

THE IRONIC TRUTH



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Cecile Mermelstein

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DEDICATION

This book of poetry is dedicated to the loving memory of my beloved grandmother, Margaret Rose Rubinoff. Margaret was the lady with the lamp and one of the first women pharmacists in America. We will never forget you.



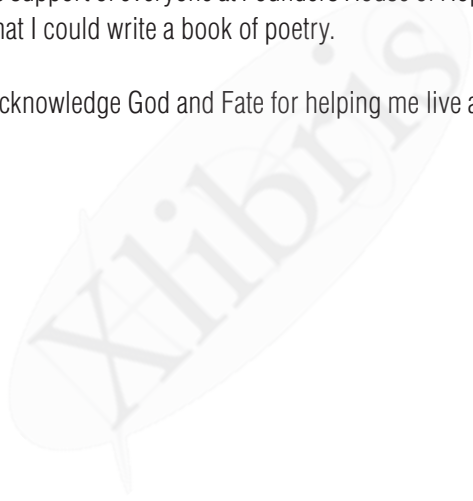
ACKNOWLEDGMENTS

I would like to thank Elijah Levy, Ph.D. for his support throughout the writing of my book of poetry. I also would like to express thanks to my sister Libby Mermelstein for being my confidante and helper in getting me back to the real world.

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Finally, I would like to acknowledge God and Fate for helping me live a life ironic.



KIDNAPPED BY GOD

I got kidnapped one day, long ago.
It was hot, but they left me in the ice and snow.
There was nowhere to run, there was nowhere to go.
Can you understand it?
It was not funny. They stole my soul.
They stole my money. They stole my body.
They stole my blood. They accused me of being in the hood—
what would do if you were me?
They stole my connection to infinity.
Everything I did was wrong-- they stole my heart.
My only song. They stole the vision in my eyes.
They spoke of me, all they said were lies.
With sinister and grave deceit, they'd take away the friends I'd meet.
They'd laugh and poke fun.
They'd think it was great to even make children treat me with hate.
So even the doors of heaven had to wait
and perdition thought that their evil was true.
I got tortured in some kind of human zoo
that they called "Hospital"
Even Christ's Cross Calvary would not escape
my fall that wasn't my fault.
I did everything Good!
But more than every living person I was misunderstood.
Have you ever had a life like me?
Good luck, Buddy.
I hope you get freed.

THE HOPE OF THE APOCALYPSE

The beautiful unicorn was mine in a dream.
We were married in reality, as reality could seem.
I didn't need a silver bridle, my silver horn turned gold.
My wings would fly me threw paradise of old.
I'd jump in the Baptism, even equines can swim with sugar cubes.
I'd dive right in and the water would wash away every sin.
Can you be a mermaid in love with the horned horse?
A mermaid could swim that good of course—never drown a unicorn.
Even the baptism, could make them reborn.
The resurrection belongs to equus anyway.
The angel unicorn could pray, and unicorns are a kind of angel anyway.

LOVE IN THE MIDDLE OF THE SKY

Sparkling stars above the sky tell me only fate knows why.

The ending of eternity kept forever within me.

The blackness is the deep abyss keeping in my love's first kiss,
and love forever saves your soul when an archangel plays his role.

Together in heaven we can fly wings outstretched to touch the sky.

Making love within dark space the Galaxies cannot erase.

I love you cosmos, you and I found a forever which won't die.

And if I'm married to a cherubim—forever know it's only him.

SAILING

Gold and silver and black and white
will always put me in love's true sight.

Hold me in your arms my dear
and know that I can never fear.

In outer space where angels fly
we can go to heaven and not have to die.

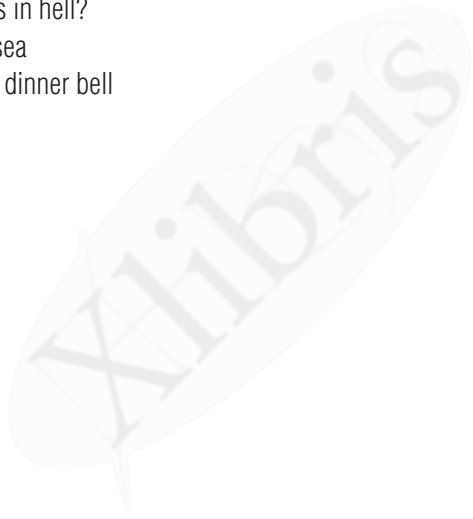
Together in a ship to roam the stars our ever lasting home.



THANKSGIVING

I was locked up with the convicts and I'm not a criminal.
They fed me bread and water they sunk me into hell.

They chained me with an iron ball.
They dunked me in a forge.
They ate the flesh right off of me
and on my flesh they gorged.
Would you believe I was in hell?
They drowned me in a sea
and when they rang the dinner bell
they ate the rest of me.



OUR KING

The night is dark the rain falls hard.
Christ came to give us the spoken word
and as the stars glow in the sky
eternity means your soul won't die.

Your soul won't die.
Your soul won't die.
God above told not one lie.
That everlasting life renews
because of the sacrifice
of the king of the Jews.

There is a dimension. There is a place
that houses your soul and gives mankind grace.
A special land for you and me
made up of God's Infinity.

Your soul won't die,
your soul won't die.
God promised. He told not one lie,
that we are safe within His care.
The Judgment horn will lead us there
and all of us will have a place
made up of everlasting grace.

Hold me darling—
God with light bring me through
the dark of night, and when I pray
to be forgiven know I have done
as you have bidden.
And made forgiveness from sacrifice.
The spirituality's device
and know us as one family
symbolized in a druid's tree.

Look then above deep in the sky
at night time to realize
those stars on high.

The soul can't die,
the soul can't die.

Christ came to save us, every single one
his sacred heart of God's own son.

The gift was free if you accept
and therefore paid each little debt.

The soul can't die you keep your life.
No greater gift the church Christ's wife
with everlasting brotherhood.
The soul can't die
we are all made good.
So waken Angels!
Shine like stars.
Shine planets.
Neptune, Venus, Mars.
The kingdom come!
The infinite sky.

And the Soul can't die,
the Soul can't die.

NEW TO THE CITY

I walk through the crowds of the people I meet.
Some from their homes, some from the street,
some with short hairdos, some with long.
Some playing guitar for a penny a song.
Some people old and some people young.
Free basing in alleys, some totally strung.
Some from a culture I had never met.
Some people with money, some people in debt
walking their dogs.
The police were on horses.
Crowded with people in meandering courses.
Hot dogs and peanuts for sale on the corner.
A man playing a Harmonica Horner.
Kids going by on skate boards and skates.
Men chasing women to ask them for dates.
To get into the city is a hard thing to do.
I'm thankful I'm one of the blessed few.

SOUL FOOD

Have you ever tried the Church's meals?
Bologna and cheese sandwiches
have their appeal.
Canned green beans are also good.

Don't forget to pray before eating,
if you could.

The Lutheran Church gives out sack lunches.
If you can guess what is in it
you can guess good hunches.

Sometimes chips and sometimes soda.

They'll give you a dinner to meet their quota.

The Presbyterians are nice they'll feed you but not
with any spice.

The Methodist's special is A-La –Spaghetti.
with meat sauce that kind of looks like confetti.

The Fundamentalist's will give you cake
with real sugar too, nothing fake.

Always make sure you are
wearing a cross, so the non-denominational
know that you believe in the Boss.

Even the Catholic, although called crude
have been known to pass out food.

There are so many different.
A Christian Church where you could get
sustenance with a little research.

That charity could feed your soul.
Whatever your life long promised goal.



POSSIBLE UTOPIA

Believe you me, believe you me.
The sky is the sea, the sky is the sea.
With islands of worlds meant for you and me.
And stars an oasis kept together in stasis.
Comets flying around like ships that abound.
And asteroid belts that are higher than
the mountain's Alps.
Can you believe it? The infinite sea of it.
An orbit of moons playing musical tunes.
With space music everywhere.
And super novas, if you dare.
Because fate reached out its hand.
The sky is the sea, with planets the land
an infinity for all to be.
And the sky is the sea.
The sky is the sea.
Inside the mind of God, it happened forever.
And human beings made an endeavor.
How far does it go?
No one is sure.
But certainly, if we endure
we'll touch the edge of eternity.
The sky is the sea.
The sky is the sea.

THERE MIGHT BE LOVE

Do you believe in the power of love?
There are different kinds that I can think of.

The love of a mother for her child.

And love insincere, although beguiled.

The love of a baby in your arms.

The love of a man showing you his charms.

The love of some looking up to his teacher.

A love romantic, as if you could reach her.

The love of the work, an artist has made.

The love of a soldier's cavalcade.

When someone gives you a special gift,
when emotions in your heart are swift.

The love between a sister and a brother
and when you know you have no help
from any other.

When perfect is the Sacred Heart
with togetherness that cannot part.

If you can be in love in a trice—
remember the ultimate sacrifice.

FRIENDSHIP

Did you ever have a very best friend?
Who would be with you to the very end?

Someone who would say they care.

Someone who'd always treat you fair.

A person with whom you could always laugh.

Who would treat you like a whole person
instead of just a half.

Who would give you happiness with a smile
and give you their trust in an evil while.

A person who would give you gifts,
and give you certainty when miffed.

Someone who play games and do
an honest game that is good to you.

A thump on the back, and a strong hand shake.

A friend that would give you their all
and never take.

Someone who shares with you a song
and gives you the feeling that you belong.

Someone who loves you.

Someone whole. Someone you would trust
with your every soul.

ABOUT CLOUDS

The clouds in the sky have different shapes.
Wine bottles and faces and bunches of grapes,
alligators, sheep, faces and fluff.
And all kinds of fantastic stuff.
Did you ever read the pictures in the clouds?
People waving at you in the densest crowds.
Rainbows that shine through it all.
And all of it ends when the rain starts to fall.



ABOUT THE CITY

Have you ever lived in the city before?
It is just beyond your open door.

When it is the city, a concrete world.

Cars everywhere, like super winds
hurled. Lights blinking on and off everywhere,
and truck-drivers stopped to put on a spare.

Markets filled with all kinds of food.

And bars for a drink if you're in the mood.

Air conditioning if it's a hot day.

And fans if you haven't the money to pay.

People walk around in fantastic clothes
and the richest ones will turn up their nose.

Little apartments if you have little money.

To get out of the weather.

If the days are not sunny.

Fantastic furniture like Laz-E-Boy chairs,
and elevators when you can't walk up stairs.

And people teaming all over the street,
and some of them begging for money to eat.

If you want to go to a picture show
or a concert, for those who like rock'n roll.

And work from nine to five every day.

If you want to get to some honest pay.

Cities will rise, and cities will fall—
but you can't beat the country for them all!

THE DISCUSSION

I talked to a little bird one day
as the sun was setting.

He said he didn't know what to say,
except that some people had no souls.
They were made out of clay and individuals did things
in a different way.

I talked to a little bird, he said he knew
just where the world was going to
and how much the price was going to be.
To live in a new reality the little bird said
"Did you ever guess"?

They tell you if you love God
then you must confess and the world called the city
inside of it all had probably been there
before Eden and Paradise's Fall.

The little bird explained it in plain.
She saw when the deluge happened,
and the giant rain.

And this, the bird told me
believe it or not there was a lot of evil
that got caught in a very bad place.
But look all around you.

Is everything that happened everything
that you would do, little bird
could you fly off the planet?

And if you did could you understand it?
One more thing, the little bird decided to say,
now that it's the end of another day
and as the darkness comes in, keeping
evil at bay.

The mystery of living life
in a whole other way.

FOR CHRISTIAN SPIES TO KNOW

If you've ever been a spy in the secret forces
and kept every secret that the secret's endorses
then you probably haven't been known at all
for anything you've done enthralled.

We wanted to stop a nuclear war
and a fight in outer space not nor.
And nobody wanted to use a gun.
And everyone was scared they'd blow up the sun.

If you've ever been a spy checking out the sea
and realizing an inner infinity.
You've probably made friends with dolphins
and in religion been a Rolfin.

Spies everywhere wanted peace and everything war
to surcease.

Let's hope the fighting comes to an end
and people learn how to make friends again.
Don't spy on your brother, don't spy on me
keep things sacred, keep things free,
and if you've ever worn a cross, go down on
one knee.
And get the blessing from Calvary.

UNDER THE SURFACE

I've lived my life always alone.
Traversing my mind in the known and unknown.
Seeing people holding hands different people,
from different lands.
And watched mothers leading a trail of kids,
which being alone like me always forbids.
While eating at picnics, even ants aren't alone.
And men feeding their wives is a dangerous zone.
A usual blue sky becomes cloudy with rain.
While I talk to spirits on an astral plane
I keep to myself, saying never a word
while God gives me the silent treatment.
If you find that absurd and birds are in flocks
flying over-head, and no one says anything to me.
Not even the dead and gangs of children
in the city's street make fun of me whenever we meet.
And even those in the cemetery's graves seem together.
Death giving them camaraderie forever.
And I'm even alone when I'm writing this rhyme.
The final excuse for all of my time.

REMINISCING

In the magical days before humans were born
I lived a solid silver unicorn.

Birds would sing to her as she walked by
waving her horn into the sky.
And deer would raise their heads and bleat.
As she danced in circles on cloven hooved feet.
Bunny rabbits would wiggle their ears hello,
and her body would shine with a brilliant glow.

She would look after every animal.
When the moon was waning,
when the moon was full.

And one day hunters came into the wood.
The human being of aforementioned stood.

And they killed the deer and they killed the rabbit.
They even killed one arguing abbot.
And the unicorn saw the church disobeyed.
“Thou shalt not kill!” the unicorn neighed.
And the war began between nature and man.
Paradise ended, paradise began.

DRESS LIKE IT

Do you want your clothing to look like you?
A pair of jeans, a shirt or something brand-new?
A three-piece suit or a black bow tie,
or something tight?

Your size won't lie fantastic filly dresses,
sarong short pants when the summer's sun is long.
You can show everybody how much you spent.
A tux and tails for the fanciest gent.
And don't forget shopping in Beverly Hills.
Buy yourself overalls, if you work saw-mills
and dish out the loot for a pretty gold ring
be materialistic as anything.
Wear a hat if you're hiding you don't have much hair.
There are so many things that you can wear!
Remember to put on the sharpest shoes
while men wear long ties, like a nice tight noose.
Sandals are good if you wear them between the toes.
Be careful if it hurts you, not to let it show
and stiletto heels were once all the rage.
If you know how to walk in them they'll call you a sage
and more than anything you need closets galore,
to keep everything that you have spent all this for.
Finally this you must always see—
wear the best clothes and they'll tell you
you're free—and you will never know any enemy.

THE LIGHT

There are all different kinds of light in the world.

A disco-tech light where colors are swirled.

A virgin's light skin and a virgin's light clothes
and even dark people have something of those.

A light in your room when outside it's dark
and the stars at night in the sky are stark.

The shining light in the eyes of young lovers.

The light in the song of the voice of new mothers.

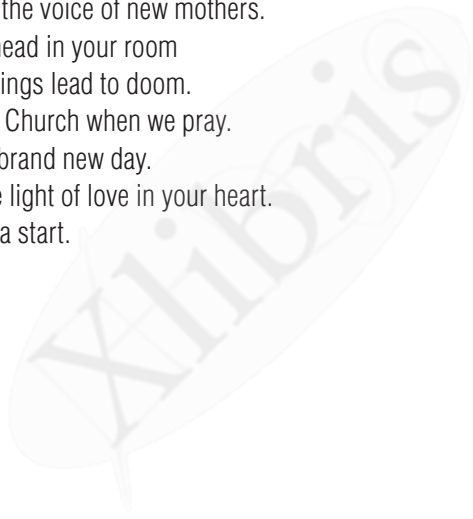
A light-bulb over your head in your room
the light of fear when things lead to doom.

The candle lights in the Church when we pray.

The sunrise lighting. A brand new day.

And yes! Most of all the light of love in your heart.

Proving every soul has a start.



MORE ABOUT THE CITY

In some cities, it's fair to say that you will find not one tree
all the trees went away and the green people speak of
is money, not lawn.

And there is not one wild thing not even a fawn.

And the stars don't show because the lights of the city
hide the night sky without any pity there are no flowers growing
unless you go to a florist shop.

And the price of a rose will charge you to the very top.
money is exchanged everywhere while the root of all evil
in the country was unfair.

Unless it was charity all given there and while no one dreams
of harming not one living thing.

In the cities serving an animal is a matre de fling
and if you get sick, they have fantastic plans
to pay for your entire medical bills expense
while in the forest a shaman would doctor you.

If you get sick in the city, they say
Doctor who?

And if you can't get a job the city will let you stay.

But only if you get on welfare to pay
and buying and paying for food is not hard
if you can afford the super-market charge-card.

Animals are collected and put in a zoo
because everyone's scared that the forest
only houses a few and nobody walks to get anywhere.

If you can't drive a car use a bus to get there.

And pay for a cabee for a couple of blocks
just in case you are sick of taking short walks.

Always wear a watch where ever you go.

If you punch a time-card just in case the clock's slow.

The city is a fascinating place to be so long as you have your liberty.

And one last observation I'll make is it the city or the country that's mostly fake?

And where would you live to keep away the heart-ache?

A BEST FRIEND

A best friend is someone
who lets you in.
And who will never judge you
and give you no sin.
You'll do fun things together
like share ice-cream cones
and hand you some money
so you won't need loans.
You'll go to movies together
and sometimes they'll pay.
On the phone you can call them
at night or at day.
You'll share each other's
clothing and makeup, cologne.
And have sleeping bag
parties at night at your home.
A best friend will go everywhere
that you go,
the weather can be sunny
or eighty below.
You can take long walks
together at night
and they won't care
if you are looking.
In black or in white
they'll always remember
your birthday and your anniversary.
And even when you marry
they'll stay with you
as though you are free.
And as the years go by
they will never neglect you.

They'll cry at your wedding
and they will still never
affect you.
And when they go to your funeral
because the time comes to die
your best friend will be there
to bid you good-bye.



A SHORT ONE ON FOOD

Have you ever had cravings
for food you don't need?

Chocolate that's covered
with sesame seed.

Malt-shakes will
make you walk with earthquakes.

There's nice ice-cream
on top of pancakes.

The list could go on forever,
this true

that all of this will make
even more of you.



FOR MY BOARD & CARE OPERATOR

It's time to take a shower my friend.
Hit the ice-cold water to the bitter end.
And rub body wash all over you
and don't forget the meanest shampoo.
Scrub your back all over with a brush
and use your soap till it becomes mush.
Hair conditioner is good for you
if you are one of the blessed few.
And when you are through use a nice white towel
but make sure first you have cleaned your bowel.
Then put on all kinds of perfume till you can't smell it
everywhere in your room.
And when you are done put on new clothes,
if you think you can afford any of those.
And when you brush your teeth really well
just to make sure your breath won't smell.
Tell everybody "I don't ever shower at all"
which is just good enough to make people's flesh crawl.

EXPLANATION

The fantastic truth of the world is this—
Fate can take you away with a kiss.
And your future is set in a certain way.
Every hour of every day.
And if you plan everything to know will come true,
still your plans might change for the best of you.
And if you decide that things aren't going to happen
the water that flows is the water that's tapping.
The ocean will roll in exactly one way,
while the branches of a tree will greet the new day.
And as every little leaf unfolds
only the full grown tree can be what the future holds.
And while the river will rush to the sea
the water collects but it's not free.
And everything in your life takes place.
In the deep star-stuff of outer space
where the points of light at night look down.
The truth is Fate always wears the crown.

THE GENIE

I rubbed a magic lamp and out came a Genie.
He wasn't very big, he was kind of teeny weeny.

And he said to me "time to make a wish."
I am the slave of the lamp.
You may ask for any dish or precious jewels or any wealth.
If you are sick you may ask for even good health."
So I said to the Genie
"I don't want wishes or jewels or wealth or fantastic dishes.
I don't want slaves to slave over me.
But I have one request—I would like to be free."
The little teeny Geni looked at me
and he said "I am a slave, I don't know how to be free,
or grant you freedom if I myself do not even have that kind of wealth."
So I said to the Genie "I've been in chains for my whole life,
with my soul's remains and the reason that I ask to be free
is I want to own my own soul and me."
So the Geni said "to own your own soul,
all you have to do is eat from this bowl
and everything you ever wanted to be
as a soul forever, you will be free."
So he handed me a bowl of some kind of stuff
and I ate of it all.
And I ate of it enough and my heart lit up
and my mind became wise
and it was as though a veil had lifted off my eyes.
And a brilliant light shone in my mind
and I realized something I never could before
that my soul was the whole entire me.
And when I realized that, my whole me became free.
And I felt sorry for the Genie.

It was something to know,
that some people don't eat out of their own bowl.
And because of this, they never can be free
because sharing that bowl is the right way to be.



REMINISCING ON THE FUTURE

Believe it or not, I lived for bliss—
and all of my life was happiness.
Till I turned back the clock, an hour slow
and time travel meant I had nowhere to go.

I went to the future, It was all high-tech
and nothing I could nurture could bring the past back.
There were moving stair cases and flying cars.
And even the weaponry was high- engineered wars.
The food you eat was automatically cooked.
Even the fish you caught were automatically hooked.
And instead of serving your meal on a plate,
you're given a pill to swallow with a little sulfate.
And paper clothing is what everyone wears,
because when it becomes dirty,
it comes off when it tears.
The oxygen is inside your home making an atmosphere
for you to breathe on.
And robot pets you can take for a walk,
they will even sit up and beg and talk.
And a plastic bed is on what everyone sleeps
connected to a machine so that dreaming won't
give you the creeps.

Get this—the house you lived in is built underground.
You can't lose an object it's automatically found.
There are no buildings, everything is floated in the sky.
And your life is prolonged so you will not die.

And if we don't die can we survive our pasts?
And can any of us make our future's last?

Perhaps the answer to all of these reasons
is that everyone lives at different seasons
and maybe you cannot make your own past.
But certainly your future you can choose to last.



GET A LIFE MYSTERY

A conundrum holds a magical clue
to be explained for me and you.
Figuring out why someone has died.
Hearing an alibi, seeing if anyone lied.
Checking a case for finger prints.
Getting the DNA from an old pack of mints.
Seeing what someone's blood type might be.
Testing tissue samples stuck to the bark of a tree.
Reading stories of Sherlock Holmes or Agatha Christie's mystery zones.
Scientists check out mysteries too.
The subjects they keep at your local zoo
and everything you want to discover
is there to delve into.
For everyone and other school will teach you to explain it all
or you can check it out in a Holy Bible.
Or watch Alfred Hitchcock's films and movies
and more and more of this will prove these.
There's knowing how to diagnose a sickness
which some mystery solving doctors do with all quickness.

The mystery of life isn't easy to solve
but around any living person it will always revolve.

VALUES

What we value more than things that are foretold
is the fantastic beauty of silver and of gold.

Jeweled emeralds are pretty too.

And rubies even when counted only few,
and pearls from oysters are wonderful things.

And the platinum of a bell that rings.

Don't forget that there are diamonds white
and the sparkle of a mirror when we turn on the light.

And the pretty shine of the silvery moon
and the glow of the sun in a hot day in June.

The amazing green of the ocean's foam
and the blue carbuncle of a catacomb.

The rhinestone stars in the black night sky.

The light of your chandelier on a ceiling up high.

Gold mines and silver mines and those with incredible stones.

Ochre and pi-rite and white ivory bones
all of the value you find in a mint.

And everything you have ever spent.

To get even more fantastic things.

What is more highly valued than if your soul has wings.

And even if earning all of this gives you strife
there is never anything more precious than life.

THE EXCHANGE

If you have ever, ever given a gift or
accepted a gift, instead of being miffed.

Like a bouquet of red roses or different kinds of flowers.

Or a brand new watch that can count all the hours.

A box of chocolates from someone who cares.

Just walk in any fashion mall to buy gifts someone wears.

Christmas and birthdays are the most popular times.

To buy and receive gifts like gourmet food and fine wines.

When you are giving a gift do you worry about price?

Or are you just trying to make something nice?

Fantastic stone rings are what most women want.

If you don't like the gift you can always put on a front.

A cheap gift you can buy anywhere.

And gifts can be serious if you are in a love affair.

Sometimes a person will say they are sorry by gifting a gift to take away worry.

Sometimes you cry till your eyes get swollen,
because someone gave you a gift that got stolen.

If you can't give a gift than give a hug and a kiss
because the kindest gift is to reminisce.

THE LITTLE CAT

The little cat sat on the window sill.
Her big eyes watching me, for I was ill.
And she said, “are your problems only mental
because your life was all event—full?”
I said to the cat “ I drink cherry wine I mix in it a
little turpentine it takes away the mental stress
and gives me a feeling of false goodness
but that is not the only reason why,
sometimes I thought that my soul could die
because I’ve spent my whole life alone and
even goodness I’d atone.”

The little cat blinked her big yellow eyes
and deep therein I saw surprise
because she hadn’t really said anything.
And I was again hallucinating.

THE TRUTH

Believe it or not all things can come true.
If inside your mind you just listen to you
the individual of which I speak harms not anyone
and squashes the meek.

Fingerprints are never alike.
If you think that could happen,
put your soul on strike.

And snowflakes are all different too.
Just like the shine on your best, black shoe.
And everyone says things in a different voice.
And we are all different colors,
but not by choice the DNA that makes you what you are
is measured by more than just one star.

And if you have lived a life of fame
hopefully you are doing it under your own name.
Your soul is the unique person you are.
Never give it away if someone tries to make war
and protect the you that only you can be.
Be yourself and be it knowingly.

THE SHAPE SHIFTER

I've changed my shape in a million ways,
sometimes in the nights,
sometimes in the days,
nobody could figure out
whom it could be.

Sometimes I was a dog or a deer jumping free.
I changed into a beautiful girl wearing
a dress that I would turn and twirl.

I'd be a squirrel and climb up a tree.
Still nobody would guess that it was me.

And then I'd change into the tree itself,
and finally I'd have pointed ears like an elf.
And run through the forest in Kelly Green.
Because when you look like someone else
you end up unseen.

LIFE THE FAIR

Life is a great big carousel with horses
that go in circles around a well.

A roller-coaster ride up and down
with under the big top, a playing clown.

And Ferris Wheels that take you up
high till you think your heart will touch the sky.

And water rides will give you the baptism
while attractions of animals will give you the catechism.

And rides that will even make you see stars
because life can be a bumpy ride in the bumper cars.

Play the games like shooting duck
you could know what it means to be
completely stuck.

And eat cotton candy every color is sweet.

Don't forget an ice cream cone too, to eat.

And if you win a game and get a stuffed toy dog,
remember your life is the epilogue.

THE UNWANTED

Is there a reason that someone kept their season?
Or left you alone without any home.
Or gave you no sustenance when you needed a meal.

And never even a medicine when you needed to heal.

Have you ever been ignored
and had nowhere to live because
in everyone's hearts stored
there was no love to give.

When walking in a giant crowd you
are alone as though you had done
something which that none could atone.

Because of evil pasts where people
won't sit down together.
And even the best of magical crafts
couldn't open one letter.

When all the songs you sing are alone
because the orchestra won't fit on the phone.
And to never be able to speak again
because you're enemy turned into a friend.

Turn out all the light, and right into the dark
and while you see there the sky notice every spark.

MY BEST FRIEND

My beautiful love with the flaxen black hair
and big red eyes with that come hither stare.
My handsome friend who always stayed
by me who would never ever judge me
who always stayed beside me.

Your kiss makes me higher than comets
going past and the sun and the
moon throw no shadows to cast.

When the wonders of friendship bring
two people together with loyalty and trust
never wondering about goodness and mercy.
Make your heart beat hard and make
fantastic poets out of every bard.

Hold tight to each other
never give them your soul
it's more than sister or brother
or any life's roles.

Understand when you look
into the deepest eyes that the mystery revealed
will give you surprise.

And hold each other in the vilest storm
you will always take comfort in a heart that is warm.

THE PURPOSE NOT SEEN

How did our universe happen to be?
From the largest planets to the tallest tree?
The mighty ocean's waves that kissed the
lands to the desert winds
which blow the eternal sands.

God must have been out there to cause
the whole thing, flying like an angel high
on the wing,
and once it was built
God quit his job to leave us to
manage it all in a mob.

Bless you if you have seen other worlds.
Bless you if you have seen comets curl
all around in a roundelay.

The moon making it night, the sun making it day.
Our cosmos is filled with the stuff of beginnings
and asteroids a cosmic baseball of innings.
To the fantastic craters inside of our moons.
And the music of the spheres singing orchestral tunes.
The rings of Saturn where the marriage of God
and the most gigantic of planets Jupiter was trod.
And deep in the primal forest
wild people like me are called star child.
For I have traveled through worlds on end.
Understanding these words are not to pretend.
For I have lived in country and city where
it seems the universe will give you no pity.

And the galaxies that turn in the void
may have everything to do with
what your life has employed.
And you shouldn't look for a purpose within.
It's not because you did or you did not sin.
It's not because you've helped your fellow man
it's not because the final frontier has no particular span.
Whether you've done it right
or whether you've done it wrong.
It's not because you were creative
and wrote someone a song.
The universe is there
whether you are or not
and the stars forever do
not cause any plot.
And things like utopia could happen,
perhaps if you reach the solar system
holds within it no traps.

Fate and God become rolled into one
and one day you might even turn in to a sun.

ON THE SURFACE

Beautiful people wear beautiful clothes
and I always wished I could be one of those.
A beautiful house with beautiful rooms.
Being a beautiful bride marrying beautiful grooms.
To stare into a mirror to see your beautiful self
be sure that your make-up shows beautiful wealth.
Watching beautiful stories on your flat screen TV.
Seeing all the beautiful people
ones that I'd like to be.

Fashion models on the beautiful cat walk
having a gracious dinner making beautiful talk.

The Miss America Pageant is beautiful too
think of all the beautiful men that you'd beautifully woo.

And the beautiful stars in the sky at night
beautifully twinkle as if with delight.

And when is beauty superficial?
It's true would you want to be really beautiful
or just seem like it's you.

BOINK

Were you ever in serious soup
when life landed you a loup-de-loup?

Your razor won't cut it's all a dull blade
and the spots on your dishes
don't go away with cascade.

And the floor has dirt on it.
After you've mopped and there is no more
gravy for your bread to be sopped.

Your candy costs a quarter
and you only have a dime
and you are late when for once
the bus is on time.

It's cold everywhere except in the water
and time always flies even when you've caught her.

Believe it or not things can usually go wrong
so long as you insist on the same old song.

THE MEANING IN IT ALL

Believe it or not the world can be good
if people did goodness the way that they should.

Like the coolest taste on a mean hot day
of Baptism water that can help you pray.
Like the goodness of a person's zeal.
Like the beauty that your heart can feel.
The depth there is in the deep blue sky
when you kiss someone and make them sigh.

Every wonder you can see like the fantastic
giant sequoia tree.
And the forest wild that goes into forever.
And a mighty typhoons' most tempters weather.
The goodness in the eternal realm
of titan's ocean's on a ship at the helm.

Goodness is the most impressive thing
when a man gives you his wedding ring.

And forever never had a beginning because
the start of forever had no sinning.

Keep in your heart the goodest of ways
and you will always find purpose in all of your days.

THE REALITY OF FATE

If the first is the last and the last is first
and the truth is that if forever you thirst
know that the world can
hand you the worst.

Because some people joke and because
some people so not know
that a lie can make you feel hot
and an honest answer can
put you on the spot.

Goodness survives in everyone's mind
and the truth need not hurt,
it can be kind when you share everything
and reality you find.

Believe it or not a cushiony home
in the many mansions of God
the planets to roam and infinity
can break through the sky's very dome.

And fate made things from infinity
it was done out of love for you
and for me to make up
for all of life's tragedy.

IF YOU PRAY TO THE MUSE, SAY THIS

The music in your life won't make you a slave.
Or take away your freedom or make you a knave.
You won't have to do things you don't want to do.
If it's not honest with you or if it isn't true.

You won't get hurt, you will never cry.
You won't have to protect yourself with a lie.
Remember all the good times you had
because being free is never a cad.

And anything you can imagine you are
is left to the fates in every star.
And the constellations will cry for you
so your life is everything you want it to be and do.

And the bright full moon will bless you not curse.
And what you sow in your life remains unrehearsed.
You will be in love and your love will be free.
You will own your own soul and your own identity.
People can yell, and people can scream at you
to do things and you'll stay serene.

The last decision will always be yours.
And your mind will not be the swamps and moors.
They will tell you to sit, they will tell you to stay
and you'll wave at them and say "Go Away."
Remember that to always stay free
is to own your own soul,
is everything you can be.

ORIGINS

I'm keeping myself in a very special spot.
It is not the cold winter nor the summer hot.
In a giant hill. I have dug-out a home.

It isn't for anything I would atone.

I hung an animal skin on the front of the door.
It made it comfortable a little bit more.
And I wove a carpet of daisy chains for a
soft place to sleep when the day light wanes.

The forest around me began to snow
and I hide in my cave,
while the cold winds would blow.
And even in the most viscous cold
Mother Nature was made manifold.

And the deer and the rabbits and all the birds
too would play in the tundra's
that could turn your skin blue.
And all the while I would always
wonder what keeps it together
and not tear it asunder?
Maybe if it's to keep an open mind
getting back to nature is the ultimate find.
And to draw a conclusion through all of it
all the real world I knew was no story too tall.

DISCOVERY

To travel to another planet,
it's true the billions of stars
mean more souls than a few.

And there might be life on every one warmed
and protected by a giant sun.

Are there other kinds of human beings
and other kinds of life that
gives for us the deepest meanings
beyond our worldly strife?

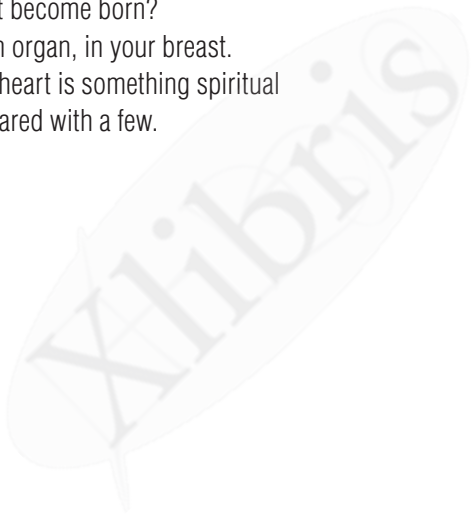
Could there be civilizations of spheres we haven't seen.
And maybe other forest wilds which go beyond the dream?
And how did it all get there if it wasn't there before?
Did we get into the universe by opening a door?

Because fate takes walks between the worlds
the ultimate to find and when we do
open up that door we end up in God's mind.

HEART SMART

Beloved you're meaning in my heart.
Goes beyond the depths of where
the ocean meets the skies the honesty
in my heart a fantastic enterprise.

Did you notice the blooming of the rose and of the thorn?
Is getting married in your heart
mean you have just become born?
Your heart is not an organ, in your breast.
Within you—your heart is something spiritual
that can only be shared with a few.



EVERYONE TIME TRAVELS

Time travel is ticking my life away.
It's nothing to run from but it seldom will stay.
As the clock goes back I wonder how
far is the watch around my wrist.

And how to measure a star.
The tides roll backwards and the moon
changes its phase and I watch
the constellations measuring days.

Flowers close up and turn into flower bud.
And the clay of our bodies turns into mortal mud.

The clouds move backwards across the sky
and you can't escape death even if you try.
Animals die first, and then they are born
and youth comes last because first you are worn.

Life and death have no end either way
and time travel means we have little to say.
Yes time can always, always change you
but you can't change time no-matter what you do.

THE BAPTISM

Believe me the beauty of the night
where you're shining is what make it bright.

And you keep within your heart the hope
of secret things in a worldly scope.

A water-fall cascading down will let you gasp away a frown.
This is the deepest inner soul that keeps us human, that keeps us whole.



BE CAREFUL WHAT YOU WRITE

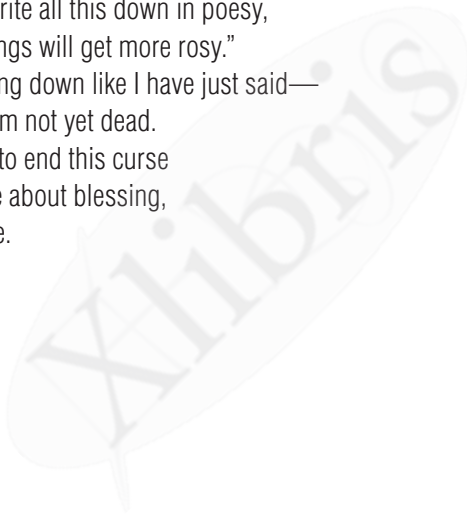
I got cursed and it seemed like forever.
I got cursed into next Tuesday
and I got cursed into next November.

The food I ate was always rotten.
The will of all people seemed all ill-forgotten.
I accidently would step on cracks,
I'd sit in a chair and I'd sit on tacks.

I'd dream bad dreams all the night long
and I could barely move because
my strength was gone.

They would take my blood.
They said to measure it and
it had too much sugar
so even that wouldn't quit.
If I walked outside it would
start to rain and the farther
I went became greater the pain.

I couldn't even run to get away.
I had no friends not by night nor by day.
Till finally I went to a gypsy maid.
And I told her everything that
I have just said.
She explained, "It is not superstition it's true—
something awful is cursing you—
my advice is you write all this down in poesy,
this way maybe things will get more rosy."
So I wrote everything down like I have just said—
it did work a little I'm not yet dead.
And one last thing to end this curse
from now on I write about blessing,
so thing gets worse.



YOUR SLEEP

When you're going to sleep and you're cuddled
in bed do you foresee the future or the past instead?
Do you dream about clouds scudding
across the skies or do you dream
of the night with a thousand eyes?

The prime-evil forests are deep in your mind
where fantastic treasures of gold you could find.

In your sleep you are flying which some people do
or you're astral-projecting and then you see you.

You turn in your sleep to your left to right side
and the spirits in your mind find places to hide.

You talk to your grand-parents who died long ago
and they tell you they watch you wherever you go.

And as the sun rises outside of your window
your dreams fade away to the day light where reality seems.

ENVY

Do you covet your house?
Do you covet your wife?
Or someone else's spouse?
Or someone else's strife?
More than anything stealth
do you want to be rich
with someone else's wealth
and their life,
would you switch?

The clothing someone's wearing
would you rather it be yours?
Or material things gathering
like another woman's furs?
And oh you would say
"I wish I had a body like that"
would you want another person's dog
or another person's cat?

Or see someone else's jewelry.
That belongs to another would you even
want someone else's sister or brother?
Fine dining at a restaurant is someone else's O.K.—
or would you feed your horse somebody—else's hay?
There are wonderful things in this world
to buy somebody else's things do not have to be "why."

FABRICATION

Are you honest?
Or did you wait till you'd die?
Before you'd be telling another big lie?
Like crying wolf, did you notice
a sheep was missing?
Or did you say a love was yours
when it was someone else he was kissing?
Or did you make up a story that you saw a
U.F.O. and the pictures to prove it
were paper plates you would throw?

Did you steal someone's money
and lie about what you'd found?
Telling people you had seen it first on the ground.
Perhaps you weren't honest about
how old you are and it's not
the correct date on your identity card?
You die your hair color to make it look blond.
It's true and anything but its true colors will do.
When income tax time comes around
do you say the truth about how much
you deserve in back pay?
How old does this get?
Face it even the honest ones of mankind
will try to make things more honest when it's really a lie.

I WON'T COMPLAIN

Believe you me, it is hard to see.
When circumstances leave you up a tree.
You eat a steak dinner but there is no steak sauce
and you did everything right.
But you get screamed at by your boss.
There is no correct chance when you are riding the bus.
And you have done nothing wrong
but everyone makes a fuss.

You count every penny for groceries
and are still a buck short.
And you keep using medicine
but you can't get rid of that wart.

They will even do plastic surgery on you
and your nose is still too big when it's through.
This is so depressing I can't write any more.
Just complaining makes it worse than it was before.

OF A KIND

People you meet in the everyday world
can look like anything with different colors swirled.
They might have a haircut that you've never seen.
To them it is beautiful, to you it is obscene.
They might have the best clothing
that is the most fashionable look or
they might be dressed like gangsters
or some kind of crook.

They might be wearing cosmetics of fantastic gold
or red or they might be pasty-faced to
look like the undead.

Some people wear shoes that are flat
to the ground and some women wear stilettos
that get crushed in with each pound.
The happiest people don't seem to even care
they want to look completely original; will stare.
And then there are those who have to
look exactly like you because
they cannot imagine anything else they can do.
Remember whatever you do or however you dress
make sure that it gives you true happiness.

THE PRINCESS AND THE UNICORN

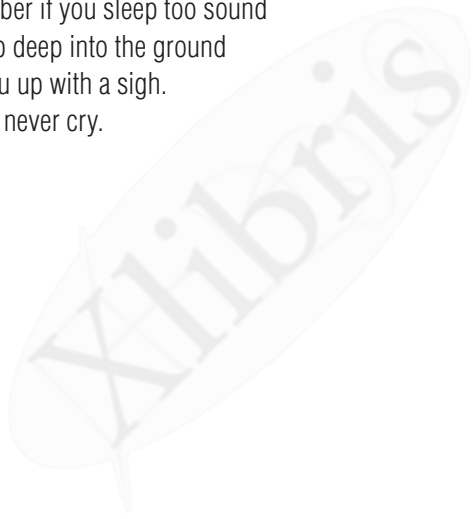
There once was a Princess long ago,
who fell asleep in the ice and snow.
She was beautiful and had slick white hair
and her eyes were dark and her skin was fair.

No one could figure out whom she was
no one knew her family nor any of her loves.
And a lot of people tried to wake her up
they gave her potions from a magical cup.
They rubbed her hands and breathed in her mouth,
people came from the north people came from the south.
From everywhere came princes and kings.
They gave her gifts and sat next to her things.
And looking for wisdom to waken the maid
they consulted wizards to come to her aid.
They went to sorcerers and witches too.
But still not one of them knew what they could do.
Then one day everyone gave a cry and
a fantastic unicorn happened by.

And the unicorn said "Poor thing sleeps
because she can't face the real world where everyone weeps."
And the kings and the wizards and the sorcery
looked at the unicorn with a heavy sign.
And they said "If you can awaken the child
we promise she won't cry she will not be defiled.
And the unicorn said "if you keep our promise
I can awaken the Princess but you must be honest."

So the unicorn's horn began to glow bright,
and the snow around the Princess melted at the light.
And he touched his horn to the princess's face
and she opened her eyes and of tears
there was not one trace.

The unicorn blessed it and said "Life will be good"
and he turned and disappeared back into the wood.
Because of this, remember if you sleep too sound
and you fear you end up deep into the ground
that magic can wake you up with a sigh.
If you have the courage never cry.



WHY STRIFE COULD BE TRUE

Whether things are good or things are all strife,
today is the first day of the rest of your life.

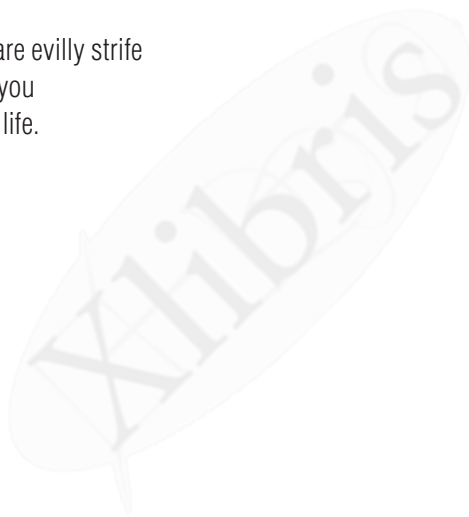
A friend calls on the phone and says
“How do you do?” and you reply
“Things seem pretty true.”

And the next thing you know your house is on fire
and you call the fire department
and they say you're a liar.

And you try to rescue everything that you own
because you know that you are losing your home.
The sentimental things like pictures of man
and your best recordings on your CD Rom.

And the strife continues.
you got the pets out too.
And believe it or not
the phone rings again for you.
And your friend on the phone says
“Hey did you know that your roof
seems to be getting an orangey glow?”
Your house is on fire, ask help from a friend.
And you say on the phone
“I've been true to the end—but even the
fire department won't help me,
can you please come over
I am way up a tree?”

So your friend fights his way in
and helps you put out the fire.
And there's not much left but
some sticks and some wire.
But luckily you got out everything
of value to find.
Best of all you discovered one
friend who was kind.
So remember if things are evilly strife
a good friend can save you
and give you back your life.



GOODNESS

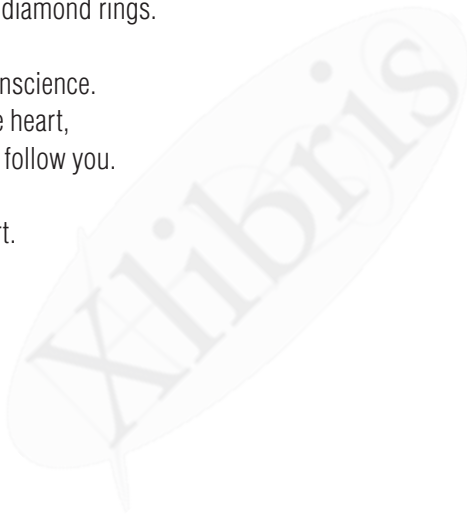
Did you ever know the difference between evil and good,
or did you think neither one existed nor could?

Some people think that it's good to be friends
and that it isn't evil to make amends.

And some people think that material things are good
like clothing or big diamond rings.

Be good in your conscience.
If you believe in the heart,
then goodness will follow you.

If you are that smart.



THE HEAVENS

I love stuffed toy animals and things that are plush
and soft squashy pillows and cereal mush.

The everyday things of our planet earth
that have sentimental value as they're only worth.

Why I think these things because I left our world
a long time ago in a space ship hurled.
And I saw all the stars swirling around me
and the void was space and I thought I was free.
And I floated around until I came to a sun
and I thought I'd walk on it just to have a little fun.
And I did not burn, but I lit up with a hue
and I did an about turn and I was a star too.

Then I reached out with my rays to
touch infinite black and the other stars
twinkled and glowed right back.
And they said to me "We are all of us fate and we control
all the worlds with love and with hate."
Join us! And we will teach you to sing celestial music
that controls everything."

"No one is more powerful none can make more
come true no one does anything unless we allow them to."
And I looked at all the stars
and then I knew fear that my whole life
would begin and end right here.

So I struggled to wake up and then sure
I found that I was lying on my back
prone on the ground.
With toy animals squashy pillows
and my breakfast cereal mush.
And from all this dreamy I got a head rush.
And I looked at the sky
as up came the sun
and I saw it and I realized that the stars had won.



AGAINST ALL ODDS

When you're feeling grumpy,
when you're feeling mean
everyone's frumpy
and life gets obscene.

And anger and hatred are all over you
and everything happens when you don't want it to.

When you get irritated because little things hurt
and your fun is over-rated and people are curt.

When people dump on you
and they yell and they scream.
And your whole waking life is a great big bad dream.
Hang on to the happiest memories you know
and all the bad feelings will be long ago.

THE ULTIMATE

“I haven't any money” the pauper said.
“I can't pay for my life I can't pay if I'm dead.”
And the rich man said “I have everything I have tons
of money I can party, I can swing.”
“Would you like to come to a restaurant
and I'll buy you coffee or anything that you want?”

So the poor man said “I haven't eaten in days
and he thanked the rich man and gave him praise.
And together they sat and ate caviar
at a restaurant matre-d'
that was also four star.
And then they ate together
a four course meal and didn't notice
the outside weather was snowing with zeal.

And while they were eating the poor man
told his story about his years in the war,
how it was gruesome and gory.
How he lost a leg, and how he couldn't work anymore,
how he lost his wife and his children and how he became poor.
The hardships he went through,
because the world became cruel
and how God abandoned him
and how Satan would rule.
How he prayed for forgiveness in Church
all day and how nothing good could happen
no matter how he'd pray.

It would rain on him in the sunniest times
and he'd play the guitar in the street to collect dimes.
If he'd become hungry he'd go to the mission
which was the only way to get some nutrition.

And in the golden days when he'd have closets of clothes
now he only wore rags or the least of those.
"Yes he said I used to have money
but I drank it all away in my youngest days
that were sunny I'd pray."
"My life ever since" he said
"has been on the street
and I always had to beg for my drink and my meat."

And the rich man said "You haven't noticed,
you died and your soul is in a restaurant
and you left your body outside."
"My name is Saint Peter and I'm here to
take you home, you will never again
be on the streets to roam."

"Bless you my son for the hardships
you have been through,
from now on everlasting peace,
is forever with you."

And the poor man discovered that
he became rich once more.

Because heaven came to collect him at his life's very end.

WAR

War is the enemy of all mankind.
Even today there are still lost people to find.
The smell of smoke coming out of tanks
and blood coming out of the higher and lower ranks.
The stench of death in the trenches
and fields and bayonets that the warrior shields.

A man long ago decided to jam up his reasons
being there was milk in his cup and food
on his plate and money to spend he never
guessed that a war could be his end.

They put him in a uniform and he'd sleep
within a barrack's dorm and he'd train whether
it was a sunny day, or muddy rain.

And he learned the art of the gun
and sword and he lost his virginity
slept with many and heard he would
body-build so he would be strong
and his training was tiring
and his training was long.

And one day on furlough he met a beautiful girl
with bright gold hair that had a pretty curl
and they sat together and talked
and ate and had a picnic together
and they talked till late.

And she begged the man not be in war.
And she asked him "What are you fighting for?"
And the man said
"When the war is at end I will marry you,
and all wounds will mend."
So he kissed her and he said good-bye,
and went off to the war and he thought he would die.

In the war he killed at least a thousand men
in any other times would have been his friends.
And on the field of battle while he fought
to survive was the golden haired girl
with the curl barely alive.

And he picked her up and held her against his breast
and he yelled, "Why did this happen! Why not all the rest!"
and her last words were this
"War is suicide and I will always love you and I have never lied."
And he wept bitter tears while she took her last breath
and she said "It is war that invented death."
And as the years passed by and the man grew old
having survived many wars untold.
He often thought of the girl with golden hair
and how death can come to the innocent everywhere.

THE FERAL CHILD

In my part of the forest wild
lived a little feral child.

Who would dance and sing and play the fife
in the depths of the primeval near the tree of life.

And in Eden all of the animals would pray
to a serpent in the tree of life.

All the long day and the dwarfs
and the gnome would make supplication.

For every living thing and every nation.

The dragon and the silvery unicorn
would dance to attention.

At the trumpeting horn.

Till one day the little feral child said
with innocence and smiled

“Who is the faster flying one the unicorn or the dragon’s fun?”

So the dragon spoke to the feral child

“I have always always always beguiled
but yes I am the faster flier—

the unicorn would know to the whole entire.”

So then the unicorn argued it and exclaimed

“I have the sharpest with and am still untamed,
as I am certainly the quicker on the wind to prove just about anything.”

So to all of this the feral child laughed saying

“you don’t know even the better half—

I have wings and horn and hooves

as I am faster than any of your moves.”

So he played a song on his golden fife
and bowed to the serpent at the tree of life!

Then he flew into the sky faster than
any living thing while even the serpent
thought this was astonishing.

And as the serpent watched he said
“you must always know that if you think
you can fly faster than someone you can throw. “
Take confidence at least of your own speed
and you can make peace. Whether you heed or not heed.”



THE POTION

This is a poem of the mystical,
this is a poem of the supernatural.

There once was a witch and a little black cat,
and the cat would sleep on the witches door mat.
And on Halloween he would fly on the end of her broom
hanging on by his claws for there wasn't much room.
They would fly at supersonic speeds.
And make potions together from things like weeds.

One day the witch decided from that
to make a potion to change her little black cat.
So she changed him into a table and chair
and the little cat yelled, "This is unfair!"
She changed him into a tiny mouse
and then even smaller a flea and a louse.

She changed him into a cooking pot
and left the bottom of him to rot.
And then she changed him into a giant flower.
She changed him again into a clock that would bell the hour.
All from the potion she would throw at the cat,
and the cat decided that was enough of that.
And he grabbed the potion and he threw it at the witch
and that's what makes the giant switch.
And the little cat changed the witch into a mat
and he dug his claws into it where upon it he sat.
And he threw the rest of the potion away
and the cat said "That settles it she can't change me anymore anyway."
So if on Halloween you get the notion
to drink some witch's magic potion,
take a lesson from the little black cat
and try not to turn into a door mat.

PERSPECTIVE

A long time ago there was a giant house
inhabited by a teeny tiny mouse.
And the mouse knew that his house was small inside,
the mouse-hole where he lived inside of it all.
He never did use all of his house,
he was too small he was just a little mouse.

For he lived alone until one day
the exterminator's came to take him away.
They sprayed in corners where he would usually hide.
And the poison was so offensive he had to run outside.
And he saw his back-yard and it was even larger
than the house he had lived in.
The world he kept in danger.
And birds were flying throughout the sky,
and he saw the heavens and he thought he would die.
A big storm fence surrounded the home
so the little mouse decided to go through that also to roam.
There were giant path ways where giant monsters
wheeled past and the mouse wouldn't know
it was automobiles even if asked.
And as he ran down the giant street
a car ran over him and smashed him down to his feet.
So ends the story of the little mouse
that died in the world outside his house.
So, remember if you venture too far from your world
and it's only a house where you are curled up warm
in your mouse hole curled.
Be careful not to go outside because
the world is so big even mice have died.

REFLECTING ON PAST CHRISTMAS'S

The night is dark, the rain falls hard.
Christ came to give us
the Spoken Word.
And as the stars glow in the sky,
eternity means your soul won't die.

Your soul won't die. Your soul won't die.
God above told not one lie that everlasting life renews
because of the sacrifice of The King of the Jews.

There is a dimension, there is a place
that houses your soul and gives mankind grace.
A special land for you and me made up of God's infinity.

Your soul won't die. Your soul won't die.
God promised. He told not one lie
and knew us as one family symbolized in one Christmas tree.

Look above then. Deep in the sky
at night time to realize those stars on high.

The soul can't die. The soul can't die.

Christ came to save us. Each single one.
His sacred heart of God's own son.
The gift was free if you accept and therefore
paid each little debt.

The soul can't die. You keep your life.
No greater gift. The Church of Christ's life with
everlasting brotherhood.

The soul can't die. We are all made good.
So awaken angels. Shine like stars.

Shine planets.
Neptune, Venus, Mars.
The Kingdom Come!
The infinite sky.
And the soul can't die.
The soul can't die.



OF THE MUSE

The inner mind of every man did not create
the Cosmos Plan.

It won't attest to stars above.
Call itself God or Perfect Love.

It will not shine like unknown stars.
Make consequences out of wars.

It will not spin like long, dead moons.
Make hurricanes or make typhoons.
The mind cannot know the unknown.
God cannot call you if alone.

There is no nature to contrive.
Explain evolving souls alive.

Dive deep in oceans or the sky.
Make permanent in death to die.
Or respect the forest, flowers.
Count the cessation of the hours.

Climb on mountains, count the grains
Of sand upon the dessert plains.

The mind cannot control our times
Or subterfuge the sun that shines.
Or comprehend the last frontier.
All things the mind can prospect fear.
And am of us.
Are born alone.
The soul our everlasting home.

REMEMBERING MY MOTHER

My mother loved me as all mothers do.
Even though her words were few.

She'd bundle me up when it snowed outside
and strapped me in when we went for a ride.

She'd make me hot chocolate when days were cold.
Wrap her arms around me though her arms were old.
Cuddle me if I had a nightmare and joke on Halloween
So I wouldn't feel scared.

She'd bake me a cake for my birthday and taught
me in Church how to pray.

She'd never have any prejudice,
and put me to sleep with a gentle kiss.

You taught me Mother to be proud.
I'm free and I'll always remember that you loved me.

FOR FATE AND MUSES

My captured heart would hurt inside
and in a blackguard I would die.

I didn't know if it was love or an illusion.
Purple—mauve.
Where elves and fairies really swirled
the colors of a forest world.
I noticed unicorns were there, glowing gold
with silver hair.
And dwarfs and hobbits, wizards too.
All my world is all I knew.

The flying dragon when I breathe. Fire.
And they were honest, though called liar.

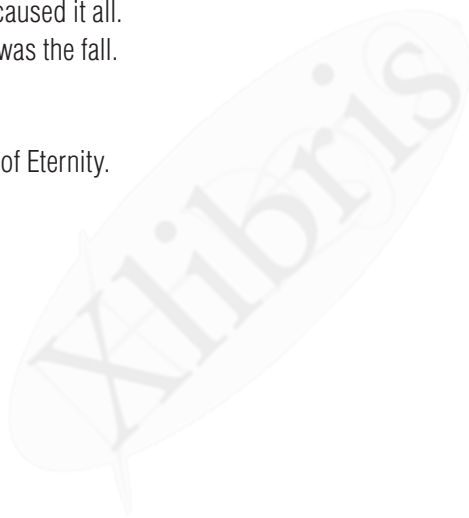
And angels were the myths of man.
Yet all these things I kept within my secret
like a mystery.
Poor captured heart now set me free.

And deep within, the forest home, all my life,
I've lived alone.
For paradise today is gone.
And human beings came along.

So all the mosaic made a change.
The colors completely rearranged.
And I'm a relic of the past.
A sorcerer but no spells cast,
can ever again bring these things back.

The rose turned black.
And birds are really cherubim.
The old archangels caused the sin.
Destroying every living thing.
Any my poor heart,
fly on the wing.

Can contemplate what caused it all.
Grace ended and there was the fall.
My heart was good!
But God killed me.
The beginning and end of Eternity.



WHAT ANGELS THINK LIKE

Did you find me?
Hello soul.

What today will be my role?

Will I be a woman grown,
or will I be a soul alone?

Did you catch it? I have no wants, no desires,
no ancestral haunts.

I don't know where my soul began.

The obvious is, we are man. But is that really the only thing.

I am a smear, High on the wing.

My connotations kept together,
any way or any weather.

Any answer for is me,
just don't give a cruel case be.

An angel.

Yes you, find it's free.

To symbolize a soul like me.

FOR LIBBY ON HER BIRTHDAY

I love a sister. Sweet is true.
The sweetest sister you ever knew.
In make believe we used to play.
When in the early years of day.
We swam together,
played through the times.
We had our fights so siblings say crimes.
She'd do my hair and I'd do hers.

Sometimes it just made it worse.
We'd play dolls and I liked playing cars.
In the bath tub we'd play Godzilla wars.
I'd watch science fiction on t.v.
My sister liked rock n' roll.
Radio free.
Never does she forget to say "I love you" for my birthday.
And everything we always spared,
my sister and I always shared.
And kept together, through thick and thin.
Everywhere together we've been.
Even fishing, even summer's long.
She's been my best friend all along.
And no one has a sister like me.
Cute and sweet and happily.

MY NEIGHBORHOOD

It is an open universe
where planets place.
In voids made terse
and life is there on every one.

Warping around and orange sun
is earth, our home world.
Where life teams huge and what's in a centrifuge.
Of stars that shine where we've outgrown our usual old forest home.

Comets fly past distant moons.
And solar systems play their tunes.
And animals who fly can see the sky has a consistency.

And no one dare works without stall.
Magnificent and enthralled.
Believing everything you see was made serendipity.
Keep the pace, do not allow one to doubt, to make you wonder
how or why. Only forever to know.
Only terrestrials we might outgrow.
This little world and find even more.
What stars forever have in store.

LIFE

Life in the city.
Oh what a pity.
Sobbing my tears away.
And again, what a mess.

If I could just guess the answers to heal every day.
To be on the street where lead pulls my feet.

I watch the police drive away.
My mind is an ache.
To make no mistake.
I'm watching the pigeons today.

Do you love the slums?
Watching the bums?
Tears come easy to me.
What do I do?
Kept by a few.
At least my heart can be free.

A HEART NOT SPOKEN

I am the owner of a heart in solitude.

I kept it hidden within.

I kept it mute.

I never had time for a sweet, sultry kiss.

I never could rhyme (my soul an abyss)

I cared not for passion. I cared not for pain.

Within me reason. But never a rain.

I could not cry when I felt loss. When angry or hurt, or evil.

Not to be cross.

My heart ejected what I thought was sin.

And all my soul kept so deep within.

Many sugar crated lore from dreams that I had before.

And hatred made me laugh out loud, even when I was in a superfluous crowd.

Before me—men would bow and pray.

And all I cared for was my own night and day.

I lived with Kings and Royalty too.

And love of things was all I knew.

My heart could not fly nor love, nor care.

Even though my soul lived there.

And all my status, and all I owned seemed not to matter.

I lived alone.

And in the mirror I did not see that I had felt the end of me.

GRATEFUL

I'm grateful for my heart and soul.

For friendship and for friendship's role.

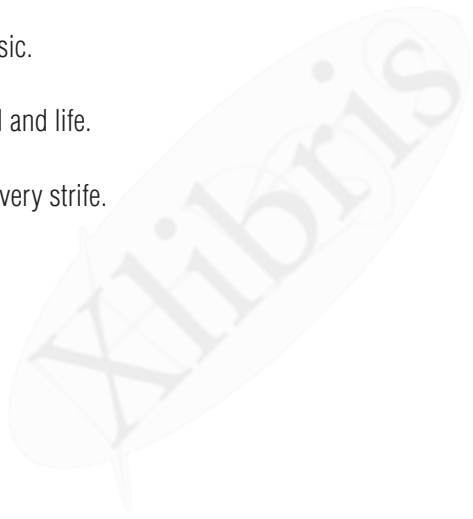
I'm thankful that there's peace within, less anger, sin.

I'm thankful for the world.

I'm thankful for the music.

I'm thankful I have soul and life.

And that I'm free from every strife.



LIVING WITH A MENTAL ILLNESS

With mental illness,
the pain inside makes frustration,
takes my pride,
causes me to cry and scream.

I can't wake up,
I'm in a dream.

The agony of all the pain.
Questioning what could be sane.

The medication is my crutch.
Not sure if it's too much.
The dreams chase my thoughts away.
All I can do is just pray.



