REINTRODUCTIONS

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c. 2010

Dislodging the Stars

The picturebook of God
Up in Cronus' smoky
night sky
Submits man's nod
With a crystal sigh

As a kiss settles in
Of windbreath on soul
At the core of the devil's swindle
The Titan black hole.

The satellites of Jupiter
Hover in disparate rank
In the infinite corridors
That Hercules shrank

When he shouldered the world
In a bout of will
And some labour unfurled
His image, lodged heroic chill.

The Quintessential Knight in Shining Armor

Gathers the field
Of the loved and the lost
With life for a shield
Against the prodigal frost

That catches the flake
Of rumour and trouble
Of wretched mistake
And temper and rubble

A full beacon catches the spirit
In heroic spread
With the classical merit
Of clean tears that are bled

In flowing reminder
Of magical times
Of one secret surrender
From blue rebellion and crimes

Flawed Industry

The wheel disembodies
In double tandem,
The fire implodes
From stock courses
random,

The switch strikes smoothly
From fits to starts,
The pressure hooks uncouthly
Odd unequivocal parts;

The light discerns
From congruent sources
The gaslight concerns
That hazard forces

That harness the flame
That reemerges
In planes the same
Done as an outline
submerges.

Common Law

The rebuke of the masses
That descended from classes
Of laws fully thrown
In drawn battle-torn known,

The premise presumes
The promise resumes
Of preceding companions
From legal rinsed
canyons

That climbed to the shelf
Surrounding themself
As they rose to the
concept,
Literally to the adept,

Possession to the able,
A meal for the table,
A reaction for the wise
And a legend for the
guys.

Man of the Hour

A salubrious toast
To the inevitable power
That graces the host
With its undeniable sour

In memorable fashion
A seam of two pities,
That controls rampant
passion
In the throes of the cities

Of every guest to the man,
Every day to the second,
Every star to the bann
All aloft that have beckoned.

Woman of the Year

The mistress of charity
With kind thoughts anew
Embracing real parity
With hope to a view

In obscure waterhole
Or diseased thoroughfare
Or political hyperbole
Or elapsed timeshare,

A woman of substance
In name and in venture
Models her assistance
On the rash of her
adventures.

Vocals

Family, country and freedom
That's what I believe in
In creed and in anthem
To subscribe to outright and within.

If I support a cause,
It's pressure of the fleet
To mobilize the laws
And distribute feats.

When my candidate of choice
Stands for what I see,
I'll know that all my noise
Was worth your reverie.