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Another poem that will never forgive me.  
It is the way it is.  
I give it words  
And take its song.

Sorrow and hope,  
We are here together  
Pushing a modest tune,  
A shout and whisper.

Sin against these words  
With absence and desire.  
Over the hill and wanting  
More and more and more.

I sit before you,  
Hands open, heart on guard,  
Bringing you to this party  
As your truculent date.

You have known this all along.  
The song may sweeten,  
But it is not free.  
I seek to bargain.

As one not quite happy with your offering,  
You know I make ridiculous claims.  
All is not new,  
Some of it is blue.

So you spurn me  
For wanting too much  
From only a poem  
Written on a quiet day.

"I knew the man who wrote this poem."  
We have drifted apart.  
He rarely says hello.  
He has a garden gnome.

I suppose I am the one at fault.  
I have filled every gap with silence.  
I never pick up the phone.  
What can I say?

It is tomorrow today  
And I will make a call  
To inquire about his health.  
A first gesture.

The burden of reconciliation may be all mine.  
I resent that he does nothing.  
If only he cared he would understand it had to be  
And make this easier.

Is he the man he once was?  
Am I?  
To dance this way is nothing  
And simple.

Who was not once dancing and simple?  
Stop at that and be of the people.  
He could not stop  
And was alone.

I know the man who wrote this poem.  
I am going home.  
He is going home.  
Home is a place in a poem.

It is the hour of poem poem.  
I will phone it in  
On the way home.  
Whatever it takes to keep on going.

I ride this into the weeds  
With no directions for getting back.  
A pastime of getting lost  
Rides with me

All the way home,  
A habit and a complaint  
About blood and soul.  
Relax, it takes me a while.

Get sleepy then get wakeful.  
Return to the page, squeeze the trigger.  
There ought to be a law against this.  
The poem is a gun for which there is no permit.

I want to shoot among the trees.  
Do I think nature will rescue me?  
There is no help in the woods, weeds, road.  
I am lost.

All is not lost.  
It is still about the poem, the poem  
Is on the page being a poem  
Alone, with room for doodles in the margins.

It is looking good, even handsome.  
Some things should be left alone.  
But my fingers are on it.  
The poem is.



I write for an audience of one.  
It is not me, I will confess.  
My secret fan does not protest  
I am no hermit.

It is enough for me to be the star,  
Which is all that I ask.  
The drama is small  
But real.

Relax, she is waiting for the poem.  
She will not talk to me.  
It is a minor thing.  
I have no muse.

It is not an excuse  
For which I have no use.  
She pays attention.  
That is all.

Attention must be paid.  
I am off in the blue with a shoe shine and a smile.  
Poems are my lost children.  
They retain their rage on the page.

Anger at the Daddy, an old story  
And a good one, stands the test of time.  
The poem wants disruption,  
Perhaps destruction.

Though I spin and jive,  
She is still there, listening intently.  
She hears a song  
And says yes.

The poem is a relentless nag.  
It will not leave me alone.  
I feed it with a spoon.  
I wipe its ass.

It claims to want freedom,  
To stand on its own.  
That is what I always thought,  
But it is a lie —it is in no rush.

It is my flesh and blood.  
It is a child with a temper  
Of whom I am proud.  
My love is unconditional.

Still, my obligation is to get it to stand up.  
So we converse.  
It is not always pretty.  
I say the wrong thing.

Its legs grow stronger.  
It mumbles more.  
It says no to me.  
It has become a teenager.

I am ready for it to go away to school.  
It wants to go to away  
But has not figured out how.  
It is still young and afraid.

We are across the table and on the same side.  
My checkbook is at stake.  
Separation puts my heart is on the line.  
An old story is real.