

# EMOTIONAL MOMENTS

Poems

From a

Mending Heart

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## Vicarious

Shrinking partakes of a dry drink  
Loving someone else's kinks  
Cleverly drowning their old assumptions  
Retrieving innocence from false presumptions  
Patiently pelted by pain's pricks  
Yet loving through their false tricks  
Healing the lies their guilt has devised

Sea of nodding needs headed  
Toward gratified and bedded  
Shrinks gather in solitary waves  
Of plodding braves seeking crave  
Enduring everything to devour  
The essence of vicarious power  
Being loved by loving

In the heart of another's heart  
Shrinks dart in and out of care  
Daring to assume what must be shared  
It's wrong to ask, so they passively bask  
Warmed in the dim shadow of love  
As if helping released them from need  
Leaving self-feed lonely and unheeded

## Failure

Failure haunts with small's glare  
Cutting disaster into naked's stare  
Filling the desperate's dam of resolve  
With fetid shame I'm still there

Cringing eyes feel despise  
Breathing hollow's hoary wind  
Hounding with dread  
The possibility of dead  
Taking me forever to bed

Stunned stumble-stutters  
Stammering humiliation  
Assassinating derivation  
Dissembling skill into unreal

I've since been hiding to stay alive  
Giving up most of living to survive  
Locked in mediocrity's contrived  
Patiently pouting but never shouting

Hope flinches with every dream  
Conceals whatever brightly beams  
Terrified to risk demise  
So happiness can realize

The root of my boot shakes  
Each time imagination quakes  
With possibility's newest takes  
I cannot risk another fake

Failure turns everything false  
Making effort impossible to waltz

## Being Nobody

Free of being somebody  
I could be me  
No longer fettered to familiarity  
Feeling could be new  
Instead of held subdued  
In popularity's clutch

Not knowing makes me possible  
Un-tethered to assumption  
Divorced from presumption  
Innocence creates originality  
In a hundred moments of Not  
Knowing what's happening  
Where being someone  
Dulls and dismays  
The discerning visions  
Of learning's play-full forays

## Leaping From Sleeping

My body lunged full four feet  
Out of dreaming into a terrible leap  
Instantly closing the gap that gaped  
Between my ambition and sleep's escape

Dreaming of protecting a vulnerable child  
From the attack of a devouring beast  
The wild invention of my intention  
Lunged to prevent this ravenous feast

The risk I brave to fulfill my crave  
For fame to heap my name with respect  
Rescuing me from the terrible neglect  
Of having absolutely no affect

But such wish-reckless flying  
Usually ends in bitter feckless crying  
The unfettered flaming of ambition  
Is an extremely rare condition

Impossible to obtain it must occur  
Even to be eligible one must demur  
To the deadly lure of wanting  
Forever haunting with its hungry taunting

Waking suddenly from dangerous dreams  
Of flying toward much hoped-for esteem  
I found myself awake on the floor  
Of wild's precipitously dangerous soar

Profoundly lucky to be unscathed  
By this crazed sleep-leap of faith  
Yet compelled I still am to fulfill  
The wishful purpose of my yearning will

But what if in leaping reality collides  
Smashing the head of my deepest pride  
Against the granite rock of repetitive fail  
Making impossible dreams my permanent jail

In the April of My November

In the April of my November  
I tried to remember love  
In the tiny moment of peak  
That climbed into my feet  
As I danced for a moment  
Prancing pride's possibilities

But always I sink quickly  
Into the sticky molasses of sickly  
Surrendering my surety to fate  
Feeling already it's too late  
To try and be something that's me  
It'll surely fail to breed

But what if November struggled  
To keep up with April's wriggles  
Discovering that doing is believing  
If pleasure does the conceiving  
Without conscience's help  
Withering possibility with whelp

Doing as well without June's bride  
Trying to ride on the back of beauty's pride  
As if being requires witnessing  
Apart from its own glistening  
Listening to the currents of August moon  
Crooning to the promise of April bloom



## Can I Have Some More

### PART I: Poverty's Fashion

Wanting usually suffers taunting  
 If it appears too dauntingly pleading  
 Needing more than what's given  
 Which most find brazenly driven  
 Flaunting greed as if it were need

Shame is the ordinary name  
 Given to making 'too much' claim  
 Upon the shared social game  
 Drowning what needs to shout  
 Leaving only fear's draining doubt

In the vacuum left, fear sucks dry  
 The vulnerable spirit of try  
 Leaving effort empty of rely  
 Gasping for the breath of I desire

Hollow hurriedly harries will  
 To bury the terror of emptiness  
 Before it devours too many hours  
 Of making simultaneous decisions  
 Racing furiously to arrange revisions  
 When you're just five years old  
 Hoping desperately to be what you're told

The dry winds of dying  
 Force desperate crying  
 I can't do this all alone  
 It's breaking my heart  
 I'm falling apart

Terror's lightning shatters sense  
 Thunder claps tense senseless  
 Rending stunned normal  
 Panic rapes will with indecision  
 Heart collapses from too much revision

Safety vanishes  
 Confidence ditches  
 Mind panics  
 Will withers  
 Heart hollows  
 Terror hovers  
 Esteem dies

I've stopped trying  
 To keep from dying

## PART II: Fear's Compassion

To survive endless hopeless  
 I must learn to thrive upon trusting me  
 To find that particular kind of shelf  
 Where I put myself in the wild melee  
 Of fear's sudden embrace of disaster's face

Safety-containment will grow  
 The more belief-in-me shows  
 Eventually I'll be able to see  
 The path of my own becoming  
 Unfettered from terror's errors

Where fear is met with welcome  
 Mistake greeted as a faltering child  
 Where need, frightened by wanting  
 Craves desperately not to be reviled  
 But patiently feted, soothed and smiled

The poetry of giving is the path of mend  
 Which morphs the terror of fear-talk  
 Into speculation's curious spirit-walk  
 As emotions talk instead of intend

Controlled feelings can only pretend  
That hazard isn't just around the bend  
In order to protect the dearness of never fearness  
Making scary remove and disappear  
Taking it from the place it's most needed  
Where it can be well soothed and greeted

Fear's a discernment of threat  
That hasn't arrived just yet  
Anticipation isn't fact  
So we don't need to react  
Shock-merging with the messenger  
Of panic's fear-predicted future-acts  
Scared is here, so what's its fear  
And what threatens what's dear  
And what soothes the weary

To find the currents of settle  
Keep constant with calm  
Never letting it bomb  
Nor boil its kettle

## Boredom

Boredom shrinks panic to pedantic  
Freezing fear's frantic spasms  
Coaxing out the kettle of settle  
Ensnaring comfort's easy ways  
By evacuating me of anything to say  
Before I kill the day with depression  
Unable to bore my way out of obsession

Ho-hum handles frantic hurry  
Turning worry into 'so what's new'  
As hordes of emptiness hollow  
Swallowing me with follow  
I'm the carrion-bird's feast  
At the very least we can sacrifice

Pink flesh morphs into think stress  
Furiously puffing cotton candy  
A dandy demanding booty for a death  
It was boredom that swallowed his breath

## Fame

Fame's fetid touch frightens me  
Enticing with respectability's urn  
Offering a plethora of what I yearn  
Seducing me into popularity's we

Laughter and praise make me crazed  
With delight's dazzling daze  
Releasing me from failure's gaze  
Ravenously devouring my malaise

Willingly swept off my spiritual feet  
Eager to greet myself with other's smiles  
Addicted to fame's dictating wiles  
Basking in continuous conceit  
Pretending I could defeat anything

I kneel before the goddess plenty  
Inhaling milky drops of praise  
I'm the slave of fame's pampering  
Binging on my pickled glaze

Replaced with fame  
I live for acclaim  
Addicted to behaving  
As if I'm always craving

## Fear's Folly

Some wear fear as horror  
 Seeping into every pore  
 Of every scary moment  
 Panic surging at will  
 Filling with a terrible chill  
 The hopes of skill's will

Others manage to defray  
 The terrible blow of fear's naysay  
 By cementing fear's afflictions  
 Into hope's expected prediction's  
 Surrendering life to suspicion's afflictions

Permanent vigilance banishes peace  
 Danger is everywhere rampantly astray  
 Defensive dominates anticipation  
 Only mistrust is trusted to say

Who knows which way is best  
 For fear to manifest itself  
 Is phobic right, the way to vote  
 Or is its counter a better plight  
 Perhaps neither is blessed  
 Then what is fear's antidote?

## II

To receive a proper downing  
 Fear must have its drowning ways  
 Whatever consequence that might belay  
 So have someone there to share  
 A burden far too big alone to bear

When fear arrives don't ditch and run  
Listen up or you'll miss the fun  
Fear is powerful only now  
Passes quickly if un-believed  
As just a momentary griever  
A wake up call to possible harm  
A warning alarm most carefully to heed  
But not an urgent demand for instant speed

## Damaging Opinion

Misunderstanding withers me  
Poisoning inspiration with diarrhea  
Forcing my heart to abandon originality  
Inviting convention to drain sense from me  
So I can have popularity's cache

Whipping vision into committee decision  
Clogging breathe with narrow breadth  
Quenching light with the darkened plight  
Of difference buried in the foul bog  
Of egalitarian's pampering clog

Ordinary has achieved dominion over life  
Only mediocre merit deserves a wife  
Making vision a discard-able wench  
The police dog's daring you to spit  
Why don't you just quit?



## Lonely

Lonely is the largest fear  
That threatens what's most dear  
The survival of the conscious me  
Its hopes, dreams and esprit  
That makes the myth of me

Without confirmation I'm dead  
Dissolving in the emptiness of dread  
Trying desperately to hold fast  
To my disappearing act  
One hand trying to clap  
A poor un-companioned sap  
Sucking emptiness from pap

Alone cannot be done alone  
Without reflection  
There is no recollection  
What starts soon departs  
Left alone to feel the blame  
Of being insufficiently game  
To attract essential acclaim  
Even from one other name

Lonely is the worst fear  
Inside of which I cannot be dear  
Leaving what I might invent  
A breathless effort never spent

## Partial Murder

Everyone thinks murder  
 Must be finished  
 To be considered deadly  
 Partial killings we accept  
 Taking no special notice  
 Of their oppressive affects  
 Except to point pathology-fingers  
 At evidence that fear always lingers  
 Calling it mental illness, weak will-ness  
 To fear the face of killing power  
 Just something personally neurotic  
 This evidence of generic despotic

We slay pieces of each other  
 As we crash our way  
 Through an average day  
 Slamming our brothers  
 As if they were dolls for play  
 Imitating how we were frayed  
 As the gods toyed with us  
 Calling it their loving fuss  
 While molding us to their animus  
 Training us for sacrifice in real war  
 Where killing is easy and rampant  
 Fury running a-mock, discarding care  
 Making 'fuck' mean love and hurt  
 Despairing hope's need for justice's skirt

What of the partly killed  
 Who suffer the depressive chill  
 Of other's comfort-thrills  
 Raping their particular will  
 On the cultural premise  
 That unfamiliar is swill  
 An irrelevant imbecile  
 A discard able nemesis

What happens to these child-souls  
 Or do we suppose their reactions  
 Are just disposable infractions  
 When inside their tiny space  
 Everything known scatters  
 Drained by terror, integrity shatters  
 Weakening the body  
 Exhausting its power  
 No longer able to glower  
 Afraid to be pissed  
 Fainting...  
 Pissing before knowing it  
 Losing control, releasing hold  
 Upon yesterday's mold  
 Sinking into being sullied and sold  
 A womb-slave in the market of other's bold  
 Sacrificed for them when told

We're trained to be fodder  
 For social canon  
 Unacceptably single  
 One must mingle  
 To be considered real  
 Loyalty above individual will  
 Sharing the social thrills  
 Of killing-each-other drills  
 Most call Love & War

Where who-it's-for is hidden  
 When we're ridden by Mob  
 The Social Mom who Mans  
 Issuing our principle commands  
 Making profitable corporate demands  
 Taking most of the available plans  
 Called death and taxes  
 When partial killings  
 Are the real-ass facts  
 Of the average social acts

Murder is done  
If any part of one-of-us  
Is permanently busted  
Unlikely ever again to be found  
Or trusted

## Conflict

Conflict's a non-event  
Happens every moment  
As one part of nature  
Touches another  
The two must decide  
Who's to go where  
And what's to be hither

The question becomes  
How is the mix to be done  
Or must we annihilate  
In order to be viable  
Is domination the only reliable?

It's a desperate thing  
To have always to win  
Come hell or high-water  
Makes us fodder for cannon

When love of Clementine  
Instead of who survives the crime  
Defines the rule of the OK Coral duel  
Framing larger than strife  
The knife that conflict invites  
So that anger is not killing  
Just an invitation to be more willing  
So that who dies and who thrives  
Is not the desperate, but the wise

Wisdom isn't knowing  
It believes everything  
The truth in every ring  
It makes no choices  
Just interprets voices

## The Funeral

Shaming me with its hallowed puff  
The funeral dirge pushed me over the bluff  
Of my abysmal loss trying to believe  
In this shared moment of grieved

But all around were hostile strangers  
Looking down upon my fatherly place  
Defacing me with terrible disgrace  
Oft spoken by my dead offspring's hate

The break I took from being father  
To gather my own pieces into repair  
My respite that exploded into her spite  
Withered the reputation of my life

She left me before I could come back  
To the hearth-place of our togetherness  
We were just beginning a new start  
When she and life came permanently apart

Leaving me grieving inside her hate  
Abandoned in estrangement's spiteful berate  
I yearn for a better chance for her life  
To grow peacefully into my fatherly plight

Yet relief soothes my hated heart  
No longer until death must it bear  
The permanent damage of her former despair  
Accompanying us in the tasks of repair

Yet I would willingly suffer that living pain  
In order to gain back the chance of her life  
Winding its way wherever she must go  
While binding her heart to our mutual know

**Erased at Five**

**Running ahead with gladness  
Eager to show the way  
Suddenly everyone's turned about  
No longer hearing even my shout**

**I've lost my other  
Nowhere in sight  
I've killed my brother  
There's nothing left to fight**

**I try to surge with courage  
The way I used to splurge  
But it's dead, there's nothing ahead  
No one's going there anymore  
Can I go to bed?**

**I try to make happiness lead  
But no matter how much love I feed it  
Others have their druthers  
Never bothering with brothers**

**I'm an ugly sore that's only a chore  
To look at more than a moment  
I'm hateful and berate-full  
For being such a love-needy bore**

**Shame is the name of my blame  
From which I will never exclaim  
It's become my truth, my sister Ruth  
Who frequently likes to complain**

**I've given up trying  
How can anything not be dying  
If no one can see it  
It's not worth crying**

**I've lost me-other  
I'm nowhere in sight  
I've killed my brother  
There's nothing left that's right**

## Ode to Life

When change created a knowing mind  
She gave it a heart to make it kind  
Warmed it with fantasy to give it life  
For growth she put it in the middle of strife

To be the wife who marries fear with laughter  
Beating unbearable with humor's embrace  
Yearning to occupy the distant hereafter  
Yet hungrily leaping into the immediate chase

Fluctuating twixt forever and stop-holding-me-back  
Illuminate every second with its powerful thwack  
Hanging on the brink between desire and far-ahead  
Where life is most thrillingly bedded and read

Making moments when I'm most precious to me  
Fulfill the promise of my natural be  
Investing me with courage to be what I must  
Meeting what happens with an open trust



## Defining Moment

When a tiny scribble of life  
 Can be heaven or unbearable strife  
 Control has been entirely lost  
 Fate has become super-boss

Unfettered by my particulars  
 The grim reaper dismembers me  
 Pounding my possibility's being  
 Into the pulp of insignificance

I'm fate's member  
 Who doesn't remember me  
 Fracturing the factual  
 Fictioning the actual  
 With sealed sorrow  
 Visiting every tomorrow

Living on borrowed  
 Praying for hallowed  
 But getting hollow  
 Only emptiness to swallow

## II

But if fate should conspire  
 To hire my destiny's fires  
 Then pain will be repealed  
 All curses healed

I will burst with boundless joy  
 Life morphing into my toy  
 Making what must be  
 Delightfully friendly to me

## III

But to stand thus on the brink  
 Of superhero-ed or hoodwinked  
 To fly or die in a blink  
 Is more than I can think

## Satisfaction

Satisfaction shatters emptiness with levity  
Drains importance from doubt's dissolve  
Transfuses void with the joy of buoyed  
Restores length to evolving resolve  
Once again finds the ring of solve  
Emerging with the urging of a sigh  
Aaaah...Hi. Welcome home satisfy.

## Selfish

The social winds pale me  
 Blanching the colors I see  
 Blanketing what sharpens  
 Dulling the cutting edge of my mind  
 Making me assembly line kind

Blend or be plucked  
 Bored or get fucked  
 Brain drained to mindless  
 Keeping strange hidden  
 So comfort can always be ridden

If light catches the glint  
 Of the recalcitrant flint  
 Of one will forcing specifics  
 Upon the mirror-less surface  
 Of common purpose

Morality will ignite fierce resolve  
 To shun what doesn't dissolve  
 Claiming life is made mostly for love  
 Keeping our eyes on beyond and above  
 Making of self a vagabond

Me is mostly immediate and here  
 Now is my greatest power  
 I should never leave this moment  
 Before devouring at least an hour  
 Letting the flying gypsy flower

A piece of myself always alone  
 Makes a solid mind of my own

Whereas love can kill, or care  
 What fails fit is counterfeit fare  
 Hurrying our exit to beyond and bare  
 Where boring is ordinary  
 And time is only counted

## Trauma

Traumas are seldom seen  
 Keen as we are to seem clean  
 Our loving hides its tainting stains  
 Sure that the intent to care  
 Inflicts no damaging pains  
 Requiring the slightest bit of repair

'For your own good' is a disguise  
 For diddling care to extract tithe  
 Cannibalizing without reprieve  
 As if eating cared for what it predates  
 Sure taste's titillation honors what it ate  
 We trust our loving as if it had  
 No potential for making sad

While unseen victims stand by  
 Waiting for the chance to survive  
 'Cause once devoured, no subsequent hour  
 Contains the tiniest drop of reliable safe  
 Danger moves into ordinary space  
 Turning everything dreadfully sour

Hurt hides this fate  
 Making truth abdicate  
 Its claim upon seeing  
 Deceit haplessly haunting  
 Increase what's daunting

Trauma-pain stays intact  
 No matter what the facts  
 Of present time's acts  
 Is only repealed by the perfect kiss  
 Timed and suited to the sufferer's bliss  
 Healing every chard of what's missing  
 That once betrayed a loyal loving  
 Child-willing to be used or abused  
 In order always to be fused  
 With the source of its food

To achieve blindness toward the source of pain  
So that connection above all else remains  
Knowing becomes fuzzy and mindless  
Meaning loses rhyme or kindness  
Heart escapes into boredom's renunciation  
So living can morph into quiet desperation

A soul is lost  
Change stops  
Meaning plops  
The plot peters  
Life drizzles  
Settles for fizzles  
Extinct hovers  
No one bothers

## Mary Jane

Mary Jane's my secret lover  
Steals for me back from time  
The carefree lightness of discover  
That clangs the chimes of childhood rhyme

Bells ring wildly through the grass  
Of whatever passes the catching eye  
Of curiosity's cry for laughter  
In the midst of conflict's disaster

Making one thing mean two themes  
Forcing incompatibles to talk  
To see where each part walks  
Discover what to leave, and what to go after

Two incompatibles tethered to the same joint  
Imitating play's complexity of points  
Where cream and crime can chime together  
Making enemies temporary brethren

Conflict passes through time's truth  
Stripping itself of uncouth fears  
Making scary into simply daring  
The tears of sighing washing weary

Making encouragement bloom  
Under the spell of Mary Jane's broom  
Swishing away the fears of today  
As adversity melts in the joy of laughter

## Eating Love

Hidden-claims control my aims  
Welcomed looters proclaiming rights  
To love me into their plights  
Making them my new name

Pretending to offer happiness  
While secretly making me theirs  
Pulling the strings of my need  
To make me crave what I like to eat

Turning taste into freebase  
Morphing pleasure into gaunt chase  
Addicting me to what I want  
Burning desire into a frantic taunt

Tugging the lines that make me mind  
I'm yours until the end of time  
To do with as you will, I want  
As for me I can only haunt

## To Know

Most of what there is to know  
We don't  
In every sense of no  
We don't see, nor hear, nor sense  
Nor know, nor want to know  
What's right in front of our nose  
We haven't learned always to suppose  
Suspending knowing in order to propose  
That something new is trying to glow



## Thought

Thinking like drinking  
 Intoxicates itself  
 With unlimited possibility  
 Making false claim that drunk  
 Is the same as dunk  
 In the ball sense of profound  
 As if every hoop astounds

Think claims fame with every thought  
 Look, ma, what I brought  
 Giving power not to life  
 But to the strife of reason  
 Rifling with thought's knifing  
 Shooting another barrage  
 Into its neighbor's garage  
 In the spirit of competitive achieving

The imagination of mind is endless  
 Giving possibility countless breaths  
 Killing hopelessness` 'there's no way'  
 Keeping alive the chance that change will pay

But thought doesn't make my day  
 It's not the source of what stays  
 It's only a lab that plays with prefab  
 So I can imagine what can be had

What's new and true  
 Must be envisioned  
 Before it's decision-ed  
 Or commissioned

Which comes not from having babies  
 Nor from what loving wrought  
 But from a single human heart  
 Which gives birth to every thought  
 From the first start  
 Or it would never impart

## Politically Correct

In order to be properly connected  
 One must be infected with plain  
 Leaving no evidence of personal grain  
 To avoid instant removal by disapproval  
 If sporting too many discerning ways  
 Mucking the social mix with nay says

Such fear forces fierce policing  
 Fleecing humor from every rumor  
 Tightening the gate of opportunity  
 To let pass only those asses  
 Tethered to the tune of normality  
 The usual form of community

It's a fix to nix the soothsayers  
 These conveyors of newness  
 Are simply out of tune-ness  
 And must be edited away  
 From the average anal day  
 So they don't make waves  
 Luring slaves into originality

Odds are stacked against the wall  
 Of indifference that palls the will  
 Still trying to believe in skill  
 Inside a torrent of grieving  
 For the death of believing  
 No longer attending or ascending  
 The mending heights of inspiration

Then only perspiration persists  
 Laboring to deliver money  
 Making production into anal reduction  
 Farting the fetid winds of false favors  
 Bitterly diffusing public behavior  
 Into a blur of empty promises  
 Shrouding hope with the poison of despair  
 Where there's absolutely no repair

Perhaps tight social sameness  
 Of cautious political blameless  
 Which leaves us all so nameless  
 Hasn't proven so perfectly sane  
 Trying desperately to remain tame  
 Playing the same forever-game  
 Who me, I didn't complain or claim  
 I'm just part of the chain-of-command

To keep alive the chance of free  
 Why not learn carefully to be  
 Adaptive to what happens next  
 Give it a try, or allow it to pass  
 Letting inclination tell us why  
 Not hiding from the chiding  
 That we've done too much guiding  
 Pricking the muddy mix of democratrix  
 Penetrating plurality with our peculiar preferences

Liberally to bark, spark and heretic  
 There's no need to fear any of it  
 Patiently following the precipitous path  
 Of difference's circuitous math  
 Until contradictory and uncommon styles  
 Reveal their intrinsically cooperative wiles

Suggesting a way together to play  
 Even in the midst of apparent betray  
 Trying to entice us back into war  
 Where we can black and white galore

Self belongs right here where it's needed  
 Here and now in the midst of heated  
 Running away forces immediate conclusion  
 Reducing possibility entirely to contusion

## Happy Surprise

Have we ever noticed that right next to pain  
Is the very gain that we're suffering without  
Perpetually preoccupied with wrestling bouts  
Of not having enough, making possibility pitiful  
Giving us an attitude which is perpetually critical

If lucky enough finally to achieve  
The aim of our yearning's belief  
To escape from the crave of grieved  
To feel the happiness of learning's reprieve  
Then great surprise will suddenly conceive

Looking back at those bleak black bleeds  
We realize we were sewing the very seeds  
That brought us to this moment of pleased  
That while we were so utterly unhappy  
Happy things close by were happening

Happy is unable to Atlas life  
Which contains an equal portion of strife  
Whose effects can be ignored, but for a terrible price  
That when death meets us with grief and regret  
That we've let life chisel us as something to forget  
Never cutting it with the shape of our breadth  
Then panic chases us urgently into death

Happiness is not a rightful given  
That once established can be forever ridden  
Each piece must be discovered or recovered  
Mated to the peculiar measure of our pleasure  
Pieced into the mosaic of our wisdom's peace  
Patterned to cooperate with our loved one's feast

## To Be Heard

To be completely heard  
In every nuance of every word  
Where the heart hides its music  
Someone to hear the melodic tune-of-me  
Before breaking it apart  
For consumption and revision  
Ultimately for response-decision

But first to hear me and reflect  
The effect of my words upon their heart  
Before rewriting my melody from the start  
To fit the peculiar needs of their dialect

To be thus heard is love at its purest  
Giving the special care that angels dare  
Shoeing another into our private lair  
Where we suckle the sumptuous breasts  
Of each other's needful hearts  
Bringing joy to all our parts

## If Pissed Justice Busts

Accustomed to craving dare  
I raced by the lair  
Of what turned out to be joy  
Which I almost missed  
In my hurried scurry through pissed  
Insisting upon satisfaction

Reprieve was there for the asking  
Patiently tugging on my sleeve  
Imploring to bask in the grace  
Of my warm forgiving embrace  
– As my fury rushed by  
Flattening its innocent face

Jerking myself quickly around  
I came to the ground of my need  
Hungriily acknowledging the misdeed  
Of my angry pursuit of mead  
Pretending to protect  
But letting resentment infect  
The feeding of that needing

I re-tuned me to be supplicant  
Seeking enjoyment of succulent  
Hoping to escape self-sabotage  
Whose secret plan is forever to ban  
The joy of satisfaction's needful demands  
The hopeful path that's deeply endangered  
By the wrath of resentment's revenge-plan

## Doing Without

As children we're experts at doing without  
 Relinquishing even life without a shout  
 If death is all we're allowed to be about  
 By those who tended the garden of We-eden

Where we were bred, fed and bedded  
 With whatever gruel happened to rule  
 The emotional home of our beginnings  
 Where the good-of-all laid claim to our winnings

When disappointment becomes depressive settle  
 Adapting to sacrifice's suicidal kettle  
 Blame ruthlessly shaming to help the killing  
 Of our particular recalcitrant willing

Slapping the face of future setbacks  
 Making all letdowns reenact the facts  
 That originally dissected us from our own acts  
 Indenturing us to the needs of other's tasks

We're not just suppressed  
 We're also confessed sufferers  
 Sure that morality and our neglectful parents  
 Require us to carry shame for their errants  
 And for any subsequent needful loved ones  
 Who find what we do to be unpleasant

Keeping us forever tied to our child-ness  
 That fragile condition of underachieving  
 Of being unable clearly to state our position  
 Obligated to let others write the laws of prohibition  
 Telling us what to be, and what not to be  
 Shouting the necessary conditions of our positions  
 In the conforming scheme of community's ordinary dreams

We're pinned to the sins of others  
Walled off from our own druthers  
Enslaved to accidental older brothers  
Buried in a pile of fossilized feces

So we must find a way to arrange cohabitation  
So that ordinary conflict doesn't require annihilation  
Of the necessary dissonance of individual variation  
Leaving us free to be our own peculiar deviation



## Running on Empty

The entropy of beginning  
Makes imagination rot  
Pestering vision with boredom's plot  
Filling dreams with spent shots  
Of squatted ingots of trying  
When doing either is, or is dying

## Depression

There's more in this than greets the eye  
Said the butterfly to the cloudy sky  
It looks like pain is the stained reply  
That will rain upon the tender wings  
Of my soft feathery comfortings

Panic pierced the bone of memory's tone  
Chilling the flight of respite  
Leaving barely breathing hearts  
To fear enslaved, saturated with pain  
Yet need craves for more of the same

Ducking quickly into the nearest cave  
All too willing to be enslaved  
Walking the plank of desperation's daze  
Leaping into oblivion's blank  
Escaping terror by drifting into haze

Amnesia erases what I can't face  
Pulling think back from the brink  
Of disaster's compulsive extinct  
I scream for succor from a discerning drone  
That never entirely leaves me alone

It's the knowing that's gnawing  
Weaving weariness round my flank  
With absolutely nothing left in the bank  
Living makes me tired and lazy  
Almost ready to push up a daisy

## Desperate

Desperate compels drastic  
Putting spastic in charge of dear  
Weighing importance with every move  
As if by acting something could be proved  
Forcing vast expectation  
Upon every animation  
Such that will cannot fill the void  
Whether toward filled  
Or disconnected  
Who cares which one  
Something must be done

Panic precipitously frets  
Whether I'm whom I feel  
Or just another reel  
Of pretending to be  
Trying by concoction  
To auction off a fraud  
As something to applaud

If the news is bad  
Let me down easy  
So I don't fall where no one can recall  
What befell the tell of my life  
No longer able to push back  
The backbreaking fact of insignificance  
Only death survives 'what's the difference'

Desperate pushes too close to dissolution  
Hoping to end the terrible confusion  
Of unending self diffusion  
Making death a possible solution

## Innocent Love

When love loses you  
You've been put on trial  
For the right to be loved  
Care is no longer just there  
It threatens to become rare

Each time love is thwarted  
In its natural need to be courted  
Disappointment eats away  
At the foundation of endearment's say  
Convicting the suffering of failing  
To keep connections from derailing

Instead of attending  
I've been transcending  
Comprehending me  
Being wonderful  
And expecting consent  
But getting abandonment  
For failing to depend  
And bend

Suddenly everyone else  
Threw me onto the shelf  
Leaving without me  
I lose myself  
It's my own fault  
I'm the one who forgot  
To attend the we-pot  
I'll give up me to have thee

Forever after I must defend the glue  
Of the connection between me and you  
Never going far away, without your say  
I've found my vocation's way  
To love you above me for the duration  
And try not to notice my broken heart

## Waiting

It's the wanting of waiting that wearies  
Delaying what's dear, making it dreary  
Hope planted in the garden of need  
Has produced only sterile weed  
Exposing care to sudden dissolution  
That what was happily about to occur  
Is just a mirage from which now to demur

A make-believe turned into grieve  
Forcing abandonment of hunger for fit  
Leaving it sucking on a stiff wooden tit  
Trying desperately to conform  
To what can't ever be warmed  
As if pretending adorned with riches  
What had been suckled by witches

Hopeful is weary with incessant hitches  
Wanting, wooing, waiting, worrying  
Afraid of what most enriches  
If once more it comes with glitches

Passing time without happening  
Makes a happy sapling snap  
Broken under the weight of token  
Lots of delay with no play

Then only hurry-up will do  
Keeping busy to avoid dizzy  
Flailing feet faltering under  
Slightly delaying falling asunder

## Truth for Sale

For those who seek to inspire  
By investing new cleansing fire  
Into the fabric of how things transpire  
In the course of our daily sooth or ire

Those who strive to hire virtue  
To compete with disappointment's view  
That everything must either be totally true  
Or is victim for profit's royal screw  
Taking the lion's share of what's new

Life requires satisfying manna  
The present price-tag of continuing to wanna  
Which is just profit off the top-of-it  
The tithe required to stay alive

Society pretends to be for us  
When its principle role is to prevent our fuss  
So it can suck from the tit of our labor  
Devouring the fuel that heats the forge  
Which anvils newness into the gorge  
Of life's perpetually changing course

Sounding possibility's gong  
Announcing newness' song  
Making offers that can't be refused  
Because they fuel encouragement  
In the furnace of effort's use

All normally seen suddenly as pitiful  
From the perspective of profit's privilege  
Lavishly paying for the pampering  
Necessary instantly to bury the rage  
That happiness hasn't before engaged

Who's going to invest in hope  
When instant satiation drugs despair  
With momentary bought-pieces of repair  
Abandoning the challenge of reprieve's dare

To suffer the birth-pangs of grief-pain  
In order to bear the offspring of redemption's flame  
Which births painfully at first glance  
Briefly sully hope's emerging romance

If ignominiously dropped right there  
Change never gets the chance to stare  
Blinded by the falseness of profit's glare  
Which cynically slays the innocence of hope  
By doping the innocent before they can grope

When my feelings stopped happening

Unfettered feeling loves to bask  
In the soft repose of heart's repast  
Filling the temple of life's passing  
Following the path of feeling-habitat

But when feeling enflames others to blame  
What heart offers as innocent game  
Exposes love to intolerable shame  
Enflaming heart-stuff with mistrust  
Snuffing safety's comfort trust

Such shunning squashes tenderness  
Bursting safety from its harbor  
Skewing the alignment  
Of expectation's arbor  
Scattering possibility's chances  
Trying to rekindle security's dances  
Which could sooth by soft romances  
With anticipation of familiar glances

But when feeling dies  
Only shame replies  
That it's best to purge  
The slightest urge  
To be peculiarly anything  
That rings too much of you  
Dominating the social stew

No more the peculiar hue  
Of your heart's heat  
Beats the drum  
Of this moment's feat



One learns to live outside of heart  
Where only thought is allowed to impart  
Abstracting life in order to fit  
So we can all think the same shit  
Survival by spirit-sacrifice  
Leaving a hollowed place  
Where heart once made faces

Leaving mind's will  
To pretend to elect  
The effects of feeling's  
Murderous neglect

## Hope

To venture a hopeful thought  
That something eagerly sought  
Is joyfully about to be caught  
Sends pleasure shockwaves  
Down the back of resolve  
Previously trying to solve  
What it means to be involved  
By talking love  
Instead of doing it

Fearfully worrying  
That respite isn't hurrying  
Thinking the worst  
Embracing the cursed  
Chime of dread's crime  
To kill hope's climb  
By grasping doubt  
As the safest route  
Cowering where hope ascends  
Kneeling to make amends

Yet wanting desperately to follow  
What's made memory hollow  
A dream of the dauntingly illicit  
To embrace the tender loving care  
Of satisfaction's rampant flare  
Fondling the tumescent surprise  
That hope can sometimes contrive  
Rising up through the spine of mind  
Exploding kindness into what's been mindless  
Grateful to be momentarily married  
To what makes fear more easily carried

## Painfully Aware

I know I need to believe  
That only uncertainty conceives  
Life is learning to achieve  
Finding new ways to perceive  
But what if I can't stop grieving  
For no one ever believing  
That the mess that's me  
Deserves occasional reprieving

Otherwise reality is impossible  
Everything becomes toss-able  
Nothing nailed down  
Except I'm a useless noun  
Falling replaces the ground  
Truth becomes a clown  
There's nothing to believe  
It's all the shriek of deceive  
Punishing my attempts to cleave

I'm endlessly disconnected  
Afflicted with fear's shears  
Scything everything dear  
Dismantling what was clear  
Neglecting my need  
Condemning it as greed  
I become insubstantially repugnant  
I'm ugly to be known  
As more than an empty groan

I'm surrounded by need  
Unable to feed  
Nothing but greed  
Forcing me to concede everything

I perceive every stumble  
As the beginning of crumble  
Try and give it away  
Make it someone else's shout  
Plowing me into paranoid  
Suspicion becomes tradition  
Devoid of safety's clout  
Making everything howl  
What's all the fuss about