

BACK TO EARTH and other poems...

By Daniel J. Fitzgerald

Poetry editor Hezekiah writes: Dan Fitzgerald poetry either reduced my vibration or lowered its frequency. It's not likely I understand either—(I may give up all my prescribed pills), but he's like sleeping with a cat, living next to an ocean or cuddling in a blanket, on a Saturday night, fresh out of the dryer... when you have nothing else to do. I bathed in his rhythms and basked in his words. Tell me if you do? Wait, Fleas is not interactive, thank goodness. I can only wish for a need to know, or hear back. Scretch the wretched retch of the north...HS.

Back To Earth

I climbed the highest mountain
to stand naked for all to see.
Looking out and over and all around,
there was no one who wanted
to know if it was me.

Math

Her hand lays
 in my lap,
absent-mindedly counting to one.
Too bad, I think sleepily,
she isn't better at math.

Cost Of Living

I used to sell
my body by the hour.
Now I am just hoping
to be an organ donor.

THE POET SPEAKS: *I started writing as a form of memoir/journal/release. I found it difficult to write in regular sentences, so I kept mostly to poetry. I try always to have music playing, just whatever fits the day. The combination of music and writing helps me find those words and sounds that inspire everyone through their lives.*

AUTHOR'S BIO: *Dan lives quietly in Pontiac, Illinois, tending to home and garden.*

His poems have been published in The Writer's Journal, PKA Advocate, Nomad's Choir and many others. His work is also included in several anthologies. He has written off and on for a number of years.

