

# April Poems

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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