

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

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

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.