

Grief

From under a shadow
Of energy,
Balled up
Like clay,
An idea forms.

It has never seen the light
And shakes
In fear
And excitement.

How does this work?
Do I stay?
Or do I go?
Ponders the idea.

Nature beckons
And time is vast,
Only space divides
As silence lingers.

Please define me
The idea pleads;
If only to fill
This void

So choice
Is born
And now
Seeks guidance

Friends, like stars
Shine towards
And words
Abound

I sense I exist;
For without this thought,
I know
I would not.

Parenting Manifesto

If ever there was
A need
To pray
Now, would be it.

So at this point
The idea wakes
And wonders
Did I just dream?

Reality sets in
And asks the idea
Where did you come from?
Are you for real?

The idea smiles
And starts to gleam!
Oh my, it thinks,
Now it's my turn

Because
Every question,
Especially from reality,
Is packed with importance

So the idea,
Clever as it is,
Turns to reality
And asks for credentials

How do I know
If you are for real?
Asks the idea
To reality.

Now reality, being reality,
Is a little offended
And smacks the idea
Around a bit

Grief

Well well
Says reality to the idea,
Did you just
Disrespect me?

The idea discovers
It is in real trouble.
It is confused,
And hurt.

A tear
Is heard
Around
The world

Having mocked a butterfly
Reality quakes
And fumbles
And explodes

I mean
Really,
Who do you
Think you are?

The idea
Stands up
And plants
Its legs

Tall as can be
The idea spreads
Its arms
And begins to stammer

It is my nature
To believe
In myself

Parenting Manifesto

Without
Hesitation
Reality
Retorts

I'm sorry
Idea
But you
Are delusional!

Move aside
Before
You hurt
Your self

So idea
Turns to reality
And, defiantly,
Sparks a challenge

I did not think
Your questions
Were
Sincere

After all,
Says the idea to reality,
Didn't we spawn
Each other?

On the ropes,
Reality buckles.
And the idea
Is sad.

What
An ordeal.
Why is life
So harsh?

Grief

All I wanted
Was to be heard;
And, with luck,
Be trusted

A circle is real
So why
Can't an ideal
Be too?

Eventually,
The idea grows up
And becomes reality
And reflects

Remembering
Its day of reckoning
As if
A moment ago ...

So reality
Was actually
A friend
In disguise

Warning me to expect
And to welcome
(not discourage)
And to heed
(not hinder)
The next idea

Intangible
As it may be,
To which reality
Tangible as it is

Parenting Manifesto

Gives birth
Hope
Rise
And shape.

So what
Is the moral
Of this
Story?

Beyond the scope
And reach
Of reason
Or patience
Is faith

Without which
Nothing
Is nourished
Then blossoms

And whose meaning
Counts only
If someone is there
When It answers

You just
Have to
Wait
For It

How will
I know
When It
Has arrived?

As soon as you favor
Your shame and humility
Over the pains and pleasures
That are the human condition

Grief

And never become
The misery you despise
In the name of sacrifice
For a greater good

Because heaven is when
The spirit rises unencumbered,
Forgiven by one's self
With no regrets
Beholden to no one
Except one's self.

In hell
One's spirit also once rose
But got tangled up in loose ends
And withered

A crushed and wasted soul,
Too hung up on reality
To appreciate the (up)lifting presence
Of a good idea.

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