

April Poems

By John Pearing

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The fool in here

The fool, you say
The fool I am
No fool in here
No fools around
A fool for crowds
A fool forfeits all
To fool too long
To fool the strong
The fool's air flows
The fool errs all
The fool's err and more
The fool's errand
Is to fool them all
Is a fool for all

The fool falls hard
For fooling no one
A fool no more
No more to fool
The fool in here
The fool in here

Only so much time to spend

Sitting at the table
Sitting at the desk
Sitting on the couch
Sitting in front of the TV
Sitting in the car
Sitting on the bed

Standing at the counter
Standing at the sink
Standing at the tool bench
Standing at the window
Standing at the bed

Walking to and from the table
Walking to and from the desk
Walking to and from the couch
Walking to and from the TV
Walking to and from the car
Walking to and from the counter
Walking to and from the sink
Walking to and from the tool bench
Walking to and from the window
Walking to and from the bed

Sleeping on the bed

Sitting with you
Standing with you
Walking with you
Sleeping with you

So I can wake up
And sit, and stand, and walk
And sleep with you again.

Glorious Things and Holy Whispers

The faith-filled man walks forward
Lest the sideways slant him away
From mellow lit stones and warming bright jewels to forever
He turn his neck instead to the faltering
Fracas of painful lightening to his left
And blustering popping booms to his right
Faulty quixotic frightening light
Raucous distracting ravenous sound
Which twists his head, and then his shoulders
Then his feet
Then his soul

Leave this man alone to his walk!
On a divine path led by a still voice!
To a holy place ...

But no.

Faulty, raucous fracas he must endure
Distracted blustery twisting he must
Be wrenched and wrestled to the ground
Into noisy, darkened places
In order to speak about the brightly lit
Jeweled path that he yearns to
Return to if only they could hear
That still holy voice in this dungeon
Which he yells about in howling cries
And whispers to someone to travel forward
Again and not sideways into
The dank, where he doesn't know
That he is glowing.

And ears hear him
And want to know
Where he was going.

He's howling of glorious things
He's glowing from holy whispers.

Can we go too, they ask
To the source of this glow
Can we go too where he is going?

Despotic & Melodic Hopes

I filled the dull dreary despotic moments
Listing awkwardly from the filling
Unknowing at first that it got that far
Then righting oneself
Knowing the pang of lifting
The weight filled from listing
In the dull minutes
Of lazy wasted moments
Into minutes
Into hours
Into days
Of listing
Weight
Rolling
To right oneself
In front of the mirror
Promising to not do that again
Then again the dull dreary despotic moments
Filled knowingly now
Listing embarrassed
Into hours
Into days
Into months
Weight
Rolling
To right myself yet again
Just a mirror of before
Dulled dreary despotic
Into days
Into months
Into years
Calling out for hope
Less hope
More hope
Into months
Into years
Into decades
Hoping for the promise
Calling for the promise
Knowing another must right the listing weight
That loves me anyway
Any way, away, a way, away from dull dreary despotic into met hope and promises

Or, so I assume

Rising from sleep assumes
States of slumber subsuming
Sleepers, silent or snoring
Recharged less relentless
Living leaves body spent
Lifeless and supine without
Rising from sleep again.

Or dead.

Rising from death assumes
A state of lumber resumes to tree
Branching out leaves and sap
Collecting the sun's life
Rather than standing as a stud
Or a board on a deck
Lifeless and supine with
Another death still to come.

Or recycling.

Rising from death assumes
An other one states our resumption
A vine to our branch and leaves
Us restored by a brother who
Loves us and stood on a stud
As a nailed pawn who was king
Lifeless and supine for us
Then, leaping to life, ended death.

For our resurrection,
Which trumps death and recycling.

Or, so I assume.

So, We Wander among the Sublime and Patently Silly

And we march into March toward Spring that looks
Impossibly far away
How could this warm up?
This chilled ground and fences and air.
I stamp my feet.
The ground does not yield.
My calves do not agree
With this solution
Preferring we stretch
Instead.
But I stomp
Angry at the cold
That won't abate
Willingly.

The birds will never return
To this frozen place,
Nor will fragile grasses and
Frostless breath
Soft dusty paths
Rain
Humidity
Or rays of sun.

Oh, well.
Oh, well.

We'll try again tomorrow.

(Poems primarily pretend to peel off, purloin, or pickpocket, the privately held passions of fragile people. Lacking success at pretense, poems will fill in the blanks of the unknown reader, or fall flat on their face.)

To eat, to work, to love, to stay

All this stuff gets in the way
The food, the money, the rush, the play
Intrigued, I turn, return to you
To eat, to work, to love, to stay

I'm broke in half, run away
Return to you, come running back
Turn my head from you again
It is not you, I feel attacked

Attacked by hollow hateful yells
They want me in their darkened cells
I go because I know that space
Where I don't feel, I don't excel

I wallow, resting, please myself
Find food and money, the rush, the fun
The more I dive the less I run
I chug and wallow and think I've won