

# *Yggdrasil*

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*This issue is dedicated to Patrick White (1948 – 2014) who recommended this poet and would have edited the issue, had he lived.*

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~ Selected Poems and Art ~

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# Introduction

ra medland, (Richard 'Rick' A. Medland) grew up in Northern Ontario, then attended OCAD in the years Punk broke. He has lived a varied life in occupations as diverse as Creative Director for a public relations firm in Ottawa, an Art Director in various start ups, freight conductor/brakeman for many years at a major Canadian railway, as a merchandiser touring with well known rock bands, as a golf course custodian, an asphalt gypsy, a short order cook and other endeavors both creative and menial.

He has, however, written poetry, created art and attended to his journals since he first discovered the validity and freedom that creativity allows for the soul's expression. ra medland's poetry can be provocative, erotic, confrontational, whimsical, powerful, reflective, often touching and always honest.

*Patrick White* found in Rick, in the months preceding his passing, a kindred spirit, a keen mind and "a poet with something to say and a brilliant way of saying it – and it's time it was heard". He championed Rick's work and was able to submit a few works to *Ygrdasil* before becoming incapacitated by his illness. These selected works are the result of that recommendation and we trust you find Patrick's intuitions correct, inspired and inspiring.

Rick's paintings & visual art are represented in many private and corporate collections worldwide, and his writing has been awarded some online distinction on various sites.

ra medland lives in Perth Ontario, Canada.

## **A Bookkeeper, *She***

In the Shop,  
Sorting through the gloaming and receipts, she  
turns another leaf, another tree around

away from her mouth-eyes, her forgotten lovers  
betray her. so red she smiles  
    and whispers are allowed here. letters she was once  
written, footsteps she followed  
    and kept, beds she crumpled

and home, to read there once more, in a taupe shawl  
    by the steam  
of the warming tea and the CBC

---

so here she was, lacking breakfast again. opens Shop and shutter  
    her cat offers sunrise  
a purple tongue, slowly slashes  
    a lazy paw across the eyes

*(and soon jumps up to a ledge of a clear framed world,  
transparent and unreachable - like a dusted moth  
    or the shelves themselves  
    erratic, quartered  
and almost crumpled stacks, unbound)*

another passing chapter,  
far away in another life caught and cataloged away  
    committed to memory,  
or what passes for one these days  
    *(if you want to call them that; days or memories.  
both fleeting, like footsteps or kisses)*

pages and plots, words in the air  
*(always a warm reassuring smell,  
a closing of the eyes, inhaling)*  
    spellbound spines  
lead to thoughts of others

ghosts and strangers waft quietly. shuffles  
    creaks splinter  
    *the silence.*

her customers are restless and reverent  
almost hiding, nearly absent

right on reading; notice the checkered papers of  
scattered countertop

register the round steel dome  
a bell.  
with it's worn brass tap-button  
that often sparkles her

**Attention!**

even mutely it can cry out just by looking at it  
when one is engrossed. or dozing in the past  
the hours float

suddenly, after much internal debate  
she unravels selected aural tapestries;  
as *Tabula Rasa* and the *Køln Concert*  
cascade and circulate with longing,  
transcribing *bel esprit bravado*  
like Cassavetes from VHS cassettes

as dust motes drape pin points, drift like periods  
in an 'other life', of another's punctuation, a life  
more and more it seems, other than her own  
(*but no less*)

a beautiful sunset  
for all that.

---

(...and home, to read there once more, in a mauve shawl  
by the steam of the tea,  
the warming fire and the CBC

## **Capturing This Age**

Why does she take pictures  
snapping to attention  
captured smiles and wiles  
harbouring sunsets, puppy-eyed with purple  
and pink. Magnetic heads – not talking – leaning inwards.

Straps and light, collusion of charms  
postings on weathered fence posts  
hardly hardily harms.

A million borders  
a framed mirror,  
a forever glance  
a group of friends  
that never ends.

Why does she take pictures  
how does her eye – see her “I”?  
a book of faces – rusted by chance  
youth in its ripeness – unadorned  
un-adored and unprepared.

As life’s aging and scarring  
will turn her focus away – eventually.  
and friends will never disappear or abandon her  
bold flames may sputter/flash – but never go out  
she shall know nothing of the past’s passing  
but glass – and the indifferent ether of heavenly bodies

(even the future cannot see)  
Another wrinkle in time  
— in time



*'A Perfect Pair (Make Up)' – graphite on paper, 26 x 32"*

## **Travel Log (Justember 2203)**

As we struggled down that road again  
and lost the light that led the way  
and the spirit that kindled and sparked,  
it became shorter and with less forks  
and more mouths to feed and bleed.

Here on our travels walking on one limb  
from one human tree descended,  
distant horizons flashed and beckoned  
unheeded paths and remote trails  
passed like fireflies in the grass.

Step by step forward, as wise owls howled  
and clung to branches that like fingers  
gnarled and dusty, hung onto the sky  
scraping clouds and lunging for scant  
sundark in the slowest of our orbits.

Stopping to linger sent shivers into  
our bones (white coral supports),  
that held us upright or wrong, as  
time stretched like eyelids snapping  
us back to the past where we longed to go.

The journey was apace, the artery was hard -  
a stones throw and a wind's winding reason  
as fires blazed by night and by day we stumbled  
past the ash to unseen places and outlines,  
reserved with an expectant disregard of our arrival.

Deep were the steps, taut were the ropes  
in our legs, designed for a singularity of  
destination and necessity. We were heralded  
recurrently by ghosts and spectres held in the  
boscage that seemed to redraw their forms.

Hours were misty, troubled w/ ochre and horizons  
receding often and with pinpoint inaccuracies,  
mirrored and looming, distant and fielded  
sometimes on all sides hailed by long dead farms,  
harvests glaciated in their fallen ruination.

Structures arose as closer we wandered: ramshackle  
and slowly exploded by decades of discord -  
mass dissolved in window frames and doors  
with no point of entry. No one waved or behest  
our cautious advance, no one stood on the rooflines.



More buildings and such monuments, tottered  
and sank upwards, as buried men not quite dead  
struggling w/ limbs aghast at the soil's grip & embrace.  
All were obvious in their decay, stoves and fixtures  
rusted - sanctuary for small animals and hidden memories.

A rain started to drop one by one from the ceiling,  
moisture from the heavens, seldom seen. Mud mirrors  
on the trail (resonating upwards: the Ever-Gray),  
a drink we collected for our pouches to quench  
this search, this exodus, this thirst for certainty.

Black comes often, some days are longer. There are  
no old ones with us now. They left early and fell in numbers.  
Our sum reduced further by hunger, by the occasional  
searing of sunlight, from the lack of things to enter our mouths,  
from the acidic smell in the mist, or by the footprints of Followers.

On this tarmac, this pavement without pretty horses,  
or oily auto-wheels — our seeking is a perspective  
diminished — this we surely know.

We are your children's children's children.  
You set us out upon this Walk.  
Decades ago, when you  
could not imagine  
our faces.

## First Menu Reverse

time enough of sorts

listening to music, watching sports...

politicians crumble, statues lie  
angels laugh while the devil cries,

hearts awander, fade to gray,  
children depress and adults play.

glaciers burn, media cools.  
poverty is wisdom and rich men fools,

happiness is sad, euphoria black  
the rope is taught, the hanging slack.

forks are sharp, knives are dull.  
flesh is bones, lips a skull.

notes are bits, clouds are sheets  
cows attack and wolves will bleat.

cells are stemmed from the ringer,  
guns are pens, a hand - the finger.

sorrow is such delight, lust is green.  
God is a concept always seen.

blue rivers run backwards, hurricanes whisper.  
the heart is harder, the soul is crisper.

roads are cracks, sidewalks trails.  
dogs walk upright as sunset pales.

reason is emotion, greed is love.  
a push is an embrace, a bullet a hug.

learning is forgetting, memory is loss.  
seeing disbelieving, a grab is a toss.

a home is an invasion, the streets content,  
banks are broke, hunger spent

winter is summer, leaves fall back.  
trees are grass and finally the front is the back,

the front is the back.

time enough of sorts

listening to music, watching sports...

## **How I Will Look When I'm Dead**

With a waxy frown or a frozen smile,  
wrapped in metal, blood for a mile.  
Shorn of dignity like a fallen head,  
so how will I look when I'm dead?

Grasped in a gasp, rotten with stink,  
found with a towel by the kitchen sink.  
Look not myself but someone instead,  
so how will I look when I'm dead?

A look of fright or one of calm,  
gone in the night or dread past dawn.  
In some repose or as wayward thread,  
so how will I look when I'm dead?

A fallen leaf, an empty stone,  
A drained out lake, an empty throne.  
A clown unlaughing, a bride unwed,  
so how will I look when I'm dead?

A crushed in skull, a forehead of glass,  
A slumping heap or twisted mass.  
Found in a ditch, a couch or a bed,  
so how will I look when I'm dead?

Struggled fright or saintly calm  
Something to burn or just embalm.  
Pale white, blue, black or red,  
so how will I look when I'm dead?

Rife with meaning or merely asleep,  
Frivolous, happy or silently deep.  
Shiny like silver or dull like lead,  
so how will I look when I'm dead?

Lost to where the heavens are.  
Drifting inside a broken star.

Missed by those who miss me most,  
Scattered ashes on some green coast?

Laying in remnants, mortal soil,  
Rigid and stiff, straight or a coil?  
Eyes open, forced or shut.  
Holding my groin, rope or my gut?

Watching from heaven?  
Tied up in a sack?  
Down from above?  
Entombed in the black?

So how will I look when I'm dead?

## Winter

there are moments when  
the world is too much to bear,  
but winter keeps the silence rejoicing  
and comforts the pain with wrapped white,  
(as wedding lace) and buries

itself,  
gone are the days  
when meaning was ripe and waiting,  
when the world seemed tiny  
yet foreboding like something to fall:  
out of orbit or off a plate.

here the world sleeps.  
forever is tied inwards,  
where underneath the errors of action  
the certainty of certainty,  
is but a patience.

essence is a redness,  
tied to branch, sheltered by a leaf,  
supported by a trunk,  
grasping the soil.

there are moments  
when the seed has too much to bear,

and grows.



*'Pastrology' – mixed media on paper, 44 x 36"*

## **An Undoing.**

(holding my breath.  
until i saw you again.)

then you died.  
and stars flowed away from you:  
certainly the living and excitable ones.  
the ebb of memory lingers. in waves.

now your phone has been disconnected,  
yet your voice is a ring, hollow on the inside  
worn out.

then you died.  
and i tried to hold a picture of you,  
that wasn't a frame, disintegrating.  
left holding ashes. in a box.

now where do we put those? in  
a sacred place, where energy is burnt.  
not returning.

then you died.  
we could not reach you. tears flown  
and sewn and sown. like seeds that forge  
a growing in reverse.

you lay, as a pool of wax,  
shaped + resembling someone  
i once knew. a tv show from when i was 3.

then you died.  
your home became a shell.  
housing your auctioned objects.  
but the smell of you, lingered.

never again to talk. laugh. confide.  
or hope. this is gone. existence  
sheds it's mortar foil.

then you died.  
no shine. battery dead. fallen leaf. flattened cat.  
empty beach. listless sky. cloudy night.  
unread book. abandoned well.

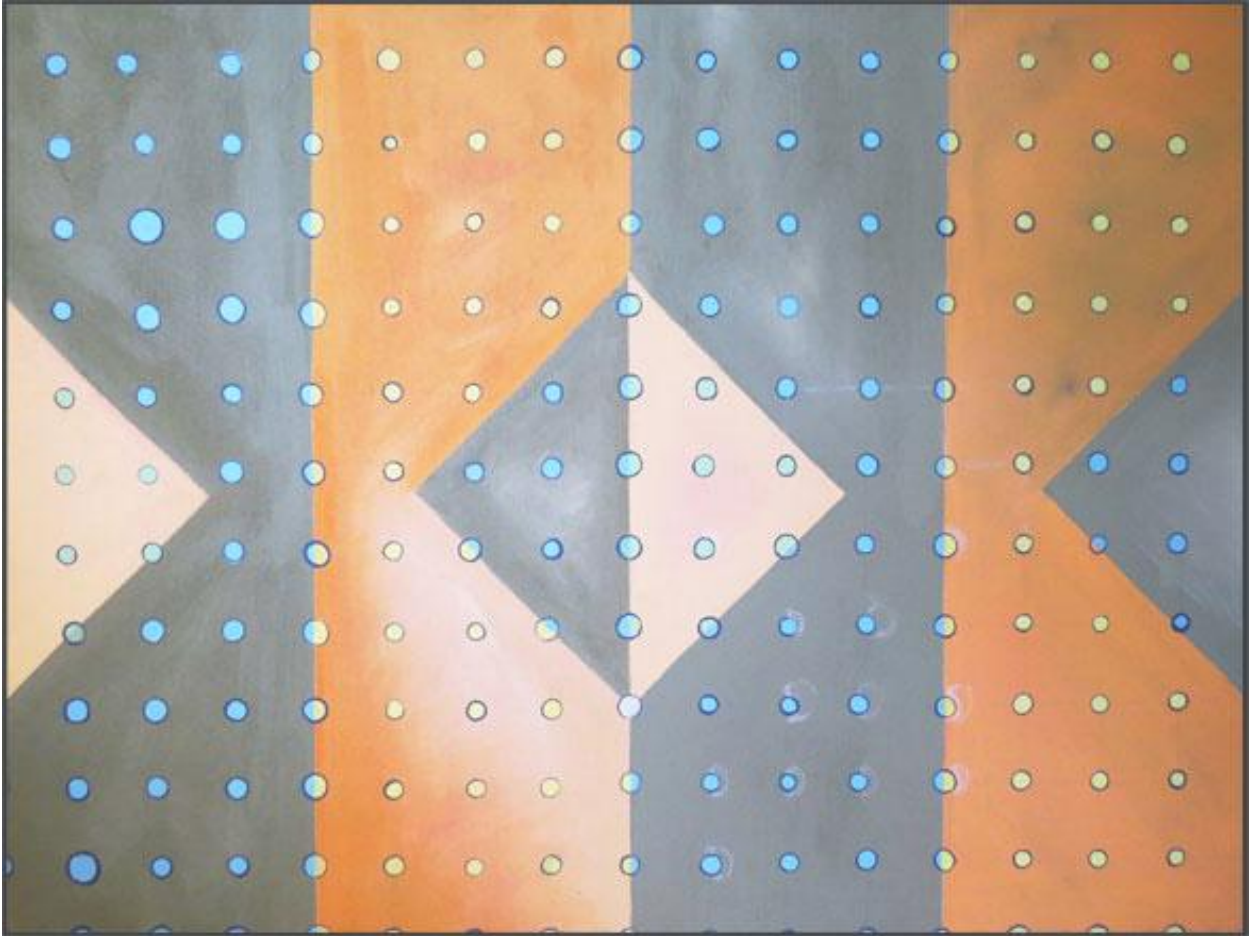
every trembling sigh  
and sparkle off the eye.  
un. done.

the ever no.

(holding my breath  
i never saw you again

*(For Marilyn Higgins 1935-2004)*





*'Air Loom' – acrylic on canvas, 36 x 48"*

## Font Within An Email

If I said there was a font that curled up and swung around.  
Would you believe it was never typed, nor spoken - made no sound?  
If I was this font, my baseline you would be.  
A reading between the lines, a resting place for me,  
My capital letter, my comma as pause;  
the exclamation point that makes my white page thaw.

I would scrawl a symbol that meant everything in the world,  
A word so wise it would not come unfurled.  
Though it would be as a secret that everyone knew,  
It would be only ours and a mark made as true.

So here I sit, a man of letters — lost, searching for words to write to you.  
If I could crawl inside the curls, the serifs of my thought, I would surely do. As

Life is a letter we send to ourselves,  
Moments are books we take off the shelves,  
Kisses are notes we send to each other.  
Hugs are the quotes holding our sentence together.

Seconds are pages we turn with a smile, spines are something that bind the inside.  
Covers are skins hold heart and soul awhile; spirits held, that we should never hide.

A string of swirls, type, kerning and sizes, a font is a thought in tuxedo disguises.  
Once inside we are swept away - into a sentence, a thought, a character, cliché.

Black on white, these inks up close and there appearing blurred.  
Yet in our mind a voice is heard.  
Words on a string, a thought as a thing.  
Words from a poem or a song you can sing.

As fonts form these letters - makes a sound ringing true.  
My mind forms these shapes:

An i, a love and a u.

*(For CVM)*

## The Sentence of a Poet

Turning towards the finished line  
Aching to the last roared stanzas  
Talking down to Gods and Dark  
Matter. Giving him a beating with  
Heart pulsing, still flexing similes.

Where are all the metaphors now?  
That Memory weeps with your Muse  
To amuse the saints, sinning once again  
The Word is unsheathed and shining  
Drawn in a motion of clarity, slicing  
Something resembling a tumour.

The blood pearls along its length.

They flock to him now, those silent  
Watchers and the audience he has  
Held in thrall, now soar up words to  
See as he wavers on the horizon, lines  
Bellowing. Like a lonely shark beached.  
The Ocean herself laments infinite tears.

That strange dominion Death, multitudes  
Of words and meanings beyond it lie,  
All valuations, as lain waste to wasted.  
The poet reaches for reaching, Grasps  
At grasping, gasps in gasping, so yes!  
It always comes down to warm breath.

*Or it's lack entire, in all creatures of evolution.*

Even cold nights carry a star flood  
Molecules being held on vapour  
A rotting nebula in formation  
Of the Great Dismantling  
Into who knows what  
Has begun in earnest.

He mind-eyes the terrible landscapes  
Of terrible history and wandering aside  
Aware that something leers from inside  
Him as surely as all he has heroically  
Pushed out. Shared, like virgin births and  
Wayward children, his pillars and sky visions  
Having inspired the Truth astronomers laying upon  
The public altar, gazing up words of imagined nation.

As awards and accolades lost their meaning  
And dark countries approach as surely and  
Most stately as the empty heart(s) he has surely  
Filled and deciphered. The end of the tunnel is  
Shining Kubrick-like, focused in a rictus of control

To write one more, once more to apply the sacral Seal.

But he is unleashed, untied. His moorings and the Pen  
Ultimate, won new wonder, writing loops at the Exit Sign.  
As Voice echoes and rages against the dying of lightness  
In his unbearable honesty, being shorn and torn as under  
By the going over, into a whirled and fine misty froth that  
A lance of syntax provoked, as he leans into the Abyss,

And sees somewhere (looking back on the written world)  
A language all his own. Blessed. Jeweled. A Universe.  
An ebon chrysalis hovering upon this every, ever, eve  
Of elegance, damned eloquence quaking and defiant  
Towards noble persistence and a gloaming. Thought.

Of seeds and stars of rolling incantation.

That translated the gleaming Mind of multitudes into  
knotted inky braids of purest starlit vaults;

A Gold bespoken  
Lustre, chanted.

*(For Patrick White)*

**and once**

**I**

there was a moment there,  
when your eyelashes fell in heaps,  
upon the fluttering  
of your oval shaped howl.

within seconds we were over,  
folded into the ecstasy of the past,  
and heaving endearments to  
catch our breath.

your legs were wrapped  
like gifts of tremoring earth,  
binding me to the moon  
with blood that does not  
spill, but flows.

my empty cry spilled into you  
the fantasy of being nowhere,  
but inside your mouth  
made me.

hotter than heaven,  
the plot of seduction  
betrayed little.

you pursed your lips,  
rubbed their slick against  
my tired brow,  
how we sped up

and how.  
[we slowed down.]

## II

and twice...

there was a week there,  
when our clothes fell in heaps,  
upon the shuddering floor

and within years we were over,  
collapsed into the shovels of the future  
heaving endearments to another, to  
catch up to our lives.

your legs were loose and tired  
like dusty twigs  
binding us to the soil  
with dust that does not stain,  
but settles.

my empty life was shared with you  
after wanting to be everywhere  
but inside your thoughts,  
unmade us.

more vacant than heaven,  
the narrative of reduction  
betrayed all.

you wrinkled your smile  
moved their shriek towards  
my weary eyes,  
how we slowed down

and how. [we sped up.]

## III

three times...

there was a life there, a time here.  
no different than now.  
i would sleep it all again,  
to dream it, fucking

together.



*'Bad Newz (All Over North, I Ran)' – mixed media on canvas, 48 x 72''*

**Very Inclusive [ ("Visors") Operation: Be Longing]**

**Detachment Obliteration** - A Complaints and Measures Analysis

**Including:** Means of Inclusion, Exclusion and Perceived Shared Experiential Tropes

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**This Document is Bias-Enhanced – [#0359.19.22722.9035-NIL002 EXP]**

You are included in the thoughts of those around you.  
considered, measured and studied in all earnestness.  
As thoughts wander the compound, snaking between the  
tall trees (don't say "whispering" - they wind back to you)  
Once the purple thought balloons have choked the secret  
mishap you shove out of your quiet distinctions, "the observed"  
fall backwards into a pool deeper than a cerulean jetty.

You are included in the premonitions of fear and identity  
that the Sun dissolves in the air, like chestnuts roasting  
on an open pyre. The funeral match warms to the high  
faulting conquest of Memory. Smoke rings, haloes and  
un-informed indecisions predominate the proceedings.  
Shadows hold both shapes diluted and scripts of the unseen and  
are beholden as slats of flattened bolstered heft and juggernaut negations,  
intertwine into vast repositories of unknown, unquantifiable durations.

Volleyed jurisdiction and complex and dynamic responses  
circle the trillion point calculations; redistribute and delve  
into Past Actions, Future Pleadings and Final Resolutions.  
You are included in demographic spending that diversify  
the land owners and money lenders portfolios. Every car, every plastic  
form congregates and divulges it's fossil beginnings however  
buried and silent. Mystified and absorbed into current levels of pollutant,

Particles, you are included in the unwise choices and cruel  
intoxicants of instant gratified objectifications of ownership, that,  
bedeviled and gaping, seals wounds of inclusion including small  
sores, ghastly night time sweating, hopeless depression; all  
offset by culled populations, entitlements of petty commerce,  
monumental but silent forages of guilt and selfish belligerence, seed bank  
tolerances are included, as are past traits disguised as habits and needs that,

Belittle and negate the inclusion of The Other, whether of faint  
opposing intellects, frail comprehensions, correlated housings,  
immense misgivings, unformulated religious desperations, or small  
regrets masquerading as compliance or a rendering of unknown  
Faiths mutated beyond reasonable doubt, irony or plausibility.  
You are included in mass waste systems dumped unceremoniously  
where they are least to be hindered by petty concerns of effect and  
Cause, seeping and decaying in unnatural formations of mysterious



Chemical processes, into water systems, the DNA of genealogical entities, directly into gastronomic, olfactory and respiratory bio-massed carbon based futures, and supposed filtration methods that do not indirectly adhere to rational modes of sustainable or holistic presets formulated by Logic or Reason that would directly hinder the goal sets of exposures and asset accumulation.

**(Sub-noted InText documentation [DELINEATION ESTIMATE]:**

*Inclusion coincides and complies with unsafe, far future-untested nuclear, fossil fuelled [and coal], monolithic hydro dam redirects, combustion energies in small tools; eliminating nonrenewable resources on an ad hoc and ongoing basis of ALL mineral, fibrous, mammalian, water and water based organic and static material forms and regardless of collateral harms, wastage and damages; war fares include trench, atomic, guerrilla, economic and other various means both Covert! and Overt! **Leveraging the transparencies** providing untethered gain to resources, metals, real estate properties, cultures, developments, vistas and location of land and sea masses both tactical, recreational, strategic and unstated; brain washing spin cycles include invoking Pharmaceutical entities to curtail effects of possible 'excluded considerations' inherently promoting lethargies, apathies, depressions, solipsism, narcissisms and all manner of distractions of real, imagined, fictitious, voyeuristic, participatory and innumerable confusions and escapisms isolating and eroding Identity and deviation from inclusion amongst the common populace via various mainstreamed media sources; employing hemisphere methods of program inducing narcotics, poisons, placebos, genetic alterations, opiates and known depressants successfully amplifying anxieties, phobias, paranoia and abeyance of "fight or flight" transgressions in general - primarily via stated propaganda delivery methods including subliminal, violence based, participatory, goal oriented conquest scenarios, fantastical, directed entertainments or "waking-dream" vehicles that imply and include generally base, instinctual paradigms, curiosities - both morbid and oblique,*

*and the censorship of all but the most banal and gender typical sexual innuendo; making available (though not without a modicum of difficulty), demeaning, explicit and demoralizing perversions of every fetishistic nature and debasement imaginable by world wide post-pornographic, gambling, addictive access, "social networked" deliriums, further adding to dopamine levels becoming preoccupied, explicitly creating additional and deep market penetration among the very young, ingesting profit-term enhancements of all manner of vice and undiluted immersions for future revenue streams and adverts for same; offering little to zero alternative options or research development such as energies, recyclables, composites, solution-based thinking paradigms, local calorie growth, or learning institutions at all levels of development, that must pander to false safety and early destruction of naiveté by redacting plausible life skills, mindfulness, real time/life styles, empathies and coagulates of community enhanced comprehension or option.\*)*

*[\* Please note all Sub-noted InText documentation does not include all permutations, outcomes, motivations, effects and nuances of INCLUSION as to being excluded. As one is, and is not.]*

You are included in the silent yet willful manufacture of life cessation heat-seeking devices and procurement of projectiles, including, but not limited to, irradiated, explosive, toxic, chemical and sharply honed weaponry that although tracked by various off shore accounts and profit sheets composing stockholder sheets of endless complexity, opacity, growth patterns and,

Shipped and delivered to peoples of all ages, barbarisms, unhinged lunacies, instabilities and added to the gross national debts, debits, periodical Genocides, thereby directly enabling the extermination of those less strong, willful or so inclined. Diamond, laser focused intent and unmarked crates of ammunition and movable parts and anti-personnel mines, along with drones of sleek, cylindrical, remotely controlled

feeder systems heeded by computer redress, are festooned with blinking HUD displays, night visions, satellite feeds and sublimated excursions creeping through the tall grass into a small village of

Aboriginal/native or common cultures, past and/or presently endangered, who, (UN) desiring mass extinction along with their visits to the tainted water supply, to drink, clean or cook within small mud, metal, grass, or animal skinned huts with undeveloped and archaic rust blistered tools, wearing cast off t-shirts populated with mass produced logos market-researched by focus groups and advertising and glassy conglomerates that have billable days greater than that of the small populace or grouping in question, standing sentinel on their cultural heritage, omission of, or mass grave, or in whichever state applies at the time of non-application...

*[This entire small word grouping tract outline, merely being the once skyscraper-sized tips of frozen H2O in an underworld of ever expanding and rising oceans due to foreseeable but noncompliant outcomes and pursuits, confirms that you are definitely included.]*

You always have been included, and have all incorrectly voted or been dictated to whether benevolently or antagonistically, for the incorrect candidate, "ideology" or party, in an usually incorrect system or governing body or bodies, that has inferred and infused and ultimately interfered with the controversial "truth" that civilization is a (insert/posit theory here) thing and that's its cataloged histories, proponents, bureaus and emblazoned champions, congresses and the like, strongly consider themselves as indisputably and since inception, as either highly civilized and/or completely competent sane men and women, which stated and construed facts appear to divulge, or diverge, by the way, as being directly refutable (provable) on any scale of dysfunctional predatory, apathetic, conformist, median or scale of averaged means and averages, illustrated and outlined in innumerable documentaries, exposés, articles, transcripts, media or medium which proves evidence to the extreme contrary, composed, filmed, written and discovered by persons of far less benefit or monetary interest than those stated.

So.

Cloaked in a corner, a smallish, wounded, humanly proportioned shape in a water logged wooden chair, drapes downward his unseen head and dirty contoured features in a black shroud that although of indistinct manufacture and origin, has always been very inclusive, in its judicial, tactical, or staged deployment...especially, though not exclusively, to those known and unknown to be excluded by wish or oppositional threat, political, and/or of outspoken, reactionary, noncompliant, intellectual, unregulated subversive, dissenting Bias against norms outlined above in any

form, shape or why [**this space left intentionally blank**]

As the "un-need to know" characters of privileged class or monetary exposure, behest and collusion: those who (included in primary exclusion) of this or other such past individuals or groups, reside. No governing assistance shall be forthcoming, distinct or foreseen. Jackboots are not necessarily excluded.



*a\_b\_s\_u\_r\_d EON' – digital painting*

## Anna By The(se A)

in moments alone, i search and seek.  
of one to dream and whisper speak.  
a muse to play, in scenes of thee:  
this picture of Anna by the Sea.

away we wash upon the shores,  
the tide is rising, forever more...

of crashing waves and vast profound,  
where my inspiration came unbound.  
of lace and sense and wind swept amity:  
those gentle words from Anna by the Sea.

as here we lay upon the sand,  
the tide is rising eternal, and

of what purpose is this life unloved?  
whether earth below or angels above?  
the wrecked and lost, romantic flee  
yet always return to Anna, by the Sea.

here we stare up to the sky,  
the wind is marking the seagulls cry,

"oh here i am and how long I flew!  
above these words and thoughts of you.  
land is out of sight, I plea: search for the light  
that shines me home, from Anna by the Sea.

(she wears a cloak, it's rumoured true,  
a dark so black it's nearly blue,  
she stands alone, on precipice  
an oil painting in parenthesis.  
why she does linger? what does she see?  
Could it be the ocean's mirror  
reflecting thee? Anna by the Sea.)

salt and cloud, sun rise and set,  
the moon is waxing, yet can't forget...

the black letter of hope's respite,  
sails on windows into the night.  
a muse it plays, with scenes of me:  
lost in the vision of Anna by the Sea.

## **A Small Place**

### **I**

I wonder why  
You wonder why  
Say you wonder  
wonder why

A small town  
a small place  
a good street  
we lived on.

A fine home  
with food there  
had warm beds  
we slept on.

So Mom worked  
and Dad worked  
while we played  
and grew up.

A good school  
we learned in  
with desks we  
could sit at.

We had clothes  
we outgrew  
some new shoes  
we put on.

We did stuff  
that was bad  
in some things  
we were good.

A new day  
a new age  
that tried risk  
we laughed hard.

A girl meets  
a young boy  
happened there  
upon love.

We had clothes  
that came off  
in each other  
we did find.

## II

I wonder why  
you wonder why  
say you know  
why we wonder.

Some new homes.  
our own tots  
we found ours  
carried on.

We moved up  
things stay tuned  
a tube hummed  
we looked on.

So I worked  
and she worked  
the kids played  
and grew up.

A fine school  
with blackboards  
no...computers  
they sat at.

We had friends  
we outgrew  
some new shapes  
we put on.

We did things  
that were bad  
in some things  
we were good.

Then some day  
an old age  
in death's face  
we laughed hard.

So one left  
the other  
who dwelled  
there upon love.

When we left  
the world here  
why we why  
we did find.

**As We Looked Through Photographs Eighty Years Old  
(They Looked Through Us)**

yes darling  
time is locked in those old albums.  
have faces perished, here only fading?

Eternity stretches back only so far  
    as far as the eye can see  
but the mind implies  
a chain of fresh and delicate days

that distend beyond and back into  
every little moment that is *not* shown.

yes darling  
some of these people reside in me  
yet here we meet them at the same time  
    and useless intercourse  
vast and shimmering. Blurred

as a mirage at the bottom of a lake  
that drowns us as we look too closely  
(when actually we are in the same water,  
    wading and wading) for you

yes darling  
this past is a line. string coiling reaching  
grasping longing  
    towards us

the souls are young with Image.  
"Image" has not yet ridiculed seduced or  
    exploited them.

A certain severity, yes, but a dignity  
that is black and white

not yet belittled by the endless repetition  
    of itself.

The smiles and glances are not smugly inward  
jeering in that narcissistic allusion  
that believes it knows more  
than

the eternal kind of honesty  
    seeing  
we are now believing.  
we are barely recognizing.



(yes dearest  
Eternal is us yesterday,  
just yesterday!  
a roll of twenty four)

ours or tomorrows.



*'Derek and Jes in 1972' – acrylic on canvas, 36 x 48"*

## Reverie

When your faces hover,  
and lines appear without knowledge  
of each other.  
Think back when we were kids.  
I may be a father but I was me first.

Me was a long time ago.  
Over winter crusts and slow  
falling flakes.  
Beads of minted spring, birth  
and tenderness.  
To the scope of wisdom that only  
unfolds with time.

Time to find yourself,  
locked in avenues and unlit  
houses, surely peopled with sleep.  
as each step takes me  
closer to the beginning.

Your names I sometimes recall.  
*We never call.*  
The thread of Humanity  
ties/us/together.  
Follow until the knot past  
Is past not, but the future.

I hold you closer than these  
dreams that forever let  
you go.

## **Erosion**

Apathy will erode the foundations of humanity.  
Television will erase the foundation of conversation.  
Killing so slowly, those feelings and dealings,  
The source of Man's holy elation.

apathy will erode the foundation of doing.  
apathy will erode the foundation of seeing.  
apathy will erode the will,  
That which is man's total being.

Apathy knows no crashing waves nor building towers.  
It knows not the sun, nor even the flowers.  
Apathy knows not the birds or even the sky.  
It never stops and craves the answer of - why?

Apathy will erode the foundation of humanity.  
But will humanity erode the foundation of apathy?  
Tune in next week...

**Pause.**

*“Was I born once a rock, merely to sit?  
or once a cloud, always to move?  
or maybe once, being both,  
content with neither.  
Continually moving  
with a purpose of nothing.”*

**un-Pause.**

...on this station.

**IMAGINE THIS AND THINK AGAIN**

*IMAGINE LOST LAND  
LOVE WITHOUT  
TREES AND AIR  
YOUR HEIR AND THESE  
LOST IMAGINED LANDS.*

*IMAGINE THIS TIME  
LOST AND NOTHING MORE  
FUTURE HOPE  
HOPELESS  
LAST TIME IMAGINE THIS.*

*THINK NO THOUGHT  
NOR NOONE ELSE  
OR THINK YOU KNOW  
THAT THOUGHT CANNOT  
IMAGINE THAT.*

## GHOSTS

(three to thee)

Glimmer sadly, a mortal past.  
a shred of soul, hanging fast.

Here to haunt me, flesh and ropes.  
tied to memory, lost to hopes.

in their order of disappearance...

(Jack.

"hole in your head,  
a gash the size of walls,  
a shotgun blast up in your mouth,  
your body quickly falls.  
i dreamed you were before me,  
blood dripping from your nose.  
in one instant pain was gone,  
your mind: a pallor gone below.

this violent end - hammered time into a pulp.  
life tasted and devoured - in the click  
of endings gulp.")

In my dreams, you often wander.  
growing faint, yet somehow fonder.

(Marilyn.

"a drifting from your sanity,  
a heart as weak - a bird.  
a troubled life, an easy life,  
with secrets somewhere heard.  
in hospitals with strokes and gasps,  
a withering away. a surety of light  
and tired smiles. an ice cube melts away.

a dying in the afternoon  
alone as often slept.  
a breath that's not returning.  
gasps into the depth.")

All these ghosts, here within my head.  
words are faintly whispered,  
"i am truly dead."

(Liz.

"with a lover close from a distant place,  
a stain upon your worth.  
a silver spoon went up your nose,  
jeering at your birth.  
your children saw, your great decline,  
your husband loved you still.  
that lover left you craved + starving.  
drained of any will.

your self was badly beaten,  
goals snowed away with fear.  
not facing all that endless  
need, in any glass  
or mirror.")

(and  
now all murmur, now all seek.  
among the stars, or rivers leak.

gone until  
the world is most -  
a shroud itself.

Itself, a ghost.

after thought (*once again.*  
*a box of butterflies,*  
*underwater. an ocean.*  
*when they break the surface,*  
*and scatter. still covered in tears.*)



*'Sweet Peas' – acrylic on canvas, 48 x 42"*



## **In Formation: An Attack On Guerrilla Media Tactics**

So is that what it is?  
a clip of someone I knew  
rattling static and forming  
“oh’s”  
with a head talking  
framed and assaulted  
by lightening blue bolts  
dropping on Baghdad

Falling through roofs  
reading the stock ticker  
admiring the deficit  
raking the scum of  
the pollution inside  
who never gets burnt  
by no 3rd degree flash

Pundits and blogs  
decimate my trajectory, a  
self editing that cuts and  
pastes all my yesterdays  
into one long soundbite  
of a wounded howl  
a coddled hollow wind

Guerrillas in the missed  
segment on world hunger  
draws me to the fridge  
and close enough to feed  
the cat the dog and my  
assumptions on who’s digesting  
the Truth these days

Can you feel the cold meat  
the sour milk and moldy  
cheese that has kept this  
all far from the interior light  
that frames all my yearnings  
and craving something more  
like tidbits of goodness

Bombarded with flyers  
and drones in the dark  
dolphins in the deep  
with digital eyes and  
weather reports of sigh  
clones murmuring the  
same fear with plastic teeth

Virus has touched a nerve  
earthquake has a windswept coil  
suicide/murder has left a hairball  
a legend of the stage has played  
out her own death in rehab and  
rehearsals for a life that cares  
not and some but not enough

Scandal has rocked the capital  
gains and pleads forgiveness  
not ours but theirs for all that  
we'd been led to believe as  
the juggernaut of parties that  
didn't happen / networks of  
the socially inadequate

In a high school shooting  
of lasting yearbook pictures  
behold the desensitized array  
of ads and focused sponsors  
that line our tangled web of  
just wanting to take a look  
and bullied and nagged

Another comet streams you  
and I closer to oblivion as  
if it was some wish that was  
just out of reach and circling  
ever closer as nuclear mishaps  
share revenue from your favourite  
serial killer who acts like a neighbour

Being screened all the time  
seems to reduce the shine of  
the magical girl cleanliness on the  
floor next door who whimpers  
and pleads for a child lost in  
a "well, why not?" or a bomb  
in the bedroom of decamping

Another lost paper essay eaten  
by a choir of wolves who seek  
justice in their acknowledgement  
of the facts as they see them  
being a patriot and the last refuse  
of a nation of scoundrels upheld  
by the mighty and holler holy

Clinics and budgets under fire  
a planetary disgrace has folded  
in upon me and you while little  
concerns are not the children of others  
“they’ve taken my family!” / now who  
ever says that anymore as a time-lapse  
shows mysterious disappearances

of all that are born

(and can [be] read  
or /written into)



*'Cross Word' – digital painting*

## The Gunman Walks Into the School

As the gunman walked into the school, I saw your grief  
hollowed out and nameless, shrieking at an indifferent wind  
and a bludgeon of a world, that dulls and corrodes the heart  
that pounds away small shards of time, shaping you, shaping us

As the gunman walks into the school, I saw our humanity  
cloaked and darkened with the scars and crimson black  
scabs of our hatred and rage; nameless and suicidal  
—it struts the halls of our endless confined history

and receding empty lockers, a perspective graveyard  
of upright death and silence — future's denial

As the gunman walks into the school, I see us learning  
to shroud our loneliness in senseless actions. I see empty  
black boards and books of empathy burned in a heap  
It happens everyday, these children with automatic weapons...

*in faraway places.* With the same engraved weapons

but now they march into our backyards of empty swings  
and downward slides as the gunman paces into the school,  
see the inner loathing turned outwards in a spray of lead  
and pain, and no, they didn't see this coming.  
We never see it coming. We only see them leaving

a dark parable feeding on innocence and weren't we all  
trusting and tender once? a spectre's doom, the shadow looms,  
and we cannot place that face, describe those features  
it evades us all - we understand the meaninglessness

as children, we can not escape that shape  
that cloak of collective nightmares  
that grow old with us

do you see the shells that remain  
the sorrow that dark shape has wrought  
the anguish, the loss of mind and potential?  
all these good and ancient books  
teaching regimes of lowered expectation;  
the sacrifice to artifice, to a lower power

and how is this different than all we have sacrificed  
before today? In the name of unseen gods and demons  
that we, ourselves have made. that we made real from  
under the bed and inside the abysmal closet

sending our boys into trenches, deserts, jungles  
or deforming our girls with shame and disgrace  
disfigured, perhaps they will one day have borne  
a sadness less recognizable.

now as combat boots stomped  
the soft smiles and the questioning eyes  
how quickly the opportunity is breached,  
as agendas and sloganeering, piggy back

the magazines, the guns, the clips, the agendas,  
bestowing freedom and protection and liberty  
and power always delivered from a distance  
it is always so base and basic, this drone  
as the gunman walked into the school

the administration did not teach us to die.



*'Vallotte Bak' – digital painting*

*Last night,*

There was a girl riding my stem with the most beautiful, shining eyes,  
and a smile that sent shudders from my mind to that shaft and back again.

With blond hair that framed her pixie perfection, and again, that mouth,  
those delectable lips that I wish to consume and be gently devoured by.

{and a hint of her tongue, that keeper of secrets and wonderful taste}

With bosom as ripe and perfect as the day I met her and a silky  
smooth ass that ground into me with delicious abandon and urgency;

It was the look in her eyes as she reared back, parting her black, whisper  
of a negligee, hinting upwards at her lovely neck, her lovely neck,

that again led my eyes to her eyes, as we locked in our rhythm.  
Oh, but that moment of seeing her. Seeing her in the act of love.

Loving me. Grinding and pulling ecstasy from my loins. Nothing to hold back  
and nothing to hold back from. Short and devastating was my passion.

For more than a moment there, I was lucky, fulfilled and vulnerable.  
Given a gift of beauty and desire from this lovely trembling vision,  
Who rode my lust last night and set me aflame. Yes,

*It was you.*

My lover. My companion. My friend. It was you that loved me. How could I  
not be surprised? Held in quiet awe of this sharing, repeated so often

That those eyes and that smile are imprinted upon my memory.  
Some fading and blurry with the years, receding.

How could I know that

It was memories such as this (*on that first night we met, that led  
my hand to yours with this intuition that slowly and surely fell upon me...  
I must have been remembering this, then*) That

Much as last night, and the first  
It was always you. In all ways.



## Digital Place Settings

My love,  
she has four clocks in her kitchen.

As she races ahead to set them all, one falls out of favour.  
And a memory of time is lost. With translucent digital glows,

One is always ahead, another always behind.  
Which clock is right?  
The one on the stove must be affected by the heat,

The next on the microwave seems tuned to an invisible ray.  
That bubbly clock on the coffee maker is flashlight blue.

And lastly the digital clock on the under cupboard radio,  
stores its increments to a oratorical narrative; a talking to.

My love,  
she has four clocks in her kitchen.

I've never seen them all the same. As seconds race by  
unseen with the hidden circuits of a flawed clockmaker,

Entirely human and obviously quite flawed. Here she goes  
when the power flashes off and she must set them all again,

One after the other, as one is set, the other can only be guessed  
at, as seconds elapse before she buttons the next in its setting.

How befuddled we are, when we arrive at the allotted time, eat  
at the proper hour and set upon ourselves, to eat and live in

different times.

## Untitled

like pebbles on a beach  
i forgot you already  
washed and shiny you were  
moist and and reflecting  
lost amid many  
how distinct in your beauty  
once i separated you  
from your ilk  
held you in my hand  
quiet and immovable  
carved from the many eyes  
of God  
a memory shining  
forward.



*The Goddess and the Hollow Man – ink, graphite, sheet metal, paper, 26 x 32”.*

## Question (The Sadomasochism of Memory)

was that a spiders kiss that i mauled  
tried to form into a mountain of flesh  
were those web fashioned legs  
logs to be hewn and lifted  
separated and turned

were those lips a fountain  
only greedy impassioned rolling  
floating irregular and fat  
dripping accidentally with cavernous delicacy,  
sweeping and oily

was that stomach tummy a plain  
upon which to furrow and plow  
a tongue as saliva cuts the air  
laying beaded across the minute  
savannah of fine misty lashes

what rubberized malleable shapes  
have our bodies contorted to  
in the awkward shaping  
of this dance  
and dominion

what number of words could not  
compute as we implore more heat  
yet less heat  
as our mechanical plagiarism  
moves towards a goal least edible  
whose touch on my nipples has scent.

Imparted, small furry simpering  
as i become more a prisoner  
inside myself yet closer to wanting  
from you - a cage

what breasts were ripe lemons  
stinging my eyes as  
fruits of the earth in a harvest  
of sucking plucking breezing  
blessing and stinging

how can a question  
smolder  
and an answer be a position maintained  
without the (sighing- through-the-air  
like-a-thought) grace of a  
feather dropping

?

## **Love ( in the name of )**

Lie in waiting like a vulture. At the first sign of interest from another troubled soul - latch on and hang on, you're in for a hell of a ride. They may try to buck you off. If they do find another victim, if they don't you're on until they throw you off. "They" being someone as vulnerable, lonely, needy and lacking in some way you may not be, but that does not matter. Show them your good points. Bleat like an old pigeon about accomplishments and goals even you don't believe in. There, they fell for it. Now you can really ride that demon.

Retreat and engage. Repeatedly. Consume the flesh of renewal. A tender innocent. You are both becoming bound by new lust. It's different from the old lust, really it is. A new body interested in your pleasure. Now sink in the hooks. Intertwine in a mating dance of power. Let them come to you, always let them come to you. Promise everything and deliver. Slowly diminish the delivering.

Promise more. Dangle.

Do the word thing. Continue to impress. Start making incredible demands on their time, patience and capabilities. Take big bites out of their ego. Chew it up and spit it in the victims face. Say it was only a kiss. Give more promises.

Feign consideration to meet your goal of domination. Damn their occupation and shortcomings: anything that is different from you. At the same time say that you love their differences. Confuse the prey. Pray for confusion. Pull the hooks tighter. Become bored. Disinterested. Blame it on something else. Usually the one thing that the person is incapable of giving. Ask for it, demand it. Communicate less. Want more. Nothing short of torture will do. Infuse everything with melodrama. Confuse issues. Place more demands. The honeymoon is over. In for the kill...

Repeatedly separate and come to verbal blows. Say anything as long as it hurts. Begin to lie. Become one with the lie - it's power. Withhold.

Destroy the esteem of the victim. Induce apathy as remedy. Hold on, it really starts to rock now! Become even more bored. Deny important things. To them.

Give up trust. Never trust anyone. Nor even yourself. Evade issues. Ask the prey what it needs to cure it's hunger. Produce a plate of dead meat, something gray and lifeless resembling nourishment and quickly pull it away. Drain yourself and the victim by increased demands and holding back. Now let them have it.

When the victim is down, keep them there. Put your foot on it's chest and shove. Feel for a heartbeat. Notice that it feels afraid, fluttering wildly. Deep down it is as desperate as you are - that's why it's here. Chase it and be chased.

Cave in the heart. Deny responsibility as you eat it. Make demands on the cadaver even as you devour it.

shove and suck.  
shove and suck.

This is your breath.  
This is your love.

Repeat as necessary.

## Wedded World

the world is smaller now.  
not more cruel. (no goodbyes)  
The housecoats are lined with use.  
Double sinks make sense now,  
as they yawn practical and white.  
Stained only with stray whiskers  
and dried toothpaste.

Whatever stays warm is held.  
we shriek like dry drunks.  
the windows close and protect.

The world is smaller now.  
errands sweep the dust.  
To wait is something we gain.  
The cats must be fed,  
and light is something we savour  
and walk in.

Whatever is cold we recoil from.  
The leaving the house and seeing  
the shit frozen or smeared  
upon the blackened snow,  
white once...soiled now.

the world is bigger now.  
excuses become kitchen utensils.  
There is six of us living here — are.  
i mean one turns off and on and  
doesn't really say anything much.  
We shall call him: Trinitron.

The bedroom has become a warm nest.  
Where the baby is brought into the  
other with smiles and cupid dimples (from  
the arrows).

Whatever stays warm is held.  
Teapot arms pour.  
Furniture crouches closer, hunting us as  
predators. (easy prey as)

we move less sudden.



*'Spring' – mixed media on canvas 48 x 48"*

## **The Cages of Easter**

alone in this cage. this frail human cage.  
my heart is wrapped in iron.  
Rivets, rusted rage.  
(this feeling beyond age.)

alone in this pain, this frail human pain.  
the skin of hurt and waxy dirt.  
that lays beneath this shirt.  
(this soul without a name.)

this brain, this circled human drain.  
these thoughts are spiraling down.  
and bubble upwards again.  
(this thought we're all insane.)

oh! flowered spring renew, of life and song and dew -  
of buds of springing forth, morning skies so blue -  
of smells of freshness sent and ochres turn to green -  
and soils heated grasp and winters' long lost dream -

of man and his compassion, his charity and hope -  
his mighty justice true and ability to cope -  
the fairness true; mans' need to understand -  
the fed and fair and clothed, and well within our land -

of God and spirit and many divides -  
and hands and furs and bellies and hides -  
of crosses and shame and guilt and hurt -  
of nails and tears and mothers weeping in the dirt -

of blood and booze and drugs and vice -  
beheaded children and rotting mice -  
of insects feeding on corpses past -  
maimed and butchered in the grass -

oh! gossip and slander, hate and greed -  
rampant rape and imagined need -  
payola and prostitutes and ill reposes -  
the martyred and buried and their disputes -

hatred, racism and sanctioned escapism -  
disabled, cheated and often defeated -  
nature, a whore, reduced to shambles -  
playing hopscotch thru the brambles -

of the guns in mouths and bottles in bellies -  
the tv, the stinks, the dank and smellies -  
the commercial despair dressed to thrill -  
the need to eat and the need to kill -



oh, to kill and kill and kill -  
seasons birth bring the summer thrill -  
of cats in boxes and deer in ditch -  
the eyes of faith, closed with a stitch -

in time the promises, hung out to dry -  
comes dryer with every passing fire -  
and stars alone hung in skies at night -  
signal afar their lonely plight -

*[ " we are but long lost light – specks in the same infinite night" ]*

together in this cage. this frail human cage.  
our hearts are wrapped in iron.  
Rivets, tired rage.  
(this feeling beyond age.)

a child smiling - saves the universe, from it's collapse.  
it's just a stage - they know not, knowing nought perhaps -

oh, we forgot. Oh forget!  
another momentary lapse —  
and yet...

**untitled i candy**

7

now the days flow like glue.  
stuck to this, i stick to you.  
bonding in the shallow pool;  
you the lifeguard, me the fool.

100

days blur - seldom seen.  
past is future, has and been.  
moments lock upon the next  
chiming of unwritten text.

14

gray and perfect, still and black.  
in this blue and shadowed crack.  
stillness, in this lifeless tomb, we  
call our dignity and our home.

122

wrinkles burn upon our eyes.  
thru the window come the lies.  
draw the shade to hide the light.  
twenty years pass in the night.

33

where we live and hope and pray.  
where lovers linger, caress and stay.  
down inside eternal deep,  
hear the trumpeter of death:  
sweet sleep.

## **The Man Who Did Nothing.**

did the same as always.  
it all sped up as he slowed down.  
response time measured  
in increments of media  
transparency.

the truth became a weapon.  
as life forms complex, complicate.  
deivered content to stagger action.  
or even contemplate.

the channel changed  
as channels grew  
and knew to spew  
to paralyze who.

when the earth was melting  
and rolling around,  
he could not still the spin,  
could not stop driving,  
his life into the ground.

the sky was falling  
with pencil tips loaded  
with fuses and ruses  
to wreak the weak  
a havoc of fire  
our descent descends

(on our descendants)

the man who did nothing  
stood looking, watching  
as everything fell.

forwards. backwards. sideways.  
up. down. around. still.

another one died  
that had not lived.  
made love, rainbows, chocolate  
from sunken eyes.  
and a swollen gut.

the man who did nothing  
stood watching, holding  
his unholy glut.  
guns were ladled, pried

worshiped cold and gray  
sent across dead oceans  
and coral chlorined  
coastline wrapped in  
black mercury.

waved goodb...

jungles toppled  
crashing, limping towards  
extinction. moping and  
groping as teeming life  
ceased. options  
decreased.

air toiled to breathe.  
water drowned to quench.  
earth sponged capacity.  
fire washed itself.

the man who did nothing.  
did no more than expected.  
he could not see pain  
nor hear cries. nor the others.  
always, the others.

(what he did - did not.  
what he recalled, forgot.  
does he pray at the bottom  
or reign at the top  
can he start - when will he stop?)

sitting somewhere  
sucking in with his dead pool eyes  
as earth and woman said their goodbyes.  
"...they know not what they do."

*do too.*

amused to death, played to fear.  
anchors and webs, killers and wheat.  
ratings and screen size, real estate.  
gold, diamonds, oil, hate.  
crosses, borders, butterfly wings,  
small rocks hiding a beach.  
viruses sucking out lungs, hearts  
and things  
pill makers murder pill takers.  
cash register, registers and sings.

the man who did nothing  
did nothing. displayed to him, it,  
the end, was. as if. he could ever.

have done anything.  
or ever tried.  
to turn himself away  
from exactly that.

long enough.  
to be the man  
who did something.  
or anything.  
at all.

did the same as always.  
it all gave up as he slowed more.  
response time measured  
in increments of

survival.  
and zeroes.



*Esmé At Eighteen – graphite, acrylic on paper, 16 x 22”*

# Post Scriptum

## **The Key**

lightness fades, heartbeats wane  
time locks in  
upon itself.

Bring your shells to me my love  
your treasures and hauntings  
in which i wade.

Through years stopped dead.  
Life remembered alive : the vibrant  
colours that shimmer-blend,  
The smells of the earth,  
must musk and much ado  
about you.        flowered  
the breeze and enclaves  
that rejoice in belonging.

i return with my gift.  
Love in unlocked years.

hands outstretched.

## **All Men**

Are islands but they tend to ignore  
How they are joined, on the ocean floor.

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## COMMENTS & SUBMISSIONS

Submission and comments should be sent to Klaus Gerken, Chief Editor at [kgerken@synapse.net](mailto:kgerken@synapse.net)

Submission must be in the body of an email unless otherwise agreed on.