

Middle of the Ream

by Ernest D. Hernandez

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This collection of poetry is dedicated to Lilly. If it were not for her, I would have never written and, in the process, discovered so much about myself...and the world.

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Society

Art-ologist

Hmmm...

Are you a PAINT-OLOGIST?

To tell him that his piece is bad.

Can you measure the soul in his stroke or reproduce the passion it took?

To create life/reality/fantasy or anything staggering that came from within he?

Are you a SCULPT-OLIGIST?

To tell her that her form is bad.

Can you measure the strength in her arms or reproduce the stone when it's warm?

To chisel poise/character/definition or anything breathing in that stone that is within?

Are you a DRAW-OLOGIST?

To tell them that their visuals are bad.

Can you measure the steady in their hand or reproduce their subject's sumptuous stand?

To sketch/etch/frisket or anything their charcoal and pencil haven't met yet?

All your theories/hypotheses could never reproduce the glory of any of these

All your criticism/cynicism could never take one shred of grandeur within them

All your contempt/disdain could never forgive your "art appreciation" in vain

But I understand...

you are an art-ologist

you know it all

you know everything about every medium

in the wrong hands a downfall

you are an art-ologist
you only see what is there
you have no vision no passion
Of creativity you are entirely unaware

See beyond the brush, the chisel, beyond the charcoal
Open you mind, release your soul, shed your inhibitions
Open your heart, release your consciousness, share the artist's vision

The beacon is beyond the canvass, the stone, beyond the watermark
Oh Art-ologist, where your knowledge ends true art starts

Delayed Cadence

“Lo RIGHT! LEFT RIGHT! Left Right...”

We came willingly. We came of our own accord, to band as brothers unite, to place my life in his hands and his life in the hands of mine. There was a hint of fear, but it was to be overcome. Pressing on is what made for the courage in the battles we won.

But some will argue that...not every order was lawful, not every motive was pure. And the truth? We may never know, and it doesn't matter...because we were soldiers.

“IF I DIE IN A COMBAT ZONE! BOX ME UP AND SHIP ME HOME!”

We were ready to die. Ready to die for our country, for honor, our brother's and sister's and friends back home, each secretly pleading, with God, for our safe return. We stood that midnight watch waiting for the enemy to prowl, our bodies enveloped those searing rounds. And we FIRED those missiles, YES, we fired those missiles not knowing exactly who or what lie beyond.

And some will argue that...it was a hospital, some would say it was a school. We contend it was their Commander's quarters. But the full truth? We may never know but it didn't matter...because we were soldiers.

“PIN MY MEDALS UPON MY CHEST! TELL MY DADDY I DONE MY BEST!”

Can you see it there, Dad? Brasso-ed bright. This medal on my chest...proof, that I was the type of man not afraid to fight. My blood shed on foreign soil leaving my mark on the world with my BLOOD. And I hope the Tree of Justice drank...it...deep.

Yet some will argue that we fought for land, some would say we fought for oil. As for the truth? We may never know...and it wouldn't matter, because we were soldiers.

“TELL MY MOMMA NOT TO CRY! MARINE CORPS MOTTO IS SEMPER FI!!”

So now that we are dead and gone. Gone to live in Val Halla the warriors Paradise,

The Pacifists and PROtesters and CONscientious Objectors

They can say WHATEVER they want! They mayyyy sayyyy WHAT!ever they please

As to whether, under orders, we were sinners or saints. Yet! There is one thing they can NEVER DENY.

And that IS...that WE...were! SOLDIERS.

“Lo RIGHT! LEFT RIGHT! Left Right...”

Digital Bondage

Buzzzz

What do we think THIS Izzzz?

Is it really anythiiiiing like what we thought it seeeemed? Or is it izzzzzz what it izzzzzz by out of what man can make it be?

This computer...

Chips and processors. Transistors and silicon. Is that really what a computer izzzz? Or izzzz it izzzz more, like a Transformer, a Decepticon, stealing energy, where “more than meets the eye”, ‘cause It doesn’t have a passion but a purpose and that’s more than enough for it-cause ITS purpose is OUR passion as hours and days and nights we sit in front of it.....sharing, making, losing our liiives.

Is it really anything like what we thought it seemed? Or is it izzzz what it izzzz by out of what man can make it be?

This computer

Our life in digits. RAM, cache and gigabytes. Is that really what a computer izzzz? Or izzzz it izzzz more like a portal to the future, or where one woos their heart to heart, or where the fiery language we speak/write starts...or where the worrrlld comes to life at our finger tips, where we learn how to live through YouTube... and Wikipedia tips.

Is it really anything like what we thought it seemed? Or izzzz it izzzz what it izzzz by out of what man can make it be?

It is a creature. Living. Alive. The machine on which our society thrives. That we really don’t need anyway, yet we can’t live without...oh, the priiccce we pay to “live” in digital bondage is UNREASONABLY without a doubt. So turn it on! Click Buzz Whirl. Turn it! ON. Our fingers salivate. Our spirit is captured, living in our own digitized private rapture.

Is it really anything like what we thought it seemed?

YES!

Cause it izzz what it izzzz out of what man can make it be

Social Vietnam

Can you sssee me...living in your sssocial vietnam?!

I see you!...with choice...between life and death...in the middle of your palm.

Can you see me?!...living in your ssocial vietnam.

I see you!...without choice...between truth and lies..."faith" already dead and gone.

"WAR PIG." That's! what Iiii amm.

I feed you lies and death.

I take your beats and breath.

I dance with you, a dance...of death.

"War Pig." That's...what I am.

I see it all...crystal and clear.

I see it all...EVERYTHING you fear.

I see it all...raping-what you hold dear.

It's your life. It's your death.

It's your truth. It's your lies.

And it's all...It's ALLL. Innn. Youurrr. Miiinnd.

And if you did see me...only yourself would you find.

You PICKED this fight. You CHOSE this war. You STARTED this.....Social Vietnam.

You are the "War Pig"...the real you is DEAD... and gonnne.

Gone to fight a battle that can never be won

Gone to fight and bleed and die in your very own Social Vietnam

The Way of the Walk

I'm getting stoned tonight! Ha no, I don't mean stoner stoned. I mean JERUSalem STONED.

Must've been something I said or done. Surely it was.
Surely it's something any of them had done once, it must've.
When the appointed hour comes, when the sun shines high
Though my last breath will escape my will's strength won't subside

BECAUSE I am that slave who slayed my master 'cause I just couldn't take it anymore. It was bad enough he stole my freedom and soiled my wife and ground my children to the threshing floor. BUT to steal my hope and then my honor! Oh no, he didn't have a SOUL...so he moaned like an ox as I crushed him with his yoke. So, I'm getting STONED tonight.

I am that wife who annihilated my husband 'cause I just couldn't take it anymore. It was bad enough he stole my youth and squandered my dowry and isolated me from the world. BUT to steal my hope and then my honor! OH NO no he didn't have a SOUL...so he brayed as a donkey as I branded him through his belly to his throat. So, I AM getting STONED tonight.

I am that citizen who assassinated a politico 'cause I JUST couldn't TAKE it anymore. It was bad enough he raped the treasury and perverted the law and whored poor children off to war. BUT to steal THEIR hope and then THEIR honor! OHHH No NO no he didn't have a SOUL...so he squealed like a pig as I ripped him wide and bled him deep with Lady Justice's sword.

So, my BLOOD will spill, gush...maybe even splatter, maybe splint my cheek bone as my lips and eyes get split or fatter and fatter. And as I lay in that rubble upon the ground breathing my death, drinking blood curdled with spit and with gravel. I hear the roaring crowd, their jeering sounds.

The crowd: the “righteous”, the “upright”, the aristocracy. Killing through me the fear of exposing what in them they wish no one will see. The parts they KNOW are wrong. The parts they try to hide the parts hidden within their flowing robes, the fragments of truth that butter their LIES.

It is okay for us, but it is not okay for you. Do as we say, not as we do.

Ssswwwooo hmrrgh (Choking on my blood) because I’m getting STONED tonight. GOD! It feels SO good. And when the stones have dried, and my body has died I will rest in peace at last. For I will have passed on to the higher self
Regretting nothing in my past.

Inspiration

Whisper's Arjuna

In this world we celebrate many things
We celebrate the passing of titans in industry
That make the world go'round a little faster than yesterday
That make the money we use to consume whatever we may

We celebrate advancements in technology
That help drift us further and further away
That build invisible barriers which if we could see would only further denominate us
as shattered pots of clay

But these many things...these many things...well...simply they are just things
We value them highly because we pay such a high price
But for the blood in our veins and the breath in our lungs and the soul at our core
Which came free, are not valued highly, perhaps we have forgotten...what they are
made for

They TOO are for celebration, a celebration of the higher self within
The metaphysical magic that transcends both our sanctity- and our sin

SO LET us light a lamp that provokes "the Night"
when our lamps burn together there will be FIRE written in the sky
Higher than celestial heavens guiding sailors at night
Than stars revealing the history of nations, the reasons for justice we fight

This is what we, what WE ALL should celebrate
the true gift that IS...life

Blemishes within us will burst to dust and cinders
Because it is through smoldering fire that we have the purest of silvers

through tempered flames cold steel is made straight

Did the sword of Augustus CESAR! on the anvil cry out, "Do not let me rule over nations!"

Did the battleships complain when fitted with missiles to command warfare cessation?

No, and so it is with us

And when the dross fades away then we will see, and live, and DO, AND BE!...what is right

We will see our family and friends, even objectors and enemies

We will ALL see who WE really are- sons and daughters, fathers and mothers, of a great society

~ ~ ~

Sample Preview Complete

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