



Anthropological Debacle

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1. Biopic

Should one day we run out
of possible serums, antidotes,
and ideas that might help
this flailing species survive,
prevent its tumbling
into a morass
of sheer madness,
mortally wounded,
hands cinched
behind our backs,
nothing gained
and everything to lose,
we'd have proven pathetic
failures, our existence
but a silly ruse.

Thus the choice whether
to rejoice in daybreak
or slump and watch
the clock ticktock.

Rascal clock running us
out of time, perhaps closer
to an abstract otherworld
where choices come cheap
and sense stands no chance.

So observe that eye in the sky
as it recommends we attempt
blending sugar and spice

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in equal proportions,
bake succulent pies
loaded with diamonds,
and ponder how together
we can make better
a successful forever,
evolve into a breed
worthy of preservation.

2. Collateral Damage

First they bombard you with gloom
then follow it up with doom
that bristles brains, renders insane
the meek with its utter delusion.

As though conspiracies weren't
insidious enough, they pile on vile
politics that appeal to suckers
who feast on ridiculous doctrines.

Resigned to maintaining equilibrium
and engrain an unnatural status quo
religion dupes many a seeker
into thinking adoration is fruitful.

Enlisting the zest of carnal lust
embroils failed souls that shed
their virginity while bathing in
molten stone during nightmares.

Maniacal consequences stoked
by a whirlwind worldwide media
designed to lead astray both pastor
and worshiper drenched in dismay.

Porous those flecks briskly lit
resting upon the sill at dawn,
loose from a nuclear reactor,



their purpose a mystery.

Take Jed who should be dancing
and stung by love, but instead
choses scuttlebutt with scrubs
mainlining down in the subway.

Immortal words of the mockingbird
race, charged like electric current
through Earth's innumerable veins
and the greater population's spines.

Amethyst, tourmaline, ruby, garnet,
oh dandelion, Pikes Peak, Sinatra,
mighty Mississippi, Ponce de Leon,
won't you kindly ferry me home?

3. Kangaroo Court

Phenomenology dissolves in a vat
of pure molten gold. Heidegger
defiant, douses Husserl
with coal oil.

Sartre stuck full of darts
and Titian buried deep
beneath ruins of the Acropolis.

Imperious ghosts emerge
full of germs, tattooed
with swastikas.

Hypocritical oaths
a bucket of oats
to be munched
by the mangy burro
upon which rides
some motley fool.

Most regretful the many
slain spirits wafting
within rain clouds
that darken every second.

Patron saints
of beauty and grace
whose woe is intensely felt
whenever voices are thwarted
dangle from electrical wires
like shot birds,
upside down
swinging by their claws
and out of options.

4. Reflections and Redactions

There is no need to fuel succession,
nor recipe for intellection ferried
on wings of fantasy where creatures
stalk the imagination in lurid dreams.

Staying focused spurs contentment
for those lucky souls above ground
hovering amidst love's lofty clouds,
shrouded there in luxurious mists.

Service to oneself always comes first
no matter what the politicians claim.
I praise you because I've examined
your heart from every tangible angle.

Knowledge answers only to itself,
inclined to dissipate over time
for some who've become ostracized,
too long operating in overdrive.

Waves curl in shimmering sunlight



on a winter morning along the Pacific
where during low tide seraphs confide
in one another and polar bears slumber.

Step up and take control. I'm waiting
to watch as you carve that solid marble
statue of the ideal mate. You were born
to take advantage of such superior skills.

Forget about all the frills, flimsy tastes,
slander hurled from wannabe ingrates,
gory dismemberment of innocents,
dead presidents and worn sentiments.

Creation wasn't made in a day said
the owl with a nest in the woodshed.
Its wisdom as sure as your face even
when showing remorse or pure rage.

5. Pipe Dream

Like starlight you glide
around downtown
investigating places
never encountered
in any past life.

There to explore
and survey
but not report.

Now you are your own
unique government,
boundless energy,
intrepid entity
viewing some
addict asleep beside
his tent at the corner
of eighth and Capitol.

Anxiety is repressed
for the moment but
could pick up suddenly
which depends upon
concocting a workable
excuse in time to talk
your way out of it.

Potential reprisals scare
the bejesus out of you,
for who safely traverses
this gritty urban core
dodging vagrants
 and sewers clogged
 with cardboard
after a steady rain?

Take heart, be patient
until the band starts up,
then go plant sunflowers,
impregnate the land
with precious essences.

6. Identity Theft

With no Bastille to storm the invaders
instead razed Baalbek. Natives scattered
like flocks of geese. Those foreigners
toppled sacred statues, installed gods
and enacted stringent statutes
such as no loitering in Dead Sea foam.
Devastation lay in their wake.
Sacrifice denied except on Saturdays.
Bread given out by the slice, miserly
the hierarchy of that new united front.

7. Pariah

Enter the sound of the leprechaun playing his lute
and you find the world has become an empty shell.



You retreat to childhood habits taken for granted,
not mindful of the present scene. The prime image
is lost in a summersaulting body excommunicated
from saving grace. Antithetical to life experience
this is, although inside the psyche still luxuriates.
You once shadowboxed with a soul that knocking
you out felt like demotion. Your ego took quite a
pounding. Alligators and toads slithered through
the slimy bog wherein sin stuck as with mucilage.
Cityscapes all ablaze, and you surely responsible,
impossible to blame Flaubert, Baudelaire, or Poe.
Macro economics irrelevant, and still unresolved
are ancient myths that haunt, taunt, and admonish
the heart. You are undetectable now, understood
by nobody, even in outmost mind of the world's
conscience. Brute thought disgorges you, this as
winds of indecision like hurricanes assault vague
windows of your wildest visions. Hence you skirl
outward, through untold empyreans, and desolate
hells where the rudely sacrificed have in due time
served proper penance. Next time around will not
come because there is no thunder, force of nature
creating an undertow to ferry you toward society.

8. Grief Thief

Grief thief be gone,
no longer albatross
circling my head,
courier of pain.

Get lost! You are
not a boss of mine.
I annihilate the grip
you've had on me.

You say you make art
but I'm bright enough

to know you only
pantomime the part.

You are hereby
expelled, at liberty
to meander through
the perilous void.

I don't condemn you
who would perplex
soundest of psyches
though I'm tempted.

No paradisical mind
would ever enlist
you as captain
of its magic ship.

Oh you grief thief
vanish from view
and allow my soul
its rightful delight.