

# MY WEIRD WORDS MY WEIRD WORDS MY WEIRD WORDS



The most important moment in the world just happened  
Though we can always go back  
Because we are knocking on the door of the present with every glance outside  
The watch on the wrist, the drain in the alley  
they sift elements of time into directions for the eye  
and flow off into their lonely occupations  
stepping off the end the end of the diving board  
waiting in eternity for the paintbrush to hit the canvas  
Journalists for unread newspapers  
recycled in the dumpsters of the library of the forgotten tombs  
tipping over chess pieces mid game  
losing track of the hue of the black and white squares  
that decline into the sunset horizon  
my reclining chair falling back and back  
into dark velvet black hole blueness and cold  
landing splat on a damp mattress and cloudy pillow

Sitting on a bus driving along the dusty moon  
White milk in a jar pouring dust on a star  
Looking through spectacles at the spectacle  
Hanging on the wall  
A picture of Greyhound bus in the station  
Ticket takers and heavy packs on tired hikers  
Folded pages for bookmarks on half read novels  
Poems and jokes make up the bulk of the tired words  
They joke about the forgotten science of fishermen  
Speculating by the side of swollen rivers  
Forty pound salmon flipping through the waves  
Aiming upstream to sacred spawning ground  
Laughing at the punch line while turning from silver to red  
Bloodshot eyes of the driver hunched over the wheel  
While turning back on to the interstate  
Leading Eastward to the dark side  
Eastward towards the rising sun  
Eastward towards awakening  
Waking up in my old room with sun through the windows  
Broken guitars in the closet, boom box on the desk  
Piles of clothes and old postcards  
And the family has gone and scattered by now  
Like a broken chessboard pieces scattered and lost  
Queens and rooks hidden in the shadows  
Kings hitchhiking off to another scene  
Bishops taking two steps ahead and one to the left  
Tripping over robes on the floor of the church  
Stumbling, looking for the light switch, holding a bible  
Now I clutch my guitar and pick a chord  
Scratching a G to a C like holding a fishing pole  
Rocky shored creek, Whistling wind  
Slippery sloped sleepy creek flowing cold



You can stay tethered to the ground, while you're reaching to the sky  
It's not complicated... You don't even have to try  
The stairway to heaven is already in your soul  
When you pass over that bridge, you don't pay any toll  
The life we've learned is only half the ride. The rest of it is waiting inside  
The butterfly of happiness makes it down to your shoulder  
We're not getting younger, but older and older  
The equations we ponder; weighing this over that,  
is like trading a smile for the tip of your hat  
Wisdom accumulates in the weight of your mind  
It glimmers like gold. It's eyesight for the blind  
Stumbling unsure down a brand new trail  
You're right as rain, though your feet may be frail  
Lean back on the tree that grows deep in the soil...  
and reaches up to the sky, though its branches may toil  
The patterns of life remain mystery...  
forever afloat on the endless sea

Apologies to the wind for not singing  
when it blows my mind directionless  
Apologies to the night for not noticing  
me sleeping lost in a dream  
Heavy head on stone pillow in a cave of sheets  
heavy eyes falling in to dark soup  
Fumbling fingers feeling featherbeds floating  
Mumbling lips licking the soup from the bowl  
lapping waves of lost deep lake  
reaching roots of breathing trees  
sighing stars above sandy feet  
footsteps aiming for distant hills  
horizon fading in to darkness of spiral haze  
drums beating along mountainside hideouts  
lights flicker secrets in the night  
sparks float heavenward in to arms of pine  
shoes shredding on hard stone floor  
bare skin touching leaves and vines  
clothing ripping and snagging in the trees  
I feel the lips of the wind on my skin again

Patience is waiting  
it has been all along  
from the start  
just waiting for the leaves to blow  
waiting for a chance to explain something new  
to anyone who will hear  
it doesn't care  
it feeds on anticipation  
annoys anyone who doesn't possess it  
it isn't even stopping when tiredness retires us into dreams  
in fact dreams possess it  
and crest and crash on the shores of thought  
the sand on the ocean and the breeze  
all act in accordance to the passing of time and energy  
in a way that patience understands



My thoughts ran away so I tried running after them  
Trying to catch them in a butterfly net  
To pin them down and document them  
To use them in experiments, to test their power  
To try to forget them after they die  
If I didn't go running after them in the first place  
If instead they ran looking for me  
And I was hiding away in a cave  
Telling them I can only take so much  
Like taming a crowd of onlookers  
Eyes pierced on a subject, drifting off into songs  
Singing the essence of the moment  
Without regard for the reason or effect  
Books can be written from jotting on the wall  
Or from the paintings in a cave  
So if you are a high paid author  
Or a finger painter  
Learn to take a breath



Listening to the music without really hearing it  
walking down a path without seeing its blossoms  
thinking of what I need to accomplish without competence  
in phase and out of phase like a wave of attention  
that's smashing on the shore fresh in from the sea  
salty and full of life, acceptant and patient,  
the breeze blowing the birds,  
the birds painting the sky,  
art surrounds the senses,  
and always will be even if the eye isn't looking for it,  
even if the ears are deaf to a roar,  
even if our fingers can't reach out and touch,  
it is inevitable that creation will abound,  
even if writers can't put their thumbs on it,  
the poets will spit it from their mouths,  
watery with the built up angst of it all,  
So don't be depressed if it isn't happening now for you,  
you've just become the sight for the audience,  
they are encompassed in their own awe,  
you are your own imputation,  
the song had to be heard to begin with,  
and it can mean many things dependant on the attention in your moment

I predict that sometimes you can predict things and that sometimes you can't,  
and that sometimes things are as they are all of the time,  
that we are always trying to catch up to now,  
and that now goes on and on forever,  
that eyes are made for seeing and that sight is limited to the rest of our senses,  
that perfection is an immaculate accident,  
that heaven is niether up nor down,  
that infinity can be encapsulated in a finite space,  
that directions are signposts for somewhere we already are,  
that leaving comes before arriving,  
that arriving is constant,  
that words are sybols for more complex enteties,  
that complexity is simpler than it seems,  
that circles are not round and that squares have no angles if they contain things,  
that emptiness is always full of stuff, that contradictions are boundaries between  
similarities,  
that suffering is awakening, that awakening is the beginnig of awareness of both  
that which is and that which isn't,  
that all good things come on the crest of a wave of desire,  
that to desire is to suffer, that to suffer is to live, to live is to die,  
that death is not finality, that round things roll, that light things float,  
that heavy things attract the ground, that pens write,  
that thoughts happen...



Don't go and tattoo your name on your soul  
Cause' everything washes away in its end  
Everything gets washed in that stream  
And flows downwards to the sea  
Mirrors end up smashing to pieces  
Wearing down to grains of sand  
emotions of the present change color  
and repeat themselves in time  
messy mistakes have no judges to pass sentence  
everyone goes through tripping and falling  
everyone experiences everything every moment  
everyone forgets what they see NOW  
And NOW is just a one dimensional name  
For what just happened according to the witness  
Of what will come

A copied picture of the Buddha  
A mold of his form making money for the vendors  
What does his form mean to the passer by?  
Is his form on sale?  
Is he affordable?  
Or is it a symbol of a well known dude sitting in silence?  
Plastic, stone, or bone, or metal  
With the same brow the same stare  
The same bowl in his hands  
Offering his memory, his story  
Possibly his words  
Volumes penned from his silence  
His lack of words  
Just curves in a statue of a man  
Buddha for sale, a bargain for the bodhisattva  
A hard buy for the critic

Think big, 'cause if you're not big...  
nothing small will fall,  
Start small 'cause if not start you're nowhere at all,  
Fall to the sky and fly to solid ground,  
If you don't lose, you'll never have found,  
lose what you want and find all that's kind,  
you'll end up finding the necessary state of mind,  
disregard and regard...

Fractal remnants of artificial life  
scattered like trash and broken glass  
livid eyes of birds scan for crumbs of sustenance  
while hunger is a force as great as gravity  
directing wings through the air

Explanations of hardship

Silver linings and hope woven into the same fabric  
randomness at every corner  
a license to drive but no new roads to travel on  
lets take a drive down memory lane  
leave behind our plans for tommorow  
take a few u turns and get some gas  
spend money on nothing important  
because all we need is something that insn't particular  
and something destined to slip through fingers  
that will blow away with the wind  
then we'll high step it back home  
let out a moan and fall into dreams

Perfection is the inability to be perfect

without knowing what the mind is really thinking  
those who are confused become the leaders  
pointing their fingers to where they've never been  
guiding those who can see... towards the darkness  
tripping over the obvious, feeling emptiness  
the sincere seeker is really just bored  
he's heard it all before and can't find the rhymes  
the books he's read are all by the same author  
and the author is long dead  
he's so old and can't find his car keys

Discarded dollar bill in the ditch

flows through hands of beggars  
like warm coffee in the afternoon  
untied shoelaces trip the stumbler  
lifeboats are full of thrill seeking tourists  
sidewalks leave behind footprints in the shadows

If I had a boat to row your way  
could I make it over the waves  
could I see that far through the dark  
or be right there in your heart  
would I wash upon the shore  
of an island I've never been to  
or would I race down a fast river  
waking up from dream before the sea  
and find you starring right at me  
would endless travel make me weary  
make me want to retire  
before even starting to find a home  
will storm winds ravage my sight  
could the rain drown me mid flight  
without breath under the waves  
dying for living a journey  
that I may never understand  
and my heavy feet lead me to the road  
sidewalks and streets with curbs  
buses and museums and traffic lights  
blinding my memory of now  
and leading me to yesturday  
before even finding tommorow  
reading endless words about nothing  
and holding onto books  
throwing away the shelves  
growing new arms like new branches  
hands reaching but never grasping  
to hold their real nature  
a casm between reality and more reality  
music and sound are no more seperate  
wind in the same dimension as rain  
falling onto gravity and pouring into cups  
drinking my thirst away into dream



inner rivers flow  
planets sprout and grow  
we don't have to know  
where it all goes

if the rain turned to snow  
on this day I'll go  
out to take a stroll  
in the white until night  
all along the winding road

the winter will smile cold  
with frosty brow  
clouds drop soft like blankets  
making the bed for the ground

and all the plants underneath  
safe in the sea of earth  
rocks, the stewards of the soil  
ice and water pierce the crust

Love this space directly and with open eyes see the path before you  
Pick up the litter of the untrained mind of yesterday's delusions  
wander forth in the bliss of hope, never stoop to what you don't want for yourself  
live in the moment for the time being as it whirls by like an airplane  
En route to a new vacation destination in the tropics  
climb mountains of new ideas  
hope for what you aspire to  
buy new shoes for the trip and get good use from them  
lay down on the ground  
trying to hear it's quiet sound  
deafening my ears  
crying all my tears through all my years  
giving away all that I once found  
the color of an endless sky fades  
growing old like a sunset for stormy days  
freely gifting me memories and dreams  
all isn't as it seems  
but even dreams remember such days  
twisted roots of my tree reach down  
into the hollow years of the ground  
grabbing onto the past and growing up all around  
my hands touch your branches  
and hear your constant sound

Diamonds glint and the eye catches the light  
soft and piercing like a star in the night  
your jewelry gold and silver flash  
wallets and wristwatch and fist full of cash  
dance down a road of decadence  
or sit high upon the top of a wide fence  
looking out over the sprawl  
laughing at the face of a tired shopping mall

flash, swirl, decline  
hatch, sketch, underline  
color, apply, emulsify  
laminate, aggregate  
polish, buff, and shine  
dust, wipe, spline  
tentacle wood branches reach  
spider feet attach to the beach  
footprint grains of blowing breath  
underneath the rain and dry  
woodsmoke smell of sweet food  
canopy of green leaves and flowers  
dreaming of a summer night  
with stars above the sandy stretch  
water embraces the floor  
melt away the permeable porous grains



I'm just looking for something  
That's where all my time goes  
It's nothing in particular  
Don't even know what it is or if I'll find it  
What it does for me heaven knows  
I'm driving down alleys and streets  
Looking for a store or something  
Where I can refine the search

Poison televisions sprouting like  
pictures on the gallery walls  
brushstrokes of commercial filth  
texturing the walls of the alleyways  
sound static and plastic tunes  
billboard of trash in the living room  
the blossoms of this realm fall on  
the floors of the stores in the mall  
drugs and jails await the numb  
commercial influence of the antithesis  
of freedom in today's confused face  
streams of soda pop rivers of slime  
candy wrappers litter the  
sidewalk of the avenue  
waterfalls of waste  
The exhaust of burned gasoline  
clogs the air wilting  
fields of trying flowers... trying  
to pop up between the cracks that  
consumption can't see through...

We became so intelligent that we lost all wisdom.  
The newest software won't protect us from the cold winter wind.  
Wires fray and bend...  
Electricity flows like a flash in the matrix of transistors  
that crumble like rocks when the computer  
is thrown out the window and smashes into pieces on the concrete.  
Even diamonds shatter like glass shards of mirror pieces and transmit light through  
the muddy path of our feet.  
How smart do we have to be to just upgrade to the newest operating system patch  
in order to keep order out of the chaos which is order.  
Not that I want to smash beautiful machines,  
but to see them for what they are and do.

Life is that which happens  
between, in back of, or surrounding  
delusions of the moment  
waves that crest above  
mountain peaks  
seeping water into the desert  
making snow in the hills  
waiting and flowing without effort  
into rivers spreading like  
the branches on infinite trees  
reaching in all directions forward  
a snapshot of this chaos  
a drop of water on the car windshield  
smashed and spread by the wiper  
moving in rhythm to a thousand clocks  
beating away the time  
hurricanes cannot stop

How do I write something that would melt into the cracks of the woodwork  
without impending significance for the moment's lull.  
A broken window with a dusty rosebud peaking through...  
Like an old friend who had lost your number or even your last name.  
Petals that have already blown away revealing the rosy heart.  
Wanting to reach through and grab on without the sharp glass edge or the thorns.  
But glass is sand and thorns just plant.  
It can all be blown away when the wind is ripe with change.  
Cataclysms and catacombs trying to find the way back to the way things were  
when we were all just there for the first time.  
Memories of then like the architectural structures  
of a grand schoolhouse conservatory.  
Foot for foot and inch for inch finding the locations  
of the doors and where the light switches are...  
The goal of feeling fingers to lighten the room...  
And when they find the mark,  
the switch is flipped and a flash of light awakens us from our dream...  
only to awaken us to another where we shake hands with the architect  
smiling as hands shake.  
We discuss where we plan to travel next and to how the sun shines there,  
and what waters we'll be able to swim in.



It's a fun little room  
Buddahs the size of galaxies  
and blatant trivialities  
lamplights and speakers blaring  
tunes that are ten years old  
out the windows a rain cloud  
covering up the moonlight  
making the tired night matter  
and bad thoughts they scatter  
out to the damp concrete street  
smokers smoking by the store's back door  
counting the money and the hours on the floor  
my skin cuts a knife in two  
while repelling the cold breeze inside  
the lies left in the alley are truth  
a red light above the intersection  
stays red until waiting has left itself behind

Rocketship ambitions.  
waiting to blast off but the spaceman ain't ready.  
Twiddling thumbs over the ignition switch  
with a steady head but hands that twitch.  
Soon the atmosphere will be below the glow of the heat.  
Incredible speed and G-force and rememberances of childhood  
sitting before the picknick in the backyard chasing some dream.  
And soon the guests will be arriving with the baloons and the frosted cake.  
and the sun will shine.  
And the leaves will dance... grass stains on the jeans,  
a football flying past in a fury of neighborhood  
friends using up the rest of the long afternoon.

Infinty means something without a beginning or an end.  
Is my life like that?  
Did it evolve with this fading consciousness from the building blocks  
of the dusting light of a comet  
to the complexity of a nano tech computer engineer  
in the evolutionary flash of a second  
where light years are like seconds in the life  
of a redwood planted on a mountain on a young planet?  
A fragment of an endless fractal...  
a leaf on a tree... a color in a rainbow..  
just waves in an ocean small pond...  
a breath in a raindrop... a fish breathing sky...  
a lung feeding night... eyes eating the scenery of a photograph...  
ink from a paintbrush...  
drumsticks from tree branches beating smoke signals...  
ears hearing fingers touching in a chimney...  
grey clouds clearing the blueness of the afternoon sky...  
airplanes flying accross fields where farmers grow farmers...  
screatching wheel on hiway rivers flowing the blood of the land...  
lapping on the shores of a lake in the high hills of a day hike...  
feet wander on walking past the accomplishment of years...  
books read, books written...  
song performed, stories forgotten...  
memory of a wind that bends branches of time hands  
grasping for inspiration,  
creativity... collecting like pebbles washed by tides,  
shinning on shores,  
pages to novels that are tactile like sand...

Get those expectations past me,  
until I expect they won't come again...  
but they do...  
I just expect them not to bother me too much  
until my mind settles back into its sea...  
with waves on the top and calm down below.  
A fish swimming through hungry and tired.  
The darkness below and many dark things swimming past.  
The clouds above the ocean disperse and the sun sparkles on the tips of the  
waves.  
A fisherman in his boat with pole in hand waiting for a bite...  
waiting in serenity while reading a book.  
And then a bite  
and the world turned upsidedown gasping for water in the breath of air...  
then compassionately thrown back into the water of home.  
Matter after wave of matter and time has its own wave.  
Wind breaks down... second by second  
the clocks tick until time braks down itself into whatever comes next...  
like breath dissolving into the lungs of a higher being.  
But who cares about who is higher or lower... right or left...  
before or after... seen or unseen...  
just blazing past like a meteor hitting the atmosphere...  
a piece of spiritual comet that shows itself every three hundred years...  
like the blink of a tearing eye behind sunglasses...  
A monk arises from meditation with a smile just remembering the punchline  
to an old joke that explains the moment's reality  
in a comfortable and subtle expressiveness.  
A comedian with a sacred mantra that is spoken so wisely...  
laughter as bright as a sun ray  
hitting the top of a flowing wave  
that has never even known significance.