

**The
Collection
Man**

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Compact Edition

Some of these works have appeared in the following publications:

Chicago Reader

Nous

Nickel Press

Book Case

Episodes

I. SOCCERS

II. SEEKER

III. SOARING

IV. FIDDLE

V. RIDDLES

VI. CRAZY / *sad* / SILLIOUS / *mad*

SOCCERS

- 1. Duster**
- 2. Sons of Babble**
- 3. On the Nose**
- 4. Oh God, Tomorrow**
- 5. The Fareman**
- 6. Sticky**
- 7. On Sixth and Green**
- 8. Done Everywhere**
- 9. Walter Ego**
- 10. Babylon Afternoon**
- 11. Earth Infinities**
- 12. Shopper**

DUSTER

I am space dust
leftover heavens
spare parts for stars
tracked by comets flying
all around the cosmic household

Now serving on fine China
sitting on shelf tops
sleeping under beds
retiring in cracks
and relaxing

Until the housemaid comes along
plucks me up in her duster
and shakes me back
outside

SONS OF BABBLE

The people of earth
speak now only in
flat, parallel technologies.
None can understand the other.
specialists do not recognize
other specialists.

Soon power is gained
by the sons of Babble.
Information tracks are remixed
one by one adding together
as beams become a bridge.
Techniques turn into understanding
while a new language is spoken.

As tubes are turned on
specialists' walls are crossed
easily by everyone.
Videokids create
global electronic bridges
between all the people of earth
and themselves

ON THE NOSE

Everything I see
is Jello
on the nose of a Joker
who has missed his Dinner
while waiting for a Train
to Heaven
where he can see without looking.

OH GOD, TOMORROW

Friday night
shadows on the windows
haunt the train far away.
Giggles echo through tower tree parks
as midnight ramblers bring home the day
 just thinking longingly
 wishing they could make it last
 “Oh god, tomorrow” they’ll say.

For the workers
a waiting blues
walks the aisles tonight.
Friday’s check is due next week
and till then there is nothing left but
 just thinking longingly
 wishing they could make it last.
 “Oh god, tomorrow” they’ll say.

Last train now
by this time running empty
eats a spark for dinner.
Leaning back and roaring
easily ahead another mile while
 just thinking electronically
 it will never say
 “Oh god, tomorrow.”

THE FAREMAN

Cross the way
everyday
with the fareman;
whether beggar, worker, chief,
fares come one by one surely
wizardry or luck he shows
there's no hand here
no tools there to make it all
just fareman magic running tall
humming now coming on across the day
saying only pay the way
only pay the way.

All he knows
no time to rest
laboring to find his own
settlement from out of the air
to sleep awhile and call it home
until the next one comes along
a hand appears across the gate
since working hours have come so soon
to start the craft and take the wheel
all that must be done today
if only one does pay the way
only pay the way

* * *

He crosses rivers streams of time
without a friend but copper coins
riders' toll for changing places
having nothing much to do
but come to give it all away
give it all to pay the way
only pay the way.

Fareman simply
stands aloof
hand on head looking to the sky
counting spinning ticket wheels
many measures of his mind
business of "give the business"
grows in kind.

Treasures
made of travelers' dust
need a chest and lock to hold
guarded by the outer heavens
earning more than six percentage points
that the Fareman saves himself
the way fares come and go
saying only pay the way
only pay the way.

STICKY

The truly poorest child
has the biggest piece of bubble gum
and can't blow a bubble.

ON SIXTH AND GREEN

Watching on the corner
action easy
bus and car kids
of game vehicle parents
 go loop scooping tonight

Corner deli closes early
leaving eaters to the streets
soaking like pickles in exhaust
quarter beer runs 'em
 pack after pack on summer nights

No one talks to
Bobber in his GTO
who thought he could stop
and take in all the sights
 all that fun for one

Coming in late
the nights have what you need
until the light goes red
down at the corner of
 Fifth and Green.

DONE EVERYWHERE

Do everywhere
do in the air
floating between us
 walk and talk too
words of we do
dirty words of do'ers
small and snickery
 nose tickling do's

Do in the air
do it in pairs
fornicating dew
 laid on the ground
do under beds
stuck into sweat
old and well traveled
 get it on do

Do a double dare
do in a country fare
fighting and huffing
 settling on losers
do's on the field
dues of the players
ready for action
 three out of five do

Do that is there
do that is rare
secret and unseen yet
 waiting at night
Do of old books
do in test tubes
not yet defined
 experimental doings

Doing a prayer
do never care
wishing and hoping not
 left all alone
Dreams of doing
do for today
always created
 everywhere done

BABYLON AFTERNOON

The city shudders
as engines cough and die
using fantasy for fuel
concrete and steel dreams
eating breakfast made of soot
try to move in the morning,
gasping to make it on time.

While reaching to the sky
a lone pillar, silent and feeble,
struggles in its stone mind
to feel the breeze,
to find the light heaven has sent,
but ends up wondering just how.

Cracks first begin
before mortar has begun to set.
Progress means to move along
while upper stories build on voids
fill up with air.

As though time could be bent
like plastic everywhere
to cover up what stays behind
directions, changes, losses counted
then entered on the tally sheer
grow impossible to keep in mind,
slip past any understanding.

* * *

Scoreboard winners change every day
but not every player wins.
Future is the joker waiting on every card
for gambles taken and taxed
till one tomorrow
then forever free.

Silent dreams have always known
while prophets smile to themselves
showing all who learn
they can tell the wind's new direction
circling the pillar, Babylon's Tower
till the last day arrives.

Once a quiet sea gave birth to the land
and to life and living
now lost in the mazes of daily accounting,
the counting and forgetting
as if there is nothing lasting to know.

The city shudders
though no one may be afraid
that the afternoon will look any different?
with certainty this season will pass.
At the end of all this dreaming,
feeling unfelt, sight unseen,
the falling tower itself will warn us
we will wake up too late.

Then live.

EARTH INFINITIES

While speaking of space
But walking in lines
We waste two dimensions.

Sing a song of circles.

Where is the conductor
Who knows every score?
Who can lead us all together
While directing us alone?

SHOPPER

Shopper
Glides around the avenue
Never looking left or right.
She painted fine
But over all the lines;
Her face is
Gone.

Shopper
Reads vacation newspapers
Fore readers now read radios;
Morning coffee grows to four,
Dreams live in the bloodstream,
Futures sell at pharmacies;
Shoppers' share is growing small.

Shopper
Turns around a corner-
A foxy eye's glitter
Flies across the street;
Looks very narrowly,
Checks oh so carefully for "What
You buy is what you be;"
Except for one essential thing:
The money is
Gone.

SOARING

1. **Essential Magic**
2. **Simonsez**
3. **Hot Summer**
4. **Praised 1**
5. **Kristal**
6. **Celebration/Apocalypse**
7. **Maryaway**
8. **Undated**
9. **My Candle**
10. **Soaring Suite**
 - I. Feather and Air Meet
 - II. Lifebreath
 - III. A Praise

ESSENTIAL MAGIC

Two may reclaim a love
growing years far apart
by starting a new fire
on soil where they both stand

Saying

I am alone
we are alone
we are selfish
craving selfish sorrows
with our singleness

Saying

let the earth
support the fire
fire heat the air
air condense to water
water dissolve earth ashes

If this be done nightly
for thrice the period of love's loss
lonely souls be washed from the past
another two live on as one

SIMONSEZ

Two men walk separate roads

1
small pebbles cause feet to stumble
conscience falls among the rocks;
roadblock opened to traffic
opens year's greedy season
travels alone

2
without hurry, unblended by glitter
only the inner light
steers without stoplight;
travels alone;
two men walking separate roads

will meet in time

HOT SUMMER

So your world is splitting at its
hand-sewn seams
Ripping under the strain of an arm's
reach to a hotter star

Clasp broken at its seasonal hinge
leaves a door blowing in the wind
Piece of a new set of clothes
to protect from biting cold
Turning the other way

Temporarily patch the growing tears
and wait and wait
Summer will be here soon
its sun is all you need.

PRAISED 1

For the mystic one who is there

Puller along, pusher behind
the center of the solar orb
the center of all mind

All that is common
to each day's array
does wait to be praised

If self, then self alone
if god, then god always
the end is life forever

Forever is today

KRISTAL

Waterfall footfall
where do you go?
Not far away now
never stay, only flow
only changing as you grow.
I always hear you
running, laughing
living just a little more
for some moments
then forget the time
the days and ways
of magic that can stay awhile
magic see and spirit show.
Waterfall footfall
I am running where you go
not far away now
only stay, only flow
only changing as you grow.

CELEBRATION / APOCALYPSE

Timber lane, of fever soil sprouted
strip of tired history remains
the product of a cooler age
composed to collapse
following fire
tomorrow's trees are gone
and we trust no understanding
of grace, a time that fulfills
we quickly ignore the silence
that only charcoal can speak.

Breeze comes too slowly
but just then too fast
flames fill the air
growing, gaining, filling up the land
life and death now know each other
drinking to success
from cups too small to contain
they spill and feed the flames
flying up, off again to home.

With the forest so easily lost
fades the smile of the era
until they meet their end together
before sleeping eyes can wake and answer
with a single tear
another burial comes and goes
in wooden silence
dark and hidden lies the energy
awaiting the word, the call
waiting for only a spark.

MARYAWAY

Too many days left alone
alone
trying to find a friendly face
too sad to see
grasping for what must now be
without you

UNDATED

If music is the noblest
of all illusions
thought is the most virtuous
of the vices
escape is the least
necessary talent
experience the most

MY CANDLE

Under the lamp you're so dim
tiny flicker lost in the sea of light
being blown this way and that, though unafraid
to hold to life dearly, to continue your golden song

Dark rooms are your allies
in proud defiance of electric competitors
the ancient image calls for all eyes
determined that such an old way has its worth

With no intruders of wave, no distractions
this is the way you are best known
with your spectral consciousness declaring
the one true light

SOARING SUITE

I. FEATHER AND AIR MEET

They call me feather

Through dust and distance once now
now forgotten
we met in the air ways
but have parted for so long

I am back now you see
and even if you have been another
I am still he

Once in a family
brothers and I
sisters and I
one and all flying
our joy of the moment
one singular wing making its way
through the laughing sky of air

Each alone
one together
growing we did spend the day
in star-eyed fury we built
to soar, to glide on airy sea
from one to many
to all

Our flying wing
helped by hands of air
silently began the morning
beyond the light and open sky
when sky became our sight

Innocent in our high palace
our place of changes world
held to the clouds
with friends and brothers
believers
nothing could go wrong

So did the time pass
the time that was not yet time
in the day that never new night

We have another age now
where sides of days tarry and turn
the sight above so surely comes
and once again
day's end

The day now is a dream
just waiting nearby
as we sit in the dark
seeing our sky dome above

All strength between us
is sufficient for now
for the first spark feeds a flame
makes fire
though we are, without each other
too small

Here as beggars and borrowers
being and meeting
we raise our voices to the air
that its gift once given
can grow
until time shall stop
all space is filled
and no breath can we draw

Waiting
the day has to come
and raising our wing to the sky
we come together
so amazing to me
again feather is friend of the air

II. LIFEBREATH

Everything breathing
firsthand, try it
trade some of outside with inside
that side just to see

We touch as we breathe
notice each moment
a slow vibration
a little give and take
in time glimpses long enough to know

The one is again felt
where one embraces another

So following natural example
of worlds too small to see
breath is
a vow by airmother
who will be around us
her sea is our home

A part of one becoming other
thin membrane netherland crossed easily
that sun's kids once again may know
might once again grow
until creation's promise is full

Promising two ways
each part of sharing means loss to one
so another can receive

Now the king becomes a servant
along with all the little ones
with humble pie
with fat head sky
riding on a spinning wheel
on the wheel of infinite sides
the sides of edgeless airsea

Bubbles
bathing by breathing
lost in liquid, almost easy
once alone secrets soon discover
that discovery is not so secret

Some get
some take away
but from our wheel view
who knows
who is the more delighted
the turkey or the guest

The wonder of all is all for free
by taking a turn on the wheel
the wheel of endless
airsea

III. PRAISE

We
who have flown
who fall when we should soar
who are less than the breath we are given

Only grow scorched and burned within
if we can no longer see with our eyes
the sky
our home

Holding on to what we see
the ruling of one over many
shows a trick of blindness:
the master cannot see himself
yet so being
flatters himself that no one sees him
when in truth he really does not know

So seeing nothing, what can be said?
trickery seen is quickly spread
words
mirrors
crooked and torn vision
what we have done is lost

The remains of yesterday
arrange the day to come
we chose the ways that brought us here
now we must take them
as far as they may lead us
if we fall
we need not forever

When we come back again
we are new
our path follows white sky
coming back to the clouds

Feather and wing alike are taken
to the mountains of highest sky
standing old
over the sea we breathe in

Now we hold the treasure
final measure of our worth
unbought by us

as we leave the larger wing
over our heads

One, all, daughters and sons
feast on the fortune of this house
here live, grow, drink
from the spring of the morning
river of all delights

River and fountain
sky mountain
light so fine
is all we see

We can only pray
for those who do not know
how to bring the light to their side
and breath to their flight

We would stay here
knowing, growing
together in our flying home
safe from falling
far from unfriendly lands
safe in the hands of the wind

We would stay here
lost in the airsea
wanting to fly forever
and able

SEEKER

- 1. Becoming Electric**
- 2. E.K. Ripley**
- 3. Years**
- 4. Dialog**
- 5. The Call**
- 6. In Transit**
- 7. Step South**
- 8. Airia**
- 9. Inspiration**
- 10. The Artist**
- 11. Sun Psalm**
- 12. Heisenberg Love**

BECOMING ELECTRIC

How do I know I am not Robbies' Robot?

A simple answer any thinking thing could question.
For every machine has its function
Programmed, set, expected;
Gears spend time as well
But what have we to do?
Invent a better life.
Too imperfect for
clock controlled
factory made
automatic
worlds

bzgh

What was that question again, Robbie?

E.K. RIPLEY

E.K. Ripley
country boy comes ridin
hair all flyin back
to try the city on for size
and see a friend
to score something smiley

Brother Jack
metro hunter
Sunday drivin Chevy due he
thought he'd try to see his brother
and step out to the country
to collect a little debitry

Now country brother
never too laid back
always runnin into town
he hopped the highway
no more cycle
the boy had plain wiped out

Whilst flying through the lonesome air
who should come but brother Jack
to catch E.K.
in his double barreled
bucket seat
convertible

Ripley now
could stand a downer
with this latest acrobatic
so bread in hand
he asked ol Jack
to turn him on to some

Who replies
sure, I've got five here
that ten spot that you've got
looks right
my brother's never home it seems
so I'll take you for a ride

And so it went

though not like planned
since E.K. Ripley lost his bike;
he owed his life to brother Jack
who wasn't even brotherly
but turned out just all right.

YEARS

Hopping back through the years
yesterday's nostalgia
bops down streets and alleys

Radios are accurately driven to ears by dj's
through speakers growing like locoweed

Silently and unnoticed
the pavement cracks
from years

DIALOG

I look at you
and see a face of flesh as mine

You are a runner of your race
as I am of mine

You are a child of parents
with brothers and sisters like mine

Do we not sing together
and share the same joys?

Would we not both feel pain
if we lived without each other?

I look at you
and see a face of mine.

THE CALL

Through city lights and stone streets
I chase you.
You run

with the winds
How can I catch up?

I need you
now

I make my way through the also rushing crowds
to find someone

who has seen you
so many watch

Someone called just now
I heard
you passed this way
we're both running now

For a while I thought I'd find you
but you hide in all the motion
soon I fall behind
stoplights turn on me

Keep calling
softly
so no one else can hear.

IN TRANSIT

Plainclothes trolley fare
face trembles, pale;
wasted ride.

How far can it be again
for the last time,
final ride?

When will it be again
a fine ride?

STEP SOUTH

Georgia backwoods
pines sky
sun
between the tallest branches
seems so good,
too good not to share.

“Shall I write a thousand,”
think I,
“letters
so all the home folks
join me
making my woods a country fair
with room for everyone?”
“C’mon”
is all I’ll need to say.

But I’ll never mail those letters.
Smokey Mountains
old smoke maker trails along behind me
as I find a mailbox
tapping me on the shoulder
whispering
“It’s already too crowded here.”

AIRIA

Sailing on a splash of blue
brisk alongside like spring mornings
you move me in ways
I could never go alone.

In the name of air we rush together
no one can see us joined
for all-in-one
we turn around and dancing go

Feeling closer every day
closer by the time we spend
enjoying the lift
of cotton billowed wings

Often take me gliding
upon the waters at my feet
and where next
the changing wind alone will tell.

INSPIRATION

Sometimes it seems
the only time I can look to the sky
is when I'm flat on my back.

THE ARTIST

Pencil sky, write your sign,
fading, shading, come and gone-
you clear away, then cloud again
and I wonder what the work has done.

Above the earth, below as well
commuting colors here to there-
contradict but soon explain
that really any change is fair.

Bring the storm and thunder crash
painting lightning on your face-
then switch expressions, erase the rain
putting a rainbow in its place.

One day's work, and time for rest
you make the evening sunset glow-
soon with morning in your eye
you take the light and write once more.

SUN PSALM

Sun center
sun center
you make all around me wake and glow
you bring me all my life

Sun center
sun center
you shine
and new life begins
you sing and the earth moves around you

Sun center
heart of love
you pulse
and the rhythm begins a year
you reach out
and all the seasons answer

Sun center
light of love
you smile
and the planets dance
you laugh
and a new star is born

Sun center
Sun center
you wake up all around you
you bring us
all of life

HEISENBERG LOVE

Real/Ideal?
Tricks.

Being close makes it easy
to miss the error

Knowing
takes it

So listen!

Keep out of my path or I'll
see you

Be a mile above I
won't mind following

Look to me
you'll miss me

Be out of sight
staying in mind

So fine
So right

Just
 far
 enough
 away

FIDDLE

- 1. Poor Georgy Frumble**
- 2. Optional At Extra Cost**
- 3. Sybarite Angel**
- 4. Pinball**
- 5. Check It Out**
- 6. Hot In The Eternal City**
- 7. Strawberry**
- 8. Inversion**
- 9. Die O'Rhea**
- 10. Not So Easy anymore**
- 11. Morning of Discovery**
- 12. To The New Year**

POOR GEORGY FRUMBLE
(A SHORT SHORT STORY)

Were a cold mormon in Frabbish the window planes forested oval.

Georgy Frumble reached to the aquork of a vastly loud zorching from his tick. He warped knobble with a quickly moving of his arg and tried to catch another bog of mumbly, but alast! He knew he must jork at the bismuth.

Lapping furg a bed he oped his grimble and scratchd his mumph, which by that tine had a forther back to flobbing plenty for zyd. To his furvication he screen, "Ye verdly fadurge!"

Mably he blofover a daf zanotie.

OPTIONAL AT EXTRA COST

O short sight!

You who make me

think you are everything

until tomorrow

you fill me again

only halfway.

SYBARITE ANGEL

A temptress by design
leading to a living trap

Innocent smile of deviltry
meant to carry consciousness
to her land of spice and brew

Oh, the things she promises
on sloping knee with silver lyre!

Offering soft satin wall's comfort
luxuries never known before
begging me to live her way

She will tempt me till
I do.

STRAWBERRY

Your are flowers
 in a new life
first in the world as a bud
 but blossoming in time.
Berry-flowers make berry fruit
 which makes everyone glad
especially me 'cause hunger calls
 and I know that you're around.
My primitive eyes see red
 mouth becomes a cavern
I want you alone for a while
 to explore new spaces of taste.
So juicy you are
 plump and full of fun
I'll sing along with jaw's see-saw
 and imagine myself as a saint.
Strawberry is Supertreat
 just too good to be true
when harvest came and you were picked
 you shouted "I'm the one!"
You grow far away
 I don't even know your home
still your reputation brings you all the miles
 to end up on my table.
You are tiny seeds
 maturing into perfect fruit
all just for me, a one way trip
 unless you're planted back.
I want to take good care of you
 so that you'll come again
and thank you for berry being
 while I go and buy some more. . .

PINBALL

For only a quarter
run and rolling
bounceback
(don't tilt!)
*Red Lady lights her eyes
ready for the next
ball
machine kicks
spinning on silver spools

FLIP right
"sapatzz-doo-doot"
(unh)
FLIP left
"spat-didi-didi-dit"
(arrrrh!)

My hands are part of house current
relay bank mind thinks
in analog winning scores
cautiously adding
(don't tilt!)

Last ball
bonus points boogie
on the thousands of red lights
*Red Lady's eyes are all I see
as we flow in adrenaline sympathy

I am shaking
she is saying
"Dzzzzh
ba-ggggh
gungn
ftd-bduzgh-dd-tt-gungn
nn-bduzgh-mmm-bduzghs."

"TILT."
Another quarter for the
*Red Lady.
The flipper rules the world.

CHECK IT OUT

My dog know his master-

I give him his bone.

But who is my master

And how is he known?

If dogs become human

And move up the chain

There's hope for earth people

If we do the same.

HOT IN THE ETERNAL CITY

Here
stuck inside a stale summer evening
deep in pipe dreams of steam
standing limply by the corner
walls swelled with heat
no one moves today

Here everyone alike
under drippy crystal streetlights
waiting for a ride away
to never, no never, come back

Here
we are again

INVERSION

Froth

brine

froth

brine

Froth

brine

come

wanting to know the way

laughing to selves, watching, floating

in wonderful neverland

suds and air

creamy sailships slide by gliders and rafts

froth elemental

foam plenty for all

crew drifts

craft in time unchanged

bailing broth that's drenching, soaking

row the vessel

lay the sea on its side

bounding unbound

while no land's there

no land's wet

Broth

Frine

broth

frine

broth

DIE O'RHEA

First I eat:
body is a sieve
filter of edibles

Tummy drops dinner
into factory tubes and pipes
hard at work while I just sit

And if this case of it doesn't
kill me first
I'm gonna get hungry again

NOT SO EASY ANYMORE

Children in new fallen snow
drifts up to their waists:
too deep
they fall
buried by flakes quickly giggled off
then skip on

Parent lead the way
walking high above the snow
and though grown limbs will help them
still do they fall
only getting up again
is not so easy anymore

MORNING OF DISCOVERY

On the final day of his life
he awoke
no one else stirred
no sound moved to fill his ears
saying that he alone could decide

The grey of those bare walls
offered help
a sad truth
his face might someday be as grey

As the light sifted through the dust
Settling in cracks in the stone
thoughts settled in their places
filling his cobweb mind

No one to follow
no place to stay
if miracle castles can crumble
no need to wait
the time is right

Surely no one will worry
the walk to the shore is quick
cold depths are not too cold
for an old friend

TO THE NEW YEAR

O what

another year

then what

You bring me

“good cheer”

timed release

I want my

year’s worth

now!

RIDDLES

1. Earth Magic
2. Second Hand
3. Out Laughing
4. Howbig
5. Cheers
6. Last Gasp
7. Ears
8. Steps
9. War and Pea Soup on the Floor
10. First Person Rings
11. Digyerglory
12. Towncrier Sez

EARTH MAGIC

If the world seems beastly
and makes you crawl
when you try to fly
and fall

Join the fourfoot
on the land
sift some earth from paw
or hand

Free earth magic
for those born
in Virgo, Taurus
and Capricorn

SECOND HAND

The river of Nausea
 my friend, Roquentin
is hardly for sailing
 near drowning at best

It may be of water
 or concrete and iron
it may be an unroad
 it may never end

There might be some free rides
 circus and ski rides
there might be a wall
 or a national guard

Where one day stands a highway
 the next but a rut
Where once there is candy
 later just junk

I pray fortune lead me
 I pray fortune lead me
beyond second hand
 beyond second hand

OUT LAUGHING

Country she rolls
uphill down smiles of sunshine
with hearty breath, hey
climbing so smooth, gliding
up the mountaintop
going out laughing

Winds blowing
scratch backing hold-on
fresh air running in
waits a minute for the mirage
billboard happy
waiving at the bend

Close by a tree says goodbye
looking at it another way
what we have here, gentlemen
is strangely comic case
(and you can laugh today)
atomic case I say

The county channel
stays tuned
to you
for
ten years
following this test

I don't have the time and energy
you can't forget Uncle E
all done
in-jest
missing the joke
we've redrawn the line

Nodeposit
point of return
cold station midnight north side
city sump pump
complete self-service concrete wall
there must be anotherway

Radio injection system flows

out of the way
buddy
do *you* have a dime?
fire's coming
final stroke decision

Prophet says
he wants the end
together in cast iron parties
baking in the sun
waiting for final feast
on the other world's table

Circus streets
boulevard bypass
freaks
want to get back
another way
get back home

To the country
she rolls along easy
we're all meadow now
concrete dream ribbon
mountain dance
renaissance village alive

Carnival avenue glows
full with joy baskets
skipping
flying
we are a better way
like a million dollars

Too
many
noisy
coins
flipped

Sing to the jingle bell
buy stocks and bonds in people you love
hold hands in the street
mountain park
fair ground everywhere
going out laughing

HOWBIG

How big are you?

Does your arm touch Pluto
or just your nose?

Do you see for miles
or to your toes?

Do you read the stars
or magazines?

Do you eat thick steak
or pork'n'beans?

How
big
are
you
?

CHEERS

(UNRAH CONNECTED UNIVERSITY)

Percussion as brass
man as steel
there's no other way to feel

Sandwich season
berry wine
lost the need to stay refined

Temperature
means souls to feed
turn around and plant the seed

Touch a tree
walk the sand
down where water turns to land

Watch the sun
see it set
still think it's easy to forget

LAST GASP

You don't have to teach a bird to sing
a dog to run or sun to shine

The summer seems to know its place
so please let me find mine

Machinery's treated dignified
repair and high respect we give

Let there be more than object rights
give people the chance to live

EARS

I picture the time
using my IBM
when the words that I say
and the games that I play
are replayed on tape
instantly by 3M
to a magnetic disc of a friend

Who looks up at me
from his shiny GM
with the tone of his voice
the volume of his choice
telling me innocently
in stereo FM
he really wasn't listening at all

STEPS

We take a few more steps
wondering how the earth could be so kind
to support another set of boot-heels on her back

She says she's tired
but all of her children are a joy
even if we can't see how we hurt her

Supporting her family with the seas of life
the nourishing rains and winds of mothermilk
until aged and worn from so long a life

She can only collapse
will we still be saying to ourselves
what can be done?

WAR AND PEA SOUP ON THE FLOOR

Sunday evenin'
nothin' to do
Toby takes a peashooter and aims at you

Makes you mad enough
to hit him back
so Toby starts to hit on Jack

I start shootin' everyone
and everyone's peashooting me
till there's no more bullets, not one more

Just war and pea soup on the floor.

FIRST PERSON RINGS

I walk through forest trees
so tall and I'm so short

They've been there so long
still growing

Will I when
I'm so old?

DIGYERGLORY

Drive on wig, dig yer glory
ever wonder at you are
to a blot ascribe a medal
shower out of tag and jar

Drive on wig, dig yer glory
paper fickle, clay the lore
under do the clever teller
vaguely a decided core

Drive on wig, dig yer glory
once declare the fringe along
tiny brittle space informing
distant fellow, winning song

Drive on wig, dig yer glory
praising star and picture light
still between the rank and holy
quote the drifty feather night

Drive on wig, dig yer glory
brake a snore the show unbound
grin the widest tired shadow
stirring few the humble found

Drive on wig, dig yer glory
up the morning vendor wall
sell a favor, hum a line
bending root for supper call

TOWNCRIER SEZ

Light the candle

for a long dark night ahead

for the power man ages

old and tired

For Aquarius

Coming tonight

CRAZY / sad / SILLIOUS / *mad*

- 1. Looks**
- 2. Father**
- 3. What's It Worth**
- 4. Piggy Mouse Day**
- 5. Bears for Breakfast**
- 6. Puzzle**
- 7. Gummy Pie**
- 8. Out Again**
- 9. Wavelengths**
- 10. A New Day**
- 11. H 2 Eau**
- 12. The Hand**

LOOKS

If you smile me a smile, I'll smile back

If you give me a look that you don't think about
I may look back without thinking about being disturbed

If you feel disturbed you'll be looking mad at me
If I see you mad I'll be mad at you

If you see me mad you'll get even, angrier,
If I see you really angry I'll look like a hitter

I you see me look like I would hit you
You'll already be ready to hit me back

If I see you ready to hit me back I'll

Wait a minute!

I never did anything to you
You never did anything to me

I don't remember how this started in the first place
I'll just try to stop looking angry at you first

Now you don't look mad back at me
In fact I think I saw a friendly look now

That makes me want to look friendly at you
And sure enough you just smiled back

Looking back it should end no other way.

FATHER

Father

From a single cell of himself (through Mother's grace)
Enables you to magically be born into your own life

Daddy

Holds your hand tightly at first
Releasing it at the right time to walk on your own

Dad

Sees that your values solidly fill in the right directions
Balancing your strength of decision and of muscle

Pop

Remains cool while debating everything
Knowing that he was once there himself too

Dad

Now can travel to your home
Greeting the girl that you have married

Grandpa

Holds his new grandson with beaming pride, endless smiles
Revitalized from age with each visit

Great grandpa

Redoubles his joy, knowing more than ever
The layers that unfold in the continuing spiral of life

Father

Is the one you can never thank enough
For your own life, his friendship, his eternal love

WHAT'S IT WORTH

Sun sets above the clouds
Work is done, at least for now
No birds fly by, we're much too high
Sitting here on a rented blue seat
In this silver tube, matching wings outside

Windows are welcome to ease
The sight of other tired travelers
Quiet except for the constant hush
Coming from a steady 500 mile an hour
Rush I don't even feel at all

Something to read, yes, I'll have that
But put it down again to reach for this pad
Causing the lines to curl into rows of words
Holding quiet conversations with how I feel
Just going home, just plain tired

Having secured another day's money for what it's worth

PIGGY MOUSE DAY

Iggy piggy had a pinky little nose
He poked it into biggy trouble when he smelled a rose
The rose was red and it smelled real sweet
But he pricked his little nosy on a thorn, no treat

Piggy backed away and he started to cry
“That was not a nice flower for my nosie to try!”
Behind him he bumped into a big garbage can
Inside were some mousies and off they ran

The mousies were happy ‘cause they’d been stuck there
Till piggy came along bringing such good luck
Down and around the city street they ran
To the bakery shop past the shocked baker man

In a bowl the jumped and they started to eat
A fresh rice pudding, which was such a treat
They ate it all up till the bowl was all dry
Then they jumped over into a blueberry pie

They were stuck in the pie and they couldn’t get out
When the baker came in and he started to shout
“First it’s mice who heat my pudding of rice
Now they think they’re some kind of a blueberry spice!”

He got so mad as he ran over there
Picking up blue mouse pie tossing it in the air
The mice were scared as they started to fall
The pie went straight on and it splashed on the wall

The mice dropped down- can you guess where they ran?
Yup, right back into that same old garbage can
The baker swept up his poor pie on the wall
And threw it in the garbage where the mice ate it all

By now Piggy had forgotten all about the thorn
From the rose that had stuck him as this story was born
Piggy to mice to rice then to pie
That’s a happy ending to just say goodbye.

BEARS FOR BREAKFAST

Tommy never liked to eat in the morning.

“My tummy is tired and so am I.

Give me something later, please.

I would gladly wait till lunch.”

When the middle of the day came around

Sure enough, Tommy was hungry.

He had one helping, maybe two or three.

Lunch Maker said, “You’re hungry as a bear.”

That kept him going all day long.

Study, play, homework, errands

All came easy on a happy tummy

Until another mealtime treat.

Dinner was the same as lunch.

“Pass me more of everything please.”

More of this and more of that

Made him stuffed liked a teddy.

As Tommy got older

He had to wake earlier.

This was no fun.

The mornings were long.

Then one day he found when he first got up

He was hungry as could be for breakfast.

That made him feel good all morning long.

Breakfast Maker said, “What good news.”

You know you were not alone, dear Tom,

Everyone used to be a morning grump just like you.

Now that we’ve scratched out the right mealtimes together

We’re all a bunch of bears for breakfast.

Puzzle

NO
FEELINGS
OF T SAME
V R O
E U M
EXCLUDE
T B
YOU OTHER
R D
ME YES

GUMMY PIE

Gummy pie, gummy pie
makes me smile, I wonder why
stick your fingers in, o my!
have some fun with gummy pie

Start out with a bowl or tin
stir some sticky stuff right in
jelly beans and chocolate mints
add some honey and mix again

Sprinkle in some sugar too
molasses for a taste that's new
what would maple syrup do?
makes a batch of yummy goo!

Now it's running over the top
sticky, icky unreasonable glop
more of everything, don't stop!
if it spills we'll get a mop

All done making our GP
It tickled me, why would that be?
Stuck my fingers in, yee-hee
now they're stuck in gummy P

Why'd we make it? Don't know why
some things you've just got to try
if no one eats it, we won't cry
we made a funny gummy pie!

OUT AGAIN

If you could have a perfect day
Would it be-

Sit in a garden, watching flowers grow
No, way to boring and slow
And there would be bugs

Have an auditorium all to yourself
With pick of orchestral sounds
Well, no one else would be around to hear

Fly away to an unknown island
Sandy beaches, breezes, tall cool drinks
Exotic flavors all new to swallowing
But of course that wouldn't be home

No I'll take my garden in my mind
The music plays there anyway
While closing my eyes imagine the island
As though I were not out again

On the road working for someone else

WAVELENGTHS

Through ears, other gatherers of musical harvest
From pipe organ or hand-carved stick of bamboo
Music has the arms to lift, to awaken, to carry,
Each to his own desires
In each own's way:
Song of creation to rite of cessation.

The process of narrowing, defining
Is illusion in its apparent reduction
Where the many are eliminated to one:
This course leads to its own disappearance,
Rebirth of choice strikes again the spark.

Once the pieces fit tentatively in place
The experience of a different looking-glass reveals another order:
That composite, the summation held in hand, has many faces,
Its picture is a mosaic of forms,
An array of colors and complexions.

That which is beyond and beyond that which is:
At once both ends of the chain as well as its links,
Such we wish to know
Through symbols bridging the gap to our minds, given the right pathway:
Wavelengths that arouse indolence to life.

A NEW DAY

The day begins with dawn's pleasing light
Calm bridging between night and day.
As morning sun opens up a new page
Slowly people's activities begin to heat up.
Smiles turn serious, then darken into frowns
Goodness evaporates - emotions boil over
Dousing the flames warming civilization
Leading to rudeness, hate, war and death-
Until a new day appears again by grace
From the ashes of a burned yesterday
Bringing the cool morning light of new hope
With the promising smile of another day,
Another chance to make it to a better tomorrow.

H 2 EAU

Out of a single drop
A universe within comes swimming
Full of abundant varieties of life
A pearl seeding the endless worlds of planets

One first body crawls from the sea
Leaving the ocean without, yet remaining an ocean within
Partly constituted but purely based in salt, crystallized there
Embodying all worlds and all time

Out of air, and earth and fire
Dipped and raised in this universal cup of gold

We are infant individuality born in conflict
Commonly raised from liquid bearing life
Essential saline solutions and living brines
Now the same as in the very beginning

Disguised in multiples of similar forms
Flowing, streaming, clouding, condensing until snowing
As clearly as every starry flake is unique
Vain and quickly forgetting that we melt to a common pool

Dipped and raised in this transforming cup of gold
Out of air, and earth and fire

In ignorance of universal history, claiming special favor
In spite of undeniable fluidic likeness among us
We soon argue how each of us alone is one and only
Growing so specialized we must destroy any image outside the mirror

At odds with firmly established ground where we have grown
In defiance of the colors and movements of each other
Striking to kill the essence of others around-
Stop: Let us not forget that we were first dissolved

Out of air, and earth and fire and
We remain nothing but this

THE HAND

Stay or draw? Given a set of life cards
Will they be kept or discarded?
For some the decision is easy
A full house or four of a kind
Would beat most at any table

One new card might suffice
To complete one's nearly perfect hand
Draw two if three fifths say satisfaction

Why not choose to play all you have
You are not required to stay
Unless you see defeat coming
Unless you play the fool

For this hand, kept for years
Hoping opponents will have even less to show
Who would expect to still win

Give me a new hand
No king of brutality needed
No queen of selfishness to reign
No one-eyed jack half blind to nature everywhere
Simply winning- with an Ace of Hearts
