

# Everything Is Nothing:

Poems Complete 2021

by Paul Jason Ruggeri

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# Tiny Poems - 1

Today's reflections / To tomorrow's warm smile / This moment I stand

Peace be a soft breeze / Rustling leaves of the trees / Green earth which I stand

Hummingbirds fly by / Flowers in early hours / In a dance of dreams

Piece of a poem / A sweet song of a sonnet / Every word colors

Many roses bloom / Bunched in a vase on display / Hues all rearranged

Lost in Time's moment / Night always breaks before dawn / To new beginnings

Idle Happiness / Is not an ideal to last / All the Roses have thorns.

Winter before spring / In daily trust we have God / In hope we have wings

Hollow in darkness / Hallow before almighty / All everlasting

Faith in the one day / A falling out from the next / doubts will tend to  
creep

Looking down on high / Laughing, poking fun at fools / Kings sit back  
and rule

Every sunny day / Comes back to us at a cost / Time locked in cycles

For every wrong done / Chance it can be corrected / Learned experience

Love is energy / When spent comes back double fold / So be blindly  
bold

The sound of your name / I admit sings in my head / Bringing us closer

Pictures on the wall / Share a story without words / One frame at a time

Like an opened book / Mysteries be examined / Life, what a question?



Now to bring it forth / Bit of imagination / Believe it is there

Possibilities / Will they be indeed endless / Count, but don't despair

Once the glass is turned / Motion is locked in its place / forever falling

Rainbows upside down / Brightly colored arms to sky / Love comes  
back around

Sum up everything / There is to know about life / It continues on

All you need is love / A lifelong song in your heart / A nightlight of  
soul.

Of all the music / Adapted and Improvised / We shall overcome

In the face of fear / Offer a defying laugh / A joking matter

If you can't escape / Personal race to a chase / Then go down fighting

## Tabula Rasa - 2

Nothing has been written down.  
The colors of chalk are absent;  
Free are the moments played,  
In-betweens the few sundry beats.

Missing are the bygone hurts,  
Of my many broken promises.  
And heartfelt goodbyes,  
Of my cherish love ones passed.  
With these hints of yesterday gone,  
Conveniently wiped away,  
Like chalk on a blackboard,  
I walk without not knowing.

My mind has become slippery,  
Like black ice on a cold dark day,  
Where memories are wrapped,

Up in a series of daydreams,  
And then misremembered;  
Like trinkets and mementos,  
Emptied from a dusty old box.

When the keys of the present  
Can no longer echo the past  
Life teeters on meaninglessness without,  
A soundboard of histories to resonate.

## Brokering Peace - 3

Down I go to the uncanny valley to speak,  
I ask why love cannot be ubiquitous.  
I take umbrage to the almighty God,  
Looking now the number is unprecedented,  
So many are walking here unscrupulous.  
Finding now all answers to be unequivocal,  
No matter how urbane a lie is, a falsehood to me.  
By having it any other way,  
Is to let the unctuous broker a peace.

## Dragonfly Wishes - 4

What do I see on my windowsill,  
In the glow of the morning sun?  
Dragonflies buzzing in an open jar,  
My hopes and dreams aren't very distant,  
Out there they fly one at a time.  
A candle flame will burn for each buzz,  
I see that with a flashing zoom one by one.  
Please take note: On a cake or in a colorful jar,  
Birthday Wishes can take many shapes and sizes.  
Close your eyes and see it in your heart very true,  
Remember no matter the distance it's not far.

## Under a Palo Verde Tree - 5

Under the outstretched limbs of a Palo Verde tree,  
Lies a sunny bright fallen 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 can hold on forever by counting on one hand,  
But Birthday Wishes come and go wherever you stand.

## Mother's Day - 6

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 know 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.



## Heart Kissed Memories - 7

The turning of hours in the midday sun,  
Fire burns bright in the sky forever more.  
Spring flowers hope to see the heavens,  
But winter's shadow still stands at the door.  
As the fresh driven snow falls in spring time,  
Dreams of summer days are nevermore.  
Yet when hearts do kiss their memories,  
We are reminded of how some days soar.  
A promise told is really nothing new,  
Time always has a rhythm this is true.

## Nowhere to Sit - 8

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

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

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

Like the beeping of an alarm clock,  
The darkest point before dawn.

Between a tough spot and a rock,  
It's hard to admit that you're wrong.

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

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

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

Some might look up to block out the sun,  
As the power to shade thought is real.  
To stop freewill is a devil's plaything,

And it's always harder to think than feel.

Time is the greatest master of all,

For a moment we all shall shine.

A few in the shadows wish giants to fall,

As a shapeless mob of a blob has no spine.

When best laid plans are written by fools,

The stepping on egg shells type rules,

They then command people don't hop.

Looking through broken mirrors,

Looking down from the top.

With history washed clean,

Then hope is something that's not seen.

That's a course not likely to stop.

## Frederique 2021 - 9

Happy Birthday Fifi,  
Or should I say Frederique,  
As now you are so grown,  
Perhaps childish names we shouldn't speak.  
Another year has passed,  
Time I recall when you could,  
Count your years on one hand,  
But now we should have known those times,  
Would never really last,  
Because the band must always play on,  
For if not the case of this,  
Birthday wishes would never ever come true.  
If in the wish,  
We wished we never grew.

Hope you had a good Birthday and in time a bright new year. Though the future is unknown, but still how we see it depends on the hue we see the world. See the rainbows as unbroken and connected to all the beauty the world holds and wishes won't just be pretty thoughts. Instead, they will be stepping stones.

# Shouting Forever - 10

Heart to my heart,  
Time I ask no more of you,  
I whisper of so many tomorrows,  
These tales I really wish I knew.  
If I could only enjoy the moment,  
And look up into the sun,  
To see a spell of Godly love,  
With fresh flowers all around.  
And in my daily hopes and fears,  
I am left to ask,  
Be my valentine this year.  
Looking into a broken mirror,  
Things I had in mind,  
No longer will I doubt,  
No longer will I be blind.  
I shall never shout the word "forever",  
For in yesterday was our forever,

And tomorrow might not be anymore,

A musing of our forgiveness,

Yet love is a shadow,

Behind every single open door.



# Valentine Mastermind - 11

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

What can I truly say?

Be my valentine?

Be my valentine?

Wash your dark thoughts of me away,

Let me apply some of my rhymes.

And all the darkness will just go way.

Let the sweetness of my words sink in.

Be my valentine this Sunday,

And let it all begin.

## Stardust to Stardust - 12

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

## Time Has Gone - 13

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

You were there for me,  
I really needed you.  
Missed you all those years,  
Just a friend in need is a friend indeed.  
Cherished moments spent over  
50 years ago.

Where all that time has gone?

Hush now.

Don't ask me such mystical things,

I never will truly know.

## Full Circle - 14

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

Back home from the One Star State,  
Where my daughters both reside,

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

# Sky Meets Sea - 15

I have no faith in gold.

I counted all the costs.

Time has no glory.

All crumbs to the Lord.

From the Garden State.

From sea to glory sea.

Daylight to Daylight.

Heaven to Heaven,

In this I see you and me.

Tales of friendship,

Tales of Peace.

There is a hill I cherish,

By the Brick Township,



In Ocean County, New Jersey.

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

Maybe,  
Perhaps,  
Your Friendship,  
With my eternal peace.

Love to the West,  
Hope to the East.

Salvation to the North,  
I will sit with the world,  
And look out upon the sea.  
And see the sea,  
As the Golden Reds,

Breaks the Blues,  
The Greens and Yellows.

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

## My Parents: Wrong or Right - 16

Nothing it so good it lasts eternally,  
Perfect situations must go wrong,  
But this has never yet prevented me,  
Wanting far too much for far too long.  
Looking back, I could have played it differently,  
Learned about the family before I fell,  
But it took time to understand the two,  
Now at least I know I know them well.

Wasn't it good?  
(Oh, so good)  
Weren't they fine?  
(Oh, so fine)  
Isn't it madness?  
That sanity can't be mine,  
But in the end, they need a little bit more than me.

(More security)

They need their fantasies and freedom,

I know them so well.

No one in your life is with you constantly,

No one is completely on your side,

And though I move my world to be with them,

Still the gap between us is much too wide.

Looking back, I could have played it differently,

One or a few more ways, who can tell?

But I was ever so much younger then,

Now at least I know I know them well.

Wasn't it good?

(Oh, so good)

Weren't they fine?

(Oh, so fine)

Isn't it madness?

That sanity can't be mine,

Didn't I know,

How it would go from the start if I knew,

Why am I falling apart?

Wasn't it good?

Wasn't it fine?

Isn't it madness,

Sanity can't be mine?

But in the end, THEY need a little bit more than me.

(More security)

They need their fantasies and freedom,

I know my parents so well.

It took time to understand them,

I know them so well.

## ALM: All Lives Matter - 17

Black and White, White and Black

Black and White, White and Black

Black and White, White and Black

Black and White, White and Black

W and B, B and W, W and B, B and W

W and B, B and W, W and B, B and W

W and B, B and W, W and B, B and W

W and B, B and W, W and B, B and W

My Blood to your Blood

My Blood to your Blood

Let our water mingle together

Together. Together. Together.

I am the God.

The Center.

Don't YOU see it.

I am Bipolar.

Trying to find the Center.

It is you Leftist Racist that are Nuts.

Fuck. Fuck. Fuck. Fuck Communism

You are Nuts. Nuts. Nuts. Nuts.

Communism really sucks

Fuck it. It really sucks.

In a country where the Leftist don't care.

They burn it all down for a laugh.

Every Statue.

Every Law.

Defund the police.

Abolish ICE.

End the borders.

Remove all Liberty

Let 'em tell you what I been through, baby

Take down the Leftists Racists

Take down the Leftists Racists

Take down the Leftists Racists

You evil little Fucks.

Fuck your communism.

Let our waters mingle instead

Boy, don't you guys really suck.

W and B, B and W, W and B, B and W

W and B, B and W, W and B, B and W

W and B, B and W, W and B, B and W

W and B, B and W, W and B, B and W

All Lives Matter.

All Lives Matter.

All Lives Matter.

All Lives Matter.

They always did.

Be the sleeper that has awaken

Blue on Blue water

Blue on Blue water

Blue. Blue. Blue. Blue.

Not this deadness of the WOKE!



## Just Wink - 18

All you need is LOVE

In this know there is

ONLY ONE THING!

It's neither BLACK or WHITE

WHITE or BLACK

ONE EARTH

ONE HOPE

ONE PEACE

ONE LOVE

It's is WHO I wish to be.

Just WINK. Just WINK.

Just WINK. Just WINK.

And you won't see it.

Some will never know

'Cause in their  
Hate and Confusion  
This always makes them  
Very ill.

But all we need is LOVE.  
That's all we'll ever need.

## Like the Sun - 19

I believe in you,  
Like the stars above,  
Like the trees below,  
The flowerbeds around,  
The summer showers,  
The winter winds,  
The Heartfelt promise,  
My boundless,  
Outward Love,  
Like the Timeless,  
Glow of our Celestial Fire.

# IT'S GONNA BE OKAY - 20

IT'S GONNA BE OKAY,  
WHAT DID I SAY?  
NEW MOON DARK,  
SANDS OF TIME,  
SUMMER DAY.  
CHILDREN PLAY IN THE PARK,  
IDLY SINGING MERRILY,  
YOU'RE GONNA BE OK.

# Burning at Both Ends - 21

Like a hall of mirrors,  
Joe will disappear,  
In to a mist of Harris.  
Trumped by more,  
Than just an act,  
Deep down Donald,  
Really cares.  
He's done it all,  
A businessman,  
A media star,  
He was an American icon,  
Before he even started.

Whereas Joe and Harris,  
Were forever arguing with themselves.  
To them one pool of suggestion,  
Is just as good as the next.

The only reason they have,  
A foothold is,  
Journalism is dead.

Today the comedian,  
Reads you the news,  
Like Real Time with Bill Maher.  
When lies aren't wrapped up,  
With a little click-bait bow,  
The masses just aren't keen,  
To even know.

Maher, the fool, is given importance,  
By those that come on his show,  
Stars of all stripes,  
Trying to share in their Coolness.  
A reciprocal relationship,  
Reflects back on itself.  
Marked with no family,  
Or inner heart,  
Maher seems nihilistic mostly,

Who laughs at the entire world.  
Never with the common man,  
Fearing not in Truth,  
Fearing not in God,  
But for all his Earthly Powers,  
Within all his pawns,  
They sadly aren't enough.

Fools that follow the foolish,  
Tend to NOT be very much.

At some point Trump,  
Must have known,  
Time ends for us all.  
Death comes for all things.

Don't be misled,  
This man burns with passion.  
Rich or poor.  
Poor or rich.  
Black or White.

White or Black.

Death like life is an Eternal flame.

There's no coming back from it.

Love Trump.

Hate Trump.

It's all the same.

Just know he left his mark,

So many times,

No doubt he's sparked,

So much talk.

But the key is Trump,

Wants to be remembered,

For the record books.

Not by those who will,

Never remember,

What they said just yesterday.

Trump believes in greatness.

Trump believes in Legacy.

I know his mistress wasn't a Porn Star.



It was Death,  
Forever calling his Name.

The man is a candle,  
Burning brightly at both ends.  
Family and American Unity,  
Holds all the values in him.

He's not just some,  
Soulless politician.

Where Maher, Harris, and Joe,  
Don't even hold any,  
Real policy declarations.

## My Soul - 22

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

# Devil or God - 23

Ruinous Delusions.

Ruinous Delusions.

Ruinous Delusions.

Faced with sweet Ruinous Delusions,

About privilege.

Corruption of my Eternal soul,

These are some of the things,

I will never know.

Black and White,

White and Black,

Black and White.

Crazy Love. Crazy Love.

Bipolar Manic. Bipolar Manic

Bipolar Manic. Bipolar Manic

Love is crazy. Crazy is love.

Rich or poor. Poor or rich.

Young and old. Old and young.

Nowhere or anywhere, you can stand.

As the marching band of time,

Plays on and on.

On and on,

On and on,

On and on.

But the privilege of life,

That's just finite.

We ONLY have so much,

Time in the sun.

So those that suck the joy,

Out of life,

Are never ever ANY fun.

Are never ever ANY fun.

My ethereal privilege is,

I never having to really listen,

To You.

Or follow a blasted,

Thing that you do.

A blasted thing,  
That you do.  
How self-centered,  
Can you be?  
That I must examine,  
Everything from your prism?  
That you see.  
How self-centered.  
How self-centered.  
How self-centered.  
Can you be.  
Can you be.

Black and White,  
White and Black,  
Black and White.  
Rich or Poor.  
Poor or Rich.  
Love. Love. Love.  
It's all you need.  
Always be sure,

To feed the wolf,  
That you need.  
Only God can know our destiny,  
Only fools dare to see what remains,  
Forever pure in everyone's hearts.

'Cause this is the surest way,  
To tear our society apart.  
Nobody can know what's in your heart.  
Don't be a Devil's plaything,  
Don't be tearing society apart,  
Don't be a Devil's plaything,  
Don't be tearing society apart.  
No one but the Devil or God,  
No one but the Devil or God,  
Should be able to have the,  
Privilege or Power,  
Power or Privilege,  
To tear all that we know.  
Apart.  
Apart.

Apart.

Apart.

Apart.

## Angel Sleeps - 24

Don't mind me,

Don't be mad at little old me.

I'm just a reflection of my,

Emptiness and Selfishness.

I see lost.

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 have fallen,  
And the Angel sleeps.

Pity the fool who waits,  
Not the dead,  
One has played their cards,  
The other one has folded their hand.

Black or White.  
White or Black.  
Black or White.  
I am the center.  
The focal point,  
To only ONE!

I find hallowed grounds,  
In hollowness.  
I've been defined by my,  
Selfish desires,  
Stir the moment,  
Drink the bottle,

To the last drop,

The future of hope.

In one sacred stop!

# Welcome\* - 25

\*(undone by humorous medical needs)

C'mon man, 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 nice to see mortals never change.

Wake up you WOKE PEOPLE!

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 lookin' 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 do 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!

And the tapestry on my walls,  
Is a map of the victories I win,  
Look where I've been,  
I make everything happen,  
Look at the Legend,  
That's mini-Sebastian just,  
Tippity-tappin'.

Well, anyway let me say you're welcome!  
For the all the bliss you know.  
Hey, it's okay, it's okay  
You're welcome!  
Well, come to think of it, I gotta go.

Hey, it's your day to say you're welcome.  
'Cause my song is just about done.  
I'm busy and have many more to save.

Can't say it hasn't been a lot of fun.

You're welcome!

'Cause Sebastian can do anything but,

Gloat.

You're welcome!

You're welcome!

And thank you!

# Trump Speech Poem - 26

Mighty Tower of Light,  
Olympus has not Fallen.  
The People 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 people.  
Just the day after high school.  
Shooting at toddlers,  
Don't Babies Lives Matter too?

The real crime is to do nothing.  
Lawless doesn't rest for questions.

Our way of life is always blessed,  
When those who stand alone,  
Stand together.

We must all stand as a band of,  
Brothers and Sisters.

Black and White.

White and Black.

Black and White.

Bipolar. Manic.

Manic. Bipolar.

Crazy. Love.

Love. Crazy.

God breaths life in us,

He's in the details too.

He breathes in the details.

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.

Depravity and Fear is the,

Devil's plaything.

Instead, we must broker an,

Everlasting peace.

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 not a ghost of myself.

I am now free!  
You can never imprison my mind.  
I need to keep hope alive.

God knew my name,  
Even in my darkest hour.  
I am using my voice,  
To tell my story.

Real justice reform,  
Is to hug your loved ones again.

22 years in prison.

I knew for every grain of sand.

In all the oceans.

In all the lands.

There was a star,

Up above me.

Please TAKE ACTION!

For that, I will ever be grateful.

The pain of the truth,

Brings tears to my eyes.

Down in my soul,

Packed in their lies,

I cast the might,

Of God's eyes.

And in their very sadness,

All I could do was a whisper,

"Why."

I won't be comfortable with all the,

Swamp Creatures.

But before WE begin,

Know that no one was surprised!

I am the defender of common sense.

If only everyone could see.

The kids speak the TRUST,

In the land of the BLIND.

Don't campaign for,

Promises of problems.

Instead, fix them when you can.

Voices in the wilderness,

Set the forest ablaze.

Future in greatness.

School of Thought is a matter of,

Choice.

Each day is building.

The workers knew the way,  
With a tear in their eyes.  
Fight for far more,  
In such a short span of time.

Rock the boat.  
Have the guts not to kick the,  
Can.

Deals are not for the LIKING!  
They are for the LOVING!  
No job is worth it if you can't come,  
HOME!

Stand on the front lines.  
Lives have been stolen.  
There's no lie about that.

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.

Those that demand you empty your,  
Pockets.  
Rob you blind,  
And leave you for DEAD.

Fight it.  
For what is right!  
Means to be there tight,  
Against the horror of the,  
Hordes!

Those who travel in FLESH.  
Have no humanity in their HEARTS.  
Defining the stance for peace is always,  
Phenomenal!

Love is being fearless in the face of,  
Nothingness.

And having the constitution of no,  
Blindness.

Storms wash over us,  
More powerful in over 155 years.  
I stand humble in the joy that,  
Resides in my nation's countryside.

To all my Brothers and Sisters,  
I stand with you now.

In the art of the,  
Negotiation.

Those that won't yield for a,  
Moment.

Can never reach new heights.

Take pride in our History.  
Facts mustn't be cloaked in,  
Darkness.



Instead, we must rally for a bigger,  
Future.

Search the Earth for uncharted,  
Land.

And save our nation.

I implore you to understand.

Any course of inaction,  
Will force us to disband.

When faced with an invisible,  
Enemy.

Many more than we will ever,  
Know.

We must carry God's blessings.  
And live all our lives in his,  
Eyes.

History knows not criticism.  
The choice of the matter is,  
Earth and Storm.

Don't give in to their,

Criminality

Or it's their deformity,  
To a nation free of Thought,  
To be based on nothing but the,  
Wickedness of delusion.

Faith in what is excellent.  
Is what's not to dismiss.  
Don't sit by as young soldiers,  
Bleed out.  
Don't let the best and brightest,  
Die for nothing.  
Just an afterthought.

Anger is turned on its head.  
When America takes a path,  
That is divinely first.  
We use walls to keep,  
The people safe.  
Not to punish and persecute,  
Those who remain in.

Those that demand we imprison our,  
Minds.

Don't know the meaning of SIN.

And the collapse of the jobs market,  
With the flooding of cheap labor,  
Keep the nation flush with bickering,  
Most of all.

Increasing the lopsided grin of,  
Imbalances.

The Rich and the Poor.

Some are always happy to stand.  
While others beg on the floor.

Shortsighted in our squabbles,  
Flash forward we will settle the,  
Score.

When the Galaxy will be our,  
Open door.

Space Armadas as far we can see.

Peace through stellar battle cruisers.

All terrorism is soundly subjugated.

Crime and poverty,

All a thing of the past.

That's a future that can truly last.

But China needs to be opposed.

I've NOT given a helping hand.

As one nation.

We mourn and grieve,

Because of the coronavirus

Even when some don't wish to,

Admit that.

They don't tell you.

They don't want you to know.

History shows lies will be with us.

Science and History.

When done right scatters lies,

Like cockroaches,

When you switch the light open,

In the kitchen at midnight.

Be wary of those who,  
Pretend to be an ally,  
Of the light,  
But in their hearts,  
Are agents of darkness.

Give everything away.  
And you have nowhere to stand.  
Be warned what's promised.  
As then there be no surprise.

When it's said and done.  
You can remove God,  
From the text.  
But never from our mortal coil.

The attacks on safety occur,  
When you cancel the police,  
And release the criminal.

"No Man's Land" is seemingly,  
Beautiful.

Yet the leadership is rotten to the,  
Core.

Fires only need to keep,  
The cold out in winter.

Not the mayhem in,  
With never-ending war,  
On Courthouses and,  
Law and Order.

Wrongdoings must be,  
Accountable.

Never allow mob rule,  
Shine the light on darkness.  
Leave no one behind.

Nothing but shadows in your,  
Wake.

Never too late to say you're for,  
Justice.

Don't pretend to care,  
When the crowd won't,  
Support your craziness.

When the fate of the,  
World is at stake.

Mind-numbing radicals,  
Leave very little behind.

Cancel Culture is a,  
Wasteland.

Where what you know is false,  
Is TRUE!

Weakness drives cities to the,  
Ground.

Taking choice,  
While giving all the choice to,  
Them.

Not everyone is fit for leadership,

No Super Power is forever timeless  
No business has tomorrow in a promise  
Lines can always be broken  
When all our values are,  
Whittle away.

Enforce the law,  
Don't enforce an agenda.

While politics can be a fool's errand.  
Breaking records of the past,  
Makes my day.  
We'll land a woman on the moon.  
Some might not call my gusto brave.  
And classify me a loon,  
But THIS is just the American way.

Anyone can rise.  
We sailed across a great ocean.  
We lived in darkness for eons.  
We lived without a beacon.



Now we have a mighty lighthouse.

We set our wagons out to the West

Homesteads on the open range.

Americans built our future,

They do NOT tear down their past.

We set the trends,

In art, film, and sports.

But we don't stop there.

We reached the sky and stars.

Americans will be a Mighty Beam of,

Light.

We are greatness itself.

We are greatness itself.

We are greatness itself.

Those that follow in our,

Footsteps,

Will shutter in delight,

We will make the world prouder,

And grateful they knew us when,

Our spark of greatness,  
Is where we all begin.

History doesn't know,  
What will hit her yet!  
By God, it shall be Grand.

## Purple - 27

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

## Good People - 28

Those that keep well in our hearts,  
Are the good people in this world.  
Anchored to a little island of hope,  
On the shores of Nowhere,  
And Tomorrow more.

I was overcome with a fever dream,  
Out on one too many bad turns,  
Outside the wrong turns,  
Of so many incorrect, bad turned doors.  
Yet the Good People lift you up,  
When you have fallen down flat.  
And when you do take a bad turn,  
That is not all there is to say about that.

## Bemused Lord - 29

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,  
Find 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 silver locket,  
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!

But we are here!

But we are here!

Let the Grand Lord unwind.

Give him enough rope,

It's only a matter of time.

Folks are fools.

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.

The heart can never truly be,

Chopped away!

But even a colossal Jerk,

Can be swiftly removed,



With one massive Hack.

(La. La. La. La. La.)

(La. La. La. La. La.)

(La. La. La. La. La.)

## All Together Now! - 30

To the anguish 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 God.

I am God.

I am God.

Listen to my heart beat.

My heart beats.

(La. La. La. La.)

(La. La. La. La.)

(La. La. La. La.)

The senselessness 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.

A bipolar 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.

Bipolar. Bipolar. Bipolar.

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.

Black or White.

All you need is LOVE!

(Yeah. Yeah. Yeah.)

# Woke in This House - 31

This song's lyrics are inspired by Cardi B's interview with Vice President Joe Biden and her awarding winning 2020 first single since "Press", "WAP" (Wet-Ass-Pussy).

Woke in this house

There's some Woke in this house

There's some Woke in this house

There's some Woke in this house (Hol' up)

All of them are certified weak

Seven days a week

Wet behind the ears

The Woke really need to dry up! (ah)

[Chorus]

Yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah

Yeah, you are wet behind the ears

Bring a bucket and a mop

A mountain of paper towels



It will take this glorious nation  
Everything to dry the foolishness up (ah)  
[Verse 1]

No need to beat them up silly  
For real change takes place  
In the heart (oh)  
The Wet Ears gets right in your face  
Stop. Stop. Stop.  
Speak some wisdom to the youngsters  
There is never a reason to  
Give up. (no way!)  
When I look in their empty eyes  
I get a sense of hollowness  
But this is the time to step up  
Let's roleplay, I'll wear a disguise  
It's time for some of us to be  
Genius. (yeah)  
Make them scream, make them dream  
Out in public, make a scene  
Always speak to them the Truth

Force feed them if you have to  
Two plus two shall always equal four  
In the end, that's pure, simple logic (Ayy, Ayy)

[Chorus]

There's some Woke in this house  
There's some Woke in this house  
There's some Woke in this house  
There's some Woke in this house  
There's some Woke in this house

[Verse 2]

Gobble up my knowledge (yeah)  
Swallow up my wisdom (oh)  
Let it drip, drip, drip, down.  
Inside your mighty mortal soul. (yeah)  
There's no need to be rundown  
Don't be diggin' your yourself  
Constantly in one deep, deep, hole.

Stir clear of nihilism  
That's a one-way trip to darkness  
Coast on a highway of truthfulness  
When you discover that a lightning strike  
Is not a Witch Doctor's Magic Trick

[Verse 3]

Look, we need new hard hitters  
If not, the world will fall  
Into a wide abyss  
So, you Woke need to wipe it up  
Behind your ears and we need  
To get off your case  
Because you are adults now  
And you really need to  
Pull your weight.  
I don't want to choke and gag  
I just want you all Woke  
To know your place.  
So, dry up for you can't be Woke forever

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.

[Chorus]

There's some Woke in this house  
There's some Woke in this house  
There's some Woke in this house  
There's some Woke in this house  
There's some Woke in this house

## Whispers at Sea - 32

Colors plainly rippled,

Rolled and swayed,

Over the horizon.

I thought I heard a whisper there,

That thumbed the waves at sea.

Feeding a wish;

Fathering a dream not yet answered,

As it steadies the storms and circles the breeze.

As weeks leap to years,

Some colorful melodies,

Are carried away from me.

But I listen to the quiet roar,

Of these waters.

Sometimes I catch a whisper,

If I listen closely to the sea.

## Untold Love - 33

Created with “Untold Love”

And the hope,

That a great deal more will unfold

That I reach into this dawn

And place the light upon;

The Earth;

For all to behold,

Wondrous riches,

will be known

Questions shall be answered

And advice shall be sound.

You will have a much-honored place

In your coming future.

If you wish it

For there is only one;

Who stands firmly in your path

He is a cunning opponent

He knows how to race.

He thinks as you do

And this is how you win

Play him as a fool

He's your identical twin

You go left

He goes right

Psyche him out

Shake him silly



Let him fall and break

For when you master yourself

That's when you truly wake.

# Thank You - 34

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

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

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

## “A Temerarious Act” - 35

“This president is an awful disgrace”

Blasts the radio with heavy tones

Full of sweetness and sorrow

Madonna reminisces in a song

Accompanied by a lightsaber duel

“This use to be my playground...”

She sings as the music plays on.

“Impressive, most impressive”

Darth Vader praises her,

With his deep booming voice,

“Because I love you,” answers Kate Moseley

While Doug Dorsey looks down at her bemused

“Don’t forget who said it first,”

He remarks before they kiss.

All of this has happened before,

And it all will happen again.

Back to the chapter menus

And click the play buttons.

With 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 the fire,

This use of media is pretty tame.

These thoughts far from lethargic

With the trade of midnight mania  
For daily depressions  
Has gone the other way

Death is no longer a slim seductress  
On the dark side of oblivion.  
With soft moonlight in her raven hair,  
A silhouette of shadows and curves.

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

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

Living forever is just an option -  
Included with incremental infallibility.

Omniscience.

Omnipotence.

And finally, godhood.

## “Sweet Reprieve” – 36

So long to the ever afters,

So long to you.

I know that mornings are so much wiser,

Than the evenings.

Dreams I had the other night are thru,

Light keeps shining in my eyes.

Perhaps no one lives long enough,

To keep finding out the answers,

I knew you to be smaller and older,

But always in my mind,

You were much younger and taller.

When you left I closed the door,

Closed my eyes and sat upon the floor,

All my life black and white,

Of this photograph,

I will always start to cry.  
Don't make frowns you silly clown,  
Discarding pieces of yourself,  
In a fit of passion.  
Leaving the sadness,  
With your heart,  
Behind.

I might never see what was there,  
A second time.

Yet back at the beginning,  
We will keep remembering,  
Moments in memories,  
Might they last a bit more,  
A sweet reprieve given,  
Before they are gone.



## Small Things – 37

I dream of small things that come and go

Like a warm steady wind over the cold

A cool shower on a dry, hot day

Friendly daisies on an empty table

A thank you

A hug

Time to think

A chance to correct a wrong

A new thought

A clever line

A dark quiet night

The dawn of a new day

A simple "YES"

A way around a "NO"

The power to forgive

The ability to say "I KNOW"

## “A Small Piece of Mind” - 38

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

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

Listening to a melody played aimlessly on the piano  
Having your thoughts lost in a pleasant moment  
With Happiness to recall a better notion

When all anger was sapped from daily frustration

Leaving the howling,

of pressing madness behind

Forgotten in time's dwindling refractions

## The Slowness of Wishes - 39

Shamrocks and phantom rainbows,

Red ribbons tied in a bow.

The whistling of a silver flute,

Yellow roses all lined in a row;

A long tale of days gone past.

An image captured of tomorrow,

With a cold pint of green ale in hand.

Corned beef, cabbage and lamb stew.

Dance the merry dance of the Irish,

Keep all characters in one happy band,

They are all part of something new.

Summer waits on much longer days,

Sweetness of the coming, not promised,

Hopes I have for you are in abundance.

They fall freely like a fury of snow

Lights off now for the Birthday Wish

And don't forget to take things slow

## "Sara Birthday 2017" – 40

Faisal, Sara and Ghaffar

On the warm horizon,

Under a glowing star

Beaches wind swept with ease

On all sides of a swaying sea

Time of season, who to know?

Will leaves be falling?

Is there snow?

Never coasted by

Not in a shipping boat,

Or submarine

Not on a drone,

Or any type of flying Machine.

All I know is I wish them well

I might not see a musketeer three

Any time soon.

If I could wish or simple compel

To see them landlocked once again

I say that would be a mighty godsend

But my time of wishing has come and gone

Candles blown and wishes not told

Goes to Sara now, this time bestowed

Just a skip to the renewal to a new year.

Happy Birthday Sara. Wish you were near.



# "The Richness of Island Life" – 41

Richness of Island Life

Island hopping, new lands to see

Sunsets and dolphin-watching,

Private yachts,

Fresh cut, white triangle sails

Bobbing far on the horizon

Cutting a course through the seas

Richness of Island Life

With no lacking of coastal sands

A coral Beach with water sports

Festive parties and night time bands

Richness of Island life

Below the motion of the waves

On dives, the few places you can go

Where you can rave,  
About the pearls you had saved

### Richness of Island Life

Try to count all the islands here  
You are bound to miss a few  
While traversing,  
Through the timeless breeze,

Along the King Faisal Corniche,  
Across the Muharraaq Bridge  
Life can be refreshingly rich here  
If you come you'll know it's true.

### Richness of Island Life

Ospreys and falcons,  
And boundless more  
Fly over the Hawar Islands  
Birdwatchers the world over come,  
To watch the beauty of their soar.

Richness of Island Life

During the Spring of Culture

Artists storm Forts and Public Spaces

Transforming the whole country,

Of ordinary to something so great

Slowly it becomes a Cultural Hub

As you wait calmly on the spokes

Dancers twirling on their toes,

Singers sooth troubled souls;

Harmonizing a few heavy beats.

Poets tell us what isn't true.

And question what we seek.

Artists show a window canvas,

Of bush-work and skillful dabs,

Sometimes taking a dry, broken land;

And conjuring one,

Without any lies or hate.

Richness of Island Life

Where we often skip past  
The many childhood tales  
Into realms of the unbelieved  
Not by the youngest of heart  
But by those who choose,  
Never to be deceived

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

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

Richness of Island Life  
Picked straight from the tree  
A world of bursting flavor,

With a hint of forgetfulness  
Of all the troubles made,  
Of all the troubles told.  
Standing in the sun,  
Hoping for one more to.  
Sit upon your tongue,  
Squeeze upon your lips,  
It's almost as sweet,  
As a summertime kiss.

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

## Resurgence - 42

Harsh darkness brews the light of day,

While songs whisk on silly,

Sounds of joyous play.

High above the light begins,

First it breaks the horizon,

And then it gives a sweet grin.

From the delight of a watering hose,

Flowers dance from a morning shower.

This day of summer is no longer cold,

Midday heat can be a powerful hour.

The dryness of the Arizona Sun,

Can strike you down,

Rob you of your daily power.

But the sunrays won't break you,

For your strength of spirit is renowned.

## Questions & Dopes - 43

Hearts and Stars,  
Questions and dopes,  
Things that ring up,  
And others that don't.  
Words that play on the tip of the tongue,  
Whistling a tune that you can hardly hear,  
In a game where times and rules appear,  
And come as quick as they come.

## A Pretty Face - 44

Why can't Death have a pretty face?

A face that is pure and sweet,

A soul that is centuries old,

Dressed in black,

Familiar with peace,

Someone to wait upon,

While the curtain waved away the light,

Where I would lose the counts,

Of my own heartbeats.

Time would be forgot,

As a moment slipped to minutes,

And minutes slipped to years,

An endless tunnel that never sees the light.

I could tell her all this,

She would listen with delight,



At the twisted rainbow that warped my mind.  
How I am closed off to everything but goodbye,  
She could flip the coin when I could not,  
And would know what was on the other side.  
I could think starless night, green meadows,  
And she would know the place,  
I now see all the life's exits colored in a darker hue,  
She be the one, I am the one she dandles,  
Why can't Death have a pretty face?  
Not a face of despair.

### Pretty Face

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 Footpace?

Too disinclined to flip a coin, to try,  
I'm just a pile of dust, a silly mophead,  
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 color 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.

## Prancer - 45

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

## A Past of Winter Echoes - 46

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

Never doubting what I hold dear,  
Never losing sight of what is clear.  
And most of all:  
Never forgetting those that I owe.

## Life Is Like Origami - 47

Constructed;

Using a sheet of paper,

Then blessed softly,

Often by a mark of Melancholy;

Always falling to a bit of folly,

With the torturous folds,

That inspired my mind.

A fleeting moment of creation,

Blood drips generously from my,

Hand;

Black as the new moon light.

Silent;

As the celestial starry sky

Time;

You have no power over me

Question;

Why must I forever unfold life?

Resolution;

Once I remove the folds I will be free.

## “Out of the Dark Knight” – 48

Out of the night, when the full moon is bright,  
Comes the Dark Knight know as Batman.  
This bold renegade burns his bat symbol,  
Searing with great pain,  
On every hoodlum, he can find,  
Festering in Gotham City.

A bat symbol that stands for Batman,  
Batman, Batman.

In the darkness of twilight,  
So cunning and free,  
Batman, Batman,  
Who makes the sign of the Bat.

He is fearsome, the wicked take flight,  
When they catch the sight of the Bat Signal.

He's a friend of the weak,



And the poor and the meek,  
This is a unique crime fighter.  
'cause he's finest when times are bleak.

Batman, Batman the Bat so cunning and free,  
Batman, Batman who burns the wicked,  
With the sign of Bat.

## Ode to the Train - 49

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

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

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

My mood is joyous when the train does rest,  
I don't have a care and in no way distressed.

Everyone is well situated in heart and in mind,  
Traveling by rail is always the best way to unwind.

## My Hands to the Sky – 50

My hands to the sky,

My heart of thoughts,

On my head.

My mind on the world,

Woke Social Justice Soldiers

Gunning every single word,

Every single statement,

Any possible thing,

That was ever said.

But when God stops,

Blessing the world,

That we all cherish,

The Devil starts his musings,

Dragging us all into a Rat's Nest.

Information without wisdom,

Defunds the simple Truth,  
Discovering many unfounded pitfalls,  
Addressing solely on character,  
Freedom of speech,  
Not freedom from speech.  
The glorious First Amendment,  
Everyone must have,  
Instance recall.

Voiced from a child's cry:  
"All lives need to matter",  
That's not so profound  
Who would dare to doubt it!  
That the wholeness of families Matter?  
Fathers and Mothers!  
Joined by a continuous ring?

Those that wish to collapse togetherness.  
Don't know the ruinous that will bring.

History is more than a story,

The power of thought is the,  
Epitome of being.

The inner spark of creation,  
Will certainly bring all things to light.

Look into a mirror distorted,  
See a world reflected on itself.

But a vision that's inverted of reality,  
Where decades hollow out a nation,  
People without any leadership,  
Having no place yet to turn.

Never shrink from your duty,  
Most things must be done yourself.  
The leading case for all lies,  
Is going along with bogus facts.

Winning at all costs is very busy,  
It means you are losing the,

Greater Personal War.

Sure, the boss is accountable,  
But you first need to,  
Believe in yourself.

Don't retreat from greatness.  
No height is too high.  
No sight is so wondrous,  
Be a mighty hero in God's Eyes.

Knowing freedom is knowing,  
Your entire worth.

See what you believe  
And believe what you sow!

Those with a severe lack of seriousness,  
Will never weather the storm.

The grace of God is glorious,

But we stand and dream,  
From a place of darkness.

Be proud, yet remain humble,  
Young people who know not the law,  
Can't shape tomorrow.

No matter how close you love,  
Hate lives in grievance,  
In that there's a dark dawn.

Share what's of interest,  
Do more than talk is my Great Creed.  
Bestowing a sense of,  
Selflessness is a worthwhile deed.

We, the living, must honor our times,  
As "the nothing" slowly backs us into darkness,  
For Free and Fair to stand,  
Time must be glorious,  
Through God's eyes we must see.



Always looking,  
Always in every moment.  
In all ways,  
Always at once.  
Yesterday and tomorrow.  
Through each hardship.  
We mourn for all who grieve.

Science is God,  
God is Science,  
Dream is belief.  
We serve the day.  
We sleep the night away.  
We learn for a lifetime.  
If not, trust we shall ever be,  
In a world of silly fools.

The test will come.  
There will be no answer.  
Know in that moment,

You won't be alone.

Violence begets violence,  
But violence in thought isn't wrong,  
We struggle with the peace of mind,  
In our trouble hearts always.

Final Judgement doesn't fall,  
On all the things that,  
You might or could have done.  
What's the vision into your heart?  
That's a question for your God,  
And for nobody else to know.

To live a lie until the very end,  
Shall always end in derision,  
And would be a horrid delusion.

## Merry Christmas Day - 51

Most joyous day this Blessed Day,  
Wind in the west quiet to a breeze.  
So many things I don't know what to say,  
Please sit back comfortably with ease.  
And see the hectic world at peace,  
At least until you finish reading this card.  
And troubling thoughts will finally cease  
For pleasantries are never really far.  
Even if the mind will always race,  
Stirring a pot of all this fear  
Hopes and wishes do they not stop  
But if wishes are never placed,  
They're most definitely will never rise  
Something that isn't spoken  
May never be heard

Hold it strong, it will never break

Some call it a miracle, I call it faith

For nothing can withstand it;

No problem, no matter what size.

## The Men in White – 52

Phalanges play pianissimo,  
Metacarpals just wave "hello".  
Like a bulge on an old inner tube,  
That ganglion really needs to go.

"Keep the hand elevated higher than your heart!"  
Reminds the kindly Orthopedic Surgeon:

"Is the pain significant?  
Want some Tylenol with codeine?  
It might aid in your recuperation  
If your fingers still tingle.  
Commit to memory that  
Like a soothing melody  
The tenderness will ritardando."

Deep in back of the kitchen,  
Suds and hot water wait,

For the pots and pans forte,  
A figure in tall paper hat,  
Waits outside the dining room,  
The towering Chef commands,  
Looking down the Hot Foods line,  
And finds the Saucier on the job.

"Use a Cheesecloth to strain the veloute.  
The chinois simply will not do!"

Soon plates are going out by the dozens,  
While the pots and pans starts their banging,  
A regular concert of percussions,  
And the night was just begun.

A Pots and Pans Forte!  
Phalanges play pianissimo,  
Metacarpals just wave "hello".

"Keep the hand elevated higher than your heart!"  
Reminds the kindly Orthopedic Surgeon.

"Use a Cheesecloth to strain the veloute"

The towering Chef commands

"The chinois simply will not do!"

Like a bulge on an old inner tube

"That ganglion really needs to go

Isn't the pain significant?"

Like a pots and pans forte.

Recuperation takes time.

"Try some pasta with béchamel."

"Do you feel tingling in the fingers?

In the end the tenderness will ritardando."

## Making a Withdrawal at Willard Street Bank - 53

I took a fist full of dimes and whacked him upside the head,

A girl with red ribbons in her hair started to cry,

"You killed my daddy," she sobbed.

"No, I didn't" I corrected her. "He just hurt real bad".

"But we were supposess'ed to go the carnival," she exclaimed

"Ah that is a shame," I sweetly said.

Hopping over the rope barrier I handed her \$1000 in \$100 notes.

"Give this to you Daddy when he wakes up."

Then I patted her on her head and went along my way.

I do enjoy the weather on a wondrous winter day.



## "Love the Snow" – 54

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

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

Time and again happiness will ever blow,  
Waiting upon the early morning sun,  
Where your color will brighten up,

Like a single daisy on a summer's field.

Life is often a maze,

My love of Snow is often a riddle,

Upon the coming New Year,

Whatever you might plan to do,

Don't plan to settle for very little.

## Locked in Double Spaced Pages - 55

When we can write a poem,  
Why do we do fiction?  
Poems are so much easier to write.  
Yet one poem made me late for Mr. Parker,  
The loss of time gave me an awful fright.  
I glanced at my map and saw room 430.  
Where it was I just didn't know,  
Because some ditz forgot a legend,  
I kept walking around and around,  
Until I was able to greet Matthew;  
With a cordial hello. The class skipped poetry and went to fiction,  
I had only two days to write my first piece.  
But the joke was on them; I self-plagiarized.

Trimmed a few pages and applied the grease.  
The very first one to take the bait was Jonathon;  
I smiled when he said “Rosenthal” with a bit of glee,  
He was a surgeon who did an Appendectomy on me.  
Other comments were made of my depictions,  
They were clever; I thought well worth the class fee.  
Then I came to the realization:  
Were the characters locked in double spaced pages?  
Or perhaps they were in the circle in front of me.  
Gregarious Jennifer and Garrulous Antha  
Adroit Aaron and Candor Christopher  
Steph up for a stiff punch and Antonio right you are.  
Tenable Taylor and Emily, the Queen of Embellishments  
I heard it said no writer is pleased with their work,  
They only have a queer, divine dissatisfaction,  
It’s one of their many quirks.  
They bleed ink, black as the new moon light,  
See in their writings the uncanny ability of foresight.  
Days tumble and break upon December rocks,  
Time so precious, waste it wisely  
For time spins quicker as you grow old

The weeks like days, the minutes like seconds.

Make the most of the Holiday and New Year

You won't get it back,

Unless you speak of it kindly in your writings.

## Lights & Bows – 56

The frost on me when I have said:

"Lights & Bows who hardly knows,

What lies below the tree unread".

"The big blue box isn't for you," the wind blows,

"That's 'cause life in heaven isn't red.

No winter chills nor socks on icy feet"?

"Oh yes," I say "no hunger or pain in my head,

But what is there to eat, will any of it be sweet"?

What of the charms and the honey smells?

What of the want, will there be no take?"

"No waiting, no wanting below the tree knell,

An unopened gift leaves nothing to forsake.

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

## "Lacking Paper" - 57

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

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

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



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

## I Do, I Do – 58

I wonder why. I do.

I wonder why.

I do, I do.

I tell myself no.

Am I wrong to do so?

But my heart speaks of many things,

Freestanding temples that stand on lush parkland,

Gleaming glass towers that are steely strong,

Shaded thoroughfares and common commands,

Where fingers of sunlight dance the day away,

A jumble of sounds that buzz the air,

Somehow it all makes sense,

This freewheeling rumble of logic,

These nights that never sleep,

These days that never end,

Hope that never fades,

Somehow, I fit in it.

But the question,

Still remains:

"Just how"?

"Just"?

"How"?

I do, I do.

I wonder why.

I do.

I wonder why.

## Hating Thyself - 59

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

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

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

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

## God Be You and I – 60

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

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

Forced to think:  
"Don't you try".

Not knowing how to laugh,  
Too empty to even cry.

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

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

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

# Glory in the New Year - 61

Merry Christmas!

Announce it to you I dare.

Though I speak of Happy Holidays,

Because I fear a backlash,

From the easily offended,

Like a pin prick,

On a birthday balloon.

I try not to laugh at them,

But I can't help but stare.

What can I write that hasn't been said?

All the moments have come to past,

Every single tea leaf has been read.

Only what is long gone will always last,

As far as our memories will not falter,

Yesterday's joys cannot be forgotten,

For present despair will never alter.

What's been fought for and dearly bought'en,



Reaching for the future of the undiscovered,  
Too many delights to predict,  
There's peace, it's just over your shoulder,  
So, sidestep every other conflict,  
And look for the glory in the New Year.

## Frederique's Haircut - 62

In the midst of a haircut, you are quiet and sure,  
Patiently waiting in a turquoise cutting cape,  
With a mosaic of smiling faces up and down the sides,  
Inviting and stylish and full of good cheer,  
All of them had haircuts like you are having now,  
Many got it cut short and others had it cut long,  
A few buzzed it off while some fluffed it out.  
All of them asking, "How are you going to wear yours?"  
Are your pretty brown locks going to have a barrette?  
Perhaps they will be topped with a red a bow,  
Or maybe with flowers neatly tucked in a row.  
They might shake and roll to the blare of music,

Or hang peacefully with the reading of a book.

How you choose to flaunt it will be your decision,

The way you tease your hair can be a daily revision.

# Frederique Turns One - 63

Soon you will be turning one and this is splendid to me;

‘cause this will be the first of many more to be.

You had your first fall and I've seen your first step.

Then will come your first tooth,

Your first jump, your first skip.

Your first sentence will be soon after that.

So many firsts it is fair to wager,

That the number will seem staggering,

When you are old enough to attend very first grade.

But the number will grow every day that you age.

## Forgetting You – 64

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

## "Forever in the Moment" – 65

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 there...

Above my heart

Within the peace in my head

Myself at rest I have found this world

In a card unfolding with a bit of my love.

Words streams together in a stream

Out to the sea, to the open ocean.

How calm truly can we be?

But in this time between these lines,

I hold your mind helplessly

With the power of my poetry.

How calm truly can we be?

Though I stand two feet tall elsewhere

Whatever I dream it's never too big,

A feat,

As in this card I don't plan to skip,

A beat.

How calm truly can we be?

Locked in my thoughts,

I pray,

I wish,

An interconnection without,

The stressfulness beyond it.

All things end...

Even the spell of this card.

But don't think me so dim,

Because my shadow doesn't extend,



I am only a sometimes,  
Manic Little Lord.

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

# Fools and Kings - 66

Fools and Kings

Reason and dreams

Horror and trills

Silliness and seriousness

I'm going to die.

I'm going to die.

And I don't know why.

And I don't know why.

If I could touch the sky

Still the breeze, from your hair

Remember the Blue and Greens

And every small thing.

If I could live

Simply & Stupid

Instead of knowing I blow it

Maybe I wouldn't be spending time  
In the darkest corner of my own mind

Goodbye.  
Old friend,  
Goodbye.

You were once so kind to me but,  
Goodbye.  
Time has played the notes, the same notes  
Once too many times and the melody

Has becomes just noise  
When now old friend  
I need to say  
Goodbye.

## Field of Flowers - 67

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

## "Flash Poems" - 68

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

## Father's Day 2014 - 69

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

# Faith, Flags, and Freedom - 70

Faith, Flags, and Freedom

Freedom always wins

We who honor it,

Bleed red, blue, and White.

The flag stood bright and tall,

Blowing in the wind.

The enemies of the nation,

Set it ablaze,

With nothing left of it,

But courthouses aflame,

Ashes to ashes,

Endless fragments remain.

Soldiers of Woke Social Justice

Fought their mindless battles

With rocks and baseball bats

Breaking all matter of things.

Antifa Terrorists aren't that brave,  
Hide in numbers with those,  
Who claim to march for peace!

A deadly inflammation  
One lethal human virus  
For those that stand for Justice  
Throwing Fire Bombs  
Even when energetically thrown  
Makes you nothing,  
But a warring fraction.

All campaigns have sides  
All sides have ends,  
All ends have beginnings,  
All soldiers shall fall.

Light extinguishes in the wilderness  
But when battle cries are heard  
And the histories are told



Remember without prejudice  
Cast all eyes backward for always  
Surround not in the love,  
Only in the human honor,  
Of the basic foundations  
Of what everyone did.

They are a reflection of us  
And in all of us is all of them  
Humanity's children until,  
The never-ending end.

Imperfection is human  
Learning from excellence,  
Means life is priceless  
And everyone must understand  
Human beings are not colored by color

Looking within others,  
Is how you see yourself,  
Knowing when you stand together,

Knowing when you stand with yourself.

But knowing the difference,

We'll always be able to,

Lift all of our hearts.

Deep down is indifference

A wicked soulless devil

That hollows the pit of our beings.

And tears each one of us apart.

## Evanescence of Twilight – 71

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

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

It was little comfort,  
To be there weary,

In front of their far-off places,  
Some say there aren't there,  
Burnt out long ago.

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

## End Is Nigh – 72

In a moonless night that doesn't outshine,  
A mystic wisdom turns the starry wheel  
These pinpricks of insight in the sky foretell,  
The greed of a swift thief, a master of sin  
Awashed in gems that befuddles his mind  
His end is nigh, the law he has cheated  
Traveling the same path, wishing for another.  
Always failing to take his heart to song  
Forever detouring down in constant flutter,  
Wasting his only life alone in the gutter.

# Dark Haiku - 73

THEY ARE CALLED HAIKU -- 5 - 7 - 5

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 follows.

("She" is Death and Death is a young, friendly woman that was created by Neil Gaiman. The character appeared in the comic book series call "The Sandman". The Character Death also appeared in her own story that was titled "Death: The High Price of Living".)

Sands slip through the 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

Was caught in quicksand  
As minutes dwindle to none  
With gradual pace

A soul might extend  
But the body is brittle  
Life is but passing

With Death smiling  
Filling up the bottom glass  
And kept close at hand

Can't win every move  
Sometimes things will end badly  
You can count on that

In absentia

I'm carrying on without you

Wishing you no harm

Ameliorate

The state of my soul within

The shape of my heart

Thoughts nettle my mood

Fears in the peripheral

Death is laconic

Whispers come at night

While dreams travel by day

She is close at hand

The moment slips by

For time will not wait for me

She always follows

Ever so nearby  
I sense her watchful presence  
In all that I do

Circling the end  
Beliefs don't aid any plans  
When dark thoughts corrupt

Austere attitudes  
Will pester my cheerful mood  
When I am thinking

Turn to her often  
Lost in the black of the night  
She always follows

My thoughts betray me  
As she whispers in my ear  
One sweet delusion

A simple terror

I'm faced every single day

With an empty white

The witching hours

Before the daily sunrise

Stirs the soul silly

## "Dangling it on a whim" – 74

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

## Crisscrossed Love - 75

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

## Cost of Freedom - 76

What course do you take,  
Upon entering your door?  
Shadows cast a Devil's Tale,  
On your wicked soul!

We all fall like demons from heaven,  
Every last one of us is spurious serpent spawn,  
Know that death strikes twice before midnight.

New Moons.  
Starless skies.  
Black mirror ponds.  
Cold Koi fish splash.  
Time is forever out of sync.

Sands slide through hourglasses,  
One stands ten minutes pass,  
One hourglass has got a minute to go,

One hourglass got three minutes to insanity.

The cost needed to reach tomorrow,

I cannot know.

Voiceless in the wilderness.

Blueish moons.

Blackish flowers.

Clowns hold tight to nightly horrors.

Dreams of sex,

Men and women no more.

A clone of myself,

A fraction of a fraction, so endless...

Lust of the dance.

Twirl on the floor.

Little girl says foolish gibberish nonsense.

While men run screaming,

For the open door.

Plans are not set.



People aren't willing to explain themselves,  
To the Woke Soldiers of Social Justice.

The only real trust is knowing,  
That WE will all die completely on their sword.  
To the END of individualism.  
To their hilt that WE will waste away on.

I see a pattern of light that frames the edges.  
What wasn't mentioned,  
Isn't able to be adored.

Sounds bound from one hollow plane to the next  
Emptiness is one grand old score.

Death was a sweet child.  
And dream is magic, much like lightning.  
A flash of something,  
Fast and frightening.  
I hold tight to all that's happening.  
Oneness of God.

All things are one.

All things are one.

All things are one.

All things are one.

All things are one.

All things are one.

Connected to the light and darkness,

All bits add up.

Each pixel to pixel,

One drop in the ocean,

One ice cube in the drink,

One thought equal two,

It is how WE think.

I leap from subject to subject.

Back-to-back I read these many books,

Website to website,

Never to be complete.

Songs so multitudinous,

But only compose of a few notes.

By, God, the thunder of TRUTH is madness,

It doesn't really MATTER who it is you quote.

## Cleaning Crackdown - 77

Books, magazines and other things,  
She is a regular organizing queen.  
When there's a bunch of clutter about,  
There's only one person to count.  
Never rests until every surface is clear,  
Her scorching spunk is nothing to fear.  
For timely goals are always met.  
Here you can make no losing bet.  
Every over stuffed shelf is in danger,  
'Cause her plucky effort will not waver.

## A Class in Review - 78

Upon opening the door of 369,  
The query was if anyone would survive.  
Tables and chairs were all in disarray.  
The lights were out; the feelings were bleak,  
Christopher Sola's tale gives a chilling awe,  
As skulls burn in flames, smoke sting the eyes.  
Letting out a breath of poison.  
Darkening the edge of despair,  
Once there were people,  
Then those people weren't there.  
A cautionary tale for those who sit by the fire  
Accepting melting chocolate.  
Only to expire.

Matthew, gathers the rest of the class around

For Antha stirring story is sure to astound.

Her understanding of death is doubly bound,

Both ephemeral visions and concrete revulsions.

There are only memories of golden days.

So, hope may never come again,

Where gray moths have risen,

The butterflies cannot go.

Talking crazy to the dead, an endless plateau

And far more gruesome than chocolate.

A fountain pen through the neck.

Quick, slick and slippery, by God how it drips.

Not to be outdone is her compatriot, Emily

On a cenote expedition to Mexico

Death comes in the form of a dark sinkhole.

One long deep breath,

And down the protagonist goes.

Resting below the bones of another,

He took a one-way trip to the unknown

Making his home in the Underworld.

But there is no hope for the wicked.

The class must go further with Tyrell,

And his tale of a buccaneer on a death spiral.

He almost killed himself, lost his wife and son.

All in the same bloody day.

Then he took a swim with the sharks

Got a leg cut off and became a pile of bones.

Sadly, this adventure is one he shouldn't have embarked.

The ground rumbles, and among the dead, the fire grows,

Hell's supernatural influence, opens up and sets the tone.

Out come two demons thirsty for conversation.

They're sweet, but they don't do silly dog tricks,

Like, "Sit, Roll over and Play dead."

Instead, they have the cadence of a politician,

And talent to get their way.

What if they both ran for office?

This might have been their whole plan.

Chanting mindless slogans and riding in black sedans.

Overhead the beams break away;  
And the night rushes in,  
“Thunderstruck! Thunderstruck!”  
The power of God has rushed the demons out  
Angelic teenage girls smoke robustly  
Chatting over nothing at all,  
They don’t disappear with chocolate,  
Or fall into another sinkhole.  
Their only fear is they won’t be home soon  
Before dinner’s called.

Unlike George’s story Gunner Mounts,  
Has the art of chilling down to a science,  
With a taste of ghoulishness laced in,  
He tells a gem in a mirror darkly.  
Mixes the inky soul of sin.  
Robs the character of much-needed sleep,  
Then runs him wicked, depleted and meek.  
The fellow would probably kill himself,  
If he had the chance.



But he self-medicates,  
Taking a hit from a weed pen.  
Remains irritated, without a single friend,  
For they are all hopelessly lost in the wind.

Taking a cruise with Chris, we hop from jazz club to jazz club;  
Fighting the duality between the writer and protagonist.  
One can leave it or take it, and the other downright loves it.  
Maybe given time Chris could push the guy to his side.  
But the time ran out, and the class was through.

Still, there is something to be said about sinkholes  
Lunatics storming into buildings with a gun.  
For the most lovable lunatic in class is Jonathan's concoction.  
He'd be a complete waste of a man with nowhere else to go,  
How he holds it together, can anyone possibly know?  
Maybe they just are wasting time for his dismissal.  
Even the people the Inspector works with hate his guts.  
This mess of a man is circling the can.  
Perhaps that is part of his charm.  
Rotten breath in all we should ask him to clean up a bit.

But as sure as a gunshot he'll only show a big fit.

A dystopia beyond repute.

A future awaiting the poor mortal souls.

Christine tops Jonathan in her dreadful bliss,

Towers of iceboxes can't top factories of remiss.

A diabolical president, who found a way to live forever.

Turns Disneyland, the happiest place on earth,

Into a location that produces weapons of mass destruction.

With everything to win and nothing to lose,

Champions of peace must become terrorists.

Heroes have fallen, and there is only one chance,

To strike an everlasting blow to the presidency.

Corporations fall under the weight of cheers and dance,

When it comes time to throw in the final lance.

On a much smaller note, and no less dear is Clay's story,

A sweet flute of folly, desire and a touch of mania.

The protagonist gives his life away for a few bits,

Before the slow death in his academic bliss.

The experimental drug took his life for sure.

But at least he didn't have much trouble with his exams.

“And died on a Thursday.”

The quick life span of a very sad man.

The night broke in the classroom; we thought it was the sun.

Lifting the scores of drugs, medications laced with disaster,

Futures that no one wanted to live, and demons that roamed.

But this was Linda's star of brilliance possessed by a golden man.

Those that stormed in couldn't doubt his stellar command.

Protesters were spurned with the madness of rabid dogs.

When the answers were spoken, ignorance was their dreamland.

It saddens the wizened, for the populace would be less than.

Lindsay's “Anne, the witch,” has no title to cast spells.

What a maker of storms she is:

Conjuring blizzards that a classmate can hold.

We don't know; this could be a hit or miss.

Power of the weather, a fashion of whether it will partake.

Be warned: never cross Anne in any way.

Mr. Lyric, the homeroom teacher, lets her leave school,

Any time of day.

Fearful questions of her eminence will be an awful demand.  
Because she could juice a ruffian with about a trillion joules  
With the touch of hand.

Locked in double space pages once more,  
Fiery destruction of the classroom:  
Broken, unstable and troubled characters.  
That can never get away,  
Forever digitized, stored and gone.  
Imprisoned on a hard drive,  
Where they cannot harm?

But to quote "Star Wars":

A movie is never finished,  
Only abandoned.  
~ George Lucas

So, they might live on.

One final note:

Ideas not abandoned,

I could take a look,

And give my opinion.

Be it a poem, flash fiction or a book.

## Captain Hook Been Downsized – 79

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

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

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

He failed to file every other thousand years,  
And was replaced with 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 only swaying was the gait of his horse,  
Muddy cowhands replaced salty sailors,  
And being stationary was his only course.

His one concession was buried treasure,  
Of Spanish doubloons and jeweled goblets,

I wouldn't cross him and steal his plunder,  
The question if Hook will kill is a certain bet.

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



## Cactus Flowers and Hummingbirds – 80

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

Cactus flowers and hummingbirds,

A wish on this day I bring,

That songs of peace will play,

And pleasantries will ring.

## By the Bay - 81

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

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

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

Sea is a wetter version of the sky; it calls to me.

No one shall ever know how far it goes.  
If the wind blows so very strong,  
Much of my life will leave me behind.

One day I'll know.

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

I know everyone on the bay, we have our own island,

Everything in life is set that way.

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

And all the people must find their own star,

So maybe we should let the island inhabitants be.

## Butterfly, Butterfly - 82

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

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

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

## Birthdays Come and Go - 83

Time is unyielding, precious & sweet

It sparks life to every single daily beat

And then gives them all a bit of peace

Recalling each moment then giving it way,

Into an unknown future, that joyous treat

## Brian Haiku 2014 - 84

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

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

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

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

## "Bipolar Storm" – 85

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.



## Bluest Breeze - 86

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

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

## "Blueberry" - 87

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

Blueberry Buckle

You're so wholesome and sweet

I can eat you up by the handful

For when there are no stars

I have you frozen or fresh

You are one and only star-berry.

## Blessedly Simple Things – 88

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

## Bitter Drops - 89

I take the news like bitter drops  
Told to me by self-important loud-mouth fools  
I fear my ears will bleed listening to their slop  
Unnerving barks of disdain from partisan tools  
I need not a spoonful of sugar to stomach their truth.  
Better to digest logic and pull out lies by their roots.  
When falsehoods recycle, they are the world's dirtiest fuels  
Simple to burn and even easier to use.  
I fear for the veracity printed on bubblegum wrappers  
Ripped and discarded, then walk on by their shoes  
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.

## All Is One - 90

Realism is achieved by using the painstaking method  
Of trial and error, a palette of shading and proportions.  
The search for perfection, an artist tries to capture the image  
Constantly tweaking value after value.

A heap of tangled wires, fuses and grommets,  
A potential fire hazard to anyone, but not to an electrician.  
To the layman this would be quite the conundrum,  
The electrician can find its solution.  
Now the computer will work,  
And the air conditioner will work too.

A chef attempts to find order in confusion.  
A chef is the anchor, keel and sail.  
Every dish must have the look, the color, the taste.  
Despite the disaster in the dining hall,  
The kitchen is kept shipshape.

Streams of blood and a screech of fright.

The tragic event, a loss of limb.

In walks the surgeon like a knight in the storm,

A different age another time

They might have called you lefty or righty,

Now it almost works like new.

They cannot step into each others shoes,

Be lost to which brush to rise,

Which wire to snip, which sauce to use.

But they all seek for the peak of perfections,

In the worlds that they rule.

To find the answers, they keep looking,

And even though they may never see it,

The wise one would know:

That they are like us, we are like them.

Never all the answers, always an eye on the horizon.

## 100 Haiku - 91

Some tranquility, / Between some rough daily beats. / Lost in a moment.

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

Walking in circles, / Following tweet after tweet, / But reading little

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

Very cold comfort. / All thru dark nights and bright days. / She always follows.

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.

10

A costly habit. / Hot or iced cold. Black or sweet / I like coffee drinks

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



Give the wheel a spin. / When there is a chance to win. / Don't tell me the odds.

The bringer of death, / Has a kindness about her, / Face of poetry.

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.

Love a good story. / Can beat a novice at chess / I'm good at foosball

Thoughts speak no reason / And always lead to despair / Darkness has its way

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

20

Cannot death be sweet? / New and fresh free of despair / a kind friendly face

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

Square away an hour, / Cut some seconds off your time. / Grab a few minutes.

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.

Bright starlight beckons / The breeze blows her raven hair / Time comes  
to an end

Your apology / A soft sound I might not hear / It's but a whisper

And faced with failure / When a mighty fear did show / Completely  
shell-shocked

Raindrops on lush leaves / Dark clouds loiter overhead / Absent is the  
sun

Picture in its frame / She was caught in a moment / Sitting on the shelf

30

Wishing I am dead / Melody keeps repeating / A song in my head

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

A glass of water / So very simple and pure / You replenish me

My short-exhaled breath / The humming roar of a fan / A golden silence

It's warm to the touch / The drink is smooth and robust / Good morning  
coffee

Walking on the edge / While seeing the long way down / I hear the  
moments

Turn a phrase funny / Sing pleasantries a plenty / And stifle all fears

Questions keep coming / teetering on disaster / Hope spinning away

The goal has been set / Daily path to walk upon / A prize to be won

Flicker of a spark / Hot hungry burn of a flame / Consuming nature

40

Thousands of odd things / All jumbled inside my head / Thimbleful of sense

Call me “Perfection” / I will pretend to not hear / the adoration

Castaway dreamer / As night tugs away the light / Tell me a tall tale

If I were to fall / Hit the hard floor and scatter / The broken pieces

Delicate flower / A dark shadow in my mind / So much forgotten

I merely listened / The whisper of her swept by / Time did stopped quickly

Victorious course / March to the tune of battle / Wake of destruction

Sixteenth amendment / Progressive revolution / One hundredth year

Actually blonde / With a head of long brown hair / Daily deceptions

New day has begun / Fiery anger subdued / Outrage is over

50

In isolation / Beholding the empty page / Beware the terror

Welcoming a guest / A kindness of attention / First time impressions

Set sights far above / On a death-defying edge / It was left unsaid  
To stop and began / A silly song in the wind / Fleeing sanity  
Short-handing of tears / The shocking horrors of fears / Pleading  
forgiveness  
Opposing the now / And foregoing yesterday / Live for tomorrow  
Endless loveliness / And continuously runs / The cup overflows  
Brimming at the seams / One step ahead of the curve / Full of real  
reasons  
Into the sunlight / Climbing just a bit higher / To dream a new dream  
Many of these days / Playfully turning the mind / Spirit of the soul

60

Was caught in quicksand / As minutes dwindle to none / With gradual  
pace  
Time funnels and moves / Each and every grain of sand / By binding the  
minutes  
For the moments turn / Never to repeat again / With overall peace  
A soul might extend / but the body is brittle / Life is but passing  
With Death smiling / Filling up the bottom glass / And kept close at  
hand  
A drink in my hand / Sunlight spotlight in my face / Stiff breeze in my  
hair

Soft summer showers / Soundly cooling the dry days / One drop at a time

One move to checkmate / I just took your queen with ease / Want to play again?

Lustful and sexy / One dirty little number / This sixty-nine is

Can't win every move / sometimes things will end badly / You can count on that

70

Time and space abound / sightless searching enduring / wonders never cease

Ice tea waters down / in a glass while I write / another haiku

The mouse goes click click / keys tap on the fingertips / computer just hums

Falling forever / far past the place I began / Never to return

If the king shall fall / I will have a plan in place / for another one

Ostentatious thoughts / The most laconic moments. / Many sweet quandaries

Perspicacity / Thoughts burn brightly in my mind / Realizing the dream

Animosity / For all those on distant lands / My heart is empty

In absentia / carrying on without you / Wishing you no harm

Ameliorate / The state of my soul within / The shape of my heart

Thoughts nettle my mood / Fears in the peripheral / Death is laconic  
Always circumspect / When formulating a plan / Never going far  
Whispers come at night / While dreams travel by day / She is close at  
hand

The moment slips by / For time will not wait for me / She always  
follows

Egoistical / Erudite, brilliant, bold / Downsized I am told

Ever so nearby / I sense her watchful presence / In all that I do

Beyond little things / Quiescent after a storm / Halfway from a tear

Force to live a lie / Coffee mollified my dreams / I walked between  
worlds

Circling the end / Beliefs don't aid any plans / When dark thoughts  
corrupt

Same few get the blame / While all sides fan the flames / Hate swirling  
around

Austere attitudes / Will pester my cheerful mood / When I am thinking

Turn to her often / Lost in the black of the night / She always follows  
My thoughts betray me / As she whispers in my ear / One sweet delusion  
A simple terror / I'm faced every single day / An empty white page  
The daily chatter / Digitized across the web / So very fleeting  
The witching hours / before the daily sunrise / stirs the soul silly  
Inches from a goal / That was once light years away / Steepest hump to  
climb  
Holiest number / Would probably be a three / Father, son and ghost  
Nine is magical / It stands on the edge of change / On the next level  
It's easy enough / Didn't take too long to write / One hundred haiku

# 11.30.13 Anniversary - 92

Happy Anniversary Ghaffar & Sara

Time brushes the years

Yet skips the moments

Of life's journey.

Together there is joy

In the unknown wonder

Beyond charted waters

That stretch into an ocean

Of tomorrows.

For new places wait

To be explored

And looked back on,

Like today, so fondly.



## 10 Hospital Haiku - 93

First operation / Sadly did not do the trick / So I'm cut once more

A pain in my side / What thought will I dream tonight? / Simple, dark or distant?

These hours grow late / I am afraid I can't sleep / Nor wonder of peace

While I eat ice cubes / Thoughts of Notorious foods / Ever draws near to me

Getting better means / Walking enough times around / the nurse's station

I've gotten the best / Kayla and Rose are nurses / Most lucky to have

Slight fever does break / Worry seems overdone now / based on so little

Come night there is change / Called Michelle and Adam / Nurses change daily

A friendly nurse Leah / Removed what was holding me / To this hospital

An IV to go / I am out of here for good / Hope that is the case.

## Sunset, Sunrise – 94

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

## We Are the Colors – 95

He was as fast as a kite without a string.  
I moved to watch him just before he  
Ducked behind some trees,  
Then he zigzagged down a dirt trail road  
Until he was gone from my sight

Anger and Spirit, Freedom and Rage  
The double burning colors flapping,  
Whipping in the breeze  
Blue and Green balanced out the blaze  
Giving room for a spark--a new idea.

An idea that got lost in a sea of,  
Blues and greens  
The teardrop that was really,  
An ocean of forgetfulness

Hope connected to despair  
And reason countered with hilarity  
With nothing taking the place of wonder

He danced behind the greens  
Below the blues and whites  
Before I lost sight of him  
He teased me with the pink  
It was just a little flicker  
That left me thinking:  
We are the colors that we see.

# Unequivocal - 96

Unequivocal /  
Moments fall on Mother's Day /  
Where I want to be

Placed in a vase here /  
Yellow tulips know their peace /  
Sitting there pretty

A bit of rest comes /  
Ceiling fan blows a whisper /  
Speaking dreams to me.

Poetic verses /  
The rhyming sounds and laughter /  
What have we become.

Never just someday /  
As time slips through our fingers /  
Closing of Sunday.

# The Colors of Twilight - 97

In what world have we all become,  
Looking up into a brightly lit sky.  
Do we see the same moon and stars,  
The mystical sea further than we can know?  
Heaven does hold more aglow up there,  
More of these far off balls of burning fire,  
Than all the grains of sands found here,  
On all the lands and all the beaches,  
On the very Earth that we stand.  
When we look up, we might see forever,  
And that might be why we don't understand,  
For down below Love's Answers are a riddle,  
As these myopic views leave one to twiddle.

## Nothing to Remiss - 98

Another bunch of flowers given,  
When the last surely won't do.  
The color was that of summer's day,  
But the stems have all a fallen,  
And quickly have lost their bloom.  
Flowers once picked will fade,  
When caught in the moment,  
We aren't reminded of this.  
Love like flowers must be rekindled,  
For sweet nothings are not to be remiss.

## Time Forgotten - 99

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 is turned,  
Never a course to be ever returned.  
But above the sky takes no 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 into view.  
As we step a bit outside of ourselves,  
The pathways will start to unwind.  
A darken mind shall always see the light,  
Through the doorway 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 outnumber our sorrows.