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# A Human Life

a book of poems

by  
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book two

# A Human Life

## BOOK TWO

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20200518.1

turn  
sandy  
big cottonwood  
eagle mountain

into

clyde lake

20200518.2

time, cards, and cash  
gone in a flash

throw it in the hole  
where it really go  
no one really know  
throw it in the ho

gave up free will  
bent my life to her will

throw it in the hole  
where it really go  
no one really know  
throw it in the ho

leather, lace, and lipstick  
gave me up real quick

throw it in the hole  
where it really go  
no one really know  
throw it in the ho

jackson, grant, and benji  
just like she left me  
no longer with me

throw it in the hole  
where it really go  
no one really know  
throw it in the ho

lessons for the young man  
love her like a goddess  
serve her like a queen  
but have her buy her own shit

throw it in the hole  
where it really go  
no one really know  
throw it in the ho



20230310.1

I turned my son away today

He is not growing

He is not learning

He indulges all day long

and all night long

in drugs and alcohol

His anger and offensiveness

targeted at me

I hope the world can

teach him

the things I could not

I turned my son away today

20230614.1

Sam,

Don't panic

Don't worry

Each new day

allows us to

make good choices

to make small steps

toward a better future

to a better self

It's okay to be human

Each day is a fresh start

Small choices

Small steps

Love,

Dad

20230627.1

Liyan  
Ended  
6-19-2023

Yes, on my 53rd birthday

20230628.1

I'm supposed to be a poet  
I'm supposed to write this stuff down

I feel like my bell's been rung  
Like gravity has failed  
Like Earth has failed  
Like my soul's been pulled from my body  
And exiled to a land of loneliness

I'm supposed to write this:

Every struggled breath  
brings tears

20230628.2

Floating  
Weightless

In a sea  
of pain

No grip  
hold

No land  
in sight

No end  
to this  
dark night

20230628.3

With every death  
I am reborn

A strange new creature  
In a new world  
In a new skin  
With a new face  
In a strange place

I learn to find my feet  
Learn to walk the street  
Learn to find people  
To meet

With every death  
I am reborn  
A creature  
New to me

20230628.4

The meadow grasses grow

The wandering deer go

The moose moves slow

I stand

witness

The sun and moon

their circling

their pull

I stand a witness

with nowhere to submit

my life's report

20230628.5

I sit  
in the theater seats  
empty  
all but me

one spectator  
to see a show

of one person  
on the stage

also me



20230628.6

Stages of grief

I suppose I will walk them all  
Not even aware I am doing it

Stages of grief

Either leaves a man broken

Or makes him whole

Probably both

20230628.7

[entry bugs me – omitted]

20230628.8

I don't get it

Why do some  
celebrate  
anniversary after anniversary

And I  
keep  
restarting  
at zero

with  
some  
Body  
new

20230628.9

I am drawn  
to artists  
and poets  
because  
in a world of souls  
they are all homeless  
like me

20230630.1

She is closed

I'm the outside

So it always was

Just took the  
pendulum swinging  
in my favor

For her to close

her door

20230630.2

A magpie's caw  
is shrill  
and short

20 magpie  
live on  
our land

Morning  
    Loud  
Evening  
    Loud

20 screaming birds

A beautiful thing

20230715.1

When you are born  
your mother is there  
She holds you

When you are older  
and have outlived  
your Lover  
or outlived  
that love

When you are older  
and alone  
the wind  
moving through the trees  
the sun  
arching through the sky  
the moon  
hunting the night

Is all that  
holds you  
when love dies

20230715.2

I

Doubt

I

Shall laugh

In a Lover's arms

Ever

Again



# 20230715.3

Every person is to accomplish five things in this life:

Survive childhood

Become an adult

Create children

Raise your children to adulthood

Get the fuck off the planet

All the time between four and five is bonus time

Enjoy it

20230715.4

No Love = No Loss

No Loss = No Love

If you desire love

you desire loss

20230715.5

Loneliness

Is the pillow on my face

Sadness

Is the Fat Fucker pressing it down

20230716.1

Liyan says she has gone  
to China

I do not know if this  
is true

I do know  
less than a month later  
our correspondence  
has dwindled  
to nothing

The silence  
is  
crushing  
me

20230728.1

There are so many  
lonely women  
in their 50's

Bodies in decline  
Searching online  
to stave off  
a remaining lifetime  
of lonely days  
of lonely nights

Bodies showing signs  
of the defects  
that will  
in time  
be their demise

Hearts  
not content  
to die  
alone

Hearts  
Hoping  
Casting  
Praying  
For One  
Decent  
Man

20230728.2

I have lived  
two months now  
outdoors  
on this mountainside

Magpies  
Hawks  
Groundhogs  
Deer  
Moose  
Dogs  
Neighbors

All  
memorize  
faces

All  
know  
my  
face

I move among them  
as another  
animal  
living  
in the trees

While I eat,  
animals clothed in fur,  
graze alongside me

I am numbered  
among the animals  
burning each day  
of the short summer  
the short season  
of life

20230728.3

She is in the wind

She is her's

No longer mine

For a handful  
of years  
she chose  
to grant me  
a reply  
She chose  
to call  
and say hi

She is in the wind

She is her's

Never was

Mine

20230728.4

It always ends

with me

talking to you

in a book



20230728.5

Every Person

who  
reads  
my poem

is  
God

You

20230728.6

L o v e

20230728.7

Have we come this far  
to just vanish

Or

Have we come this far  
to gather the people  
and share

20230804.1

I'm going to fail

How I manage failure

Is the test

20230804.2

Spiritual	8
Financial	3
Cognitive	10
Social	3
Emotional	3
Physical	10

20230804.3

a breath  
is life

a breath  
held too long  
is death

so is Love

take it in

hold it a moment

release

20230807.1

I push my wheelbarrow  
through the fields of feminine flowers

I push my wheelbarrow  
to the edge of  
In the Mowing

I push my wheelbarrow  
to the road's end  
to the canyon's edge

I push my wheelbarrow  
to the tattered end  
of my usefulness

And in that wheelbarrow

Food

Sunsets

Sleep

All I need

20230809.1

She is an Oak  
Rooted in dry ground  
Established  
Massive span  
Glorious branches  
Endless leaves  
Eating sun  
Gifting shade  
Lover of birds  
Landlord of animals  
that climb and nest

He is the Weeping Willow  
Rooted in the swampy meadow  
A crown of a thousand branches  
Weeping in the wind  
Weeping to the earth  
Lover of birds  
Landlord of  
salamanders, frogs, and snakes

Eastern sun  
start of day  
first shines  
upon the Oak  
and the Oak's shade  
rests upon the Willow



Noon they stand equal  
Her crown  
His crown  
Standing tall  
Shadows beneath

Western sun  
end of day  
now shines  
upon the Willow  
and the Willow's shade  
rests upon the Oak

They share the same meadow  
The same sun  
The same breeze  
The same rain  
The same snow

In Autumn  
they burn together  
in bright Fall colors

In Winter  
they sleep together  
under one snowy blanket

In Spring  
they awake  
together

They are not the same  
They share not the same bark  
One does not give its leaves  
to the other  
One does not drink  
for the other  
In appearance  
they are different

Below the soil  
were animal and eye does not see

They have grown together  
Their roots  
have touched  
entwined  
in places  
merged  
into One

She in He  
He in She

20230809.2

People go through life looking for  
“Their person”

Wise people know that “Their person”  
is flawed

## 20230809.3

Pride	You feel you should be in charge
Greed	You hoard dollars in your drawers
Lust	You desire orgasms without reciprocation
Envy	You are angered by others promotions
Gluttony	You purchase more than you need and return it
Wrath	You are angry when the day doesn't serve you
Sloth	You desire greatness but do not walk the road
	 You are beautiful to me
	Perfect in every way

20230809.4

Water from the sky  
slithers through the earth

Wind from the sky  
shakes things on the earth

Sun from the sky  
warms creatures of the earth

Darkness from the sky  
time to sleep  
time to die

20230810.1

The pain is less

Therefore

I have less to say

Less to write

Less to feel

-- -- -- --

I have dropped anchor

Into the unwanted waters

of this new life

My boat does not move

My heart does not feel

20230810.2

Love

Is a song

A Solo

Or a Duet

Or a Solo

20230810.3

Collette  
was the Spanish-American War

Lisa  
World War I

Michelle  
World War II  
The introduction  
of the A Bomb

I am finished with war  
I have pounded my sword  
into a plowshare

I break bread  
with my enemy  
turn the other cheek

I am old  
War is a young man's game

I welcome all to my table  
come  
and go  
as you please



20230815.1

August 15  
We married  
We argued  
On the honeymoon

We were young  
We had to be right  
We had to know  
We were divorced  
In ten months

Had we not  
Been foolish  
We would be  
Sitting in a restaurant  
In Paris  
With wine

Reflecting on  
31 years

Toasting the  
31 Golden Years  
Ahead

20230815.2

When I was young  
I fancied myself a Poet  
but all I could write  
was I wanted to fuck women  
but women didn't want to fuck me

Now I am old  
I have held my lovers  
I have held my children  
I have held jobs of no regard  
and jobs of great title  
I have owned lands  
and lost them or sold them  
I have won big  
and I have lost bigger

Thousands of faces  
and voices  
reside between my ears

Thousands of prayers  
have tethered me  
to Heaven

A thousand sorrows  
have driven me to push  
through the crowd  
and reach with desperate hope  
that I  
might touch  
His garment

And now  
old  
when I open this book  
there are a million things  
I should tell you  
a million words  
I should share

20230817.1

I am clay  
Walking on clay

I am dust  
For a moment  
Suspended in Life

All I see  
All I know

Will fall to Earth  
Swallowed by Mother

Every story gone  
Every poem  
Stopped

I am clay  
I am dust  
I am ash

20230818.1

Every breath I take  
Are four more breaths  
Every heartbeat  
Add four more

I am the Dad in the divorce  
The one that moves away  
The one that wires cash into Mom's account monthly  
The one rarely seen  
Rarely acknowledged

Painful memories keep two from talking  
Distance and time keep two on  
Contact as needed

50% my genetics  
50% her genetics  
100% Mom's

Fourteen years  
Holding babies  
Raising children  
Laughing  
Teaching  
Loving  
Serving

These four more breaths  
Four additional heartbeats  
Are the warming fire  
In my arctic exile

20230831.1

A truck bigger than  
my three-car garage  
Liquid rock  
Forms built  
Tools staged  
Something always goes wrong  
Improvise  
Work way harder  
than planned  
Going overtime  
Paying double time  
Refusing to concede  
a loss  
Forcing  
a win  
Cleaning tools  
with hands bleeding  
Ignoring pain  
Workers pack  
Sun goes down  
Concrete poured

## 20230905.1

Will you go to England with me?  
Will you walk the quiet paths  
of Sherwood Forest  
and climb the cliff trails  
overlooking Robinhood's Bay?

Will you go to Edinburgh with me?  
Tour the castle and listen to  
me bragging my half-Campbell blood.

Will you go to Grafham with me?  
And we will stand outside Melrose  
the house my grandfather built  
with his own hands  
laboring over 14 years  
I will share how  
at age 15  
I was brought here to visit him  
But by this time  
he was a Giant Man  
in a giant bed  
with a white beard  
unable to speak  
unable to move  
And when he passed  
the house was sold  
Will you stand outside the stranger's house  
and hear my stories of old?

Will you walk the farm roads  
Meet the caretakers  
and pet the horses  
worth a million pounds  
Will you watch the sunset with me  
where Grandpa did?

Will you go to Westminster Abby with me?  
And in the gift shop I tell you  
how at age 15  
I was here  
and the tour bus  
let out a group of French Students  
also about age 15  
One French Girl  
walked about this gift shop  
her sheer tank top showing her  
beautiful nipples  
moving under a cotton veil  
I'll recall how she smelled  
of body order and lust  
How I followed her around the gift shop  
like a Sailor following a Siren  
How at age 53 I still wish  
I knew her name  
her heart  
her taste

Will you go to Paris with me?  
In the shadow of the Eiffel Tower  
sit at a café  
sip fancy coffee  
skim a cliché poetry book  
watch people  
and pretend we belong

No  
No, you won't  
Because you are gone  
These moments I promised you  
and you promised me  
never will be

20230910.1

I have come a long way

To stand in a field  
with no one in sight

Two Lovers  
collapsed in each other's arms  
Sweat cooling heated bodies  
Flesh to flesh  
Breath to breath  
Kiss to kiss

Two cells join  
The moment of conception  
Stardust  
Explodes  
Into Life

Two cells  
a sperm  
an egg  
fold and divide  
Innumerable times  
days  
weeks  
years  
and years and years later

An old man  
Stands in a field

Every sad season  
has passed  
Every happy season  
has passed

An old man  
stands in a field



The Lovers who made him  
have passed

His Lovers  
have passed

His Children  
have passed

All to their places  
far away

From the old man  
Standing in a field

20230910.2

Hawk  
alone  
flying in  
the storm cloud

Literal  
and  
Metaphorical



20230912.1

Crickets roll their song  
rolling waves  
rocking  
side to side  
washing  
the bowl  
of the holler

Frogs croaking  
loud and deep  
Late Spring to early Summer  
Hundreds hunkered in the marshy meadow  
calling for a date  
A chaos so loud  
A signal lost  
A chance encounter  
A successful mate

Grasshoppers sing a  
shorter song  
High summer  
A cracking noise  
A machine gun spatter  
Like cicadas from the South  
flew where they don't belong  
where they couldn't live  
high in the Rockies

Crickets rule the nocturnal sonnet  
Bodies blacker than night  
Hidden out of sight  
Before the frog is thawed  
Before the grasshoppers hatch  
Sings the cricket's song

After the frog is buried in mud  
ready to freeze out another winter  
When the grasshopper has stashed its eggs  
and goes off to die  
The cricket's song  
continues long

Continues to wash  
the holler's bowl  
Continues to bathe  
leaves turning every Autumn shade  
with summer's sonnet song

Crickets sing goodbye  
to birds  
heading south  
Crickets sing goodbye  
to hot days

Crickets sing hello  
to long shadows  
Crickets sing hello  
to long nights

20230912.2

Summer's  
Last  
Sound

Is that One  
Last Cricket

Sending its song  
A solo

Out to an  
Empty theater

Winter  
Draws the curtain

On the Final Cricket's  
Song

20230922.1

I have decided  
to not reach out  
to people who  
do not reach out  
to me

What I am finding is  
bone-crushing

Silence

20230922.2

I am grateful  
I have come this far

But not happy  
where I am

and hopeful  
and hopeless  
about where

I am going

20230922.3

The dirt goes back  
covering  
concealing  
countless hours of  
construction and  
careful engineering

Thousands upon thousands  
of dollars  
buried under dirt

What pokes up  
out of the ground  
are some thin walls  
and nine columns

that will hold up  
a home  
with babies  
parents  
and grandparents  
cooking  
and laughing  
inside  
the snow  
outside



20230922.4

I asked God  
to fold me  
like furnace-fired metal  
is folded  
to draw out  
impurities

I asked God  
to fold me  
to make me worthy  
of her

God listened  
and  
removed  
her

And I felt  
my heart  
fold

20230922.5

There are two leaves  
pressed in this book

No dates  
No words

From a moment  
long forgotten

One leaf smaller  
feels feminine  
One leaf larger  
masculine

Like She and He  
decided to memorialize  
a moment

But they never looked back  
at the book  
never looked back  
at the leaves  
and over time  
never looked back  
at each other

20230928.1

A rodent made a home  
in my RV's AC unit  
He sleeps during the day  
and works when I want to sleep  
He's been there two weeks  
My home is starting to smell  
like his home  
like a giant hamster cage

So today I fired up the generator  
and ran the AC unit  
The large gray squirrel  
ran into the woods  
I ran the AC for hours  
and sprayed it with disinfectant

Will he come back?  
It's almost his shift  
We shall see

I wish he didn't smell  
didn't make urine and feces  
didn't bring disease

Because I cut down his trees  
I put a camper right where  
he would normally sleep  
I am building a home  
with 2,700 square feet  
and all he asked for  
was a shell to build a nest  
a place atop my place

I said  
You cannot have your tree  
You cannot have my tree  
You are not welcome at this place  
not at all  
go away

Into the woods he went  
where he'll have to build  
a new home  
all alone

20230930.1

I am tired  
once again  
I've huffed diesel fumes  
three straight days  
My lungs burn  
like I've smoked  
a pack a day

I'm covered in  
dirt  
grease  
diesel  
sunblock  
bug spray  
three days  
sweat

I'm running  
a marathon  
with no cheering  
no officials  
no finish line

Just me  
a dream  
a tractor  
and a mountain  
of dirt  
to move

20231008.1

Liyan

When I write your name  
do you feel it  
half a world away  
Is your quantum  
and my quantum  
entangled

Or do you eat noodles  
with your family  
and play games  
with those cute little kids

and pause

to

add to your  
grocery list

20231008.2

[family picnic on Oct 7, 2023]

Family Picnic  
Perfect weather  
So many miles  
everyone travelled  
Extra food  
carried by generous hands  
Conversations  
in pockets  
grouped by age  
Everyone stops  
and sings  
Happy Birthday  
to Chris  
Acorns fall  
and pelt  
people  
randomly  
when it happens  
we all laugh  
and eat more hamburger

20231015.1

There is a silence  
pressed against me  
everywhere  
always  
like skin

I am not a man  
who enjoys being alone

I am also not a man  
who enjoys another's voice  
constantly ringing in my ears

I want presence  
and I want space

I am fucked



20231015.2

Love  
|  
hangs  
|  
feet dangling  
|  
neck  
|  
contorted  
|  
Love hangs heavy  
|  
in the heart

## 20231015.3

[sections quoted or adapted from other admired poets]

Earthly fates	- Gary Snyder
Loud omissions	- William Stafford
The chimney sweep	- W.H. Auden
the undertaker	
the sanitary inspector	
pause their work	
for love	
The wolf	- Maxine Kumin
ever pressing	
lays lightly down	
and sleeps	
He blocks the wind raging from the south	- William Baer
leaning forward to kiss her lovely mouth	
What is beautiful	- Charles Simic
is found accidentally and not sought after	
what is beautiful is easily lost	
A green thought in a green shade	- Andrew Marvell

20231015.4

The grasses have yellowed  
and are laying sideways  
on the meadow floor

Green leaves turned bright  
are fading to brown  
and falling to the ground

The Shinning King of the Sky  
now pulls his crown low  
skimming the horizon  
embarrassed he goes

Brave bare arms and bare legs  
hide under jackets and pants

Winter is coming  
Winter is coming

Get your work done

20231015.5

She told me  
when she left  
that I was now free

Like a man  
with no legs  
is free from the burden of walking

20231027.1

“Oh, if instead she’d left to me  
the thing she took into the grave! ---”

Edna St. Vincent Millay

They give the spark of life  
They give the labor of love  
to raise a child  
They provide food  
and shelter  
and instruction

They are the Emergency Responders  
to our heart, our health, our wallet, our panic, our pride

They pace with us  
close or distant  
most the decades of our life

Then

Like a cold Autumn evening  
as the sun draws low  
They pass  
like wind through the trees

All that is left  
is an arm not touched  
frightening silence in empty ears  
a swirling mind  
a clenched chest  
a crushed heart

They gave us  
all they had

They left behind

some crappy cars  
and houses  
and gold

They took  
what we  
really need  
what we  
Love

20231027.2

I asked her  
to share with me  
and she went silent

The most deafening explosion

is silence

20231027.3

Does it matter  
everything we do  
everything we say  
and write

Or have we evolved

To think it matters

What if the Universe  
sees us as bizarre  
manifestations of dust  
and not Children of God



20231027.4

I can see it  
the years on this body  
the defects starting to show

I've watched so many  
Summers slip into Winters  
that I can feel my Summer

Slipping

I fell like I want to do something  
before I go

## 20231105.1

Things ache  
that didn't used to ache

It's a deep ache  
not a light cut  
or a scratch  
or a sunburn

An ache in the bones  
in the tissue  
in the organs  
a fire in the blood

It is the hourglass  
running thin  
It is the sand  
in the narrow neck  
fleeing ever quicker  
the slippery sides  
of the glass

20231105.2

She has stopped

No more emails

No more

Liyan

## 20231105.3

I have met a half dozen  
nice women  
on dating sites  
in America  
in Utah

I have met a hundred  
nice women  
on dating sites  
in Asia

Women saying hello  
warm and willing  
hoping

But they address  
a wax figure  
An uncanny likeness  
of a whole man

Like texting to  
a creepy wax figure  
at Madame Tussauds Museum

A likeness of a man  
loved  
and cared for  
by a woman

A photo of that man  
happy, warm, inviting

Before she left him  
wax

20231105.4

I think  
Old People  
find God

Because they  
have lost  
so much

Relationships end  
Children move  
Spouses and  
Friends die

God and  
His Spirit

Enter

20231111.1

I need a funeral  
A day  
dedicated for goodbye

I need to put it on the calendar  
Dread its arrival  
Announce it  
Make it public

Close the house blinds  
Hide inside  
mourning  
Light incense  
Send smoke and prayers  
upward  
Cry  
like I never knew  
I could cry

The morning of that dreadful day  
Zombie walk into the shower  
into the closet  
into the car  
into the chapel

Sit on the front row  
Not a desired seat  
at a funeral

Stare at the polished  
metal box  
half open  
half closed  
Not believing what's inside

Stare at the box  
while others  
pray, sing, and share memories

Sit with the box  
in the long black car  
Sit at the front of the procession

Sit under the awning  
while summer rain lightly falls  
while the electric motor whirls  
and the casket slowly falls  
into the hole  
into the earth  
into the past

One person on each arm  
support me  
I drop  
the first fistful  
of cover

One person on each arm  
walk me to my car  
to my future

20231111.2

People believe  
because we want  
a magical  
turn  
in our favor

We want  
a pleasant  
surprise

We want  
to discover  
a hidden layer  
more beautiful  
than this layer  
we are bound within

We want  
a land  
where kindness  
and love  
overflow  
endlessly

Where magic beasts  
relinquish evildoers

Where innocence  
walks  
openly

Where the sun is golden  
and the meadow flowers soft

Where we lay in the grass  
and sleep  
under the stars



20231111.3

Listening to music and books  
Texting with Contacts  
Calling my Parents  
Photos and photo sharing  
Checking bills and balances

The rest of my phone  
is a distracting  
depressing  
piece of shit

20231111.4

When you are  
with your person  
in public  
you should feel  
like you are winning

So should they

That's a good match

20231111.5

Love

Lore

Soar

Sore

More

Moor

\*\*\*

A warm feeling

A fake story

To fly free

To hurt deeply

Adding to life

A boggy swamp

\*\*\*

She walked back from the bathroom  
in the dark  
climbed into bed  
pushing her front to my back  
her arm and cold hand pressed  
against my warm chest

She said she'd love me forever  
and that seeing the kitchen sink  
from the front door  
makes you lose money

It seemed like  
the second year  
was better than the first  
and the third year  
better than that

The fourth year  
went flat  
The fifth year  
she brushed my head  
with a baseball bat

It seemed love  
would grow  
upon love  
year  
upon year

But the troubles of life  
took our feet  
and as we sank  
we looked away  
and did not speak



20231116.1

The meadow is not dead

This year's fallen leaves  
are turning last year's  
fallen leaves to mulch

The leaves from the year before that  
are now the richest of soil

Life  
to Death  
to Transformation  
to the Fertile Bed  
for New Life

The meadow is not dead

20231118.1

Gald I  
    did not  
        know

The way it  
    all would  
        go

The curtain call  
    the ending of  
        the show

Or is it  
    the ending of  
        Act one

Will our story  
    go  
        on and on

Will we  
    keep  
        holding on

Will we raise our voice  
    and sing  
        our song

Will we make  
    our story  
        life long

Will we raise our voice

will we

will we

will we

will we

Sing

Our

Song!



## 20231122.1

We call into the darkness  
The darkness is void  
No reply  
Not even an echo

We reach into the darkness  
and we reach  
and reach  
and never touch a thing

But then

We call into the darkness  
and a voice  
soft, loving  
replies

We reach into the darkness  
and feel a torso  
warm and soft  
Present

We find  
our Person

The darkness remains  
That is life  
No guarantees  
No certainty

The void  
is gone

20231122.2

Liyan emails me from China  
about once a week

I am with me  
every moment  
of every day  
all week long

When her voice  
pops into my day  
my whole week  
is made awesome

20231122.3

I have prayed  
more this year

and more sincerely

than possibly  
I ever have before

What I have encountered  
is a profound  
sense of gratitude

and a spirit  
that walks with me  
like a shadow  
made of light

20231123.1

151 jobs applied for  
137 companies covered

1 company  
1 job

said Yes

Liyan's old company  
Liyan's old department

She is furious

So either I work  
and eat

or go bankrupt  
and love...maybe

I think I'll eat

20231208.1

pack your bags  
make it quick

start your  
love-end trip

close the door  
close your heart

take the road  
off the chart

find your way  
nothing to say

we have reached  
end of day

no point to linger  
no point to stay

She  
She  
She

She  
She  
She

pack your bags  
make it quick

start your  
love-end trip

close the door  
close your heart

take the road

off the chart

find your way  
nothing to say

we have reached  
end of day

no point to linger  
no point to stay

She  
    She  
        She

She  
    She  
        She

20231208.2

Spirits  
that linger  
with you

have  
moved  
away

have followed you  
somewhere  
far  
away

Spirits that follow you are

far

far

away

20231208.3

the small table  
by the bed  
holds a lamp  
my book  
my glasses

what's missing is  
your charger  
your phone  
your necklace  
your bra  
your hair scrunchy

the room is empty  
from the small bedside table  
to the furthest corner  
of the night sky



20231208.4

Time

Ends

Memory

Stays

Love

Hurts

20231216.1

we met online  
you smiled  
we decided  
to share our time

we held hands  
we walked  
and we talked

we made love  
all day  
slept safely  
all night

we worked  
and we played  
we cared for family  
and we slipped away  
to play  
for the day

we turned  
the calendar pages  
memories  
stored

we laughed  
and cried  
we tried  
to make a life

somewhere  
over time  
the season of us  
grew long  
the glasses of wine  
ran dry

the smiles  
fell by the side  
the heavy  
moved in  
no more laughter  
just cry

a sadness

a heavy

goodbye

## 20231222.1

Everyone lives  
for their own self

To join another  
means to forego the self  
to place another's interests  
before one own's

This action  
of placing another  
before self  
places the self  
as less than  
a shadow  
following the movements  
of the other  
a hollow  
person  
servant to the  
greater other

I do think  
I'll be single  
for the duration  
so I can love others  
and also love myself

## 20231229.1

I keep trying  
to put people from the past  
into the present  
into the future

It doesn't work

The present is a gift  
unlike anything before it  
The present refuses to mimic  
the past  
The present refuses  
to be something  
other than  
what it is

The present is unrelenting  
in its uniqueness  
The present does not care  
if now is colder, quieter  
than then  
The present does not apologize  
does not yield

The present is King

The future is atheist  
It will not resurrect any one  
or any time  
or any thing

The future is as shapeless  
and as wide  
as ocean waves

The future promises nothing  
and guarantees only one thing

that you will exist on the ocean  
until the day you are  
swallowed in soil by earth

The single thing I, you, we  
control  
is the oars in our hands  
what direction  
and how hard we row

All that  
is past  
is lost

20231229.2

# A Human Life

a book of poems

by  
PC Keefer

book two