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## One Summer Day

One Summer Day,  
Destiny whispered,  
her breath caressing my face.  
Such a lovely sound.

One Summer Day,  
Destiny's door opened.  
Love entered, unbidden.  
Petals formed, flowers abound.  
Gaia smiling all around,  
Her magic.

One Winter Day,  
The Petals fell,  
slicing her face, bitter cold.  
Life waned, entropy entered.  
Unneeded.

One Spring Day,  
the breath of Destiny again caressed my face.  
Life returning, surging in the veins of All,  
sublime.

One Spring Day,  
the vessel of life and love shattered!  
Battered souls, shredded flesh.  
Shards all around.  
My Loves dying in the doorway.

I bleed my life upon the ground,  
drenching The Petals of last Summer and Winter.  
Puddles of red all around.  
Life without her sound

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Puddles and Petals,  
once red, vibrant life,  
now brown, no breath, death from strife.  
A vision through time.

One Summer Day,  
The Phoenix may come.  
But Destiny,  
She whispers no more.

Bereft of Her gentle caress,  
hope drains from my veins.  
My last drops of life  
drip to the ground.  
My dying gift to Gaia,  
So tragic.

My love of One Summer lives for her and Her, forever!  
Despite the stained death upon Her ground,  
may she live ever at peace with Gaia,  
finding another Summer Day...

## Ire

Luna shines o'er the Emerald Isle,  
shadows contrast peoples and land.  
Wet, cold wind carves stone and Irish souls,  
pounding salt and sea tear with gales.  
Yet pale light shows the dawn,  
despite nights of black and tan.

Firey seeds are sown, but sun also shines in Irish eyes.  
From seed and sun germination may come,  
and hearts burn for Shamrocks between toes:  
scents of sea,  
dales of green,  
rope and sail,  
wind and fish,  
nights with Céilí fiddle,  
bonded by earth and love.  
That is life:  
peace in green  
and all between.

## Implosion

Why I did what I did is now unclear,  
but I was a nuclear weaponeer.  
My work as a software engineer  
partially lead a world into fear.

Why I did what I did is now unclear,  
but I was the perfect patrioteer.  
Now I live in mortal fear,  
and I smell fried flesh sear.

Why I did what I did is now unclear,  
but the way out is now clear.  
Yet, the world's way and fear  
leave me now more unclear.

Why am I here?  
I was a nuclear weaponeer!  
I now cower in my fear,  
and the way out is unclear.

I sigh as I die,  
"I am become death"  
I now cry...  
Duck and cover!

Criticality and Trinity!  
The Holy Unreality  
now leaves me totally empty...  
Lord, forgive me!

## Scents

The sticky dough oozes between Blanch's fingers because she always uses too little flour. As she kneads, she dreams of the pie that will be. Three hours to show time: adrenaline rushes, breathing quickens. "These will be my best pies ever!"

Uninvited, doubt mixes with the sweet aroma, the stench of failures past polluting her current hope, last Christmas's failed brownies stain her lighter thoughts brown. Ring! The phone jolts her, dragging her, unwillingly, back to the present. She snatches it from the wall; sticky dough gluing the phone to her hand. "Drat! Another mess to clean!" Pressing the phone to her ear, she feels even more dough sticking to her hair and face. "Drat!"

The condescending voice of the preacher's wife, Chastity, grabs Blanch. The controlled cadence drills into Blanch's ear, reinforcing the rattling chains of the ghost of Christmas Past in her memories. "Blanch, you bakin' again this year? For our fund raiser, I mean?"

Attempting to sound more positive than she feels, Blanch wavers, "Aye, a'course I am! I do every year. You should know that better than any, Chastity. What are you sayin'?"

"Ya' know, you've driven more folks away from the sales than we'all wish, ya' know what I mean? Your brownies taste and look like cow pies, hun!" her targeted comment tears through Blanch's soul like a hollow-point bullet.

"If I don't try, how can I grow? Preacher said so just last week in his sermon. Blackberry pies this year, not brownies. Somethin' different, no more cow pies, hun!" Blanch slams the phone into its cradle, bits of dough clinging everywhere. "Drat!"

The plates hanging on Blanch's walls vibrate, echoing the dissonance in her soul, as the shock wave passes throughout the home. Driven to the kitchen sink, Blanch scrubs her hands vigorously, uncontrollably, contaminated by the interaction with the congregation's judge, jury, and executioner - Chastity. "I know what being a

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preacher's wife often means: hypocrisy, consistently! She's mean alright. Church fund raisers sure can be embarrassing class comparisons for 'Christ'..."

Returning to the pie, Blanch vents anger into the dough, pondering while forcefully kneading, "Why I am so needing?" The growing scent of hope baking pushes her forward, towards inevitable despair. Blanch is lost, eternally looping for life, on the Ferris wheel of false Christian love.

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## To Greg...

Lip balm and napalm,  
total clam:  
this is what we saw  
in our Eisenhowerish  
child's awe.

Childhood and adulthood,  
and there we stood,  
num and uncalm.  
The rain and peace was good,  
at Woodstock.

In my youth I saw  
such blood and gall.  
We would play ball  
as others fall,  
I got the call.

I am a train wreck,  
a switch house collision,  
bringing division  
and all is bleak,  
What do I seek?

I once kissed her softly.  
I once kissed her deeply.  
it was all  
napalm and lip balm!  
It's not calm.

Love,  
Jealousy,  
Touch,  
Forever,  
Intense,  
Passion,  
Obsession,  
Calvin Klien!  
Depression,  
Regression,  
Misconception;  
all your time  
spent on-line.  
What's the cost  
of a real life lost?  
All your possessions,  
All your obsessions,  
unreal.  
Calvin Kline!

## Sin!

Business, Education, Government, Science, Religion, Medicine:

You all have known Sin!

"Death you are, and your present task, destruction." (Bhagavad-Gita 11:32 Brian T. Donnelly translation/exegesis)

One would think that over time wisdom would surely grow.

Instead, we are pained, killed, maimed, pilled, enslaved,  
due to a lack of destruction reduction!

Wisdom appears to be a no show.

So smart we are at doing stupid things.

So stupid at doing smart things.

Sin at Love Canal!

Sin at Bhopal!

Too little, too late,

in Katrina's wake!

Drowning, helpless,

in Sin's lake.

Native Americans,

I hear your cries.

All the lies.

The sadness in your eyes.

Our Mother Earth groans,

strains, screams,

under our girth.

Castle homes.

Desire run amok.

Hunger, homeless, hopeless,

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it's not bum's luck!  
End the distress,  
selfish instead of selfless.

Such division from religion.  
Ecumenical?  
Nay, hypocritical!

Birth control testing, unregulated companies.  
Women inflicted with cancer, lost destinies.  
Tuskegee's greedy's, humanity's inhumanities.  
Quenching the very voice of The Humanities.

Modern medicine, heal thyself!  
I question your hippopotamus oath,  
heedlessly cast aside,  
for profit or pride, or both?

No modern energy source,  
back to the horse?

A wreck in Iraq,  
reported embedded nonsense!  
Conceived by a quack,  
living in a big white shack.  
Rome is again ablaze!  
Don't you smell the sickening haze?

Ethiopia, Rwanda, Darfur,  
Why for?

Camping trips. Railroad rides.  
Depravations, Concentrations.  
Ovens laden with human lard and hides.  
Horrors beyond genocide.

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Hiroshima, Nagasaki,  
Sins of criticality!  
Rue Trinity.

Business, Education, Government, Science, Religion, Medicine:  
You all have known Sin! Repent!

Yet, don't we all harm those around us?  
Through actions and inactions,  
a failure to unite,  
a willingness to fight,  
countless distractions?

Let us, together, call a halt to this pace.  
Break the tether of the inhuman race.

Join your voice with two great men  
who spoke from within,  
sadly silenced by bullets of sin.

"I have a dream!" (Martin Luther King, WDC March, August 28, 1963)  
A dream of a promised land,  
a land flowing with milk and honey,  
devoid of greed and money,  
where all are equal,  
hand in hand.

Hear my battle cry,  
a cry of reconciliation and unification.  
A battle of peace.

People and nations,  
we cannot live divided.  
An eye for an I blinds!  
It's desiccation.

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Truly, "we are not enemies, but friends. We must not be enemies.  
Though passion may have strained, it MUST not break our bonds of affection.

The mystic chords of memory, stretching from every battle-field, and grave,  
to every living heart and hearth-stone all over this [world],  
will yet swell the chorus of ... Union, when again touched,  
as surely we MUST be, by the better angels of our nature."  
(President Lincoln, March 4, 1861, First inaugural speech)

"We will be finally free when we renounce selfish desires  
and break away from the ego-trap of 'I,' 'me' 'mine.'" (Bhagavad-Gita 2:71 - George  
Harrison translation/exegesis)

I can see  
it starts with we, not me.  
A reality of unity,  
an end to inequity.

Or we are doomed?!  
Our choice: more sin?  
Or shall we look within  
and then without...