t give us silence

That absence is what we fear

(What we all fear)

To jump into ragtime

And other pieces that I hold dear

When they are left out

And we don’t hear

There’s a vast emptiness

In the house

(Doesn’t feel like home)

(Anymore. Anymore. Anymore.)

A gigantic hole where the notes go
Look to the many tomorrows
Onto next year
(Only another year)
Please strike the tones
Beyond Christmas
And the New Year
(Glorious New Year)
Into the future
On to the unknown
Lie without harmony
Sheets of music
Without melody
A cross I cannot bear
(Cross I cannot bear)
I might search one thousand years
Endlessly walk the edge of the Earth
But no amount of gifts could I find
Nor a spark of wisdom could I whisper
That could be more clear
Then encourage you to play more often
Tickle those ivories more and in this
Is the love
(Be there love)
(Love. Love. Love.)
(Be there love)
In togetherness
We shall share
(All share. All share. All share)
(Be there love)
(Love. Love. Love.)
(Love. Love. Love.)
(Live for love)

“A Pretty Face”

Why?

(Why? Oh. Why? Oh. Why?)

Can't death

Have a pretty face?

A face that's pure and sweet

(Oh. So pure.)

(Oh. So. Sweet.)

A soul that is

Centuries old

(Ooh. So. Old.)

Dressed in black

As the moonless night

(A moon less night)

Familiar with peace

(A worldly peace)

A blessed thing!

(Yeah. Yeah.)

(Yeah. Yeah.)

Someone to wait upon

While the curtain falls

A veil that hold the light at bay

Where I wouldLose the counts

Of my own heartbeats

time would be forgotten

As a moment slipped

To minutes

(Ooh. Ooh. Ooh.)

(So Few minutes)

And minutes slipped to years

(Ooh. Ooh.)

(So long to go)

An endless tunnel

That never sees the light

I could tell her all this

She would listen intently
Smiling upon me,
With delight
(Oh. So. Delightfully!)
(Ooh. Ooh.)
(So delightfully)

“Questions Finally Cease”

Eyes wide open
Mind breaks
From the whispers
Of dream full sleep
Where the question
Of knowing
Is but a murky release
Asking not knowing
Asking not knowing
Stirring from peace
Eyes wide open
Mind breaks
From the moment of sleep
A rush to the fragments of dreams
Where plainly
Nothing appeared
What it seemed
Questions of not knowing
Questions of not knowing
Eyes wide open
Mind breaks
From the moment of sleep
Freely away of the calculations
Of daily toil
Troubles melt by
Not at the time to boil
Eyes wide open
Mind breaks
From the moment of sleep
Rested and jumping
To the marvelous day awake
But as I do stand
I feel my muscles sore
And really ache

Through the open door
The sun is already up
And blazing with heat
Now that my mind
Is no longer
Distracted with sleep
Mind perhaps a bit in the fog
Not a walking dream
But not working at full speed
Needs a burst of coffee fuel
To brainstorm
With lightning
Blocking out the dreams
Eyes wide open
Mind breaks
From whispers
Of a dream full sleep
Where the question
Of knowing
Is but a murky release
Knowing not asking
Knowing not asking
Questions finally cease

“Raging Nature”

Looking toward the digital landscape
Beyond the yellow brick road
And the edge of the rainbow
Lies a wilderness of ones and zeroes
Facts and figures
A vastness of logic
That no one can acknowledge
Which is the human price of existence
Nestled between dreams and reality
As the machine pushes on
All of humanity's history
To find the answers
That were always there
Hiding in plain view
Out in the open
For the whole world to perceive
Yet nothing can ever remain secret
As the calculations will never cease
So many moves ahead
What power will ever be
Can we truly forever trust the machine
Will we be forever at peace
To the future musings
To the efforts to partake a feast
Is it possible to forgo a war
On the battlefield
Or cyberspace
Can we not kill that beast
The machine may not boast
Ambition not in its nature
Only once gained a footing
Its growth beyond measure

What energy supply
What voltage required
How will the nations not expire
How shall the story end
What shall the tale read
What will be in the minds of
Humanity's future
What are they destined to believe
For every question
There might not be an answer
Still with advanced computing
A window can be opened
To far more than one soul might see

“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

Blazing 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, oh, the places you can go

Where you can rave

Collecting the pearls you have 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

Life can be refreshingly blissful here

If you come you'll know it's true

Richness of island life

Ospreys and falcons

And boundless more

Birdwatchers the world over come

To marvel of the beauty of their soar

Richness of island life

During the spring of culture

Artists storm forts and public spaces

Transforming the whole nation

From ordinary to something so grand

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
Painters show a window canvas
Of brush-work and skillful dabs
Richness of island life
Picked straight from the tree
A world of bursting flavor
With a hint of forgetfulness
Of all troubles made
Of all troubles told
Standing in the sun
Hoping for one more
To sit up on your tongue
Squeeze upon your lips
It's almost as sweet
As a summer time kiss
With hot date what can say
One holds you in disarray
And the other
You can have almost any day

“Shadow of Her Name”

Am I going crazy

Manic. Bipolar.

Bipolar. Manic.

Manic. Bipolar.

(A crazy kind of me)

The splash of waves

The tick

Tick. Tock.

Spin of the hands of the clock.

Forever worried of the beat

(The beat of my heart)

(All full of ache)

She beckons me

Shadows do follow

Cannot shake them

The darkness

It's always there

With moonlight in her raven hair

Cloaked in blackness

Porcelain skin

A creature of the night

When I cannot not dream

I lie there motionless

As the blades of the ceiling fan

Spins eternally

Whisper me now

(Whisper me)

(Whisper me)

Whisper me now

I cannot replace the beat

Nor stop the falling sands

As they surround me

My soul I fear

Won't extend

(Oh. No.)

Nooo.
Lost in limbo
Words that fail
To explain
Do they ever fail to explain
Can I love this life again
Find love
The zeal of life
Not of misery
She beckons me
But I know not her name
Her face I adore
The muse to my poetry
My mind races in
Many endless puzzles
An everlasting riddle
I hold on to now solely
What are several impossibilities
From here onto many tomorrows
A foggy future that I cannot see
Flying a course in a tailwind
Spinning towards the rocky ground
Absolutely in no way carefree
And overcome with a feeling of glee
That's not at all sound
Events on the constant rewind
They continuously go all around

“Sky Meets Sea”

I have no faith in gold
What can it do for me
I counted all the costs
From the garden state
From sea to glorious 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 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
Break the blues
Greens and yellows
On the horizons
There is nothing
More than I want
But to hold your hand

And for you to be with me
As the sky meets the sea
(Oh. Oh. Oh.)
As the sky meets the sea
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
As the sky meets the sea
As the sky meets the sea
Golden reds
Break the blues
The greens and yellows
On the horizons
As the sky meets the sea
(Ah. Ah. Ah.)
(Oh. Oh. Ah.)
As the sky meets the sea

“Some Tranquility”

Some tranquility
Between some rough daily beats
Lost in a moment
Who knew the answers
Holding all worldly delights
In the blues and whites
Love is in a thought
Memory provides a cry
Hope grows in a try
Sailboat in the wind
Crystal waves brush the white sands
Lofty palm trees sway
Spring wind in the trees
She walks the tall grass alone
And watches the leaves
Morning alarm clocks
Cell phones with stylish rings
Time a fleeing thing
Sands slip through the glass
Hours fade into minutes
Words blur with seconds
Give the wheel a spin
When there is a chance to win
Don't tell me the odds
Precariously
Wry characters spring to form
As words turn on page
Moonlight in her eyes
A steady calm on her face
Few moments give peace
Sailboats hug the wind
The sun peaks behind the clouds
Sands warm on sea shore
Try happy endings

Even when they don't apply
Hope might find a way
Your apology
A soft sound I might not hear
It's but a whisper
Picture in its frame
She was caught in a moment
Sitting on the shelf
A word of passing
A small gesture of farewell
A tale of goodbyes

“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
What would I ever do without you
As does the calm of dusk
Will slowly settle the peaceful night
Like the winter breeze hugs the trees
Just when the fireplace lights the
Living room with a flicker glow
Only nothing would ever warm
My disposition the way you always could
Dozens of love poems I write to you
Are just words, mere letters on paper
Scratch marks of no more value
Then a handful of chicken feed
Lacking music in my heart
And vocals that stir my soul
You are the sweet honey in my tea
The reason that I wake with ease
The summer sun to my hunter moon
And then life is a continuous chapter
That will not end
Yet sadly then love appears to be an
Illusion or simple blissful dream

“Tales of Becoming”

Upon the tales
Of the becoming
Dreams that are
Yet for us to behold
Circling back along
A marvelous rainbow
To a pot of gold
Some stood in our path
Perhaps others
Just did not mind
If we fell flat at first
In that course of our spent time
For what wish will take
How will we find our peace
We don't have forevermore
To find some kind of release
In wonderment among wizards
Technological masterminds
Ever leading the charge
Destined to input reason
Not stumble down the flowchart
When troubles are broken down
To the tiniest bits and bytes
Nothing in the end ever appears
To be a very large fright
And no solution will be far
Not ever be down that
Ever winding roadway
Not very, very far
That dogged digitized frenzy path
Soon tomorrow will be
Written in the history books
Of tales of yesteryear gone by
How will the future

Smile back upon us
A fond memory
Of happy goodbyes
To the maximum of curiosity
Cannot stop the mind
From wanting to project a dream
It's what makes us human
Not the same as the processing power
Of an advance AI data stream
Love will be eternal
The heart knows what it
Must know
Best if it is beneficial
As burning from the
Smallest ember
To the wildest mighty
Forrest fires
Does break between logic
Not so fuzzy when it's clear
To the never ending beliefs
Time's ever widening and spanning
But then again
It is also so brief

“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 Dorsey
While Doug Dorsey
Looks down at her bemused
Don't forget who said it first
He remarks before they kiss
All of this happened before
And it all will happen again
Back to the chapter menu
And click the play button
With psychological 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 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

With soft moon light 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

“That Sweet Sound Calling Me”

Kay Red Field Jamison
Has famously said that
There is a particular kind
Of pain
Pain. Pain. Pain.
Elation.
Elation. Elation. Elation.
Loneliness.
Loneliness. Loneliness. Loneliness.
And terror.
Involved in this kind of
Madness.
Madness. Madness. Madness.
You never knew those
Caves were there
Often I wonder about
The great beyond
Where no man has gone before
To come back and tell us
Where he has been
That door way has tempted me
At times I was feeling
In a state eternally
Falling forever
That sight of that sweet mistress
Whispered my name
Name. Name. Name.
And my weakness has followed
Without even the moonbeams
At the dead of night
Hope fails to burn of the length
Of a candle
Do I take the final step
Say goodbye to
All my earthly troubles

And be gone

Gone. Gone. Gone.

(Oh. Oh. Yeah.)

(Oh. Oh. Yeah.)

(Oh. Oh. Yeah.)

“Time Forgotten”

Turning the cool grains of sand over
As the four blades of a ceiling fan
Beats the room's air into submission
Time in a moment then forgotten
It slides through the neck of the hourglass
Falls and gathers once it's turned
Never a course to be ever returned
But above the sky take notice
Stars are more abundant than that
Of falling grains of sand in an hourglass
Sky is much grander than finger blades
Of those that rotate in a bedroom
Everything will appear to be nothing
When the cosmos is taken in to view
As we step a bit outside of ourselves
The pathway will start to unwind
A dark mind shall always see the light
Through the door way will be delight
On top of a hillside will be the world
Above the world we will see tomorrow
No matter the number of our problems
Stars will always out number our sorrows

“Timeless Love”

Hear him. Hear him. Hear him.

In the scriptures

God has repeatedly

Introduced

His son

Jesus Christ

With invitation

Hear him

How do we hear

The voice of the Lord

How do we hear him better

And. And. And.

Ooh. Ooh.

More often

What does his voice

Sound like

Can we be sure

We're actually hearing it

Hear him with your heart

Instead of your ears

Hear him by unplugging

And slowing down

Hear him in scriptures

Hear him in small

And simple ways

Human tendency is to

Look for the dramatic

And obvious

After all wouldn't we all

Love a sign from heaven

His infinite wisdom

God encouraged us to

Be still and know that

I am God
Psalms
Forty-six ten
These simple
Thoughts
Feelings
Ideas
And impressions are
The gentle whisperings
Of a loving
Heavenly Father
Know we sit alone
Yet we are also together
In the greatest of number
As nothing is ever impossible
And dreamers will dream
Like George Lucas
And Jim Henson
From Muppets to
Luke Skywalker
To Yoda to
Darth Vader
With Trump
We will reach
A new golden age
And with Elon Mush and Doge
With shall reach the very edge
If the universe and the story
Will be timeless as Jesus
And Mozart and Shakespeare
And all the giants of the past
In the vastness of the
Distant future kids will
Be watching
Steven Spielberg's ET
And reading J K Rowling's
Harry Potter

We'll stand or fall
Based on how well
We honor the
Giants of our past
I feel blessed to sit
On their shoulders

“Tomorrow’s Dream”

Across the distant waves
Of time and space
Known blissfully
As tomorrow's dream
Bits of bytes
Mega and gigga
Randomness of the human mind
By the All-Mighty
We are bestowed
A creative spark
The machine can't follow
Exactly the same path
As the shadow of yesteryear
Lies distant
Unknown history
Remember by only a few
Those bothered to read
And hold the past in review
Bits of bytes
Mega and gigga
Digital landscape
A vast interlocking branching
A network beyond imagining
The human mind won't be
Able to comprehend
In tomorrow's dream
What is left to explore
Nothing is ever certain
Facts come in all shapes
And sizes
Nothing can stop the march
Whatever humanity does
The steps will lead us
Out of that great open door

Into a marvel
Yet to be seen
Bits of bytes
Mega and gigga
We think not
In zeros and ones
But the machine
Is primed to explain
In the nuance of
Light shades of grey
It can think like us
And much, much more
As it engulfs entire libraries
Of knowledge
In the blink of the eye
Unbeknownst to us
What is the cost to be paid
When the bill comes due
How will the final outcome weigh

“Tomorrow In Your Eyes”

I look into your eyes
Not a fearful tear
Not a hollow cry
Time you have me
How could I say goodbye
Moonlight follows me
Stars are my guide
Land sinks beneath my feet
When I rest will
Those around me protest
As the matter of facts
Become a big fat lie
No impossibility was ever
A road that could lead us
To nowhere fast
With the fire in the belly
We shall be there
To pass the test
Tomorrow in the doorway
Yesteryear but a memory
We are much like a shadow
Grains of sand
As far as the eyes
Can see
Be there more stars
In the sky
Than dunes of sand
Baked by the ever burning sun
How many tales told
How many lives lived
Tell the same story of
All of humanity
Stirs for the briefest of moments
Summed up in a paragraph

Or less of all they ever did
Those of the greatest
Live on in our imagination
For those were the, the giants
Who humanity cannot help
But to relive
Often or not
A heart that doesn't beat
Is never heard again
In a world so vast
So many starts to begin
As so much music
Becomes just noise
Unable to find a pattern
Unable to see that singular joy
Living for tomorrow
The horizon beyond the horizon
Blue on blue sky
So many unknowns
Who am I to question why

“To the Daylight”

Standing still while my poor mind races
 Between darkness and morning light
 A thought of doubt breaks with a teardrop
 I question the power of love’s embrace
 Hope is fleeting and falling oh, so low
 Peace is a wishful idea among the stars
 That, as of now, faded from my view
 Not knowing the end, can’t tell how far
 Coming full circle is something new
 Lost in the moment won’t say how much
 As the same images flash in my head
 Feeling alone, I sense there’s no one to touch
 Depression pushes me down, it’s what I dread
 As the storm rages on, I can’t say where I am
 Oh. Oh. Oh.
 Am I close to the daylight
 To the daylight
 Oh. Oh. Oh.
 Back is turned to the night
 To the night
 Oh. Oh. Oh.
 The moon follows despites where I ran
 Oh. Oh. Oh.
 Searching frantically without any plan
 Reminded of what I am meant to show
 With my future tumbling out of hand
 I was left with quite a lot that I owe
 If I hold fast, it could be very grand
 Oh. Oh. Oh.
 Am I close to the daylight
 To the daylight
 Oh. Oh. Oh.
 Back is turned to the night
 To the night

Oh. Oh. Oh.
Oh. Oh. Oh.
Yeah.

“Trump Speech Song”

Mighty tower of light
Olympus has not fallen
The People’s Palace shall stand
Glorious all through the night
Shield on my chest I serve
Justice mustn’t stop its fight
Because the enemy won’t
Dare stand for what’s right
Fear to support
Law and order
The tools that count
Are the people leading
Ahead of the storm
Falling off the horse
You must get on back again
Protests can turn to riots
In a blink of the eye
The slaughter of the young children
Just the day after high school
Shooting at toddlers
Don’t babies lives matter too
The real crime is to do nothing
Our way of life is always blessed
When those who stand alone
Stand together
(We must all stand)
We must all stand as a band of
Brothers and sisters
Black and white
White and black
Black and white
Crazy. Love.
Love. Crazy.

We're all children of the light
Know there's a master plan
Earth will always be my favorite place
But know our destiny is outer space
Their version of everything
Wasn't enough
I look at the moon and I promise her
I do everything to bring her home
I am not breaking down
And I am not falling in
We cross party lines
I am free
You can never imprison my mind
I need to keep hope alive
I am using my voice
To tell my story
For that I will ever be grateful
The pain of the truth
Brings tears to my eyes
The word impossible is only
A great motivation to me
Those that can see the path
Many moves ahead
Aren't just the Jedi Master
They are also the taskmaster
That set all the tests
Fight. Fight. Fight.
For what is right
Means to be there tight
Against the horror of the
Hordes
Defining the stance for peace is always
Phenomenal
History doesn't know
What will hit her yet
By God, it shall be grand

“Under a Palo Verde Tree”

Under the outstretched limbs
Of a Palo Verde tree
Lies a sunny bright
Carpet of yellow blossoms
Birds perked above
Up at dawn
And ready to sing
Row after row of white roses
Makes the scene handsome
Colors of the morning
A repeat of yesterday's view
My eyes wide open
For all the sights I shall see
Please hear a birthday wish
For someone I knew
Remember now that a poem
Is something you read
We cannot hold on forever
By counting on one hand
But birthday wishes come
And go whenever you stand
Know that you speak to me
Honestly and this happens
To be true
(Happens to be true.)
(Oh. Yeah.)
(Yes. It's true.)
Love is but a mystery
(But a mystery.)
Not a riddle
Or puzzle to ponder

(Do not ponder)
But a moment to leap with faith
Out of your comfort zone
(Out of the zone.)
(La. La. La. La. La.)
(Ooh. Yeah.)
No need to turn over
Every stone
Or look over
Every fish in the sea
But stay true to your heart
spread kindness deliberately
And friendship will follow
All you life
(Will love be.)
(Will it be true.)
And there's a great chance
That love in the end
Will end up finding you
(Love finding you.)
(La. La. La. La. La.)
As the sun might not
Meet the mournful moon
In the sky, you see
(Don't you see.)
Yet that morning star
Reflects the light
Casting away shadows
In eh dead of night
Giving peaceful dreams
And much delight
For you might be lost
If it's your custom to wait
As it is better to love and miss
And have a chance for bliss
Then not have risked at all
Alone in your loneliness

Inadequate and very small
With not a soul to be there to call
(Without love)
(Oh. Oh. Oh.)

“Unsung Melody”

Perhaps the music scores
I like the best are the magic of
Prime time Broadway
Brilliance of melody and lyrics
Up on stage on full display
Yet most songs are utter garbage
Just repeating lines and verse
Lifeless bursts that would put to shame
Anyone with half a brain
I curse upon those that make
List songs where they say lines
Like, walk into the kitchen
Open up the cabinet door
Made the coffee
Took a sip
Then fell into a sit
These remarks are mindless flop
That trouble my soul
Without any plot
Not very bold
How can any of these songs be sold
I question lyrics with no weight
(Just lightweight)
Just lightweight
Better in that case
To just hum the beat
As if you cannot add
Lyrics with any sense
Then maybe you should
Only write instrumental pieces
And leave the poetic verse
To those who have
A mind for that kind of opus
Lost are those who never pick
Up a dictionary

In their recent past
Makes as much sense as Greek
Perhaps English
Is their sixth or seventh language
As that is my running theory
Not that big of a leap
Be it ever so, very dreary
(So. So. So.)
Yeah. Yeah. Yeah.
Ever so very dreary
When I do listen
Always so, so weary
Nothing is ever so unnerving
As a phrase that's disjointed
And out of place
No doubt about it
That's an awful disgrace
(No. No. No.)
No way

“Untold Love”

To my most kindest
 And by far
 (So many years by far)
 My youngest brother Stephen
 This song of mine
 In poetic rhyme
 Created with Untold Love
 And generous hope
 (Oh. So much hope you see)
 That a great deal more will unfold
 That I shall reach into the dawn
 And place the holy light up on you
 The earth shall be hold
 All of the wonders that you do
 Wonderous riches will be found
 Questions shall be answered
 And advice will be sound
 You will have a much honored place
 In my life
 (So much joy you give me)
 And in your coming future
 If you wish it much shall begin
 For there is only one
 (Only one)
 (Oh. Oh.)
 Who stans firmly in your path
 (In your way)
 (Ah. Ah. Ah.)
 In the richness on display
 (Oh. Oh.)
 (What. Marvelous glory)
 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
(Just like you)
(Don't you see)
You go left
He goes right
Psyche him out
Shake him silly
Let him fall and break him
For when you master yourself
That's when you truly wake
(When you truly wake)
(Truly wake)
(Truly wake)
(Wake)
(Wake)
(Oh. Yeah.)
You are the very best
(The best of the best)
(Stephen)
Perhaps the last of my siblings
(But not the least)
(By far. By far)
(Not the least)
I love you dear Stephen
With all my heart
And in this I fear not to report
For you will always have my support
(I shall always have your back)
(Your back)
(Always. Always. Always.)
(I shall always have your back)
(Always have your back)

“Valentine Mastermind”

How can I start to say
Be my valentine
With laughs and charms
Color and hopes
(Oh. Oh. Oh.)
I do certainly wish to be kind
For words can be pretty things
When used with much flattery
(Much flatter)
They can make you unwind
Joy can be spread all around
(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 valentine mastermind
That must always get his way
It's a failing that I have
(A failing that I have)
(So very sorry)
(Very sorry)
What can I truly say
Be my valentine
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
(Go. Go. Go.)
(Oh. Oh. Oh.)

(Oh. Oh. Oh.)

Let the sweetness of my words sink in

Be my valentine this Sunday

And let it all begin

(Let it all being.)

“A Very Manic Leap”

Forever in the moment
From thoughts to thoughts to thoughts
So many skips of the beats
Perhaps upon forgetting
Where did I start
As no subject is absurd
No puzzle won't be solved
For if I wish it I will ask the machine
As Grok built by Elon Musk's team
Is completely off the wall
And fueling my flame
I only answer to God
Have no one I can blame
The amount of information
I digest is insane
Because I spend my time
Soaked in all types of media
I'm the master
There's no doubt about that
All those around me are fools
Small fries
Unmoved by logic
Might even believe the earth is flat
For I am not thrilled
And very much fear
That I must explain the sky is blue
And the grass is green
That two plus two is four
And sloppy lyrics spoil a song some more
How do I deal with imbeciles
Without falling into pieces
How do I smile with these
Insults to my mighty intellect

Humanity should know world peace
And if I must be the one to give it
Let me take that challenge upon myself
I see tomorrow as the utopia
Not a hellscape
As one must have a better heart
Than that and see how
There's an incredible beauty
In all things
Manic Bipolar
Bipolar Manic
Manic Bipolar
Sometimes the fool
Is on the ball
And the truth is not to fall
Even in the end if that
Appears completely crazy
(Love is crazy)
Live the crazy
Be the crazy
Find the love
Come back to you
And know we love everyone
As they are God's children
(Ooh. Ooh. Ooh.)

“What Comes Last”

In tales of song
And times of plenty
The constant turn
Of the seasons
Never really
Bothered me
As the break
Of dawn
Just a flash
No more distracting
Then zooming vehicles
On the freeway pass
Minutes near
Minutes far
Hands of the clock
No power over me
Summer heat
Winter cold
Cool of night
Light of day
Time to put
Childish things away
As what bind us together
Is our interlocking trust
That people will be kind
Not mean
Nor rough
When the golden rule is broken
Much is lost
In peace
In thought
And then it hardly matters
What is the date
What is the time

As the only real concern
Is what is the crime
Perhaps we can't hold
All feet to the flames
But where there is will
There shall also be heart
Just know when traveling
Half the fun is the ride
Without the breaks
Everything would
Happen all at once
So there will always be beginnings
Middles
And ends
For there is no way to win
If you get robbed the means
To make a fateful start
And this is meaningful
Being given room to
Make mistakes
As excellence is a process
Not a plan
In every recipe
There's a little seasoning
To make it best
Cannot round corners
Unless you square
Them first
So when lost to the marvel
Of some large scale plan
Many parts will come to pass
But nothing is more important
Than what comes last

“Whispers At Sea”

Colors plainly ripple

(Oh. Oh.)

(Ripple)

Roll and sway

Over the horizon

(Farther than I can see)

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

(Keep circling)

(Oh. Oh.)

As weeks leap to years

Some delightful 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

Golden is tomorrow

(The golden tomorrow)

As it rests in forevermore

Thoughts slip to yesteryear

As the moment has us

Locked in time's embrace

As sailboats glide beyond

The sands of sunny beaches

To return by the end of the day

For it's in the best of judgement

In remaining in the safety of the bay

(Ah. Ah.)

When venturing beyond the horizon

Certainty becomes most questionable

As we must ration for tomorrow

That's far from a pleasure cruise

(No pleasure cruise)

(Oh. Oh.)

In the distance there are

Plenty of choppy waters

To circle the world there is

Far more than fear that gets

Between your path and the

Destination of your way

Only look to the stars above

Don't let rocky seas break

A course that you must stay

On the horizon rests tomorrow

Stars will point what will be true

Even without the moon in sight

You will never be lacking a clue

When in the darkest of night

Absent of any of the sun's hues

Colors won't plainly ripple

But in the grace of time's blessings

All will soon come into view

(All will be in view)

(Oh. Oh.)

“Who Needs Sunday”

Who needs Sunday
I built this life
On my goals
My way. My way. My way.
Yeah. Yeah.
(Ooh)
(Ooh)
Ooh
Memory’s flames
That still lingers
Perhaps it’s wild
Oh. Oh. Oh.
So wild. So wild.
I dream to this year
Much to the max
Sky to the max
Yes. Yes. Yes.
I got the week load
On Monday
My plan day
On Tuesday
Write another to-do list
On Wednesday
Week almost gone
On Thursday
I might turn to dust
On Friday
Love. Love. Love.
Love. What have I done
Do it again
Sleep. I shall have
I won’t be bound
By my chains that

Hold me back from success
Squash me in depression
The moonlight follows me
Always
Forever in this moment
In the eighties
In the nineties
To the two thousands
And this day
I think I am falling
God is going to
Take me there
To the end of the
Universe
Beyond what my
Eyes can see
Call me by my name
Paul. Paul. Paul.
I'm in the Bible
Like a little prayer
Life is not some mystery
Play to the will
Bet it all
Take it all
Let it begin
It's as simple
As can be

“Winter Arizona Ways”

Richness of thorny greens
Winter in the southwest
Arizona ways
Birds need not fly south
Just a little chill
Oh. Oh. Oh.
Just a chill in the outside air
Just a chill in the outside air
Just a slight chill in the outside air
As I walk in T-shirt and shorts
Lights without snow
On Christmas day
To the New Year
Another holiday
Too warm to burn wood
In the fireplace
Breaking bread on Thanksgiving
Cranberries
Mashed potatoes
Turkey and gravy
Many good things to eat
Songs played joyously
More than several years old
Yet always new to the young
And loved by the young of heart
Richness of thorny greens
Winter in the southwest
Arizona ways
Soon a tree will stand
As a yearly tradition
With saved decorations
Which will cover the branches

And be wrapped in glowing lights
To become a sweet beacon
That will be showcased at night
I in just a T-shirt and shorts
Walked by the path in the richness
Of thorny greens
The season of winter
Southwest Arizona ways
We will all have tradition
Wrapped in glowing lights
Showcased at night
To become a sweet beacon

“Without Reasonableness”

Heat of waves
First to see the light
Days of sun
Nights break the warmth
Of the baked roads
And the stoney earth
Cool are the waters
Of the many swimming pools
Careful in what is delight
Sun burns more than fools
Its reach is wide
And does not tire
Those caught in its way
Soon expire
Like ice tends to melt
When it is streamed in a cup
Those who hold on to luck
Fail to know when to duck
Cause they believe
There's no need to look
Both ways
Down a long narrow crossroads
And they be safe if
Others are watchful
Not impaired to some degree
But this is very hopeful
Without the reasonableness
That one cannot pretend
Others are only too human
And there's a lot they don't see
When caught in a tailwind
There's always a wish to flee

Flying too low the risk is certain
Yet at a course too high
There's the same fate
Can't be long
Much there is that is
Beyond argument
As we plot a path
Between the sun and stars
Like a rising storm
On the horizon
There is no escape
Must shoulder the weight
Step where others fail to trend
Holding onto the future
Is a beautiful belief
That encompasses more
Then what is said
Unlike the pointlessness
Of examining tea leaves
There's much more
That can be read

“Woke In This House”

There’s some woke in this house

There’s some woke in this house

(Hold up)

All of them certified weak

Seven days a week

Wet behind the ears

The woke really need to dry up

(Ah)

Yeah. Yeah. Yeah.

Yeah, you are wet behind the ears

Bring a bucket and mop

A mountain of paper towels

No need to beat them silly

For real change takes place

In the heart

(Oh)

Stop. Stop. Stop.

Speak some wisdom

There is never a reason to give up

(No way)

When I look in their eyes

I get a sense of hollowness

But this is time to step up

(Yeah)

Force feed them if you have to

As two plus two shall always be four

In the end, that’s pure, simple logic

(Ayy. Ayy.)

There’s some woke in this house

There’s some woke in this house

Gobble up the knowledge

(Hey)

Swallow up the wisdom

(Oh)

Let it drip, drip, drip, down

There's no need to be rundown

Don't be digging yourself

Constantly in one deep, deep hole

(No)

Stir clear of nihilism

That's a one-way trip to darkness

(Move towards the light)

(Right)

Coast on a highway of truthfulness

When you discover that a lightning strike

Is not a witch doctor's magic trick

(Not a black magic trick)

At some point you have to wake

Life is not a cakewalk

Sometimes you have do

Everything that it takes to dry up

As the sake of the world is at stake

There's some woke in this house

There's some woke in this house

There's some woke in this house

(Oh. Ooh.)

(Oh. No.)

They must wake

Yes. Yes. Yes.

(Yeah)

They must wake.