

simple

The walls are shades of buttery amber yellow
fields of August rye washed in golden hour
a sugar crusted custard of coconut and limoncello
the rum-soaked florets of a sunflower

from the ceiling, cascade clouds of lace cotton
illuminated by the aurora of the distant north
with the glow of a child story once forgotten
heat lightening woven within a foggy warmth

a bed of pine needles blown from treetops
blanketed in fresh fallen Cascadian powder
pillows of overgrown moss sodden with dew drops
a canopy framed from the bows great red fir

put on a record, listen to the warbles of Grantchester Meadows
the gentle cooing of the owl from the billowing chimney
the purr of a bobcat and its reverberating echoes
the singing of a guitar in the hands of Jimi

light an incense, breathe the vanilla musk of cedar embers
a honey haze rolling through hills of Tennessee
the syrupy scent of hot maple cider and cinnamon toffee vendors
the sweet spice swirling out of licorice ginger tea

the shelves are lined with frayed pages
marbled with ink from lifetimes far remembered
fox fire glisten along spines as a testimony to the ages
made from the ancient aspen groves well timbered

from the window, see the daylight of a snowy night
strawberry flavored sunset of the summer solstice
the late afternoon sun in the midst of misty white

and the profoundly mundane meaning of all this

huumm

the car window with your head against it
going nowhere in particular

Moss growing on concrete
where no one has dared to sprout roots

the refrigerator flicking on
as you sleep on the kitchen floor

Snow falling over the blacktop
and making you golden pocket under the clouds

the vents in the floor warming your hands
when standing is of great heights

Your feet stay on the ground
whether you do or don't

the sound of your voice in your chest
when no one needs to listen

Crying yourself to sleep
But forgetting why you started

the droplets pattering on the tub
as you sit on the bottom of the shower
Water flowing down river
whether you feel like believing it today or not

the drone of the morning commute
after you've stared at the ceiling all night

Studying the bare treetops against the clouds
like they're veins feeding the mystique

the bus seat holding your back
as your head hangs into your lap

Watching the sunlight creep up the wall
wondering if it's been moving this entire time

the sound of the bassline
as you get comfortable with the baseline

pando

to breathe
to take it slow
how simple

how familiar a feeling
an existence of billions
an understanding of time

breathe
deeper
grow upwards and inwards
into the sun
onto your rings
into one another

dig
deeper
where they can't see
how much we do see
of what there ever was
of what's up around the bend
of everywhere we'll never be

look
up
with your hundred honeyed hands
doesn't the sun feel splendid today
how magnificent

listen
have you heard the fruit flies
zipping from one rotting fruit to the next
don't worry
they never make it longer than a day
they must just burn themselves out
happily hazed on the sugar
how foolish

is

Who is there to malign the mangled maple
to tell its waste of will
it'll soon need to be scorched
should have grown across the grove
where it was welcomed
maybe it wouldn't be in this mess
and wouldn't be so awful to look at

Who will applaud the aspiring aspen
for choosing to rise despite it all
why, what a wonderful name they have
it's the reason we keep the forests around
they make it all worth while

Who is there to grieve on the grave of the gardenia
to wish away the wilt
why, they lived a good life didn't they?
tears to quench the thirst too late
now their body will have to feed the mushrooms
how unnatural they always looked

does the ruellia need a reason to rise

it just is

battery acid

oh, you finally noticed
you left Me here for some time

do you notice it drip
out My fingertips
sorry, I got it on the carpet
I'll clean it up
please don't get upset
I just need to standup

it's started to harden around my joints
liquid salt left to dry
I'll get to the point
it's gotten harder to move My eyes

its folding into My head
watercolor on a paper filter
nowhere it hasn't bled
maybe I'll make you a rose with pipe cleaner

sometimes
at night
up My nerves it climbs
it twists My hair and pulls it tight
I really can't take another bight
it's all in My head, right
it's up to My ears
flowing out in stinging tears
how did I last all these years

I was done for long ago
I didn't think it was going to grow
when I think I hit the plateau
more seems to seep from below
you know?