

Voyages
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Sick

World in pain
Hold on to fear
I'm growing cold to it
Line to the rear.

Sick of media
Sick of the news
Sick of them tuning out
Report what they choose

If it's about
Hope and peace
If it's an attitude
Sow what we reap

Then there's gotta be
A way around
Then there hasta be
A thorny crown

If we're to have
Peace on earth
If we're to live
What we're worth
Then your words
Must speak to all
Then the mighty
Will have to fall

Stop propping up
Those near the edge
Stop holding up
The walking dead

Let them fall
And we'll rebuild
Give us all
A growing chance
Stop circling round
That danger dance

Sick of media
Sick of the news
Sick of them tuning out
Report what they choose

Tranquility?

Pacify not the conflict
Contention and discord be gone
Dissidence and strife breed warfare
Backs broken, bended knees, sorrow's song.

Blot upheaval, turmoil, unrest
Nay for accord and serenity now
Find peace and blissful concord
Look beyond politics to show us how.

Tranquility not for freedom
Battle cries to flicker and fade
Scream not from silent proving ground
Sans victory our time allayed.

Remember

Do you fear the bumps deep in the night
When you sleep in my neighborhood?
Is the glow from the moon all but dimmed
From the window in my room where you stood?

Do you, on your pedestal, mighty and tall
Look down upon me and the rest
Who sheltered from the cold night air
And offered your first sweet caress?

Do you forget from whence you came
From whom your loins were born
Falter not and don't look back
But what when comes the storm?

Remember when your back is turned
And your eyes will not meet mine
Remember that I remember much more
And won't be burned next time.

Inheritance

On the backs of our forefathers
In the fields of the south
Open tundra...vast savanna
Raging Victoria
Empty bellies ... hungry mouths.

In the hulls under sails
Across the deep blue and back
Restless range...growing weaker
'Round the far cape
gone again...fierce attack.

Freedom Gone Again

Human rights watch
As time ticks away
Broken promises on the backs of children
Forced labor
Here in freedom
Misnomer at best
For what know they
Of freedom found
Or freedom lost
And what know we
Of life, liberty and the freedom
Guaranteed by our forefathers
But so easily taken away.

Vanquished

Savannah sunrise
African plains
Dawn of a species
From whence we all came.
A fiery magic
A spiritual glow
The birthplace of Yahweh
Now reaps what we sow.
Forgotten landscapes
Villages ruined
Countries in turmoil.
Lost, cast...marooned.
Africa rising
Dichotomy trite
History's dividing
Parody's blight
Stands at a crossroads
Bordered by flames
Warlord's recited
Again and again.
Echoes of greatness
Ring through the air
Providence's ghost
Buyer's beware.
Jah do my fighting
Jah let me come home
Open your border's
Cease for to roam.

In the Name of Love

Empire of humanity's first light
When will you your April 4?
Or the speeches before it?
When will one man come?
When will the name of love
Open its heart to your cause?
And when will time tick backwards?
And make your pride mean
The same as his brought to brothers
Across the sea...a world away
In the name of love
Let one more in the name of love.

Choked Within

White night watches in the dead of winter
Season sans snow, ice or rain
Drought prevails...crops fail
As the red clay dirt cracks under nature's ire.

Desperate, disillusioned, disenchanted
Never enchanted or illusioned
Never up, never open, never in
Weather mirrors meaning
Vast skies, open earth, choked within.

Where it All Began

Fifty-four countries
Languages over 1000
Uniquely tongued
797 million people
Diversity, prosperity...despair.

Pharaohs once ruled
Humanity began
Civilizations flourished...ebbed....flowed...died.

Kaleidoscope of cultures
Eternity's dream all but vanished
Vanquished...imploded or exploded
Behind the barrels of conflict
Now overtaken by greed...lust...inhumanity
Illusion debunked...derailed... dismembered
Aides...now synonymous...now calloused...now begotten
Forgotten...lost hope...lost dreams...lost plight
Of the beginning of ending of civilization.

Irony Theirs

Flowing rivers of people
State of grace removed
Miles trailing miles to go
Beginning ne'er ending
Rock croppings in the breast of the world.

Ancient...but with plastic bottles
Someone else's soda trash
Now carrier...once noble pottery
Now petroleum...
Ironic...
Or not.

Hope and Despair

Despair breeds hope in the land of the rising sun.
Hope breeds exclusion in the land of a thousand hills
Children swelter and fade – forgotten by the magic
Of chemical mixed elixers...saviors in drops of sugar.

Scorn on the faces of colonies old
Land raped...used...cast away.
One man dying for a cause that isn't his
Another man existing as a slave to a nation
Of strangers...occupying his land...
Stealing the fertile...tossing others away.

Glorious people...the first people...fathers to my father
Lift your hearts and spirits...champion your world
Make others see who you are and what you have become
At the hands of those who pillage and plunder...
While preaching life and hope and inclusion.

But words fall short on ears turned away
And having nothing left to give
Gives reasons for others to wane
Despair breeds hope in the land of the rising sun.

Charity Now

Stop watching
Stop assuming
I need not be saved.

Stop thinking me less than you
Stop
Walk away
Turn back
Go
But leave your money at the door.

Homeless America

She came with a backpack that used to be pink
And ribbons in her hair and a fresh smile to
Match her clean but stubbornly stained dress.
She was eager, friendly and foreign
She held her grandmother's hand tightly
Until it was time to let go and be with the rest.
She was different in all the ways that mattered
And the same in all the ways that mattered
And neither of those things would ever be noticed
If they weren't pointed out
By well meaning adults
Who don't mean so well at all.

defcon four

What is the equivalent
To defcon four
When the enemy rides horses
And fights with fire
And the long cold blade of the machete?

What happens
If neither the fire
Nor the blade can
Disturb our sleep
Without the reality of piercing our skin?

Wait...
What happens is...
We'll go to the box store
And purchase a toy or two
From the country whose funds
Help sponsor the "conflict"
And cast away thoughts unpretty
On the backs of those
Whose skin can be pierced
In the reality of their own defcon four.

Nothing that We Know

Rooftop hop
Eagle's drop
Wings on high
Soldier's cry
Coming home
Nar to roam again.

Children gone
Forgotten song
Legal barely
Trodden warily
Yet to vote
For those to send
Again

Tweedle Dee
And Tweedle Dum
Were left to run the world
Said Tweedle Dee to Tweedle Dum
Should we our plan unfurl?

Said Tweedle Dee to Tweedle Dum
Our hand how can we show
When we, my Tweedle Deedle Dee
Know nothing that we know.

Immigrants in Time

He came through Ellis Island.
Not across the border
Through barbed wire
Or in the trunk of a car.

He was shuttled
Like cattle
Prodded, poked,
Pushed along.
Darwinian selection
In New York Harbor.

Both came for the promise
Of what life could be
In America.

He picked asparagus
On Sherman Island
Over sixty years ago.
He gave his money
To his mother
Who sent it
To the old country
An uncle in a wheelchair.

His family now...
College educated
Successful
Have no idea
The innate kinship he feels
To the migrant
Hunched over the vine
Pickling the grapes
For their consumption.
For they who came across the border
Through barbed wire
Or in the trunk of a car.

Temptuous Is Not a Word

Drops of water
Grains of sand
Temptuous ocean
remorseless land
Empty cup
Last grain gone
Moving forward
Traveling on
Rice bowl filled
Another day
Mother's sing
Children play
Drops of water
Grains of sand
Temptuous ocean
Remorseless land

Wash the Rain

Wash the rain
before the sun
falls prey
to the clouds
that threaten
encumbrance
of a city.

Scrub the hail
that falls to earth
before the sky
opens up
devouring
a matterless town.

Excess

Uncloak the plot that ends
Poverty for all time
Divulge the means to equity
Release the ties that bind.

Excess beyond belief
Yet still we cry for more
Excess that leads to greed
Ever craving more.

Cerulean cell phones
That walk on their own
Blazing bulbs blinding
When no one is home.

Cars that go faster
In day glow bright green
Massive in size
Devour gasoline.

Turn back the tides
Let this be a sign
To stop the excess
Lest all comes untwined.

Suppression

Outshine the mighty porcupine
That lives by the river below
Decline the lax supine opine
That set the valley aglow

Stickly...
Prickly...
Dangerous
Settle down and think.

Ickity
Rickety
Scrupulous?
A nod, a flip, a wink.

Outshine the mighty porcupine
That rules with fists of ore
Confine the blackened carbine shrine
Close tight and lock the door.

I Don't

I don't put sugar on my oatmeal to bridge the gap
I don't butter my buns to stop the disparity
I don't watch cable on Fridays so we are equal
I don't buy Kona when Columbian's on sale

And sometimes
When it's really cold
I don't put on my coat before I go outside
To make us equal you know

I don't talk on my cell phone when I step over you
I don't sip on my soda to bring parity
I don't use my electric blanket so we feel the same
I don't listen too loudly to the noise that I make

And sometimes
When I bother to look
I don't think that we're not alike
But then sometimes
I don't.

World Hunger

Gold capped mountains
Set with the sun
As day is devoured
By night's darkness

The same sun
Casts shadows of dawn
On the endless
Desert horizon

Noontime's blaze
Triggers hunger's pangs
In houses of
Wood and cloth and stone

Only under this sun
Or encapsulated
In this blackness
Few will feed
On enough.

Promise Stay

Aragon dreams
Knights in the wind
Begotten now
Reprise the sin

Self proclaimed land
A kingdom anew
Back to the world
Final debut

Fiefdom rings out
Long, strong and near
Vacated hope
Nay pioneer

Silent the words
Promises stay
Evil be gone
Please go away.

Find a Hero

I want to find a hero
I look day in and out
I want to find a champion
To ease the inner doubt

I need to find a hero
Someone who is true
Someone who is noble
Who knows just what to do

Why is it impossible
To find a worthy guide
To lead us from the darkness
To tame the temptuous tide?

Like Not Needing Anyone

Like a day without the night
Like a moon that casts no light
Like a angel without wings
Like a bird that can not sing.

Like a life without a friend
Like a nightmare with no end
Like a world without the sun
Like not needing anyone.

Like a phoenix rising high
Like never asking why
Like a bandit and his gun
Like not needing anyone

Like his lies that need the dark
Like a sparkler with not spark
Like a war where no one dies
We need no more cold lies.

Perhaps it is Just Missing

I don't believe that yesterday
Was any better
Than today

I don't believe my mother
Or my father
When they say

That days gone by were brighter
That the future's dried and gone
That hope is all forgotten
That somewhere
Someone
Went wrong.

I don't believe that hope
Is a misty dream gone by
I don't believe
Tomorrow
Is a stream
That's all but dry

I don't believe
That all hope in the world
Is gone

Perhaps it's just missing

Under the Bridge

Under the bridge

Isolated

Under the bridge

A newspaper and a tin can cup

Under the bridge

Medication in a brown paper bag

Under the bridge

Forgotten

Under the bridge

Cars fly by

On top of the bridge

Never stopping to look

Under the bridge.

Physics

Point, line, plane, cube
A dimension on the tip of a pin
Quantum, Einstein, relativity
Gravity weak and thin.

Speculation not perfection
A particle model flip
Dimension defined by science
Heaven now in our grip.

Inhumanosity

The barbarosity of inhumanosity
Wait is that really a word?
Just like cold-hearted cruelty
The looking glass turned absurd.

Where lies benevolent compassion
When savagery rears its head
What of virtuous humanity
Why must the fire be fed?

On Satan's wings and a southern drawl
On the fiery scepters sway
Come hence the maniacal monster
And rabbit go away.

The winding road and ticking clocks
The hearts with dancing spears
Fill in the hole – quick shovel strong
And quash a nation's fears.

Enemy Mine?

Enemy mine
From a foreign land
Stand at my side
And dare them to tell us apart.

Enemy mine
Is my brown hair
And light blue eyes
Better than the tan of your skin.

Enemy mine
If they close their eyes
And hug us near
Could they tell you from me.

Oh enemy mine...
Would then they let us be?

After the next commercial...

After the next commercial

I'll do my part.

After the next commercial

I'll make the call.

After the next commercial

I'll write a letter to my Congressman

Aid to Africa.

After the next commercial

I'll mind my heart.

After the next commercial

I'll stop the fall.

After the next commercial

I'll plant a few trees

And volunteer my time at the shelter

After the next commercial...

Wait...

My show's back on.

Pinnacle Point

Dancing on the winds of change
A pinnacle point in time

Dreaming of the soft warm rain
Followed by white sunshine.

Acting on your words of peace
If you would do the same

We'd fight the battle side by side
And finally stop the rain.

Do you remember...

Do you remember
When we used to say
That being us was fine?

Do you remember
When we used to be
On the right side of the line?

Do you remember...
Really remember...
When words were action backed?

I remember
When I believed
Integrity existed where now is lacked.

Strong...true...brave

Amazing purple mountains
Sun bleached sands of gold
Plains all gently swaying
Treasures now unfold.

Red for the blood lost freedom
Blue of the truest test
White thus pure and noble
Giving all our best.

March on the quest for glory
Glory and honor hold chaste
Sparing the lose of our children
Save for the lives that we waste.

On to not more battles
Call them what you might.
A gun, grenade or canon...
A fight is still a fight.

Name not another campaign
Declare our freedom saved
Live by the words they wrote us...
The strong, the true, the brave.

Outside In

A fiber optic lifeline
Instantaneous communication.
Satellite internet
From a missionary's laptop
On the red Kenyan dirt
To a flat in Chicago
A taste of the world beyond
But no way out.

Holding Ground

My hand is open and ready
But it is greeted with the closed
Clenched fist of conflict.
So I close my fist and ready
Myself for the fight to come.

I cannot see that what you
Clench is her ring...
the one who has fallen.
You see my fists
Clenched and ready.
You dig in and I dig in
Both holding our ground
Ground that is not conflicted
But will be fought over
Just the same.

Who Will Remember

Who will remember the ones buried alone?
When the battle is over and the grass grows...
And the killing fields are memorialized like Waterloo
Only nobody remembers the soldiers' names
Or from whence they came
No glorious fame...
For those who are buried alone.

When the battle takes place on a city street
And the ammo is a car with a bomb attached
And the only remains are dripping from
The lamppost and the corner market
Who will know from whence they came
No glorious fame
For those who are buried alone.

The casualties aren't soldiers who stood at Waterloo
Or noble young men fighting for the cause of their country
The casualties are little boys and school girls
Caught in the crossfire of a life they didn't pick
And who will know from whence they came
No glorious fame
For those who are buried alone.

Winds of Change

Immutable laws guide our faith -- troubled deeply
in the marred confusion of modernity.
A force greater than this guides us from within.
Some possess it on the verge of madness
Others in quite serenity and the forlorned focus
Of insomnia – genius not of our world
Lost...afflicted...damaged souls of borders
Adrift on a sea of obscure and wanton nomads
Clenching tightly their heads – sheltering their ears
From the voices who call loudly on the winds of change.

Dreams

I dreamed I was lost in a forest of fries
With streams of chocolate swirls.
The rain was salt the sun cast down
On beds of crispy cheese curls.

Ho-ho leaves and ding dong walks
With Jolly Rancher candy lights
I ate my way from hither to yon...
Oh what a glorious night.

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I knew this lady
Old beyond her years
White hair
And deep eyes
She was tiny
Whispy
She served my soup at Cantor's
A delicate thing
Frail
Sweet
Almost innocent
Sheltered
A blurred blue line
Indelible image
A testament
Resilient
Strong
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The Fall

Is this the fall of Rome?
So to speak...
Or do we dare compare
The short sweet journey
Of a few centuries
To those of the mighty kingdom?

Will this truly be the downfall
Of the last Tarquinian King?
The final fall...Rome forsaken
Rant with decadence and decay
Empty currency – military gone astray?

Corruption...inflation...deflation...
A bankrupt government...
Denial...
Sound familiar...

Perhaps fall is too final...
Rome still exists after all...
Perhaps adapted is better...
Are you ready to adapt
When the fall is our own?

Do You Remember?

Do you remember
When we used to say
That being us was fine?
Do you remember
When we used to be
On the right side of the line?
Do you remember
 Really remember
When actions backed the words we blew?
I remember when I believed
I remember
 I remember
 Do you?

Auntie Maya

On the corner
Outside the market
Near the trash can
Where the needles land
Sits Auntie Maya.
Regal as her name
Mighty in her stature
Five foot nothing
And just as wide.
She's got change
For the faded gumballs
The after school crowd likes so much
They take her change
Or give her theirs spare
Buy the balls
Then dip 'um in X
Float in the clouds o
Red, blue and green.

Wait

Lost in time
Frozen still
A heart sans soul
A fever's chill
Once distraught
A nail for bed
More than not
A cloak to shed
A second skin
An albatross
A nightmare played
On a bloody cross.

Matter Not

I don't feel it anymore
My stomach doesn't leap
When I hear your name
My heart doesn't race
Thinking of seeing you
You're all but gone from memory
An ancient speck in my mind's eye
Does it matter than it matter not
Only when you say it does

A World Away

Seven figures
And a ball
While some sit
East of the decimal
A week's work
Lost over juice
While belly's swell
No rice today
'Cause on the hill
A world away
You just don't matter.

One More for the Road

They laid her out
A final rest on a cold slab
A man in a whit coat
A curtain pulled
One last look
Ashen, frigid, stiff
A lifeless vessel
Expertly averted eyes
A nod and it's done
One more for the road

Time

Have you ever wondered
What the night is like
When the day I gong
And you lay fast asleep
It doesn't stop you know
Cause you're tucked in slumber
Life rolls on just as if
You don't even matter at all.

A New Game

The world sits courtside
Fixed for news
Of their favorite team
High def visions
From across the world
Winner take all.

Let Them Go

Let them go to war
Those who call for more money
To feed their addiction
Let they who dream
Of victory won
Let them
Be first to take up arms.

Doubt

There is not knight
No shining armor
There is no way in
And there isn't
An easy way out
There are not winners
And the only door open
Is shrouded in cynical doubt.

Winner Take All

Talking trash
Shootin' low
Street ball rules
Friend or foe
Three point shot
From the line
Leather bumps
Boys at prime
Blasts away
Bim bam boom
Clicked off rounds
End too soon
Game called short
Time to go
Who did win?
No one knows.

The End of the Small Town

Built on the backs of our fathers
Small towns from sea to sea
A symbol of hard work and freedom
Things our children may never see.
Small towns erased from our memories
Crowded streets and congestion all
My kingdom for the country
Not another mall.

Little Green Men

They're coming to get us
Not the little green men
But the ones in the suits
With their ties
And dark glasses
They're a silent army
But steady and sure
And mightier than a thousand
Of those little green men in my mind.

They'll succeed you know
We stand no chance at all
They control our crops and our
Banks and the fuel for the cars
That we drive
We're like fish
Dangling
On the hook

There is a time...

There is a time for looking outward
A time for looking in
There is a time for growing older
And a time for living sin.

There is a time for stands united
A time to admit the fall
There is a time for glancing backward
And a time to accept the call.

Please bend for America
Live up to her name.
Fix your broken promises
Except your rightful blame.

There is a time for being silent
A time for righteous voice
There is a time for peaceful protest
And a time to make a choice.

There is a time for doing nothing
A time to make amends
There is a time for standing rigid
And a time the branch must bend.

Please bend for America
Live up to her name.
Fix your broken promises
Except your rightful blame.

Future

What is the next step
When the factories have gone
And the steel mills have closed
And the mighty smoke stacks of Allentown
Cease to billow and blow?

When Flint is a ghost town
And Sacramento is gridlocked in red ink
When prisons reap more than schoolhouses
And a dollar won't buy a cup of coffee
Here or in a third world country?

The next step is to stand
To rise above the masked oppression
The next step is to take back our freedom
And live the lives our forefathers intended...
Or is this it?

Mole People

Deep under the catacombs
Of train and subway tunnels
That run the span of the city
Eighty times and back again
And seven stories deep.
Dark, damp and abandoned
Live a people
Derelict, dirty and isolated.
Self-exiled from the dangers above
Ranks in the thousands
Mole people
Never counted
Never count
Ask and they don't exist
Least fear creeps above
Glowing eyes under trains.
What if that were you?

Turning Tide

Winter white snowflakes falling down
On a sea of green
Dancing violets hazy blue
Lost inside a dream
Children's laughter high and light
Circles all inside
Fill our ears with happy bleam
And save this turning tide.

She's Gone

It was a hot and dry September morn
When they locked lives and she was born
Sun was beating on the ground
What once was lost can not be found
It's gone.

Red light 'bove the street below
The clock struck 12 it's time to go
Broken viles and sweat and tears
Broken wings and angel fears
It's gone.

He's in her heart
Under one sky
She'll never live
To hear his lies
It's gone.

Brilliant green reflects the day
Night keeps demons far away
Rainbow 'neath the pot of gold
Story new but ages old
It's gone.

Remember her when he walks by
Remember not and don't ask why
Take her home if in your mind
And in his heart a peace you'll find
Only it's gone.

Teach Me

The mind is tool
Breeds peace but knows no love
There is no deed
To help one rise above

You're holding back
And the reason just doesn't fit
The world is lost
And you've no time for it.

You thought you'd hide away
You're words are deep
But your mind
It just won't play

Grace is unknown
A word that builds true peace without
Poverty
Reluctance
Greed
Harbors our doubt

Your road is long
Can you find the end
Will peace play through
To back from wince you send.

Touch me
Tell me that the world will find
Need me
Guide me to the end of time
Tell me
How to find there is enough
Show me
How to save mankind
Teach me
Where true peace I'll find.

Affliction

Affliction, agony, anguish
Deceit, deception, despair
Grief, heartache, torture
Wretchedness sans repair

Suffer not the consequences
Of the world you make
Martyr not your Brutus
Sprawled on wooden stake

Omnipotent, dynamic, forceful
Precursor, piety, greed
Of all the gold in Africa
Of all the lives in need

Call off the Druks
Cast guns aside
Uncross the path
Where worlds collide

Hold hope to heart
Give feed to birth
Give chance to life
Give all their worth.

Gentle Night

Gentle night
Softly sleeping
Angry sky
Open to morning
And another day
On the street
Hopeful for the dawn
Hopeful for the sun
Hopeful for a time
When the gentle night
Begets hearth and home
Life sans angry sky.