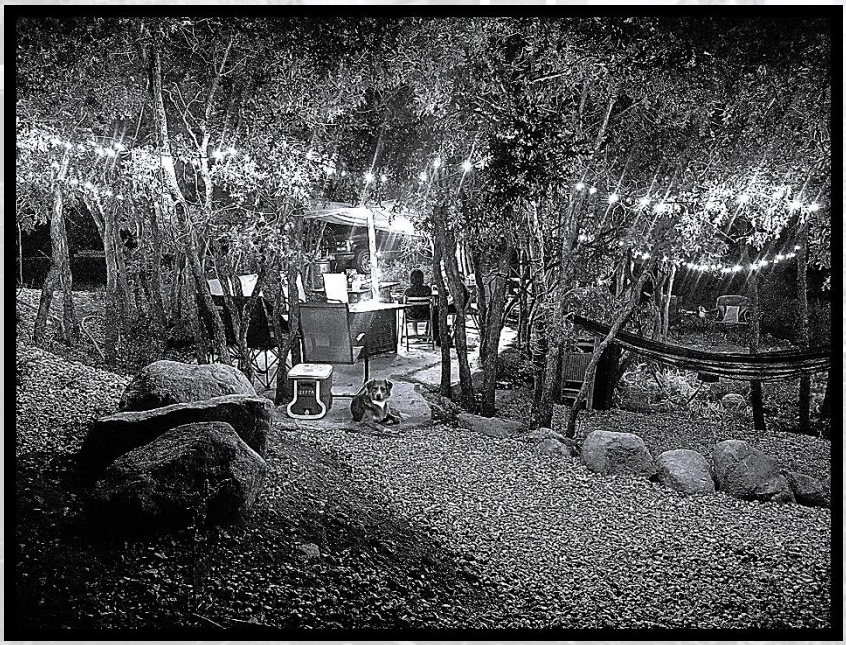
© 2025 PC Keefer
PCK@PoetryOnClydeLake.com

# A Human Life

a book of poems

by
pc keefer

book three



# A Human Life

by
pc keefer

book three

index


| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| 20240103.1 | | miles and lifetimes | 6 |
| 20240103.2 | | a sum for you | 7 |
| 20240103.3 | | holds a pen | 8 |
| 20240103.4 | | for every action | 9 |
| 20240103.5 | | all the rest | 10 |
| 20240103.6 | | love is gentle | 11 |
| 20240107.1 | | the king is king | 12 |
| 20240107.2 | | winter snow | 13 |
| 20240107.3 | | a library begins | 14 |
| 20240107.4 | | the heart of every person | 15 |
| 20240107.5 | | transcendence | 16 |
| 20240114.1 | | addition not subtraction | 17 |
| 20240114.2 | | the real snow | 18 |
| 20240114.3 | | menu | 20 |
| 20240119.1 | | minimal | 21 |
| 20240120.1 | | embrace | 22 |
| 20240127.1 | | time | 23 |
| 20240130.1 | | nature doesn’t care | 25 |
| 20240130.2 | | unwanted routine | 27 |

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| 20240207.1 | | new people | 28 |
| 20240214.1 | | the rome you built | 29 |
| 20240225.1 | | in my gethsemane | 31 |
| 2018-2024 | | this is love ii | 33 |
| 20240308.1 | | she is a goddess | 35 |
| 20240309.1 | | winter is slipping | 37 |
| 20240315.1 | | here comes the king | 39 |
| 20240401.1 | | cherish | 40 |
| 20240401.2 | | then look away | 41 |
| 20240405.1 | | turns her gaze | 42 |
| 20240407.1 | | heart of holes | 43 |
| 20240413.1 | | light from one septillion stars | 45 |
| 20240414.1 | | showers and kisses | 47 |
| 20240414.2 | | the spirits that follow you | 48 |
| 20240414.3 | | a single cluster of atoms | 49 |
| 20240414.4 | | again | 50 |
| 20240414.5 | | love you all | 51 |
| 20240415.1 | | the human parts of me | 52 |
| 20240418.1 | | waves crashing | 53 |
| 20240419.1 | | flepi | 54 |
| 20240419.2 | | on day three | 55 |
| 20240420.1 | | bliss | 56 |
| 20240421.2 | | my brother | 57 |
| 20240421.2 | | lucky for a moment | 58 |
| 20240429.1 | | unknown outcome | 59 |
| 20240504.1 | | sideways on ice | 60 |
| 20240507.1 | | sweet and simple | 61 |
| 20240507.2 | | above the room | 62 |
| 20240512.1 | | mother | 64 |
| 20240514.1 | | the place we left | 65 |

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| 20240517.1 | | the sound the sky makes | 66 |
| 20240823.1 | | free at last | 67 |
| 20250106.1 | | we seek to share | 72 |
| 20250113.1 | | evenings | 74 |
| 20250113.2 | | steady my son | 75 |
| 20250113.3 | | the next target | 77 |
| 20250118.1 | | foundation stones | 78 |
| 20250118.2 | | your comforts | 80 |
| 20250118.3 | | god offering a pillow | 81 |
| 20250124.1 | | moving day | 83 |
| 20250126.1 | | let off the leash | 84 |
| 20250128.1 | | orbits and breeze | 85 |
| 20250128.2 | | i see you | 86 |
| 20250129.1 | | she receives | 87 |
| 20250130.1 | | requesting in prayer | 88 |
| 20250130.2 | | seven years too early | 89 |
| 20250130.3 | | it could be | 91 |
| 20250130.4 | | damn hope | 92 |
| 20250130.5 | | who to trust | 93 |
| 20250202.1 | | peacefully afraid | 94 |
| 20250205.1 | | running on impulse | 96 |
| 20250211.1 | | tragedy cannot endure | 97 |
| 20250212.1 | | sharing | 99 |
| 20250213.1 | | fundamental truths | 100 |
| 20250213.2 | | my prayer | 101 |
| 20250219.1 | | the people spirits love | 102 |
| 20250219.2 | | untouchable love | 104 |
| 20250219.3 | | boat on water | 105 |
| 20250221.1 | | uggggh | 106 |
| 20250221.2 | | her terms my terms | 107 |

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| 20250226.1 | | the suffering at the end | 108 |
| 20250226.2 | | is it sufficient | 110 |
| 20250302.1 | | downsizing | 111 |
| 20250303.1 | | fate thrown away | 112 |
| 20250308.1 | | independently lonely | 114 |
| 20250308.2 | | temple of the feminine | 115 |
| 20250314.1 | | secondhand | 116 |
| 20250318.1 | | hidden hands | 117 |
| 20250318.2 | | you and me | 118 |
| 20250318.3 | | time | 119 |
| 20250324.1 | | a face in the lamplight | 120 |
| 20250324.2 | | moving on | 122 |
| 20250411.1 | | fitting broken edges | 123 |
| 20250411.2 | | fear not your departure | 124 |
| 20250411.3 | | sickest i've ever been | 125 |
| 20250411.4 | | love in its purest form | 126 |
| 20250416.1 | | a year like that | 127 |
| 20250424.1 | | you | 128 |
| 20250506.1 | | when god retreats | 131 |
| 20250508.1 | | momma magpie | 132 |
| 20250510.1 | | ruminating | 134 |
| 20250510.2 | | cici | 135 |
| 20250512.1 | | partially vested | 136 |
| 20250515.1 | | suspended moment | 138 |
| 20250516.1 | | truly alone | 139 |
| 20250604.1 | | managing it all alone | 140 |
| 20250622.1 | | know your role | 142 |
| 20250622.2 | | evolved beyond control | 144 |
| 20250622.3 | | control only yourself | 145 |
| 20250622.4 | | as big as a house | 146 |

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| 20250622.5 | | just a path | 148 |
| 20250702.1 | | the child inside every man | 149 |
| 20250708.1 | | sampson gave too much | 152 |
| 20250719.1 | | mojewca | 155 |
| 20250813.1 | | ante in | 157 |
| 20250814.1 | | truth requires stillness | 158 |
| 20250817.1 | | bring me home | 159 |
| 20250823.1 | | one source for all | 161 |
| 20250905.1 | | out of tune | 163 |
| 20250908.1 | | will you be lost | 164 |
| 20250909.1 | | ready to be home | 165 |
| 20250923.1 | | just presence | 166 |
| 20250924.1 | | embedded | 168 |
| 20250926.1 | | three things | 169 |
| 20251003.1 | | a beautiful second half | 170 |
| 20251014.1 | | compensation | 175 |
| 20251015.1 | | dusty reposi’tries | 176 |
| 20251015.2 | | autumn tips | 178 |
| 20251015.3 | | absence of heat | 179 |
| 20251016.1 | | a friendly face | 180 |
| 20251017.1 | | my sweetest chapters | 181 |
| 20251020.1 | | the book of life | 183 |
| 20251101.1 | | the day to start over | 184 |
| end | | | 185 |

# 20240103.1 | miles and lifetimes

winter solstice
slipped by

winter weather
stopping by

the slog
will be long
through the slush
and the smog

spring will crack
the first tulip
through the ice

summer will blossom
green
bright
and sweet

autumn will
fall
on your street
on my mountain

the two
miles
and seasons
and lifetimes
apart

# 20240103.2 | a sum for you

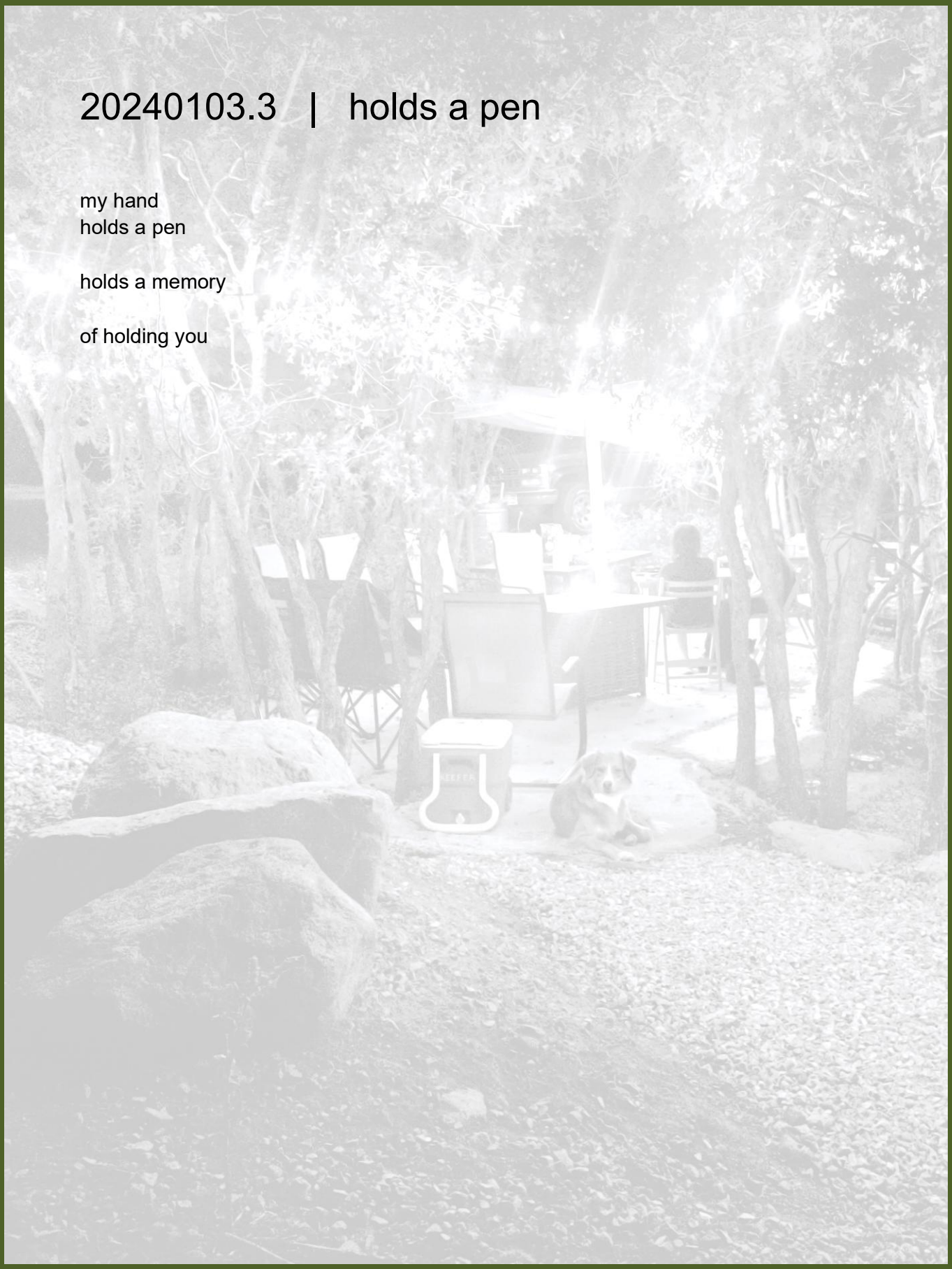
your math
is right

my math
is right

lonely
the night

a sum for you

a different sum for me

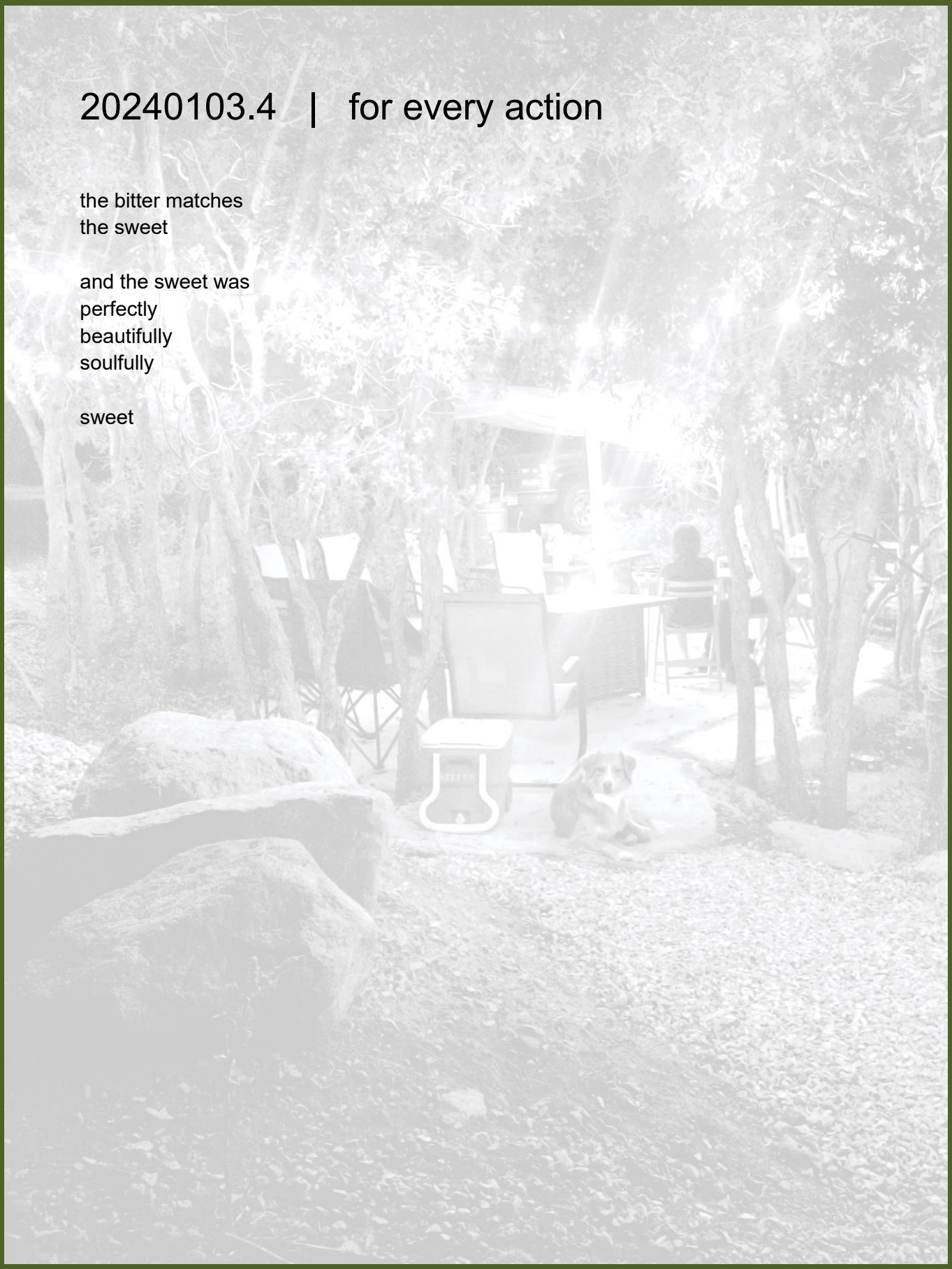


# 20240103.3 | holds a pen

my hand
holds a pen

holds a memory

of holding you

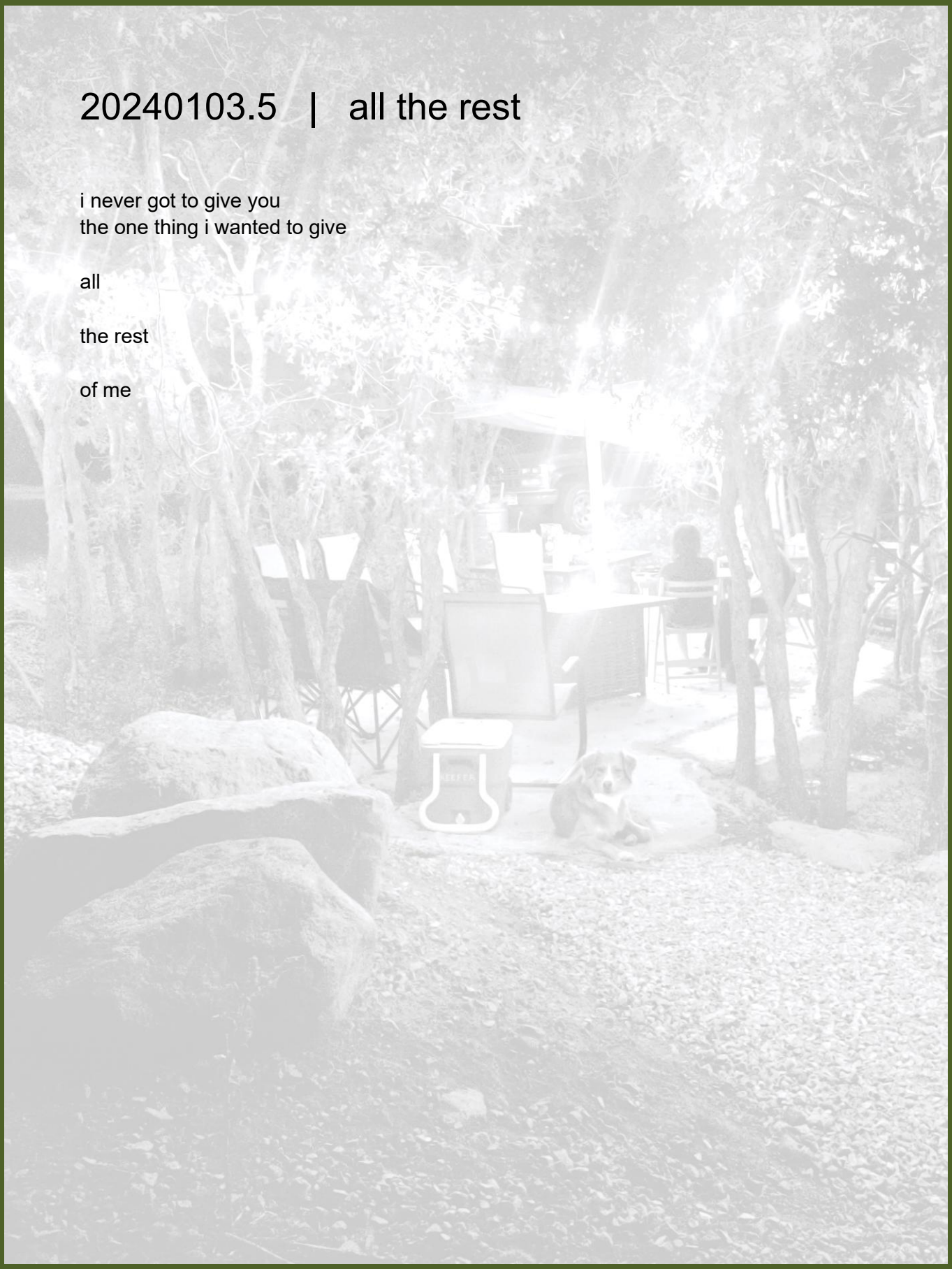


# 20240103.4 | for every action

the bitter matches
the sweet

and the sweet was
perfectly
beautifully
soulfully

sweet



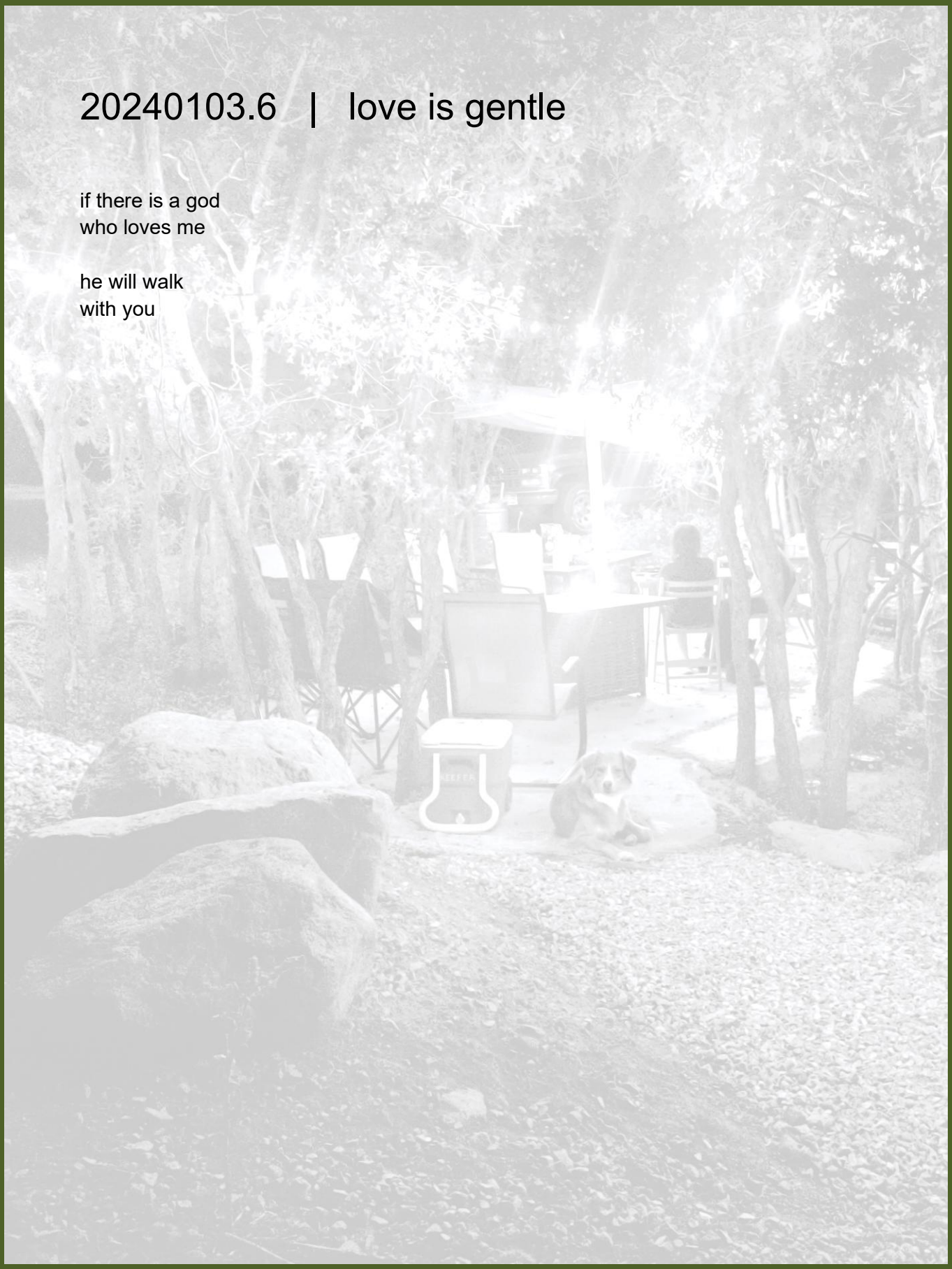
# 20240103.5 | all the rest

i never got to give you
the one thing i wanted to give

all

the rest

of me



# 20240103.6 | love is gentle

if there is a god
who loves me

he will walk
with you

# 20240107.1 | the king is king

the king
is king

because he establishes a place
with rules
with safety
to live
to work
to survive
and thrive

the king
is funded by people
who benefit
from the king

## 20240107.2 | winter snow

Snow Falls

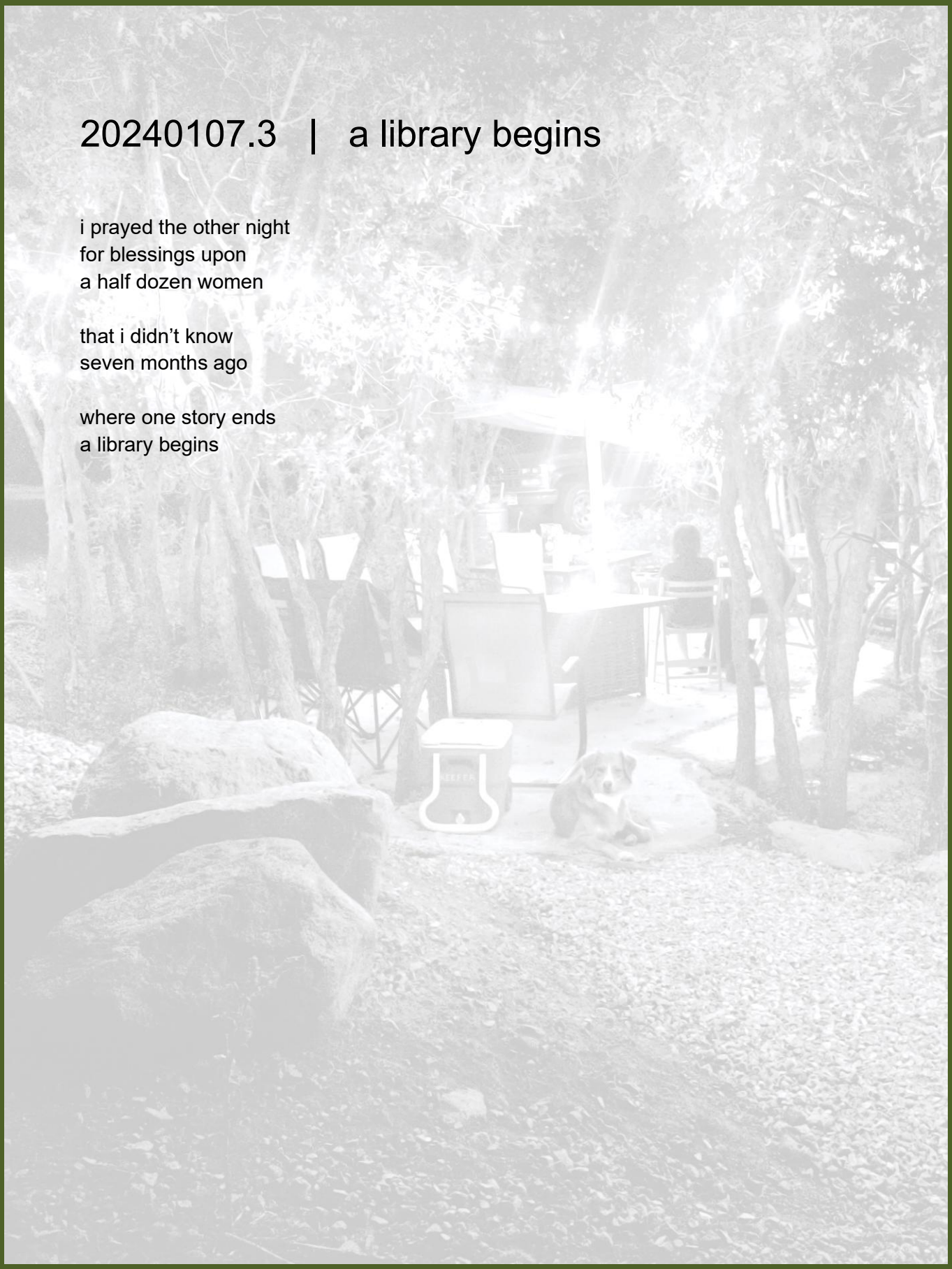
Earth Freezes

Darkness Rules

Warmth Inside

Light Inside

Winter's Delight



# 20240107.3 | a library begins

i prayed the other night
for blessings upon
a half dozen women

that i didn't know
seven months ago

where one story ends
a library begins

# 20240107.4 | the heart of every person

if i could know
the heart and mind
of every person alive

i would pray for each person
earnestly
sincerely

upon finishing my prayers
i would climb into bed

and sleep with you

# 20240107.5 | transcendence

my heart will stop someday
and life will end

but my soul
has reached
way beyond this body

my voice has reached god's ear
his spirit has danced with my spirit

i cannot see that existence
can be contained

by flesh

# 20240114.1 | addition not subtraction

i've seen old people
who were alone
children moved
no spouse – whatever reason

i just never really
saw that in my future

i saw open fields
with new growth
new hills and new vistas

i saw people like addition
more over time
not less

but I am old
and mostly alone

and fuck all
if i'll settle
for this

# 20240114.2 | the real snow

the snow came on time
but not the real snow

the snow in october, november, and december
was thin
like a combover
on an aging man
who mistakes it
as handsome

the real snow
arrived the first week
the second week
and into the third week
of january

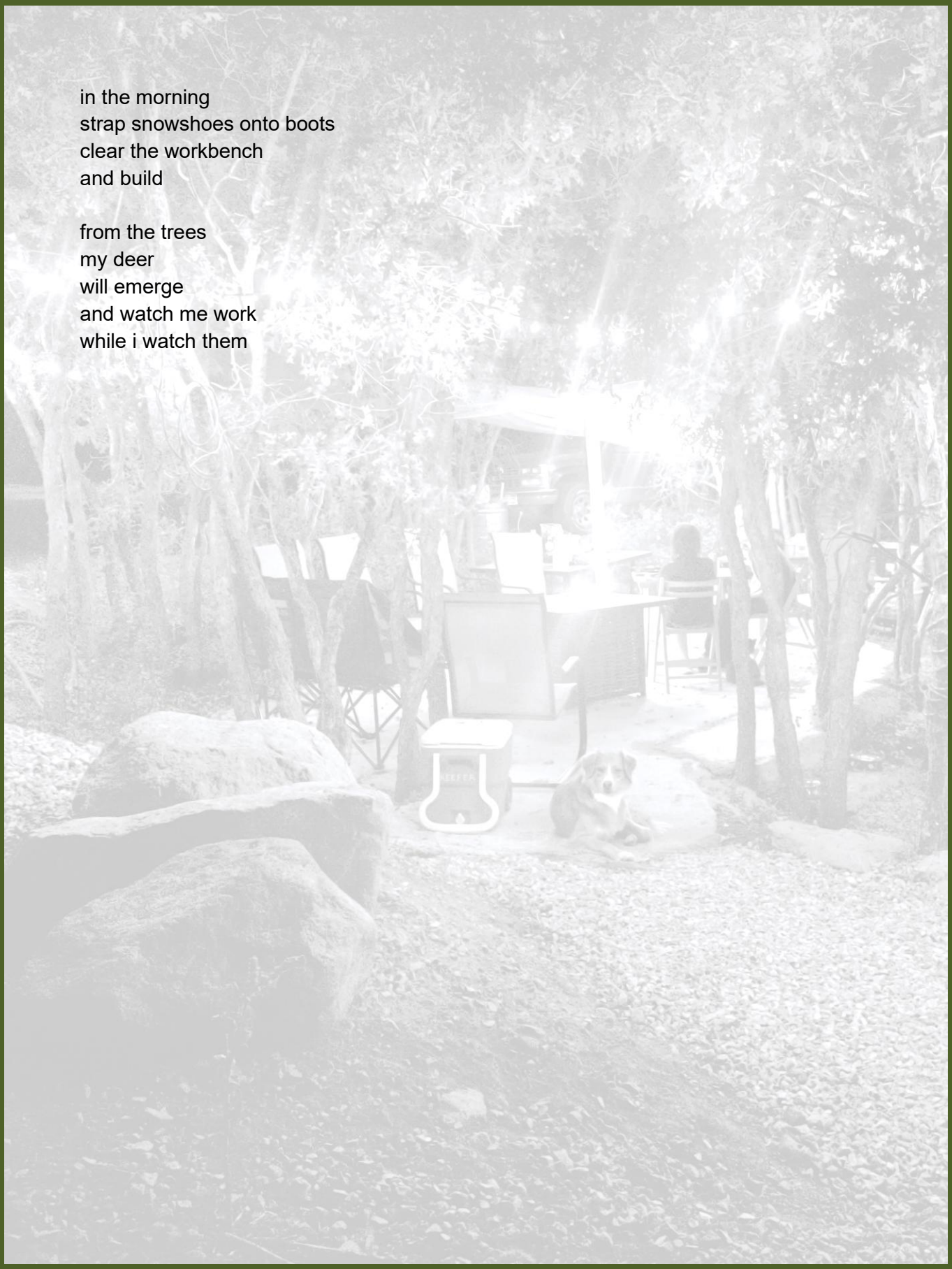
i need to get to heber

tractor the snow into
archeological temple mounds
leaving white crop circles
winter monuments

hand shovel the camper roof
to prevent it from caving in

check for rodents
am i lucky still
or must i kill something

fire up the propane heater
check the co2 sensor
watch a movie
read, write, pray, sleep



in the morning
strap snowshoes onto boots
clear the workbench
and build

from the trees
my deer
will emerge
and watch me work
while i watch them

# 20240114.3 | menu

what i cannot have
i want

what i can have
i do not want

i'm starving
handed a menu of crap

# 20240119.1 | minimal

54
by the time the gamble oaks have leaves

time is getting thin
the workforce is getting younger

my 27 year career disappeared with inflation and rising rates
even at its best it was never stable

my earnings are entry level
my retirement will be even less

i need a roof
without debt

the one and only goal

# 20240120.1 | embrace

the mountain is nearly lifeless
building is slower
hours of clearing snow
before work begins

standing in snowshoes
drilling steel plate
feeling the cold air
drop to uncomfortably cold

the snow falls thinly
then more steady
then heavy enough to stop work

put the tools and trash away
use the outhouse
head into the camper
for warmth, television, food, drink
comfort

the snow accumulates in the dark
electricity in the camper delivers

the earth is beautiful
to feel, see, hear, smell

then go inside where
light, warmth, blankets, pillows
books and journals
embrace

# 20240127.1 | time

my future is like
looking at a distant star

it is there
it is far away
untouchable
unknowable
floating in cold
lost in darkness

my present
is my feet under me
my hands in front of me
my thoughts
annoying and ever present

i have been here before
alone
sad
lost

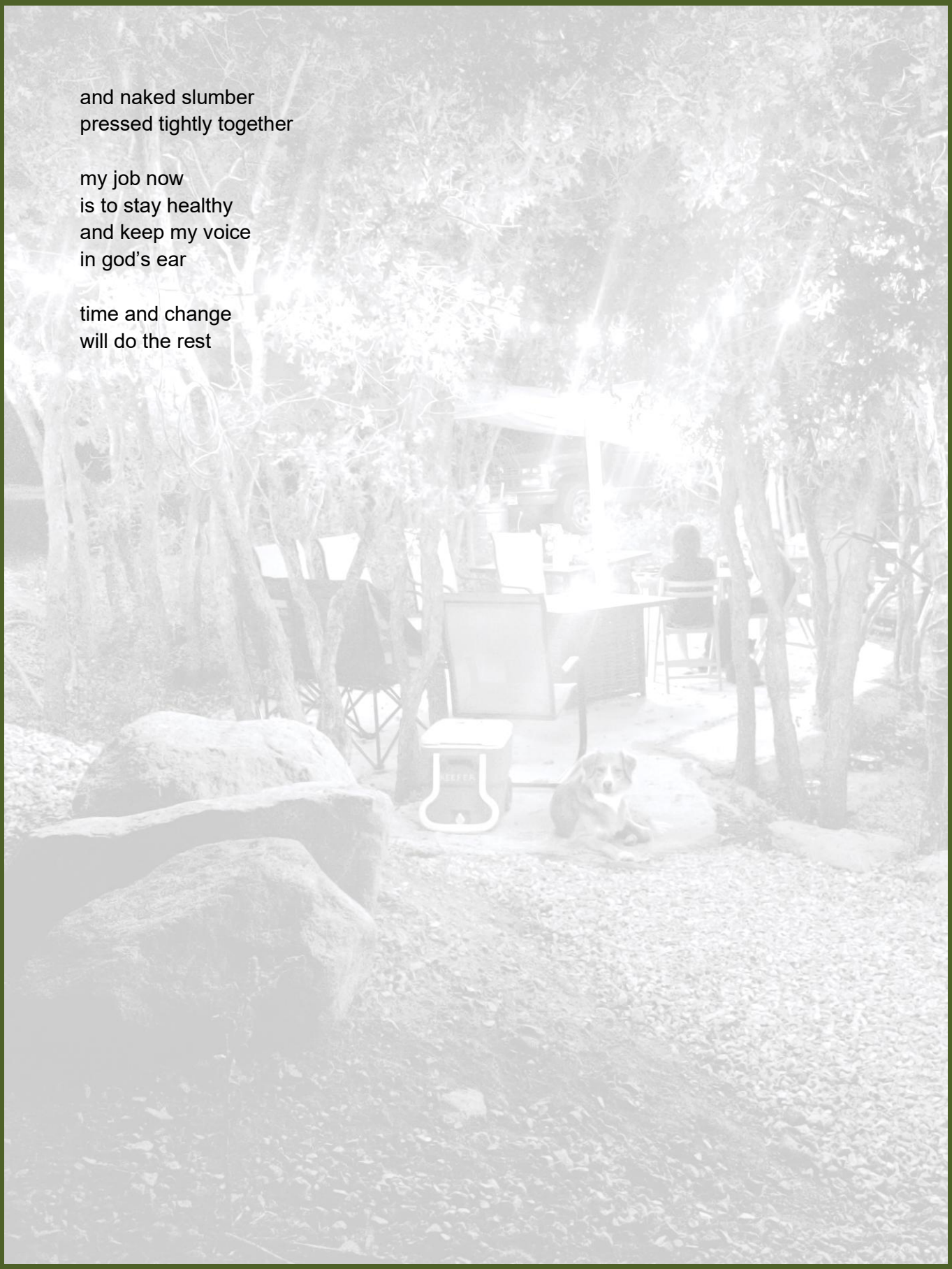
time
changes
everything

your best life
will pass before your eyes

your worst life
will pass before your eyes

in time
my future will be

dinner with my love
a movie on the couch



and naked slumber
pressed tightly together

my job now
is to stay healthy
and keep my voice
in god's ear

time and change
will do the rest

# 20240130.1 | nature doesn’t care

nature doesn’t care
if bones break when you fall

nature doesn’t care
if tissue and organs freeze

nature doesn’t care
if sun blisters skin

nature doesn’t care
if heat dehydrates and kidneys fail

nature made you
nature owns you

nature grants you a season
to grow to learn

then
nature culls you

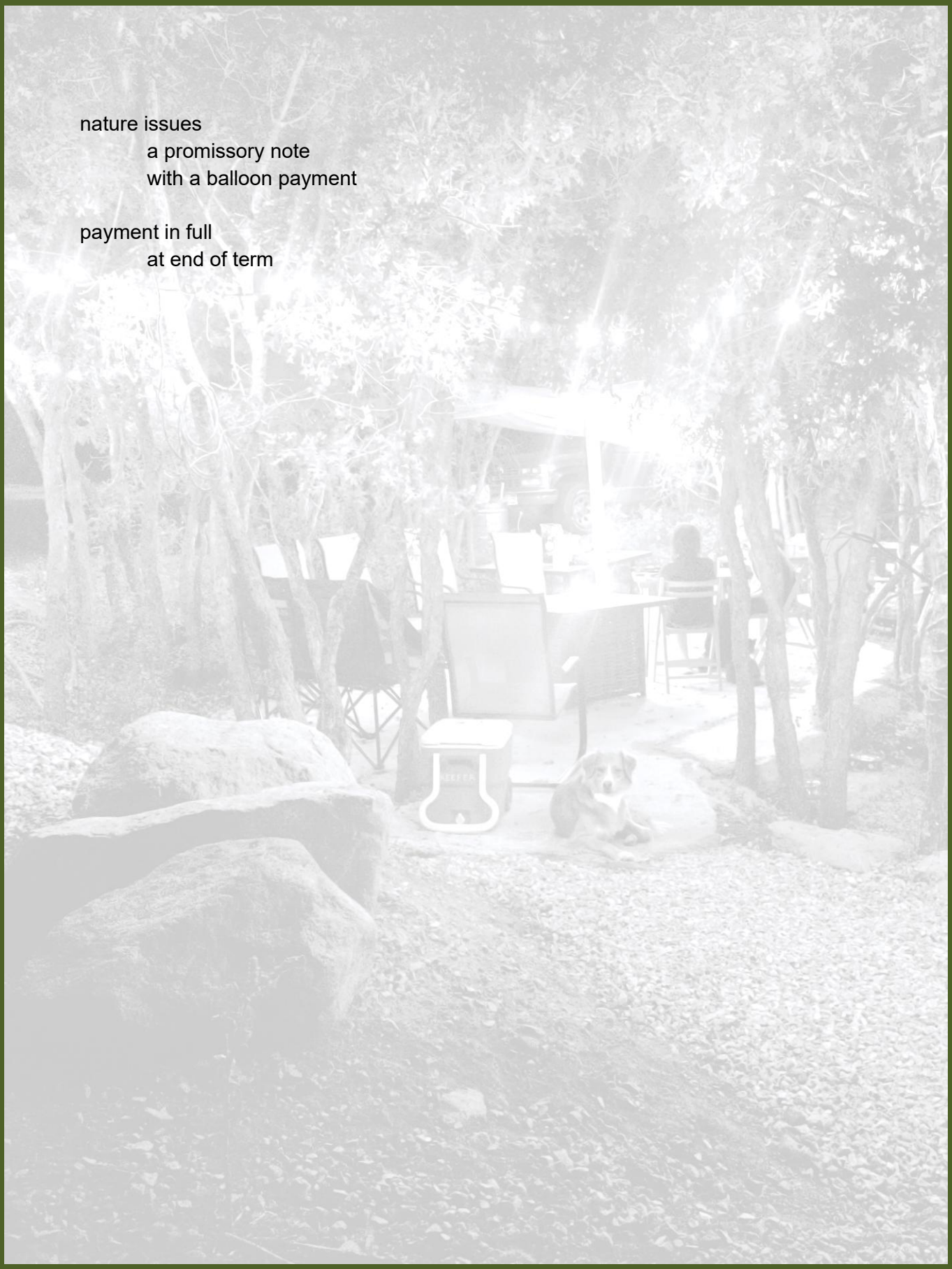
nature
closes your arteries

nature
ruptures a blood vessel

nature
grows wild cells everywhere

nature
closes your eyes

every beautiful thing
is on loan
from nature



nature issues
a promissory note
with a balloon payment

payment in full
at end of term

# 20240130.2 | unwanted routine

i don’t cry anymore
i guess that’s a good thing

i think about her often
but my breathing doesn’t change

my chores get done
my new schedule runs

like clockwork

a structured routine which a
warden would oversee
all the cells in my body
falling in step, movements, rules

a routine i did not want

nor can escape

# 20240207.1 | new people

do not throw your pearls before swine

serve those that acknowledge you

people that will not communicate with you
do not deserve
your communications to them

value yourself above others
who do not value you

even if it means you will be alone
until life brings you new people

# 20240214.1 | the rome you built

the funny thing about death
is it comes slowly to most
gives you time
time to panic
to bargain
to regret
to sell your wealth
sell your soul
for a cure

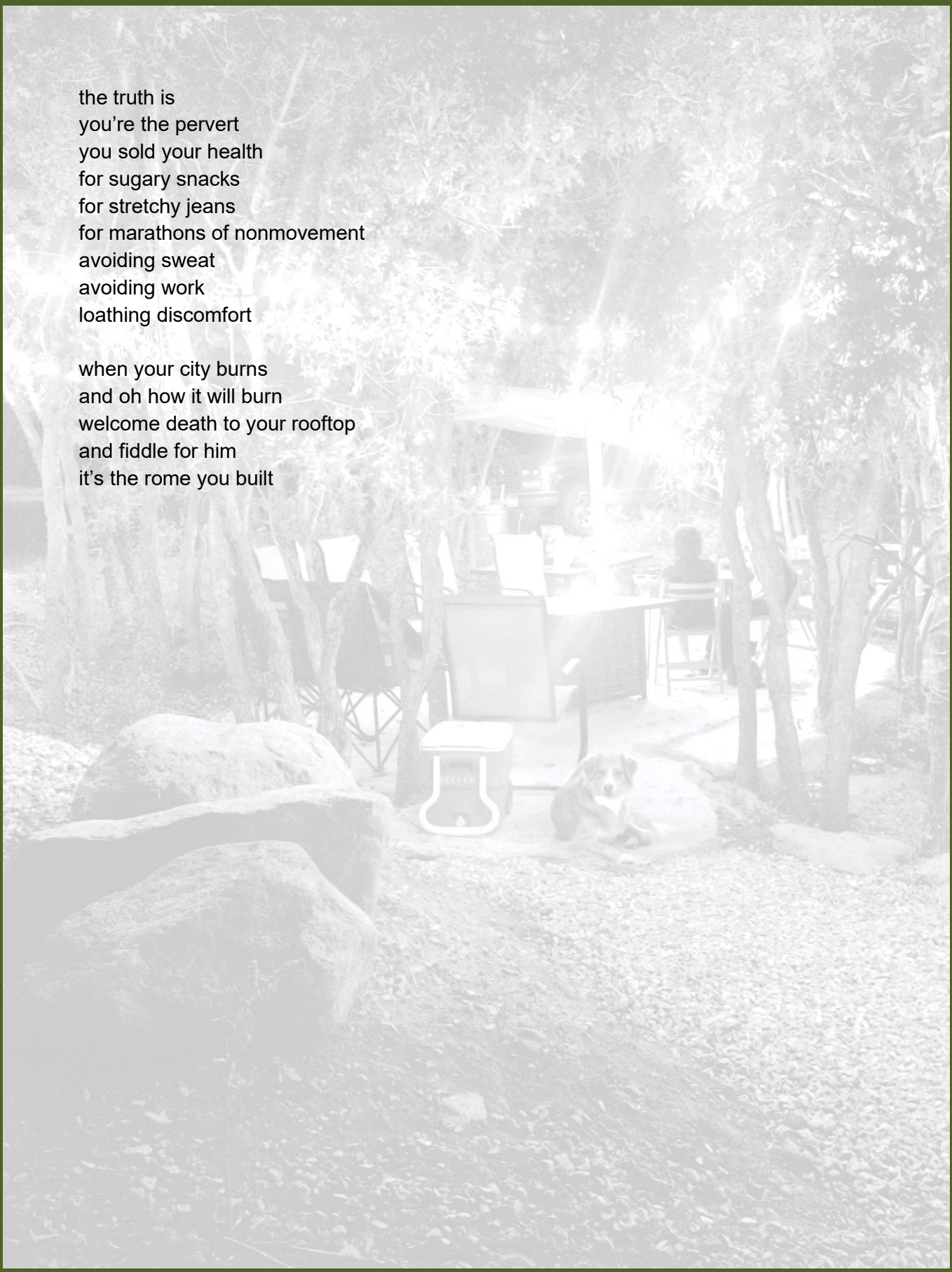
it might be shitty genetics
but more than likely
it's the result
of a shitty life

too much food
too ignorant to eat right
too much comfort and couch time
too many shows on screens consumed

you kill yourself
with poor choices
every day
then the disease and disability
comes a knocking

the grim reaper
stands voyeuring
in your window
hand down his pants

you feel violated
like death is a criminal
come to steal
your virtue



the truth is
you're the pervert
you sold your health
for sugary snacks
for stretchy jeans
for marathons of nonmovement
avoiding sweat
avoiding work
loathing discomfort

when your city burns
and oh how it will burn
welcome death to your rooftop
and fiddle for him
it's the rome you built

# 20240225.1 | in my gethsemane

friends i had
family i hurt
choices i made
lead me to
my gethsemane

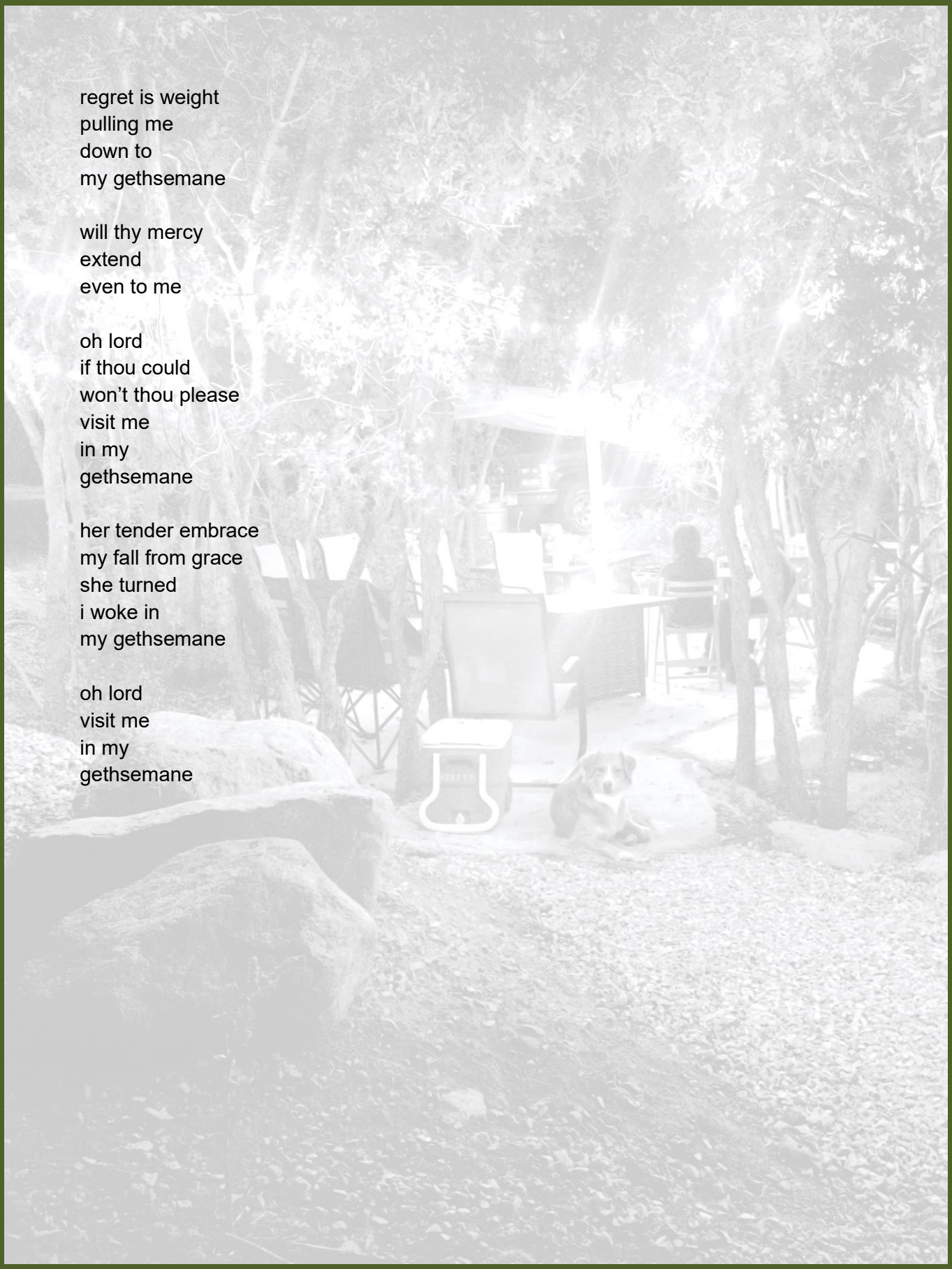
wanting more
caring less
brough me to
my gethsemane

tears of salt
tears of shame
tears of blood
upon my face

oh lord
won't thou
visit me
in my
gethsemane

i walked my path
i chose not to see
it lead me to
my gethsemane

oh lord
won't thou please
visit me
in my
gethsemane



regret is weight
pulling me
down to
my gethsemane

will thy mercy
extend
even to me

oh lord
if thou could
won't thou please
visit me
in my
gethsemane

her tender embrace
my fall from grace
she turned
i woke in
my gethsemane

oh lord
visit me
in my
gethsemane

# 2018-2024 | this is love ii

this is love
not tidy
or neat

this is your heart
playing in
the street

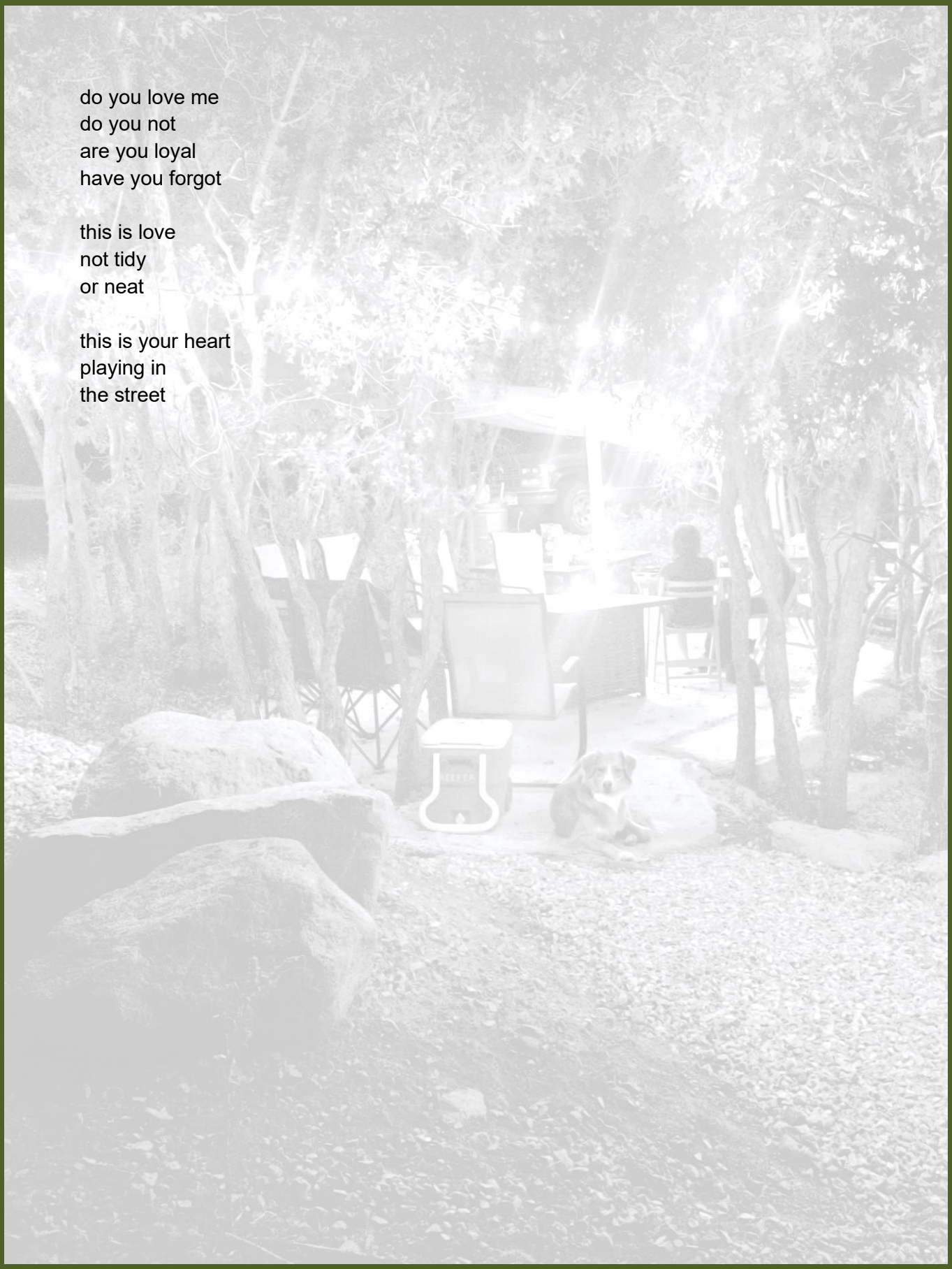
should i share what i feel
should i share what i think
will it float your heart
will it make you sink

this is love
playing in
the street

a heart to give
a heart to keep
a risk to take
a love to seek

this is love
not tidy
or neat

this is your heart
playing in
the street



do you love me
do you not
are you loyal
have you forgot

this is love
not tidy
or neat

this is your heart
playing in
the street

# 20240308.1 | she is a goddess

i have no doubt
she is a goddess

born poor
in arkansas

every
trap
and disadvantage
in her path

and still she walked
with clarity

grew her body
to her will

grew her mind
to her will

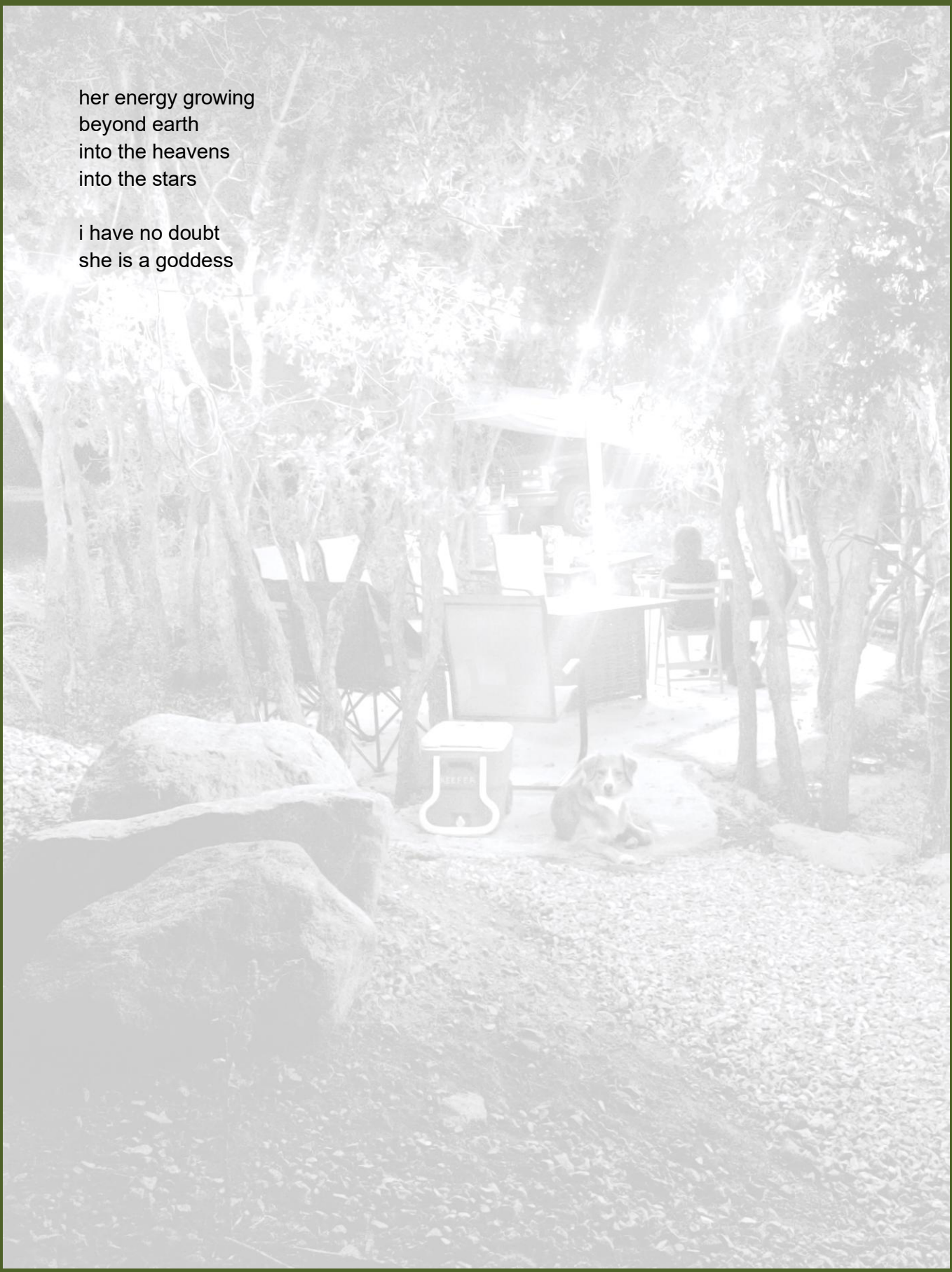
bent the
elements and chemicals
biology and physiology
to her will

in god-like practice
she delivers relief
to the suffering

having tasted
joy
and pain
life
and death
she grew her soul
to her will

her energy growing
beyond earth
into the heavens
into the stars

i have no doubt
she is a goddess



# 20240309.1 | winter is slipping

winter is slipping
sun has made the snow hard

moose and deer
fall through the crust

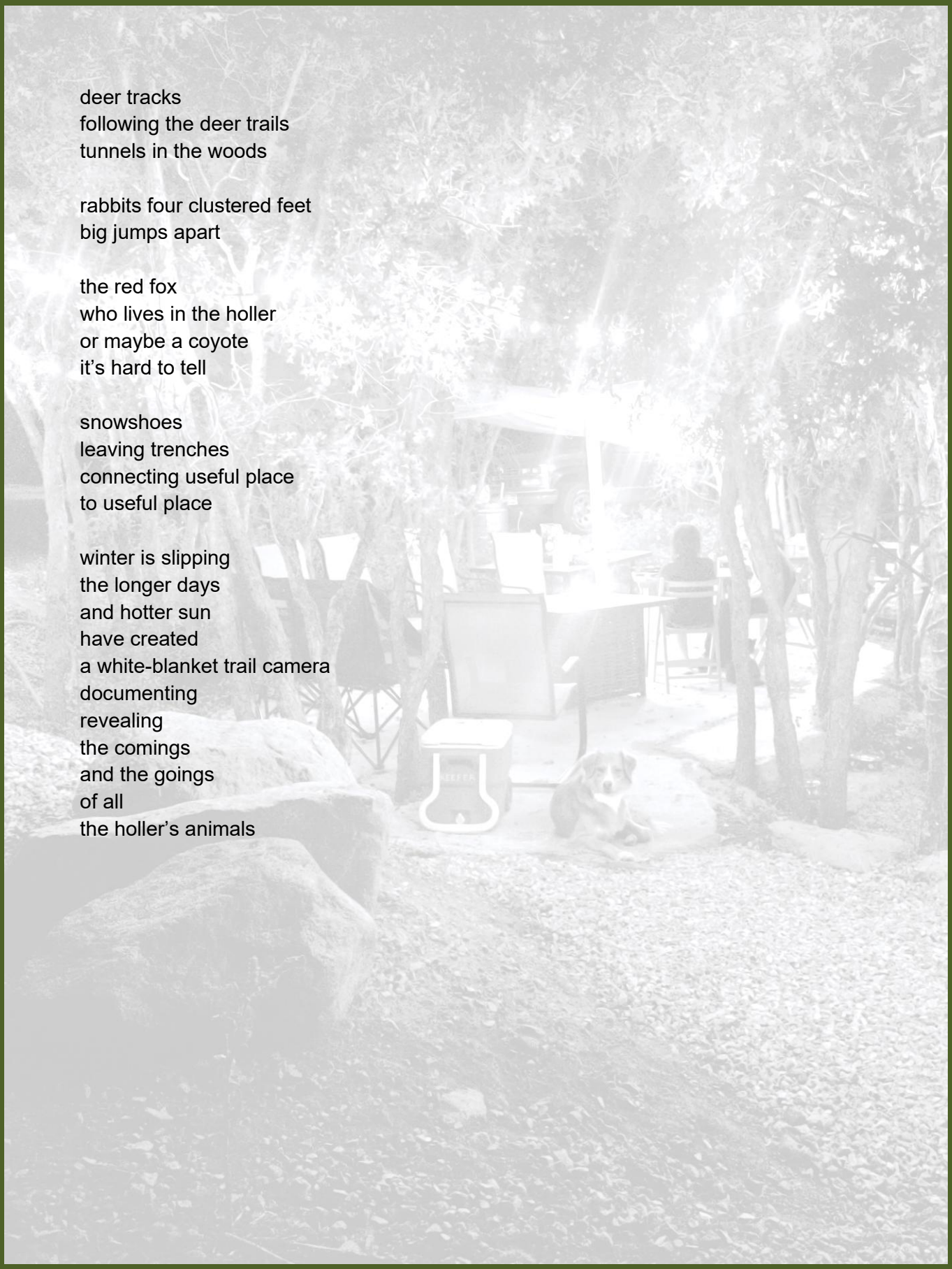
the lighter animals
with bigger paws
walk the surface
and leave footprints

racoon around the outhouse
mice around the bird feeder
magpie here and there

moose diagonal
traverse the property
footprints bigger
and spread wider
than any man
and leaving a pile of
walnut-size scat

cat prints
like a housecat
but as big as a woman's fist
and sunk heavy
in the sow's surface

mountain lion
from the woods
visiting the meadow's hot spring
then up and back into the woods



deer tracks
following the deer trails
tunnels in the woods

rabbits four clustered feet
big jumps apart

the red fox
who lives in the holler
or maybe a coyote
it's hard to tell

snowshoes
leaving trenches
connecting useful place
to useful place

winter is slipping
the longer days
and hotter sun
have created
a white-blanket trail camera
documenting
revealing
the comings
and the goings
of all
the holler's animals

# 20240315.1 | here comes the king

i've been knocked on my ass so many times
i can make falling down look graceful
make eating shit look tasteful
king to pauper
pauper to king
dragged to my corner
thrown from the ring
returning in the twelfth
swings reigning supreme
taking back the crown
taking back the ring

it may not be glorious
it may not be pretty
but when life hands you shit
get down
get gritty
work your way up
and into the ring
watch out motherfucker
here comes the king

# 20240401.1 | cherish

i need to be okay with now
only now

no future

no past

to be okay with a few moments
or many moments

to love the sun
even if it stays in the sky
only part of the day

it's hard to imagine
that which we cherish
may be temporary

when in truth
it is all temporary

i will cherish you now

# 20240401.2 | then look away

look at your lover

then look away

do not stare at the sun
do not fly with wax wings
too high
too long

cover your skin
save for the parts already well tanned

look at your lover

then look away

# 20240405.1 | turns her gaze

i know

but does she know

it all hinges on
shared vision
shared pathways
shared spirits

if she doesn’t know

then enjoy the summer wine
enjoy the afternoon delights
enjoy the satiated embrace

before she turns her gaze

# 20240407.1 | heart of holes

make a hole in my heart
enter, love, stay

grow with the daylight
grow in the nightlight
grow every loving word
grow every passionate kiss
grow every tender touch
grow every whisper
grow every smile

grow your place
in my heart

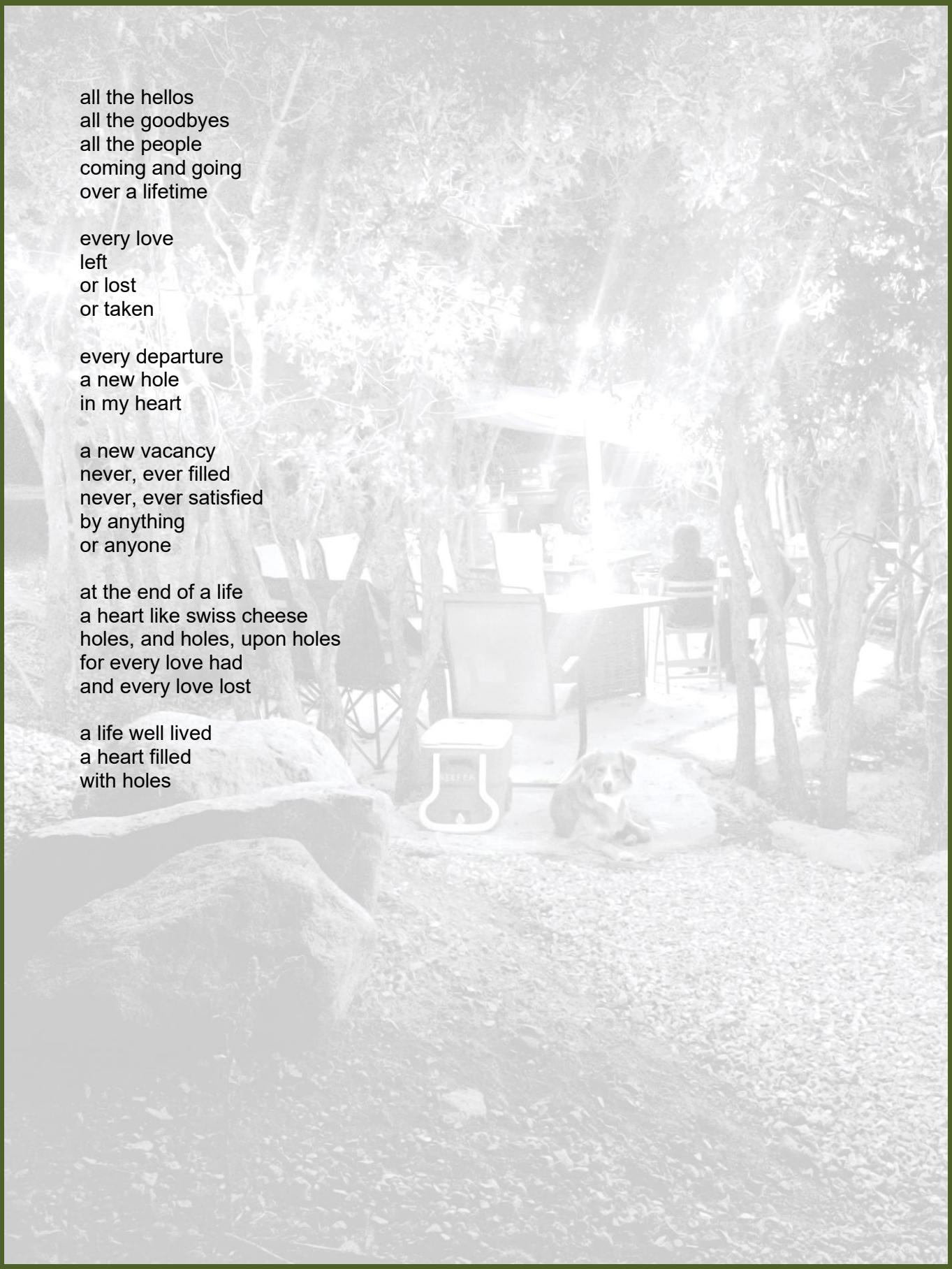
i beg you, stay
fear the day
you go away

if that day comes
take the part
of my heart
that you earned
over the years

take your due
take your part
take with you
when we depart

in my heart
a hole
for you

a hole never to be filled
a hole reserved for you
a hole of mine
a hole for only you
a place in my heart
only for you
a hole where you were



all the hellos
all the goodbyes
all the people
coming and going
over a lifetime

every love
left
or lost
or taken

every departure
a new hole
in my heart

a new vacancy
never, ever filled
never, ever satisfied
by anything
or anyone

at the end of a life
a heart like swiss cheese
holes, and holes, upon holes
for every love had
and every love lost

a life well lived
a heart filled
with holes

# 20240413.1 | light from one septillion stars

the moment i was born
light departed
one septillion stars

swaddled and cradled
when light from the sun
reached the hospital roof
eight minutes later

silver cap guns
leather vest
tin badge
cowboy hat
playing in the millcreek backyard
light from proxima centauri
reaches my four-year-old cheeks

procyon's light arrived
the evening i first held
my naked lover

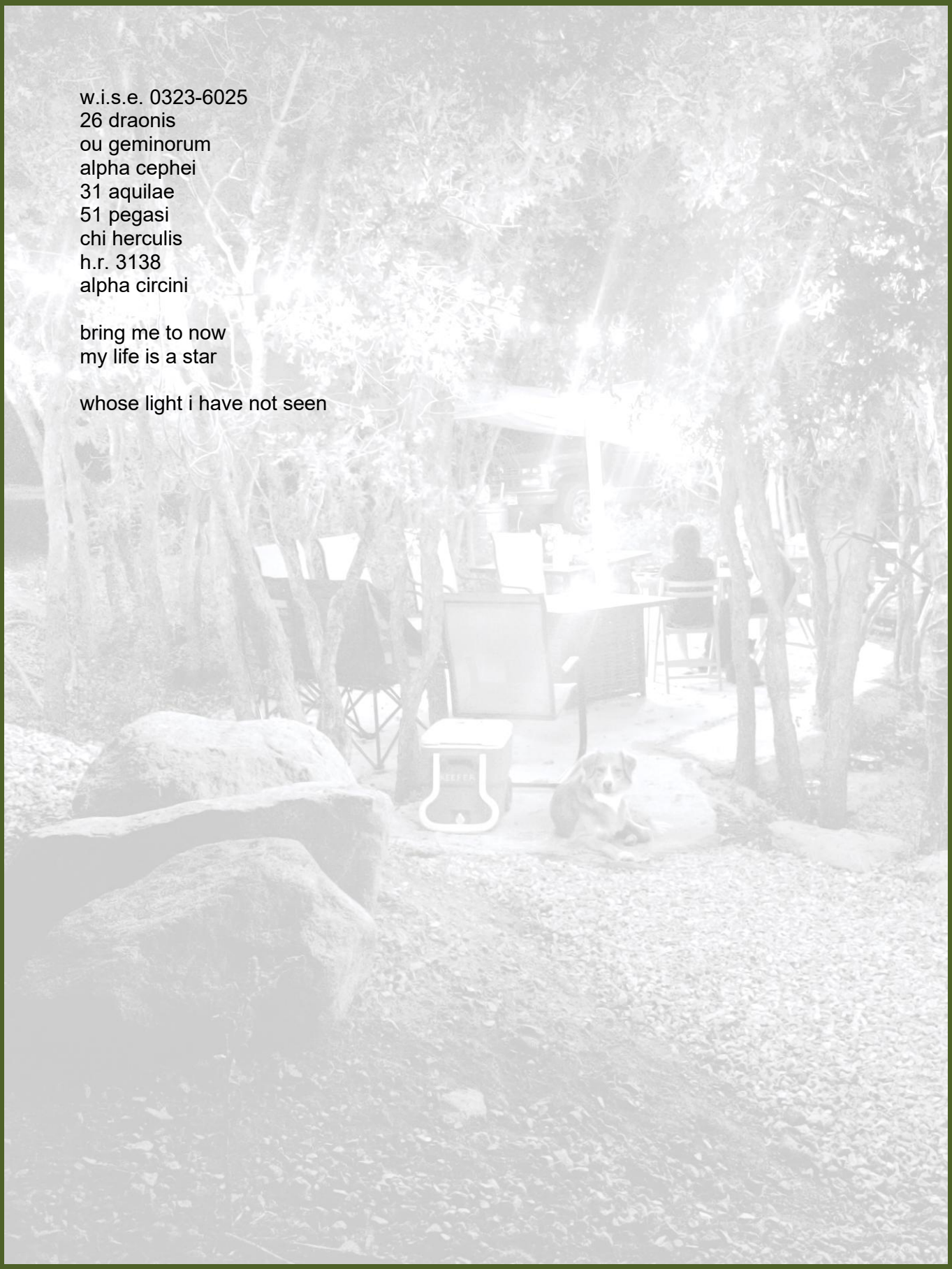
gliese 581's light dimly shone
the night we parted

chara appeared
during college graduation

earendel followed me
across the pennsylvania farmlands

gamma pavonis twinkled
on the mother of my children
wolf 1069
g.j. 436
a.t. microscopii
arcturus
arrived with my children
as they were swaddled and cradled

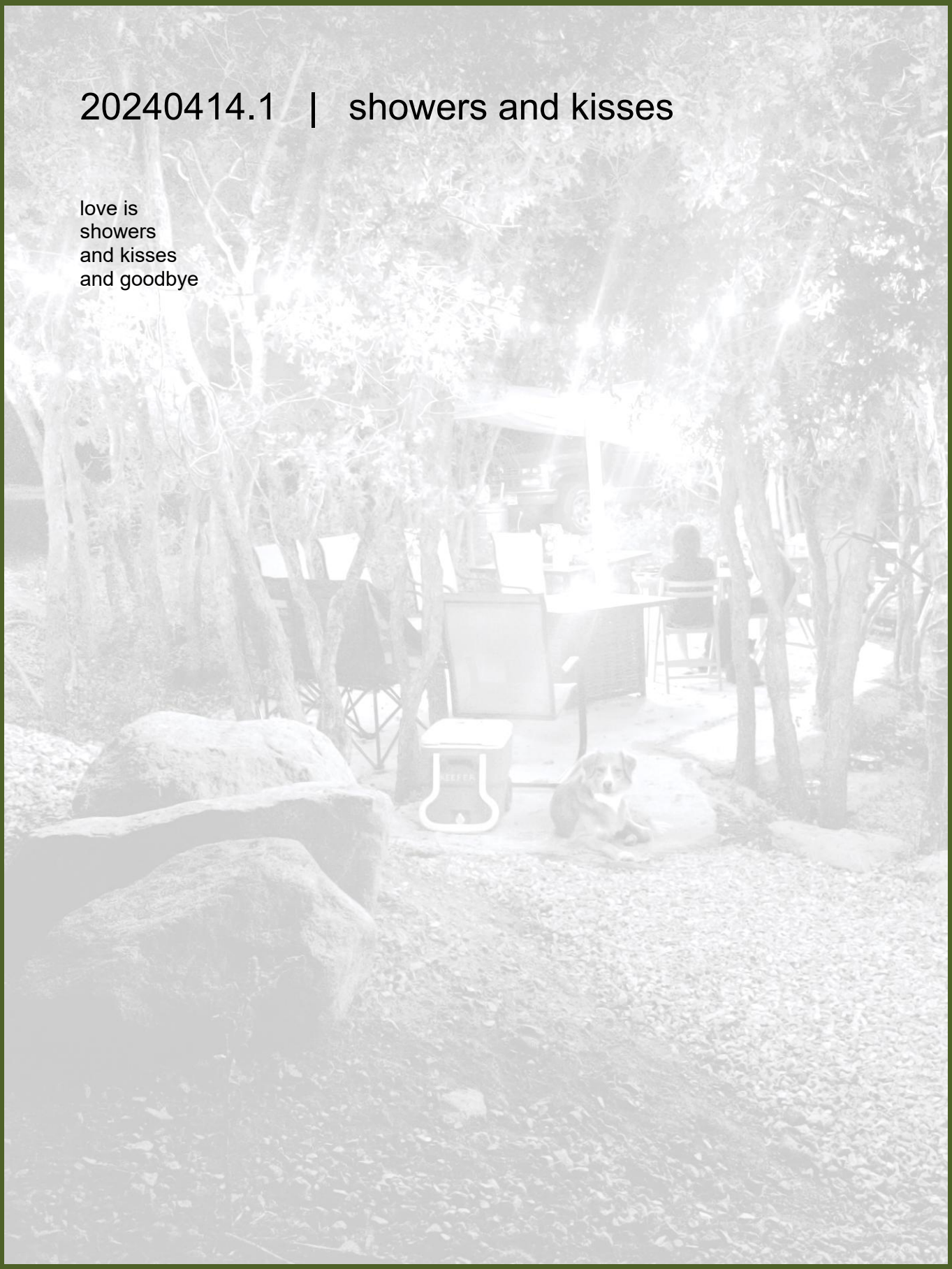
alhaud
saw the ending of the family



w.i.s.e. 0323-6025
26 draonis
ou geminorum
alpha cephei
31 aquilae
51 pegasi
chi herculis
h.r. 3138
alpha circini

bring me to now
my life is a star

whose light i have not seen



# 20240414.1 | showers and kisses

love is
showers
and kisses
and goodbye

# 20240414.2 | the spirits that follow you

the spirits
that follow you
have departed

the empty
is complete

the story
ends

the vacuum
restores

the chess board
resets

the next story
queues up

a giant pause
to know god

to know
myself

# 20240414.3 | a single cluster of atoms

love may be
knowing when to be alone

knowing the beauty in life
is there for the still of heart

knowing the spirit walks closest
when we walk alone

love may be
a single cluster of atoms

in a universe of atoms

# 20240414.4 | again

goodbye
again
goodbye

# 20240414.5 | love you all

i love you

every one of you

there are still spots
in my heart with
fear
resentment
anger

i'm not whole

i'm working on it

i love you all

# 20240415.1 | the human parts of me

i don't want this to be my space
but it is

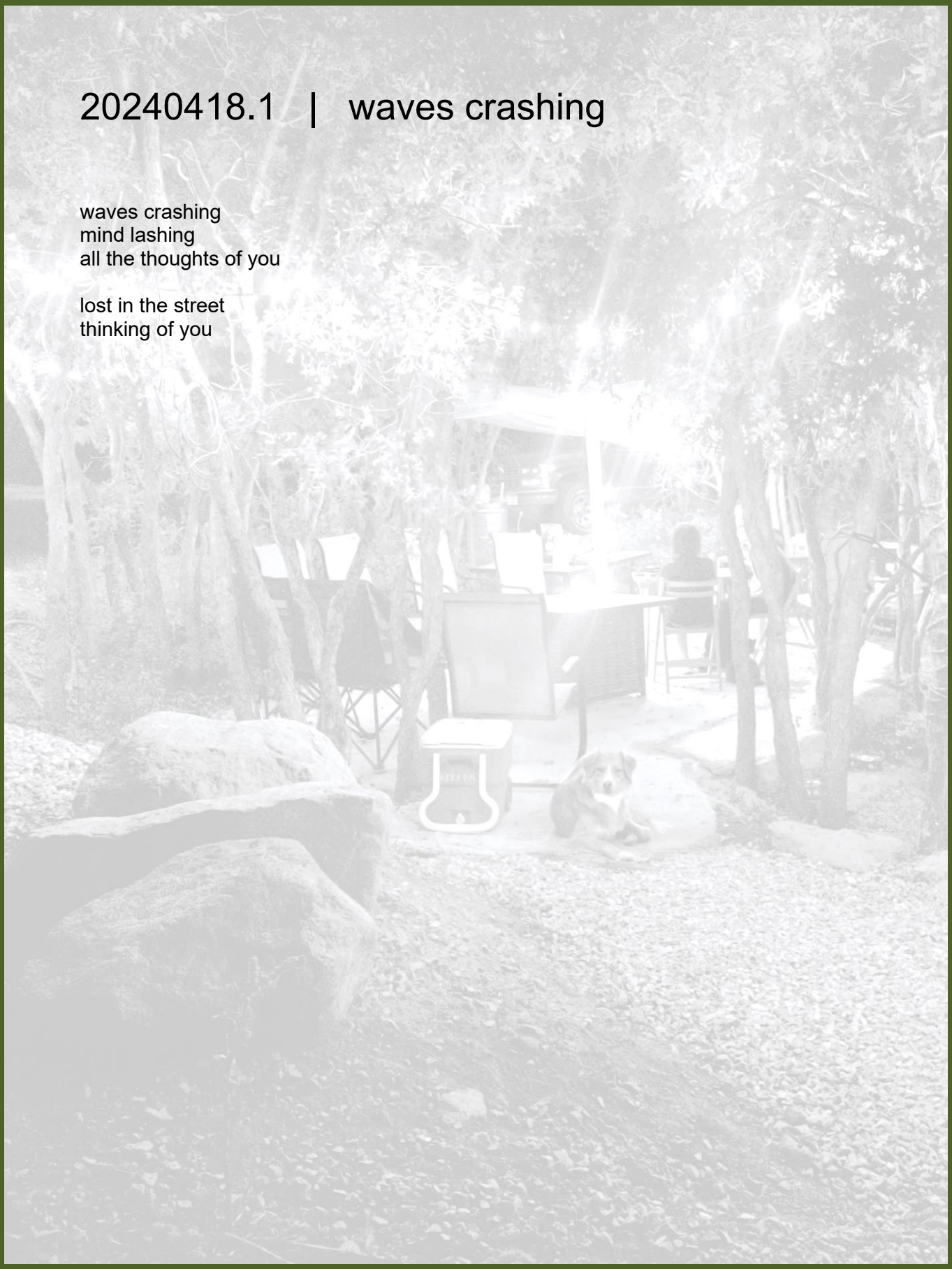
unsettled
pushing chest-first
through feelings
rolling thoughts
like hammers on sheet metal
knowing no woman wants a man
that struggles
inside

every woman wants
success
strength
confidence
humor

and i've got that

but i've got the heavy shit too
and i can't pretend it away
i can't deny
or hide
my voice
myself

to hell with the woman that wants
just the best parts of me
and retreats
from the human parts of me



# 20240418.1 | waves crashing

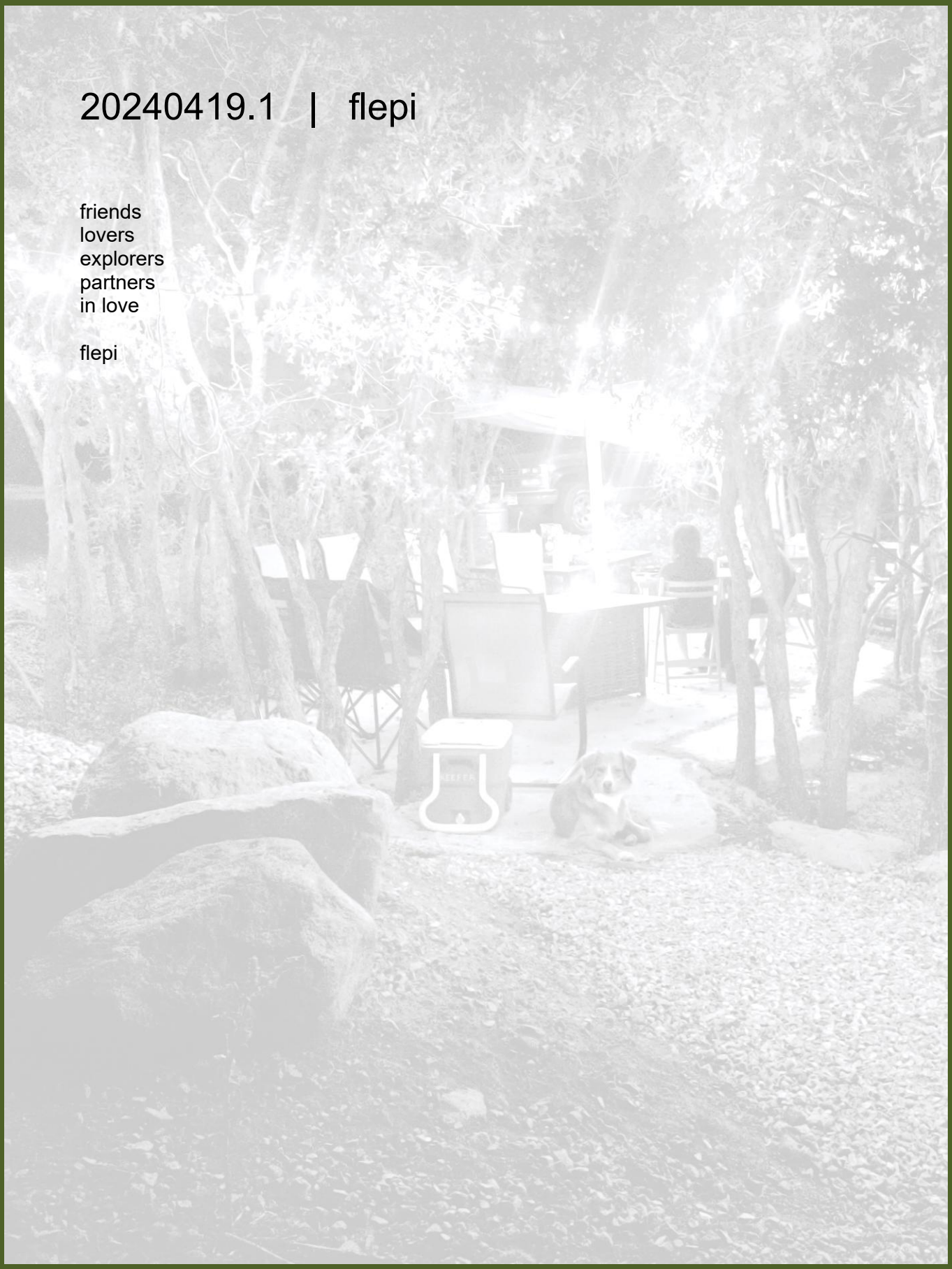
waves crashing
mind lashing
all the thoughts of you

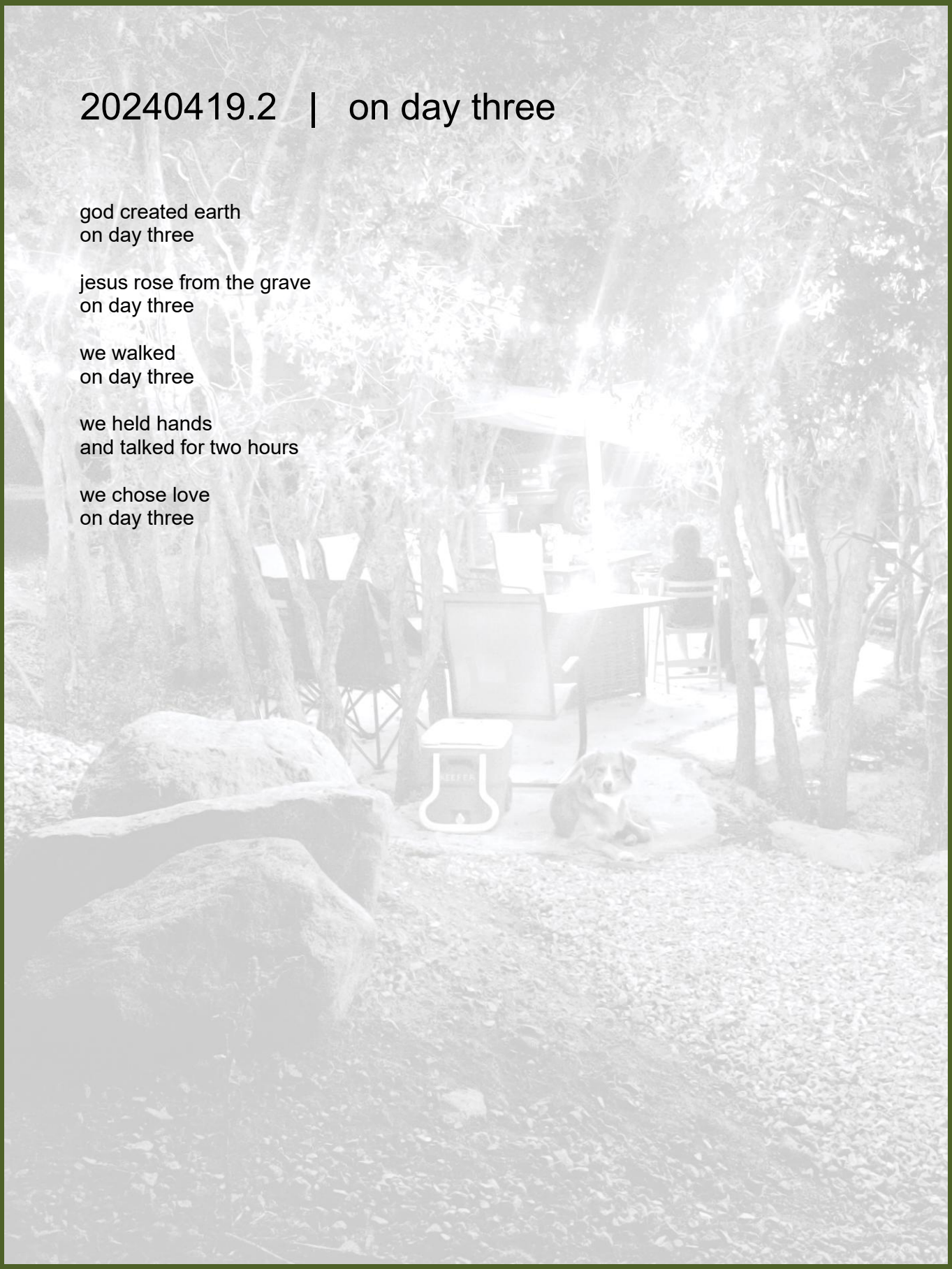
lost in the street
thinking of you

# 20240419.1 | flepi

friends
lovers
explorers
partners
in love

flepi





# 20240419.2 | on day three

god created earth
on day three

jesus rose from the grave
on day three

we walked
on day three

we held hands
and talked for two hours

we chose love
on day three

# 20240420.1 | bliss

saturday
april
20

sunblock
and
bug spray

all day
in the sun
building a cabin

bliss

# 20240421.2 | my brother

his life was not tintinnabulation

but this was among his favorite words

his life was solitary sadness
and public jocularity

he killed himself slowly
with food and smoke

i love him
he is a large part my life and my soul

i have learned from him

my laments
and my joys
will all be public

no shadows
no unrequited love
no guilt

because of him
i work happy
and sleep happy

# 20240421.2 | lucky for a moment

you are an amazing woman
a beautiful soul
a brilliant mind
a driven passion
a fantastic lover
a natural beauty

i am lucky to hold you
to spend days with you
to share company

i dig you

# 20240429.1 | unknown outcome

she adores me
i love her
this is true

it's early
this is true

how much time
before we settle into a routine

will that routine be focused on
beauty
comfort
relief

will we be
friends
lovers
explorers
partners
in love

will our foundation be
addition over time
more people
more sharing
more learning
more life

can a couple's love
can their intention
can their determination

decide the daily bliss
decide the outcome

# 20240504.1 | sideways on ice

she wants to think it's only for sex
when she gets sad
when she gets mad
she wants to think it's not
important
she wants to think it's
interchangeable
replaceable
breakable by design
she wants to
not need love

it's a response
a mechanism
a defense
to keep insulated
to keep bulletproof

she wants to think
it's just her
no one else

she's sideways on ice
she's sliding
she's off track
she's looking back

hold her hand
kiss her head gently
sit
just sit
with her

# 20240507.1 | sweet and simple

hot coffee
quiet morning
clean the main floor
tidy the living room
mow the lawn
exercise
rest
meditate
write
tools, nails, and booze
to the cold storage
engineering updates
schedule the rental car
reschedule mom and dad
puzzle
movie
happy

# 20240507.2 | above the room

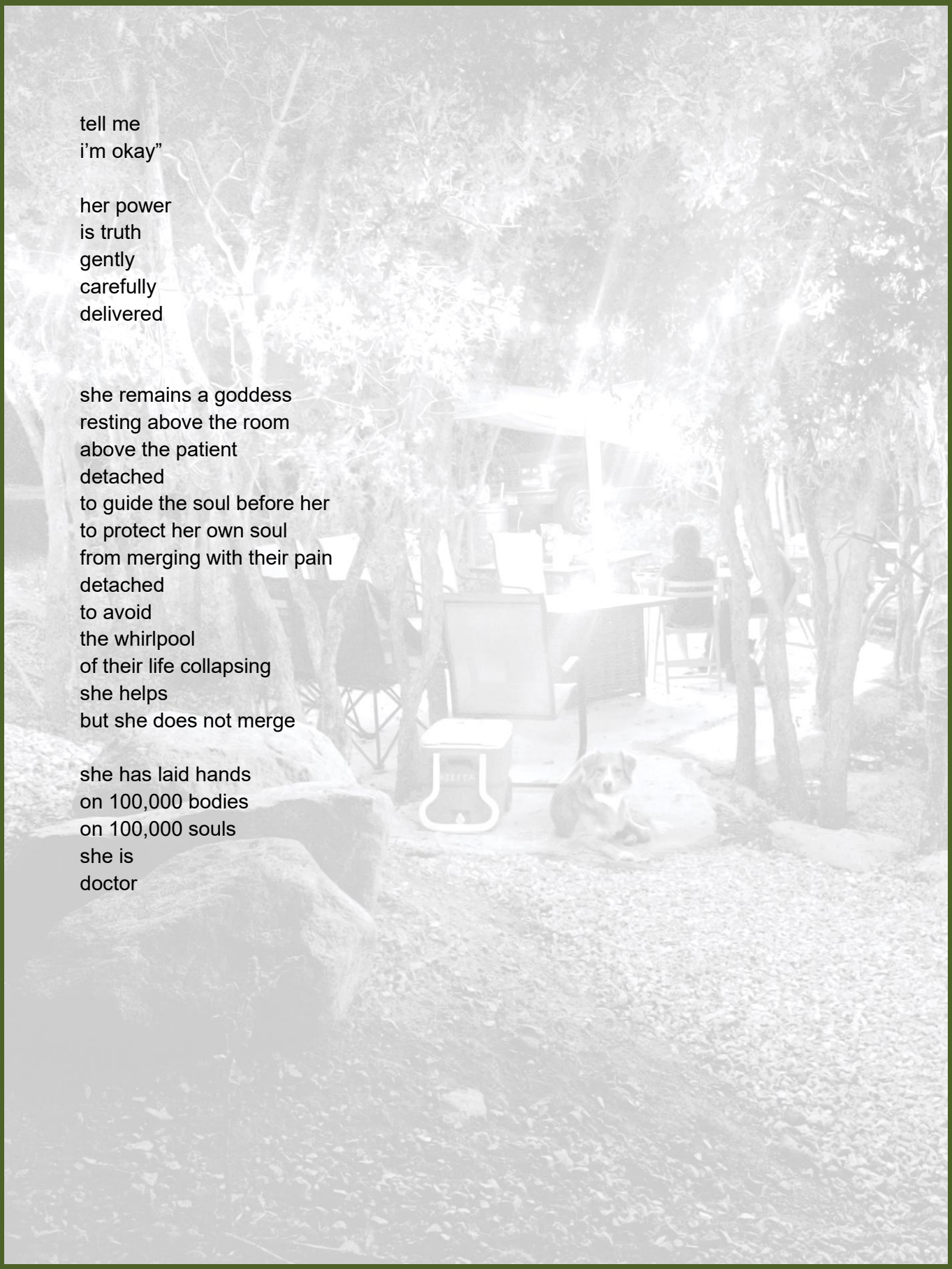
100,000 souls
trapped in bodies
that hurt
worry
plead
panic
cry

100,000 bodies
presented before her
their thoughts and worries
presented
like their clothes on the chair

naked
their truth
what nature has done to them
what they did to themselves

she takes them in her hands
feels
looks
listens
recalls almost impossible training

but really
she hears
their soul whisper to her soul
“help me
tell me i’m not alone
tell me there’s a cure
a way
to regain
what is slipping
or is already lost



tell me
i'm okay"

her power
is truth
gently
carefully
delivered

she remains a goddess
resting above the room
above the patient
detached
to guide the soul before her
to protect her own soul
from merging with their pain
detached
to avoid
the whirlpool
of their life collapsing
she helps
but she does not merge

she has laid hands
on 100,000 bodies
on 100,000 souls
she is
doctor

# 20240512.1 | mother

no words on the page
no thoughts in the head
no rumbling in the tummy
no warming of the heart
no laboring in the sun
no walking on the beach
no hiking
no meadows
no sunshine
no life

without mother

# 20240514.1 | the place we left

self development
placing new concepts in the head
at a dizzying pace
new ideas
new insights
all competing to reshape
how we see now
how we shape tomorrow
all saying change is the answer

i like me
i like the stillness of morning
i like walks
i like lazy conversation
i like being on the lake during sunset
i like lunchtime
i like working for a period

self development
takes us to new places

but what if the place we left
was better

# 20240517.1 | the sound the sky makes

when i was young
i would hear birds
and the wind
as a storm rolled in
an occasional jet
travelling the sky

motors is all you hear now
in the valley
cars
trucks
mowers
blowers

here
above 7,000 feet
in the uintah mountains
in the holler

i hear the birds
the creek
crickets
frogs
and the wind
as a storm rolls in
an occasional jet
travelling the sky

# 20240823.1 | free at last

i am a visitor

flew into the holy city
first class
rented a cadillac

beautiful woman
accomplished and amazing
my companion

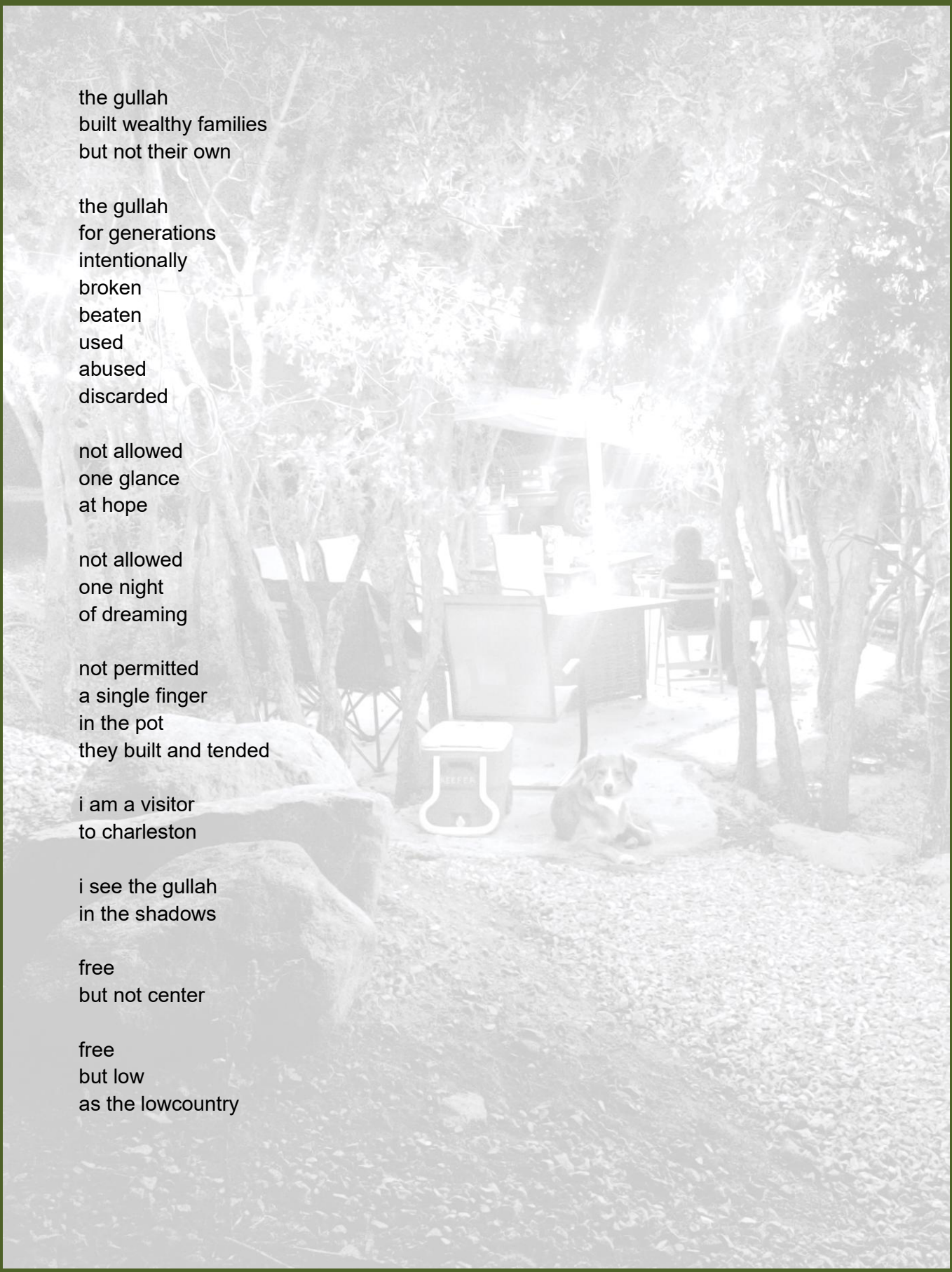
envious accommodations
in the heart
of it all

sightseeing
window shopping
fine dining

i am a visitor
to the lowcountry
360
260
160
years after the slavery
of the gullah
started, flourished, ended

the gullah
built the city
but didn't own it

the gullah
reclaimed the swamps
but didn't claim it



the gullah
built wealthy families
but not their own

the gullah
for generations
intentionally
broken
beaten
used
abused
discarded

not allowed
one glance
at hope

not allowed
one night
of dreaming

not permitted
a single finger
in the pot
they built and tended

i am a visitor
to charleston

i see the gullah
in the shadows

free
but not center

free
but low
as the lowcountry

rainbow row
owned by white millionaires

charleston bay
flanked with mansions

white women
driving black suvs
white men
driving silver porsches

the gullah
driving high-mile toyotas
commuting from
outside the city
for jobs
most whites
don't do

i am a visitor
on juneteenth
2024

the gullah
borrow a small section of charleston
this night

white police
close a few blocks on
king street

the gullah
dance among the buildings
they weren't allowed to own
in their ancestor’s day

the gullah
party in front of shops
the vast majority
can't afford today

it's freedom
without being free

systems engineered
to oppress
contain
keep down
there are shackles
on the gullah today
not as obvious
as the past

today the shackles are
commerce filters
education obstacles
advancement selectivity

moving past them
like horse-drawn carriages
transporting white people
past the gullah
making bricks
processing indigo
harvesting rice

i visit the gullah
on juneteenth
at their celebration
and they permit me
to walk with my date
and enjoy their music
their dancing

they share
their gullah celebration

my ancestors
left pennsylvania farms
to end slavery

some of my ancestors
never returned home
to their farm
to their wife
to their babies

their white bodies
rotting in shallow graves
hundreds of miles from home

a price paid
to free the gullah

i take pride
in this fact
that my family's blood
shed
for their family's
blood

such a noble sacrifice
and yet

i walk past the gullah
while vacationing in their town

and i am
more free
than the gullah
may ever be

# 20250106.1 | we seek to share

solitary confinement
is the among the cruelest punishments
a human can endure

because of this
we seek other people
to share stories
to share lives

but how often
are those other people
even that one person
your person
how often is your person
the one causing you pain

how often does love
lead to commitment
diffuse into criticism
morph into resentment
then tip toward destruction

i love you
because you are not broken
bruised a little, yes
who isn't
but you are not broken

you are highly capable
highly engaged
with people
with life
with understanding yourself

i love you because
you read the situation
you take action
you course correct
you control the outcome

i love you because
you walk with me
hold hands
talk for hours
touch
and disappear into passion

i love you because
you can have anyone
and you choose to sit with me

i love you because
you are the one woman
that has allowed me to be human

human doesn't mean lazy
or hurtful

human means
a body that isn't prefect
thoughts that could be better refined
a life story with both wins and losses
a desire to rest at times
human

isolation hurts
being with the wrong person hurts

being with you is easy
being with you is restful
being with you is joyful
this is why I love you

# 20250113.1 | evenings

early morning
you are at the gym
i am in bed
you milk the mornings
i milk the evenings

we see the days
as opportunities
to get stuff done
to get ahead
to win

evenings are when we connect
evenings are when we talk
and touch
watch a show
take it slow

evenings are
us

# 20250113.2 | steady my son

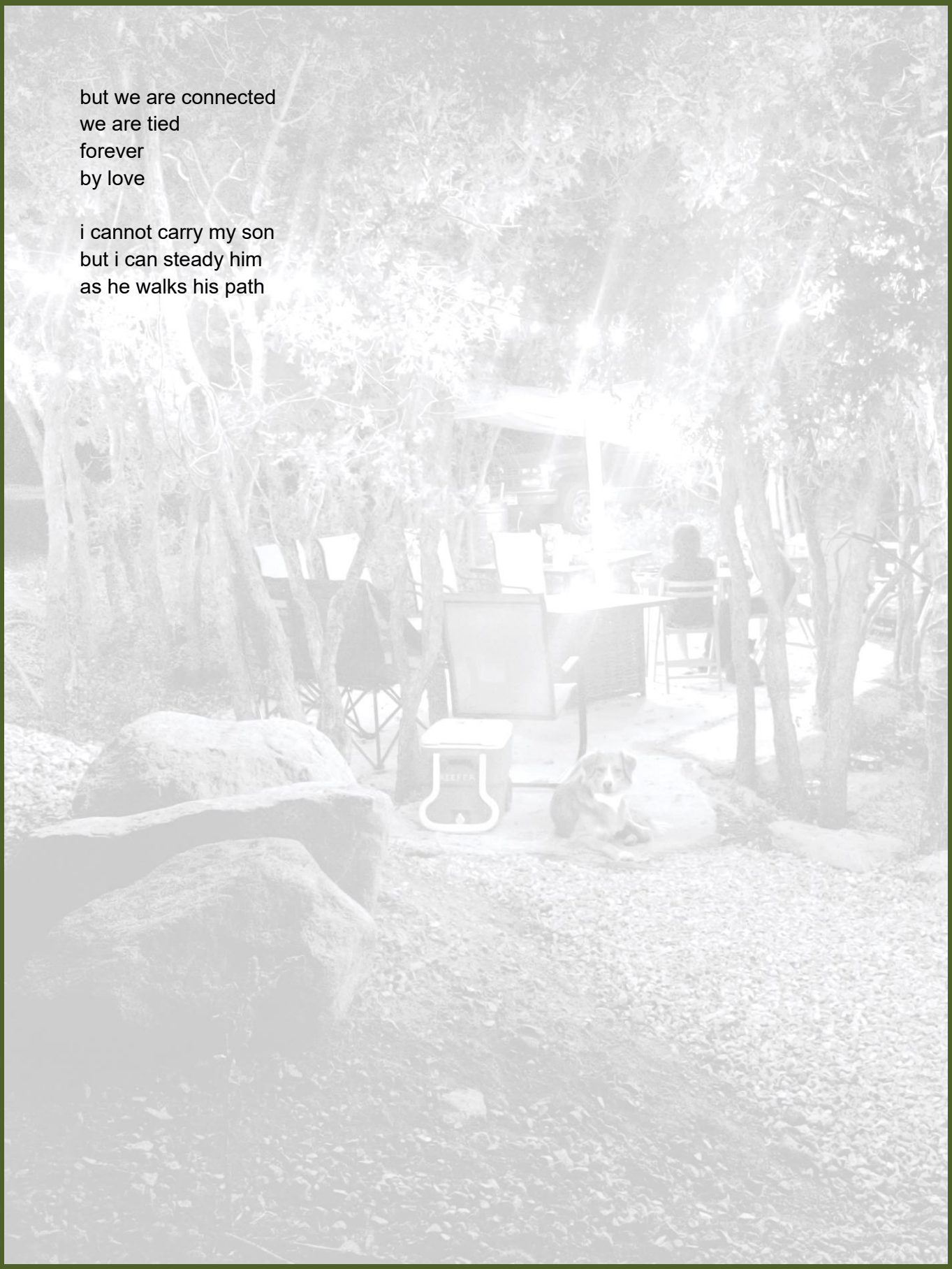
my son is adrift
schizophrenic
ill equipped
to handle life
unable to work
unable to learn
unable to see

cause and effect

i lack the resources
to carry him
to cradle
a full grown adult
to nurse
and feed
and clothe
and clean
a full grown man

he will have to face life
his hands will have to find
that thing
he can do
to find shelter
to find food

my story
is not my father's story
my son's story
is not my story



but we are connected
we are tied
forever
by love

i cannot carry my son
but i can steady him
as he walks his path

# 20250113.3 | the next target

it's not finished
the home
as big as a house
the cabin in the woods
my shelter
my roof

the list to finish it
so long
i don't even catalogue it

i simply set the next target
and work

it's a marathon
and every step
every board and nail
forever in place
forever fixed
my forever home

i simply set the next target
and work

with faith
and a vision
of sleeping in the home
i built

a home
i own
free and clear

# 20250118.1 | foundation stones

it hurts
the changes
all of them
over the years

what i built
gone
what i had
lost

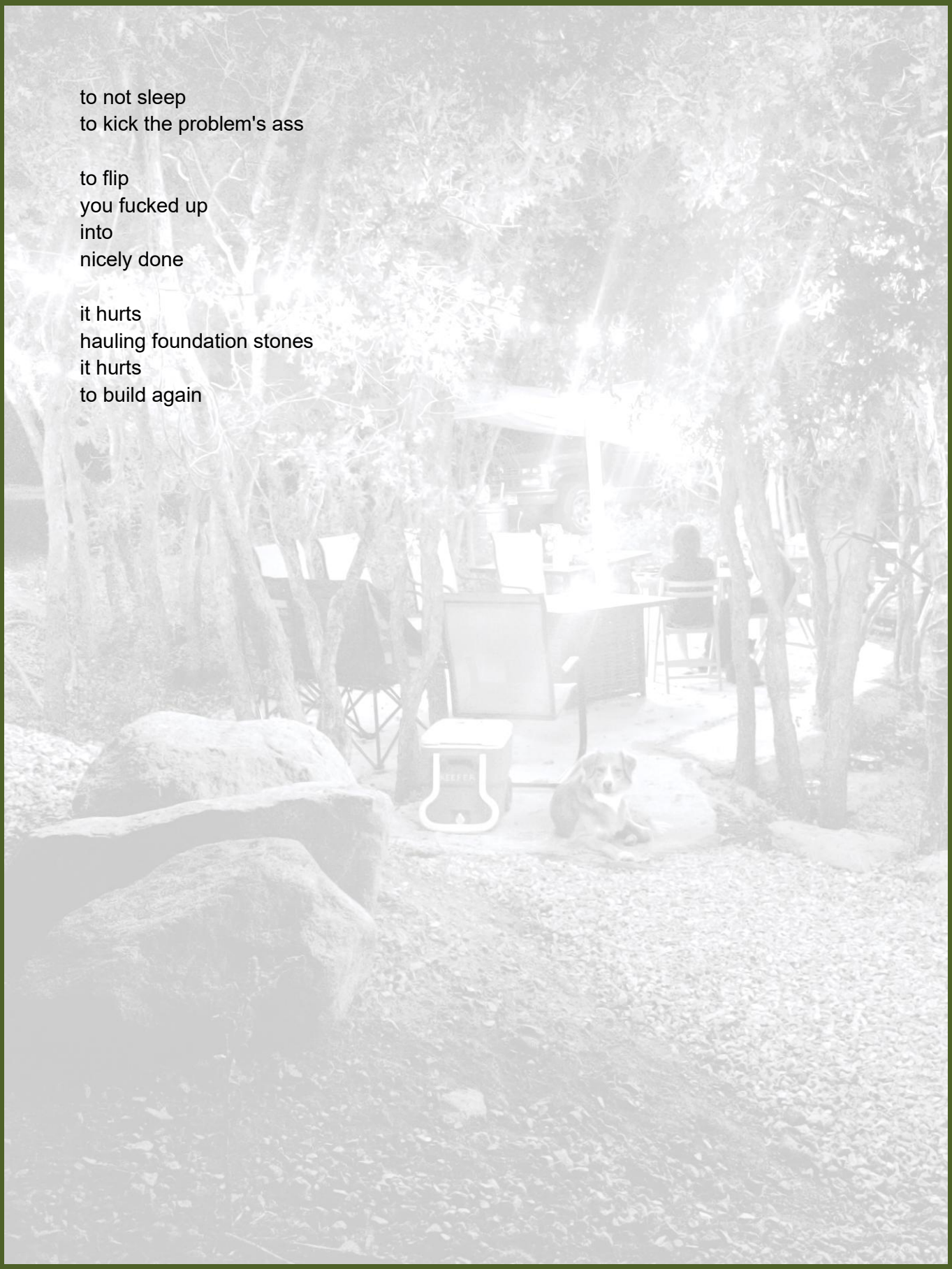
it hurts
to build again

foundation stones
are the heaviest stones
they break the back
break the bank

foundation stones
keep me awake at night
the stakes so high
so much resting on them
my future
my life

there is no rest
there is only
strategy
work
analysis
work again

the world pushes against me
against my plans
my job is to push back
to not relent



to not sleep
to kick the problem's ass

to flip
you fucked up
into
nicely done

it hurts
hauling foundation stones
it hurts
to build again

# 20250118.2 | your comforts

these comforts
are your comforts

you share them
at your will

as you should
that's fair
that's your right

i am grateful

and alert
not settled
not accepting

because it is not mine
it is yours
i am a guest

yes

a lover
a friend
a confidant
a safe place

but i am here
at your will
and at your disposal

i cannot rest

these comforts
are your comforts

# 20250118.3 | god offering a pillow

five years have passed
and my sons are back

a gap
a rift in time
a tare in the fabric
of the universe

life is

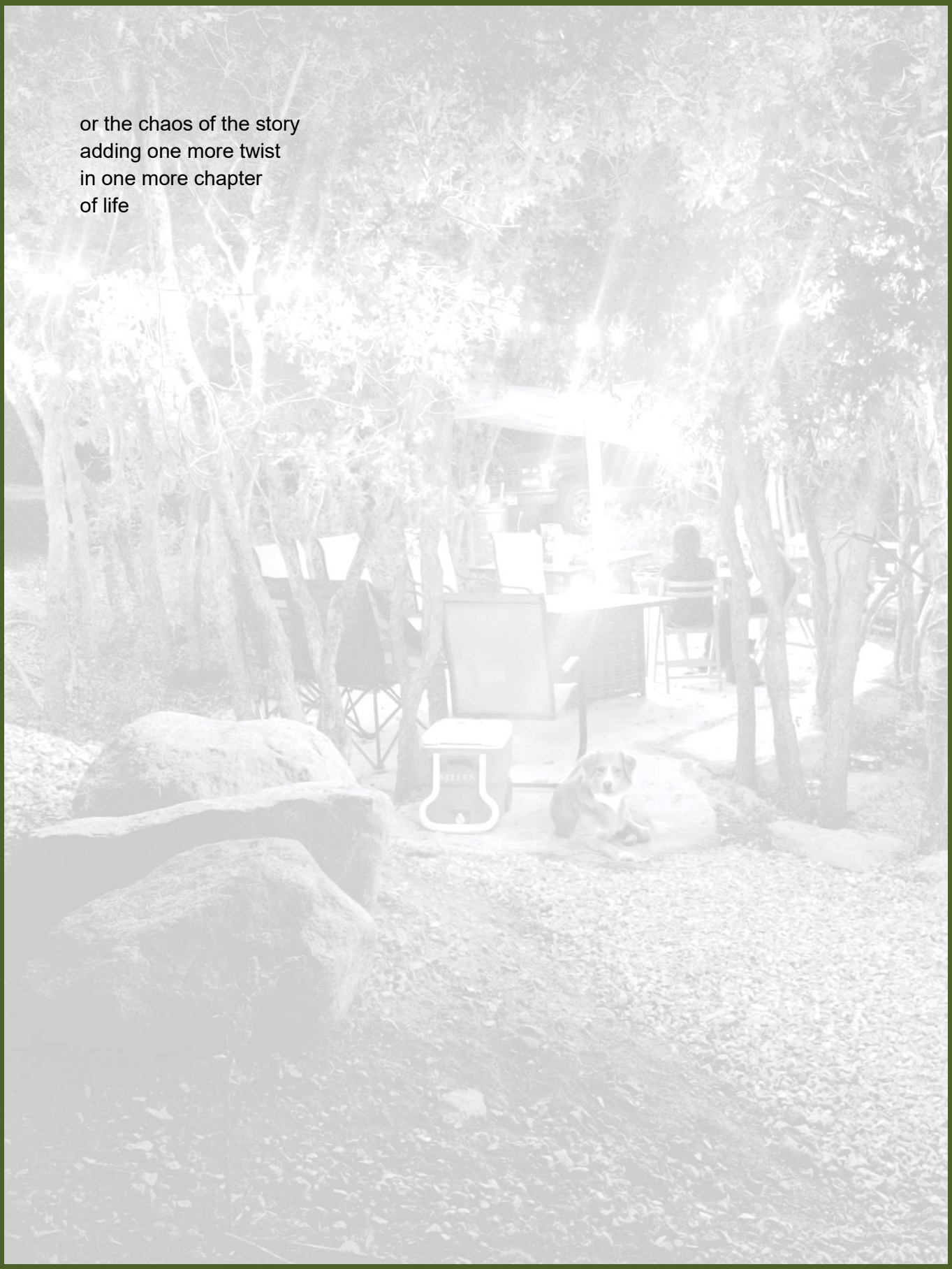
computer code
scrolling down a screen

dancers
dressed fancy
spinning to music played way too fast
a frantic twirling
pulling away
exhausted
out of control

ants in a farm
pressed against facebook glass
moving
not with thought
but with chemical signals
running the colony
at high speed
detrimental
to each single ant

my sons come back

and i know not
if it is god
offering me a pillow



or the chaos of the story
adding one more twist
in one more chapter
of life

# 20250124.1 | moving day

it's the house i've lived in
for over seven years

every room empty
except the one i sleep in
blankets on the floor

boxes stacked high
in the garage

a for sale sign
in the yard

it's the end
of something

something personal
something comfortable

it's the start
of something else

something unknown
something far away

i hope that that something else
is as beautiful

as this home
has been

# 20250126.1 | let off the leash

it is the nature of man
to want more
than is good for us

calories
consumed
to the point
of death

money
pursued
at the cost
of our freedom

sex
sought
to the point
of loneliness

the things we crave
become our undoing
if let off the leash

the thing that
makes us tick
if wound too tight
breaks the clockspring
breaks the man

if all we pursue
is feeding the hunger
then all we get
is famine

# 20250128.1 | orbits and breeze

the sun does not fight
to rise in the morning

the sun does not fight
to set in the evening

the wind does not struggle
to lift into the sky

the wind does not struggle
to fall from the clouds

if your love for me is real
it will be easy

our love will move
like a body in orbit

like a welcome breeze
on a hot summer day

# 20250128.2 | i see you

if i stand still

the crazy
busy
bullshitty
business
of the world

will race past me

never stopping to acknowledge
me

it's the ego
that wants to be seen
to be acknowledged
to be praised

what if
i stand still
and see what is before me
and i acknowledge that

and the moment
and i are one

is this validation enough

for me to say
to nature
to others

i see you

# 20250129.1 | she receives

she sleeps
in the heart of her castle
her hounds encircle her bed
sleeping on the floor

it is regal
it is grand

why am i here

because

everyone needs love

even a queen
needs a chest to sleep upon

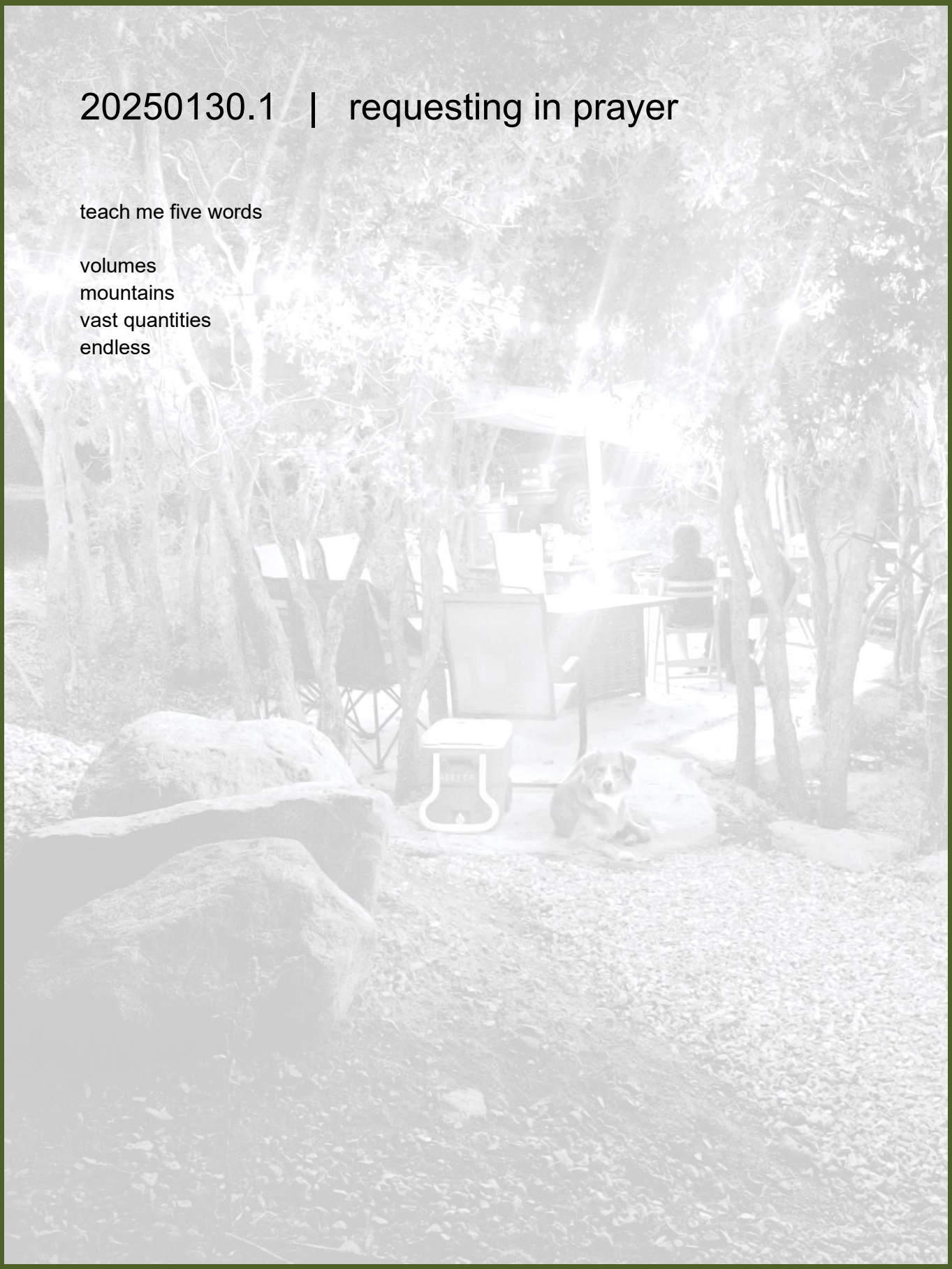
why my chest

because
i hold
her thoughts
her sadness
her laughter
her dreams
her laments
her spirit
her body

i am here
because i hold all of her

i love her

she receives my love



# 20250130.1 | requesting in prayer

teach me five words

volumes
mountains
vast quantities
endless

# 20250130.2 | seven years too early

you love him

500% more than you love me

he's gone

not 'next town' gone

like, slipped this life
into the ether
gone

still

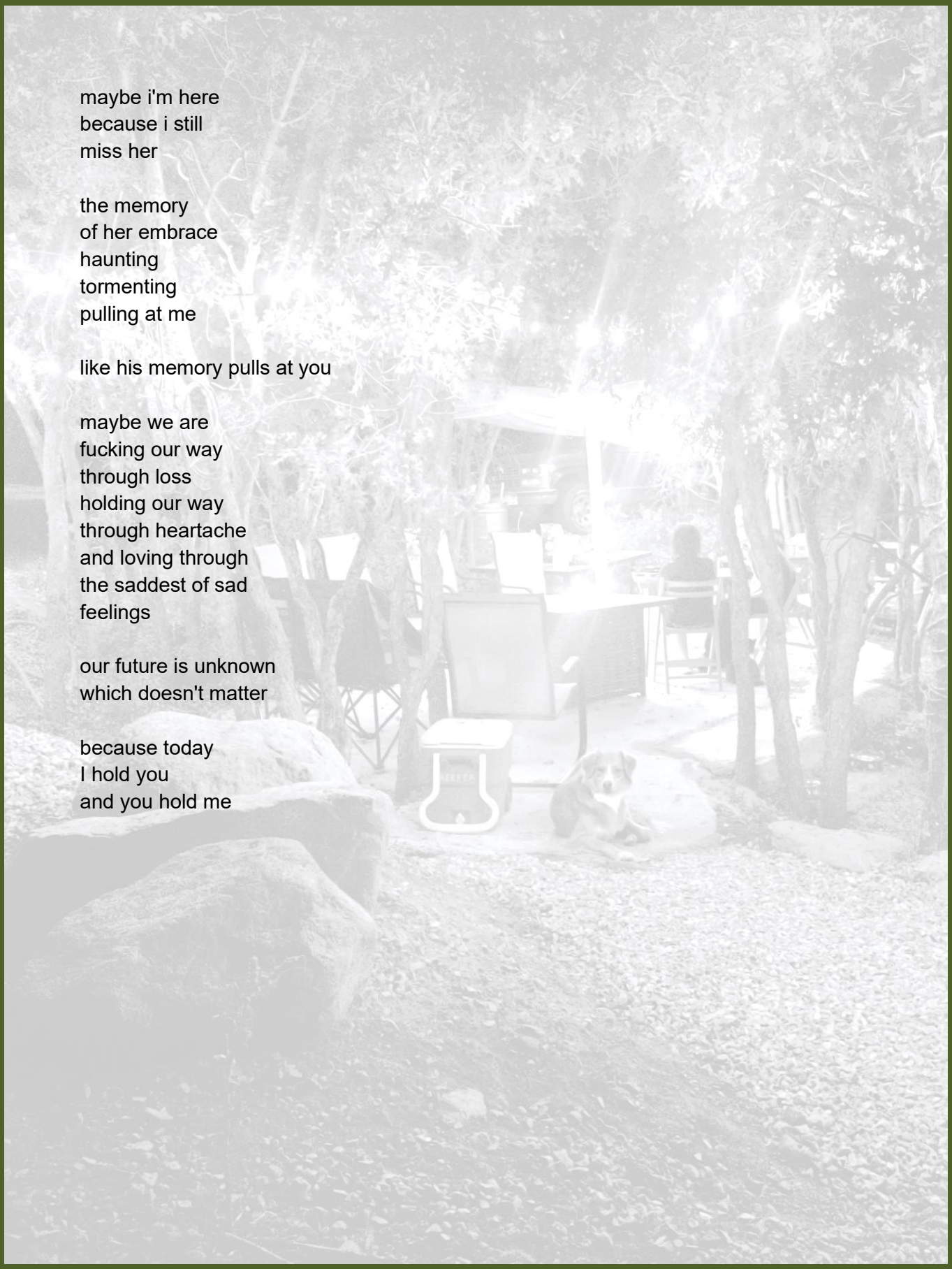
your heart pines
for him

i showed up
seven years too early

maybe a lifecycle
too early

why am i here

is it sex
is it company
is it that word
love
that can mean so much
or so little



maybe i'm here
because i still
miss her

the memory
of her embrace
haunting
tormenting
pulling at me

like his memory pulls at you

maybe we are
fucking our way
through loss
holding our way
through heartache
and loving through
the saddest of sad
feelings

our future is unknown
which doesn't matter

because today
I hold you
and you hold me

# 20250130.3 | it could be

it could be

the start

of something
grand

it could be

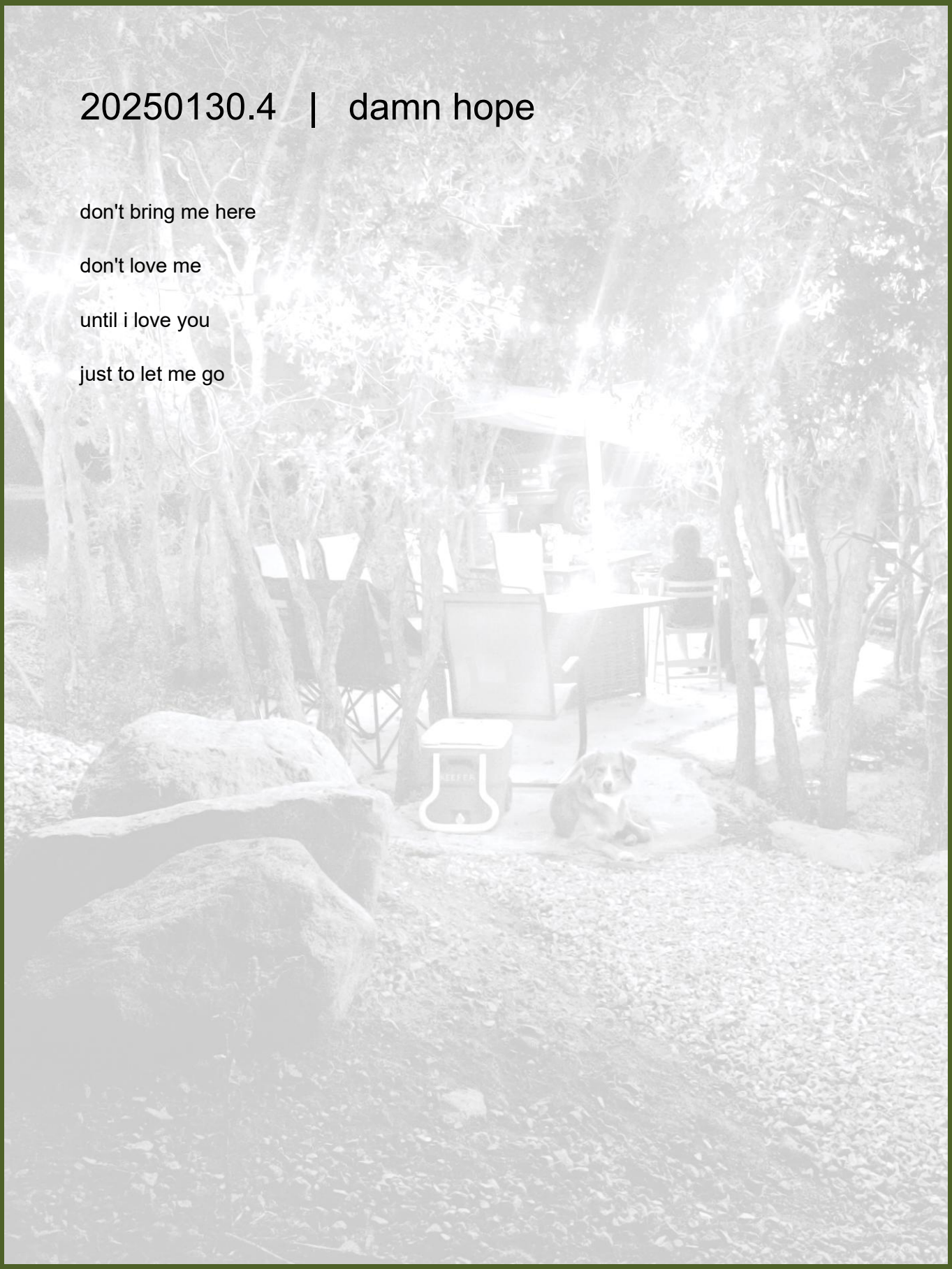
the middle

of something
bland

it could be

the end

of something



# 20250130.4 | damn hope

don't bring me here

don't love me

until i love you

just to let me go

# 20250130.5 | who to trust

i don't trust
that she won't hurt me

i trust
that if she does hurt me

i trust
myself

to handle
that pain

to navigate
that sadness

i trust
myself

to move on
go grow
beyond her

to find
bigger days

to find
better love

i trust
myself

to grow

no matter
what she does

# 20250202.1 | peacefully afraid

yes
i am frightened

economies
risk of failure
consequences
of not being amazing

i am also old
seasoned

i am nosferatu
when measured in children years

so old
i measure problems
in half decades

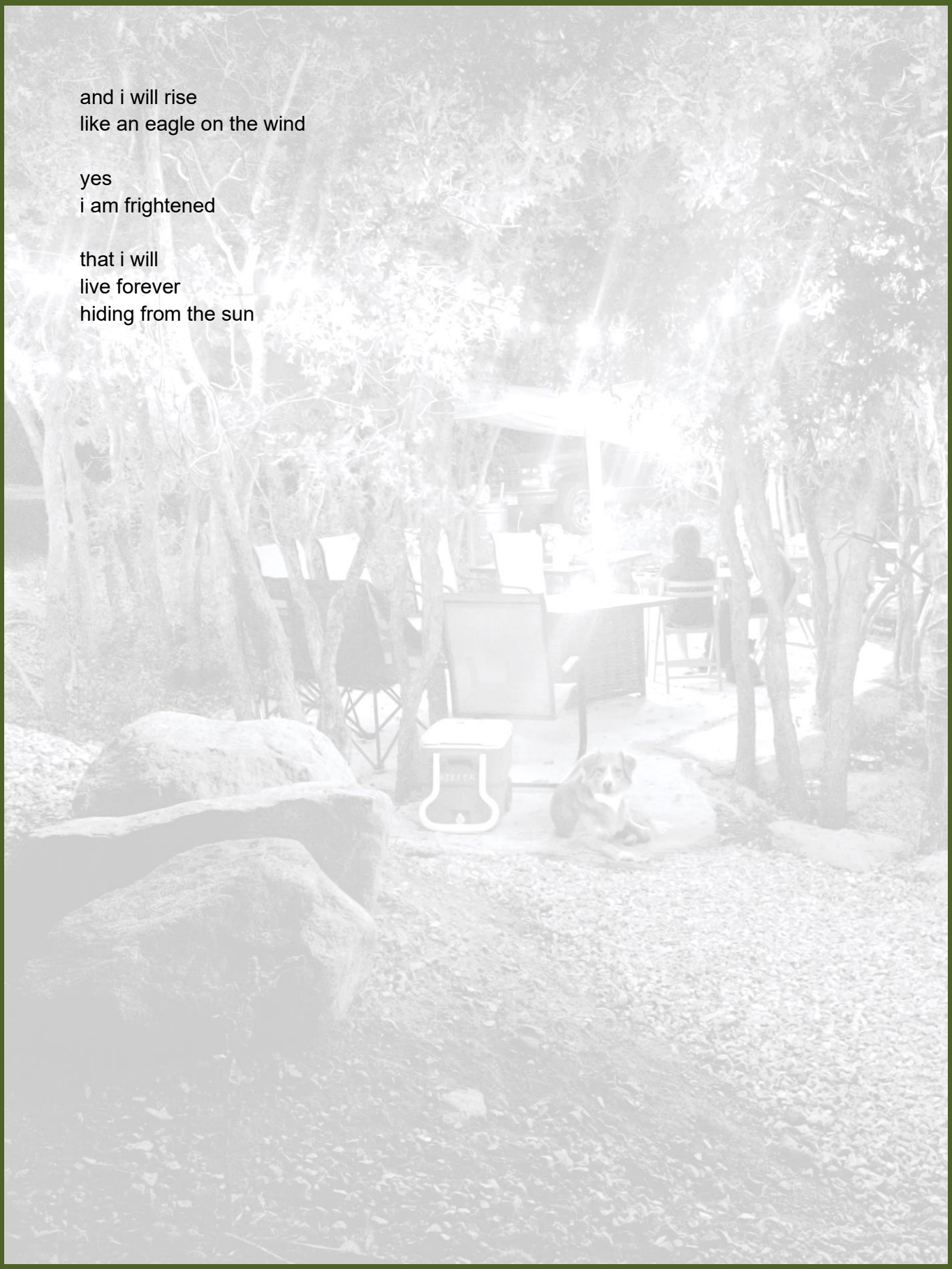
i work out solutions
that span far into the future

i know
it won't play out that way
that the future will change
before my plans are fulfilled

that change
will visit me
like pain visits everyone

and i will
bend
like the tree bends

i will curve
like the creek curves



and i will rise
like an eagle on the wind

yes
i am frightened

that i will
live forever
hiding from the sun

# 20250205.1 | running on impulse

my body
does what bodies do

my mind
goes where thoughts go

my blood
circulates what i feed it

my chemicals
balance as programmed

my heart
feels what humans feel

my guess is
we are all running on impulse

some more controlled
than others

# 20250211.1 | tragedy cannot endure

i was there
to break your fall

i was there
to help you crawl

now
the pain
further gone

now
your heart
further healed

your head
held higher

your life
stronger

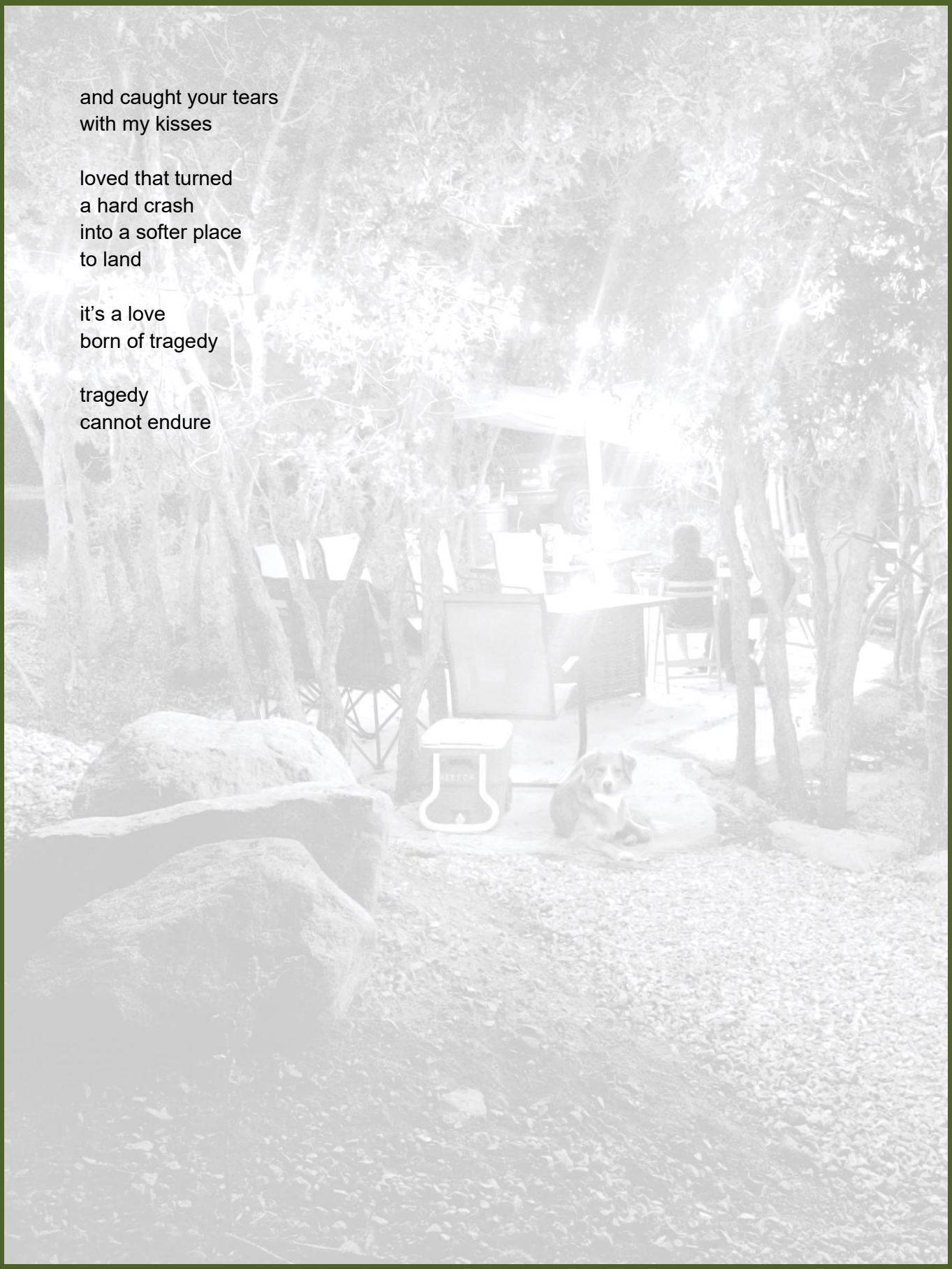
your future
brighter

your prospects
better

it's possible
you never loved me

you loved
what i brought to you
that i sat with you
while you bled

loved that i
held your head



and caught your tears
with my kisses

loved that turned
a hard crash
into a softer place
to land

it's a love
born of tragedy

tragedy
cannot endure

# 20250212.1 | sharing

at the pool
after bicycle riding
around the island
and lunch on the wharf

little girl heather
and little boy paul
with a rental car
and a license to drink

finding a trail
thru the marshland
mistaking sticks for gators
laughing about nonsense

dreaming for the future
embracing the hours
of today

somewhere in the world
are all the right answers

today
we are the right answer
and i will forever love you
for sharing this day

# 20250213.1 | fundamental truths

a woman must be impressed by her man

when the woman earns five times what the man makes

what happens then

can she be impressed with anything he provides

or anything he does

# 20250213.2 | my prayer

dear god

forgive me my sins
my flaws
that if i listed them
would find no end

help me forgive others
and give them my grace
to be flawed themselves

may everyone have space to grow
may everyone win in their own lives

help me release resentment
hold no grudge
against no person

then
dear god
open my eyes
to see the light

help that light
dwell in me
to shine
like a lighthouse
upon waters

may i be
a new creature in thee
may i walk this day
with god

# 20250219.1 | the people spirits love

i feel them
spirits

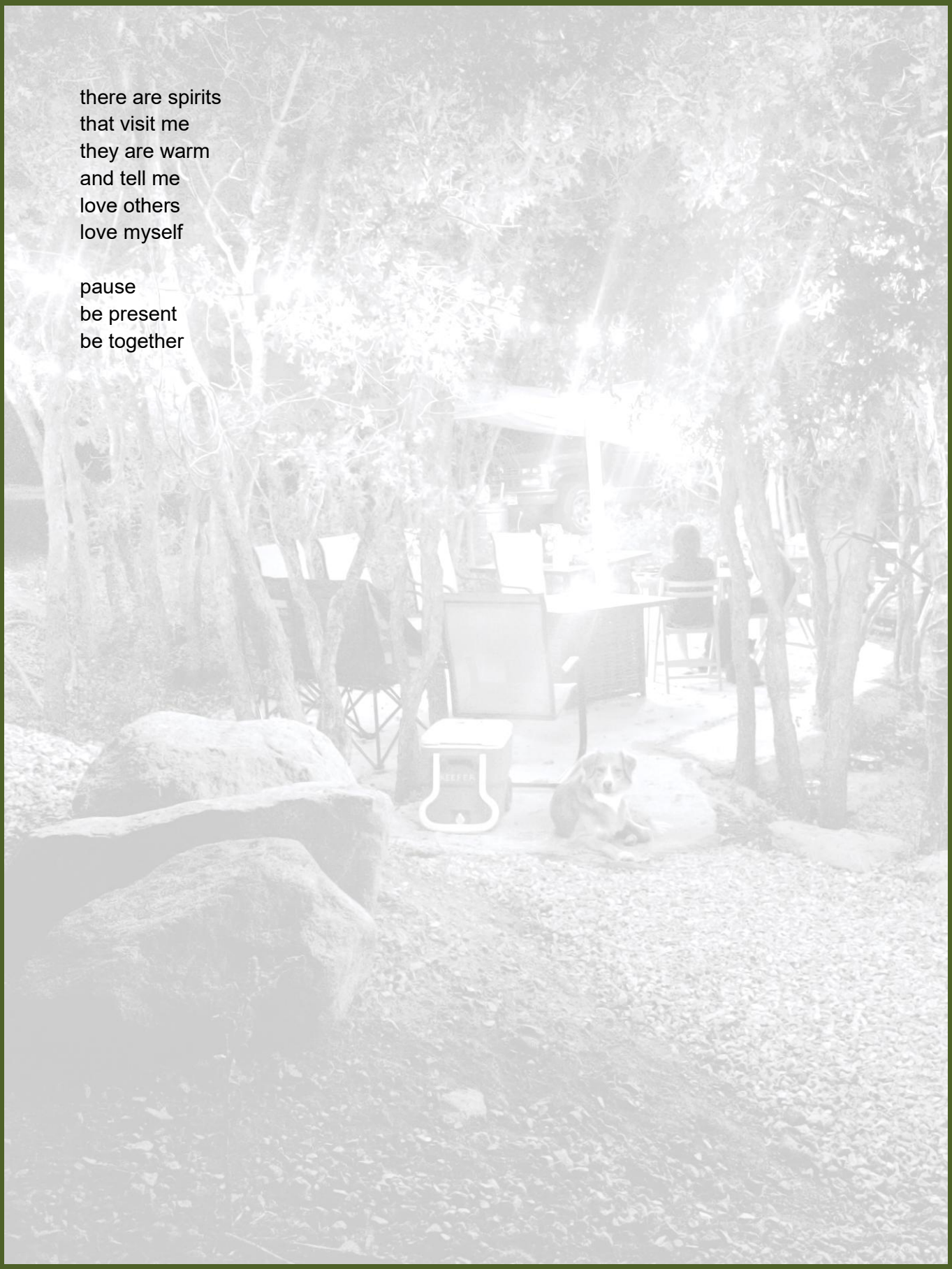
in the room
in the house
in the camper
in the outdoors

they linger
share their energy
like a grandfather
or a friend
sharing space
teaching
learning
enjoying time
by simply being
present

the spirits
that walk with me
are the ambassadors
for the living

spirits
encouraging me
guiding me

to touch
and help
their people
the people
they love



there are spirits
that visit me
they are warm
and tell me
love others
love myself

pause
be present
be together

# 20250219.2 | untouchable love

i wish
i were more than one

i wish
the woman i held
i held forever

i wish
the cycle would freeze

and the woman in my arms
would remain

i wish change
could not touch love

# 20250219.3 | boat on water

every memory
boat on water
body in camper
boots on dirt
hand in hand
head on chest

door shutting
phone not ringing

mixed inside
wanting to hide

nowhere to go

just dredging
decayed bodies
rotting reflections
of happy moments
long gone

fertilizer
for today's motivations
mechanisms for new growth

don't eat the fertilizer
but
let it turn today's grass green

# 20250221.1 | uggggh

there is nothing interesting

social media
news
books
tv
music

it's repetition

stories spun
to kill time

they fill the void
with empty calories

creating obesity of noise
while leaving the consumer
malnourished
starving for love

withering from lack of touch

# 20250221.2 | her terms my terms

her terms

my terms

yes, we love

the terms may not agree

time will tell

if we choose each other
modify mutual terms to accommodate mutual love

or
if we hold our terms at night
rather than our lover

# 20250226.1 | the suffering at the end

i was driving
she said out loud

are you good enough looking to be dating me

it wasn't a question

it was a vocalization

of a conclusion she

had already made

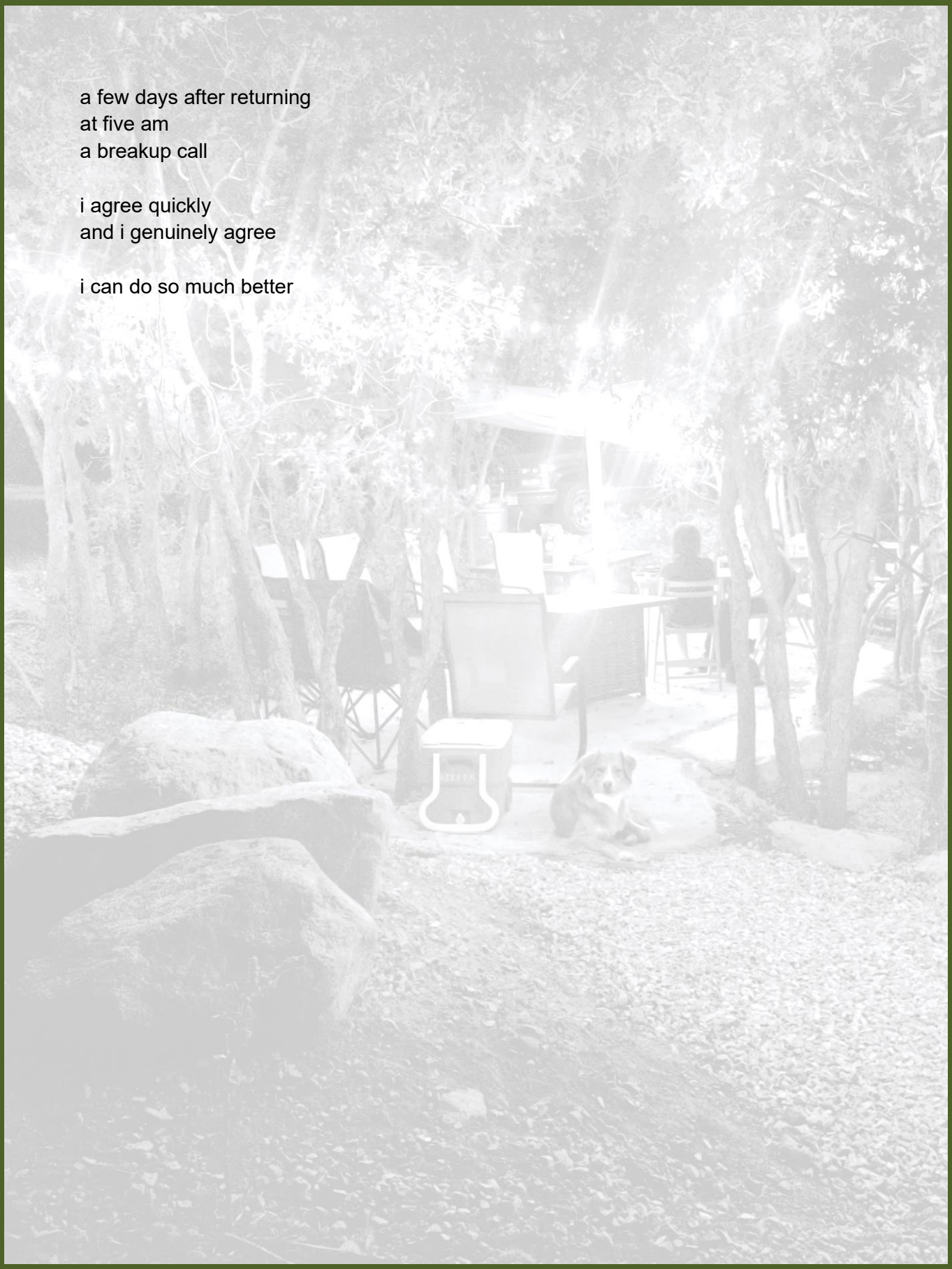
'are you'

was really

'you aren't'

we flew out a few days later
everything previously booked
time off work scheduled
dog sitter and ex parent on deck

she suffered the days
flat affect
emotionally blunt
socially reduced
refusing happiness
pushing out joy
recoiling
retreating
into herself



a few days after returning
at five am
a breakup call

i agree quickly
and i genuinely agree

i can do so much better

# 20250226.2 | is it sufficient

what if all i ever have

are the women i have already had

would it be sufficient

the passion
the beauty

the hands held
if only for a time

is it sufficient
to be loved
for a time

and not be loved
for all time

is it good
to be a lover in many stories

if your own story is longer
than all your lover stories
combined

that's a lot
of lonely years

# 20250302.1 | downsizing

it's gone sideways

no, not her
that was always tenuous

it

the big it

all my work of eight years
all my money

my very home
roof over head
safe bed

sideways

fuck

# 20250303.1 | fate thrown away

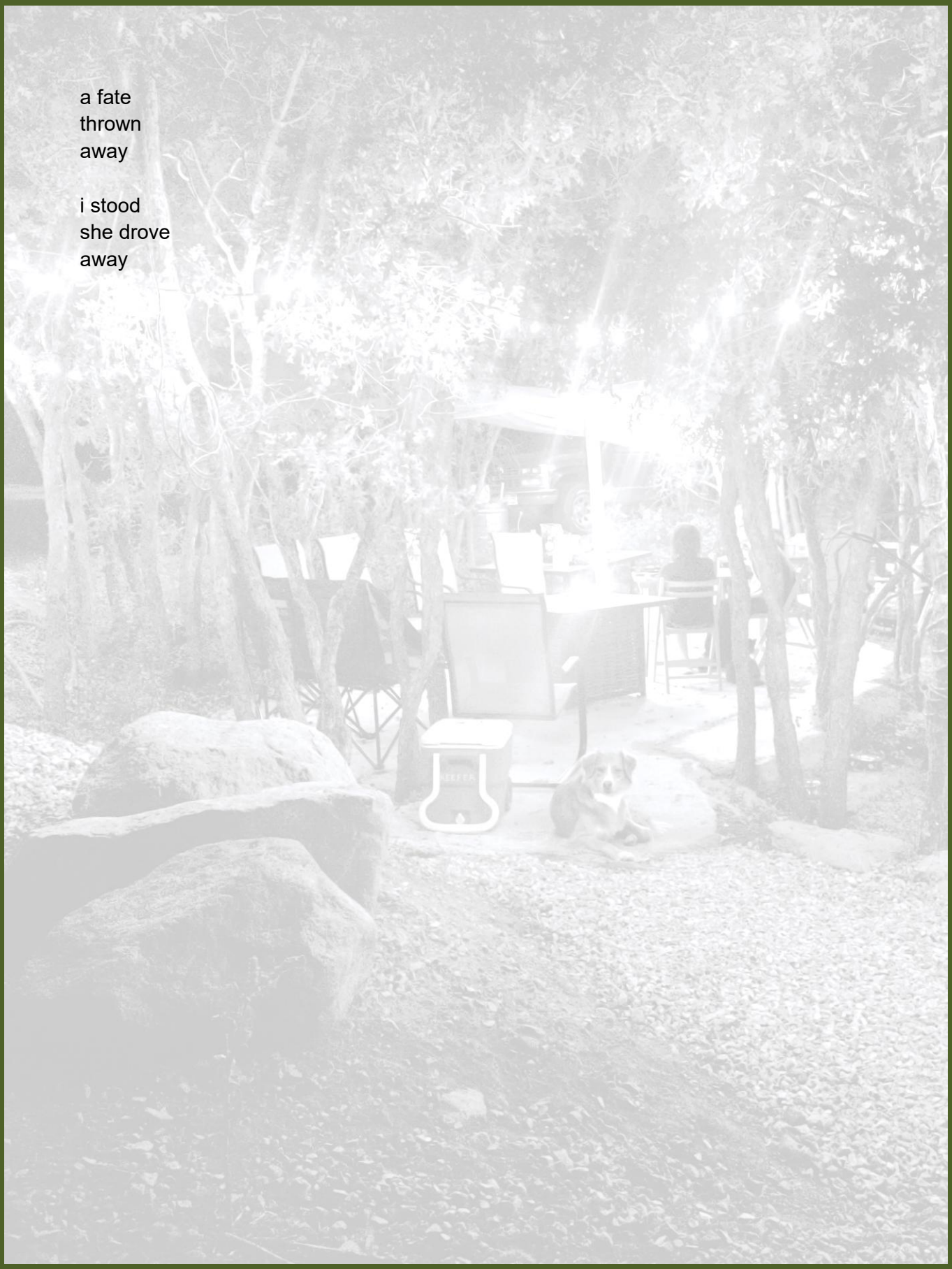
she left
i gave up
stood quietly
while she
pulled out
drove
away

not a place
on stage
for me
in her
play

not an
argument
to make
no evidence
to partake

a love
winding down
a truth
a gift
walking away
a fate to forsake

betrayed
with a kiss
denied
thrice
before the morning
light



a fate
thrown
away

i stood
she drove
away

# 20250308.1 | independently lonely

we don't need each other anymore

a job
enough money
a roof over head
bread, meat, and drink

quick summaries
easy judgment
tolerance set to zero

we will all be lonely
we don't need each other anymore

# 20250308.2 | temple of the feminine

my soul is empty

i have gone to the temple of the feminine
pilgrimaged
consecrated
flogged
circumcised
martyred

hung myself on the cross of love

it is reincarnation
dragging me back
and back and back

to the temple of the feminine

# 20250314.1 | secondhand

runs great
has a couple quirks
but nothing major

paint is in good condition
some oxidizing
and a few dings

may need a little extra effort
getting it started

will overheat
if pushed too hard

plain finish
but awesome
under the hood

one owner
for this life
at least

great deal
used
54 year old
paul model

# 20250318.1 | hidden hands

spirits for you

spirits for me

they mingle

they talk

they plan

what we

don't see

for you

and for me

# 20250318.2 | you and me

words

falling in my ears

my voice

resting in your heart

our hopes

on our sleeves

our chest

bare

all we've known

stacked mountain-high

creating

this pinnacle

this peak

you

and me

# 20250318.3 | time

there is a love
in talking
learning
hearing
being
with
being
understood

there is a love
in spending
the one thing
that matters

time

# 20250324.1 | a face in the lamplight

each day

she

he

eats alone
watches tv alone
sleeps alone

each day

he

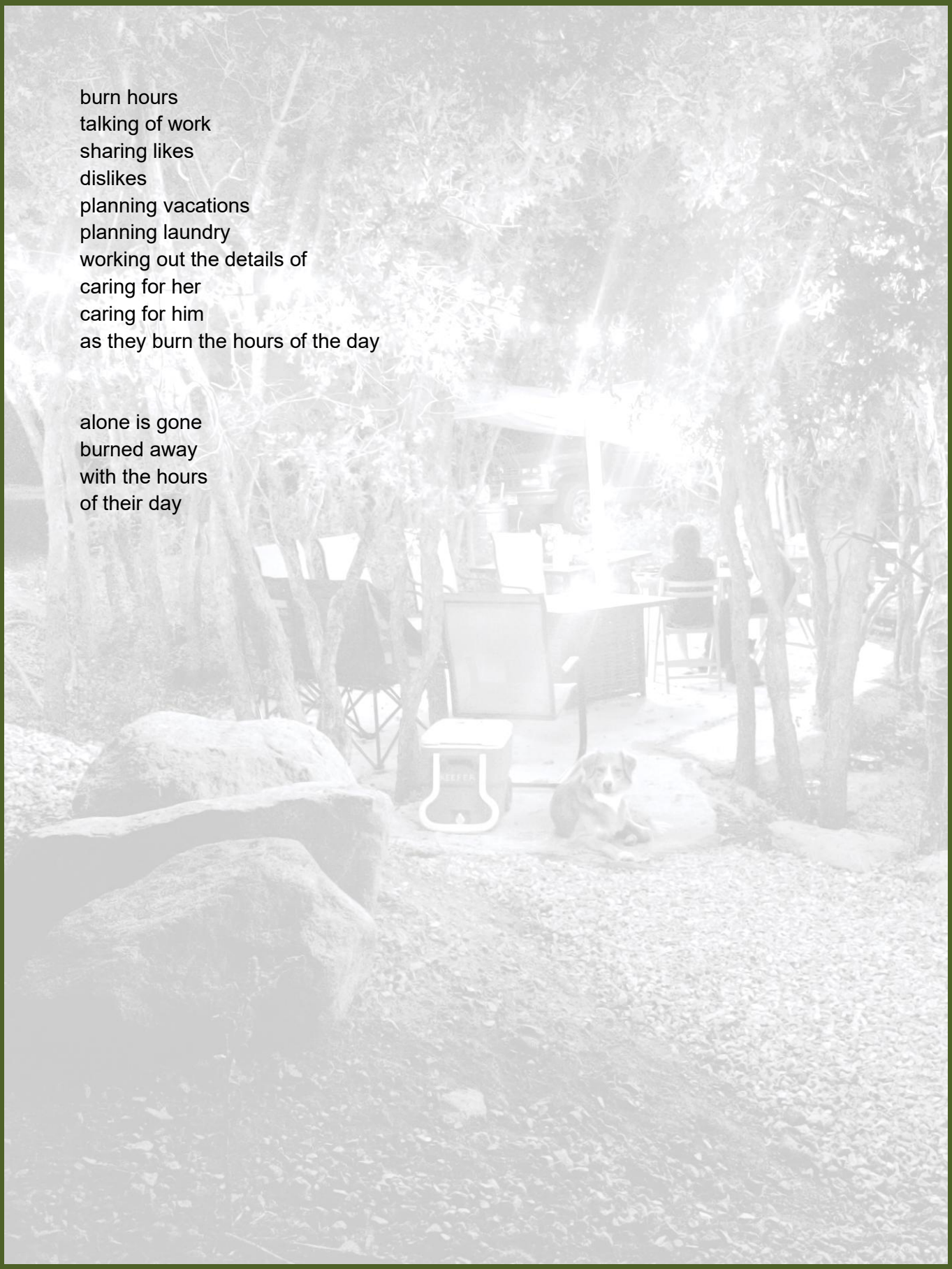
she

wishes
thinks
prays

for a voice
in the shadows
for a face
in the lamp light
for an arm
under the pillow

each day

they



burn hours
talking of work
sharing likes
dislikes
planning vacations
planning laundry
working out the details of
caring for her
caring for him
as they burn the hours of the day

alone is gone
burned away
with the hours
of their day

# 20250324.2 | moving on

power
control

these things are yours
you can have them

i will find

a gentle hand

a soft heart

a grateful soul

a shelter in the storm

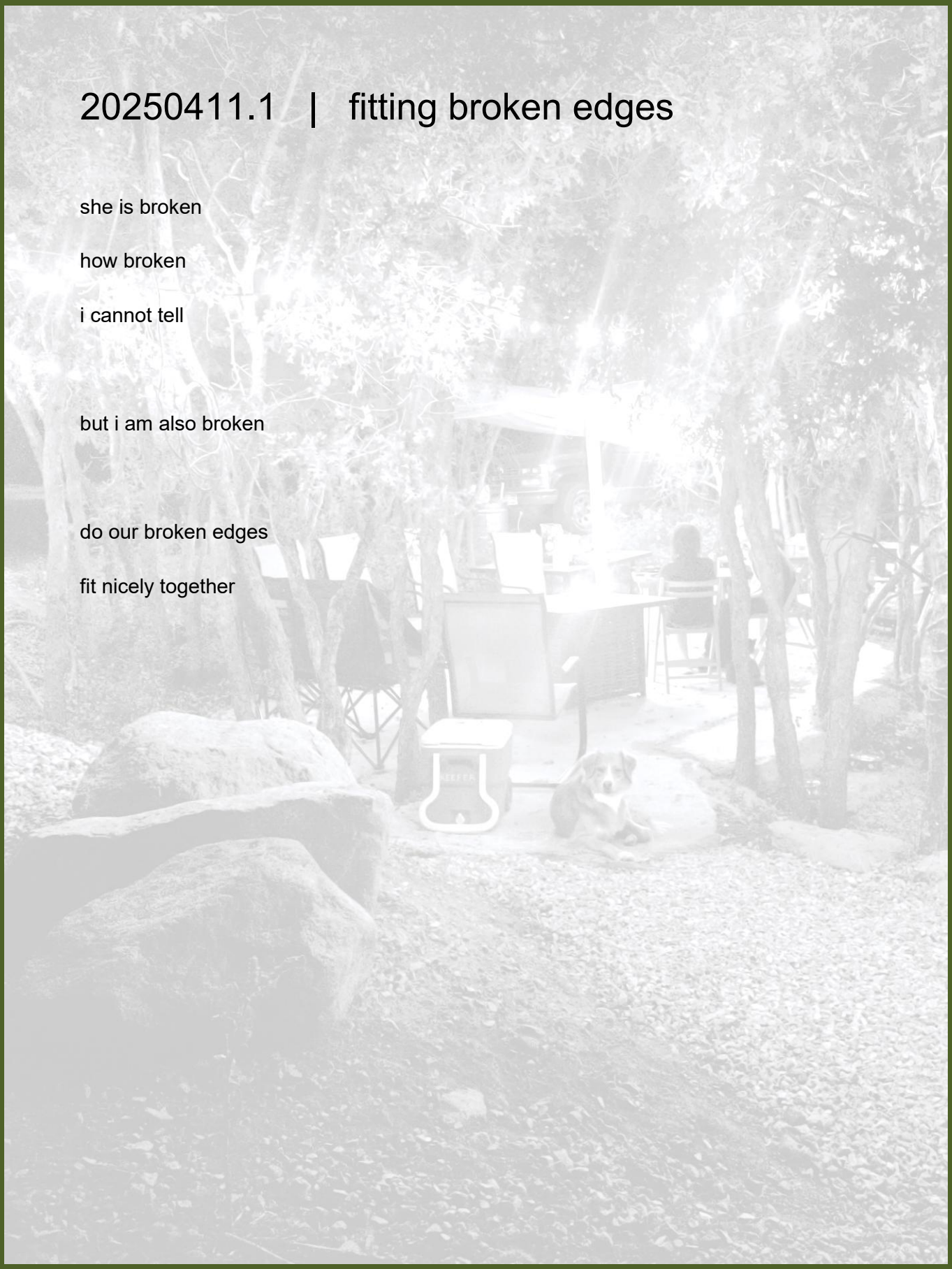
a safe place

to call home

there will be no power
no control

just family
just us

me
and
she



# 20250411.1 | fitting broken edges

she is broken

how broken

i cannot tell

but i am also broken

do our broken edges

fit nicely together

# 20250411.2 | fear not your departure

i know she will upgrade

leave

when the math of life

tips scales

away from me

i know

every moment is fleeting

i know

we share love today

maybe not tomorrow

i know

the sweetness of your kiss

the warm comfort of your embrace

i love you for the moment

and fear not

your departure

# 20250411.3 | sickest i've ever been

fungus is eating my body

fungus

that thing that decomposes our bodies
when we die

is attempting to decompose me
now
today
while i type
and sit up in bed

it's a hell'a rash
from the inside out
uncomfortable, ugly, inconvenient, unbearably itchy,
poisonous to the blood

modern medicine will nail it
i hope

it's a reminder
that we fly through life
in a capsule
in a spaceship
made of flesh

and there be asteroids
in the way

there be monsters
in them woods

something is going to get us
each and every one of us

# 20250411.4 | love in its purest form

i will go to the kitchen
and warm up the food
you brought me

you are at your home

your presence remains

i walk through your memories
as i pass through rooms

your perfume is on my pillow
on my bedsheets
in my mind
while i write

your food is a gift
a token of love
a sacrifice of your resources

your food is love
in its purest form
an investment
in us

# 20250416.1 | a year like that

there will never be a year like that again

me so close to god

her so close to death

we fell into each other
both bringing
broken hearts
broken dreams

we screamed in silence
laughed out loud
wept on shoulders
kissed away tears
planned out years

years that would never be

our love was eternally crafted
to save us both

in that one year

# 20250424.1 | you

i have spent
money
time
belief
life

thinking i had
a better way

i did not

i had
what we all have

a hope
a plan
all orchestrated
by a blind man

a desire
to flirt
with fire

a desire
to break
when i tire

a failed goal
a great hole
in my chest
in the rent and torn
veil

all faith
drown
down the well

a yesterday
a yesteryear

landing hard
without landing gear

a silence
a fear
of standing alone
no one near

i have spent
life
wishing i was with you

you
who are you

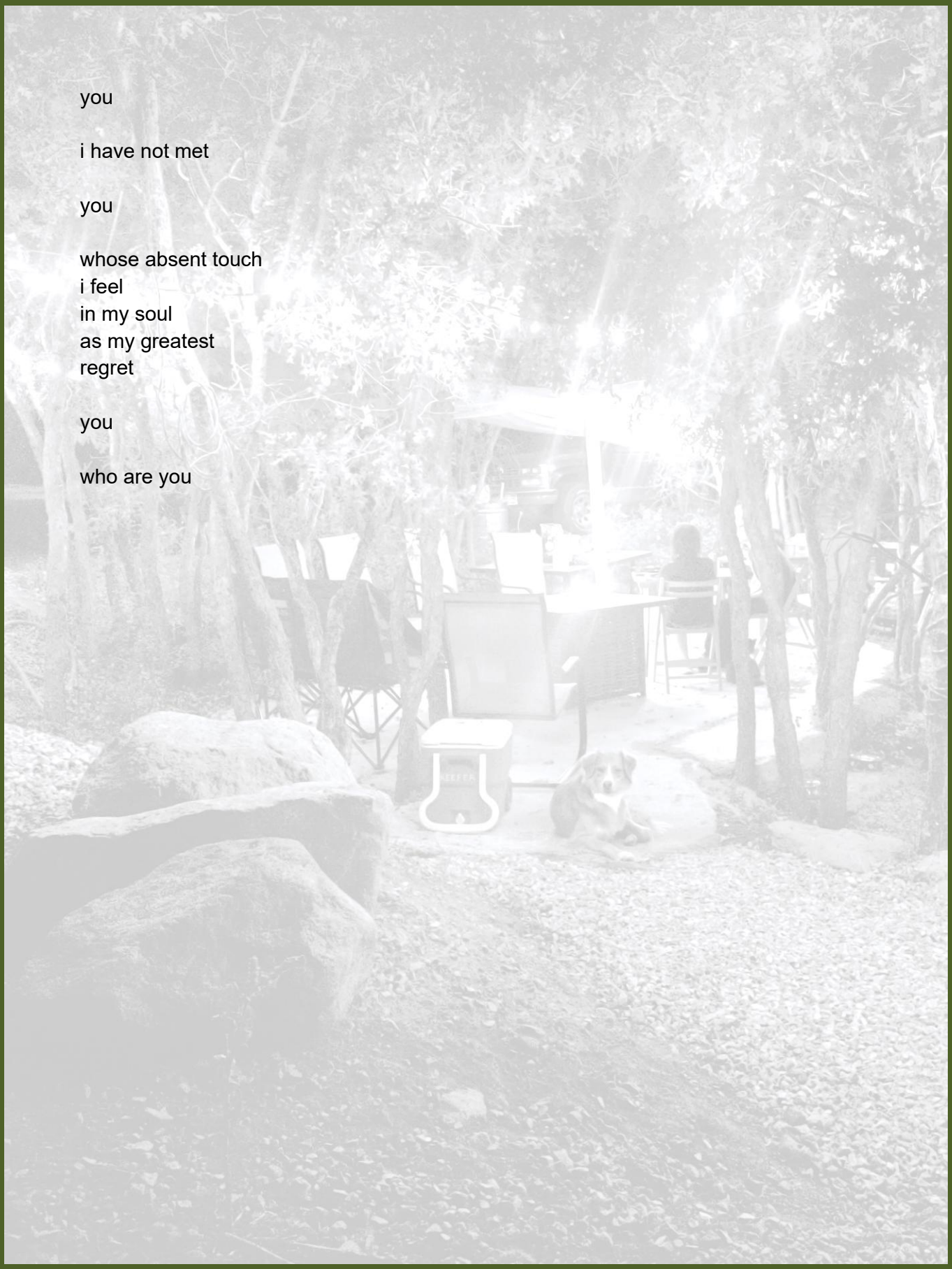
blurry
dimensional glass
broken
kaleidoscopic sight

mountains
oceans
earths and skies
heavens and hells
lifetimes and multiverses

apart

i miss you

you



you

i have not met

you

whose absent touch
i feel
in my soul
as my greatest
regret

you

who are you

# 20250506.1 | when god retreats

god
has retreated to someplace
far from me

fear and loneliness
stalk me

no refuge
no protector
no savior
no god

no comfort
at night
no light
during the day

it is a walk i do alone

i do not enjoy it

i miss my god
i miss my comfort
of the spirit

i am stuck in one dimension
the physical realm
the place of bills
and plans

i miss the dimension
of dreams
and comfort
and light

# 20250508.1 | momma magpie

a magpie built her nest
next to my nest

hers a large bundle of twigs atop a tree
mine a red aluminum camper atop a chevy

she loves the spring spider hatch in the meadow
so easy to flutter down and collect a meal

i love that she's eating the spiders
can she eat the ants, flies, and mosquitos too

she picked the tree between the camper and the patio
which is easily the most walked spot on the property

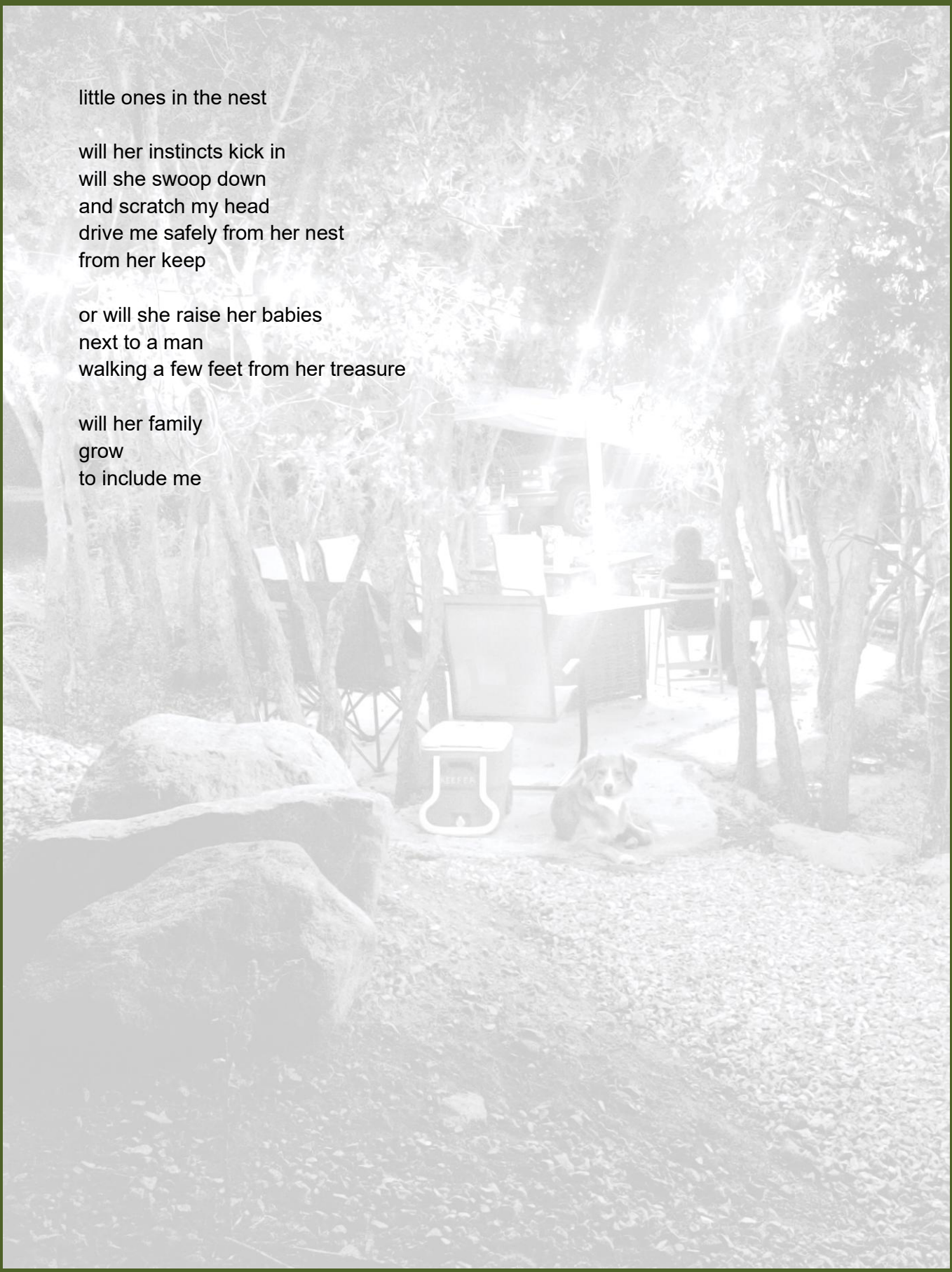
she picked in winter
does she regret her choice now that i too live here

she flies when i approach
far and out of sight

recently she flies
not so far
still in sight
stops to eat some spiders
and watches me
while she eats

lately
she seems okay
with a large animal
a different species
milling around her nest
moving about some unknown business

i hear small squawks today



little ones in the nest

will her instincts kick in
will she swoop down
and scratch my head
drive me safely from her nest
from her keep

or will she raise her babies
next to a man
walking a few feet from her treasure

will her family
grow
to include me

# 20250510.1 | ruminating

midnight

drunk

ruminating

on people
places
time

long before
tonight

a heart
a thought
a memory
so dear

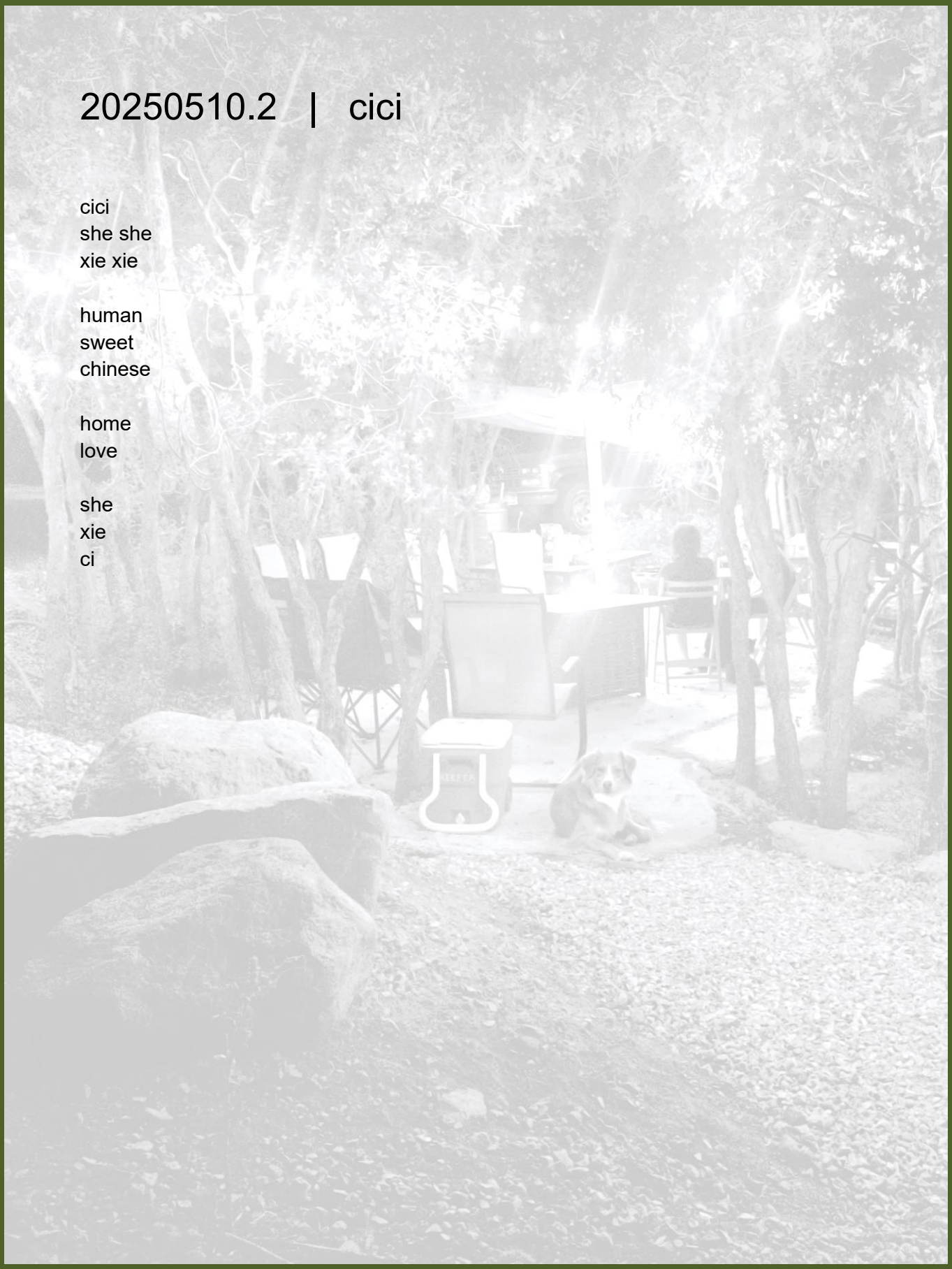
but tonight

just me

a drink

and a memory

of you



# 20250510.2 | cici

cici
she she
xie xie

human
sweet
chinese

home
love

she
xie
ci

# 20250512.1 | partially vested

she is right

i'm bringing 30% to the table

do i want a woman
who also brings 30%

a woman who brings 100%
deserves a man
who brings 100%

i can't do it

i can't bring 100%

because i could then lose 100%

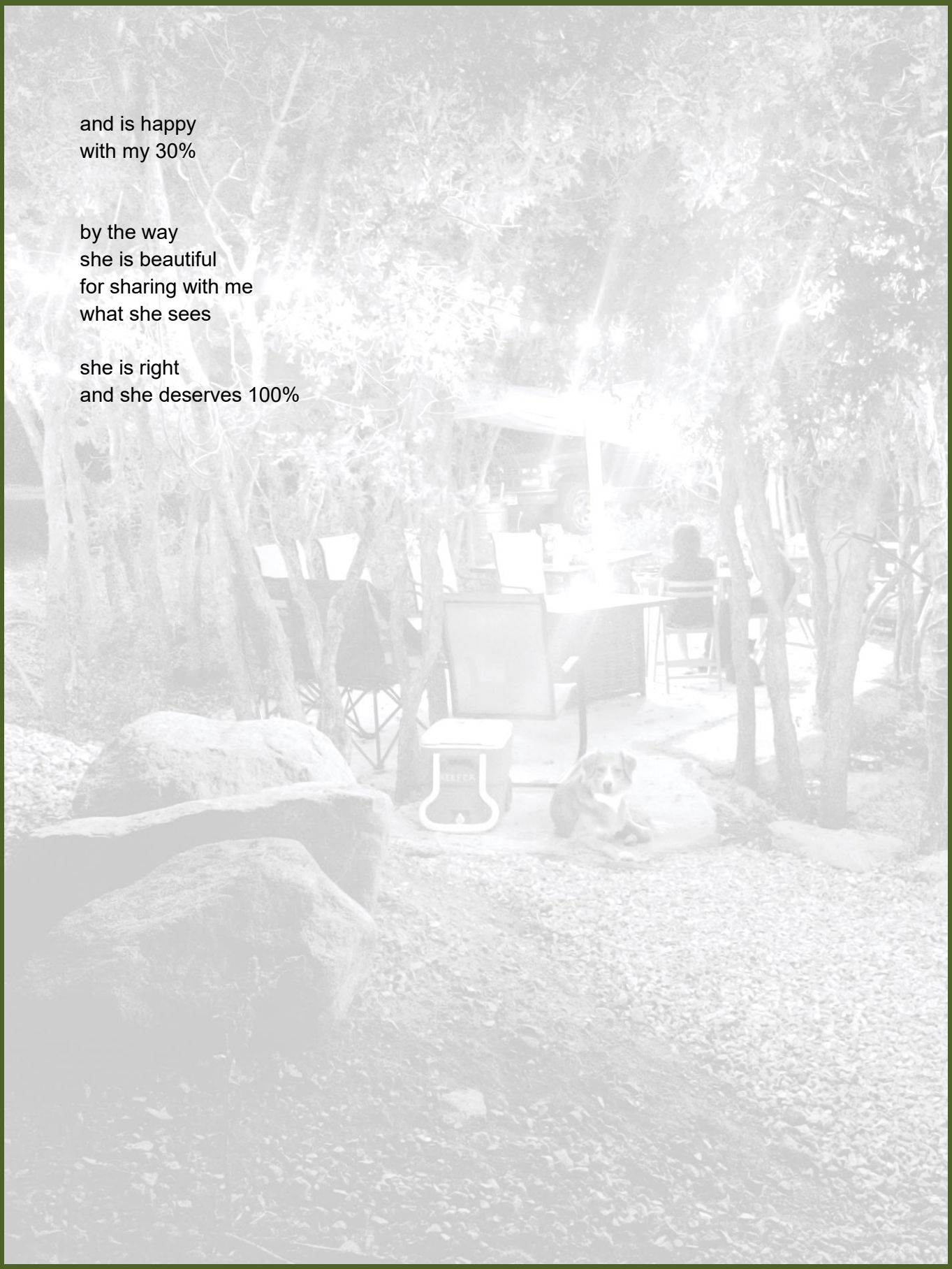
i've lost 100% before

i paid monthly for 25 years
11 of those years under the burden of divorce
the last time i gave 100%

today
i have not the time
the money
the heart
or will

to suffer like that again

i might need a woman
who brings 30%



and is happy
with my 30%

by the way
she is beautiful
for sharing with me
what she sees

she is right
and she deserves 100%

# 20250515.1 | suspended moment

demanding
of yourself and others

judgmental
of what you think others should be and do

for a moment
all that suspended
for a moment
the rain stopped mid air
for a moment
you just wanted held

that moment
mine and yours

that moment
spirit holding spirit
body holding body
friend holding friend

moments slip
pictures crack
time fades

the music spun back up
traffic commenced
the regular beat of life
fell back into place

with the regular arriving
our special departed
our suspended moment
ended

# 20250516.1 | truly alone

the spiritual
has withdrawn

all i see
is house
and hill
and hands

gone
the life
the fire
the inspiration

gone
the comfort
of healing

gone
the voice of god
in my ear

gone
you
the spirits that follow you

gone
the spirts
that follow me

# 20250604.1 | managing it all alone

i stopped
presenting myself
before god
in humility

i stopped
pleading
for the spirit
to be present

i'm on the razor's edge
if the house doesn't sell
if the bank is relentless
if my job fails

i lose it all

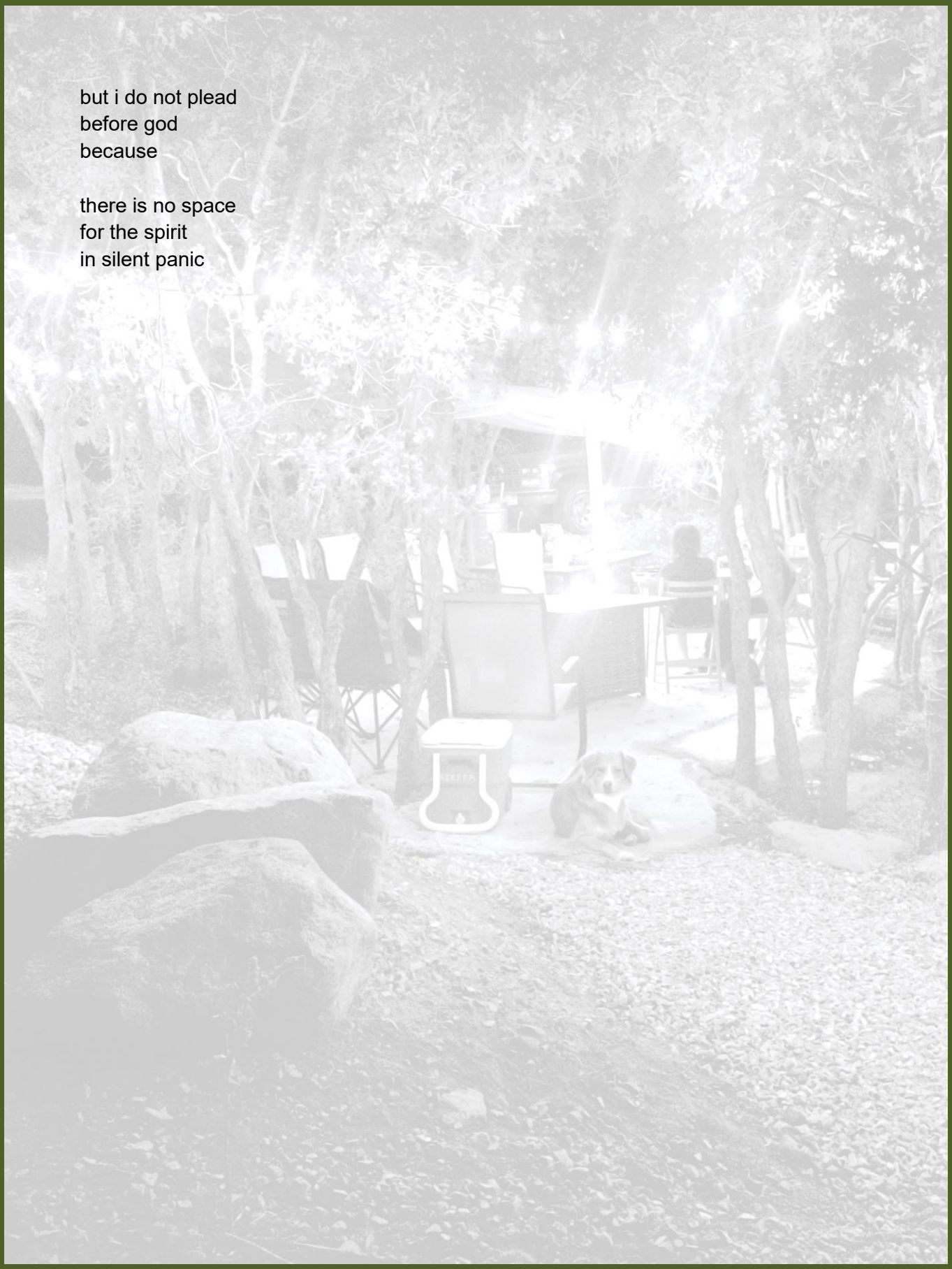
i become exiled

no roof
no home
no land

i'm scared shitless
a silent panic
is roiling
between my ears

to avoid depression
i keep moving
keep working
keep improving
keep building

i keep busy



but i do not plead
before god
because

there is no space
for the spirit
in silent panic

# 20250622.1 | know your role

it felt like home
because it was home
her home
loved
cultivated
decorated
blessed
and protected

i was invited
embraced
celebrated

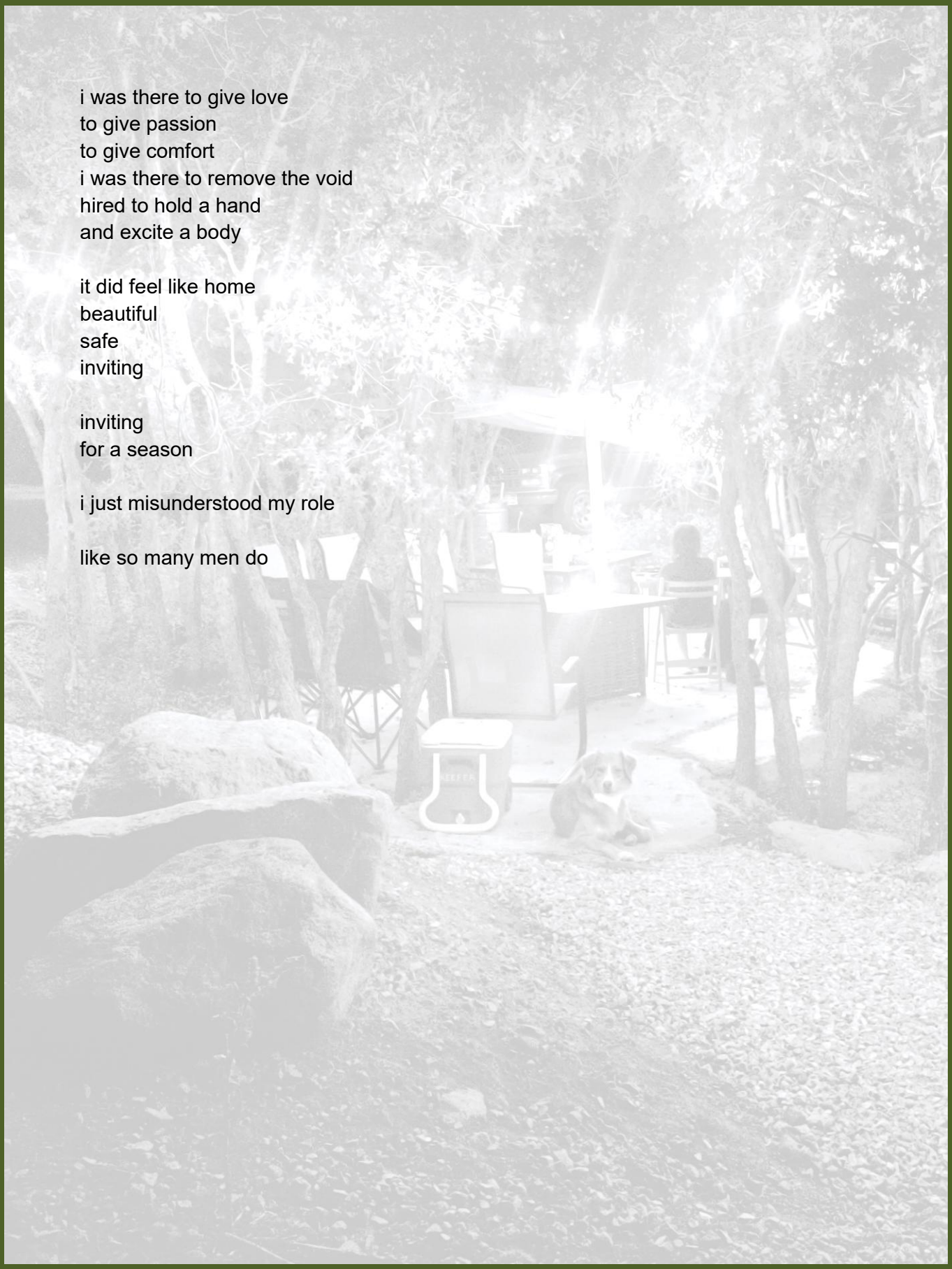
at least
it felt like that
for a season

then the judgments arrived
the visible eyebrow frowe
the subtle criticism
the quiet displeasure
the subterranean current of dissatisfaction

after a while
it was clear
i was doordash
i was the yard crew
the tree trimmer
the spa repairman
the HVAC serviceman

i was there to serve a role
to step inside her home
and serve the queen

i was not loved



i was there to give love
to give passion
to give comfort
i was there to remove the void
hired to hold a hand
and excite a body

it did feel like home
beautiful
safe
inviting

inviting
for a season

i just misunderstood my role

like so many men do

# 20250622.2 | evolved beyond control

she wants control

but i surrendered control a long time ago

i gave all i had to give
and now i get to not give a shit

i have earned the right to be me
to live on a mountainside
follow the travels of the sun
peek at a star-strewn heaven
wander in prayer until my soul finds god

i have evolved beyond control

she probably won't stay
when she sees my path is set

set by the heat of summer
set by the green leaves of trees
set by the migration of birds and deer
set by the orange leaves of autumn
set by the ice of winter
set by the hatching
and the dying
of the insects

she probably won't stay
when she learns i already have a master

earth and sky

# 20250622.3 | control only yourself

i have what she needs

but she might not see that

she might want beyond what she needs

she may want to control things

she has no control over

she may want it all

when no one

man or woman

should give it all

and no man or woman

should control it all

# 20250622.4 | as big as a house

70,000 nails

one nail at a time

near-endless cuts

one cut at a time

heavy walls

lifted carefully

one man working

safety first

it seems impossible

it is certainly improbable

for one person

to build an entire house

i do not think of the enormity of the project

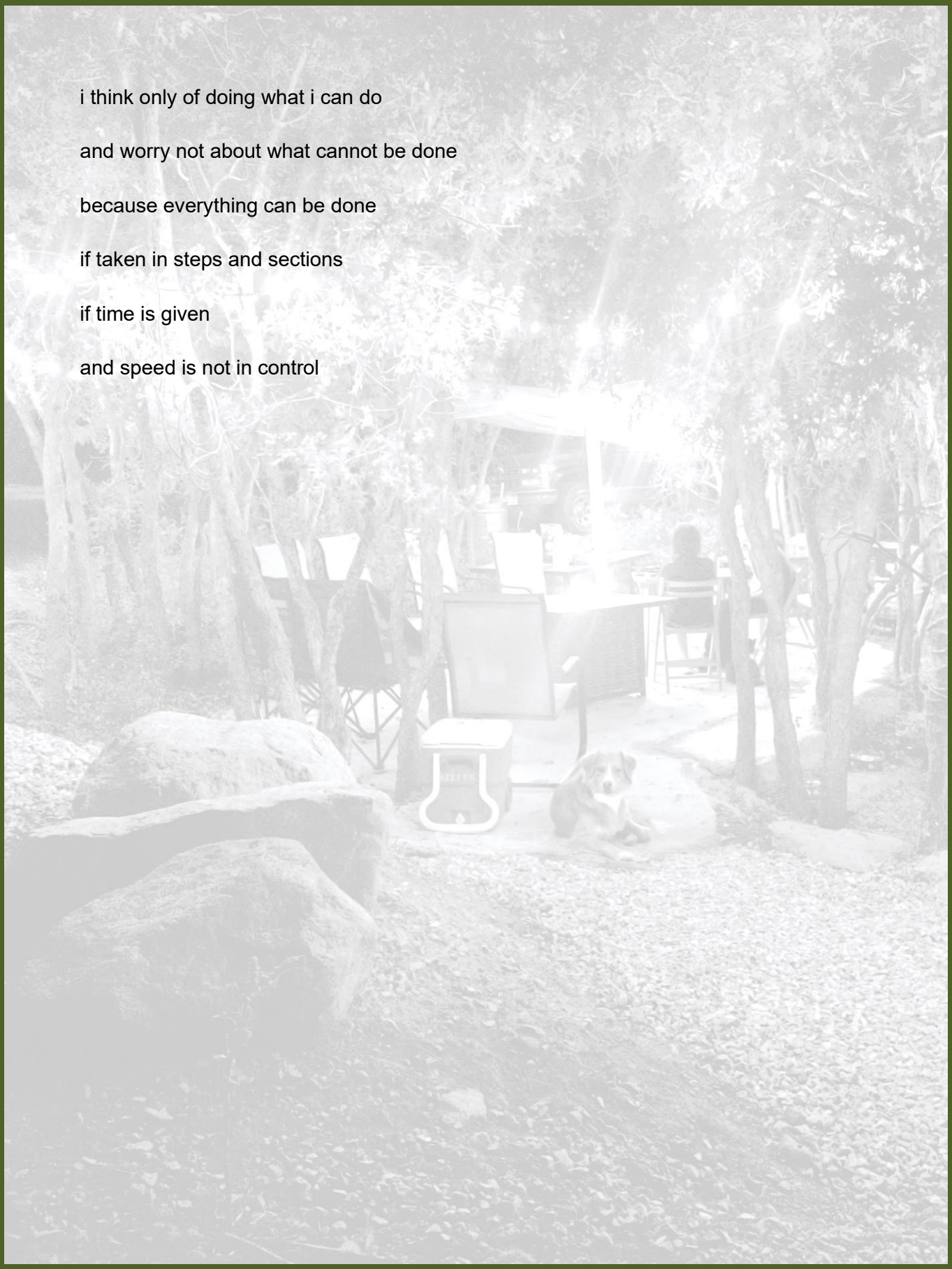
i think only of the next wall

the next post and beam

the next order of lumber

the next checkbox

on a permit inspection list



i think only of doing what i can do

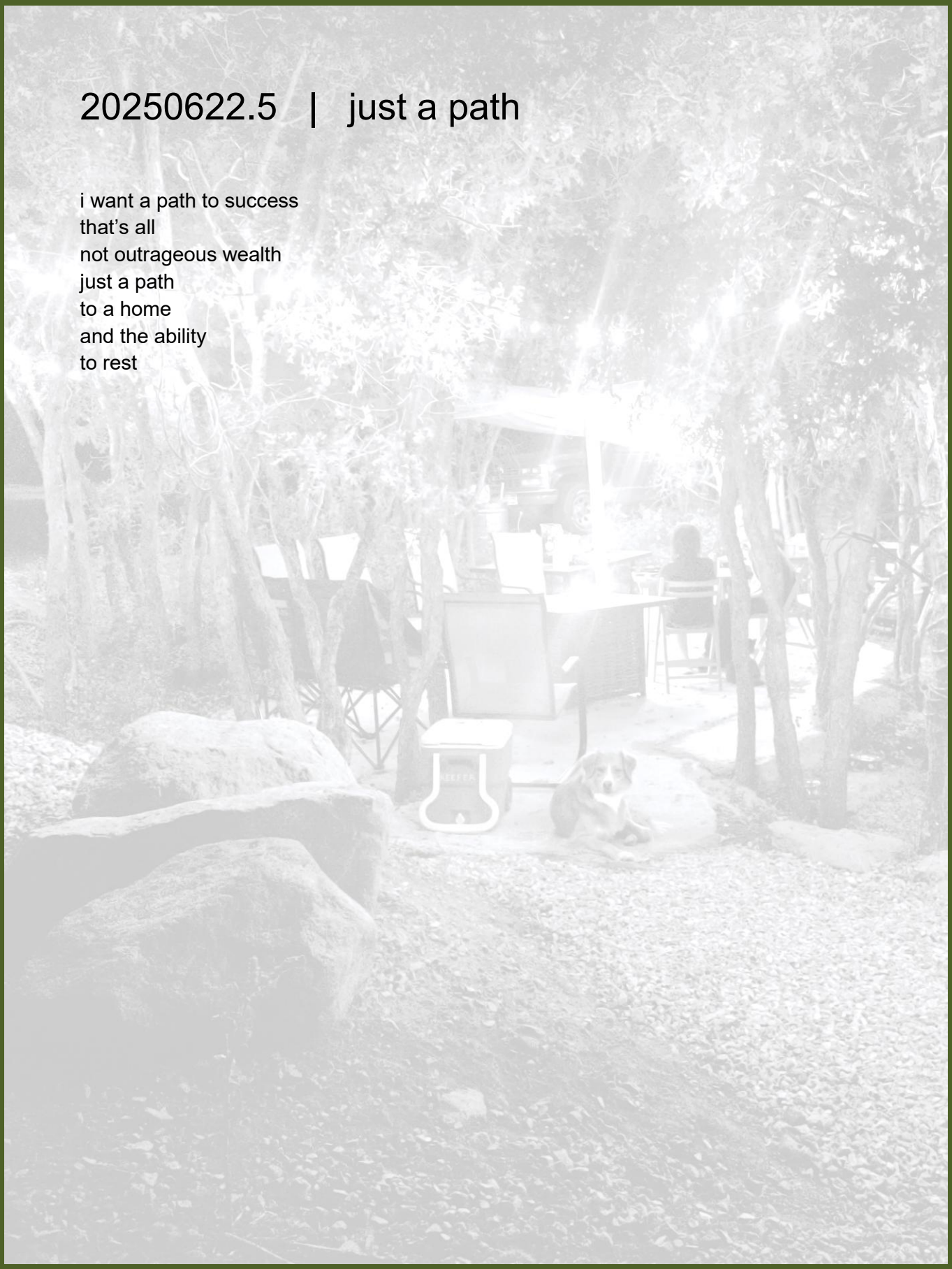
and worry not about what cannot be done

because everything can be done

if taken in steps and sections

if time is given

and speed is not in control



# 20250622.5 | just a path

i want a path to success
that's all
not outrageous wealth
just a path
to a home
and the ability
to rest

# 20250702.1 | the child inside every man

east side sandy in the 1970s
was open fields
dirt roads
no fences

and houses shooting up
like corn rows in salt lake valley farms
off interstate 15

i loved it
i was a boy
with little supervision
a brother my age
and friends

in the evenings
we explored home construction sites
after the workers left

little pirates raiding lonely ships

excavated holes
concrete foundations
stick frames
the adventures we enjoyed

we took our loot
half-packs of cigarettes
stashed in secret
forbidden fruit

empty beer bottles and cans
collected by the dozens
hauled in bags swinging from bicycle handlebars
to the 7-11 the next day
cash value

providing orange crush soda
red-hot cinnamon toothpicks
and candy cigarettes
ones we could smoke in public

it was america in the 70s
it was freedom

warded by
kids on milk cartons
whispering
there be monsters in them woods

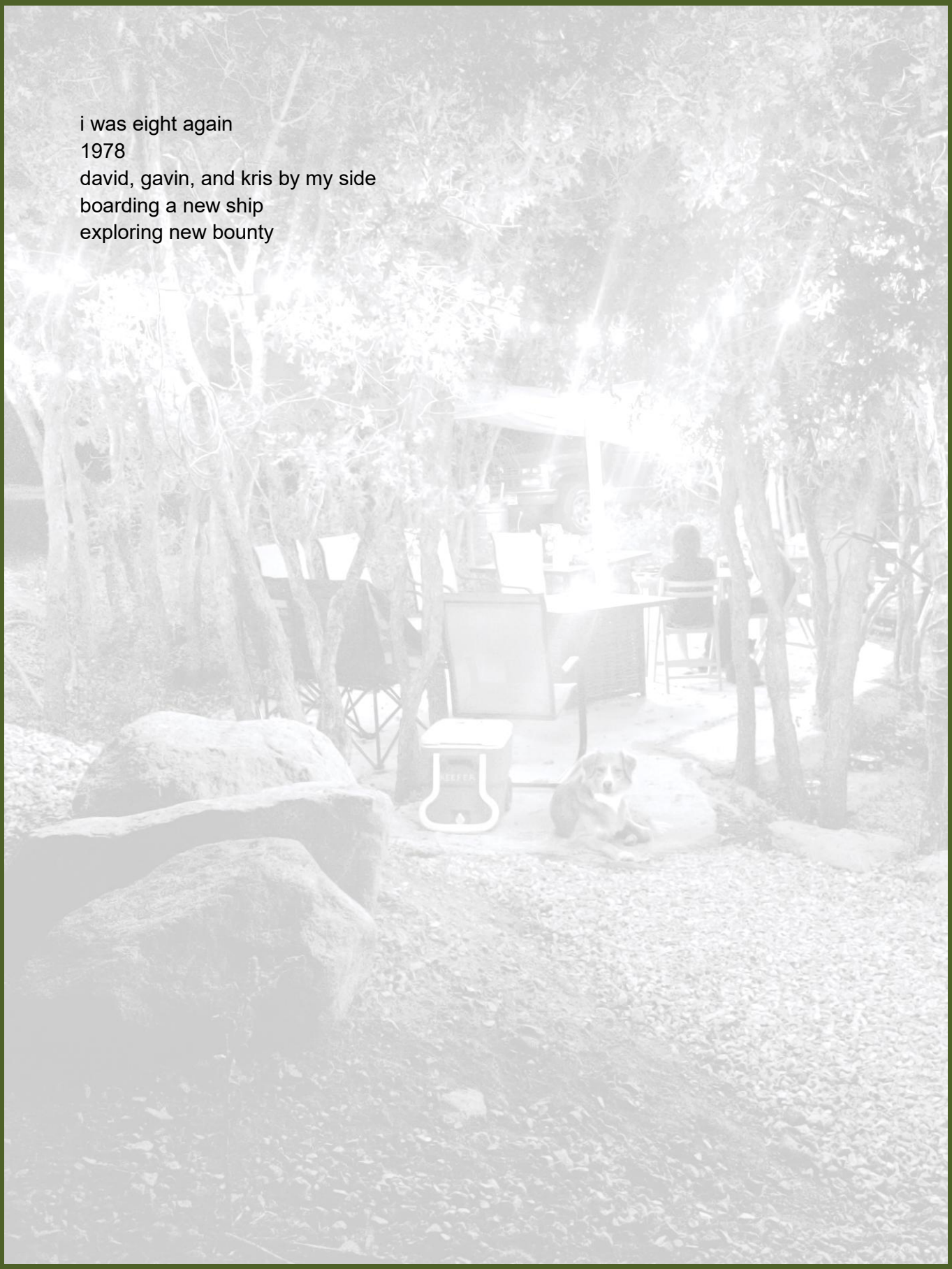
us children of the summer
presenting fearless
flirting reckless
go
see
do
whatever the risk

it was fantastic

today
today it rained the first monsoon drenching of july
2025

i walked in the evening
after the storm
into the open basement of my half-framed house
toolbelt on my waist
studs ready to cut and fit

and i smelled it
wet pine sawdust
douglas fir
waterlogged plywood
young concrete
fresh rain
new earth



i was eight again
1978
david, gavin, and kris by my side
boarding a new ship
exploring new bounty

# 20250708.1 | sampson gave too much

he loved her
she was beautiful
desirable
popular

he felt like he was winning
when he was with her
in her presence
and when not
in her presence
knowing she was his
and he was hers

he found comfort
beyond social status
he found his partner
his second half
his best friend
of a different gender

he found refuge
from a world of demands
he relaxed when in her arms
a child again
safely held upon
soft breasts

he was powerful
respected by men
feared by some
loved by god
blessed with strength
he had built himself
into a mighty force

in her embrace
he forgot

he placed her
above all else
above himself
above god
above his purpose

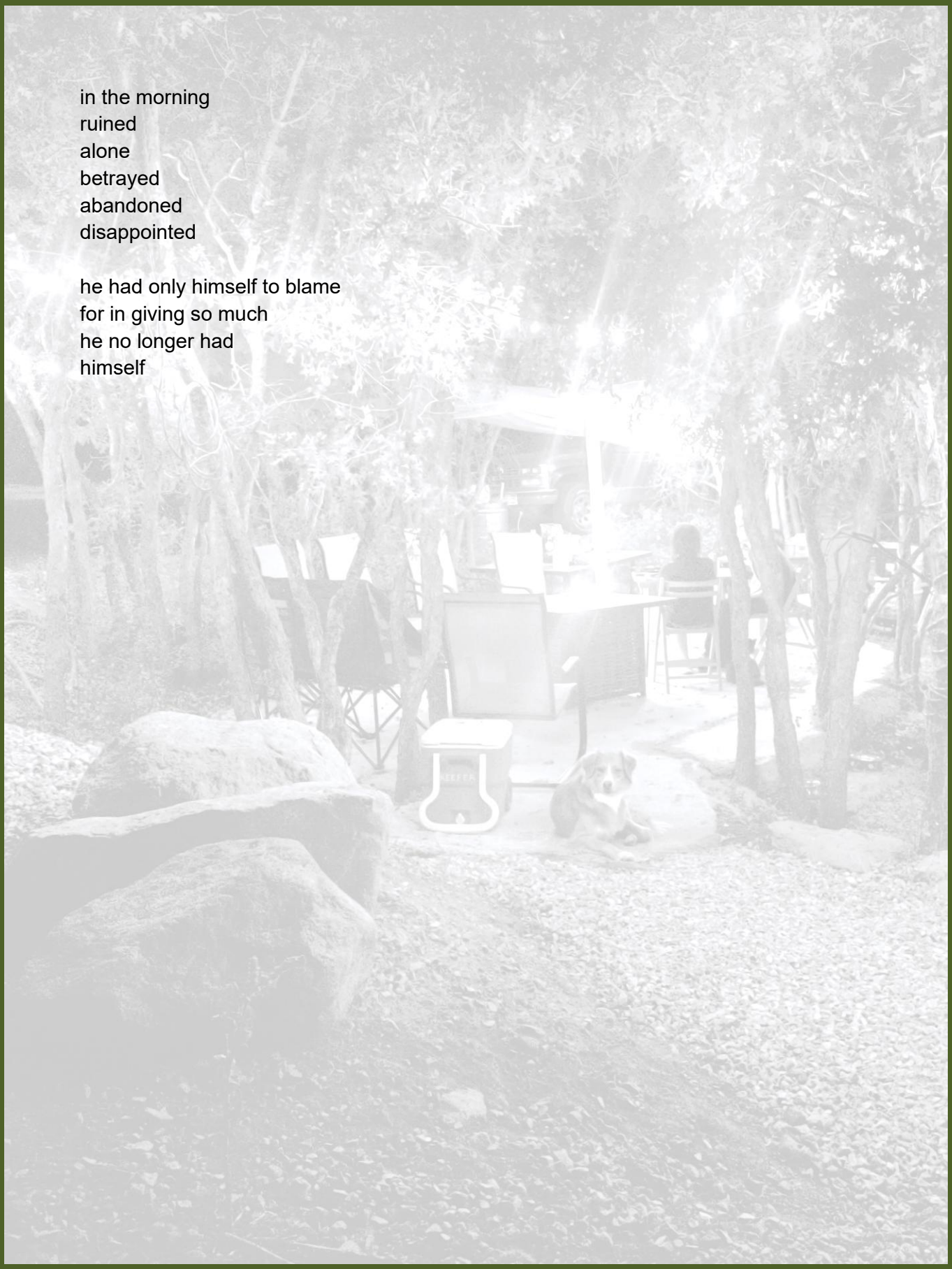
when she came before
his own self awareness
his own voice
before even his own
spiritual awareness

he lost

she no longer respected him
she no longer desired him
or even wanted him

in the night
while he slept
she took all his knowledge
he gifted to her
she took his power
his purpose
his life work

she stole it all from him
scissors gliding
separating
lengths and locks
of perfect hair



in the morning
ruined
alone
betrayed
abandoned
disappointed

he had only himself to blame
for in giving so much
he no longer had
himself

# 20250719.1 | mojewca

born and raised in the shadow of the rocky mountains
in a utah neighborhood
sunday-best shoes
white shirt and tie
navy blue slacks

sunday rituals
sunday service
sunday school

i will always be mormon
it was my imprinting
my upbringing
my childhood

i love the mormons
educated, clean, kind
full of service, smiles, and warm hearts
i love that mormonism is in my psyche
it is the pattern in my grain

pork is an unclean beast
and should not be eaten
i am fully jewish in this regard
and their humor
and education
and this…
tikkun olam
heal the world
beautiful
i want in
i want to participate
i want to be numbered here

note: bacon is the exception
bacon is delicious

the catholics
got it dialed in
easter
christmas
that's good
take the other weeks off
donate what you feel
when you feel it
most importantly
regular confession
it is a spirit-shifting practice
my priest is prayer
i talk to god
and bring forth
weaknesses
sins
regrets
confessing imperfections
creates humility
humility is the door
to the spirit

i am mojewca
not one
all

# 20250813.1 | ante in

i don’t know how

how to

give it all

give up everything i was

donate everything i am

forfeit everything i will be

but that’s the price

they price they all demand

maybe i shouldn’t

be playing this game

# 20250814.1 | truth requires stillness

i'm a world away from my thoughts
screens and work and building
consumes every minute

i am so busy doing
that i have mismanaged
my being

what happens when the soul starves

what happens is

the body ages

like an empty bottle
left in the sun

# 20250817.1 | bring me home

mountain animals

live in the food chain

exist void of medical services

burn the days

unclothed and rudimentarily sheltered

life spans typically shorter than mechanically possible

if the mountain animals were smarter

they would protest

pass laws

implement social safeguards

incorporate

unionize

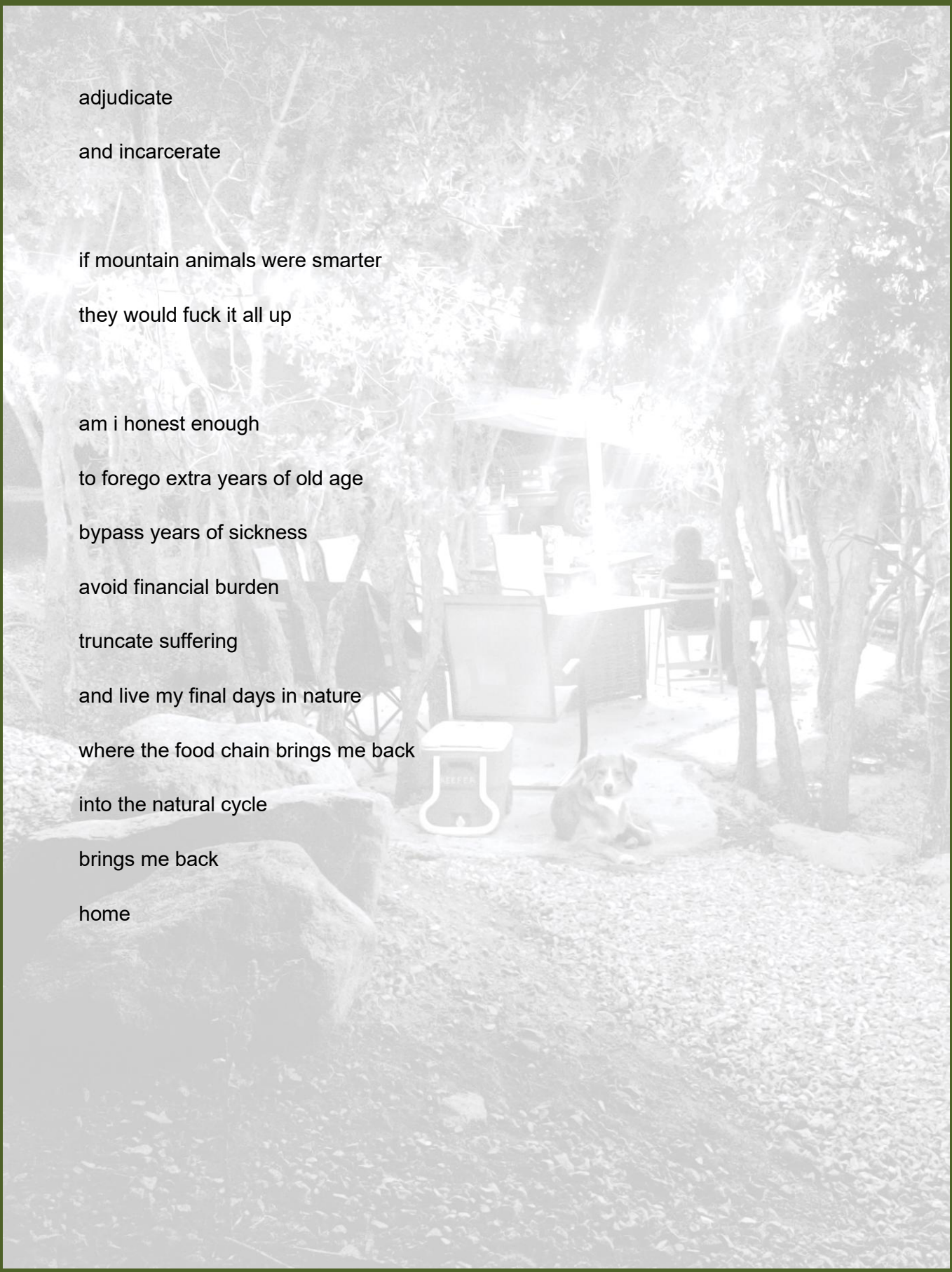
colonize

insure

tax and govern

build walls

segregate



adjudicate

and incarcerate

if mountain animals were smarter

they would fuck it all up

am i honest enough

to forego extra years of old age

bypass years of sickness

avoid financial burden

truncate suffering

and live my final days in nature

where the food chain brings me back

into the natural cycle

brings me back

home

# 20250823.1 | one source for all

we are the fruit of the universe
our very being is the universe manifest

there is nothing we could
have
gain
or lose
that is greater than what we already are

the equation was solved when
i closed my eyes and looked inward
and found the source from which i came
and the very source to which i belong

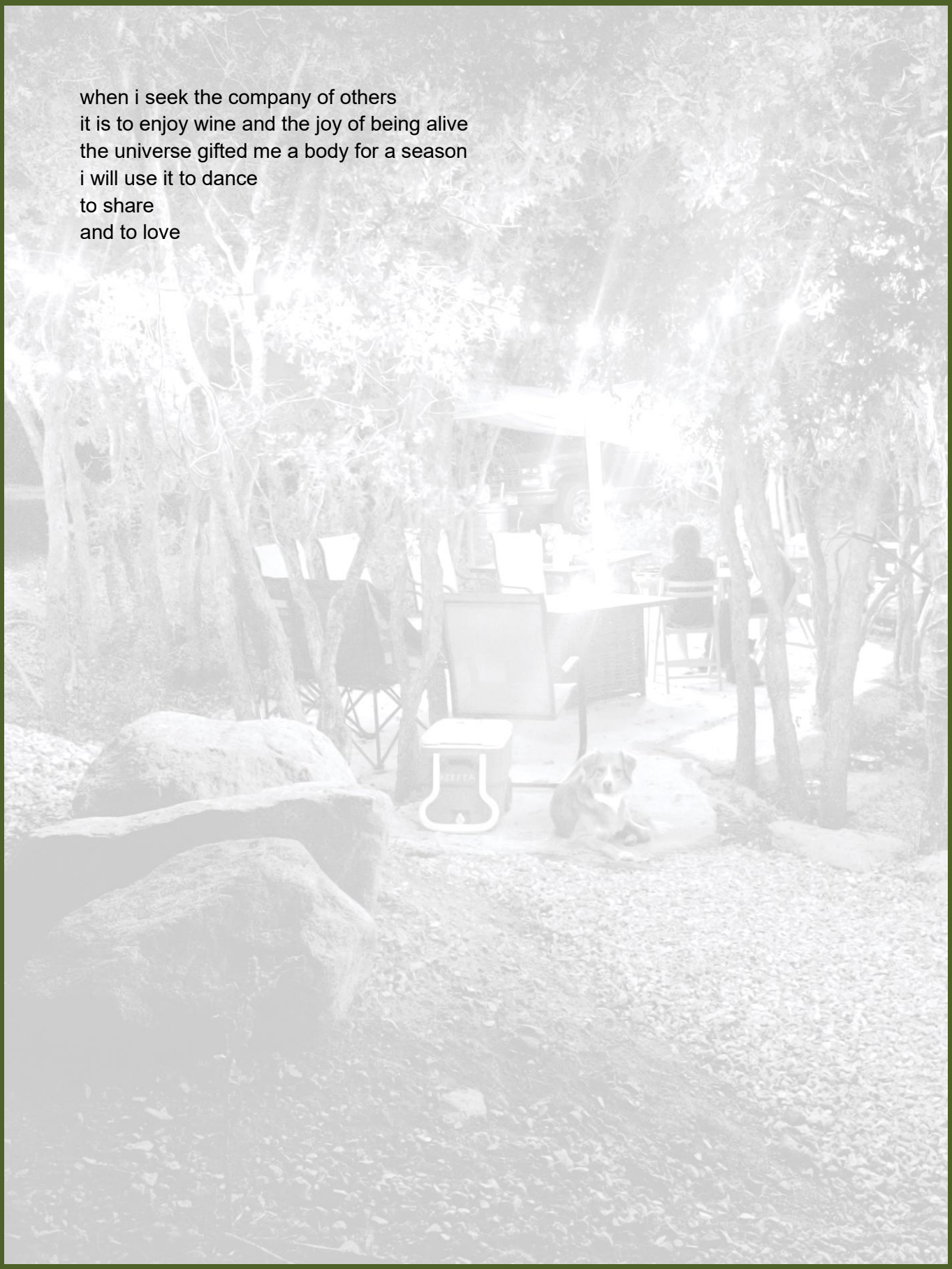
the spirit
the universal being
the soul's voice
they have answered

and that answer

by myself i am enough

no other person will bring the answer
because there is no question

i choose to be with a partner
because earth benefits from rain
because clouds and sun together are the sunset
the body excites and calms with touch
the mind enjoys play
and the heart rests with warmth



when i seek the company of others
it is to enjoy wine and the joy of being alive
the universe gifted me a body for a season
i will use it to dance
to share
and to love

# 20250905.1 | out of tune

i have not written in a long time

i feel like something is being missed
like there is a message
a lesson
a truth
that i was to discover
a shaft of light
to illuminate my path
elevate my soul

that i have denied myself

like teeth not brushed get thick and gross
a body not washed stinks

i feel my being
is less than
is stuck

because

i have not paused

and listened intently

to silence

and written

# 20250908.1 | will you be lost

do you really want to be with me

i pause
often
to reach

to reflect
to remember
to bring reverence
to moments

my breadth is
as big as the sky
as deep as the ocean

will you feel lost
partnering
in the expanse

or
will you
see beauty
in the memories

find faith in the process
of living
and losing
and loving
again

will you be at peace
fleshing words
from the ether
with me

# 20250909.1 | ready to be home

eagle mountain
transferred ownership today

debts addressed

heber is secure

the first time in 2.5 years
this has been true

2.5 years of worry
over

i walked tonight
from framing the basement
across the land
and it looked different

it looked solid

my feet connected

i am ready
to be home

# 20250923.1 | just presence

when i was a child
in prayer
i asked for things desired

when i was a young man
i prayed for answers
direction

in hindsight
the thing desired
may
or may not
have arrived

in hindsight
the question presented
should not have been requested

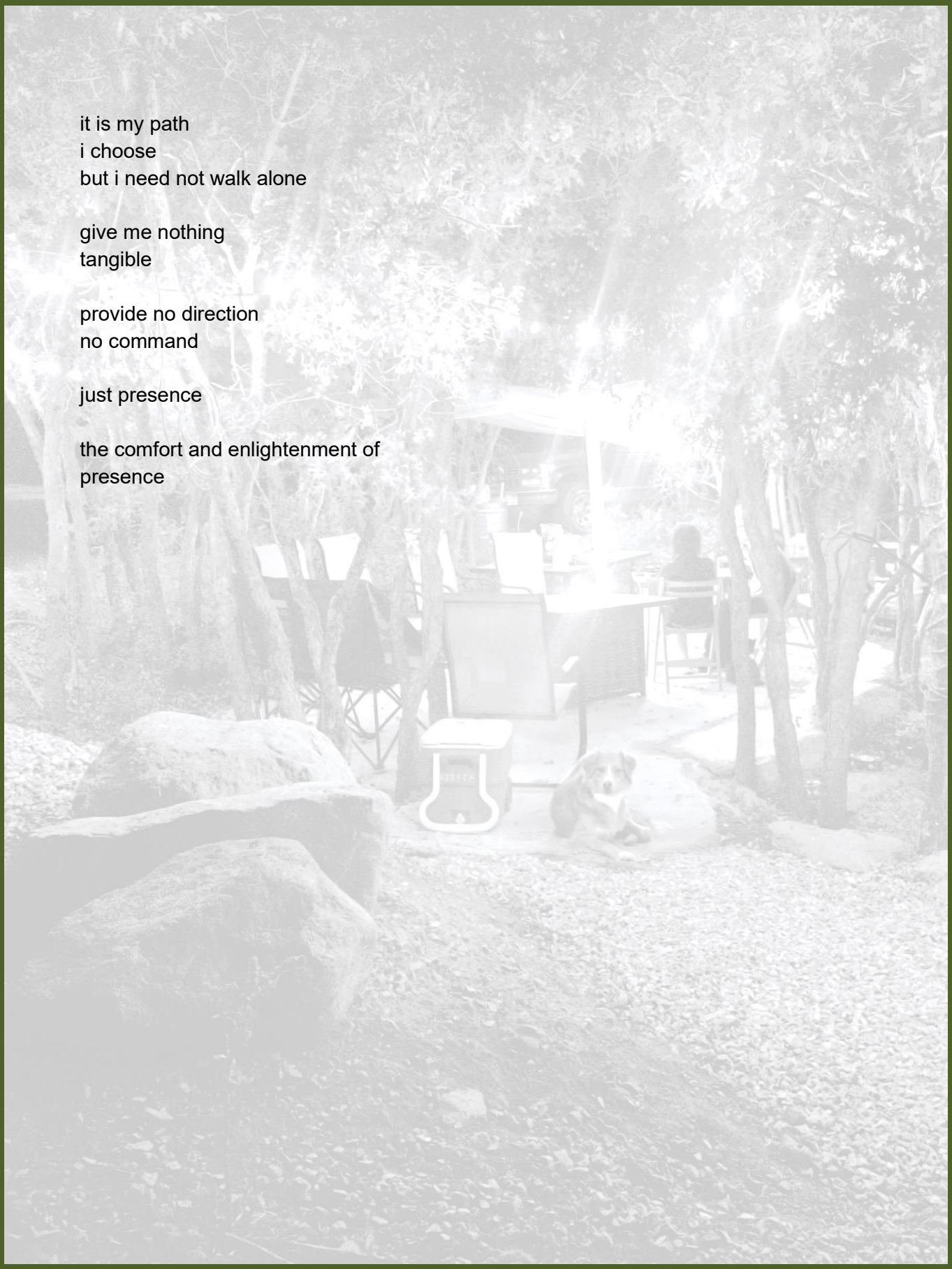
today
years on my frame
in prayer

i open my chest
unfold my soul
before the creator
before nature

i seek only communion
the spirit of all
combining with my spirit

i seek acceptance
for the way things are

i seek the spirit
to walk my path with me



it is my path
i choose
but i need not walk alone

give me nothing
tangible

provide no direction
no command

just presence

the comfort and enlightenment of
presence

# 20250924.1 | embedded

when does life begin
at conception
before conception in a different dimension

upon the first heartbeat
the first breath
the first kiss
the first laugh
the first heartbreak
or in the moments when you grew beyond heartbreak

does life begin the day you walk away
or the day you decide to stay

the answer is
life doesn't begin

you are the quantum
part of everything
embedded to everything

you will transform
time does this
spirit to flesh
flesh to spirit

what comes next
well, what fun would that be
to know
everything
how boring

let's enjoy the discovery of the new
as the new arrives

# 20250926.1 | three things

pick three things
three things you would not want to live without
three things that add to what you already have
three things you cannot fulfill by yourself

find a partner
that provides these three things

stop here

overburdening expectations
lengthy demands
will crush any fun
smother any love

make a great life for yourself

then add a person who brings to you
three core beautiful things
you cannot give yourself

# 20251003.1 | a beautiful second half

chapter 1

she
chinese born
one child policy
money on both sides
finest clothes
best school supplies
a new mercedes-benz

but absent parents
busy with careers
grandparents and neighbors checking in
an open tab at the café
on the ground floor
her kitchen
eating alone

excellent instruction
top shelf education
enforced lessons

she
watches her peers playing
outside her window
watches laughter
and childhood conflicts
and friends making up
to play longer

she
wishes
for these things

chapter 2

an obscure city in china
with an even more obscure sister city in america
on an indian reservation
in the middle of nowhere
in the middle of a nowhere state

a teenage girl meets a native american
falls in love
moves back to china
he visits
marries
returns to nowhere

years they work
to bring her there
back to nowhere
back to him

success is followed
by suffering

isolation
control
fear
loneliness
a longing in her
for somewhere
beyond
nowhere

all suffering ends
it comes to a head
and people step in
help her escape
help her divorce

a new chapter starts
with a man

with young kids
and she settles in
she serves
and loves
and is met
with blank stares
and a loveless life
she is trapped again
one step above nowhere

chapter 3

she works the most menial jobs
while learning a skill
then earns a license
then leaves

on her own

free
free to face the harsh realities of life
a roof
a car
food
insurance
safety
no one along her side

she is tested

and she shows up
she works every day
but most importantly
she loves

embraces happy things
cheerful things
colorful things

she spreads smiles
embraces clients
learns english fluently
spends every hour of every day
visiting with women
about their lives
their loves
their trials

she builds herself to be
strong
resilient
successful

she has fought her way out
of pluto's cave
abandoned the shadows cast by fire
the shadows cast by men
saying this was her

she steps into the true light of day
and finds her
her beautiful self

chapter 4

she meets him
a mountain poet
a mortgage banker
a builder of a cabins in the clouds

and the story now
is unknown

but this much is known
she will never be trapped again
she holds the keys to her future
firmly in her hands

she believes
and she works
and she creates
and the future is hers

whatever benefit a man can be or do
her poet will be and do

but her life is hers
she has suffered
and paid
and earned it

and her life
is beautiful

# 20251014.1 | compensation

i am outside

what if i

could be paid

to be present

then spend my time

writing

creating

sharing

i want this

i want to live

inside

life

praying
building
writing
creating
sharing

# 20251015.1 | dusty reposi’tries

there are parts of me
i cannot see

but her shadow
wanders
in my head

there are parts of me
i cannot feel

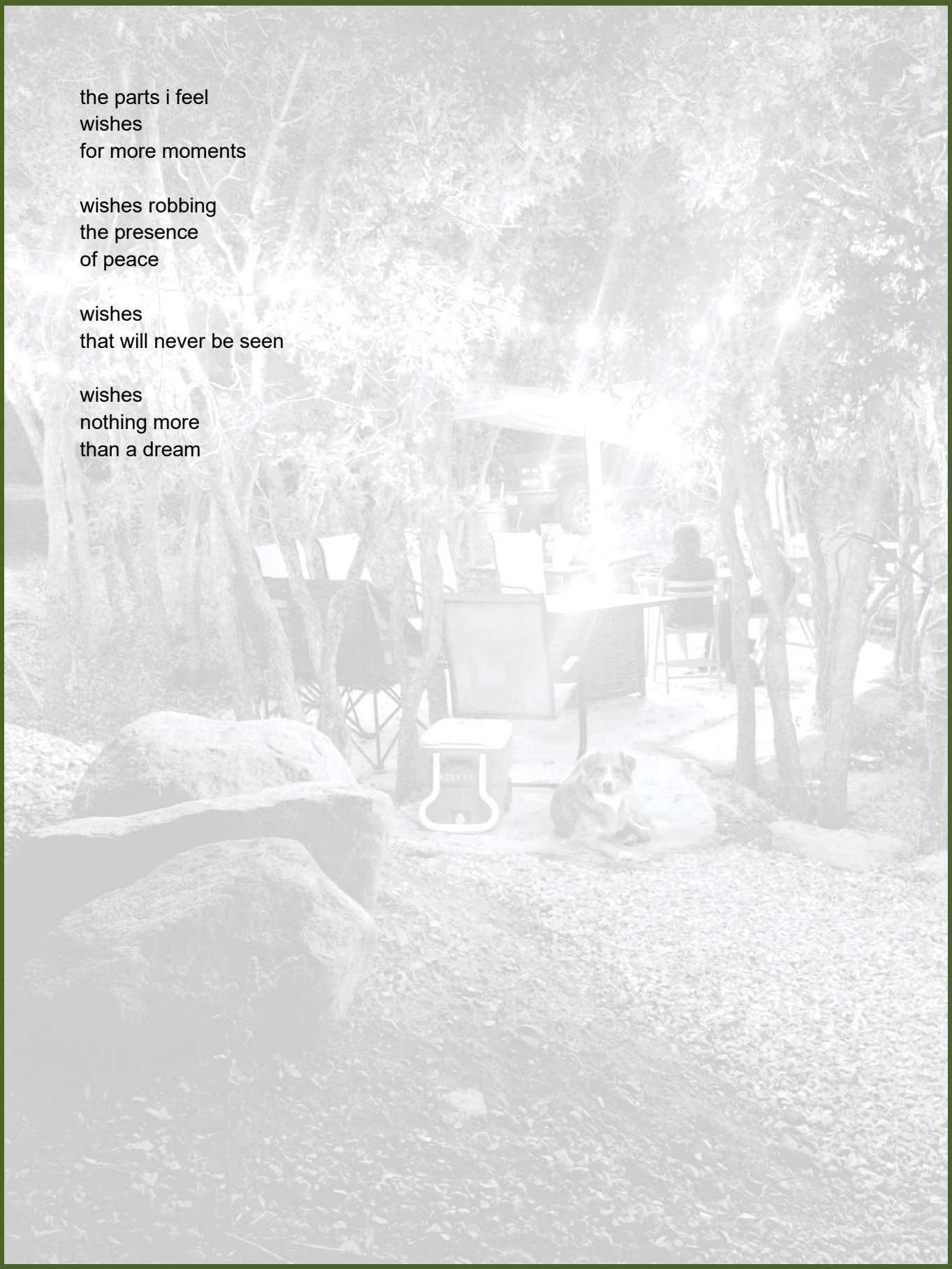
but her shadow
rests upon my chest
arrests my breath

she is gone
but present

she is over
but immortal

in moments
moments that squeeze

my heart
pulls memories
from dusty reposi’tries



the parts i feel
wishes
for more moments

wishes robbing
the presence
of peace

wishes
that will never be seen

wishes
nothing more
than a dream

# 20251015.2 | autumn tips

autumn
tips

days
slant

leaves
leave

air
nips

in the absence of
summer’s

hot
lips

# 20251015.3 | absence of heat

it's a layer of complexity
a white blanket of ice
over everything

it makes the days
slower
shorter
more maintenance
less production

it makes creatures
migrate
south
makes creatures
hibernate
sleep

not me
i will not retreat

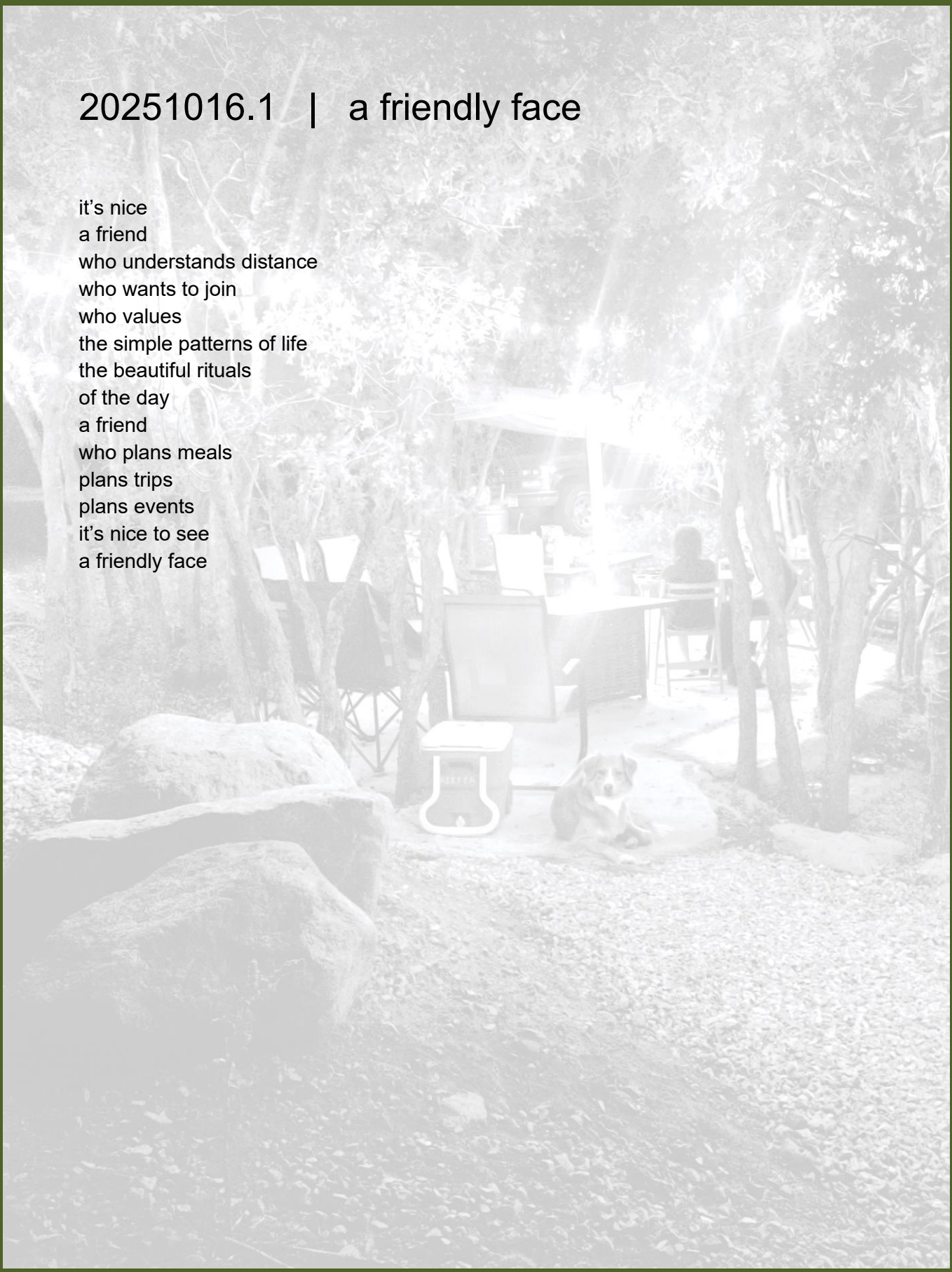
i glove up
hat on
layers covering core
boots warming toes

i go into the meanness
of the absence
of heat
i meet
winter
as my gauntlet

the heat
he says
is in the tool
get working

# 20251016.1 | a friendly face

it’s nice
a friend
who understands distance
who wants to join
who values
the simple patterns of life
the beautiful rituals
of the day
a friend
who plans meals
plans trips
plans events
it’s nice to see
a friendly face



# 20251017.1 | my sweetest chapters

no one was better than her
and i did not get to keep her

she left a gap
a crevasse
a canyon
in my mind
in my heart
a big fat hole
in my soul

she was brilliant
a goddess

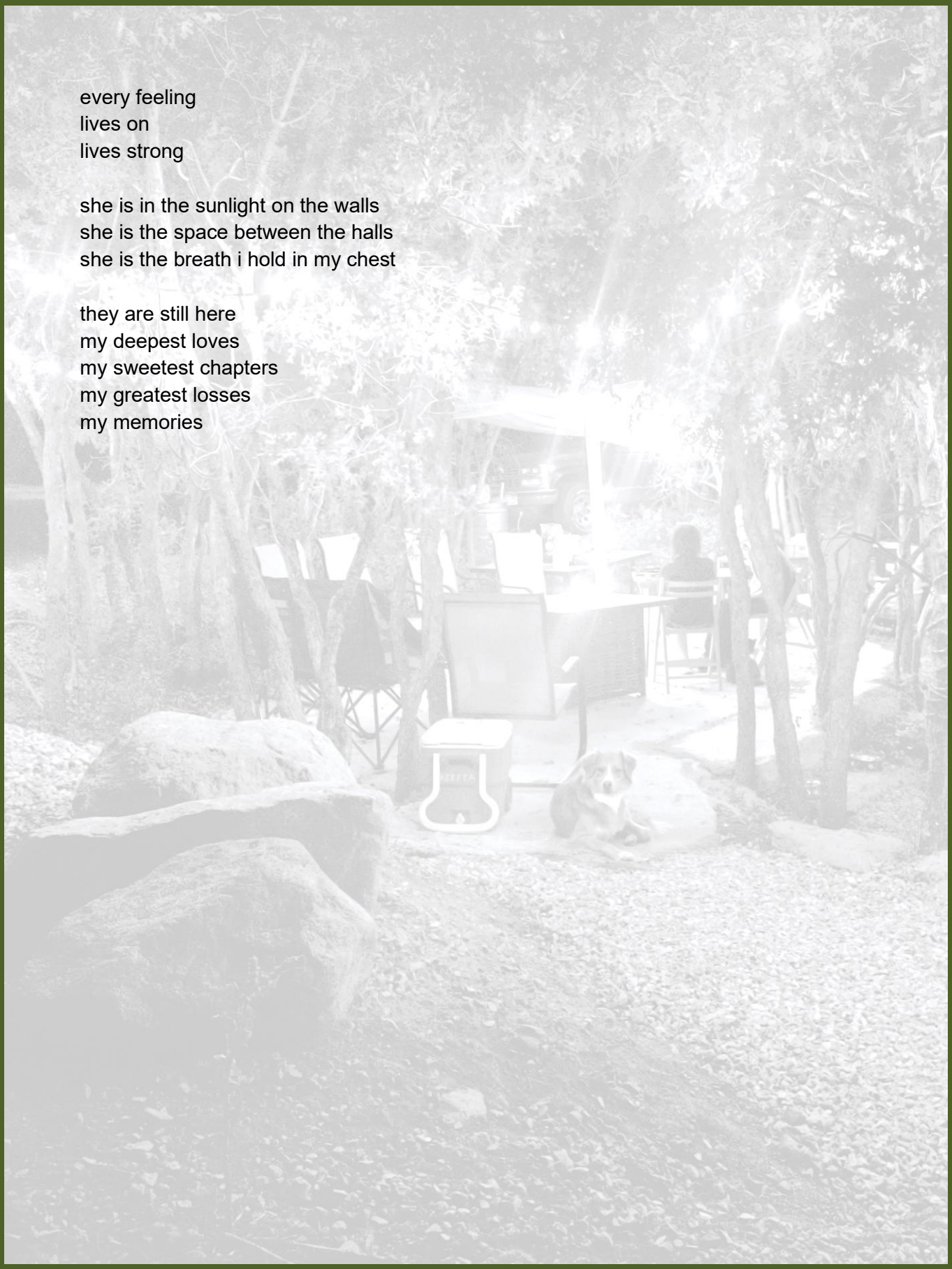
she left a stop
a story's end
the back cover swinging left
the closing of a storybook

the days roll forward
today pretends they never happened
today thinks they didn't matter

the present looks about the room
sees no one
sees only me
sees the current empty state

today is stupid

just because they are not here
does not mean they are not present



every feeling
lives on
lives strong

she is in the sunlight on the walls
she is the space between the halls
she is the breath i hold in my chest

they are still here
my deepest loves
my sweetest chapters
my greatest losses
my memories

# 20251020.1 | the book of life

we are given a space
in a body
in time
in a place called earth

we are given a storybook
with blank pages

in our youth
others write in our book

as we age
we hold the pen more
others steadying
young uncertain hands

somewhere
in time
the pen is ours

we choose our stories
we choose how we influence
others' stories

it is the god ability
to create
a beautiful story
or a story of destruction

all we do
is stories in a book
in our personal book

the book of life
if we walk with the spirit
a book of love

# 20251101.1 | the day to start over

maybe today is the day

the day to start over

the day to step outside my old patterns

the day to turn and face a new direction

the day to step closer into nature

closer into the spirit

today is the day

end

# A Human Life

a book of poems

by
pc keefer

book three
end