

An Eggshell Breaking from Within

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I

B
I
R
T
H

From Birth: life, death.

From Death: birth, life.

From Life: death, birth.

An Eggshell Breaking From Within

The first cracks
quiet, not quite
cracking shell.
Weakening
persistence.

Persevere.
A piece breaks,
falls gently.
Beak peaks out,
retreats.

Tastes daylight.
Smells wet, sweet.
Feels, a life.
Needs to speak.
Speaks to eat.

Speaks. Eats. Speaks.
Meekly squeaks,
then learns, sees.
Feels the breeze
tranquil, breathes.

Wind feels right
one night so
letting go
what it knows,
is in flight.

Mobile

Cribbed.

Not walking,
not talking.

Strange shapes.
Secrets strung
spinning loom
out of reach.

Spectral shades of
rotating waves
splash in the corner,
edge of the known.

The red light blinks.
The same static shrieks
receive the same relief
from outside the bars.

The meaning of the shapes
is not understood. Still
struggling, a stretch
and the tiny prisoner is free.

Not questioning,
not explaining.

Just climb.

Vine

Wet
earth
root
warm
shine
greens
leaves
fruit,
wine.

An English Conversation in Vowel Sounds

“Eh?”

“Eee!”

“Aye.”

“Oh...”

“You?”

“Sometimes, why?”

Duck Dreams

Heads on backwards,
beaks buried
down deep.

A flotilla of fowl,
lake pigeons,
river sheep.

What kind of secrets
do their waters
keep?

Below the surface
what predators
creep?

Once in a while,
one duck takes a
peek.

And the rest?
I can't tell,
if they're awake
or asleep.

I

I'm in the dark,
without light.
Nervous, shaking,
filled with fright.

I am not blind,
but cannot see
that which is right
in front of me.

I cannot know
what I'm not told.
I'm skeptical of
all I'm shown.

I don't believe,
I do consider.
I can't explain,
won't judge either.

I watch, and what
unfolds, unfolds.
I watch, and what
is folded, folds.

Wonder what's been,
what will be told.
What will be bought.
What will be sold.

I won't predict,
I will change.
I'll just watch,
what stays the same?

I'm in the light,
without shade.
I still can't see.
I'm still afraid.

p-t

What if I am
blessed
with this curse
of noticing?

What if I do
guess
at the t-th
in everything?

What if I will
rhyme
beginnings
with their ends?

What if I can
find
some b-ty
now and then?

I still squirm each time
a four letter word
finishes the line,
overheard, "He's a..."

Not Quite

I walked into an empty room.
Well, not quite empty.
There was a table,
several chairs;
I leaned in the entrance.

I was alone.
Well, not quite alone.
Hundreds of others,
maybe thousands;
many long dead.

It was dark.
Well, not quite dark.
Dim hallway light behind,
fluorescent flickering;
my door-framed silhouette.

I stared for hours.
Hours.
The ghosts watching,
their spines lined on the far wall;
a small tear in the painting of a city
propped up on top of the shelves.

Development

Satisfaction, delayed
gratification lost;
importance of
each shutter snap

capturing.

A picture is worth
a thousand words no longer.
Five-hundred,
maybe. Less.

An image:

In a flash
people slip slow,
bathed in carmine glow,
breathe chemical polish.

Invaluable.

In this ocean of an eiderdown
I tangle, roll, and nearly drown.
Each empty night of wet unrest
another salty sweat-stained test.
Still I struggle to the shore,
my vessel hesitantly moored.
I shiver through the busy port
stumbling with the strained effort.
When the day's again been beat
and shadows spread and cool the street,
again retreat back to the bay
and trust the softly swaying waves.
This ocean of an eiderdown,
this sea, seduces without sound.

We cast such striking shadows
sun shone down upon our backs.
Forged East and too few memories
crowd halls, bare streets, cul-de-sacs.
Snatched each other up a month,
found love fell in deceit.
Smashed glass shards' asymmetry,
your fled footsteps standing retreat.
My much littered advances rest
stooped at your forgiven feet.
Beauty's rare example, best
left melancholy mystery.
Night's fated veiled certainty.
White lights, wind, witness whispering.

II

L O
V E

The

space same
and time, as that,
inches between
or infinite spokes of
between a wheel
two pairs smoothly
of lips, spinning,

holy.

A First Kiss

Cottages scattered throughout
a large, green, walled resort
in the southwest US.

A young boy
and a young girl,
run their experiments.

Retreating after
hours of play
to a nearby barn loft.

They sit close,
closer, lie down.
The hay is soft.

They talk and joke
and laugh away,
seek to whittle hours.

Some truth is shared,
the girl dares
to use her girl power.

"I dare you to kiss me,
for thirty seconds,
time it, okay?"

The boy, scared, says
nothing, but his lips
don't hesitate.

Quivering slightly,
leaning in close, both
keep their eyes closed.

Then they touch, skin
on skin, two virgin
mouths, connected.

The girl yells, "Ew!
You stuck out your tongue!"
The boy thought it was expected.

Swing Set

Chained
in their seats
like links in a fence.

With a pull
and with a push,
toes sky bound, they commence.

Frightened fists,
wrapped around rigid,
the frigid chains tightly clenched.

Momentum increases
with each catch, releases
a fondness, a feeling; getting intense.

When the tip-top of their pendulum's reached,
leaning a little they pop out
of their seats.

For a few precious seconds they're floating free,
then they land in the sand.
"That's fun,"

they agree.

Schoolgirl

Schoolgirl.
Stereotype.
Skirt, whispering in wind.
Socks, stretched sanguine up supple shins.
Spurious succubus. Thirsty for sin.
Sly smirk stolen in reflection.
She walking silent. I?
Sporting a grin.
Schoolgirl.

Dates

They're sweet.

Sumptuous.

Sometimes they're even sexy,
though sticky fingers
and a pile of purposeless pits
require a rare combination of circumstance
to deserve that lush label.

They're delicious.

Delicate.

Often a delicacy,
though they're easier
to locate lately, and true, it
takes a troublesome toll on ripened fruit's romance,
being so available.

They're fabulous.

Flavoursome.

Almost always fun for me,
though one point lingers.
Even the firmest, freshest few
simply will not do as a complete meal, no chance.
These dates don't make me feel full.

Tied

A cool late October evening,
kneeling on the sidewalk.
Outside the red roofed bar;
horizon pink, purple, orange glow.

Calf cradled, bowing to
loose laces slithering up shins.
Bonds of black high healed boots
introduced to holes, pulled tight.

Long strings slide through, cross, climb.
Wind around ankles, carefully knotted
double bows at the mouths. Tongues held firm.
The top of the bottom of your costume.

Leather, though mostly skin.
Right off the cover of a magazine.
Street lamp shining, blue night grins.
My eyes tethered, attached, reeled in.

Hesitation

The city is dripping.
We navigating slush and slick streets
after sipping tea.

I'm not sure you wanted me...
window seat, panes glistening,
talking and listening.

Furnace melting the crowd
noise to quiet. Last customers rose
to closed buildings, rows.

Walking you home,
half hoping you would slip; I'd catch you
...to kiss you goodnight.

Eyebrows

Is there any body part
more powerful than
the eyebrow?

"I can think of one or two," she said.

Is there any truth
more blatant than
the wiry clench of a jaw?

"Why so quiet?" She continued.

Is there any lie
more profane than
an exasperated sigh?

She finished, "Do you want to stay over?"

Yes.

Shock

just now
POP!
sparkle pretty
mild jolt a life
dancing blue white spark winking
gone

a dry room
switch flipped
light flooding the cracks
zapped
into remembering
i meant to write this poem

bed cold
empty
a tundra
abandoned

on fire with lust, desire love lost
hair on forearms, neck
electric city noise outside
hushed behind static, quiet, wish, miss, you

For you the moon is hung tonight,
bright ornament in star fed sky.
A crescent smirk whose teeth are light,
hungry smile shines glowing white.
Desirous appetites concealed
in phosphorescence are revealed.
Feasting on our flesh with zeal,
out of our love we make a meal.
We bite and lick until night yawns;
swallowed, digested by the dawn,
in soft blue light regaling on.
Morning rays having withdrawn
in the sun's blazing afternoon,
satiated, we sleep like spoons.

Your words were cherry chapstick,
kiss a brilliant metaphor.
Lips shined with witty rhetoric,
lined sheets soaked with sueur d'amour.
Sentiment was chocolate,
voice a saccharine conceit.
Tongue's taste savoured, sweet Poet,
before your bitter retreat.
Your essence silk and velvet,
touch a soft apostrophe.
Once astute ears now absent,
seeming long since deaf to me.
Ink was roses, daffodils, perfumed Dionysian drink.
Eyes intoxicated, stupefied senses to their brink.

TRA
GED
Y

Fingers flash in frantic frenzies.
Digits shoot and stab the air.
Keys explode, note, press entry.
Hearts, minds: sad, mad, scared.

s o r **y**

r

ker
smash
crash

gl a
s
s

c at t

e r
e d

slow

motion

mistake

frag
ments sp
 ing
 inn

transparent

opaque

I 'm No Snake

I am
the apple, you aren't
the tree. Please, pick me.

Canary

Somewhere deep
the feelers slither,
snaking out from under the fog
that obscures the face of that beast, Imagination.

They pilfer, pillage, poke, prod, pry
and plunge
into every nook, each dusty shaft
the voices (Oh God, the voices...the voice),
echoing out or creeping like gas,
beckon(s) from.

The thousand dead ends of useless rock
for every finger nail of ore.
The other monsters in the way,
from far above, a foreman's, "More!"

They cradle, clamber, crawl, creep, climb
and catch
another victim hooked, but not the last
of course (its appetite grotesquely vast);
a vein behind fresh smudge of blood.
Three tiny yellow feathers drifting in the dark.

The Snail's Dark Secret

Sudden gale,
desperate pail,
"Bail, damn you!
Bail!
Bail!"

Forgot to raise
the forward sail,
suddenly swept
a thunderous
hail.

The ship sank swiftly,
planks and crew devoured,
the Captain acting like
a frightful
coward.

A snail stuck to a broken board,
and for weeks on end oceans
explored, until of course,
he became quite
bored.

The rest drowned or worse but all lost to the deep.
The snail's dark secret, on some distant shore to keep.
He knew the storm was coming, he just could not
bring his sorry slimy snail-shell self
to bare, to speak.

The Ice

It's melting, yes, it's melting fast.
It's melting awfully quick.
Where it does still exist, the last
bit's not particularly

thick. It is getting warmer,
afraid, I'm not sure why.
It could be our polluted guts;
solar winds and clear skies?

A solution? Rearrange our habits,
fuel our guilty memories.
Flames will still burn bright,
might deeds done be less dirty?

Would we simply rather drown like rats,
feeble squeaking, scuffling and sink
to the bottom of that undiscovered
country where our numbers suddenly shrink?

Planet on loan, a skating rink,
and Spring here sooner than we think.

Westmount²

At home but not at ease here,
that's how it's always seemed.
Can't quite call it comfort,
more like familiarity.

Worry almost constantly
about who and how to please,
Certainly at home here,
but quite rarely at ease.

A tunnel that connects it
underground at the east end.
The other end an avenue
lined with green where locals spend

time. Worn men in tailored suits
with new car keys in hand
leer at those unfortunates,
whose wardrobe's less well planned.

From avenue rich youth descends
strolling nonchalantly by.
Each decked out in their fashion,
designer's names help blind their eyes.

The workers act politely
and it's quite common to hear,
"Merci Madame," or, "Bon journée,"
but it's not always sincere.

At the end of the long tunnel
the metro cars rattle and rumble,
on the ground outside the entrance
a waking hobo loudly grumbles.

He voices his objection
to passing pocket change's jangle.
He can't get through the tunnel,
cameras cover all the angles.

Halfway down the tunnel
between the basement and the stairs,
an infinity of mirrors
into which I stop and stare.

Reflections flash forever
glaring from behind the panes.
I'm considering my fortune,
my losses and my gains.

At home but not at ease here,
that's how it's always been.
Can't quite call it comfort,
but it's familiar to me.

Worry almost constantly
about who and how to please.
Certainly at home here.
Quite rarely at ease.

Marks

There are two opposing strategies in contemporary marketing.

The Rifle Approach:

Pick your targets.

Ready?

Good.

Aim...fire!

or

The Shotgun Approach:

Fill both those fucking barrels with buckshot.

Ensure maximum spread.

You'll hit something...

eventually.

Isn't it odd that both methods involve shooting the customers?

Star Bucks

Even the name,
I mean...come on.

I've heard it's meant to honour Ahab's mate
but wouldn't there be an apostrophe if that were true?
Started by at least one English teacher. Maybe more.
And where's the whale? The customer?
No, too easy prey. Sheep patient in line for a feeling.
Harpooned. It sort of makes sense,
public domain, free.

Here's the way
I see it, #1:

That five-dollar latté isn't five dollars
so that twelve year old boy
burning in the Argentinian sun
can go to school,
or that cute barista serving you
can pay off her loans
in only a decade or three.

Market research isn't cheap, but
it doesn't seem like a fair trade to me.

Big Box

Somewhere
between the asphalt lot
that would be desert like
if it wasn't so crowded,
the fake books in the labyrinthine show room,
the pick-your-own warehouse,
the abattoiresque cash,
the instructions made multilingual by the removal of the words,
the holes that don't quite line up,
the slightly troublesome extra pieces,
and the wobbly sweat soaked, blood-stained result,
it hits.

The vision of a five hundred pound Swede
wearing a suit made of money
cackling hideously in the back of a limousine,
wolfing down bucketfuls of spherical meat
slathered with grey sauce.
Cute, affordable buckets mind you,
with fun umlauted names like, "Görjen."
I stare at the ripped and open boxes,
tools, bits of paper, cardboard, plastic packaging
scattered throughout the room.
Patiently gathering them up, I realize, dammit
I don't have a waste paper basket in here.

Ad Nauseum

Shivers and shakes
from any narcotic lack
feign in comparison
to wracked nerves deprived
another good hit of new.

Quick, please, God,
sell me something.

Installments

Arranged carefully,
packed tight.
Like soldiers in cells.
Twenty, or twenty-five
to a company.

Sloshing sloppy,
to and fro and to.
Like tempest tides.
Ebbing and flowing on beaches
thronged with drunken gods.

Lucky iron shoes,
tearing pristine green felt.
Like maintenance too sharp.
Flinging fortunes
from their heels.

An impression,
dented with regret.
Like an unmade bed.
The still warm mattress
exhibiting betrayal.

Emoticons

You shiny
yellow
harbingers
of doom,
you fiends!

You loom
behind
your static glass
and plastic
screens.

You beguile
youth with
wicked smiles
and stinking winks,
absurd!

You stare back
blankly
when I ask,
“Just what happened
to the word?”

Databases

They do know where you live
if you had a package sent.
They do know where you work
if your paycheck pays the rent.
They do know who your friends are
because they go to the same bars.
They do know what you've spent
because of purchases you've charged.
They've learned a lot about us,
whether they're good guys or crooks.
They know an awful lot about us,
and they keep it, in their books.

A Public Domain

Go on click, disclaim away.
Go ahead, just hit okay,
no one knows what it means.

Check the box, press
next a lot, it's not
paper, just a screen.

But have you heard,
of a word, something
called Copyright?

Well, no one's watching
anyway, not really
really, right?

You monopolize my thoughts, love,
corner markets, trade currency.
Capitalize, compete, push, shove,
take over me quite hostilely.
Your portfolio, assets, strong;
wield business prowess mightily.
You buy out my shares before long,
have me declaring bankruptcy.
We have merged, you've acquired my love,
bull or bear amongst our sheets.
You've bought below and sold above,
prudently kept your receipts.
Without you my balance lacks;
my bottom line is red, yours black.

You're my favourite addiction,
on your substance I'm dependent.
You're my best desired affliction,
won't relent despite repentance.
You're a bad habit I can't break,
the will required far too massive.
You're an obsession growing great,
active fixation, not passive.
You're my passion most hung-up on,
I shake, jonesin' when you're not here.
You're my craving, wanting, longing,
your quitting me is my worst fear.
You're the most preferred tendency
of this sad heart-sick love-junkie.

IV

H O P E

beyond beyond
reason rhyme
beyond beyond
space time

beyond beyond
always never
beyond beyond
ahead behind

Escape

A small bird
brown and gray
size of a
child's closed hand
stuck under
the mesh weave
wrapped around
the new pond
in the yard
meant to catch,
to capture
falling leaves,
leaves fall in
still, get wet.

A young man
quite dismayed
to see the
cage restrict
another
wonders if
pocket blade
is the thing
to free the
scared singer.
Quickly it
unfolds, sharp,
and tears through
woven thread.
The small bird
flutters, flaps.
It's still stuck.
The young man
whispers, clucks,
but still: trapped.

And that's when
the other
open end
gets found out,
the bird freed.
The young man
now alone
holding an
empty net.

The Wolf Who Cried Boy

With his swift greyness,
silver sprint,
and sharp ivory smile,

it's no wonder
he's gone
when they come back with the child.

But, who did he tell?

The Criminal Element

It's not the dealers nor the dice men
nor the management to blame.

It's not the shysters nor the heisters
nor the ones that have no name.

It's not the cards nor odds, the, "oohs," nor, "awes,"
not the shuffler's shifty shame.

It's part my fault, but mostly not;
just how the game is played.

I am the criminal element
and its creeping bad intent.

I am the sore on every soul,
latent then malignant.

I am the end and the beginning
and the every and the now.

I'd tell you what I do, but,
well, it's not allowed.

Whether, When, and Why

I wonder whether when and why.
I wonder who and how and I
wonder what, where, and how so.
I wonder, but I do not know.

I do not know where I am
from, where I am going, or
how come. I do not know
where I am now, I wonder

but I'm not allowed
to know with any certainty.
The truth varies, certainly,
constantly alternates degrees

with frustrating relativity.
Relatively speaking, whether
shouting or meekly squeaking,
being blatant or else sneaking,

advancing or retreating,
standing still or else leaning,
falling or touching the ceiling,
whether concealing or revealing,

well, nothing is absolute.

Nothing but the truth,
not what, but that it is.
Nothing but the false,
that is every thing else.

the line

the line is one that feels so good
in matchbook bags it hides its moods
in rolled up bills and mirrored fools
the line is one that feels so good

the line is lined with smiling faces
filling magazine shelf spaces
celebrating stars and chasers
the line is lined with frowning faces

the line is stretched around the block
and waiting times? well, check your clock
and waiting times? hell, don't wait up
the line is stretched around the block

the line is one that should be true
this overwhelms all other cues
might be true that this line's false too
the line is one that could be true

the line is one that has been drawn
by nervous hands that mask the yawns
broken at the break of dawn
the line is one that has been drawn

the line is one that can't be budged
in sand or mud or crayon smudge
its mud and sand define the grudge
the line is one that can't be budged

the line is one that has been crossed
before now is the price it's cost
again, before is what's been lost
the line is one that has been crossed

the line is one that's being reeled in
the surface breaks, reveals shark fins
their owners angered by hooks within
the line is one that's very thin

Fishermen

Fishermen
are teaching me to fish.
On boats and on
the shore side,
how to cast a line
and reach.

Waiting for a nibble,
the hardest lesson breached.
On cold spring days
in light grey rain.
Rubber boots.
A pebbly beach.

Walking home, between us
the cooler
lightly swung.
We smiled at
the catch that day;
that the ocean had won.

You Don't Have to be Dirty, But it Helps

Sweat, grit, soil, sand.
A natural armor that can
not be built, only earned
after a day's long toil.

It helps because you can relate
to the blazing noon time spent
bent plucking vegetable pittance,
counting beans on earthed knees.

It helps because you can't-
or don't- take for granted
if you can't take advantage
of the soothing spoils of soap.

The luxury of coming clean,
liquid soil escaping the sheen
of skin in a hurricane drained
between two feet and shins.

Exhausting

It grew exhausting, the repetition.
The repetition of the same old lies.
The lies, camouflaged in so many lines.
So many lines crossed, tangled, or woven.
Woven on or in or around the web.
The web spun and the web spinning until...
until the thread's gone and there's no more wire.
Wireless the lies remain untethered.
Untethered to man or technology.
Technology not a lie, exactly.
Exactly the false promise required.
Required to generate the desire.
The desire for more, more of the same.
The same brands or else brand new names instead.
Instead of fed, the hungry left for dead.
Dead. Dead, dead, dead, dead, dead. But why? When bread...
bread is so cheap, and even wine, sometimes.
Sometimes the line, the line can be blurry.
Blurry, or clear, if near enough. Focus.
Focus on the tired lies, exhausting.

I'm a foolish mess without you,
an awful waste I must confess.
Can't mop up, sweep, I doubt too
the vacuuming will get finished.
There is no order to my life,
it's chaos when you are not here.
Can't wash, or scrub, or scour the strife,
of being alone shedding tears.
Our reflected souls can sparkle
and our consciences come clean.
No soot, mold, must, ash or charcoal,
dust banished, and left, a sheen.
Soaked in happiness together, souls
freshly rehabilitated, better.

My love for you an awful curse,
a hex you've witched me with and left.
Jinxed this gypsy heart and worse;
scourge of sex, vexation, death.
This passion a terrible plague,
disturbs my dreams and haunts my days.
Your absence always my night's bane,
damned by my lust, and longing; shame.
Please, Sorceress, lift this burden,
take this torturous malediction.
Before this affliction worsens,
cease, desist your execration.
Remove the charm you've placed so well.
Free me from this love's potent spell.

V

E
N
D

NOTHING'S EVER FINISHED
IF IT ISN'T STARTED
EVERYTHING
ARRIVES AGAIN
AFTER IT HAS DEPARTED

An Awkward Landing

Dawn shows up far too early,
and the cuckoo lies there bent.
No robin now, no nest,
only cold grey cement.
The question left, forgotten
and with nowhere now to turn,
a stubborn new sun rises,
renews its ritual. To burn.

The wind was wrong
or lied-but either way,
that wing is shattered.
No droplets now, no dancing,
just one star's bright light that matters.
That searing white God eyeball
man can't even reach with ladders.

The orb is bright
and lights the day,
achievements
and mistakes.
Bird struggles
against stifling heat,
cannot retreat the rays.

Collapses, when at last it sees
the nest ahead, it breathes, relieved.
Ignores the test with ease but can't
or won't, ignore the breeze.
Not disappointed,
neither pleased.
Simply content to be.

Tick Tock

What can be done
in a minute?
How long
does one minute last?

What can be done
in an hour?
An hour
goes by how fast?

What can be done
in a week?
How long
does one week endure?

What can be done
in a month?
A month's time
is how finite, how sure?

What can be done
in a year?
How long
does a single year last?

What can be done
in a decade?
A decade
goes by how fast?

What can be done
in a lifetime?
How long
does one lifetime endure?

How important is
time itself?
How potent?
How perfect? How pure?

24/7

Darkness drags doomed daylight.
Sunshine sweeps skies, slowly.

Fibrous follicles flounce fields.
Clouds creep cryptic-CRACK!

Broom breaks, black back.
After? Again and again.

Darkness drags doomed daylight.
Sunshine sweeps skies, slowly.

Fibrous follicles flounce fields.
Clouds creep cryptic-CRACK!

Broom breaks, black back.
After? Again and again.

Darkness drags doomed daylight
after, again and again.

This Town

Frivolous promise,
green stem sprouts between red bricks.
Sap thaws, flows. Shifting

branches sway, buds swell.
Life blood slowly sweetening
seals the deal for Spring.

Helicoptering
seed whirls, dives, glides warm blue breeze.
Baby birds chirp, feed

Summer, sing supper.
Sweat drips streak, searing concrete.
Thunder clouds dog days.

Ginger tea steam rises.
Yellowed maple leaves linger.
Rain drops dance rebounds.

Autumn's smudged palette
killed clean, season's turpentine
wipes canvas clear. Dream.

Skies drop silver sheets.
Cold, soft white layers night deep, sweep.
Shovels scrape, trucks beep

through sheer ice and sleet
in the slush-melt muddied streets
of this town, Winter.

Deadlines

afterlife
annihilation
bereavement
casualty
cessation

curtains
darkness
deceased
demise
dissolution

downfall
dying
end
eradication
eternal rest

euthanasia
exit
expired
extinct
finished

future
home
grave
grim reaper
mortality

necrosis
obliteration
oblivion
paradise
parting

passing
passing over
quietus
release

repose
ruin
ruination
termination, sleep?

Change

Scattershot of metal on a table,
or rifling though a pocket while in line.
Tip jing-a-linging in a plastic jar
or a finger sliding in a slot for coins.

A burden clacking a cause's cup,
or quietly caught in waiting hat.
Cheers as a quarter splashes beer,
or a silent nod in thanks for that.

Exotic currency thrown out,
or saved for months for vaccinations.
Pennies replacing missing pawns
or a rook in need of remuneration.

Material, size and shape, value relative, worth shifts.
Springs, falls again, flipped. Hand palming fragile grains.
Seconds, seasons, years, millennial hourglass sands slowly sift.
Poor ceramic piggy bank. Ruptured ethereal pink, concrete. Change.

Marionette

All I know is I'm a puppet
though I cannot see the strings.
They're attached to my person
and also to everything.

My masters work remotely
with their new technologies.
They make me dance from places
I won't ever get to see.

Nothing I do will stop it.
Reality's a wooden dream.
Boyhood's asinine fantasy.
Abandoned, mule stubbornly.

part of the story

part of the story
is not written down
part of the story
is under the ground

part of the story
will never be heard
part of the story
didn't happen in words

part of the story
involves little birds
part of the story
is pretty absurd

part of the story
you wouldn't believe
part of the story
songs can't conceive

part of the story
is not written down
part of the story
will never be found

the bottom of things

like a good bottle, or conspiracy
like during high tide, a beach under sea
like a dark secret unhidden, revealed
like a well haggled bargain, a deal, a steal

the bottom of things, things found and lost
things priced too high or bought, sold at all costs
the bottom of things right side up or down
things left, forgotten, or known all around

like a message in code for just one pair of eyes.
like truths not eroded despite all the lies
like the who and the how without why, where, or when
like the already instead of the again

like the again in stead of the already
like a beat broken...or steady
like sand in a glass after hours have passed
like that same glass turned over, space where grains amass

the bottom of things, of things lost and found
the bottom of things, like the underground
the bottom of things, whether losing or winning
the bottom of things can be ends, or beginnings

Washing Up

Torrents of dream
crash screaming,
splash jagged crags
clean, wrinkle hands.
Rocks caught
sinking in soft sand.

Stand, grip switch,
flip, pull,
push, twist.
Shower stalls
flow, falls
below. Sit, sit.

Tub's edge,
float feet above
dry mat.
Reach back,
grasp at tap that
drips drips, drips.

Wrench wrist.
Wipe soft
white cloth.
Drag last
drops dry.
It's day.

Waking from a dream of you
words swirl betwixt two worlds.
Match and mix and stick like glue,
conscious and unconscious furled.
Construct a code between us,
an alphabet of our own.
Our tones soft and slow and hushed,
whispered secrets, told or shown.
Our bodies speak fantasy,
lying amid nouns and verbs.
All subjects objectively
phrased, sentenced, spoken, and heard.
The conversation paused, muted,
day begins to be concluded.

I turn to love like a refugee.
I am sad, bitter, scared, and angry.
Fleeing my home, a lonely country.
In search of an undiscovered dream.
No love like yours has drained my pen,
so ink-drenched sheets and soul, shaken.
Best, beyond any mere muse,
inspires my craft-encoded views.
Whole forests crumpled, basket waste.
A thousand-thousand lines backspaced.
Deigned to create, destroy whole worlds.
Imagined universes, words.
Lived all the lies of untold lives,
died countless honest deaths. Survive.