A LITTLE MORE WORDPLAY (JANUARY 2012)
**BLU HWYS ANY1?**

Where the brevity of naming
Consistently wins out over the subtlety,
Clarity becomes illusory
And depth is sacrificed
On the pavement of the faster road,
Dimensions crushed like the unsure squirrel.

Time to turn off onto a blue highway.

**WORDPLAY**

A little swordplay with inks, red and blue…
Roleplay a poet, perhaps Li Bai.
Consider foreplay in all its forms –
No instant replays allowed.
The mind will keep in play the intriguing,
Downplay the forgettable,
Play up what excites,
Play out new roles,
And let the stories play on.
**EAST OF OGDEN**

As this crazy year of darkness and light concludes,
It waits till the last daylight hour
    to make its final mark.
The low clouds break from the southwest.
A blue strip emerges, and then the sun settles
Giving the world an unworldly golden glow
With colors of a vibrance unreal.

There, alone, driving down a muddy road
I see him – Kestrel,
Poised on a wire facing the sun
Lit as if nothing else mattered.

If this had been the budding Spring,
I would have given a thousand Suns
    to exchange my life with his.
But now, on this Winter day,
I revel in his glory, in the vibrance,
And await the next year of light and darkness.

**SPREADING THE NEWS**

When I come to your door, little book in hand,
I feel like a Wako’d’a’s Witness,
Wanting to share the good news of the Te
And the mysteries of the Tao.

But I haven’t completed a correspondence course,
Let alone gone to shamanary.

My mission is not the conversion of souls,
But a gentle reminder of the possibilities…

…from a spontaneous flow of thoughts –
Nearly effortless, as dreamtime ends
And a new day begins.
SEVEN SINS?

On these cold nights,
My thoughts and stomach go
Back to the hills of Cinci,
Not for the five-way,
But for Lenhardt’s.

Wonder if Cynthia
Will be our server…

If you order the pork,
I’ll split a Christian Moerlein with you.
His sincere spirit
Hovers in those walls.

If we go for the goulash,
We should get a single carafe of Kadarka.

If we finish it off,
It wouldn’t be a sin—
We could always call a taxi.

At the end,
I know you’ll want some strong coffee,
With cream,
And warm strudel,
Fragrant with cinnamon.

In the morning
(Once we’ve recovered),
And had some more strudel,
Let’s go to Spring Grove,
And pay our respects
To the memory of Mr. M.,
By stopping by the greenhouse
And buying him a big pot
Of bright cinerarias.
**CAN e.e. COME OUT TO PLAY?**

Can the snow begin to explain  
How children are apt to forget to remember  
As up they grow?

And does the bird by the snow  
Really know  
Who laughs his joy and cries his grief?

Might those who sleep their dreams  
Still live them out?

Can we have our bells  
And ring them, too?

**A CONFIDENCE GAME**

The confidence of youthful energy, enthusiasm  
and inexperience can enchant,  
light a fire, sweep you off your feet.  
But the confidence of someone on the road to mastery  
is a different creature entirely.  
The careful interviewer will design subtle ways  
to discern between the two  
without the candidate’s notice.  
But the perceptive candidate will realize this  
and nimbly maneuver  
without the interviewer’s knowing.
The Party’s Over

Those two got up and walked to the door
To say their goodbyes till tomorrow.
That’s when I decided it was time
To call it a night, too.

Tractive Force

I stared down the tracks.
What attractive force pulls me
Longingly away?

Mistaken Paternity

Some have said that Ares fathered Eros;
This is hard to fathom.
Yes, the wild discharges of passion,
In untempered souls, might kindle the fires
of mortal conflict.
But by what strange route
Do the fiery discharges of war kindle
the passions of erotic love?
No, Ares fathers the children of destruction,
And Eros deserves a higher rank in the Pantheon.
As for his paternity, only Gaia knows for sure.
AT KEENELAND

Maybe the sun will break through;
And the clouds will part;
The world will shine with brilliance.
Maybe the horses will run;
And the clods will fly;
And hearts will beat in triumph.
Maybe the crowd will rejoice;
And records will fall;
And there will be a champion.

The power of sun,
The power of horse,
The power of faith
Will come together.

And the maybes will part;
The sun will shine;
The horses will fly;
The hearts will rejoice;
And there will be a champion.

TOWARDS A GREATER CAUSE

Lighting the spark in the new generation –
How will they carry on this legacy?
Who holds the flints?
What tricks will kindle lifelong interest?
What ignites their hearts’ commitment,
While engaging their minds,
And sets them onto the fragrant path, enchanted,
So they never want to stray?

AN AMAZING RUN

Eva, please don’t cry,
His play had an amazing run
And there’s already talk of a revival.
ONLY THE NAMES HAVE CHANGED

The decades pass.
Only the names have changed.

Jesus Saves!
Richard gets the rebound – shoots – and Scores!
Then Hull stepped up,
And Orr, and Gretzky, of course;
The list goes on…

I admire His longevity.
Even Gordie couldn’t match it.
But He really needs some better “D”.

ROADHOUSE

Why would gentle men
Join a club
To get their hearts broken?

And what could convince
Young sirens
To dispense sweet poison?

Has love run amok
On this road
To cold passions stolen?

Where’s the antidote
For dark calls
To men’s rough emotion?
A Moment Too Soon
If I should happen to arrive a moment too soon,  
Please forgive me.  
My father’s clock is known to run fast,  
And it seems that I may be inheriting a few of his things.

I Am Suspicious of Short Poems with Long Titles
But why?  
Who knows?

Jigsaw Puzzle on Five South
As Norman’s Iron Goddess, his Rosie,  
Slowly emerged, piece by piece,  
The power of that puzzle was a lesson in patience  
At a time of much impatience  
And waning energies.

To know that the daughters of that icon  
Took to the streets and did their best  
To turn the world rightside up,  
When it seemed that all around us  
Was upside down,  
Was like the rivets that she drove,  
Trying to hold us together.

But her full emergence, her full completion,  
Was not for us to witness.  
It was left to others to complete the task.
**TWO WINGS (FOR MARLENE)**

As birds and bats have two good wings,
Wings to let them soar,
Soar they will as summer evenings fall quiet,
Quiet in a peaceful land.

You sensed that words in pairs could make them fly,
Fly far in joy and peace,
Peace that comes from devotion,
Devotion to making things whole.

**GIVE & TAKE**

The value of our things can be felt
In how they generate serenity
And remind us of the diverse blessings
Found just beyond the door

So maybe now it’s time –
To give up on gathering more
And take up a simpler way

To give away the bounty, the excess,
the neglected things
And, by sharing, take away a true lesson

To give in to the distant, persistent call of the nuthatch
Open that door
And take in a special blessing
IN DEFENSE OF SYMBOLS

Pay attention to your symbols
Take them seriously
Defend them, if you must
And re-appropriate them with respect

But don’t get bent out of shape —
Remember that Reality is deeper than any symbol
And Reality doesn’t take itself too seriously

Even the woodchuck will stop to play
With your shoelaces

ONE BLUE GOAT (FOR KORI)

Late in the winter, before the bluebonnets,
The goat was down to mesquite bark.
She jumped the fence and caught the next bus to Austin.
All those nights with Austin music comin’ from the pick-up,
Gave her a mind to give it a try.
What could she lose?

Well, here it's fall --
No gigs, no band,
Only a deal to give her milk to a trendy café
That makes a mean cajeta mocha.
The feed is good, but her dreams are dashed
(At least for now.)
Now --
She schemes how to get out of her contract
And get back home.