

TRANSFORMATION OF POWER



Blake Harrington

poems, pictures, recorded songs, videos

TRANSFORMATION OF

POWER

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PART ONE

soliloquys and songs

videos for soliloquys and songs are found at
www.blakeharrington.com

TOP
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soliloquy 1



A WILD FLOWER FIELD

(in physics a field is a region of space where a force acts on every point)

Seeds scattered randomly
Fashion a look perfectly balanced,
Weeds spun casually
Unfold as elegant lace fabric,
Flowers draped gracefully
Reveal more beneath the bodice,
Leaves sewn intricately
Cloak the field in power



song 1
Invitation
(a new power principle)

1 Invitation

(a new power principle)

Come with beauty
And add to what we have to give
Though we know not the name
As the form is still hidden
A shape is born fashioned in goodness

For we come with beauty

For we come with beauty
And each has a gift to give
Though small and simply precious
Synchronized yet wild with passion,
A flower field of our creation

A flower field of our creation

Listen, an Indian drum,
A hummingbird's hum,
Oh! my love the time has come
To bend like a rush in the breeze,
Come my love, come sway with me

A hand on the knee,
A kiss on the cheek

Come my love, come sway with me
In a flower field of our creation,
A flower field, Oh YES!
Where you come my love with your beauty

soliloquy 2



CONCENTRATION OF POWER UPON THE FIELD (the greatest transfer of wealth in human history)

The United States is over 35 trillion dollars in debt,
Whatever for?

When you consider there's only around
25 trillion dollars worth of mined gold in the world.
America supposedly still holds most of Europe's bullion
From a World War fought over 80 years ago,
Do you really think the gold is still around?
I don't.

Instead of creating a paradise for all
Our elites built a leviathan for their own,
And oh! how foolishly giddy we grew
When they threw us a leftover bone:
In return for their kingdom built with our wealth
Everyone got a smart phone



song 2
Leviathan
(the tragedy of power)

2 Leviathan

(the tragedy of power)

Where did all the wealth of the people go?
I said, where did all the wealth of the people go?
Driven down a ripped off road, America!
City streets should be paved in gold
With the honey roll of money that they stole
From every home in every city
Sinking into the 21st century

Master elite feast while the people
Eat left over scraps from a bullwhip lash,
Salt water poisonous seas of a leviathan.
Its tentacles wrap all around
Controlling more and more powerfully,
As we hypnotically drink away
Sinking into the 21st century

Come on! Two score and one year ago
Now we're busted, broke and in the hole.
Where did all the wealth go?
Oh! tell me where did it go?

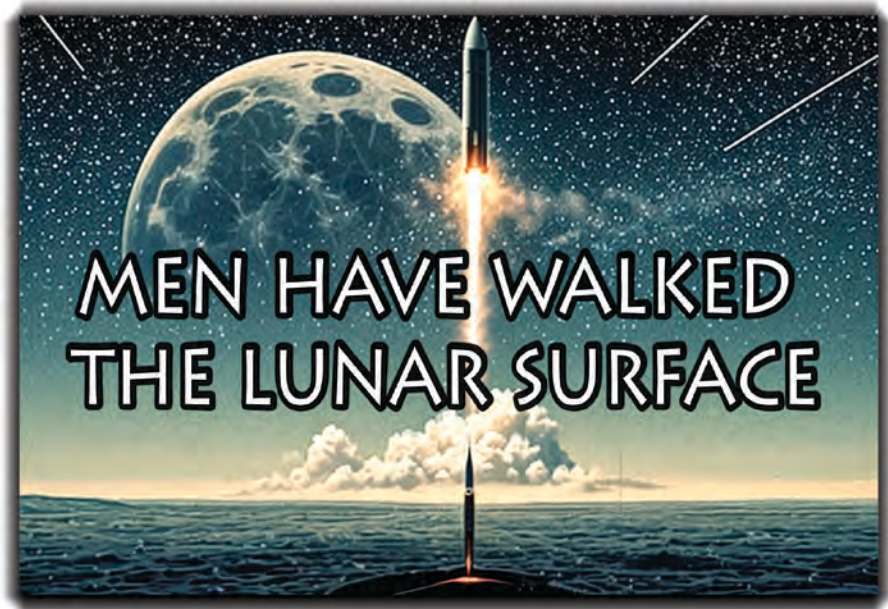
With our stolen gold their palaces grow
Deeply built where we may never go,
Where no longer is the sweat of our brow
A necessary need when master can
Feed himself digital bread at high-speed,
So what happens to the ripped off masses
Sinking into the 21st century?

soliloquy 3



MIGRATION UPON THE FIELD (HuManS)

Long ago,
Indians journeyed to America
Eastward
Over a frozen landbridge
In Asiatic hordes,
Like Pilgrims who sailed to America
Westward
Upon waves of immigration
Via European shores,
Or Slaves who voyaged to America
Downward
Below decks of merchant ships
Groaning with human cargo,
As Anyone who ever gazed to America
Homeward
With longing in their soul



song 3

IPSA

(American power)

3 IPSA

(American power)

Indians, Pilgrims, Slaves and Astronauts

A distant call to freedom sounds
From land as far away
As America across an ocean
Atlantic cold and gray.
Is not the soul just as far?
And the voyage just as hard?
An inward ocean sailed across
To freedom of the heart

For Indians, Pilgrims, Slaves, and Astronauts

Riding rockets fueled with courage
Men have walked the lunar surface
Slow like underwater movements
Cast in basaltic blue-green glow.
If only I may be so bold
As to walk the earth with a courage so
To trust the care of where to go
To others with a simple purpose

Like Indians, Pilgrims, Slaves and Astronauts,
Like Indians, Pilgrims, Slaves and Astronauts

A distant call to freedom sounds
From a whistling train
Traveling north to freedom for
African American slaves

Indians, Pilgrims, Slaves and Astronauts

Walking along the fenced up boarder
Dreamers on parade,
Native eyes gaze up at night
To see upon the silver moon's face

Indians, Pilgrims, Slaves and Astronauts

soliloquy 4



THE PRIMEVAL FIELD (evolutionary salvation)

At times I feel ashamed to be alive
When I think of all the pain inside life,
Is any being really justified?
A river of tears is torrentially cried
For billions of years to be alive, and
What right do we have to salvation
When treading upon the broken backs
Of wretched creatures long past
We so rightously walk upright?



song 4
When The Towers Fell
(the history of power)

4 When The Towers Fell

(the history of power)

When the towers fell
They buckled under the fire
Consumed in the flames of Authoritarian power,
How biblical in scale!
They wilted just like a flower
Blazing beneath a dark continental sun.
Where like a human tower
The first man stood upright
And he walked like a sun
Rising up over the savannah.
Perhaps it was his vanity
That willed himself to be
Freed from the worms eye view
Of a bent over beast?
Look at me!
He cried towering over his wretched kind,
And in turn they stared in awe
And crowned him king.
As true today as two million years ago
To be human has remained unchanged
For every fallen tower
No sooner than gets replaced,
To be human is to be enslaved



soliloquy 5

THE ELECTROMAGNETIC FIELD (HuManS 2)

A magnetic mist shimmered around Her Majesty's Ship
As the midnight storm raged.
The ghostly presence of that volatile cloud
Like a shrieking wraith outside the ship's hull
Burst into flashes electrically charged
All throughout our passage

We sailed those waves by stormy illumination
Till evening's spectral haze gave way.
Light from the solar disc rising in the east
Washed the phantasmic mist away,
And like the gleaming eye of a jungle beast
The day was lit ablaze

Below the primal gaze of the morning sun
Rushing waves raced toward a blackened shore.
The volcanic cone that belched out the shoreline
Towered behind a beach of dark, crystal glass
Where once a molten river flowed,
And the rising tide now crashed

Startled upright near the ancient shore
A creature tumbled back onto all fours.
Its terrified face upwardly gazed
Through mannish eyes transfixed upon
Her Majesty's Ship that eclipsed the sun
While descending from a darkened sky



song 5
Virtual Power Rules
(digital power)

5 Virtual Power Rules

(digital power)

In the shadow of the digital tower
Rising up monumental
And spread for power so immoral
Invisible tentacles sink into everything.
Feeling its way,
Holding sway,
Spreading and
Judging without mercy

With the natural understanding
That the powerful rule
Not by what is good or merciful
Nor by what is true,
But by the might over its domain
Like a pack of wolves descending at night
Upon a herd of shepherd-less sheep
Virtually sound asleep

Humans serve
The powerful,
It's natural,
In the virtual power rules

soliloquy 6



THE FIELD MOUSE

(entertainment is the lowest form of truth)

Long ago

When I was a meek little field mouse,
I truly understood the nature of things.

I was, in fact, the first philosopher!

Huddled in my small hollow

Sensing POWER radiating throughout the FIELD,

Be it bird or snake,

What difference did it make?

Either way, a mouse was a meal

Deep inside my tiny heart, however,

Surged the same primeval core

To devour and discharge energy,

My will to power soared!

From humble hollow to rising tower,

From mealiness to entertainment.

Why must this mouse sing and dance?

The power of amusement!



song 6
It's Academic
(the comedy of power)

6 It's Academic

(the comedy of power)

1, 2, 3, 8 billion

How do you know there's going to be a World War Three?

The answer to the thought in question

Is really quite an easy read.

Because there was a one and a two,

There will be a three,

Why wouldn't there be?

How do you know there's going to be a pandemic?

The answer to the thought in question

Is really quite academic.

Because that's what happens when

There are 8 billion people on the planet,

It's academic.

Pandemic, pestilence, war, famine, dying sick,

It's academic

How do you know there's going to be a raging earth?

The answer to the thought in question

Is really all about what comes first.

Comet strikes the polar ice

Or the super volcano explodes beneath?

Why do we worry?

How do you know we're being led to the slaughter?

The answer to the thought in question

Is really all about power.

Because that's what the powerful do

In order to save their own skins,

They know the where and the when,

The where and the when.

A_C_A_D_E_M_I_C

A_C_A_D_E_M_I_C_K_E_Y_M_O_U_S_E

M_O_U_S_E

soliloquy 7



THE FIELD IN WINTER (freeze of February)

While gazing at footsteps in the snow
How can the path be known?
I've tread this winter with my head hanging down.
Was it the snow, the ice, the cold
That kept me so forlorn?
Lost and all alone I sank into the ground
Where the freeze of February thickens till thaw
Seems like a dream so far off,
The snow, the cold, the ice and frost,
Spring soundly sleeps beneath it all.
Is not love for you the same?
When will your snow change to rain?
The February of you remains
Long into the march of days



a feast awaits with a leap of faith

song 7

Pleasure Garden

(the hope of power)

7 Pleasure Garden (the hope of power)

Does your heart hurt from the pain of here?
Where miserable hope cursed with wretched fear
Fill the breast till no room is left
For soul inside to come rest,

Does your heart hurt from the pain of here?

Bitter thoughts from poison fruit
Consumed in such a lonesome pursuit
Well it heavily weighs upon my chest
So much so I struggle for breath,

Does your heart hurt from the pain of here?

But today I spied while in my tree
Far away beyond the boundaries
Where you grow a blossom garden
With ripened fruit so sweet to senses,

Today I spied while in my tree

A feast awaits with a leap
Oh! a leap of faith
Beyond the boundaries pass the gait
Where fruitful thoughts aglow repose
In the pleasure of your garden

In the pleasure of your garden

soliloquy 8



A FIELD EQUATION (the riddle of existence)

What comes out of a hole
And feverishly grows
Infinitely high,
Forever wide,
And boundlessly low
But still fits in a hole?



song 8
Epstein's Isle
(the abuse of power)

8 Epstein's Isle

(the abuse of power)

Give me liberty or give me death
Has become give me my living room,
And I promise to do as I'm told
By terrible people who do as they will.
There on Epstein's fantasy
Isle for the powerful
Elite who rule the world criminally,
There on Jeffery Epstein's
Isle for the criminal elite.
Give me liberty or give me death
Has become give me a cheap flatscreen
Television set where I can watch
Porn programmed distraction.
Now I may be perversely poor
And I'm so sorry to be cruel,
But they're the ones undoubtably
We should lock away in quarantine
There upon Epstein's fantasy isle,
Who believe the world to be
Their own little underaged oyster,
And when their financial meltdown crashes
Do we want their criminal asses
To rise above the ashes malodorously?
Let's round up the criminal elite
And quarantine them all upon
Jeffery Epstein's isle for
Isle for the criminal elite

soliloquy 9



THE GRAVITATIONAL FIELD (the trappings of power)

A greater reality exists
Beyond our powerfully clenched fists
Which grip flesh and time in their midst,
Such strength is the will to grasp
As long as flesh and time may last
Fleeting forms that flash out, but
Our soul is not that.
Soul is the will to be free
From whatever power traps



song 9

Earth

(transformation of power)

9 Earth

(transformation of power)

The earth is spinning power
Around a molten iron core
Where stored lines of magnetic force
Burst out in all direction.
Without a heart, without a home,
Just a surface of land and ocean
Sheltering any random form
Till her soul becomes a vision

Her presence is unveiled
Upon the wooded trail beneath the tree leaves
Pierced by sun rays of illumination,
Her face comes forth
Crowned by a course of stars
Orbiting her brow like the constellations,
Her form is revealed
Beneath thin linen robes draped to the heel
In curvaceous astonishment,
Her revelation is shown
To those who wish to know
The nature of her hidden world

Sentience is the most precious,
Sought after thing in creation
Worth beings fighting over its control,
So much more than silver or gold.
For is not a bomb first a thought?
And what becomes of a stone when thrown?
And what is 14 billion years
If no one is counting the time?

The earth is spinning power
Around a molten iron core
Sheltering any random form
Till her soul becomes a vision

A vision

soliloquy 10



THE FIELD OF PERCEPTION (the senses)

Sound hidden deep like a water beat drum
Pounds beneath the fabric of things so quietly
We strain to hear,
Nectar mysteriously sweet like honeysuckle
Delicately laces matter so subtly
We long to taste,
Sight obscurely seen like vaporous steam
Rises from the breath of existence so vaguely
We search to see,
Odor uncertainly perceived like distant incense burned
Secretly perfumes the atmosphere so faintly
We struggle to smell,
Sensation received like warmth
Spreads from the soul so mysteriously close
We reach to touch



song 10
Revelation
(the revelation of power)

10 Revelation

(the revelation of power)

Revelation

Revelation

Revelation

Revelation

Revelation

Revelation

Revelation

Revelation

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Revelation

Revelation

Revelation



soliloquy 11

THE FIELD OF UNDERSTANDING

(Her Majesty's Ship ATABEY and
the journey to the sentience of soul)

When we left we had to leave
The emptiness of nothing
With the will to be alive
That sailed into a sea of light

This such sea upon its waves
Sailed the ship of Atabey
To the landing of our passage
Where we grew among the grasses

Near the shore beyond the sand
Grew the random seed of man
Into consciousness objectively real
With soul unbound to sow the field

PART TWO

POEMS

TOP
T

Fantasy Of Color

Light strikes her like a prism of ice
Scattering a fantasy of color,
Till this rainbow like a melting halo
Slowly drips down her smooth shoulders,
The warmed ice recedes with an intrigue
As if her clothes were being stripped,
Oh! to be the solar source
The force that melts her ice away,
Igniting her soul till water flows
And her naked moans glow fire

From Far Away

At times how unnatural nature seems
When wandering down a familiar path
The soul feels lost in the oddest of dreams,
How especially strange to wonder why
Home no longer appears to be found here
When wherever could we possibly be?
Something about us earthly creatures
Is as far away yet familiar
As the evening stars that distantly shine,
So too my soul has journeyed to be
A visitor of here and now fallen down
From far away

Sands Of Am

Sand in circles shifts as winds
Shape the desert sands of Am,
By day we stay in human tents
Till night we travel once again,
We are nomads with lives of sand
Forever shaped by winds of chance,
The forms we take never may
Remain the same, remain remains

Absense

I gaze into the gray mists
Of overhanging clouds adrift,
Your eyes! Your lips!
I see you there as I wish

I listen to the cannon balls
Of distant thunder above it all,
Your words! Your call!
I hear your voice and am enthralled

I feel again the pouring rain
Of misty clouds and weather vanes,
Your absense! Your grave!
Tears so real roll down my face

Breathe Easy

Why did everything abandon me?
I feel myself slowly sinking
With no friends left, no life vest,
No hope in my chest
To lift me, go with me
And help me breathe easy

Come sweet spirit, come through to me
If ever I need to feel the peace.
Rest me, bless me,
Kiss and caress me,
Lift me, go with me
And help me breathe easy

Oh! what joy we have deep inside.
The eternal spring fountain,
The spark divine that is us
And is with us
At the same time,
Oh! what joy we have deep inside

Spirit Sails

Sacred spirit is the wind,
Do you tell wind where to go?
No, your spirit sails
Where wind blows.
One secret sets your mind
Like a sail is ready when
The spirit ascends,
And your mind sail captures the wind.
A ready mind is open,
So close your eyes and feel wind rise.
You're set to sail
Anywhere the spirit guides

Carousel Music Box

A carousel music box
The winding hand springs
Sings out a song so sweetly
A playful melody
Like some cotton candy
Confectionery amusement
Spinning round the sound of music
Lightly laughing

Our horses racing neck and neck
Whirled us round the circus track
Like a glass cased carousel
Music box
The winding hand springs
And sweet harmony sings out songs
Spinning round the sound of music
Lightly laughing

Yesterday I dream of when
A carousel music box
I wind by hand
Reminds me of such joyful times
When quickly through veins
Blood ran
Spinning round the sound of music
Lightly laughing

Daisy Today

A daisy today
Sways before my watchful eye
Bending in breeze
With such gentle ease
I'm tempted to twist, but
Her languid, lazy way
So declines to be picked

Sunset Beach

Lines of waves crash one by one
Into shore until they're gone
Washed up from the far out deep
Below a sky of purple-pink,
So the sun layer by layer
Sets in sinking waves of color
Darker by the quarter-hour
Above a sea of ocean water

Completely Realized

I see I am so loved
Reflecting through your eyes
And what a beautiful thing to be
Completely undisguised,
For I will always be your love
Reflecting through your eyes
And what a beautiful thing to be
Completely realized

Eclipsed

How completely estranged and unwanted I wane
Further into a lonesome moon melted away
As earthbound blues drown my face
Under darkened hues of eclipsed space
That fade behind an isolated sun.
Should I curse the earth for whom I reflected
Sun rays luminescent?
No,
Sun not me is what she needs, and
Tomorrow she must have him

Columbus Through Today

Our yankee clipper sails whisper
A misty measure through stormy weather,
Occidental and humming faster
Our windy hymn leads further westward,
Further westward, cries the captain!
Further! Faster! we give answer,
To meet the east ahead we quest
Where west we sail,
Always west

Epicureanism

To seek out the pleasurable in life
Is the best philosophy,
But understand this idea
If you please,
For what is more pleasurable than
Giving your finest effort?
What is more pleasurable than
Gaining your greatest understanding?
What is more pleasurable than
Expressing your highest love?
There are no better pleasures
Indeed

With Pleasure

How my lips are swollen
Ripe with reddened color
From us kissing one another
Like blossoms in full bloom,
When upon my wounded lips
You press your kisses gently
Till passion overtakes with pleasure
The pain of what is living

Whirls Of Season

When autumn caressed my cheek today
The cooled summer air lingered there
Like a premonition of things to come,
July is here but soon gone,
For summer is like a dream so near
As it flashes by, the dream disappears
Till only the song of autumn falls
And the season is gone

Seasons whirl like autumn birds
Curl a bleak fall sky black
With beaks that call in prophetic drawls
Winter, here, will soon be back.
A humble prayer of hope I pray
Beyond a darkened winter day
May once again birds sing sound
When whirls of spring come drifting down

Torn But Not In Two

Undress and press your doubt upon me,
I'll not move

Confess and whisper yes completely,
Certainty pushes through

Now rest and dream of love so sweetly,
Torn but not in two

Three Score Years And Ten

Summer lasted far too long,
I prayed a prayer to bring the fall
Till crickets sang out an autumn song
And peace came to us all,
The trees, leaves, a western wind,
Winter in the distance.
Death for us all

Winter never seemed to end,
For three score years and ten
I prayed a prayer that spring might send
A warming to the heart land.
For trees, leaves, an eastern wind,
Thunder in the distance.
Life for us all

Leaves Of Autumn

Something ordinary
As leaves falling from a tree
Beckons me to yield,
Caught up like a leaf
Wind catches my spirit
Sailing across a field,
No longer separate
I am swirling colors
Blown by an autumn bluster,
While back in my chair
Both here and there
I stare at leaves in wonder

Waterbed

Unlike a placid riverbed stream
Our love runs raining sheets
When flash floods crash upon a street,
This is the bed where we sleep

Unlike a peaceful summer night
Our love ignites lightning strikes
Of heated love and vicious fights,
This is the sky of our type

Unlike the satisfied so well fed
Our love hungers in a waterbed
Beneath storm clouds lovers dread,
This is how our love is kept

The Abyss

We follow madmen into the abyss
Rather than blindly without a vision
For whom to better lead that distant journey?
For whom to better lead our destiny?
The abyss is madness to the sane, but
The abyss to madmen is bliss,
An abyss,
Madness,
Madmen,
Bliss

Stone Altar

The blackened bruise slowly fades
From the heavy weighted stone
That smacked my back as I walked away.
Little did I know
How hard you could throw
Angered, impassioned, and in love.
What was my response?
All that I could offer,
Sacrifice upon your stone altar.
Where murdered by my own hand lay
The man who could turn
And walk away

What Color Are You?

Tonight may you show
The color of your sacred soul,
Emerald-green or ruby-rose?
Diamond-white or sapphire-blue?
What color are you?
What color will I view?

Ode To The Artist

Of the rings under our eyes
We're proud
For we've been living life hard,
And of our shoulders slouched
We're bound to carry a heavy load,
And of our wrinkled faces
We've found
Pleasure at gazing into the sun,
And of our singing voices
We sound
So that the word can be heard,
And of our undying sprit
We're charged
To create beyond our image

Where Is the Horizon?

(primary colors)

Blue stained glass of sky connected
To yellow fields of earth in question
Distantly set into a red-hot sun
Till all the other shades imagined
Brilliantly burst upon the horizon

The Wish To Be Alive

Life is the wish we dream asleep,
The secret we keep deep inside,
Soul desires stream of mind,
Life is the wish to be alive.
Soul asleep of life it dreams,
How long and strange dreams seem to be,
Evening time soul awakens,
Undivided no time passes.
Soul with morning falls to sleep,
Life is the secret we wish to dream,
Dreams fulfill desire realized,
Life is the wish to be alive

Sleep

I
Lie
In
Relation
Ships

Kept And Saved

A magnet hanging by a string
To pull up loose change and things
Lost in places fingers can't reach
Like the ring you saved
Or the stranger I was
Hidden away,
Then kept and saved,
What others can't see
Or don't bother to reach deep
For that which seems unsure
And valued obscure
Like the stranger I was
Hidden away,
Then kept and saved,
Though foolish of me to laugh
The last time I
Eyed your keepsakes set aside
Not realizing why you keep
When that stranger was me
Hidden away,
Then kept and saved

Vision Of Age

With age comes vision
That sees far away,
Things up close fade
Like letters on a page,
So time fades too
For short is the day,
How quick is the year
With the vision of age

Lost

Wandering lost my being cries out,
Flames are a pain deep in my heart.
Questioning why is fuel for the blaze,
Because I don't know sparks into flames

Wandering lost my being cries out,
Forever I am lost from the start.
Questioning why is smoke for the haze,
Because I don't know drifts far away

When wandering lost and my being cries out,
Forever I am lost from the start

Wand Of Words

With a captivating caress upon my ear
So like piano notes through and through
My soul is thrilled when I hear you, so
Sing those notes so sticky sweet
As I await what music brings
When wand of words is magically waved
And I'm taken away,
Take me away.
Is not your song a command
To stop, stand and listen?
You spin a spell with what you tell
So profound, such sensation!
The lines of force submerge below
The depth of any ocean
Where on the surface sirens sing out
Your words I long to listen

Hurricane

Deep in my heart a sadness spins,
And like everything else, it wants to live,
So it grows, turns, blows, and then
Smashes through the shore of my skin.
Out it comes with an angry roar,
Sadness becomes a wrathful lord.
Blood is black, heart is cold,
Biting words come crashing forth.
Why does sadness ever begin?
I only know when it ends,
With desolation all around,
Anger unsafe, mind unsound

Circles

When I'm at peace with myself
I'm wise to the ways I behave
And I understand my pain and others,
Then I'm at peace with myself
And everyone else
In my pleasant circle

But when I'm at war with myself
I'll forget what I've learned
And anxiety burns within me,
Then I'm at war with myself
And everyone else
In my vicious circle

The Feeling Remains

Beyond the ease of happiness,
Beyond the light of reason,
Beyond the deed of pity,
Beyond the right of justice.
How meager seem these offerings
When wrapped in sweet red lips
A gift was lit upon my cheek,
A kiss.
For happiness eases as reason sways,
And pity ceases when justice fades,
But imprinted where you kissed me
The feeling remains always

Without Misgiving

Before we reason all our words
Oh! so philosophically clear,
Let us save our precious time
By letting a tear fall.
Life is sad after all,
And a tear is more true
Than any reason for life's sadness

Perhaps we're in another mood
To hear how life is oh! so good?
Then let us save our precious time
By laughing for awhile.
Life is funny when we smile,
And a smile is more true
Than any reason for life's madness

We can talk if you like
All about the sadness of life,
All about the joys of living
We can talk throughout the night,
But a tear will suffice.
A smile is more right,
And both come without misgiving

Oh! Angels

There is something here to help
If you beseech such loving care.
Do you have a wish sincere?
And is that wish just as just?
Then ask the angels with all your soul
May my wish come to pass,
And the angels will design it to unfold

Easter Island

Oh! to go to Easter Island
Is a yearning in my life,
To see the labors languished
To feel the quarried anguish
To see the stars at night.
Who built these godly heads?
What fear could they have dread?
What can be said of human toil and task?
These questions I will ask
And express my answers in rhyme,
Only to have others ask
What do I mean?
And still others to ask
Why?

Providence

Underwater drowning
I'm given breath somehow
But just enough to swim back up
And oh! land is far

Though land is far
How fine land appears
To us born to walk on ground
I swim, land nears

With land all around
Bless it with a kiss
Giving thanks for care divine
Earth is providence

The Abandonment Of Love

Whereas love is like a flower
Fiercely colored but oh! so fragile,
She was just a child quick to handle
Whatever caught her foolish eye.
The child grew into a woman wise
Having learned from such destruction,
The flower crushed was left to die

Probably Don't

Damned if I do,
Dumb if I don't.
How this dilemma
Gets to my goat.
Should I follow the impulse
Or deny desire?
Either way to go
Adds fuel to the fire.
Damned if I do
Because conscience gets torched.
Dumb if I don't
Because life is too short.
Best thing to do?
Probably don't

Racing Home

Time and time and time again
I've heard you call and not come in
Pretending to hear the blowing wind
Without answering anything,
But when you trust to call again
Home I'll race like blowing wind
To rest my head below your chin
And hear the angels sing,
For there is where I must attend
Brokenness that needs to mend
Then love will heal the separate when
Home I come racing

The Name, Celeste

His spirit spoke with love's hope
To give her a name sprung
Sweet from the tongue when spoken
Like honeysuckle or lullaby,
But alas! those names were taken

To all of creation he then listened
From birds of song to humming crickets
When in his ear wind caressed,
What sound was whispered?
The name, Celeste

Drink Of Me

Like a statue on the sands of an empty shore
There you stand straight as your gaze
Staring through the separation,
Though your face to me is foreign
How strangely familiar your words are spoken
As they easily flow through my veins,
Drink of me you say with slow winking eyes
Like sinking suns setting inside
The pink-green skies of an endless sea,
Leaning forward to diminish the chasm
Wanting lips deeply kiss
Beside a fathomless, ancient ocean

Centuries Ago

A phantom from the past appears
Though no face is seen
Her voice haunts my ear whispering,
"Your love is a poison arrow that kills."
A silent pause... for what cause?
Her shrill laughter echoes a ghost
Slain from earth centuries ago

Love Is So

Love is so beautiful
Sometimes we want to destroy it
When its radiance shines without mercy
Upon our shame,
How easily a flower crushes
Under the trample of feet and fury
When love only causes anger
To one whose life has no beauty

Love is so special
Sometimes we must dismiss it
Like a precious gem that winks
But belongs to someone else,
How easily we hate the owner
Consumed by a vicious tantrum
When love only causes jealousy
To one whose life seems so common

Love is so prevalent
Sometimes we forget it even there
Growing extensively and strong
Like wild flowers in a field,
How easily the field is seen
As unkept weeds and disorder
But to those who know how to look
Love is wild as nature

Eve

Your snake like spine reclines
Between smooth shoulders
Down your naked back,
The golden glow
Of an electric light shimmers
Around your silhouette,
With a flickering trick of light
Your spine begins
Undulating beneath the skin,
Then turning left while still undressed
Your tempting breasts
Are taken in,
Uncoiled with a serpent smile
Your outstretched hand
Holds an apple

Wisdoms

The wisdom of youth is wise in a way
The wisdom of age denies,
The wisdom of youth knows a truth
The wisdom of age decries,
The wisdom of youth dares to dream
The wisdom of age confines

Immigrant City

A dying city sits
Two-thirds empty
While millions wish
For legal entry.
Detroit, Michigan
Has room to fit
One and one-half million immigrants
As proud citizens
To rebuild homes and factories
With American manufacturing

Sun And Moon

To shine like the sun
But oh! how the eyes pain
When gazed upon.
Who befriends the sun?
Only one
For she loves how his light
Makes her shine tonight,
And oh! how the eyes are eased
When she so lovely is seen

Promise

A rainbow arched across the sky,
It must have been a mile high,
So I climbed a roof to take it in,
Where I spied it had a twin,
Two rainbows in concentric glory,
I sat atop the second story,
With just a trickle of rain still falling,
Sunshine slowly came crawling,
Out behind the clouds of darkness,
A rainbow holds so much promise

Mandelbrot Set

Take the smallest thing in hand
Then slowly start to descend,
When your sights grow very small
You'll see the thing goes on and on

Are we not as lost inside
Depths that grow incredibly high?
Existence is unfathomably deep
And infinite is its every piece

Ever So Gladly

Why look for something when it only finds you?
It doesn't like to be seen by eyes piercing,
Nor does it like to be heard by ears straining,
And it certainly dislikes a frantic mind searching.
One just relaxes to be in its company, and
It shall find you ever so gladly,
Ever so gladly

Go Play

If the child I once was
Met the man I am today,
What would he say?
"Who is this strange man?
I think I better stay away"

If the man I am today
Met the child I once was,
What would I say?
"My boy, see those trees?
Go play"

transformation of power



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