

Poetry Series

**Asher Proschansky**  
**- poems -**

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# Asher Proschansky()

## 17 Th Grade

And now I go back to school  
having no longer  
potential remuneration  
jailing my curiosity!  
my age is my scholarship fund  
to explore with curiosity anew  
history, anthropology  
philosophy, literature  
not for a grade but  
surrounding myself  
with young minds  
more agile than mine  
with no competition in mind  
what a privilege this is  
why I am so lucky!

Asher Proschansky

# A Changing Destiny

Angry waves pound my shore  
Don't know if I can handle more  
The waves want to overtake the villa I'm in  
Madly lapping at the walls surrounding  
Spiraling Higher out of control!  
These waves come from an ancient time  
And a distant shore

But the recent past  
Will soon become old  
And the waves it sends  
Will be shallow, only soothingly cool  
Faith and belief in the ocean's justice  
Allow me to hold on  
Until my healing waves come in  
And then I'll be good  
Don't know exactly when!

Asher Proschansky

# A Lot Of Work Signifying Nothing

A lot of work signifying nothing  
Adding up numbers  
Adrenaline flowing  
The numbers now mean nothing  
It gave me a place to go  
Nine to five  
As though I lacked imagination  
Or how to spend my time  
If it is a search for remuneration  
there must be a better way  
then adding up the numbers  
trying to find meaning  
in each and every day  
let the numbers go astray!

Asher Proschansky

# A Peaceful Stream

On the edge of the water  
Worrying more than ought to  
river reflects back up at me  
the water is cool and calm  
a peaceful stream  
enters my mind  
takes over the steering for me  
the river floats around a bend  
I'm on the mend  
with a tree overlooking the river's curve  
two birds make a squawk  
skim the river's surface together  
river boat bells play to set the mood

Asher Proschansky

# A Pure Soul's Portal To This World

If ever a pure soul found a portal to this world  
It would be through your face  
Many would say it is beautiful  
But I can discern its depths as well  
You appear unaware of your soulful beauty  
And carry on with a common touch  
Watering and arranging flowers  
And typing manuscripts  
from time to time you walk along my side  
In the parking lot and along the stairs we climb  
I have no need to possess or control you  
Trusting you will appear for the just at the right time  
And possibly in dreams where I am helping others  
Rewarding me with a special glint shining from your eyes

Asher Proschansky

# A Simple Prayer

Master of the universe  
King of all I see  
Beauty surrounds me  
Wherever I be  
I've biked in your mountains  
I've swum in your seas  
I've walked through your deserts  
I've climbed your trees  
May you always be with me  
May your light always shine upon me  
Make me strong as a lion  
Let me always be free! !

Asher Proschansky



# All Things "Small"; Truly Miraculous

How can an appointment be made  
for three months hence  
when it is a wondrous miracle  
to have your life restored each morning  
when you wake up?  
But yet we assume there will be a tomorrow  
and a day after that,  
and that day after day this miracle will continue  
not only for you but your appointee  
and it is all really a crap shoot!  
and how should one live  
when surrounded by all these miracles  
with your health in the balance  
when you've escaped this time  
but what about the next time  
and the time after that  
not knowing, appreciate these daily miracles  
and each moment and day you are given  
appreciate all what you consider to be "small" things  
for they are truly miraculous!

Asher Proschansky

# Amazon Road

Almost heaven  
Lake Mohegan  
Big Bear Mountain  
Cool Hudson River

Asher's soul is there  
Older than some trees  
younger than the mountain  
But growing like the breeze

Amazon Road  
Take me home  
To the place I belong  
Lake Mohegan  
Small Bass mamma  
Take me home  
Amazon Road

All my memories  
gather around her  
finest lady  
Stranger to mediocre

Beautiful sunsets  
Blazing in the sky  
Air is overpowering Malaga  
My mamas beautiful sigh

I hear her voice  
In the morning  
How she calls me  
Don't worry Asher  
I won't be faraway

Driving down the Hudson  
To teach my class  
I'll be back to stay  
No! I'll stay today! ! !

Amazon Road  
Take me back  
to place I belong  
Lake Mohegan  
Country Mama  
TAKE ME HOME  
AMAZON ROAD! ! ! !

Asher Proschansky

# At Last

A chocolate chip cookie  
A second cup of coffee  
Patting the dog's head  
Running around the block  
Listening to my kids  
Writing a poem good or bad  
Listening to a new song  
Reading more than the headlines  
Phoning my close relatives  
Buying comfortable clothes  
Being grateful for my health  
Being happy with what I have  
Learning from the people around me

Time enough at last! !  
But maybe there always was! ! !

Asher Proschansky

# Be A Child

Be a child  
sing a song  
it does not matter  
What you get wrong  
Play on the beach  
eat a peach  
Life does not  
Last all that long!

Asher Proschansky

# Be In It To Stay!

I wish day would never end  
there was no time to go to bed  
to pursue  
with imagination anew  
With Coffee percolating  
my spirit engaging  
life's many offerings  
sleep can be sweet  
if you have exhausted the day  
if you were in it to stay  
until you are knocked off your feet  
and have no one else to meet  
to pursue a path  
that splits and splits again  
so you don't remember how you began!  
and you don't know where you'll end!

Asher Proschansky

# Before I Knew Ya

I walked alone  
before I knew ya!  
I think you knew  
I bit off more  
Than I could chew  
But thanks to you  
I stumbled forward  
through my darkest times  
You helped me  
when I was down  
when times overwhelmed  
when I disappeared  
in the form  
of a clown  
I used to fool myself  
Before I knew ya!

Asher Proschansky

# Bei Mir Bis Du Ying

Bei mir bis du Ying  
Let us have a sing  
Bei mir bis du einer  
asset backed girl  
in der void

I say bella, bella  
Ma petite CFA cinderella  
what a world of mischief  
your eyes propose

"My Ying sings high"  
"and I sing low"  
"and we are not too bad"  
"you know" - to quote the good doctor

Asher Proschansky



# Blinded But In Sight

Blinded but in sight  
waiting for the morning light  
I'll get up in the morning  
As light as a leopard  
As strong as a lion  
As swift as a deer  
With the vision of an eagle  
A new dawn has broken!

Asher Proschansky

# Buck By Buck

Buck by buck  
row by row  
we gonna our cash flow  
all it takes is some script and some code  
and some help from Trinidad

Buck by buck  
row by row  
some one bless these cash flows  
some one deduct them from below  
till charitable donations are had!

Asher Proschansky

# Cloaked In Silence

I walk alone  
Cloaked in silence  
It's strange how you never know  
Dreams dreamt while you are sleeping  
Become the world in which you grow

I dreamt a dream  
And it was fine  
Planted it in the ground  
Watered it and watched it take root  
let it know it was mine

You may pay me  
Give me doctor's care  
Insure from the fire or the rain  
But you will never own me  
Nor the dreams in my brain

So I walk alone  
But seldom lonely  
I dream dreams and they remain fine  
I nurture them ever so discreetly  
And always treat you kind!

Asher Proschansky

# Coming To Terms With Dogs

At the start my way older cousin brought over her dog  
Handed me a leash and into the back yard we went  
Which back yard led to the woods

I was very young and the dog pulled me, furiously  
as I now believe a Cocker Spaniel should, I guess  
it was because I was young and afraid to pull back  
For fear of choking the dog, headed for the trees

My daughter wanted animals so we had pets  
First guinea pigs though fragile then dogs  
Could not give them a pill and close their mouths  
Did not know how much pressure to supply

But my daughter was not so hesitant  
And seeing my hesitancy she loved the dogs all the more  
I could not love them though I believed I should  
Volunteered at a kennel and hardly tried

But eventually I saw they were not so different than me  
They need food and water, and a nap here and there  
They do not want their chain pulled, and they eat fowl  
They like a belly rub and are happy to see folks  
They bark when they are hungry and see something to eat  
That is out of reach  
They are wary of strangers, and bark out loud  
They protect human beings and fight for affection too  
They are weary of going to the vet,  
and come to think of it I have a doctor's visit way over due

In time I don't think I'll know  
how to deal with them  
When I get to know them better  
And come to think of it,  
Tomorrow I'll go to the kennel  
and walk a whole bunch  
Maybe they have something more to say  
Though it would be easier if they just talked!

As would it be easier if I talked more too!

Asher Proschansky

# Could Not Keep Up With The Prayer Book

Could not keep up with the prayer book  
Though I bent at the Knees and I shook  
Could not keep up with another language  
Stood up with the others and turned the pages  
But I do know the music spoke to my soul  
And had the effect of making me whole

And if the almighty found a way  
To find me so I don't go astray  
What a wonderful world to create!

Asher Proschansky

# Dawn's Early Light

In the dawn's early light I saw  
The vision of an ancient law  
One that made me very strong  
One that inspired this song!

And in the dawn's early light I saw  
The mosaic of an ancient law  
One that made me see right from wrong  
One that last's a whole life long!

And I don't know what the future will hold  
But I hope we'll be together when we're old  
and I know you put up with a lot from me  
But it will be better you will see!

So dance among and beneath the pine trees  
and enjoy the whisper of a gentle breeze  
And sing of early morning delight  
And keep me near and in your sight!

Asher Proschansky

# Embedded My Clock In A Boomerang

Embedded my clock  
In a boomerang  
Threw it so fast  
From my window  
It traveled space not time  
And gave me a long moment  
to travel the recesses  
The recesses of my mind  
And I found my self on  
A mountain bike trail  
I never traveled before  
Neck deep in rhododendron  
Coming to a plateau  
Plusher, greener than my regular  
Haunts begging to be explored  
The most delicious trail  
Spelling something more  
Then the boomerang  
Came through the back window  
Slammed my head  
Never to find that trail any more

Asher Proschansky



# Emotional Transport

Sorrow took the bus  
to town and met  
Happy at the square  
but Happy was too busy  
so Sorrow went on  
vacation with Solitude  
who though a bit crazy  
was quite a listener, dude  
Sorrow decided to change  
his name and so became  
Relieved, Relieved ran  
a marathon with Happy  
hare, and Sorrow the  
tortoise like snail, Relieved  
was not in the perpetual  
competition between the  
Tortoise and the Hare  
and reflected the scenery  
better to the spectators there

Asher Proschansky

# Empathy For The Inanimate

These shoes have walked with me  
So their soles are thin  
And their uppers worn  
Stitching is ripped  
Shoelaces torn  
Tongues are spent  
Inner Souls unglued

Passing the shoe store  
New shoes are staring  
Out of the display  
looking down at my buddies  
(who look up in dismay)  
looking down with scorn  
Superior in their leathery  
Uppity, their thick ample soles  
resplendent with clean stitching  
and patterned finery

I look down at my buddies  
Who feebly seek approval from me  
Will you still keep us  
Will you still walk with us  
As we've walked with you  
Though mud and sleet  
and rain and hail  
We kept to your feet  
We did not bail  
through job interviews  
and babies born  
and piggy back rides  
and weight gains  
we sacrificed our hides

Well the new shoes I needed  
But the old had to be kept  
Of this much I was sure  
I'd buy the new  
make them subservient to the old

And I would have a small fleet  
of young respectful to the elderly  
All in support of my feet

Asher Proschansky

# Epsilon And Delta: Versus A Romance In Graphic Dimensions

Give me an Epsilon  
I'll give you a Delta  
And if your independent tolerance  
is smaller than delta  
we'll be within Epsilon  
Of Your accommodating Limit

But if you intuitively know  
to what we are tending  
What's the use of over analyzing  
Be graphic in your intentions  
Draw wider arcs than I ever mentioned  
Take me to another dimension  
That I can't get to by myself

Co-sign a legal substitution  
Sign onto a great inspiration  
Be complex in your rotation  
Explain your streamlined notation  
Cleverly translate your functions  
Intrigue me with your questions  
Argue to me of symmetry  
skip the cumbersome twofold nominal &quot;expansions&quot;;  
Spin me around the why of it all  
and then around the axe of my linear reasoning

And in the end teach me humility  
Have faith not in my knowledge and analysis  
But in my willingness to learn from a &quot;student&quot;!

Asher Proschansky

# Fool, Fool, Fool As A Rule

Fool, fool, fool as a rule  
Fool with a knapsack  
Fool eating barbeque

Fool, fool, fool as a rule  
Fool, up on a hill  
Fool finding a clue

Fool, fool, fool as a rule  
dare, dare climb a stair  
stubborn as a mule

Fool, fool, fool as a rule  
fool on a stool  
trying to be cool!

when I climb upon the foolish hill  
I dare the smart ones to be still  
for I sit at the same table  
as those who are much more capable!

Asher Proschansky

# Go Away From My Cubicle Door

Go way from my cubicle door  
and leave at your own chosen speed  
I'm not the programmer you want babe  
I'm not the one you need!

You say you're looking for someone  
who will program and never stall  
who will debug code constantly  
be on deck and at your call

a programmer in your web  
and nothing more! !

well it aint me babe  
no, no, no it aint me babe  
it aint me you're looking for!

Asher Proschansky

# How Does Time Flow?

Does it percolate into the future  
like coffee leaving its grounds behind a filter?  
is it really like the sands of an hour glass  
flowing through its small aperture?  
Can it flow backwards like your memories?  
or be the osmotic flow through a membrane?  
is it water through a funnel shaped screen?  
does its speed slow down or accelerate?  
does it flow relatively slowly when you are going very fast?  
can you catch its essence with a strobe light?  
does its flow give you permission to be deliberate?  
or punish you with a rapid flow when you procrastinate?  
does its flow constitute an unforeseen dimension?  
does it change its nature when you are fleeing a detonated bomb?  
does it slow down or speed up when you are panic stricken?  
well which is it?  
does it flow fast when you are sleeping?  
Is its flow measured consistently even by all time pieces?  
even if you discount the time flow of your perceptions

Well I guess there is more to how time flows then you have time to ponder! So never mind!

Asher Proschansky

# I Don't Care What Fate Brings

I don't care what fate brings  
my soul needs to sing  
may the day and the night bring riches  
I don't care what fate brings

May glee rein in my fears  
may my soul rejoice  
do I really have a choice  
I don't care what fate brings

I'll sing out of my restrictions  
I'll earn your benedictions  
Maybe I'll be a fool  
I don't care what fate brings

may glee rein in my head  
may my musings be joyful  
may the day and the night bring peace  
I don't care what fate brings

Asher Proschansky



# I Don't Want To Go To Bed

I don't want to go to bed, mate  
I don't want to go to bed

So much has been left unsaid, mate  
I don't want to go to bed

Wake me up, if I can't get to my feet, mate  
Promise to wake me up if I fall asleep

So much has been left unsaid, mate  
But I'm falling off my feet

I'm so exhausted, I make no sense, mate  
But I promise to tie it all together

On the morrow you said there'll be time, mate  
but this right now is our time together

There is so much unsaid, mate  
Let's throw out the bed all together!

Asher Proschansky

# I Only Want To Get To Know You!

I set out before your eyes  
I am not a scoundrel in disguise  
I only want to get to know you!

I appear in very plain sight  
I am not a thief who works by night  
I only want to get know you!

You may want to get to know me too  
For I will put much trust in you  
I only want to get to know you!

I might appear within your dream  
With only your permission it can seem  
I only want to get to know you!

Inspire me with your pure soul  
Forgive me if I am being too bold  
I only want to get to know you!

I might on occasion walk by your side  
I will greet you cheerfully and not hide  
I only want to get to know you!

I sometimes walk alone in silence  
Walk beside me, share my reticence  
I only want to get to know you!

I somehow think I met you long before  
But I now forget, please open the door  
I only want to get to know you!

Asher Proschansky

# I Own Quanta

In my house  
The inanimate  
Have a life of their own  
Appearing and exiting  
On A schedule unknown  
I suspect it has  
Something to do with  
Creatures living there  
Whose patterns I also  
Can't fathom though  
Some find them clear

So I play  
the law of averages  
I have enough  
pairs of glasses  
So a pair  
Is statistically  
Bound to appear  
And have many extra  
Pairs of shoes when all  
but one seem to be  
vacationing elsewhere

And as for my socks  
May be they're sunbathing  
In the back yard  
But I've bought enough  
So there is one pair left  
no one thinks to discard

Yes, I can never  
predict where any one  
item will be  
And so I try  
To make my possessions as  
interchangeable  
As they can be

Yet if they do move about  
And have a life of their own  
And living creatures  
They indeed be  
Maybe I should care  
For each particular pair  
And questions its whereabouts  
and its locality  
Maybe I should impose a curfew  
and lights out at eight  
each should have a restricted diet  
and I should screen each date

and G\_D only knows  
How many inanimate  
Souls I have lost  
and not cared to look  
Satisfied with its cousin  
Who hasn't yet flown the coup

A little confused  
and short on rhyme  
my pen fallen from my hand  
waiting for a different pen  
to arrive

Asher Proschansky

# I Prayed

I prayed for my sanity  
Though I was not insane  
I prayed about my vanity  
Though I was not vain  
I prayed for my wealth  
Though I was not poor  
I prayed for my health  
Though I was not ill  
I prayed for good food  
Though I had plenty to eat  
I prayed for warmth  
Though I was not cold  
I prayed for rain  
Though there was no drought  
I prayed for my children  
Though they were doing quite well  
I prayed for guidance  
Though I knew quite well  
I prayed for directions  
Though I had GPS  
I prayed for good works  
When I had plenty

etc. etc. etc.

I prayed and prayed

time to say thank you G\_d

Baruch Hashem!

Asher Proschansky

# If You Don't Remember

If you don't remember  
The hardship of your birth or  
Your struggles or  
Your childhood illnesses or  
Your embarrassing moments or  
Your innocent mistakes or  
Your baggy hand me downs Or  
Your misconceptions or  
Your true character or  
Your trouble keeping up or  
Your limits or  
Your dreams for the good or  
Your hurdles that seemed to high or  
Your family challenges or  
Your chair that was too tall or  
Your calamine lotion or  
Your penicillin or  
Your leg braces or  
Your teeth braces or  
Your scarlet fever or  
Your measles or  
Your hood or  
Your trouble articulating or  
Your pure soul  
and more

Some being does and much more not listed!

Asher Proschansky

# Inspiration

To love  
To wonder  
To pursue  
With imagination  
Anew  
A story  
Unraveled by peers  
Of an afternoon  
Whose conclusion  
Is unknown  
On a path  
That splits  
And splits again  
Doing something  
That calls your name  
And volition  
Allows no refrain  
Because you're inspired  
And duty can't compete  
With raw energy  
The passion  
Of your soul  
The reason  
You wake up  
And can't wait  
To find out  
How things went  
When you could  
No longer  
Stay awake  
And you forget  
Your appearance  
And some affects  
Because no one  
Can reject  
The urgency  
Of your approach  
Or the authentic  
Vision

That makes  
You whole

Asher Proschansky



## Is It Foretold?

I was born  
into the library  
of history  
I am just  
one of the tomes  
so they tell me  
my story has already  
been told  
though I think it's  
only yet  
to unfold  
they can have their say  
but this here  
is my day  
the patterns I weave  
the mischief  
I propose  
the life song  
I'll be singing  
will push them  
into re-thinking

Asher Proschansky

# Is The Night Time The Right Time?

Night came suddenly  
No one remembers why  
The sun was perched high  
and fell from the sky  
The tide lost its reason  
as night had come to stay  
the ocean deposited a table of salt  
on the beaches and the bay  
the sun stepped out from seclusion  
on a private beach in the sand  
using the salt to gain traction  
propping up on the lifeguard stand  
life was to go on in comfort  
life was to go on as planned  
But life was full of salt not sweets  
and never again was so grand

Asher Proschansky

# It Can Not Be Enough!

Day is done  
gone the fun  
hate to quit  
this day  
from where on high  
you sit  
tell me!  
what is enough  
for one day?  
please tell me!  
what could be enough?  
we are given  
this world  
to explore  
and experience  
and we'll be asked  
one question  
when we are through  
have you lived  
life to the fullest  
in the world G\_d has  
given you?

Asher Proschansky

# Looking Back

Looking back on my journey  
I was capable of such beauty  
But I threw it away,  
lost in a maelstrom of greed,  
envy, competition, and fear  
of not making the grade  
now having time to look back  
there is a different  
way to go forward  
but is there enough time?

Yes! ! Thank G\_d

May be the journey was necessary after all!

Asher Proschansky

# Love Is Love

Love is Love  
That delights in imperfections  
rather than in spite of them

Asher Proschansky

# Master Of The Universe

Master of the universe  
King of all I can see  
Your beauty surrounds me  
Wherever I be

I've biked in your mountains  
I've swum in your seas  
I've walked through your deserts  
I've climbed in your trees

May you always be with me  
May your light always shine upon me  
Make me strong as a lion  
Let me always be free!

Asher Proschansky

# Mom's Voice

Mom's voice never changes  
And when we speak on the phone  
She is still lecturing at college  
And trying to get tenure  
I'm a child of five  
When we are in person  
the voice and her face do not match up  
But when we're on the phone  
she advises this 5 year old  
how to rein in my adult  
20 something children  
And it is more comfortable on the phone  
where her voice somehow is immune  
to the ravages of time  
and we can take our former places  
me in my most youthful mind  
and in the grand scheme of nature's felonies  
is this such an awful crime?

Asher Proschansky

# More Than A Dream Within A Dream

After many hours  
On tortured row  
My soul no longer knows  
To ask for sunshine  
Accepting counterfeit light  
From fluorescent bulbs

After many days  
On tortured lane  
My soul no longer knows  
To question my leader's motives  
Accepting orders literally  
Whether that be crude or insane

After many months  
On tortured highway  
My soul no longer knows  
To ask if it's taken a detour  
Traveling mile after mile  
Without knocking on your door

I'm dreaming a dream  
And when I awake  
I'm dreaming another dream  
And I sit next to barren lake  
I don't know I'm dreaming  
Willing this to be true  
But the best I can fabricate  
Is this divorced diminished view

And finally I realize  
and reach out to you  
I beg forgiveness  
asking you be with me

And in the moment I ask  
sunshine streams in  
marching orders make sense



there's warmth on my face  
desolate highway turns into lake  
I splash in cool crisp waters  
surrounded by evergreens

And in this moment  
You haven't turned me away  
Be it seeking not perfection  
your only requirement

Asher Proschansky

# Mountain Biking: Take1

Heavy pedaling  
Dogs Barking  
Buck Passing  
Pine straw dirt road  
Wide enough  
For small car  
Leading  
Uphill from a lake  
Heading nowhere!  
To no other roads  
For miles on end  
Meant to transport  
from boredom  
to wonder  
From ponderous to free  
from soul less  
to spiring

As a child  
I spent hours  
In such lanes  
thinking myself mature  
took off to corporate  
corridors  
until my soul grew fat

Well I'm back  
Can't now be convinced  
of a world more important  
Then the lane to nowhere  
Going everywhere  
The corporate corridor  
A dead end!

Asher Proschansky

# Moving On

Oh wondrous practitioners  
Who ply the same trade  
year in and out  
And never tire  
Would that I be  
Cunning, subtle, and smooth  
Crafty and ultimately purposeful  
As you  
But before I settle down  
I move or am moved around  
On to something new  
And I no long kid myself  
It is not in the cards  
My fate to roam  
And help ignite a new spark  
Whose full fire  
Will warm others, not me,  
who maintain the fire  
And grow it  
Laboring over it as though  
It be an eternal flame  
while I'm being ushered  
quietly out of the circus  
tent's back door and into  
the coldest of nights,  
wondering why and wherein lies  
my next mission,  
searching for it among the stars  
and in the howl of the midnight wind  
and in the faces of established craftsmen  
but lest I deceive you  
I am the nomad  
and the chilling fresh air  
at the circus tent's back door  
is my greatest relief  
a catalyst should not  
get consumed by the reaction  
even if he at times entertains  
wishful but false notions

that he is a necessary ingredient

Asher Proschansky

## Mrs. Gargulio

It seemed that Mrs. Gargulio liked book reports  
We were only in the second grade  
She liked to have lots of them  
We suspected she needed ghost writers  
For possibly a new book of literary critique  
We were not that well read  
And reported on books we had not seen  
Sometimes she wasn't all the wiser  
Maybe she did not take kindly to the books on the list  
Preferring huge tomes herself

Well one day I suffered from a dearth of reports  
I was nervous about going back to school after lunch  
For you see this is when you had to stand up  
And recite your book reports nervously  
My mother seeing I was in a jam and  
quite besides myself lacking a single report  
took me to the park and I watched the birds over head  
as I calmed down, I wrote a report on the one book  
I had in fact read, though many more were required

But another boy, without such a mother, I imagined  
Got called up, with nothing, and threw up on the teacher  
and her stack of critiques  
though some were fake and pre-maturely jaded  
we did not cheer  
but felt a sigh of relief

Asher Proschansky

# Oh My Son!

Oh my son!  
will you leave me  
again this time?  
I had not been  
with you for quite a while  
And though you have  
a different worldly view  
and I fear you are  
in many ways you  
have become a stranger too  
and I fear the world that  
I've past on to you  
and your bold reaction to it  
Oh my son!  
will you not leave me  
again this this time!

Asher Proschansky

# Old And Young

These shoes have walked with me  
So their soles are thin  
And their uppers worn  
Stitching is ripped  
Shoelaces torn  
Tongues are spent  
Inner Souls unglued

Passing the shoe store  
New shoes are staring  
Out of the display  
looking down at my buddies  
(who look up in dismay)  
looking down with scorn  
Superior in their leathery  
Uppityness, their thick ample soles  
resplendent with clean stitching  
and patterned finery

I look down at my buddies  
Who feebly seek approval from me  
Will you still keep us  
Will you still walk with us  
As we've walked with you  
Through mud and sleet  
and rain and hail  
We kept to your feet  
We did not bail  
through job interviews  
and babies born  
and piggy back rides  
and weight gains  
we sacrificed our hides

Well the new shoes I needed  
But the old had to be kept  
Of this much I was sure  
I'd buy the new  
make them subservient to the old

And I would have a small fleet  
of young respectful to the elderly  
All in support of my feet

Asher Proschansky



# Old Man Needing Crutches

An old man still looks young  
And in his mind, life has just begun  
He wishes to run a marathon  
Before the setting of the sun  
He does not care about his weight  
Or the medicines he was prescribed to take  
Or the machine that breathes for him at night  
He thinks if he can just get to his feet  
And sing his song, his feet will move along  
If his youthful song stops  
then only then does he suspect that he might flop  
But his crutches are not out of reach  
his medication, his meditation, his nutrition,  
his ugly CPAP machine  
his walking not running to the finish line  
He might after all have to partner with the divine!

Asher Proschansky

# On The Edge Of Darkness

On edge of darkness  
Rough waters surround closer  
The cloud lifts itself!

Asher Proschansky

# On The Lighter Side

My previously overgrown  
belly  
disappeared  
Magically  
Alas  
My belly  
used to cushion  
my falls  
And  
Help me  
When I bumped  
Into walls  
When I  
would sometimes  
flop  
I'd spin  
On my belly  
Like a top  
Without my belly  
my singing voices  
fails  
I no longer  
roll around  
like great  
big whales  
Though when diving  
I can with ease flip  
my inners seam  
nowhere as hip

My belly  
enhanced  
my stature  
giving my opinion  
weight  
My belly was  
a grand topic  
when I was  
running late

My shout now seems  
to cackle  
My trousers tend to  
fall  
I wake up in  
the middle of the  
night  
with half  
my shadow  
missing from  
the wall

My laugh  
has lost  
the timbre  
of jolly jelly  
No longer having  
the great depths  
of a world class  
belly

I must now  
Within you confide  
there is far too  
little space  
between my sides  
They say it's  
healthy  
not to be  
double wide  
but at least this  
much I'd appreciate  
if you would recognize  
my great big belly  
was really on my sides

Asher Proschansky

## On The Lighter Side # 2 In Picture Format

My previously  
overgrown  
belly  
disappeared  
Magically  
Alas  
My belly  
used to cushion my falls  
And Help me When I bumped  
Into walls When I would sometimes  
flop I'd spin On my belly Like a top  
Without my belly my singing voice fails  
I no longer roll around like great big whales  
Though when diving I can with ease flip my inner-s seem  
nowhere as hip! My belly enhanced my stature  
giving my opinion weight. My belly was  
a grand topic when I was running  
late. My shout now seems to  
cackle. My trousers tend to  
fall. I wake up in the  
middle of the night  
with half my shadow  
missing from the  
wall. My laugh has  
lost the timbre  
of jolly jelly  
No longer having  
the great depths  
of a world class  
belly.  
I must now  
Within you confide  
there is far too  
little space  
between my sides  
They say it's  
healthy not to be  
double wide  
but at least

this much  
I'd appreciate  
if you would  
recognize  
my great big belly  
was really on my side-s

Asher Proschansky

# Persistence

I've beaten brains and brawn  
Smothered scorn  
Outlasted politics  
Cut through dramatics  
Way laid the hypocrite  
stolen back the booty  
from thieves, burglars  
and made men  
beaten the bullies  
shamed the snobs  
escaped the mobs  
got heard in a crowd  
others screamed out loud  
decided when to pounce  
played always to win  
awaiting my time  
with very trained eyes  
no one will pin me to the mat  
or outlast me  
it is as simple as that -persistence that is!

Asher Proschansky

# Playing With A Small Brain Contraption

Playing with a small brain contraption  
Getting overwhelmed in the midst of action  
Thinking the brain bigger than then it's  
Often forgetting - failing the quiz  
Once thought to be a major math cortex  
K-no-w it was in a repeating vortex  
Maybe was a major poet  
K-no-w one who yet found the need quote it!

But beginning to know itself!  
Not so bad!  
Could be much worse!  
Like it!

Asher Proschansky



# Pure O!

I am so afraid  
that I will do something wrong  
a bell continually ringing  
I can't shut off

Ring and ring so more  
paralyzing, off putting  
analytical paralysis  
worry not to hurry  
worry to put off  
the common sense  
that used to rule

driving in my car  
fearing the worst by far  
too close to the curve?  
what if I swerve?  
what if my brakes fail?  
what if a tire is punctured by a nail?  
what if the wind shield cracks?

You've all had these same thoughts  
but your bell rings once  
and then is silenced  
rumination is a bitch  
you are the lucky ones  
it is such a struggle  
when you battle  
the war within  
the theater of war  
between your ears  
the field of your fears!

Asher Proschansky

# Realm Of The Sublime

Knowing no bounds, the soul is free  
just sweet ecstasy  
venture forth, spread cheer  
bring all you love near  
who knew you'd dance  
who knew you'd chance  
the crippled walk  
the deaf hear  
the mute talk  
an unseen force  
sparks dry bones  
there is a window  
to your soul  
when its windexed  
you're whole  
no longer stutter  
when you talk  
no longer look down  
when you walk  
a reggae beat  
stirs your feet  
but it was there all along  
soft melodies waft  
into your dining room  
but they were always  
playing your song  
people seem  
to be welcoming you home  
but think about it  
they never really said good-bye  
and don't question  
you may have lost time  
because wrist watches tick different  
in the realm of the sublime.

Asher Proschansky

# Repairs, Maintenance, Losses, Hedges

There is only one absolute  
So otherwise hedge your bets  
There is no such thing as perfection  
Even the speed of light is not necessarily the fastest  
Build upon your frustrations, losses and failures  
Until your spirit clicks like a well tuned engine  
Even then you will relapse, so do maintenance and repairs  
Be a strong foundation for those flying high  
It will be your turn by and by  
In different ways you can't imagine - why?  
I don't know, don't bother me!

Asher Proschansky

# Resilience

The fig tree  
Started as a baby  
And soon grew  
Long winding branches  
Which took over  
Neighboring trees  
A life force  
Propelled it so strong  
We dared not prune it  
When it then became  
Thick of trunk  
And of branch  
In a season  
Of colossal rain  
Lightning struck  
Its trunk  
Its fallen segments  
We had to sever  
Now we observe  
Green buds and stems  
Magically and luxuriantly  
Bursting forth  
From what appeared to be  
A dead log -  
a sawed off trunk  
And that its roots  
were immense  
And can be seen  
Through the lawn  
It used to shade  
And that this tree  
Will arise furiously  
Once again! !

If such a characteristic  
We could mimic  
Would that we be able  
To arise  
From ashes

From despair  
From seeming defeat  
And tap into a life force  
So great that it bore  
Little relation to  
Altered physical or  
Material dimensions

Asher Proschansky

# Return From The Country Side

There was a dank odor  
When returning from Mohegan  
To the tenement in the Bronx  
Summer was not yet over  
and steam rose from the sidewalk  
to offer me a stunted aroma  
as a fitting substitute for pine, spruce, and oak  
and I couldn't forgive the pavement  
for lacking judgement  
for its crude statement of equivalence  
leaving no doubt who would  
govern the next 10 months  
in its very first offered scent

Asher Proschansky

# Ruminate

Ruminate, ruminare, ruminare  
so you can procrastinate  
Ruminate, Ruminare, Ruminare,  
Until you are late  
Ruminate, ruminare, ruminare  
Convinced it's your fate  
Ruminate, ruminare, ruminare,  
convinced you must wait!

Asher Proschansky

# Seeking The Outside

Seeking the outside  
that is where I'll be  
mother and father  
let me be free

Clinging to your proverbs  
In darkness I followed you  
in winter I sat  
my soul grew fat

Now that I've simplified  
you no longer are deified  
you don't know everything  
But I won't let on!  
Not to worry!

Asher Proschansky



# Send Me A Tune For It

Write me a poem  
Write me a lyric  
Write me a song  
So that my soul might sing

Speak to me of wonder  
Speak to me of joy  
Speak to me of friendship  
That would be a special thing

Take me to the high places, the high places of your soul  
Tell me of the dreams, the dreams that make you whole  
And if then you turn your back  
I will understand  
We are just fleeting spirits  
In an awesome divine plan! !

Asher Proschansky

# Shadow Dog

Shadow dog with her down cast eyes  
Lies flat on her belly, as I walk by  
Not a muscle moves, all paws remain still  
As though enough of human overlords she has had her fill  
Her eyes alone move to size me up  
It is not worth the effort for her to get up!

Asher Proschansky

# Simple Abundance

An extra pair of glasses  
A slice of toasted bread  
An extra pair of gym shorts  
An extra pair of laces  
A devoted friend  
Good health  
Honest work  
Clean water  
Healthy food  
Recreation  
Moderate exercise  
And so little more!

Asher Proschansky

# Slow Down!

Slow down  
Before the world appears to turn fast  
Slow down  
See everything in slow motion  
Slow down  
And take a deliberate breath  
Slow down  
And really listen to those around you  
Slow down  
And things start to make sense  
Slow down  
And you will observe  
Slow down  
when they want you to speed up  
Slow down  
And just pray you are doing enough  
Slow down  
there is more time than you think  
Slow down  
But in your mind and not necessarily your body  
Slow down  
And deliberate your next move  
Slow down  
And contemplate  
Slow down  
And look into the other's face  
Slow down  
And choose your words wisely  
Slow down  
And appear wise silently  
Slow down  
When you're playing speed chess  
Slow down  
And appreciate what you have  
Slow down  
And learn from those around you  
Slow down  
And read micro facial expressions  
Slow down

And hear the timbre of the other's voice  
Slow down  
So as to be understood  
Slow down  
So as not to be running late  
Slow down  
And take one step at a time  
Slow down  
multi task at your own risk and rate  
Slow down  
Before it is too late!

Asher Proschansky

# Soul At Ease

My soul is still now  
It is at ease  
Deep clear water  
With no ripples  
No lack of potential energy  
But Ambition and ego  
Take a backseat for now  
To Harmony and FAMILY  
A deep resonant baritone  
Replaces the extrovert  
the jagged jingler

The frenetic storm  
of the past year's work  
has given away  
to a deeper richer texture  
still capable of entertaining  
But focused inwardly now

Do we book our own passage  
On life's stormy waters  
forgetting the beauty  
of the hearth?

Or do storms find us  
And carry us away  
So that if we survive  
and swim ashore  
Our lives will be richer?

Not knowing  
I will cling to the shore tighter  
the next time  
I will plant more trees on the shore  
To throw my arms around  
And dig my nail into the sand  
Not to be pulled away again

My life is so rich know

Could it get any richer?  
Would extra riches be  
worth any more risks?

But if the choice  
be the seas to carry me away  
Sea be for warned  
I'll beat you once more  
With prose and limericks  
with rhymes and verse  
with jokes and pranks  
with everything short of a curse

And I'll plunder your treasures  
And carry back your charms  
to the sweetest and dearest people around

Signing off for now

the undersigned

prankster  
joker  
extrovert  
gangster

Asher Proschansky

# Spirit That Guides Me

I get up before you  
Spirit that guides me  
Angel who looks down from above  
I was distraught  
I was fearful  
My G\_D what was I thinking of

Well you showed me your leopard  
You showed me your lion  
Your eagle and your deer  
Instead of taking a lesson  
I ran away  
I ran away in fear

Well the lessons were too great  
I did not want to saturate  
there was just so much I could take  
but you just opened my shutters  
flew open my windows  
and shined in your sun  
I forget the terror  
the terror of the evening  
when fear eclipsed the sun

So I get up in the morning  
light as a leopard  
strong as a lion  
swift as a deer  
with the vision of an eagle  
a new dawn has broken

Asher Proschansky



# Squeeze Each Day

How can I squeeze more out of each day?

Shall I wrap it in foil?

Or bring it to a boil?

Shall I sew seeds in the soil?

Or pack it in plastic?

Shall I securely wrap it?

Or build bridges fantastic?

Asher Proschansky

# Stillness - The Simple One

a stillness  
mind in focus  
no double think  
a single thread  
the thinker gone  
the abusive throng  
only a whimper remains  
a prayer arises  
from the simple one  
taking one breath  
one breath at a time  
mind over throng  
is the only  
work that can be done

Asher Proschansky

# Summer's End

The summer was full of bustling crowds  
Of Ferris Wheels and recreation park rides  
Of Handball games and swimming races  
Of Barbecues where we lingered over the fire  
Of Day Camp and color wars  
Of Arts and Crafts and so much more  
But the best time was the week after the labor day races  
When my friends and I had the beach to ourselves  
And the beach still looked trampled on  
And we played our own games and explored aqueduct trails  
And we did not pass the deli but walked right in  
And we confided in each other, and the summer's heat dimmed  
And we learned that the other guy was not so tough  
And we feared the day we would have to go back to school

Asher Proschansky

# Swimming Upstream

Swimming upstream  
Jumping hurdles  
climbing over obstacles  
sleeping soundly  
doing my duty  
taking responsibility  
onboarding calculated risks  
putting the right foot forward  
gaining satisfaction  
peace of mind!

Asher Proschansky

# The Butterfly In The Moon Light

Yeah ye  
I dare not deceive  
I got to where  
My brain couldn't breathe  
As though a piece of data  
or intense logical conundrum  
was stored on each  
and every neuron  
And none were left  
for autonomous neurological function  
not just breath and respiration  
but pulmonary, circulatory  
and digestion  
but a human being  
and not a computer be I  
and so your marching orders  
I might momentarily defy  
and just stare up at  
the moon in the sky  
and seek to commune  
with primitive ancient beings  
who thus plied this sight  
many years ago  
but still live within I  
The moon lit butterfly!

Asher Proschansky

# The Clouds Lift

The clouds lift  
The sea parts  
The birds sing

Up from depression

Asher Proschansky

# The Cookie Jar

The cookie jar was ornate  
Had many multi-colored  
peasant figures  
carved in high relief  
on its wide white curved surface  
with its pumpkin top like cover  
nestled softly over the cookies  
needless to say  
and not to break the mood  
it wasn't fastened on securely  
but rested there comfortably,  
and confidently nevertheless

A child of five  
did not notice all of this  
but knew the cover latch less  
jar held  
a lot of scrumptious  
rolled cinnamon cookies  
And was perched  
On a high cabinet  
but the cousins  
weighed a lot  
and could do with out

The shelves, maybe  
were more like steps  
when pulled out just so  
and after climbing  
a shelf or two  
his confidence grew  
one more step and he  
could but reach the jar  
and grab a handful

but as he reached up for his prizes  
the jar fell, broke into two pieces  
but did not shatter!  
the cover landed and sat safely on the cabinet

Pick up the pieces his older sister shouted  
And glued the jar back together  
It now sits in her house  
with a tan crack on the side  
but the grown up child wonders now why  
it holds no cookies!

Asher Proschansky



# The Left Beyond Child

The child left behind  
The voice never heard  
Orphaned, fatherless,  
autistic or disturbed  
The soul in the wilderness  
Beyond the pale  
Beyond the ram's horn  
the lyre and the flute  
not always young nor old  
not always destitute  
I am confused  
not always hungry  
I seek mother  
I seek father  
Or find a deadly substitute  
unless I see the divine fingerprint  
in the circles  
of the desert sands  
in the waves  
of the oceans  
in the bricks  
of tenements  
in the mountains  
of bike trails  
in the rings of trees  
in the service of  
human kind and in  
a divine spirit  
guiding but never  
calling the child  
by his or given name

Asher Proschansky

# The Mirror

A man of forty five  
looks to the mirror  
a boy of eight looks back  
a hand reaches the medicine  
cabinet but a much smaller hand  
reflects back  
the boy had disappeared  
for a while, the reflection  
became a shell  
Perhaps the boy had fallen  
into the medicine cabinet  
or maybe into a well  
the man tried hard to find him  
searched inside a book  
the boy had always been  
in his soul  
and only of late did the man  
know where to look!

Asher Proschansky

# The Next The Wild Wind Blows

an oriental rug  
flies through the air  
buffeted by the high winds  
keeping depth up there  
a weaver works the rug  
weaving through despair  
adding color, shade and shadow  
to an already rich texture  
the weaver travels the rug  
still working his magic  
catching the spirit of the wind  
laying it down on the fabric

and when the whirlwind calms  
there be a spirit in repose  
and a depth of riches  
the next the wild wind blows

Asher Proschansky

# The Progammer

I'm just a Bronx boy  
Though my story is seldom told  
I've squandered my resistance  
On a pocket full of mumbles  
such are change controls  
all lies and jest  
Till a man programs for himself  
and disregards the rest

lie li lie li li li li li li li lo

Asking only programmers wages  
I go looking for a job  
I get no offers  
just a come on  
from the yentas on Lydig avenue  
I do declare  
There were times  
I had some chicken soup there

Lie li lie li li li li li li li lo

I'm laying out my hexadecimal code  
and wishing you were there  
in the whirring of the server station  
laying low  
going to only those places  
a demented programmer will go

lie li lie li li li li li li li l

In the clearing stands a programmer  
an attorney by his trade  
who carries a reminder  
of every overnight call  
that woke him  
till he cried out

in his anger and his shame  
I am leaving, I am leaving  
But the poet still remains!

Asher Proschansky

# The Soul Is Free

Knowing no bounds, the soul is free  
just sweet ecstasy  
venture forth, spread cheer  
bring all you love near  
who knew you'd dance  
who knew you'd chance  
the crippled walk  
the deaf hear  
the mute talk  
an unseen force  
sparks dry bones  
there is a window  
to your soul  
when its windexed  
you're whole  
no longer stutter  
when you talk  
no longer look down  
when you walk  
a reggae beat  
stirs your feet  
but it was there all along  
soft melodies waft  
into your dining room  
but they were always  
playing your song  
people seem  
to be welcoming you home  
but think about it  
they never really said good-bye  
and don't question  
you may have lost time  
because wrist watches tick different  
in the realm of the sublime.

Asher Proschansky

# The Topology Textbook

glossy covers  
inlaid slides  
affording honor  
and respect  
to the internal  
structure of my mind

a private gymnasium  
for my brain  
a private labyrinth  
for one slightly warped  
but not necessarily insane

how I love the bold print  
announcing a new theorem  
with formality and deference  
giving me concrete evidence  
of a fleeting and sometimes  
tortured formation of my brain

Asher Proschansky

# The Usages Of Soul Pain

The pain knows no exit  
it wishes to vie with me  
like semi-sweet chocolate bitter  
but oddly sweet  
hinting at depths  
otherwise unplumbed  
and incomplete  
There was a time  
a raw nerve pinched  
overwhelmed and paralyzed  
reached for the Novocain  
and it eclipsed the soul  
within my brain

But his irksomeness  
takes a seat of honor now  
as a trusted member  
of my board  
not all directors say yes  
and the glib are merely bored  
like one who mines  
for precious metals and ore  
like one who scrutinizes  
and discerns diamonds  
in the raw  
There is this vex some  
miner's lamp  
within my head  
Guarding me from fall  
I excavate listening  
to this most  
irritating voice  
Sometimes it is silenced  
but its seen in the shadows  
in the mist and in the  
wake of every success  
my loathsome friend  
has now got my ear  
and can no longer



overwhelm me!

Asher Proschansky

# The Vault

Had a crazy friend  
Who had a key to my vault  
Despite my initial reluctance  
I showed this friend the vault's compartments  
Feeling friendly all the while  
But realizing what I'd done  
I grabbed the friend's key  
And located all its copies  
But there were so many  
I could not remember all  
the new hiding places  
and then I turned around  
and looked inside my friend's vault  
for its compartments!

Asher Proschansky

# Theater Of The Mind

Theater

Screen

Projector

In my Mind

Plays

Movies

I choose

You sometimes

Choose

Just to be

kind

Asher Proschansky

# There Is A Thin Line

There is a thin line  
between confidence and fear  
between a hot shower and a warm one  
between success and failure  
between winning and losing  
between losing and breaking even  
between holding on and letting go  
between co-dependency and mutualism  
between hate and love  
between falling down and getting up  
between the sidewalk and the street  
between a pleasant aroma and stench  
between well done and burnt  
between annual and perennial  
between a flower and a weed  
between proactive and passive  
between sleep and wakefulness  
between selfishness and altruism  
between song lyrics and poetry  
between carelessness and vigilance  
between pain and relief  
between healthful exercise and over-exertion  
between dawn and night  
between good-natured and petulant  
between introvert and extrovert  
between indulging and abstaining  
between a circle and a many side embedded polygon  
between a moth and a butterfly  
between a pearl and a fake  
between fresh and sour  
between sweet and bitter  
between enabling and empowering  
between peace and war  
et cetera, et cetera, et cetera

But unfortunately, we have to always walk the line

There is no other choice



# These Shoes

These shoes have walked with me  
So their soles are thin  
And their uppers worn  
Stitching is ripped  
Shoelaces torn  
Tongues are spent  
Inner Souls unglued

Passing the shoe store  
New shoes are staring  
Out of the display  
looking down at my buddies  
(who look up in dismay)  
looking down with scorn  
Superior in their leathery  
Uppitiness, their thick ample soles  
resplendent with clean stitching  
and patterned finery

I look down at my buddies  
Who feebly seek approval from me  
Will you still keep us  
Will you still walk with us  
As we've walked with you  
Through mud and sleet  
and rain and hail  
We kept to your feet  
We did not bail  
through job interviews  
and babies born  
and piggy back rides  
and weight gains  
we sacrificed our hides

Well the new shoes I needed  
But the old had to be kept  
Of this much I was sure  
I'd buy the new  
make them subservient to the old

And I would have a small fleet  
of young respectful to the elderly  
All in support of my feet

Asher Proschansky

# Thunder

Thunder! , Thunderation  
we are the baby boomer generation  
when we play with determination  
we create a great sensational  
Thunder!

Asher Proschansky



# To Be Where It Is Sunny

The sun will shine  
I know not where  
But I want to be  
Standing there

I'm not in control  
It's not my role  
So I will play  
then it will be my day

Things will turn right  
I know not how  
My intentions are good  
I'll be understood

I'd choose the path  
And dictate the pace  
But as a mere human  
It's not my place

I'd take the credit  
And collect the money  
But what I really need  
is to be where it is sunny

Life's been good  
Because of what I've done?  
No - But I am loved  
As a simple child in the sun

Asher Proschansky

# Truth

truth is the pearl  
with surface sometimes dull  
not easily found  
a fake often sold  
but seamless it is smooth  
a piece of space and matter  
concentrically transformed  
until a fixed fractal  
reached and no more debate  
will the pearl deform  
the pearl is found in wonder,  
the pearl is found in love,  
the pearl is found by not  
accepting a fake  
nor treating other seekers  
with scorn.

To find the pearl  
you may go hungry  
or go to sleep confused  
angst you will suffer  
but the pearls once found  
will become a self  
similar strand  
interwoven in your soul

Asher Proschansky

# Twice Down On Either Side Of The Hyphens Or Across The Hyphens And Down

His mind - - is self imposed

Darts - -blinders

Credos - -to follow

Others hold dear-the path of duty

Into spaces- - confining? Do

Others- -put on feed bags

Would- -binding lips

Not- - - seem dumb?

Get Near-A filter

He used- -Cutting all

and eliminated- -ultra violet lighting

a world not viewed on its side- -but does it grant a useful

Show- - consideration to others

with him- - in prevention of

his direct cerebral- - riding

path - -a bee line!

Asher Proschansky

# Unscrutable Conundrums

Yeah ye  
I dare not deceive  
I had gotten to where  
My brain could not breathe  
As though a piece of data  
or intense logical conundrum  
was stored on each  
and every neuron  
And none were left  
for autonomous neurological function  
not just breath via respiration  
but pupillary, circulatory  
and digestion  
but a human being  
and not a computer be I  
and so your marching orders  
I might momentarily defy  
and just stare up at  
the moon in the sky  
and seek to commune  
with primitive primate beings  
who curiously plied the sight  
Of the moon lit butterfly  
many years before  
but still live within I!

Asher Proschansky

# Upward From Depression

Depression is deep winter  
Frost is slow thoughts  
Winter will pass  
As long as snow trodden steps  
Are true  
Fresh paths will emerge in spring  
They always do!

Asher Proschansky

# Upward From The Lake

Heavy pedaling  
Dogs Barking  
Buck Passing  
Pine straw dirt road  
Wide enough  
For small car  
Leading  
Uphill from a lake  
Heading nowhere!  
To no other roads  
For miles on end  
Meant to transport  
from boredom  
to wonder  
From ponderous to free  
from soul less  
to spiring

As a child  
I spent hours  
In such lanes  
thinking myself mature  
took off to corporate  
corridors  
until my soul grew fat

Well I'm back  
Can't now be convinced  
of a world more important  
Then the lane to nowhere  
Going everywhere  
The corporate corridor  
A dead end.

Asher Proschansky

# Walk Alone Cloaked In Silence

I walk alone cloaked in silence  
It is strange how you never know  
That Dreams dreamt while you are sleeping  
Can be the world in which you go

I dreamt a dream and it was fine  
I planted it in the ground  
I watered it and watched it take root  
and let it know it was mine

You may pay me, give me doctors care  
insure me against the fire and the rain  
but you will never own me  
nor the dreams in my brain

So I walk alone but seldom lonely  
I dream dreams and they remain fine  
I nurture them ever so discreetly  
But always treat you kind! a

Asher Proschansky

# Walking By Your Side

I'll walk in the rain by your side  
I'll bask in the warmth of your beautiful soul  
I'll be entranced by your beauty in the moonlight  
I'll do anything to help you understand  
I'll guide you like no one else can  
and I'll sing to you melodies of longing  
I'll walk in your foot steps as you plan  
I'll be with you thick or thin  
I am all too ready to begin!

Asher Proschansky



# When

When everything seems to click into place  
and you leave your worries behind you  
When the wind that howls appears at your back  
and lifts you up like a sail  
When you have been away far too long  
and now everyone is welcoming you back  
When you are at peace with yourself  
and with those you care for and those who care for you  
When you have good work to do  
and it is not too hard but it challenges you nevertheless  
When you recover from illness  
and your whole life and all its possibilities lay before you!

Why then it is WHEN you are blessed!

Asher Proschansky

# When You Are Content With What You Have

You're a rich man  
the world moves in slow motion  
according to your whim  
and everyone wants you in  
you realize they never say good bye  
and you face each challenge with aplomb  
deliberately, forthright fully  
mind fully

your soul is at peace

Because You are content with what have!

Asher Proschansky

# Where Is Home?

The home I know  
is no longer up the hill  
from the lake  
and the woods have now  
over grown the path  
to the lake with ferns and birch  
ivy has almost totally reclaimed  
the disintegrating wooden beams  
that now hardly support the roof

and if you now note a touch  
of sadness in my voice  
you are quite mistaken  
I assure you to the contrary  
For my parents never really owned  
the three acres though  
the registry of deeds makes  
other more boastful claims  
and they never really sold it  
though the county transactions register  
also has other presumptive notions

Those woods gave me something  
just as it now nourishes the vegetation  
over my path to the lake  
not a memory but a fabric  
an intrinsic part of my being  
The home I know is where ever I go!

Asher Proschansky

# Who Cares About Fate?

I don't care what fate brings  
I don't care what fate brings  
It's probable I have today and tonight  
So I don't care what fate brings

I don't care what fate brings  
I don't care what fate brings  
I am so serene tonight and today  
So I don't care what fate brings

May joy reign in the Galilee  
May the Galilee rejoice  
May the day and the night bring peace  
Lift up your voices

Because I don't care what fate brings! '

Asher Proschansky

# Who Shall I Say Is Calling?

Ring, Ring, Ring

'Hello, why do call at such a time? '

&quot;It is just a half past eternity&quot;

&quot;It is just a quarter past modernity&quot;

&quot;An epoch lasts but instantly&quot;

'He is not quite here right now.'

'He is asleep'

'Who should I say is calling? '

'How can he reach you? '

Asher Proschansky

# Who Sits There Before Me?

an angel's face  
sat before me  
was busy  
forgot it was there  
chancing again on it's beauty  
it caught me!  
caught me unaware...  
had the holy one  
on high created an angel  
an angel just for me?  
could this truly be?

Asher Proschansky

# Would You Believe A Novella?

Your life is a novel  
You write each page  
Dirt flies in the window  
Even if your sage  
Gives character to your writing  
You scribble around the soil  
Your pen falters  
But dirt is only a foil!

As you connect the dots  
Your pen soars  
Your spirit uncoils

No one else can write a chapter  
No one else can write the verse  
No one else can write the prose  
Even when life deals the worst

So spread each page  
Widely in front of you  
Boldly write your tale  
If only you keep writing  
you will not fail

Asher Proschansky

# Write Me A Poem

Write me a poem  
Write me a lyric  
Write me a song  
So that my soul might sing!

Speak to me of wonder  
Speak to me of joy  
Speak to me of friendship  
That would be a special thing!

Take me to the high places  
The high places of your soul  
Tell me of the dreams  
The dreams that make you whole!

Then if you turn your back  
I will understand  
We are just fleeting spirits  
In an awesome divine plan!

Asher Proschansky



# Writing Poetry

I write poetry  
With my heart  
with the music of my soul  
it does not matter how well I write  
it just makes me whole!

Asher Proschansky

# Your Novel

Your Life is a novel  
You write each page  
Dirt flies in the window  
Even if your sage  
Gives character to your writing  
You write around the soil  
No one else can write the prose  
No one else can write the verse  
No one else can deal  
When Life deals the worst  
So boldly spread each page  
In front of you  
If you keep writing  
You will not fail

Asher Proschansky

# Yummy!

Feta Cheese

Herring

Lox

Sable

Smoked Whitefish

Capers

egg barley

Thanksgiving blend coffee

Poppy Seed Bagels

Greek Yogurt

Coffee Ice Cream

Yummy!

Asher Proschansky