

Life

Templates



c. 2009

*Buried Treasure*

To appease the soul  
Of a covert rift  
And build back the ground  
To round its shift

The secret clasp  
Of lust enjoins  
Conjoins the days  
Of creed and coins

*Colour Code*

exterior paint  
dries in the liquid sunshine, rain

bows radiation

*Babylon*

reckless suitor  
--pronounces he invitation  
---of a lifetime

*Stable Star*

faraway twinkle invades  
--the knowing night pitched  
---assembly

*Profit Alley*

roll of loaded dice

voluptuous force  
revolves in tandem

*Plight of the Shadow*

Whole as the blank window  
That allows it to slip through  
A silhouette appears below  
The cord from which it grew.

The moonlight chuckles down in glee  
At the eerie sight  
Of lovers flailing trysts to be  
In the travelling night.

One shadow to a hundred drifts  
In glistening mystery  
To solve the universe's shifts  
In virtual reverie.

The dance goes on, relentless, balks,  
Buckles at the shock...

## *Resident Cloudburst*

Coastlines are wet  
The season adew  
Cupid's suspect  
With an arch peek-a-boo

## *My Last Duchess' Reputation*

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In a revival of semantics  
The beat goes on  
And the mother of all  
Ladies-in-waiting  
Receives her due  
Calling  
As a courtly spy  
Seasoned in temperament  
Heralded  
In foreign governments  
Sought by professionals  
Of considerable ranks  
For that twist of criminal fate  
Which forges a wanton eclipse  
Wherein hies a real future  
Of consequence

*Parfum de Campaign*

esters of excess emanating  
in succinct succession  
the scent of limbo  
extinguishing licorice base commercial notes  
exquisitely  
pop culture consumes the sustaining flavoured  
instinct  
in metric motion  
in historic time  
parfum de campaign  
not to be confused with ear di campagne  
country fragrance  
infused in the fabric of  
novice teachers and church bells  
supporting the lists  
of health and patriotism

## *Freudian Trips*

### Psychology

Pry them from their diagnoses?  
They're in love.

### Mother

all my love  
ground in dreams  
fused together

### Cross-hairs

sustain  
the thought  
over  
the possibility  
of flight



### *Settled Push*

The future, penned  
around to the fading past,  
in half the time it took  
to plan it,  
and in twice the language that  
ignites the sense of  
what is to be lost,  
and what will follow.

### *Ganymede's Dilemma*

If I would be a cupbearer free  
I'd heed my mentor for all to see.  
I would not impose on his reverie  
But i would know his family  
And charm them through fate's jamboree  
That dealt them favoured rights very  
Nigh the standing famed story

Who boasts that I serve only he.  
And so retain my dignity  
And model common decency,  
I spy my speck of liberty  
At heart that I have left of me.

*Brindle and Brimstone*

unicorn horn tea dust  
mermaid scale dribbled rust  
vampire hearth stone  
werewolf soupbone  
fairy-lust cookie dough  
veiled-musk rookie crow  
earthen pilgrim wanderlust  
wizard spell's remanding gust

Stir in cauldron laced with ale  
Until they've roiled up a stiffening gale,  
Add a dash of generous spice,  
Serve as a course with angel mud rice...

*Summons*

Sample fare

Cleopatra's terse  
but not as brusque as the brush  
that paints the dais

*Resonance*

Crack report

reputation stalks  
the sultry baking rafters  
humid caught but soft

Sure thing

sorry for myself

sitting in my pouring tears  
forgetting my tongue

*Relevance*

Improved haiku

Work is the limit,  
the price we don't want to pay,  
for fruitful nature.

*Valet of the Keys*

The disaster sounds  
In the back of the maelstrom;  
Stealth divides each chamber  
From the chaos of unison  
And season floods through the portcullis  
Into the abyss.  
As the winds subside

Incognito  
The keeper locks their vision  
Sold  
In the vying mist.

### *Archetype*

The Master

king of the corridors  
leader of the manuscripts  
the head of the conscripted house  
answers to whoever's left  
in the chain of command  
Himself

Mistress

Gripped in porcelain awe  
she sidles down the stairs  
guided by the dimmed chandelier

to the heel of the hallway  
where she can hear them all  
rattle on  
about him  
about them  
about the bigger problem...

## *In-Violet Reflection*

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United Nations

World War II's effect  
on international joint  
policy renown

commiserated  
in silence and intense pain  
throughout the wages

ethics ultimate  
the perfect discipline in  
candor and life's zeal

*Cup of Solace*

Living receptacles  
Of port and sauvage agree  
Fronting beyond the brim  
In steward-espoused degree.

Suit yourself as best you will  
In grades of personal treasure  
To pick your poison, price or plate  
To satisfy your pleasure.

*Plastic Handle*

Half of the technological sequence  
Of confirmed product  
Of still life  
Swinging in the  
Forced balance,  
Clearwater crime and green traces  
In full view of "Faradise."

*Dancing with the Doors*

Even money  
On the shifting setup  
The questioned passage  
The adhesive strategy  
Of fraying fickle luck.  
Odds on the roughshod heart, pierced  
In beating visible fragments,  
Beyond conscience'  
Range of rooted fairness'  
Inevitable  
Suite of  
Identifiable furtive objects.

*Unmoved*

Of the choice  
Between whole and swept astray.  
What is left



Of a soul that was locked away  
In subcutaneous  
Lesions  
Of enamorment?

*Reflections on:*

A – Addled

V – Vertigo

E – Expressive

R – Relative

A – Abrasive

G – Garbage

E – Expensive

*Lists of the Mantle*

Daring goes as daring does  
Repairs the night fantastic  
Glory sues as glory was  
Rues the lines sarcastic.

Early must the legion rise  
That greets the thrill of victory  
When willful blight alerts the skies  
And shades the page of history.

The great default that owe due change  
And press sheer lost advantage.  
The tales that flicker up are strange  
Among the late glimmering ravage.

Alone, by contrast...

*Letters of the Law*

The Burthens of Lief

As Jesus told his sacrifice  
The skies wept black, the trees swept up  
He stripped the world of artifice  
And scarred the hand that filled his cup.

As Stephen stood to lose his life  
His principles lost to eternity  
An author rose to record his strife  
And handled ethical gravity.

As Cecilia happened up the stair  
Her fate sustained in her fair hands  
Her confidence began to wear...

### *Study on Developing a Poem*

Conquest

One drop  
Of feeling  
Yields  
One galleon

Of triumph,  
That prospers  
The stormy seas  
With men of steel  
And coats of mail  
Informing our lives of ease  
These centuries since  
Of adventures that tossed  
Asunder rich graven keys  
That cost weathered lives,  
Yet charge harkening dreams  
Striking clipped numbered maps as fees.

*Love Had a Sensitive Dream*

Red as the resonant rule  
Dubbed love the resident fool  
Come as it may and go far and fey  
Red could never be cool

Love warranted Will might be right  
And circuited home wearing white

The day rapt in peace from the hills to the seas,  
But the night would no longer requite.

So love pursued lessons in blue  
Every word that his lips posed was true  
But no wrong could he right with a soft-spoken  
flight  
Of fancy for answers anew.

Love had a sensitive dream  
To pay out the day in green  
But then noone knew him and they all missed and  
rued him  
And expected him sight unseen.

So Love came back in black  
In the nighttime which lent him his knack  
And then they all placed him, those who could  
face him  
And kindly they placed him on track.

Love saw Will again  
Carrying his old fountain pen  
Will said "If you need change, then my  
conscience assuage.  
Take some ink and write like you ken."

Love went home to his rose grotto  
Fondly took in what his motto  
Decreed in bold hue from the roof to the flue,  
Happiness is a flame-colored wattle.

*Starry Crossed Lines*

Reality bites, elegance writes  
In a hand that' s accustomed to sleepless nights.  
Modesty hits, reticence fits  
In with company where truculence sits.

Opposites connect with ill effect,  
They lose the simplicity that soul mates detect.  
What they seek yet is grace, a shadowed face,  
A breast that their mind' s eye can trace.

The love of the charged with their strength so  
enlarged  
Speaks soon to the poor couple that fate will  
have forged

Expecting each day is a reunion away  
With their collection of feelings essential to  
say.

Time, most of all, with its sensual haul  
Forces a rift, be it fatal or small  
And paints it with life and sound reason gone  
rife  
Then tacks it under with a utility knife.

If ever that moment of mutual torment  
Is recalled with all that it might then foment,  
It carries the equation of long determination  
The sense foregone of vital creation.

### *Sober Poem*

Rum Afterthought

Alcoholic grin that frolics  
In the higher ground  
Blows its time in youthful rollics

Never to be shot down,

For the trained imagination  
is stronger than the written word.  
Any valid revelation  
Is certain if its to be heard.

Love was launched by the high in spirits,  
Lust was ordained by the habit-formed.  
How well a feast extols its merits  
If its aspects are fully warmed.

Booze will last the day away  
And will show its face  
The next time that it has its say  
Who will set the pace?

The smoke that blows high on the wind  
Produces smog or signal.  
The face that lights in broken grins  
May days on end be dismal.

*Seized Orbit*



Wandering vortex, meandering skies  
Caught in the subtext of leveling spies  
Threatened by nature and abruptly brought down  
Thrown to disastrous precipitous ground.  
Unbridled swelter overtaking the rim  
With simmering shelters encasing svelte-limbed.  
Never a matter for the feint-at-heart,  
A star-embossed trek full of targets as they  
dart.

### *Legendary Sound*

Don' t you forget who I am  
Don' t desert our cause  
Tread fire, ford water, fend the elements  
Determining brave new laws

For where has the world obsessed  
That no longer bravery rates  
Upheaving the desert to cover the planet  
Erasing the past of its dates

Forge we to plan ahead  
With courage so boldly stand  
And rudderless hold the bulwarks of time  
Until we have fared our hand

When the age has spread out at last  
With a new line of promises  
We' ll smell of the roses our fathers opposed  
And build our sons trellises.

*Virtual Rex (dark Knight)*

The powers that be in the arts of suggestion  
Occur alive and well.  
They procure response and elicit some question  
Enduring in aching knell.

For here truth is upbraided, not long overrated  
As by the heroically cute  
Who fall on their shields, leave their spoils  
dissipated  
To sponsor a League of Chance Suit.

And add to their antics, transforming their cause  
To champion the lay brazenly,  
Survey honest love, give contemplation... pause,  
And figure vintage principle dazedly.

The board of facts turns, as sense sojourns  
En route to the sun that lives as it burns.