

© 2025 PC Keefer
PCK@PoetryOnClydeLake.com

A Human Life

a book of poems

by
PC Keefer

book two

A Human Life

BOOK TWO

Index

20200518.1	5
20200518.2	6
20230310.1	8
20230614.1	9
20230627.1	10
20230628.1	11
20230628.2	12
20230628.3	13
20230628.4	14
20230628.5	15
20230628.6	16
20230628.7	17
20230628.8	18
20230628.9	19
20230630.1	20
20230630.2	21
20230715.1	22
20230715.2	23
20230715.3	24
20230715.4	25
20230715.5	26
20230716.1	27
20230728.1	28
20230728.2	29

20230728.3	30
20230728.4	31
20230728.5	32
20230728.6	33
20230728.7	34
20230804.1	35
20230804.2	36
20230804.3	37
20230807.1	38
20230809.1	39
20230809.2	42
20230809.3	43
20230809.4	44
20230810.1	45
20230810.2	46
20230810.3	47
20230815.1	48
20230815.2	49
20230817.1	50
20230818.1	51
20230831.1	52
20230905.1	53
20230910.1	55
20230910.2	57
20230912.1	58
20230912.2	60
20230922.1	61
20230922.2	62
20230922.3	63
20230922.4	64
20230922.5	65
20230928.1	66

20230930.1	68
20231008.1	69
20231008.2	70
20231015.1	71
20231015.2	72
20231015.3	73
20231015.4	74
20231015.5	75
20231027.1	76
20231027.2	78
20231027.3	79
20231027.4	80
20231105.1	81
20231105.2	82
20231105.3	83
20231105.4	84
20231111.1	85
20231111.2	87
20231111.3	88
20231111.4	89
20231111.5	90
20231116.1	93
20231118.1	94
20231122.1	96
20231122.2	97
20231122.3	98
20231123.1	99
20231208.1	100
20231208.2	102
20231208.3	103
20231208.4	104
20231216.1	105

20231222.1	107
20231229.1	108
20231229.2	110

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

the guardians
of the sleeping hours
rolls its collective song
rolling waves
rocking side to side
washing the bowl
of the holler

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