

Poetry Series

David McLansky
- poems -

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David McLansky(5/24/1944)

I am a Poet/Philosopher

Dying Men

Dying men
Bell the season,
But give no pause
To Nature's treason;
We grow to height
And then decay,
We reproduce
Along the way;
Self-aware
Of other Selves,
We know despair
As love dispels;

When Earth returns,
Its journey run,
And Spring once more
Her magic sprung,
I will be
Dried skin and bones;
My wisdom summed
Upon a stone.

David McLansky

En Route: La Charite Sur Loire (For Christian)

She will not come
Nor will she ever come,
And I will not kid myself
To wait longer;
I will pass on
Looking at the stale countryside
As I go,
And watch the trees turn purple
In the growing shade of night,
And find comfort in the warmth
Inside my jacket;
Things are different
On the road alone,
And maybe better
Because they're simpler;
I only have to manage for one,
Consult one, know one, fulfill one;
Without debate, I climb a fence in France
To seek a bed in a field of wheat;
And by myself
There's no, 'Oh, God, ' sigh;
Just sleep amid the night field life,
And maybe a quick peak at the stars.

David McLansky

☐ Memory Of Isaac Babel

I, alone, now in my craft,
Beyond all care
Of jealous wrath,
Write my thoughts
In perfect rhymes,
As if my readers
All were blind.

David McLansky

☒ Praise Of Older Women

Give me not
Your nubile girls
Experts on the course of life,
Whose baby cheeks
Unshadowed eyes
Bespeak the fact
They've never cried.

Give to me
A love of sorrow
Whose flesh has known
Fear of tomorrow;
Whose hands have shaken
With life's knowledge
Never gained
By years of college.

Give to me
A love whose sated
Scores of lovers
Proved ill-fated,
Grateful for the touch
That brings
The revival of
Youth's fateful Spring.

Give me not
Your heart unbroken,
The n'er betrayed
By words unspoken,
Who never watched
Love walk away,
The unforsworn
On rainy days.

David McLansky

fish Protest

What's all this buzzing in the breeze,
These noisy birds, these humming fleas?
The bursting branches of the woods,
These calling loons, misunderstood;
There's such a screeching in the Spring,
Must every flower loudly ring?
Must lovers murmur on the grass,
Must mallards cackle as they pass?
Oh silent Life in darkened bars!
Oh neon lights, Oh whiskey jars!

David McLansky

Irony Nights

Living in the bubble of her hate
I twist about incredulous of my Fate;
I, who fed on love like breathing air,
Should live imprisoned in this Ogress' lair;

I, who counted sweetest all things gentle:
Refinement, wit, and goodness elemental,
Savoring all that taste and grace do bring,
Should live within this coarse and vulgar ring;

I, a creature bred for temperate weather,
Delighted by the softest feeling pleasure,
Confounded by a hate that poisons souls;
Enduring through the nights as they unfold.

David McLansky

Retour

The bubbling words percolate,
Wondering where I've been of late,
Needing life in their expression,
Muted by my Art's regression;
And thus by Art's necessity,
I deposit my sad history;
Less than what I was before,
More paralyzed but tempered pure.

David McLansky

ight Ledger

To toss upon the sleepless hour
Is to test imagination's power;
But lo, the mind cannot sustain,
Sweet visions fade in weak refrain;
Visions of love in sacred trust,
The sweetest memories - loving lust,
Turn sour and cruel in memory's train,
And cancel joys on balanced pain;
Love keeps a book to hold account,
The joy, the pain, in each amount;
And sums the ledger in the end,
And cancels gains along with friends.

David McLansky

Old Eskimo Afloat

I am an old Eskimo
Set out on the icy flow;
A hunter who no longer sees,
Squatting numbly on his knees;

My bones are dry, of little meat,
For Father Bear, a minor treat;
I, who speared the Great White Bear,
Return his bounty with this poor share;

I couldn't hold the sewing needle;
I've grown too old and weak and feeble;
My pain denied me sleep at night,
I'd sit before the oil lamp light;

In the igloo, by the wall
I'd sit wherever I could crawl;
No teeth to chew the walrus meat,
Too cold to rub my children's feet;

I saw their looks, they looked away;
A chore, a burden on their day:
A cracked and useless narwhale hook,
Resented for the space I took;

I tried to joke and tell of hunts;
They answered with begrudging grunts;
The children soon ignored my presents;
I lived a ghost for all intents;

All I agreed I had to go;
They put me on the early flow;
A little fire set at my feet
To warm me as I fell asleep;

Cracks and groans all about,
A seal sniffed me with his snout;
Had I a club or strength of arm...
He swam away without alarm;

In the fog I wait for death,
The air too cold to take full breath;
I've lived full out my seasoned span;
I see too clear the worth of man.

David McLansky

Eff On Julie's Zodiac Love Date

When you're sitting at a bar
Legs crossed on a stool
Sipping one of those lady drinks
Back erect and cool;
Should a guy slip next to you
And ask you what's your sign
Remember what you learned at school
About Light and Space and Time:
When you look upon a star
It's not really there,
And when he's looking in your eyes
He's focused else somewhere.

David McLansky

Eff On Laurel's Autumn Anniversary

If you should ever leave me,
Leave me when it snows,
When ice is on the evergreens
Glistening, hanging low.

When frost is in the air
And the light is bleak and chill,
Reflecting my despair,
And my broken will;

That I may wander in the flakes
That billow from the sky;
Disappearing for your sake
And as I'm frozen, die.

But you could also leave me
Standing beside the road
In the shimmer of the desert
Beside a desiccated toad

With an empty bottle
Squinting in the sun
As you gunned the throttle
And I too old to run.

David McLansky

Eff On Laurel's Wishing Him Back

Does he appear
Like Richard Gere
So charming
With that sexy leer;
That you'll forget
His smirk,
Disdain,
When your face
Congealed
In so much pain?

David McLansky

Eff On Olive Oil's Old Love

An old veteran in love's wars,
Bruised and battered,
My heart still sore;
My joints all creaking,
Blind as a bat,
And old campaigner,
Pelted and wracked;
Short of breath,
With limbs that shake,
My mind adrift
Not fully awake;
And yet I hear
Love's distant call,
A lilting tune
That does enthrall;
Slowly I rise,
Love's Knight adept,
And swagger forward
Like Johnny Depp.

David McLansky

Riff On Pj's Riff On Jsyn's Poem

He sat in his old rusting truck
Feeling his age, and out of luck;
To his daughter-in-law
An impossible burden
No longer allowed
To get a word in;
The revolver that he got
In the Korean war
Laying on the seat beside him;
The knobby hill
Such a tranquil spot
To shoot himself and die in;
He lit his final cigarette
And sucked the rich smoke down:
An old man who had few regrets;
And no reason to hang around.

David McLansky

Eff On Princess Julie

Princess Julie's Ransom Note

My oil Sheik
Omar Shariff
Drove me in his jeep
To Al-Kaliq;

I am Princess
Number five
On camel milk
I survive;

I think he's tired
Of me now;
He'll trade me for
A goat or cow.

Behind those velvet eyes
Was someone barmy;
Learning Arabic;
Send the U.S. Army

David McLansky

Eff On Woman Of Poems A Lofty Man Of Intellect

And I thought you loved me for my mind!
The sweetest fruit is not the rind;
That's the reason I went to college;
I've packed my mind with lofty knowledge;
And now you say that I'm affected,
It's not a fault that I've detected;
A man is more than just a body,
Unless of course you want John Gotti.

David McLansky

Eff On Eileen's Mighty Insect

Oh horrid horrid humans!
Quickly run and hide!
All soft and fleshy creatures
With their outside bones inside;

They lack a noble carapace
And move on just two limbs
The're soft and mushy faced
Lacking mandibles and wings;

Be glad you're born an insect
And not a human being
For humans have no respect
For creatures that are peeing.

David McLansky

Said The Gypsy To The Shepherd Maid (Part II)

The gypsy-poet was crushed in heart
That he should wound with loving dart,
A pretty, lonely, lovely thing
To whom with love he tried to sing.

He bit his tongue so not to speak,
He scanned her prison mountain peaks;
He saw their snow-capped icy crowns;
He stumbled as he turned around;

They lay beside a mountain stream;
Upon her lips he spread a cream;
He washed and combed her thistled hair;
He rubbed her feet with tender care;

He gave to her a silver ring,
And on the bank to her did sing;
Silly songs of mountain goats;
And as he sang he kissed her throat;

They naked stepped into the stream,
He called her not his Fairy Queen;
He told her not of her beauty,
Remembering a lover's duty;

Into the sparkling stream they stepped,
Stumbling, laughing, getting wet;
Her beauty stunned his aching sight;
He squeezed her hand a bit too tight;

They frolicked in the sun and water,
She laughed and teased until he caught her;
They lay upon the moss green bank,
And there they loved both sweet and frank;

He dressed her in her mountain rags;
He pulled a scarf out of his bag;
He tied it on her laughing head,
And not a word by either said.

He left her on the mountain trail;
She ran and waved from hill and dale;
The silence of the valleys rung
With all the songs he might have sung!

David McLansky

Soul Mates

The single soul is not complete;
Its counterpart it must meet
For life to be truly sweet;
Alone we live as in defeat.

And yet such love is truly rare;
We stumble 'bout in vain despair;
The knowledge that no one cares
Confounds our faith that life is fair.

Our fantasies subvert our reason;
Our selves collude in our own treason;
Our hearts betrayed endure new lesions,
Our certainties lose their cohesion.

How surprised was I as I've endured
That faith in love can be restored;
My counterpart walked through my door
Bearing gifts of love's sweet cure.

David McLansky

Stalking The Wild Giraffe

While walking on
A Bronx Zoo path
I stumbled on
Three tall giraffes,
Heads above me
As I pass
Indifferent to me
On the grass;
But had I been
A diplodocus
They would have had
A different focus
Even on their stilted legs
They would have shifted
Maybe fled;
But had I been
A stalking raptor
Conniving in their
Fatal capture,
I would have ripped
Their scrawny necks
Dripping blood in
Gouts and flecks
But I a hunter
In suspension
Walk beneath
Their condescension
Arousing not
The slightest fear;
Even as I edge quite near;
I raise a candy bar on high
And watch three heads
Dip from the sky.

David McLansky

The Power Elite

First you must
Betray your friends
To show you're loyal
To their ends;
Then accept their scornful laugh
As puppet in their evil craft;
For power is their mighty Lord,
And you must kiss its shameless sword;
But most of all, 'Do what you're told, '
To profit from your sale of soul.

David McLansky

☞ Your Words I Add Wtih Zest

To your words I add wtih zest
Supporting fully your request,
We the writers, artists, hacks,
Yearn for comments and feedback,
A simple word, a kindly phrase,
It needn't be exalting praise,
It can even be a critique attack,
Reveling in our talent's lack.
Just don't say anything about my mother;
They're very sensitive, my mobbed-up brothers.

David McLansky

(15) The White Ship

(15) Phone in the Bar

Twice from the bar
She used the phone
Twice to call
Her mother, home,
Twice to say
She would be late,
Twice she had
A long debate;
I watched you through
The crowded room,
Between the heads,
The smoke and gloom,
You lost your poise
Your polished air
You seemed to argue
From despair;
Twenty-eight,
Five hours late,
And still
To justify a date.

David McLansky

(19) The White Ship

(19) Second Meeting

When beauty turns its head with favor
Heightening every sense to savor
Then touch and sight and smells and sighs
Yield every pleasure they devise.

I left the bank at lunch hour noon
To rush up to your Reading Room
I found you watching from your desk
That someone marked as their behest

Oh bird of love swift on your guard
You watched me running through the yard
The sun was glinting on the glass
You checking everyone who passed.

Your shameless joy at second meeting
Your brazen smile at second greeting
Gave this heart such surge of joy
It charmed far more than being coy.

David McLansky

1933

Whenever fierce insanity,
Tireless in its vanity,
Assumes the stage and leads the band,
It's time to go to Switzerland.

David McLansky

1941

My cousin, Hartmut, God curse his soul,
Got me in this stinking hole,
Guarding prisoners in the Camp
Who smell of shit and mud and damp;
These stubborn, sullen, dirty slobs
Who drag and do a half-assed job;
Their vicious fights for dirty rags,
Their scheming over half-smoked fags;
Their rotting smiles as they beg to please
When you knock them on their bony knees;
I hate this duty, this boring tour;
Oh to guard the Italian shore:
A sunny beach in the bright fresh air,
Not this latrine, this grim despair;
Here comes Lansky, the Russian Jew,
All bones and eyes, he smells my stew

David McLansky

9/11

They told us all 'to just stay put, '
Breathing ashes and blackened soot,
'Put a towel against the door, '
'Wet it first, put it on the floor; '
'The Firemen were on the way, '
That's what 911 said that day;
But I've always had an ornery streak,
When told to obey and to be meek,
We were told to wait in that fiery din;
'Be patient, the firemen were coming in; '
But I rebelled; I could not sit still,
I would not cling to the windowsill,
I was tired of always following orders,
I had to think of my two daughters;
So for once I dared to rebel
To exit from that burning hell;
As in the fires of Serengeti,
In whirling smoke and wild confetti,
I held a towel to my face,
A savage in a human race;
Through the choking smoke and fire
Stumbling in the twisting gyre,
Blindly, pushing, through the smell
I made it to the South stairwell;
I joined a mob of screams and cries,
Of burnt white shirts and silken ties;
Of torn pants suits and sooted skirts,
The stairway lights flashing on alert;
Rebels all we descended
Heedless of whom we offended;
In the crowd a woman fell,
Who she was I could not tell,
Yet I stopped to help her up,
How odd she held a coffee cup;
Down and down we stumbled down,
A woman wore a wedding gown,
In the stink and smoke and fire,
Careless of our ruined attire,
We stumbled downward in our haste,

Our only thought to escape;
We met the firemen coming up,
Our downward flow slowed abrupt;
We let them pass, they let us pass,
Above we heard a roaring crash;
From above fell chunks of debris,
We ran downward one thought to flee;
But the firemen shoved us to run up,
Anger flared, some were cuffed;
We pushed downward amid the screams
We heard the wail of police sirens;
And suddenly I was in the lobby,
My knees were shaken, my steps were wobbly;
I was led away cut and bruised,
I realized I had lost my shoes;
I staggered barefoot up the street,
In a rain of paper sheets;
Whose files these were I didn't know,
But they all came down like scattered snow;
I was ushered on by waving cops,
'Head North! ' they shouted, I didn't stop
I saw a priest give a man extreme unction,
In the middle of a cross street junction;
I was alive, I had rebelled,
I walked Northward from that evil smell.

David McLansky

A Riff On Kevin East's Fine Poem: Morris Minor

Young man I do appreciate your kindness at the curb,

So good of you to aid me there without a pleading word;

The indignity of growing old: you become once more a child,

You lack a strong commanding voice, you get by on a smile;

You grow so weak a curb becomes a problematic trial;

You move to lift a feeble leg, an inch becomes a mile;

So thank you for the guiding hand, I practically am blind;

Do you need a lift somewhere, driving clears my mind.

David McLansky

A Bard Limp Stands

A Bard limp stands
Before the sea,
Resplendent in its majesty,
And envies it, this endless ocean,
Its restless strength
Its ceaseless motion;

Threadbare in his journeyed clothes,
Haggard by the things he knows;
Sunshine stillness in the air
His wisdom mute from woe and care;

His eye casts back upon the path
His journey now at struggling last;
Exhausted, dusted by the road
His little pack a burning load.

His many songs on maidens lips;
His merry jests, his joyful quips,
Still spoken of in taverns round
Which others might have written down.

The Bard leans heavy on his stick,
His dancing feet no longer quick;
His grizzled beard a shaggy gray,
The ocean speckled in the bay;

The fractured sunlight splits the bay
The shattered sunlight on town and quay
Inviting him to descend the ridge
And cross the ancient stonework bridge.

His cap is stuck with turf and hay
His coat in strips wild flaps and flays;
The wind whips up within the bay
And gently chides him on his way;

With coming night, he seeks a field,
A tight stone wall, a good wind shield

Or better yet, a farmer's hearth,
To warm him as he plays his harp.

There is a tree below a road
Where once he camped, unpacked his load;
A peaceful spot by bridge and stream,
Where once he had such youthful dreams

David McLansky

A Cry For Motherland: A Suggestion To Bolami Lawal

A Cry For Motherland
A suggestion
To Bolami lawal

A different world is out there
None like you've ever known,
A jungle of arms and spears
A life twixt hell and moans;
A siege of death has tamed the strong
Men live only in silent hope
"Unity" is a word that's wrong
"Freedom" ends on a dangling rope;
A different world is out there,
A life of misery, pain, and fear,
Hardship strains our voices,
Blood has stained our tears;
If the earth could utter just one cry,
For our blood soaked motherland,
"Why must our children die,
Killed with guns, bare knives, and hands.

David McLansky

A Dried Rose

I watch my Mentor weep
His hooded eyes fight the urge to sleep;
And yet they question him
To make him speak;
They chide him, as he hobbles weak.

Once his voice was clear and strong
He bristled at the slightest wrong;
He ruled a King firm upon his throne;
He whispers now, he grunts, he groans.

I know it' s hard to accept
That his keen mind is not so adept; ;
Oh his dancing thoughts are out of step,
He struggles as if he's out of breath

His shoulders pinch to support his head
His eyes ten thousand books have read
Where is the wisdom he so merrily absorbed
As he navigates through narrowed doors;

Allow this old giant his repose;
As he shrinks, take in his clothes;
Trim his nails and clip his toes'
Oh where is the majesty of a dried rose

David McLansky

A Good Thing?

While sautéing shallots in your omelet pan,
Sprayed first with canola Pam,
I learned that you had a one-night stand,
Did you use a condom made of lamb?

In the same report I sadly learned,
As I added quail eggs and salted ham,
That you admitted to having sex texted,
What were the rituals you requested?

At a ménage a trios you demurred
It was an error you inferred
Did K-Mart's Queen of haute cuisine
Baste with butter Paula Deen?

David McLansky

A Lovers Request

I asked my love to halt on her hurried path;
In transit from the shower to her room; '
To pause there naked in the
Hallway's shadowed gloom
And drop the modest towel of her bath.

David McLansky

A Memory Of Miss Elly Funky Boots

Funky Boots are not smelly,
A misnomer from our Elly;
But she wears them all the time,
Which becomes to me a social crime;
Klutzy boots within the bed,
She kicks me often in the head,
As she changes sex positions,
Once I needed a physician;
She peaks out from the shower curtain,
An invitation I am certain,
The water from the shower head,
Blinds me till I'm seeing red,
And then she kicks me in the shins,
With her boots of Zebra skins;
Then she steps down with her heel,
I open up my mouth to squeal,
But there's water in my throat,
I start to wheeze, and spitting, choke;
I thought of dripping wet romance,
Before she did her bath tub dance;
My heart is broken with my toes,
It's risky sex I suppose,
I will now quote you my Podiatrist,
"One of you needs a Psychiatrist."

David McLansky

A Modest Proposal To The British

I hear you have a Prince named Harry,
And that he thinks it's time to marry,
Might I suggest our Queen Elaine,
A young widow from the State of Maine;

For beauty she's beyond compare
She's has her own clan underwear
She's regal in her flannel nightgown
She's a madcap in a tartan town
She's a maid who'se sown her Scottish oats
She's not a witch, She's been seen to float;
She has a home in Medicine Hat
A palace built by a lumberjack

David McLansky

A Poem Dedicated To Caleb Brennan

There we stood in Limerick town
In some back street and turned around,
Having just come from Mrs. Coffee B&B,
Searching for a road we didn't see.

I was young and free of pain
With a girl in love again
We carried lightly our heavy packs
Sleeping bags atop, rolled and stacked;

When I asked a lad, 'Which way to Dingle? '
He answered in a way that made me tingle,
'I haven't a clue, ' pondering, he said,
A polite lad, courteous, well-bred.

I hadn't heard this phrase before;
What a clever thing he said for sure;
I felt right then in Ireland
Where even a child could speak so grand.

David McLansky

A Poet's Lament

If only poems paid the rent,
When the rent was due;
I'd pay six months in advance,
And have my lease renewed;

If only poems paid the bill
Slipped on the restaurant table;
I'd tip the waiter, overpay,
Like Cary did with Grable.

If only poems assured ones love
Like furs and gold and pearls,
I'd scatter sonnets at the feet
Of my one and only girl.

If only poems halted Time
And stilled its sad decay
I'd pin a poem on his sycthe
And send him on his way.

But poems don't pay the rent
Or exchange for a pan fried cutlet
And girls and Time won't give a dime
For an iambic rhyming couplet.

David McLansky

A Proposal To Valerie Dohren

Would you mind
If I made love to you
My wife is still asleep
I just fluffed her covers up
And tucked them round her feet;

As a Poet
I need to love
The early morning's boring
And though she is my turtle dove
I need distraction from her snoring.

I need to joust with pen and thought
Aroused by passions feast,
Can you be a wordsmith sought
I can be discreet.

Let me love you with my words
Across this prudent net
Exchanging vows and ardent sighs
Without getting you upset,

I rise early, like the morning lark
While she's a true night owl,
I fall asleep when it gets dark
At night, she's on the prowl.

In the day we are like two love birds
Exchanging seed from beak to beak
But in the morning I need words,
Someone to whom I can speak;

In the early morn I chanced upon
Your appeal for dreamy love
You sound like someone of whom I could be fond,
An internet ardent dove.

What dream like Art
Could he created

In the play of love
Never sated.

David McLansky

A Raptor Christmas

Before pinning down
Their breakfast treat,
Raptors always
Wash their feet;
Mankind 's best
When served still young,
Stuffed into a sugar bun;
Especially when reared on corn;
A toothsome treat: the just new born,
Roasted on a charcol grill,
Having just been freshly killed.

This year the table was abuzz
How Xmas almost wasn't was;
A clever raptor scientist
Had said a comet had just missed;
Only insects would have survived
So this Einstein theorized;
A nasty hiss went round the table;
Such a gruesome ill-timed fable.

David McLansky

A Riff On A Room With A View

As a trusting tourist
I naively dwell
In an antique room
That's a deafening hell,
What is that gong
That clanging bell
That shakes the walls
Of my tiny cell?
I open wide the window shutters,
I feel my brain
Being churned to butter;
There stands across
The busy street
A church bell tower
Of a hundred feet;
In the distance
I see the ocean,
The street below
Is filled with motion,
I see the hordes
Of summoned people
I hear the clanging
Of the steeple
I could reach out and touch
Those stones,
I plug my ears
And loudly moan;
What was advertised
As an idyllic spot,
An ancient room
Above a parking lot
With a breathless view
Of the harbor town
Which cobbled streets
Snake around;
Is a torture chamber
From Dante's Inferno;
I should have stayed on
In Salerno.

David McLansky

A Riff On Adam Latham's Fine Poem, The Craft

The flickering of the candlelight
Casts shadows on the mirrored night,
And beckons faces from my past,
Of long lost loves that didn't last;
An old acquaintance from long ago
Shimmers in a yellow glow;
But fades, disperses when a draft
Blows gently as I work my craft.

David McLansky

A Riff On Cheyl Love's Pink Toothbrush

I feel guilt that I've abandoned you
For a new electric brush
That rotates as it jiggers through
The toothpaste turned to slush;
It agitates the bristles
Against both tooth and gum
The stick-like old-fashioned brush
Isn't half the fun;
And when I'm in the bathtub
With my lady fair,
I use it to gently rub
Her matted pubic hair

David McLansky

A Riff On Colleen Courtney's 'A Witch's Grave'

I searched the headstones for my Mary
Who Death decided to take so early;
When I chanced upon
A bush of thorns
Sharp pricker spikes
Two inches long;
Within the thicket
The tangled web
Stood the stone
Of unnamed dead
I asked the keeper
Who kept the grounds
Why he did not cut
The thicket down;
He eyed me with a mocking leer,
His lips betrayed a sense of fear;
He whispered low, a throaty sound
He hung his head while looking round,

'I've tried to cut the brambles down,
I've hewed the branches near the ground
I broke three blades of my saw,
I clipped the needles that stabbed and tore
My shirt and flesh, my dungerees,
As I bent low, squatting on my knees.
But as I labored to cut and trim
It sprouted spikes, I couldn't win;
And then I espied what was writ
As I bent low and strained to twist,
The epitaph carved in stone;
I read it with a silent moan;
Here lies the body of a witch
Hung and burnt,
In bubbling pitch,
She cursed us as the flames grew higher
Writhing in the burning fire;
Her charred bones are buried here,
In a leaded coffin bier,
These briars encase her

Burnt remains,
Yet she seeks a mortal frame;
Do not cut these prickly vines
Which snake about her tomb and climb;
Do not trim or deracinate
These tangled briars that seal her fate;
This bitter wood entombs her will
Which still seeks vengeance
As it always will.'

His eyes stood round and big as quarters,
He stammered and made this final offer,
'I am afraid I carved a path
Of escape for her evil and her wrath;
Two deacons in the village died
Just yesterday, to our surprise;
They were healthy men
Still in their prime;
I've opened up a path to crime.'

David McLansky

A Riff On David Wood's Daffodils

Daffodils bob on the hill,
The wind maintains its' winter chill,
It turns their yellow heads to brown
And bends them early to the ground;

The tulips with a stronger will
Replace the drooping daffodils,
With florid heads they burst their buds
While daffodils lay in the mud;

Each flower reigns within its time
And from its glory then declines
And I a man of weathered reason
Stoop knowing I live out of season.

David McLansky

A Riff On David Wood's To Love Or Not To Love Sonnet Xi

Why must you treat me like the Dane,
Hamlet full of doubts,
You urge me on, you turn me off
I don't know what you're about;
I'd like to copulate with you
And thrust you deep within
And ride you like a prize of war,
Your scream above the din;
To take you in an act of pillage
A Viking on the beach
As I ransack your farming village
And plow you as you screech;
I'd like to take you without choice,
You beating on my chest,
Your fallen man beside us bleeding,
As I wildly bit your breasts
There'd be no pleading argument,
I wouldn't have to beg,
My full weight pressing down on you
As I pried and wedged your legs.
I'd plant my silver seed in you
Quenching my desire,
And pass you to my Viking friends
As we set your huts on fire..

David McLansky

A Riff On Diane Hines Fine Rondeau

I love a tree's
Rich canopy
It's leaves and branches
Shelter me
The rain comes down
It makes me shiver
And then the bowman
Draws from his quiver
A hardened arrow
Of sanded ash
To pierce my heart,
I see it flash;
It's understood
He knows his craft.
He quick takes aim
Let's fly his arrow
Which punches deep
Deep in my marrow,
Crushing feathers
Wing and bone,
So far below
He hears not my moan
Now flight like life
Is all in vain
My blood is
Dripping
With the rain
I rock upon my tiny perch
I who mocked the heavy earth
I topple from my sacred limb
The light turns grey
I start to spin
To the earth
I fall, I thud,
My scarlet feathers mixed with mud

David McLansky

A Riff On Dilip Chitre's In The Midnight Bakery

At midnight in the white tiled store
I kneed the dough, my knuckles sore,
I remember the singers of my youth
And pretty Asmir's sparkling truth;

I drink a beer to pass the time,
And wish it some exotic wine,
I eat fried livers from a cold plate
And wonder at the paths of Fate.

All my friends gone to the Gulf
To steal a pinch of sandy wealth,
The wife of Pathan who lives next door,
Is bored and tries to play the whore;

I say "Sainted Sister, seek someone else,
I set my biscuits on the shelf,
The breads exhale a sweet bouquet,
Pure virgin loaves set on display.

David McLansky

A Riff On Gajanan Mishra 'I Know A Bird..'

I know a bird that sings and tweets
From a tree high on my street,
Every morning, every evening,
I hear it's loud and mournful keening.
"I'm hungry, can you spare some seed,
I've grown so driven in my need;
Can you spare a drop of water?
I'm on my way across your border.
My aspiration: to range far
Across the heavens towards the stars;
A bit of seed and I'll be gone,
I will include you in my song.

David McLansky

A Riff On Gajanan Mishra's In Prison

You have put me in
This prison hell
At your whimsy
Here to dwell,
Not certain of
My discharge date;
I'm free to pace
Or sit and wait;
I live at the humor
Of my guards,
I spend a hour
In the yard,
There I see
A patch of sky,
The stars at night
I am denied;
I've checked the cracks
in the walls,
I turn my back
When dinner's called.
Facing away from
The Judas slot,
The food a mix
Of starch and slop;
Jail gives me time
To concentrate
On the hands of Time
On the chains of Fate;
I grow old
In this prison cell,
What is my crime
She will not tell.

David McLansky

A Riff On Gajanan Mishra's I Have All Ready Answered

gajanan mishra

On the reality of life
I have much pondered,
On its course of strife
On horseback wandered;
What I have seen
Is mostly white and black,
Even off
The beaten track,
I have sauntered,
In the shadows
Of the birds in trees in flight;
Briefly, so briefly
Is our colored sight,
I am a poet,
Wandering the night;
I am a searcher
Of the light:
That is why
I write

David McLansky

A Riff On Heather P. Wilson's So Little

Kay

A spoken word of kindness
Smooths her wrinkled brow
She in partial blindness
With lightness steps somehow;

She hobbles down the hallway
To let her neighbors in
Eying carefully the floor way
Old teeth in rotted grin

On the coffee table
She's laid out chocolate treats
Her arms and legs disabled
Dark purple her bare feet

The kindness of her neighbors
Relieves her imprisoned grief
Once more she lively savors,
Once more her life is sweet.

David McLansky

A Riff On Indranil Bhaduri's Poem "savior"

Zombies flailing in the sky
Floating in the twisting gyre
Glaring with a devouring eye
Stumbling as they hungry rise;

The world seizes on this metaphor,
The world in chaos, smoking doors,
Windows smashed, stained blood and gore,
Guns rattling on the distant shore.

Hordes of dead men grunt and shout
Wave their arms while reaching out
Staggering as they move about
Glory in the final rout.

Mankind in his final stand
Hordes of strangers forming bands
To fight against the monster foe
Shooting Zombies as they go.

Wild chaos running in the street
Dead cannibals eating all they meet;
Broken glass beneath their feet
Civil order in defeat.

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Civil order in defeat.

David McLansky

A Riff On Itau Oscar's Early Morning

Early morning

I climbed the mountain tract
Stepping over the wet dew earth
My eyes ahead, not looking back;

The sun a burning orb
Lifted its orange lamp
The rocks and trees absorbed
The air of liquid damp;

I spread my out-stretched arms
To the valley that lay before
Overwhelmed by Nature's charm.
Feeling somehow reassured.

Give me this day, my daily bread,
And I will step where no foot has tread,
Shining smiles on all I meet
I sniff the air, the air smells sweet.

David McLansky

A Riff On Jack Growden's Driftwood At Sunset

A sanded piece of driftwood
Marooned upon the shore
Once a mighty redwood,
Flotsam, now, no more.

The wind and rain will blast you
In your towering height and pride
Batter down and cast you,
Until you're lying on your side.

Worms and slugs and mushrooms
Will feed upon your hide
An ocean wave may drag you
Out with the rushing tide.

The ocean salt will scour you
And strip your of your bark,
You may be tossed on land again
By a wild wave after dark;

A lover may gather you
To feed his romantic fire
In flickering firelight on the beach
To ashes you'll expire.

But know that in the universe
Nothing is lost or gained
The grandeur of what you once were
Shall always with me remain

David McLansky

A Riff On Jonathon Robin's Time And Tide

It's bad enough that mystery
Haunts us without history;
You say that we two loved before,
I a sailor, you a whore;

The brothel was so flea infested,
Your body odor my ardor tested;
We lay on a mat upon the floor,
The bouncer stood beyond the door;

You screamed with pleasure and delight;
Your groans alarmed, you squeezed me tight;
The bouncer barged into the room,
He interrupted bride and groom,

Checking whether you were hurt,
You cursed him as we rolled in dirt,
A beetle ran between your breasts,
I pulled a coin from out my vest.

After that exhausting ride,
How gladly I shipped with the tide;
Glad to see the docks retreat,
Not knowing I was then poxed meat.

A hundred years have since slipped by,
You look at me with laughing eyes,
You chided me, I didn't write,
You ask me if I would spend the night;

You now live on 23rd and Lex;
You rub my leg and stir my sex;
I was a fool in our past life,
Should we recouple, my timeless wife?

A Wise man learns from the past,
I still itch, I have a rash;
I think I'll just pass down the bar,

My prostate still has twitching scars,

The STD's of prior lives

Somehow manage to survive

Helping us avoid mistakes

With reborn bawds and famliar rakes

David McLansky

A Riff On Kevin East's Fine Poem: The Room

The paintings on the wall
Were witness to it all:
Two lovers
So enthralled
As we mounted, cried, and called;
The empty chairs in the hall
Quietly recall,
How they held us
In their arms;
Burdened
By our doubled charms;
The chandelier,
Gently swayed
When we danced
As on parade,
Regal with romance.
Naked in a trance,
Before the audience of books,
Who watched
With sullen looks,
We were intimate before friends
Who knew Time would put an end;
Too polite to say a word,
All their wisdom, mute, unheard;
For eventually, we both left,
The furnishings stood bereft;
The clock on the mantle piece,
Stopped ticking with relief;
A sunny corner room,
On a silent afternoon.

David McLansky

A Riff On Noreen Carden's 'souls On The Shore'

I ambled with my silent lover
On the beach beneath the cover
Of the dark low hanging clouds
As if in the sky there hung a shroud;

Palm to palm we walked the sand
As the waves rolled in as bands
Their dark crests o'er topped and breaking
In their relentless undertaking.

I glanced at my love and chanced a smile
She returned my gaze without craft or guile;
Two doomed lovers on he beach
Complete happiness just out of reach.

For we are crippled by disease
We do not move with strident ease
We labor as we grind the sand
An old woman hobbles beside her man.

Yet as we pause from our labors
The salt sea air we breathe in and savor,
I brush a strand from off your cheek
My love acknowledged in wordless speech.

We twist and struggle along the dunes
Our goal to return to our small room;
Chilled by the damp and stabbing wind,
Nature now cruel, a forgotten friend.

David McLansky

A Riff On Pradip Chattopadhyay's Fine Poem 'Gateman.'

Open the door, old gateman,
Open your garden to me;
Your wrought iron black spear points,
Deny me shared ecstasy.

I've thrown a ball through your grates
Just to win entry.
I want to see all your flowers,
The roses, the pink peony.

How strange to walk in the city
To be halted, locked out by a gate;
To see a sign that says, "Private."
To realize my life doesn't rate.

Oh quiet glade in the city
A refuge secured, evergreen,
With pathways that snake around bushes
That serve as a privacy screen.

Oh Open your door, old gateman,
Allow me this bucolic scene;
I want to test all your benches,
And lose myself in your dream.

David McLansky

A Riff On Stuart Fruzer's Death Comes Knocking

Death knocked on my door last night,
I opened up the door,
I sighing to exhale my fright,
'Is it me you're looking for? '

I confessed my sins
And welcomed him
And bid him please step in,
He checked his list
In bony fist;
(His eyes so hard and grim.)

I sighed to leave
This mortal life
For death's eternal shore;
I eyed the summons,
Said, 'I ain't coming;
You meant the guy next door.'

That night I went out to a bar
And brought a woman home;
I locked the door and shut the drapes
And then unplugged the phone.

David McLansky

A Riff On The Umbrella Lady's Thorny Valentine

Riff on The Umbrella Lady's Thorny Valentine

Just because I'm old
(My skin is rough)
And because my flesh is coarse and cold
(My skin will slough)
Laying next to you
My naked find
Doesn't mean I feel less
Spooning your behind;

My dry calloused hand
On your soft breast,
Marveling at its weight
At its heft,
Doesn't mean
Because my bones are old,
That I lack a certain ardor
As I swimmingly enfold;

You're such a blessing
My thorny Valentine
A gift over which I'm obsessing
Oh, horny youth divine;
Come while my erection
Is still stout
Guide it with your hand,
Make it sprout.

David McLansky

A Riff On Yor's Erato

Never take a Muse as lover
They lay still beneath the covers
They surely stiffen at your touch
They do not like the body much;

They prefer to be cerebral
Their bodies boney and quite feeble;
Approach her with a reverent mind,
And don't pat her on bare behind

David McLansky

A Soldier's Prayer

Do not let my thoughts turn that way
That on this hot oppressive day
Where blood is blasted in the streets
Where men I've loved are bloodied meat;
Their hammered breaths on parched caked lips
Their brown stained crusted finger tips
Have lost their play and all for naught
The standng asking why we fought?
Honor red carrion in the street,
Where is the life we once held sweet?
Turn not my howls to insurrection
Our lives were spent in misdirection.

David McLansky

A Song For Liao Yiwu

In the Stateless prison of Liao Yiwu,
Where class has been abolished,
There are always slaves to shine your shoes,
Fresh blood is used as polish.

The Emperor of the citadel
Can command a hundred songs
Who magically can cast a spell
And dispel a hundred wrongs.

The hypocrisy of Mao Zedong,
Sitting on his throne,
Claimed fame from a March called Long,
A road of soldiers bones;

China is the largest prison
Organized on Earth
It's prisoners ranked by class division
Which certifies their worth.

David McLansky

A Song For Liao Yiwu (Redacted)

A Song for Liao Yiwu

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David McLansky

David McLansky

Adam's At Eve

Two destined lovers meet with joy
With witnesses that do annoy;
Protocol demands discretion
How muted is their smiles progression;

They can only smile and gape
Passion, discovery must dully wait;
Time stands still as they shyly stare
Their future sparked, they're now aware.

David McLansky

Adieu

I shall love you after death
These radiations cannot fade
A shimmering ghost
Of smoking breath
Will rise up from your night-time grave;

And in the gloom
The chilly air
I'll try to clasp
Your airy form
I kneel, I plead, I grasp forlorn
Such wisps of fancy
Are memories made;

An old man stumbles
Amid the stones
The markers where
The bones are layed
In cold moonlight
He mumbles, prayers,
Has love no life
Beyond the grave?

David McLansky

Admitting

Here you have Anna Blair,
22, blond and fair,
Over-dosed on Demerol;
Says she tried to end it all;
Junky, boozier, prostitute,
High school drop out, destitute;
Slashed her wrists at 17;
Doctor ordered Thorazine;
Parents from an Upstate town,
Dead or fled, not around;
Stays a week if we find a bed;
Clean her up, see she's fed;
Discharge her with two months meds;
Readmit until she's dead.

David McLansky

Advice To A Poetess

When mixing sex and alcohol,
Remember Eve in Adams Fall;
It was the idea of the Snake
For Eve to bake some apple cake;
He did this with some Coke and Rum
(The Snake was just another bum) ,
Who she'd never would have listened to
Were she drinking Kahlua too.

David McLansky

Advice To A Poetess Who's Chucked It All And Gone To Europe

The travels of the
Poor and healthy
Exceed the pleasures
Of the wealthy;
But when you're sick
And old and poked,
A heated home
Exceeds a box.
So see the world
Explore its treasures
While boy and girl
And take its measure;
But before you're lame
Old and breathless
Secure an income
Oh youth still restless.

David McLansky

Advice To A Poetess Whose Ex-Boyfriend Took The Couch!

I would date a furniture man,
Or at least a guy who had a van;
That way,
On Fridays
You could always pick up
A loveseat
Before the garbage truck,
Or a sofa put out by the pails
For low price.
You can't beat such sales

David McLansky

Advice To The Poet Salim R. Javid

Advice to the Poet Salim R Javid

Don't go advertising your beloved's wares
As if she was a fruit stand
Many men will squeeze her fruit
To prove they are a man.

Don't go bragging about your love's glories
Speaking to the unlearned
You'll spark a fire in the curious
And then who will be unburned

Don't go speaking of your loves curves
As if she was a Lexus
The unlicensed with a cowboy's nerve
Will drive her off a hot lot in Texas.

And don't go speaking of her honeyed lips
Those plums of bursting pride
How many fingers will probe and dip
As then try to get inside.

The wise man hides his precious jewels
From the voracious public eye
All men are thieves with burglar tools
Who covet beauties prize.

I do not say to veil her face
And make her wear a burka
But don't go bragging about your lover's shape
To a roomful of Viking berserkers

David McLansky

After All These Years

Who should walk into
The Sugar Bowl Luncheonette
But Emily
Nervous and hostile;
She said, 'Let's talk.'
Her fingers shook
As she smoked
Her cigarette
And still she wore
The three ruby
Gold ring
I bought her
(Shamelessly I wondered
If she'd give it back)
Available,
And nervous about it;
Emily,
Who could always say
The most offensive
Things to me
In the tenderest way;
I laughed,
It burst right out of me;
I reminded her how
She had left me standing
On First Avenue;
She laughed
And accused me
Of not kissing her good-bye;
Oh Emily,
I see you haven't changed;
But I have.

David McLansky

After My Death

No stillness filled the air,
The Nation didn't pause
Speechless with despair;
No limousine procession
Slowly snaked the road,
Winding to the crowded hill
And my last abode;
No local politicians
Recalled the City's loss
No Abbot of the Diocese
Softly kissed his Cross;
No Mayor of the Village
Called me Mankind's Friend,
No speeches intoned over me
Recalling Life at end;
At my empty grave site
Two weeping children stood,
Summarizing all I'd done
And all I ever would.

David McLansky

After The First Child's Death

After the first Child's Death
There was no dying;
God looked down
His soul bereft
Crying
Then He who invented Earth
Created Heaven;
Labored three days worth
Their bodies leaven;
As clouds rain tears
Angels skyward rise
Washed innocent of death
Buoyed by human sighs.

David McLansky

After The Second Child's Death

After the Second Child's Death,
There was no more lying;
Prayers could not
Summon one more breath,
A mother's crying;
Out beyond the static void
Was only Space,
Emptiness beckoned
Without a human face,
Gently smiling;
How soundless was the basement
Where she was stored;
Stacked in cabinet shelves
The Doctors called the Morgue.
In death she did not look
Peaceful,
But waxen, bored.

David McLansky

Against All Odds

I don't waste my money on lottery tickets
The thought of winning more makes me feel sick;
For I found you when I had exhausted all my luck;
I couldn't chance for more, not for even for a buck;
For in you I've won a fortune, a true jackpot,
The odds were so against me, I bothered not
To hope for your arrival and my rescue,
So reduced, I had given up all hope of ever finding you;
So that when, you turned that corner coming into view
I was convinced my life was done, my life was through
My soul depleted, I found you in my sorest need;
Hoping for more would be a sign of greed.

David McLansky

Age In Love

My lover's bounty does amaze....
She surfeits as she sings my praise,....
Pleasing as she tantalizes,....
As we entwine and fantasize;
Where would we be had we first met....
When we were so much younger yet,....
Had we been spared such long regrets....
The wasted time, the needless debts;
Had we when young had chanced to meet....
Upon some busy New York Street;
My life assured with her support,....
Would have bespoke a sane report;
And she been spared the agony....
Of loving him who longed to be....
Free of her, her loving arms,....
A grievous insult to loving charms;
But as we laze about the bed,....
And as she stokes my weary head,....
I lose my bitter attitude....
And kiss her cheek with gratitude;
That at least we have this twilight time....
As we watch the sun decline.
....

David McLansky

Alas

Alas, I felt like Robinson Crusoe;
Or Linda Wolfe without a Trousseau;
Like Vincent Van Gogh without a brush,
A manic turtle in a rush;
Like a Hollywood agent without a phone,
Like Donald Trump without a home;
An oenologist without a glass,
A gambler without a fist of cash;
What fanciful airs I heard in rhyme,
What melodies, what tunes divine;
What subtle, clever dissected thoughts,
What poetry in ironwork wrought;
And no place to go with all my magic,
I lived a poet distraught and tragic;
My connection to the Internet
Had been severed, I grieved upset;
And lovers of my poetry
Felt abandoned yet by quirky me;
Governments rose and governments fell,
Bones got broke and ankles swelled;
Breakfasters logged to my blog
And in their orange juice began to sob;
For I was gone, had disappeared,
The Irish wept tears in their beer;
And midst this swell of savage mourning,
Paranoid thoughts arose in scorning;
Was I petty poet on strike?
An unsung poet in speechless spite?
Hours passed into days then weeks,
I was a poet who didn't speak;
There was a rumor that I was dead,
A dog had bit me on the leg,
A rabid dog dripping malice,
Or had I been kidnapped to a palace
There to sing my tuneful lays
To Rupert Murdoch on gloomy days;
And then this morning in a manic flight
Having labored throughout the night,
I discovered a skinny plug unportaled,

I plugged it in, a poet proved mortal;
So once again I am restored,
Once more I mine this precious ore:
The detritus of my heated brain,
Heard melodies in sweet refrain.

David McLansky

Alas, Poor Yolk

Yesterday,
I lost
The last bulwark
Of my Narcissism;
The egg shell
Cracked
And the white
Ran out;
And the world
Rich beneath my feet;
Rich in pain
And feeding hope;
Can life resuscitate
My yolk?
Lead on, feed on.

David McLansky

Alchemy

From what Wizard's vial,
By what chemist's book,
Can Love be fed,
Can Love be cooked?
You can't make gold
From a heart of lead;
How useless, cold,
A marriage bed.

David McLansky

Ali Baba At Les Deux Magots

While chewing on your beurre baguette,
While sucking on your cigarette
While reading Le Paris Gazette;
Don't what you read get you upset;

Don't throw down your knife with disgust
At the passing of a bus
As you ladle on ceriise
As your served a plate of cheese;
Watching the beauties come and go
Cafe au lait au Les Deux Margots

Do not lapse into despair
After seeing what is written there;
The Prophet has been disparaged
For taking forty wives in marriage

Jesus Christ was a bit neurotic,
He couldn't handle the flesh erotic;
That's why he begot all those Nuns
They were frigid girls who couldn't come;

Of course he robbed dessert caravans
He led a vicious ruthless band
Jesus had a meeker gang
That's why his followers let him hang

While sipping on crème glace
Watching the beauties pass and sway.
A café au lait and a fresh croissant;
What more a Heaven could a person want? t

.

David McLansky

Alice

I say this without a hint of malice
But I think of radishes
When I think of Alice,
Of cauliflower, of
Asparagus boiled
Of garlic cloves,
Of Non-Virgin oils,
Of bitter root,
And red pepper flakes;
Dating Alice
Was a big mistake.

I also think of
Garter belts,
Of nylon stockings
And angry welts,
Of bra hooks tight
That won't unlock,
Of angry words
And lips that mock;
Of camisoles
Torn at the strap,
Of lie down times
And hands that slap;

When I think of Alice
And her acne scars,
And her crooked teeth
Eating Snickers bars;
The scornful way
She'd stand and pose,
The fights we had
Taking off her clothes;
My word she had
A bitchin' bod,
I swear her breasts
Were formed
By God.'

Alice (A Riff For Myke)

I say this without a hintt of malice

But when I think of radishes

I think of Alice,

Of cauliflower, of

Asparagus boiled

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The scornful way

She'd stand and pose

The fights we had

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A bitchin' bod,

I swear her breasts

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Of God.'

David McLansky

Alice (A Riff)

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When I think of Alice,
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And angry welts,
Of bra hooks tight
That won't unlock,
Of angry words
And lips that mock;
Of camisoles
Torn at the strap,
Of lie down times
And hands that slap;

When I think of Alice
And her acne scars,
And her crooked teeth
Eating Snickers bar;
The scornful way
She'd stand and pose,
The fights we had
Taking off her clothes;
My word she had
A bitchin' bod,
I swear her breasts
Made me think , , ,
Of God.'

All In All

All in all,
Not a bad life
Brief Ecstasy
Twixt long bouts
Of strife;
A lack of guidance
Amid a long education
Wisdom my goal
Weekly my desperation;
The search for true love
My daily obsession,
Poor choices made
in a world of expectation;
And then my life near the end
you arrived at my door,
My best true new friend
Your husband didn't want
You no more;
;
So in the end
At the last we discovered
A true love profound
Deep under the covers
You lost a hundred pounds,
You needn't have bothered

David McLansky

Alms From The Poor

Looking all demure in silks and furs
She stood tapping on my door,
With a haughty look
Clasping an accountant's book
She said 'I'm collecting for the poor; '

I limped, I throbbed bent to the door knob
My leg askew and lame
I undid the lock
In my patched stained smock
And saw her frank disdain;

'Are you the tenant, I represent
The hungry and the poor;
We work fingers to the bone,
To help the needy and alone;
We run a thrift shop store.'

'I am not well, you can probably tell,
My body's wracked and sore, '
She exclaimed,
'I think it's going to rain
Could I step inside your door? '

She eyed my flat, my one room shack,
With its thread-bare furniture,
She walked across my rug,
Gave her dress a tug
And squeezed into my chair;

From a compact case, she checked her face
And powdered cheeks and chin,
Rattling jewelry wrists,
She lit a cigarette,
And said 'Now, where should I begin? '

'The privileged few, who live like you
So richly like a king,
Can't comprehend

The suffering
That poverty does bring.'

'I'm tired and weak from lack of sleep, '
And here she peered at me,
'In this rich big house, '
She whispered like a mouse,
'Could you spare a cup of tea? '

I limped to the stove in socks with holes
To the corner in the room;
I set the kettle on the boil,
Sprinkled tea from foil
And fetched a cup and spoon.

'Such gaudy wealth, and you have your health,
While we live in poverty;
I'm feeling woosie
Could you spare a cookie
With that cup of tea? '

My shelves were bare, I looked everywhere
To provide her with a biscuit;
I found a tin
Only one within,
And decided that I'd risk it.

As she drank her tea quite carefully,
I asked the purpose of her visit;
What could I do for her? '
(And her fox fur.)
She nibbled on her biscuit.

'I'd like a tenth of that which you expend
To help your fellow man;
I don't mean to offend,
But I'm sure you could extend
A kindly helping hand.'

I tried to explain with embarrassed pain,
I lived on social security;
She looked at me

And with certainty
Said, 'You lack charity.'

I limped some more, showed her the door,
She got in her 'Mercy Van.'
And before she left
Looking quite bereft,
She said, 'Such a selfish woman! '

David McLansky

Along Sheepshead Bay

That day in the sun
Along the water
Beside the railing
Passing the old people
Sitting on benches
Strode my Princess
From Tsaristan
Her black embroidered gown
Touching her sandled toes
As she passed over the earth
The red and gold
Across her chest
Making her green
Green eyes
Blaze more remote and
Foreign born
And loosely she
Held my hand
Hips lazy in their
Summer pride
And carriage
She strode
Warm bodied
Beside the railing
Along the water
Bowing her head
At
The wonder
Of
The old people
Knowing full
Well
How much
I loved her

David McLansky

Amazons

I've met such people of high energy
They radiate divinity;
They crave excitement, stimulation,
Above the standard limitation;
They weather hardship and duress,
In their indulgence exceed excess,
Intensity their sacred quest,
In craving passion they never rest;
In stamina they're super beings,
While others sleep they're racing, greeting;
Laughing, dancing, craving highs,
They crash and burn, and full revive,
They blaze like meteors in the sky;
We common mortals stare amazed,
You pass us standing in a daze.
It must be hard being Amazonian;
A two edged sword, quite Draconian.

David McLansky

An Agnostic Jew To His Good Christian Wife

I live in hope that your faith
Is not delusion tempering fear
In hope your prayers are not a waste
That God and Heaven at death appear;
Then I will rise my strength restored
Then we will walk as children walk
Hand in hand before our Lord
I too ashamed to even talk;
And through the savings of your grace
The compounded goodness of your days
That I can join you in that place
And be forgiven in your praise;
But if my doubts are proven true,
That life as atoms do decay,
My heaven was in knowing you,
Your tender, loving sum of days.

David McLansky

An Apology To Valerie

Forgive me that I importune
While you correctly need to clean your room;
It's more important to sweep the stairs
Then to waste your time on chaste "affairs."
No one said to Juliet
Have you done the washing yet?
Perhaps the tale of Romeo
Would have evolved more temperate, and more slow
Had he to herd the goats and cows
And feed the chickens and slop the sows;
Forgive my exuberance, my élan
That it interferes with your daily plans!
Think of me as a mere trifle,
Annie Oakely, put down that rifle!
I will wait, a Priest with patience,
A Monk who smiles with reticence
Ever hopeful you will find the leisure
To answer me at your pleasure.

David McLansky

An Application To Join Owain Glyn's Temperance Club

Irish women
Make better wives
Famous for
Their grandeur size;
Their hearts are bigger,
They're more forgiving
So's their liver,
Our lies are shriven.

So I tell myself
As I stagger home
She'll be honey on the shelf
Once I get her prone.

David McLansky

An Invitation To Tea And Scones

To the Georges,
Thank you for your invitation:
Tea and scones at four,
Can I bring a friend along?
Threesomes are a bore;
I never get the timing right
Who gets to play the mother?
And while I get sweaty at the thoughtt,
I hate to be the bugger

David McLansky

An Irish Halloween

n Irish Halloween....

Father Kelly, grim of face,

Called these children,

'A disgrace,

They fornicate....

On Holy Ground,

While we Martyrs....

Stand around;

They hide behind....

The graveyard wall,

While steers....

Come....

To our Hallowed calls,

Here upon this....

Sacred Isle,

They fornicate....

And defile;

Have children....

No longer fear of ghosts?

This an act....

Of which they'll boast,

When they recall....

Their sojourn,

A thousand years,

Man hasn't learned.':

....

Said Father Thomas,

'They're like the Norse,

Vulgar, rude, Ungodly....

Coarse,

We tried to hide....

In beehive huts,

But they stabbed....

Mid stones,

And poked and cut;

They dragged us out,

To steal our chains,

They laughed and smashed....

Our weathered brains,
And all for want....
Of silver crosses,
Attacking us....
Cost them no losses;
What did they lose?
But their souls,
May they burn in Hell....
Fierce as the cold.'....

....

Said Brother Andrew,
'Such sacrilege!
May they be bit....
By fly and midge;
They writhe and sin....
Upon our stones,
We who sought....
A world alone.....
We who sought....
To sing our prayers....
Far from men,
World unaware,
We're now a well plowed....
Tourist spot;
They roist on us,
We are forgot.'....

....

In shimmering air grieved Bishop Tyrone,
A man of brine and icy bones;
They seemed to favor his head stone;
They harmonized disparate moans;
'The living may think this quite diverting,
But I find this most disconcerting;
The Devil rides within the flesh;
Purge me with sea-salt and air that's fresh; '....
He was famous for his cold salt baths,
But the sea did not dilute his wrath,
'They be seam my bed with fetid musk;
They befoul my plot with oozing lust;
They crack my stone with surge and thrust;
They spawn upon my virgin dust.'....

....

Said Brother Otly....
To Brother Seamus,
'Ordinarily,
I'm not so squeamish,
'But the sight of naked....
Coupling flesh,
Distracts my eye....
I must confess;
Call in the cows, '....
He called quite hotly,
To the ghost....
Known as Otly,
'Call in the cows....
And make them groan;
Block out their thrusting....
And their moans;
I need peace....
And isolation;
They can't atone....
This desecration.'....
....
The cows did howl....
The steers did groan;
They stopped....
Their rutting....
On the stones;
The lad looked up....
And dismounted,
The girl looked round....
As she counted,
A herd of steers....
With fierce long horns,
Bellowed wildly....
With fulsome scorn;
Hastily they donned....
Their clothes,
Feeling naked....
And exposed;
They felt irked spirits....
In the air;
They heard their screams....
Of wild despair;

And picking up....
Their camping packs,
They ran to the beach....
As if attacked,
And hailed a passing....
Fishing boat....
That neared that island....
So remote;
And left the Spirits....
Of the Monastery....
To pray to God....
On that sad promontory.

David McLansky

An Old Trick

She wounds me with
An absent kiss,
False fawning on a child,
To remind me of
All that I miss,
So clever in her guile.

David McLansky

Andrew'A Song

How can I dull this mother's Ache
Fist pressed against her heart
Clenched as if her Heart would break;
Frail wisdom to impart

Flesh of her flesh
Which had grown inside
After twenty years
Had prematurely
Died.
He at his very height;
She in her summer pride;

A child who had won his mother's smile
With humor and clever guile;
Died with a needle
In his arm
On the floor
Of the bathroom tile.

He knew in the end
His flight from pain
Was a weakness he could
Not contain.

He tried to assuage
Her pictured grief,
Her futile rage;
This shame-filled
Thief.
Who stole her joy
Her certainty of
Belief;
He made an effort
To compensate
Her loss;
His impending FATE
He the tempest tossed.

Once their hearts beat together
There hearts formed a chord
That couldn't be severed
Now she sits on the porch
His Death had bought her
Arguing with him
Against Self-slaughter.

David McLansky

Angel In The Morning

You are a blessing without disguise,
And yet you take me by surprise;
Your radiant goodness lights my day,
Your sparkling eyes, two lights at play;
Your smile, the sweetness of a child,
A kindly look, so soft and mild;
I stop and look, I hesitate,
What with your face can I equate? -
A DaVinci Angel, half turned away,
Innocence, gently portrayed.

David McLansky

Animal Spirits (A Riff)

This is hard to say
(I so lack tact,)
But I've met a few
Nymphomaniacs;
And no one's ever
Ever been so kind
To bare without strings
Her behind.
But if you're traveling
My way
And are so inclined
Arch your back
So as to remind

David McLansky

Anita

Old girl young girl
My well scrubbed cherub's face
The morning lines of pillow creases
Are on your face
And the wire hair marks of middle age
Rise up with your head
In dumb oblivion
And you're not wearing hair curlers

Old girl you're getting older
And each year your seductive glance
Must become more obvious
To light the interest of the beery-eyed
How long will your bosom swell thoughts of fondling?
But with my head lying next to yours
These things are not said
So I smile and kiss you sweetly
And leave it all to history

Old girl you're getting older
So when are you going to start life
Why all this play
These shifting night-life scenes
These ploys of jealousy and desperate laughter
Bosomy sensuality
Eternal retreating
Double entendres
And in the morning
These jokes about being strangers
When we really wake up
Warm with memories of one another

It's crazy
It's frightening
It scares me
Milk mother maiden and bar stool habitue

Telephone operators
Repairmen

Employers
Checkout counter
Boys and girls
You put out for them
Seducing a laugh
To feed the lie that there is
Universal love in this jungle
Of bored and sadistic housekeepers
And lonely sick killers
On the cobbled stone streets of Greenwich Village
Day and night

David McLansky

Anita Liquid In Her Persian Ways

Anita liquid in her Persian ways
catches up her
nightgown
to better feel her body sway
and centuries of music
swell in her thighs
and her eyes are on fire
as she side steps
grins to her body
and rolls her shoulder blades
putting a finger to each point in the air
Chayah!

David McLansky

Anne Boylen

She smirks and preens,
Self-satisfied,
Her arrogance,
She cannot hide;
A ruthless quest,
Ascent to power,
The willing tool
Forged in a hour;
So clever in
The human game,
Secure now in
A royal name;
She smirks and preens,
Self-satisfied,
Her quirks and schemes
Now sanctified.

David McLansky

Anne Hathaway: On Her Famous Husband's Yearly Visit

You old baboon with pox red sores,
You mount me like your tavern whores,
Am I to swoon and faint with pleasure
That you've returned to ease your leisure;
You hayseed bumpkin, you thread bare fop,
You ride me like a saddled mop,
And squeeze me tightly round the throat
And besiege me with your belly bloat;
You dropp some coins upon the bed,
Am I a whore or a wife wed?
You complain I'm wrinkled, getting fat,
You scrawny toad whose ass doth flap;
With your garters and your silken hose,
I see the rats nibble at your toes;
We all must scamper, our Lord's returned,
May he be staked and public burned

David McLansky

Answer To Valsa George's Quest For An Anonymous Lover

As I stole into your garden
The conifers thick upon the margin;
Sharp with needles that pinched my skin
That didn't want to let me in;

Couldn't you have left the gate unlatched?
Why did I have to be pricked and scratched
Was this some form of test or hurdle
To prove my worth to access your girdle?

I saw you standing at your window
Framed in a yellow after glow;
I saw you unwrap your sari dress;
I saw your bosom and was quite impressed;

I tried to climb your latticed deck
A swarm of bees settled on my neck;
I lost my footing as they stung
And slipped down several wooden rungs;

Then I was surrounded by a canine pack
Who bared their teeth ready to attack;
Fortunately your husband came along,
And extricated me from their milling throng

I am too old for these mad excursions
I should seek out more safe diversions;
Perhaps I could join you for tea and scones
I'd be glad to visit when your husband's home.

David McLansky

Answering A Maiden's Plea

Oh Maiden
You do squander time
Let us couple in our prime;
I would not lure you with deception,
I am adroit at contraception;
Let not you in your later years
Regret that you succumbed to fears
On one soft evening beneath blazing stars
(Venus in conjunction with Mars)
You turned away a proffered kiss
And denied us both such my magic bliss;
You turned cheek, your ruby lips
And loosed yourself from my grip,
And ran across the moonlit lawn,
A silken fairy, a nimble fawn,
Such treasured sweets you must store up
The wine of memory in your cup.

David McLansky

Answering A Poetess

What hope has truth to steadily mature
When loves emerges so childishly and green
Made mad by toxins not previously explored
Sown by strangers hands peevishly unclean;
In sun soaked rapture it deceptively perceives
It endures both in hurricane and drought,
Coldly it's captured, by husbandry deceived
It alternates betwixt blind certainty and rout;
What heart knows peace in such a change of seasons
That the eye can gage the fruits of loving labours,
Oh a heart can have little faith in reason
When it's wages are reckoned up so poor;
Oh truth in love is mangled at first sprout,
And bitter tastes the fruit that's ripe with doubt.

David McLansky

Answering Bri

That I know not of what you speak
Only serves to arouse my pique;
It signifies my mind's grown weak,
That I am past my verbal peak;
Alas, for shame, I deserve that tweak,
I dare not look, I only peek.

David McLansky

Answering Pradip: Why I Write

Out through the pulsing magnetic fields
Are launched the words that I feel;
Piercing the veil of electric clouds
The static buzzing sharp and loud;
Across the popping of the quantum realm
The endless vacuum my thoughts at helm;
At the speed of light, my thoughts are bent
By gravity's warp, cataclysmic events;
In hope that some alien ship
Will note my message, my tiny blip
On their radar, their oscilloscope,
And wonder how bravely I did cope

David McLansky

Appearances

Oh do not judge this peeling shield of flesh
Made coarse and dry by lashing wind and sky
Once I was handsome, a young man by sleep refreshed
A glory to the touch and to the eye.

Unconscious of my physical perfection,
Haphazard in my use of brush and comb
Oh, I was random in my choices and selection,
I took for granted what I only had on loan.

Time has worn the face that outfaced the storm
Worry has weathered, gouged and grooved my skin;
Innocent in my birth, in innocence I was born,
A new babe unaware of sin

David McLansky

Archais

That I so proud
And reared highborn
Should live the object
Of such scorn;
That I so once
Of fine estate
Should eat stale bread
O'er spread with hate;
Beneath contempt,
Tongue-lashed,
Derided
Shoved and cursed,
Sneered at,
Chided.

That I should live
To know such fate
The better man,
Befouled, berate;
Mocked by fools
I can't escape;
Ignored, dismissed,
Condemned
By apes.

The better man,
Proud, apart,
Unknown for what
He called his Art,
The fallen man
Hunched low at table;
The fallen man
Rheumoid, disabled;
Elbowed out by eager youths,
Sustained by all my feeble truths.

Sad victim of iniquity,
Still clinging to
Frayed dignity;

Pressed against
This cold damp wall,
A life forgot,
Though seen by all;
It makes me stop
And ruminates;
We rise and fall
At different rates;
Some fall early,
Some fall late;
So now I fall,
Ah, bitter date.

So now I gnaw
My sour bread
And contemplate
This tattered thread;
I, so proud and brightly born,
Sink down in darkness,
Chilled, forlorn;
No mourner weeps,
My thread is torn.

David McLansky

Archias

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And reared high-born
Should live the object
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That I so once
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Should eat stale bread
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Hunched low at table,
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We rise and fall
At different rates:
Some fall early,
Some fall late;
So now I fall,
Ah, bitter date.

And so now I gnaw
My sour bread,
And contemplate
This tattered thread;
I, so proud and brightly born,
Sink down in darkness,
Chilled, forlorn,
My life is going,
Going, gone,
Sad mourner weep
That I was born.

David McLansky

As I Stumble Into Darkness

As I stumble into darkness
Death has lost its empty starkness,
Just a little dopamine
Has given back its Hippie dreams;
Just a little yellow pill
Has my imagination filled
With characters, harmless freaks
Who talk of love and mumbled peace;
Well meaning guys in a haze
Who backseat chatter as we laze
As if time and space did not matter,
In army coats we climb up ladders
Leading to paisley dreams,
Ardent, sun-kissed, vibrant schemes,
Not caring what it all did mean,
When God was hair in velvet jeans;
When we could leave was uppermost
In some car out for the coast;
We chased the sunset in the West,
How young we were,
How thoughtless blessed.
But in the chaos and illusion,
The garbage piled up in confusion,
How I groped for some order,
Peripheral, along the border;
In the mayhem not content
My lust for meaning given vent
That made me fumble on my knees
Reaching for my Vedic beads;
Searching for that smile of love
Riding naked up above,
Her steaming hair, wet tantric coils
A gift for eyes, my loins a-boil;
The rocking measure primed, enjoined,
The endless pleasure
Then purloined,
She did not smile from up above;
She did look down
But not with love;

What desperate days did I know,
Not knowing which way I should go;
The mad encounters without meaning,
The acts of love that were demeaning;
Until my dear, I found you,
Who cleared my vision and purview,
And now I gently go to sleep;
Your tears drip down,
Oh do not weep.

David McLansky

As Of Late

As of late
All of my dreams
Are jumbles of
Chaotic themes
A kaleidoscope
Of fractured schemes
Reflections of
My life it seems

David McLansky

At The Last

How odd that all the feeling's gone,
The tender eyes of passion,
Replaced by strangeness, acts of form,
Words bitter, harshly rationed;
You needed to go to find yourself,
A hidden, someone other,
Bespoiling all your natural wealth,
Soul-merging with your mother;
And as she starved her little girl,
In turn you do starve me;
Neglecting those of your rich world,
Affirmed by poverty.

David McLansky

Attention: All You Lonely Men

Attention all you lonely men,
If you're looking for a friend,
Someone you can really trust,
Who has a truly regal bust;
Someone great in understanding,
A frequent flyer with some crash landings;
Someone loyal who likes to cook,
Someone with a saucy look;
Someone really good in bed
Who remembers every word's that said;
Someone frank, and bold and witty,
Someone sweet, and kind, and pretty;
A sassy lass of forgiving mind,
Who looks good too from behind;
A woman with a college degree:
Then may I present Miss Julie McCrea

David McLansky

Baby Doll

How hard your eyes
How harsh your voice
So bitter young
So little choice;

You came of age
Before your time
Rough with rage
Childhood your crime

David McLansky

Baited Breaths.

The very air that passes through your lips
Those ruby portals wherein my pleasures found
Is pure ambrosia, on which my soul doth sip,
In heated reverie exchanging passions round;
Your very breath inflates my soul with fire
Like angels swelling sails upon the sea
Without such bellows I might expire
And stall in doldrums disconsolate from thee;
I journey forth each day in pilgrimage
To worship at that breath that gives me life,
Your face, your eyes, your cheeks my hermitage
I, doltish captive of a votive wife;
And though the world derides my love with scorn,
I bless the breath that gasped when you were born.

David McLansky

Baking

She bakes for him a birthday cake;
(As if my mind was not awake)
I ascend the stairs, she's on the phone;
(Awkwardly, she changes tone)
And when she leaves, she droll inquires,
"What do we need? " That I'd expire?
I dryly mention orange juice,
And then she's gone, what's the use?

A lingering smell of her perfume
Scents the air and haunts the room.

David McLansky

Bangladesh (A Riff)

Everywhere I stand, I stand in water
It's wide expanse defines the border;
My country sinking into the sea,
The waters lapping at my knee;
My country now a muddy brown
The roofs submerged below their crown
The water lapping at the poles,
The tidal waves toss wooden bowls.
This was once an idyllic spot,
Woven mats float in the rot;
Graceful stands of bending trees
Sad victims of expanding seas.
Were I a fish with breathing gills,
A floating bird, bobbing, still,
I'd bid my children to follow me,
We would have rescue from the sea.

David McLansky

Bank Robbing To Pay Off The Bank (A Riff)

The day he robbed our local bank
I was feeling in fine mettle;
'Don't push that hidden button, Frank,
Don't step on that foot pedal.'

'All I want is money, '
He said brandishing his gun,
I behind my huge oak desk,
I did not duck or run.

'Would you like to take out a loan,
Mortgage rates are low, '
A teller was heard to faint and groan,
He waved his shot gun slow.

'Perhaps you need a new car loan,
A hybrid's good on gas,
A Chevy Volt, its dash two tone;
Sit down, let's do the math.'

He laid the shot gun gently down
Upon my cluttered desk,
He had a band of shot gun shells
Criss-crossed across his chest.

'Or do you want to go to Vegas
And blow off some pent up steam;
Or to take the kids to Disney World,
Every family's dream? '

'The truth is I'm behind on bills
I have huge consumer debt,
I don't know how to pay it off, '
And here the gunman wept;

'And the interests rates are killing me,
It's twenty-five percent;
Our home is in foreclosure
And we pay the bank npw rent.

Do you know how much I owe? '
He said with some concern,
'My 3 kids have college loans,
They can't finish out the term.'

I got Sue Orman on the phone
And explained his situation,
'I'm working 3 at Burger King, '
He cried in desperation.

Susie asked to talk to him,
'This is really not your fault;
Pick up your gun, put on your mask,
How much is in the vault? '

And so the debtor robbed the bank,
He broke the institution,
'But not to worry, ' said V.P. Frank
'He made full restitution.'

David McLansky

Bar & Grill

Just another cowboy clown
Rolling into some hick town
Slowly nursing my left wheel
Lord preserve its belted steel

Just another Bar & Grill
Here to give a weathered thrill
To all the rowdies at the bar
Here to see a fallen star.

Where does all the glory go
From playing in the big-time show
When your time has come and past
A shooting star fading fast,

I sit and play the well-strummed tunes
In the dark and dingy rooms
Someone falls and breaks a glass
Someone grabs the waitress' ass.

I had some hits in 'sixty-eight
Boy that year was really great
The money was just rolling in
What a year of blazing sin

Just another Bar & Grill
Think I'll take another pill
A pair of knees in the shade
Think I need a bath and shave

Having played my standard set,
Having booked my football bets;
Checking out the barroom babes;
A meal and lodging nightly saved;

I ain't complaining how I lived
I've done the wife and family gig;
Nights of beer and whisky sours;
Confessions in the midnight hours.

Just another Bar & Grill
Lord the whiskey that I've spilled
I don't expect to hit it big
Just pray the Lord, another gig.

Another night I can forget
The promises that I ain't kept
Another night of shame and fear
Playing for my gas and beer.

Just another Bar & Grill
A memory of star-struck thrill
Another night of my old tunes
Sung out to dark empty rooms.

The vision of a shooting star
Seen from the stool at the bar
A singing cowboy on the stage
Trying to act half his age.

And when I die, please bury me
Beneath an old magnolia tree
Near a lonely roadside tavern
So I can dream I am still traveling.

Another dingy Bar & Grill
Another smokey hazy thrill
Playing old forgotten tunes
To lonely drunks in darkened rooms.

David McLansky

Being Deployed

So you're going now
My adopted daughter,
Your duffel's packed,
You've got your orders;
Off to a base in Afghanistan
To prep the soldiers
Dead in that land;
So their remains
Can be returned,
Shot and crushed
Dirt blood stained;
Their legs blown off
Their arms dismembered
In battles won
And unremembered;
May you return
With all your parts,
Your skin unburned,
A beating heart,
Your mind unfazed
By horrors seen,
Nor ears ablaze
With silent screams.

I find it meet
And all too proper
That bodies sent
By tank and chopper
Be recomposed
By you my beauty,
You were always one
To know your duty.

....

David McLansky

Belvedere

Seated in the belvedere
You turned and looked at me;
The velvet of your pleated gown
Plum and shadowy;

Your Roman hands within your lap
As the sun touched the horizon
Your almond eyes moist with tears
Proud lips that I have fed on

The sunlight lit your auburn hair
And set its gold on fire;
The sun paused yet, as in regret
To see your grace retire.

The sun turned red, as if it bled,
The clouds as if to die;
And in the twilight of fading light
O'er spilled your porcelin eyes;

Your olive skin turned to umber
Sitting in the dark;
You loosed your combs as if encumbered
A sudden silver spark.

Your beauty is a torch to me
Cupola high in a green country
That beckons across the darkened fields
And across the silvered sea

David McLansky

Better Living Through Bad Chemistry

I tried to kill the milling swarm
That besieged within
My home-like barn
And ended up doing
Frightful harm;
(That often happens on the farm ;)
I poisoned us with pesticide
Thus committing cell suicide;
And for that I blame
Blue can Dow
That slowly kills
My brain somehow;
Thus fulfilling my destiny
As a Poet
(Though at the time
I didn't know it.)
It enabled me
Now disabled
To write for hours
Sitting at my table;
It also broke
The bonds of marriage,
Revealing that I was quite disparaged;
(Invalids carry no marital weight
When their mate is filled with hate.)
Thus I became a full time Poet
(Though at the time I didn't know it.)
It also prompted my true soul mate
To pass quietly through my front gate,
Restoring love and quiet faith,
(Oh the pleasure there I still partake.)

David McLansky

Birthday Wishes

Reply to Certain Birthday Wishes

Words spoken without passions breath
Mocks the receiver as in a jest;
Exchanging mere formality
As substance for sincerity.

Reply 2

Do not mourn for me when I am dead
Neglect me in Death as you did in Life
Forget me when my soul has fled
I abjure you of my daily strife.

David McLansky

Boaz And Ruth

As I twist and writhe and groan
As my spasms squeeze out moans,
As I kick wildly in my chair,
You ask me if I feel despair?
I answer readily enough
As I cross my legs trying not to buck,
'My disease has brought me lovely you,
Small penance for a love that's true;
For you are Nature's kindest being,
Brave and loyal, how strange it seems;
This may sound to you quite odd,
But I think of you as one from God;
My disease is only God's excuse
To send to Boaz lovely Ruth
As he slept on his sacks of grain,
This kind young girl eased him of pain.

David McLansky

Bonjour Elaine

A groundhog ate my tulip bulbs
I saw him in the morn;
Their bursting heads
Had barely blazed
Their petals chewed, now torn;
Beauty has no special right
To bob upon the lawn
I hold heir limpid tooth worked spears
And helpless glower and mourn.
The flower I thought to give to you
In tribute to your form
Was eaten by that waddling rat
Who sniffs the air with scorn.

David McLansky

Bonjour Ma Cher Elaine

A groundhog ate my tulip bulbs
I saw him in the morn;
Their bursting heads
Had barely blazed
Their petals chewed, now torn;
Beauty has no special right
To bob upon the lawn
I hold their limpid tooth worked spears
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David McLansky

Borders

I sought to mark
What was the border,
To provide my life
With some order;
I planted trees
Along the line
To demarcate
What was mine.
To certify
What was within,
These firs became
My outward skin;
But in these plans
I was forsaken
In what was mine
I was mistaken,
I was betrayed
By my own kin
Disloyalty
Lay within;
They cut the trees
That I had planted
My authority
Usurped, supplanted;
And so I crossed
The boundary line
An exile from
What was not mine;
And now I sit
Among these pines
And contemplate
My spark divine.

David McLansky

Brandywine At My Door

Brandywine came back
For the poem
Not for the poet

Oh Brandy
Had you but
Come back to curl in my arms
We might have laughed and curled
And played
Right into the morning light
In a volume of verse

But you chose to salvage the future
By grasping a promise of the past
Took home a poem I wrote
About how you made my heart ride easy

Had you stayed I would have sung
Your songs each night
But you thanked me and left
Better contented in your world
With a poem
Than a poet

David McLansky

Brel2

If you go away
Walk out that very door
You will shatter me
To my very core
If your footfalls sound
On the winding stairs
My heart will pound
Beyond what it can bear
If you walk away
Down that empty street
On this windy day
Windows slashed by sleet
I will die entombed
In this very room
If you go away
If you go away
If you go away

But if you stay
Mountains I will pile at your feet
Rivers I will strand into rivulets sweet
Flowers will I thread within your hair
With passion's adoration I'll enthrone your chair
If you choose to stay
On this rainy day
Please don't go away
Please don't go away
Please don't go away

David McLansky

Bronach

When sorrow
Overwhelms my soul
Of Irish ancestry
It makes my
Clever tongue extol
The joy
Of loving Nancy;
For although she broke
My naive heart
And walked off
Fancy free;
She awoke
The deepest part
Of who
Is really me.

-

David McLansky

Bronwen's Birthday Poem

God, I'm glad that you were born,
That you were by your husband shorn,
Who left you sitting on the bed
Petting faithful Camilla's head;
Who left you when're the Fire bell rang,
Without a thought, without a pang;

How could he leave such a lovely creature,
A perfect love in every feature?
A heart that overflows with grace,
Why it's a scandal, a disgrace!
How could he willingly depart
From that bounty called your heart?
To go and fight a neighbor's fire
To leave those eyes filled with desire?
But he left you trundling down the stairs,
Bedecked with gear running here and there,
While a fire was burning in your soul,
His eyes were icy, his heart was cold;

While shopping in the local mart
I put a heater in our cart,
"When we shop I always think of sex,
It's not for us, it's for your ex."
He lives across from the fire house,
"Lets visit" Said I to his former spouse.
We found him in his basement pad,
Cold and lost and looking sad,
"It's a space age heater... it's infra red! "
We eyed the cold pipe above his bed.
"It's a great way to keep your apartment warm."
(I prefer his ex-wife's form.)

David McLansky

Bronwen's Wedding Poem

Could I step through
The mists of time
And call your name
While in your prime;
Slough off this skin
That's aged in brine,
And woo you with
My gentle rhymes;

No doubt that I
Would startle you,
You'd ask no doubt,
'Do I know you? '
And yet you'd hear
Within my lines,
The echo of
A love divine; □

You'd smile
And look
At my young face,
And think my ardor
Out of place.

I'd look into
Your gentle smile,
Suggest we talk
And rest a while;
And we'd sit
Upon the fresh cut grass,
And forget the time
As time did pass;
Engrossed in smiles
And soft breathed words,
The sweetest sounds
You've ever heard.

But would the Gods
Of Mystic Climes

Call me back
To my own time;
You left alone
In fog and mist,
My shadow gone,
And so our tryst;

And when the sun
Dispelled the fog,
You'd sit alone
Within the quad,
Haunted by
My loving rhymes
And by a ghost
Displaced in Time.

David McLansky

Bunniies In The My Garden

This uncertain world that we inhabit
Has the staying power of a rabbit
Who poses perfect in a shade
With nervous sniffing in the glade.

And just when we have her picture framed,
Reveals her tension and the strain
And bolts across the forest floor,
And then is gone and seen no more;

Yes we had that perfect time,
(Were we not clever exchanging rhymes?)
But the wind did stiffen and stirred a breeze,
And off you scampered amid the trees

David McLansky

But I Still Don'T Understand A Word You'Re Saying

I look at you
Across the shadows of the room
And say, 'I love you,
On this and every day.'
You turn to me
A vision iin the gloom;

You answer, 'Dolphins
Swimming in sequined
Depths, the sting ray,
Gorgeous dimensions
Of the blood sucking bay
Mulches into caverns
Where light plays
Through pandemonium algae
Octopus's tentacles arrayed;
Death in solemn funereal
Ethereal display
Through mud, mud, mud
Foliaged decayed.'

All the while
You entwine yourself
Naked in the curtain,
I look at you, baffled
And still uncertain;
I appreciate the dancing and sashaying,
But I still don't understand a word you're saying...

David McLansky

But What If No One Asks (A Riff)

But what if no one asks,
You're never mentioned,
Do we defy our task,
Transgress convention?

Do we intrude your name
Into conversation
Like someone rude and crass
With provocation;

What if the room goes still
With hesitation
Then resumes its shrill
Cavitation.

It is always a mistake
To fade anonymous,
Maintain, partake,
Be eponymous.

David McLansky

By The Window

I sit alone and watch TV
By the window on the couch
A secret eye upon the perch
Where squirrel feeds in crouch.

He comes to steal the sunflower seeds
That feeds the chickadee;
I eye his theft, his nervous munch;
Alertly, he eyes me.

What law requires that I police
The portioning of said seeds;
I who sit and vegetate
Full warm in all my needs?

This alien race, this anxious foe
Denies titmouse and nut-hatch;
He starves the finch and doesn't flinch
As I fake an awkward snatch.

But such is man to sit and judge
All creatures great and small;
And so I hound the greedy thief
Like God in Adam's Fall.

David McLansky

Cam Lainey On The 7

Let tears run down your pallid face
To gouge a channel, a liquid trace;
Oh Maiden weep and purge your sorrow
Rain down tears in flooded furrows;
Weep for all your broken dreams
Balm your cheeks with torrent streams;
Release the moans jailed in your throat,
Release your groans here as we float;
Lest that you follow Polonius' daughter
And drown in madness in weighted waters.

David McLansky

Carte Blanche

Your skin is white as alabaster
I stroke your skin without disaster
I touch you beneath your loose nightdress,
There's no resistance to my caress;

In fact you take your hand in mine,
And cup it to your breast sublime,
With thumb and finger I twist your nipple
Your body shutters in a ripple;

With fingertips I brush your torso,
You sigh and urge me to do more so,
Your shadowed white topography
Stills my breath with ecstasy;

Your body is no sanctioned land
Which I approach with shaking hand,
Fearful that I may trespass
And so arouse your fiery wrath;

Rather it is my private park
Where I can sport without remark,
A landscape of pleasure, my soul's domain,
Oh swelling mounds, oh fruited plains!

David McLansky

Catullus

Not for the faint of heart I write
Who quale at life's crude feelings,
Nor for the self-absorbed I write
Who only know self-dealings;
Not for the shallow mind I write
Who leaps to keep it light,
Not for the rigid mind I write
Who certifies their right.
I write for the souls whose anguished cry
Is heard upon the streets,
Who thinks about the twists of fate,
Self-conscious of defeat.

David McLansky

Christmas 2015

Time brings no conclusion
Meaning an illusion
Cause and effect
Reveals this sad defect
Uncertainty, just confusion;

Grown old we must adapt
To cover our mishaps
We cannot trust our bowels
At lapses sweet Nuns scowl,

To hide the spreading Dementia
We sit quietly in absentia;
We give away our clothes
And stutter-step on toes

The silence dries our voice;
We can't defend our choice;

We lose the will to step,
Where once we danced adept.

The rose withers in her cheek
I kiss the channeled creek
She smiles in sad rebuke
And side steps as she stoops.

Uncertainty is clear
Will I be here next year?
Will I flop upon the floor
And sleep the sleep 'no more.'

David McLansky

Christmas, Hartland, Maine 1996

My Christmas walk I'll take
To Mr. Berry's by the lake
To see him sitting there
In his gray cane rocking chair
To see him by his oil drum stove
In his cabin by the cove
To hear his hardy, "Well. Hello there."
See him brush back wisps of hair.

Though the air is crisp and cold
And he is 83 years old
Though there's ice upon the lake
And though his age-ed hands will shake
Though the fir trees droop with snow
And his shaky steps are slow
Though there's grayness in the sky
And his memories cloud his eyes.

My Christmas walk I'll take
To Mr. Berry's by the lake
For there's a gladness in his greeting
And a welcome in the meeting
And an empty extra chair
For a visitor to share
To rest in silence or to talk
After the journey of a walk.

He kept his vigil by the lake
And watched the water daily break
Upon the rocks and tree lined shore
From the screen of his porch door.

In the cold
My eyes do tear
And I fear
As I draw near,
There's no smoke from out his camp
And his porch looks dark and damp.
I see a lock upon his door.

Mr. Berry is no more.

David McLansky

Chrysalis

The chrysalis
Held in my hand
I feel it stir
It's wings expand,
I feel it crawl
My fingers tight
It's head peaks out
Despite my fight;
How could I
Contain your soul;
You break my grip,
Your wings unfold;
And then you fly
Winging free;
Up so high,
Away from me.

David McLansky

Cold But Sentimental

I'd risen from my basement cell;
I climbed the stairs and felt a chill;
A change in household atmosphere?
But what or why? I could not tell;

The night before
I sensed a thaw,
Her mood was almost tranquil;
I watched tv,
She read the ads;
For this I was quite thankful;

By myself in living room;
She at the dining table,
Protected by her long nightgown,
She clipping coupon labels.

I watched an English mystery
Of murder and betrayal,
And felt the calm of a truce
As she labored at the table.

She went to bed without a word
Shutting off the lights;
I lingered on to watch tv
Distracted half the night.

This morning war renewed again,
She ignored my breakfast presence;
The children stirring in their rooms,
The air again was tense.

She left for work without a word...
Some reminders to the boys;
I watched tv and heard the news
I picked up cups and toys,

The kids hugged me and left for school
I slowly washed the dishes;

And then the radio expressed
Valentine Day wishes;

I remembered then her silver gown
Beneath the chandelier;
A light lit in my well-cursed soul
Morning bright and clear;

I laughed to think
Her heart so cold
Her soul so elemental,
That on this loving holiday
She still was sentimental.

David McLansky

College Ghosts

I taught a college course on sex,
Which did little more than perplex
But oh it swamped the Registrar,
Over night a campus star!

I launched the course with Sigmund Freud,
'Little Hans, ' the boy,
I spoke of his fragile toy
I lectured from the text;

At the conclusion of each lecture course,
I was surrounded by coeds,
Who offered glad to tutor me,
By taking me to bed.

They assured me that it wasn't fragile
Inclined it hard at every angle;
How refreshing is the search for truth
Oh the ardor our college youth!

David McLansky

College Ghosts (A Riff)

I taught a college course on sex,
Which did little more than perplex
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David McLansky

Complications

The neglected child,
Unloved, abused,
When they're
Adult,
Become confused,
When they encounter
Loving words,
They panic
And act absurd;
It makes them moody
And annoyed,
In short
It makes them
Paranoid;
And as to when
It comes to having sex:
Talk about an act
Suspect;
It diversifies
Into many equations:
Is it domination
Or invasion?
Those of us
Who have known neglect
Find simple love
Quite complex.

David McLansky

Copper Kettle

The Vikings came to rape and pillage
And killed my Liam strapped to his tillage;
They took my Meg before my eyes
And laughed at all her mother's cries.

I begged them not to kill my son
My little babe, my precious one;
But they hewed him with their heavy swords
And smeared his gore on broken boards.

What rich rewards, a copper kettle,
A chance to show their Viking mettle;
A hut of mud and woven wattle,
A sod-stained farmer, a broken bottle.

They burned our hut and cooked the goat,
Then pushed us to their Dragon boat
I watched the smoke rise in the bay
As busily they rowed away.

Now they sail the distant coasts;
These ruthless men of deed and boast;
They take me and my frightened child
When they're drunk and roaring wild.

I light the fire when we land and settle
And boil their oats in my own kettle.
Megan died bruised in my arms
Despite my ken of spells and charms.

They tossed Meg's body overboard
Three miles out from foggy shore.
I lived a ghost of cold and ice;
They fished me from the water twice.

I cook and mend now in their village,
A slave sold as a share of pillage;
I feed his babe, Black Jorgenson,
This tender man who killed my son.

Why I live, I know not why,
Half dead with sorrow, too tired to cry;
A habit left to gasp and breathe,
To wipe my nose upon my sleeve?

They laugh and tease before the hearth,
They feast and joke, weave woolen scarves;
A family warm and safe with cheer;
While from my kettle they drink my beer.

David McLansky

Copper Kettle

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And killed my Liam strapped to his tillage;
They took my Meg before my eyes,
And laughed at all her mother's cries.

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They take me and my frightened child
When they're drunk and roaring wild.

I light the fire when we land and settle
And boil their oats in my own kettle;
Megan died bruised in my arms
Despite my ken of spells and charms.

They tossed Meg's body overboard
Long way out from foggy shore;
I lived a ghost of cold and ice;
They fished me from the water twice.

I cook and mend now in their village,
A slave sold as a share of pillage;
I feed his babe, Black Jorgenson,
The tender man who killed my son.

Why I live, I know not why,
Half-dead with sorrow, too tired to cry;
A habit left to gasp and breathe,
To wipe his nose upon my sleeve?

They laugh and tease before the hearth,
They feast and joke, weave woolen scarves;
A family warm and safe with cheer
While from my kettle they drink my beer.

David McLansky

Copper Plate Upon A Stone

Out of the earth
I raised this stone
Fearing I would die unknown;
I set it in the muddy soil
Straining hard in labored toil.

I set this stone
Of common worth
That it might note
My name and birth;
That when I came
To draw last breath,
That it might note
My time of death.

What lay between
The weathered dates,
The reckless scenes
Of random Fates,
Lives beyond me
In my books:
The journeyed search
For Love I took.

a.k.a..

D.G. McLansky

5/4/1944 -□

David McLansky

Court Life

In my lonely solitary Art
The record of how I've lived apart
My compulsive frenzy to document
My confusion over my life events;
How rudely I am forsworn
By lovers now who would do me harm;
I testify in my own defense
To justify my long laments
Who is my Judge when I prosecute
With accusations that I refute
Standing in the witness box
I sway, I twitch, I fear the block;
And yet I write, I testify
To bare the truth before I die.

David McLansky

Crackers

Grandpa only had one arm,
He fell off the tractor behind the barn
This was the full extent of his charm
Shirtless he sat to my alarm.

He used to let me sip his beer,
He'd drive his pickup, let me steer;
He was rumored to be Klu Klux Klan;
He seemed to me a sober man;

A black man stood on our front lawn,
Twilight time was coming on;
I looked at him through the screen;
Grand Dad spoke to him serene;

He looked at us up on the porch;
His face was glowing from the torch
I rose to unlatch the screen door,
Grandma blocked me moving fore;

I was her daughter's Northern son,
Ten years old for summer come;
Racism I didn't understand;
They were talking man to man.

But in that squinting little shake
I realized what was then at stake;
A black man couldn't be her guest
The smiling man looked up oppressed

My lowly kin although white trash
Truck farmers for just pocket cash;
Looked down upon this smiling man
Was I a member of this clan?

When visiting at Lookout Mountain
I quenched my thirst at the 'colored' fountain;
How this upset my stern grandmother;
I looked at her and wasn't bothered.

David McLansky

Crocuses

How gentle the first flower of Spring,
So innocent and stout
It bursts with strength the icy ring
And waves it's head about;

Its tendrils are as light as feathers
It braves the errant blasts
It dares to prophesize the weather:
Warm breezes it forecasts.

Oh little flower, how naïve
To tempt the Gods of storm,
With little wisdom you proceed;
What if you are wrong?

The ice will crown your saffron petals
Your stem will droop and bow,
And to the ground your crown will settle,
Cold frost upon your brow.

T'is best to wait that final freeze.
Oh eager flower of youth,
You may catch a cold and sneeze
And break a fragile root,

David McLansky

Crossing A Hall

I wake up to a living... moment... me
Consciousness dawning upon consciousness
The dream, the mirror, reflected back in my face
Coming awake to awaken in a dream;
Awakening to a fading mortality...
Frightened,
I go back to the dream
To live and stumbled through the day

Is there any other way?

David McLansky

Curse Of The Burning Witch

I searched the headstones for my Mary
Who Death decided to take so early;
When I chanced upon
A bush of thorns
Sharp pricker spikes
Two inches long;
Within the thicket
The tangled web
Stood a stone
Of unnamed dead
I asked the keeper
Who kept the grounds
Why he did not cut
The thicket down;
He eyed me with a mocking leer,
His lips betrayed a sense of fear;
He whispered low, a throaty sound
He hung his head while looking round.
'I've tried to cut the brambles down,
I've hewed the branches near the ground
I broke three blades of my saw,
I clipped the needles that stabbed and tore
My shirt and flesh, my dungerees,
As I bent low, squatting on my knees.
But as I labored to cut and trim
It sprouted spikes, I couldn't win;
And then I espied what was writ
As I bent low and strained to twist,
The epitaph carved in stone;
I read it with a silent moan;
Here lies the body of a witch
Hung and burnt,
In bubbling pitch,
She cursed us as the flames grew higher
Writhing in the burning fire;
Her charred bones are buried here,
In a leaded coffin bier,
These briars encase her
Burnt remains,

Yet she seeks a mortal frame;
Do not cut these prickly vines
Which snake about her tomb and climb;
Do not trim or deracinate
These tangled briars that seal her fate;
This bitter wood entombs her will
Which still seeks vengeance
And always will.

David McLansky

Dancing

I writhe, I twist, I spin, I jerk,
As if my body's gone berserk
I tumble, spin, revolve, and twist,
With urgencies I can't resist;
I'm like a spaceman lost in space,
I orbit at a maddening pace;
Aware that I must not fall down,
The high-wire act of a drunken clown;
I tip toe up on spasm-ed toes,
A spastic man within his throes
My muscles turn to molten lead,
I then turn rigid like the dead;
Then for a moment, all too brief,
Paralyzed, I find relief;
But then it quickly dawns on me.
Imprisoned thus, I am not free;
I alternate between two states,
My dopamine dictates my fate;
I walk the walls between two hands
Falling forward as I stand,
Once a languid soul relaxed,
A dancing puppet near collapse.

David McLansky

Daphne In Ireland

The sea grass waves its field of green,
It shakes its hair now combed and clean;
Here we pressed the sea grass down,
So far away the steepled town;
And though we did as lovers do,
It wasn't me who ran from you;
Now we pass in village streets;
I kissed those lips that smile discreet.

David McLansky

Dare I Chart My Own Decline?

Dare I chart my own decline?
I see a face not wholly mia
Eyes wide with fear and quaking terror.
I speak, i'm told I spoke in error
Oh twisted mouth of broken teeth,
Thin tight lips compressed with grief.

Where is the mocking face of joy,
The relaxed visage of the boy'
The learn'ed face of the man
Who studied life with such élan;
This haunted face, eyes wide with fear
Obs=ssed with fate: a skull will leer; .
The harried face, strained, life debased;
The body brings its own disgrace.

I stumble forward like a child
My humiliation masked by a foolish smile;
I stand desperate with the urge to pee.
No longer confident of my own self mastery.

My daily triumph is that I make it to the bowl,
That I do not live with the manners of a troll;
That I still urinate with accuracy and true aim;
For that puddle on the floor I'm not to blame;
There is a loss of dignity in old age
No shame is unfamiliar to the sage.
Is it my fate and ultimate triumph in the end,
That I sleep throughout the night without a Depend.

David McLansky

David And Absalom

When David heard that Absalom
Had crowned himself in old Hebron
He fled his city, Jerusalem,
To make a stand in the Wadi Kidron.

Much wept the father of murdered Ammon
As they fled on foot hard set upon,
Lamenting as they climbed Mount Olive,
The betrayal of so many colleagues.

Conniving, plotting, giving orders
To secure themselves in safer borders;
Leaving spies to inform, betray,
To give mis-counsel like Hushai.

And as they sped and marched along,
Counting whom they counted on,
Shimei cursed David for Saul's blood,
Called him scoundrel, thief and thug.

Said Abishai, son of Zeruiah,
'Shall he live, this filthy liar?
Shall I behead this raving dog,
Who lives to curse his living lord? '

But said the King, 'Hold up thy sword;
He shouts his curse before the Lord;
What barb have I for this man,
Still loyal to a dead King's clan? '

'I have a son from out my loins
Who would in stealth my life purloin.
He whose hair I combed at feasts
In silence prayed my reign would cease.'

So on they marched as Shimei cursed,
Flinging stones and throwing earth;
On they trod beneath his verse,
David mulling, 'I've known worse.'

David McLansky

David And Elaine's Epic Birthday Battle May

David and Elaine's Epic Birthday
Battle May 2007

David: Said Cupid to
The Wounded Maid,
'Why must my darts
You still evade?
For there is balm
In my swift shafts
To soothe and calm
A lover's wrath;
Let me lance your wound
With words
Of subtle honey
And healing herbs,
And in so doing
Heal your heart;
Come bare your breast,
Receive my Art.'

Come sweet Cybele
Please hold still
My aim is poor,
My eyesight nil,
I would relieve
Thy grieving pain,
But for the fact
I have no aim;
It seems
I accidentally shot
A monkey,
And have two sons:
A mule and donkey.

Elaine: A birthday arrow has been sent,
It's aim secure the bow's been bent.
My target one poetic steed,
The potion, happiness to breed.
You can't escape the wishes passed

When day is done you'll feel harassed!

David: You target me
Oh, giddy Maid,
Come taste the nectar
Of my blade,
As you harry
As you strike,
I parry you,
In combat tight;
I cross my sword
Against your blade;
Your eyes are green
Of Chinese Jade!

Elaine: My eyes are green
But so's my face
I've got the flu
its makeup paste
Your challenge on
I'll take the quest
A giddy maid
To be your guest.
Upon this scene
I shall be strong
Poetic charm
your birthday song.
I heard the shot
The rhyming gun.
This noble fight
I think I've won!

David: Oh giddy, bouncing, ebullient girl,
You leap, you twist, you jump, you twirl;
You thrust, you dart, you stab the air,
You wave your sword so debonair;
I stand composed and simply marvel
Such energy in a rival;
Come closer now, please engage,
Your alacrity I would assuage;
I cut to ribbons your black dress,
Now there's a pose that does impress.

Elaine: Poetic scholar you're first class!
A diamond tongue to cut through glass.
Unprepared I seem to be,
My new black dress a May Day tree.
Undaunted I shall stay awhile,
A ribbon dance in modern style.
A chariot of birthday fare
Brought me clothed now I'm bare
Though I need to sing your song
The tinsel dress will show my thong.
I smile so bright and curtsy dance,
To remove the belt around your pants.
Now hold my hands as we parlay,
And let the pants fall where they may!

David: Now you've done it, my new Levi jeans,
You've slashed the rivets at the seams,
I'll have to clutch my pant loops
And defend my honor while they droop;
I weave and parry while on my cuffs,
Your boasts and threats are so much fluff
I see you wear a garter belt,
I hope this blow doesn't cause a welt.
Your dress so cut and slashed to ribbons
I see you move like Lisa Gibbons,
You may be dancing with the stars,
But I think it best we not go too far;
Others watching might be mocking,
I'll just put a run in your stocking.

Elaine: A bit of fluff he says of ME?
Its lining of the May Day tree.
Your Levi's now will have a GAP,
The rivets are not in your lap.
Perhaps suspenders work the best
And give your hands to me to rest.
A garter belt is all you see, ...?
You must have blinked..oh lucky me!
The welts and bruises that you find
Match my flu-like state of mind.
The birthday game just lasts one day

It really is your chance to play.
So tell me David will you dance...
Even if you have no pants?

David McLansky

Death Remains My Enemy (A Riff)

Death remains my Enemy
I've known it since a boy,
The shadow in my garden
The monster I avoid.

It slithers in the darkness
Just above my head,
It whispers of the starkness
As I go to bed.

Survival at its source
Is desperate against death
It writhes and bites and coils,
Just for added breaths.

No anodyne of Angels
Nor ghosts trapped on the earth
Nor hopes of resurrection
Nor promise of rebirth

Can effectively assuage
The lonely deafening silence
The feebleness of age
The tired hands of violence.

David McLansky

Debra Song

You look at me bemused and with a grin;
Your brow furrows and your eyes express
Black moist sympathy
And so patient
Like a mother might be with a child
Whose head for the moment is too filled
With giant-dragon imaginings;
What to the child is mothering
Is to the adult contempt;
That's a great mask you've got there

David McLansky

December 22, 1973

Where Julia is, I do not know
Perhaps in the Catskill woods
Sitting in a wooden house
Staring at the snow

Darkness in her anxious mind
Darkness in the woods
Oh she would leave her past behind
And leaves me standing where I stood

I move no fiber in her heart
I am no vision that she might see
I stand unknown, outside, apart
As she stares absorbed in misery

Oh it's plain she runs not from me
She runs away to be apart
Apart from what I cannot tell
For she won't tell me her heart

David McLansky

Deer In My Garden

The deer ate my tulip tops
Sheared them off, their petals cropped;
The blazing reds, the yellow creams,
Have disappeared as in a dream;
I will not hunt down doe and fawn
Catch them as they cross the lawn,
In foggy mist take their life,
Shoot them, skin them with a knife;
I've seen the petals through my screens,
At first light bobbing in sunbeams;
The beauty that I chanced upon
Was sufficient in the dawn;
It seared a memory in my brain,
Its' beauty shall always remain

David McLansky

Depression

My many moods swing
My Day
They swing me from the dawn,
They break me big,
They break me small
'Till I think I can't go on;
At that event
They do relent,
Until they drop me into sleep
And then in dreams
I awake in screams
From which
I groan and weep

David McLansky

Despise Me Not For My Obsession With Your Form

My delight in thy nakedness and skin;
Think me not perverse, unnatural born
A madman peeking sordidly within;
Deny me not the beauty off thy light
Whose radiance my soul does soft refresh
For as my days decline to sullied night
I glory in the beauty of thy flesh;
My eyes so wanton in their use off light
Must like a miser now store up his treasured coin
And so I stare dimmed-eyed diminishing of sight
To dote upon what soon will be purloined;
For as in darkness thy shade's consumed in night,
I gaze with hunger on thy fading light.

David McLansky

Devouring Time

I loved you `till your teeth fell out
You often forgot to brush
You bit me with your piggy-snout
You were often in a rush;
You chewed your food then open-mouthed,
Crunching corn on the cob
The mashed potatoes headed south
An inveterate reborn slob;
One advantage did emerge
When you lost your teeth;
You ate with both your lips and gums,
Head lost among the sheets.

David McLansky

Discovering Charity Given

As now I sit and vegetate,
Thinking back, I contemplate
Those kindnesses unacknowledged
Those years before and after college;
Those little helps along the path
When I was weary, filled with wrath,
Frustrated, wild, and filled with lust,
Bewailing life as so unjust;
Those little patient silent smiles
As if dealing with a child
Hid the kindness of their gifts
Which I had thought were due to thrift;
Which I repay now as adult
I stifle words when finding fault,
Quietly I turn and give
Remembering as I forgive.

David McLansky

Distracted Youth Whose Heart's Impaled

Distracted youth whose heart's impaled
Who sings so sweetly in her travail
Whose downy cheeks are stained and mottled
Your porcelin eyes two broken bottles;
Let's make a mockery of his lies
And hail aloud what he disprized,
Turn around his saccharin words
Make fingers of his nouns and verbs'
So that he's condemned by his own lips
So he is throttled by what he once gripped!
So that she whom now he falsely favors
Can taste the venom on his saber.
Come my sweet, repeat his oaths
Recount his lies so he's exposed.

David McLansky

Do Not Grieve For Me

Do not grieve for me, the tempest tossed,
Like others in their barks against the storm,
Though meager is my gain against the loss,
And fruitless is the progress I've performed;
My sails and lines are snapped and flapping free,
My main mast cracked, my rudder split and bound,
My boat engulfed by waves in battering seas,
And windward I am blown across the sound.
As long as clouds keep streaming from the North;
As long as winks the lights upon the land,
I'll never drift from my encompassed course
Nor deviate my chart as has been planned;
For such is the constancy of your devotion,
Rough seas thwart not my steady leeward motion.

David McLansky

Dog At The Pound

I could not rescue you my friend
Though you curled around my feet;
I could not give you home and rug
After weeks of cold and sleet;

The man who saved you from the road
And washed your bleeding paws
Saw the nature of my present dog,
His jealousy, his snapping jaws.

So small the heart of dog and man
That though my love be boundless,
Hatred rules the narrow soul,
Although their fears are groundless.

David McLansky

Dorothy, I Have Seen You Three Times

Weathered face of Chinese Marble
Your eyes burn into my face
Inscrutable with joyful taking.

Blue Ridge Mountain woman
You stand as your brown sap is drying
Inward
Against a wind
On a snow dying hill
Long lived, self-sufficient, and ungiving.

Elegant memory
Graciousness in burgundy velvet
Sensuous in bohemian richness
Helen in the shadow of a living room;
And the clatter, the swimming music,
The eager faces searching for the words
They never know
As you always answer gaily.

David McLansky

bein

I should have grabbed him by the balls
And lifted him on high,
Then slammed him on the wrestling mat
And broke his bony thighs
\\He invited me to test my skill
Against his jealous arms
I had tamed a wild man's will,
Without causing patient harm;

But I played the game not knowing that
The patient had bested four
The Director and three guards who sat
By the Unit door

David McLansky

Dracula's Family Life, An Intimate Picture

Grim of eye,
Sharp of tooth,
Dead he lies,
Eternal youth.

His third wife,
Veronica,
Who he met one night
On Channuka,
Whisper hoarsely,
'Vlad, get up!
I put fresh blood
In your cup.'

Vlad, just groaned
Turned to his right,
'It is still day,
It's not yet night,
Just let me sleep
A little longer.
We'll make love
When I am
Stronger.'

'It's not for me,
You sexless cad,
And I thought once
You were so bad.
There's someone
Knocking on the door.
Don't go back to sleep!
Don't you snore.'

Vlad closed his eyes,
Snuggled in his coffin,
With such a young wife,
He didn't get to sleep too often.
But his wife complained
And so he rose,

And stood before
The mirror posed.

'How do I look?
Oh nagging wife;
To think that I gave you
Eternal Life!
I must have been completely out of my mind!
Or terribly thirsty at the time.
I know, I know,
'Get the door, '
Latvian women
Are such a chore,
I should have chose
That Polish bride,
But they're too salty,
Ham on rye! '

'Vlad, I didn't mean
To scold,
But your fresh blood
Is getting cold;
And maybe later,
If you're free,
We could play
Beat the Bat
Like we did at Disney.'

Dracula reflected
Looked round the room,
He saw no cobwebs,
In the gloom,
'Veronica!
You've been cleaning again!
Spread some dust,
I'll count to ten! '

Veronica grabbed the broom
And pushed some dust
Around the room,
'You should have married
That Polish tramp,

I bet she likes it
Foul and damp..
Oh really must you
Be such a bore.
I know, I know,
Get the door.'

David McLansky

Dragon

In a cavern, deep remote,
Across a bilious, burning moat,
In my relentless bent to wander
In search of marvels on which to ponder,
Did I find a sleeping beast
'mid scattered bones as from a feast,
Whose very breath did reek of meat,
Of fatted lambs and spitted treats,
But then I heard an eerie wail
From the snores the beast exhaled,
For in his breath of smoke and fire
Rang dulcid tones as from a choir.
Stood I agape, stunned, transfixed,
As his sleeping tongue did flick,
As he yawned, he made such sounds
They lulled me leeward to the ground.
Such honeyed music did I hear
It awoke in me a dreadful fear,
Such music meant to tantalize,
And then in sleep to hypnotize.
Was this the way the beast did conquer,
To mesmerize into a stupor,
Then to seize its languid prize,
With talons locked and greedy eyes;
At which the victim would awake
And then in horror try to break
The grasp that pulled him to its maws,
Its sparkling teeth, its steaming jaws.
I fought the music as it lulled my senses
Fought it as it quelled defenses,
For if this whisper could so detain
My very limbs with its refrain,
What resistance would I have to its power
Full awake in echoing bower.
Slowly made I backward steps,
Lest I wake the beast that slept,
Recoiling from the foul breath stench,
With my teeth and fingers clenched,
I backed my way from out this cave

Feeling as though my mind depraved.
At last I breathed the fresh night air,
Then blocked the tunnel to his lair;
Piling stone on stone to build a wall
To deafen man to this enthrall;
I trapped the beast within his cave,
Insuring more than I be saved;
For when the dragon flaps its wings
And voices psalms like cherubims,
The mind grows drowsy with such hymns
And sated souls may then give in.

David McLansky

Drunk On The Irt Subway

Grinning at an inward thought
That nightly tumbles on your wet caked lips
You mock the outward universe
And who's to say I blame you.

Shabby in an old man's coat
Booted black in derelicts
You wake to see the station number
Eyes twisting 'round in fear

Stung drunk against the subway door
You argue with your inner devils
Numbly closing your eyes upon the sun
To sleep the inward pain within
To sleep the inward pain without

David McLansky

Eat Your Ice Cream While You May

Eat your ice cream while you may,
Tongues lose neurons every day;
Oh the rapture of vanilla
While I was still a stout young fella!
Now I eat my Hagen Das,
With every spoon I sense the loss;
Yet I remember being merry
With Myra's cones of boysenberry.

David McLansky

Economy

I never thought
I'd ever be
Fancy free;
Nor did think
I'd ever sink
In losing thee
To such misery

David McLansky

Elaine At The Mini-Mart

Was that you at the supermarket;
Eating Pringles from your pocket,
Drinking Pepsi while on line,
Beneath the Fastfood Checkout sign?
With cookie crumbs all down your jacket
(When you chew you make a racket) ,
Licking out the Oreos cream
With a tongue that's quite obscene;
I tried to catch your roving eye
As you lifted up your box of Tide
And put it on the conveyor belt,
Oh the passion that I felt;
The pretzel sticks strung in your hair
Made some shoppers stop and stare,
But I still thought you looked divine
Chewing on your cantaloupe rind;
Your shopping cart held more than eight
Items at the checkout gate,
That was why you ate and ate
I missed you by a twist of fate;
I saw you in the Parking Lot
Juggling limes and apricots,
I waved but I guess you saw me not
In my distant parking slot;
In driving you are quite deft,
You turned right and I turned left,
You drove against the rush hour traffic,
I guess still your feeling a bit distracted.

David McLansky

Elaine Sept

Elaine Sept, a.k.a Lainey Seven,
There is a God, there is a heaven
Your name implies there's more at home,
I'd be glad to have one of your clones.

David McLansky

Embers

What do I have to give
But the ashes of my life?
Not I, the fresh cheek upon the hill;
Not I, the wind whipping, standing still;
Not I, the sparkling teeth,
Laughing, bragging on the heath;

What do I have to give
But the wreckage of my life?
Shall I be widower still talking of his wife,
Recalling
The journey and peculiarities
Of she who served on hand and knee?

I am but the embers of the tree;
The glowing ashes that once was me;
Pity me, yes, but youth stay free;
There is a wood extending to the sea.

David McLansky

Emily Dickinson's Birthday Present

Emily Dickinson's Birthday Present

Miss Dickinson, You are a pear
Prickly in my bed
You fight to hold the covers up
And hiss, 'We are not wed! '
Let me see at least one breast
And kiss its' purple grape
You stay my wrist with iron bands
And softly whisper, 'Rape! '
This is not fair my prickly pear,
I want to see you nude!
You wrap the sheets and mummify
And tell me I am crude;
Have all your words and clever play
Been a scattering of seeds,
Oh I would plough your two locked legs,
Yet you won't do the deed.
With fiendish strength I guide your hand,
'Oh won't you hold my member? '
She pulls away and turns around,
'My birthday's in December.'

David McLansky

Emily Poem

Sad am I
That we two
Only shared the knowledge
Of our separate fates

The dreamed life together
Screams in pain
As you walk away
A silent stranger
On the street again

We two
Who
With such
A mighty effort
Undressed our souls
Before one another

And now
A sudden flash
You a sudden stranger
And guard your thighs
When next we meet

I'll only hear the laughter years after
Only cry your leaving this evening
Empty void of miracles
between
What has been
and
What might have been

David McLansky

End Of The Ice Age

After lonely years of heartless treason,
Spring crept round again this season;
The daffodils sprung from the earth
And mocked the snow with nodding mirth;
They bobbed about with yellow heads
And danced above their snowy beds;
The crocuses against the fence
Suggested love might recommence;
Its purple-white thrusting flower
Denying death its mortal power.
Chill sun above my plot of garden,
Grant me yet an exile's pardon;
Consider now my debt as paid
Since both of us knew love betrayed;
Pale breath of winter's faltering breeze
Dares shake the buds beneath bare trees.

David McLansky

Epitaph

Out of the earth
I raised this stone
Fearing I would die unknown;
I set it in the muddy soil
Straining hard in labored toil.

I set this stone
Of common worth
That it might note
My name and birth;
That when I came
To draw last breath,
That it might note
My time of death.

What lay between
The weathered dates,
The reckless scenes
Of random Fates,
Lives beyond me
In my books:
The journeyed search
For Love I took.

a.k.a..

D.G. McLansky

5/4/1944 - □

David McLansky

Eusthacia

Oh where is Eusthacia,
The raven-haired beauty
Flower of the desert,
My Hollywood cutie.

Sad eyed and serious,
Her deep soul in mourning,
A poet of sandstone,
Of dry heat and yearning;

You protect your pale skin
By shunning the sun
You stalk in the twilight,
You pause, then you run

Oh sensuous lady,
Grey clouds mask the moon,
Has your stardom now faded,
Oh recluse of the dunes.

David McLansky

Everyday

Everyday is carved with your silence;
The empty daily space that holds your void;
The dreadful minutes, hours that is your absence
No matter what distractions I've employed;
My living hope: that I will soon forget
The casual rapture of your fading smile,
That I'll see your photo and not get upset,
That another love will replace you for awhile;
Meanwhile the canyon volume you've left behind,
The Echoed histories of our common joys,
Make me feel that I will lose my mind
Make me wish that I had been destroyed

David McLansky

Evil Etiquette

It's best to keep
The attitude
That Evil beings
Are merely rude;
It robs them of
Their certitude;
It reveals their Souls
As low and crude:
For when it comes
To returning Hate,
Love's most cruel
As celibate.

David McLansky

Falling Down

My life is falling off the walls
No Super Glue prevents their fall
My pictures setting below the horizon
Of my bed, the noise surprising;

And soon I'll be as never was
I hate the drill bit's whir and buzz
I refused to drill into the plaster
My life itself enough disaster;

Soon all the walls will be just hooks
A smudge of where the glue first took;
Soon the paint of scattered walls
Will bare the smudge: My rise and fall.

David McLansky

Family Court Lawyers

They prey on human suffering,
Requiring money offerings;
They move with charcoal dignity
In steps of solemn enmity;
They resurrect their childhood woes
Gravely dressed in tailored clothes;
And I the victim of their glance
Must pay to watch their solemn dance.

David McLansky

Fare Thee Well Emily

Let us part standing in the rain
Let the grey heavens wash away our stain,
While that soaking chill penetrates our bones,
Our wet hands drop, once more we stand alone.

No sadness now for we have had the best of each other;
We have moved through all moods known to perfect lovers;
Remembrances of such joy we won't forget,
I bless my luck and part with fond regrets.

David McLansky

Final Instructions

My sweet heirs, burn my remains
Death is ugly and I am vain,
Let me not turn green in a box,
Food for worms as my flesh rots;
Give me the dignity of fire;
(Just make sure I have expired ;)
No one makes a pretty corpse,
Rake my ashes without remorse;
In my parlor squats a man,
Gudea of Lagash with folded hands;
Use this statue for my urn,
Seal the bottom, a plaster cairn;
That you make look upon my art
And see the life in which I took part;
As you chat in my living room
May you be at ease before my tomb.

David McLansky

Fine Memory Of Chana Along Lake Nefoey

I liked the way she walked the Road
Strong-thighed and brisk she stepped and strode;
She walked ten paces 'head of me,
How firm her legs in dungarees.

She stepped and kicked, an easy race;
I upped my step to match her pace;
But strode she off away from me,
I could not catch her destiny.

David McLansky

Fire Island

From a lacquered cabinet
She takes a knife,
It's polished steel
Burnished bright,
She holds the knife
Above her head
And steps in mincing
Slippered tread;
She slides the bolt
To the stairs,
Her eyes are calm,
She feels prepared,
And slowly opens the
Cellar door
And grimly steps
Down stairs to floor;
She sees a trail
Of drops of red,
She softly steps
To where it's led:
A mound of clothes
Upon the floor,
A gust of wind
Slams the door;
Which makes the mound
To her surprise
Stagger up and start
To rise;
She stabs the demon
Mummified,
And as she stabs
The monster dies;
She steps outside
The bungalow,
The horizon clouds
Are hanging low;
They block the sun
High in the sky,
She's killed the man

She meant to die;
The sea gulls circle
Above the beach,
They taunt her deed
Though out of reach;
Her dress of gingham
Calico
Is stained with blood
From head to toe,
She steps into
The slate grey water
And lets the ocean
Current caught her;
A perfect face
Of porcelain
Slips below
The surface rim;
The sea gulls circle
In the sky,
How empty sound
Their mocking cry.

David McLansky

For A Poet

Love does not chose;
It by itself is chosen;
Love is the fire
That melts a heart
Although that heart is frozen;
Love is madness,
Compelled obsession;
There is no sadness
In possession;
Those in love who seek to choose
Know only love as a ruse,
A weak word for a burning passion;
Love's a banquet, not a ration;
Love is the sea, an endless ocean
That rocks the tides in ceaseless motion.

David McLansky

For Adele; A Song Hello, It's Me.

Hello, it's me
Someone from your distant past
Someone you once loved
But it didn't last
Gee, how time flows by so slowly and so fast.

We sat together in a City College Poetry class
Shyly our hands met in a heated grasp
We went for a walk along the winding path
That ran around the College yellowed Campus grass.
I remember you said your major was Math
How happy we were from the moment our hands clasped
I kissed your lips so hard our lips felt mashed;
We drank the wine and boldy glasses smashed

I helped you move out when your parents clashed
Over your 'life style' which they called trash;
We lived together, we were desperate poor, always out of cash
And yet, we were full of hope then, so brave then, so loud, so brash;

I saw you at a party, head bent, smoking hash;
I wrote you an angry note, scolding words meant to lash;
You didn't come home that night though you were smashed

Next day entering English class, we hardly looked at each other as we passed
The bell rang, then you disappeared in a flash;

You never said goodbye, just left some cash,
I heard you married but it didn't last
Are you as haunted as I am by the past? .

David McLansky

For Chana

□

Rachel Levy
Child of Grace
Angel of
The Jewish Race
Took a tour
Of La Boheme
Then returned
Barauch ha Shem

Grafted to
A half-breed child
Who roamed the world
Sad and wild
She tasted all
The Orient
Then returned
In time for Lent

But oh
The lover
The antique child
Still on the road
In Ireland
He drinks his tea
So somberly
In luncheonettes
And gray haired
Frets

She dreams of me
Consoles his tea
I am forever
Her dark haired wild
She ages
Gracefully
Combing the hair
Of her newborn child.

For Chen Zongchou

Oh China, you're a drunken cow;
1984 is really now;
You rewrite the truth
In trials that show
Your guards are brutes,
Your thinking slow

David McLansky

For Kay Newly Transferred To A Nursing Home

I lie awake and hear the shifts
Alter as I dream and drift
Mixing wish with long nightmares,
Cursing as I'm made aware
Of the meaning of a gesture,
A look that meant a new in vesture
I did not see so long ago,
I did not answer, I did not know;
I hear them stacking garbage pails,
In the dim light weak and pale,
Someone says, 'Go back to bed, '
Someone says, 'I think she's dead; '
Someone died within the night,
They rush the body out of sight;
Not wishing to spread alarm,
On Old McDonald's Death's Door Farm;
I hear them rattle pots and pans,
Someone says, 'Don't give a damn.'
Someone checks my cage and stall,
'Oh, so you're alive after all.'

Remember you must get up and walk
Freedom depends on more than talk.

David McLansky

For Lillian: Paris Cafe

She sits and reads her livre de poche
And drinks her glass vin rouge,
And in her eyes are fragile tears
That secretly perfuse;

She is a lonely frightened bird
Who stares intent, head bent on words
Sitting at her cafe table
Afraid of life, a hopeless fable.

Claude summoned with a crooking finger,
She lonely, rescued, tried to linger;
She lived with him La Vie Boheme
Sat at his feet and worshipped him.

He tired of his petite jeune fille
Who knelt so grateful at his knee;
With palette knife she slashed her wrists;
Broke in upon his latest tyrst.

Claude bound her veins and carried her
To a summoned ambulance;
La Folle Americaine restrained,
And vite, expelled from France.

She sits alone
In the Day Room sun
Beside the plexiglass;
A book of Sartre in her lap,
A cracker, her repast;

Claude did not come
To visit her
While on his State-side trip:
She ate
Crushed grapes from
Spearing thumb
And kissed his finger tips.

For Lillian: In Memorium

For Lillian: In Memoriam

In the Hotel Marrakech
Two hippies traveling from the West;
The bellboys thought us over-sexed;
We banged the bell on the front desk;

When shown up to our dingy room,
You the bride and me the groom,
Two lovers on their honeymoon;
The telegrams read, 'Come home soon.'

We smoked the last of the hash,
By then both almost out of cash,
Down to the purples in our stash,
The golden sun setting fast;

I lost you in a purple haze;
You were gone for several days;
Not knowing of your wandering ways,
I had assumed you'd always stay.

I saw you in Trafalgar Square
Too far from you to see me stare;
You danced and pranced still looking fair
A butterfly with stringy hair;

And on a sunny day in June
I visited your grave, your unkempt tomb,
And played for you a Beatles tune,
You my bride and I the groom.

David McLansky

Found Xmas Wishes To Elaine

Most Christmas' I say, 'Bah, humbug'
And snuggle deeper in my rug,
I enjoy the sight of all those crumbs
And schnauzer down another bun;
But in the face of your prospect,
(All sweetness I tend to suspect)
My surly self can't help but smile
As I think of you awhile;
But Bah! Humbug, this Christmas cheer,
It rings so false in my ear,
But as I hunch and blasphemy,
As I scowl with infamy,
As I sneer with words of scorn,
And wonder why the earth was born;
I think of your festive sweater,
And strangely I then feel much better;
I think of you as you scrunch,
As you smile and shoulders hunch;
And then I make a silly face
In my dark and woolly place;
So Merry Christmas petite Elaine,
My mood is ruined, you're to blame;
I was content in my burrow,
My lips compressed, my eyebrows furrowed,
But ...
Just when I thought the world's insane,
Up pops your face with candy canes.

David McLansky

Fragment

Stealthily with whispers sweet,
The Fall crept in
On silent feet,
The valiant leaves
Of verdant green
Fell to the siege
Of icy wind;
I knew it not
As battle waged
In the darkness,
A field of graves;
I slept warm
Beneath the folds,
Not noticing
The trees turned gold.

David McLansky

Fragment From The Pilgrim Road

And so the Nun who climbed the wall
Beguiled by love, forgetting all,
Returned a beggar at the door
Seeking food and succor;
She moved the very sign of sin,
Deflowered lust a-bloom within,
A swollen belly she could not hide,
She crept in shadows shorn of pride;
She who knelt at evening prayers
Who glided softly on the stairs,
Who crossed the yard, the pride of all,
Became the Eve in Adam's Fall;
She the Virgin Bride of Christ,
The Pure of Heart, the Sacrifice,
Became the object, the very form,
Of dreaded Evil to be scorned;
Once she moved with head downcast,
A pious girl, blessed when passed,
Now became a creature cursed,
The lesson of the very worst;
She who once was isolated
Traveled wide and was berated;
She was the mule sent to town,
The object of a hundred frowns;
There to run the Convents errands,
Mocked by boys and sky borne herons

Pelted by cruel boys with stones,
Hunted, hounded, never left alone,
Exhausted by her endless chores,
Slammed in her face so many doors;
She knew little peace that endless summer,
And in the Fall there came the Mummers
There to enact the birth of Christ
For food and lodging as their price;
It was on the night of Mary's labor,
The night was born Our Hope and Savior

That as the Mummers rehearsed the play
That Ann gave birth 'mid stacks of hay;
It was a tactic of this band
To place a baby of the land
In the crib as Christ portrayed,
An honor for which the rich would pay;
But on the evening of the play,
No babe was found in which to lay
The object of Our Hopes Redeemed
In the crib to play the scene;
But in the barn they heard the groans
As Ann lay birthing all alone,
Upon the hay stained red with blood,
As cows and goats chewed their cud;
And so the leader of the band
Took the babe from Ann's weak hands
And placed it on the scaffold stage
As it whimpered distraught with rage;
The people came from miles around
Farmers, merchants of the town
Their to praise Our Lord Reborn
Played by a babe, an object scorned.
To see performed the birth of Christ,
To cross themselves as Priests did thrice.
To feel the presence of The Lord,
Re-enacted on crude boards;
To praise Him as He humbly lay
Brought to life within this play;
Their Faith and Hopes again restored,
Christ Our Savior and Our Lord.

After the play had been performed
They gathered about the child adorned
With rosemary, thyme and cardamom,
There his form to gaze upon;
They knelt and kissed his swaddled feet,
Marveling how his skin smelled sweet;
Asking favors of the Lord,
That health and wealth be reassured;

David McLansky

Friends Move Away

Hand and hand
We mounted the road
To see our new friends
Who shared the code
Of friendship
Humor, and good
Fellowship,
Despite aching knees
We enjoyed the trip;
For there was a hardy,
A booming, 'Hello! '
A waving arm
As we slowed,
At the crest of the hill
At the cul de sac,
Kay waved and smiled;
We smiled back;
But when Kay fell
And injured her head
And stained the cement
As she bled;
We stood on the road
Horrified;
Her health in decline, ,
How we cried;
But then we met
Her son Frank and
His wife
Who took care of Kay
To restore her to life
But Kay's health sank;
Despite all of their labor
How frustrated was Frank
He couldn't help save her;
Death crept closer
With persistent stealth;
Each day she declined,
Broken in health.
We lost a friend

For whom we still mourn,
But we found new friendship
In Kay's second born.

Frank and Marge
Are people of class
Intelligent and worldly,
Frank even has dash;
Frank wore his fedora
Tilted with style,
He was easy to recognize
At over a mile;
But these beautiful people
Returned to the West;
Deprived us of joys
Which their presence had blessed;

We drive up the hill
To the empty cul de sac
And hope that global warming
Will soon drive them back.

David McLansky

From The Paris Hilton Poetry Book

I'm hot
Your not
I got
You dont

David McLansky

Furies Of Hate

Can the Furies blood
Fed by hate
Metastasize and then abate
Purge itself
Of acid venom
Aroused he murder
Of Agamemnon?
Can their dog-like heads
And bleeding eyes
Their coiled snake hair
Metamorphose
Into that fragrant
Hazy vision
Of pretty maids
In floral derisions:
Can these three beasts
Relent revenge
And leave a mind
As yet unhinged?
Such is the power
Of a mother
That although she murder
Menelaus brother,
The Furies hate
Rides on and on,
Poor Orestes,
Poor Agamemnon.

David McLansky

Galatea (A Riff)

What perfection in eye and cheek,
She shifts her body, I cannot speak,
Her back's soft light of muscled bone
That I would frame in marble stone;

What arrogance in handheld tool
That I could take what's learned in school
And reproduce her subtle beauty
Oh Pygmalion, you fail in duty.

With grace she moves to part the curtain,
In dusky light she stands uncertain
To check the time she has to pose,
What innocence denied of clothes.

Oh Artist here stands your Art
With breathing lips, a beating heart,
She turns to me, head over shoulder,
Complains to me, the room's grown colder.

I take an iron and stoke the coals,
How burns the furnace of my soul,
Oh I would warm her in my arms,
Would violation arouse alarm?

But she resumes her model perch,
Her innocence I would not besmirch,
But I am poor and ill-equipped
To carve the ivory of her hip.

Her perfection stalls my hand
It overcomes my code as man,
I kneel before her radiant beauty
And as an artist forget my duty

David McLansky

Garfield Place

....

With your auburn hair....

Braided down your back....

With your Vedic pose....

Your shoulders drooping slack,

With your up-turned palms....

Your knees about to crack; "

How could I not love you;

.....

With your weary eyes....

And your Indian skirt....

With your Mexican blouse....

And your army shirt,

With your silver rings....

And your thighs so alert;

How could I resist you?

.....

Sad-eyed lady of Garfield Place,

Bohemian Maiden with the sad eyed face,

With your Spanish earrings of silvered lace, "

Shall I join you on your rug?

Do I need to smoke your drug?

.....

With your African stew bubbling on the stove,

With your sandled feet and your painted toes,

With your boiling rice and your scent of Ceylon cloves;

How could I not choose you?

Sad eyed lady, how could I lose you?

.....

With your books on Art....

Scattered on the floor,

With your exotic fruit from an Arabian store,

With your frightened heart,

With your Druid lore,

How could I not love you?

With your brownstone frame

With its backyard garden scene,

With its red infected brick

Rained and stained with sheen,

With your ivy tendrils

Glowing dark and green,

How could I deny you,

Sad eyed Lady

Could I defy you?

.....

With your bobbing nod to Bob Dylan songs,

With your far away stare, deep and prolonged....

With your lost, lonely air, to whom did you belong?

How could I not be mesmerized by you....

.....

Sad eyed Lady fill my plate,

Sad eyed lady, on our first date....

....

With your dancer's legs....

And your leather wrap,

With your beaded chains....

And your tight bra strap,

With your cold hard breasts....

And your skirt with button snaps,

How could I make love to you?

Sad eyed lady on her back,

I smashed a cup and broke your trap

....

....

....

....

....

....

....

With your braided hair

Running down your back

With your Vedic pose

Your shoulders hunched and slack,

With your up-turned palms

Your knees about to crack;

How could I not love you;

....

With your weary eyes

And your Indian skirt

With your Mexican blouse

And your army shirt,

With your silver rings

And your thighs so alert;

Who was I to resist you?

....

Sad-eyed lady of Garfield Place,

Bohemian Maiden with the sad eyed face,

With your Spanish earrings of silvered lace,
Shall I join you on your rug?

Do I need to smoke your drug?

....

With your African stew bubbling on the stove,

With your sandled feet and your painted toes,

With your boiling rice and your scent of garlic cloves;

How could I not choose you?

Sad eyed lady, how could I lose you?

....

With your books on Art

Scattered on the floor,

With your exotic fruit split to the core,

With your frightened heart,

With your Druid lore,

How could I not love you?

....

With your bobbing nod to Bob Dylan songs,

With your far away stare, deep and prolonged

With your lost, lonely air, to whom did you belong?

How could I not be mesmerized by you

....

Sad eyed Lady fill my plate,

Sad eyed lady, our first dat

David McLansky

Gauguin In Brooklyn

How kind seem now
Those Brooklyn days:
The studio light
Dimmed mid-day;
The tiring nude's
Peak out a window
Eyes guarded, lewd,
A life in limbo;
The clay, the paint,
The books, the dust,
The photographs,
The naked lust;
The friends, their noise,
Their eager laughter,
The spider webs,
The threaded rafters;

Those times are gone,
But Art remains,
To prove that we
Were not insane.

David McLansky

Get Up, Get Up, My Sleepy Lover

Get up, get up,
Why do you sleep;
There's time enough
When I shall weep;
At your silence
Deep and profound
When you'll be laying
Underground;
But for now
While you're abed
Shall I let the
Dog
In
To stir your head
You lift the quilt
Stirred by his motion
I feel some guilt
By this commotion
But you lift your head
And I'm relieved
You are not dead.
I perceive;
He noses his way
Under the covers
To smell your warmth
And add another;
At this I gently shut the door;
It's four o'clock, I discover

David McLansky

Golden Foxglove (A Riff)

My love gave me
Foxglove tea,
My heart raced so
I had to flee
Foxglove contains
Digitalis;
She saw me with
A girl named Alice.

David McLansky

Hamlet

You fractious, wayward, ill-tempered girl,
What monstrous, insults at me your hurl!
I inconstant in affection? Look to your soul
In deep reflection.

Can the wayward bumble bee alight
On just one flower and be requite;
It's in your nature to be so perverse.
Well I know, being so accursed.
I gave you love from out my heart,
Yes, this jesting fool played his part;
I whimpered, I wooed, I hung on your lips,
As if life's nectar could there be sipped;
Yes, I discourse as one who's mad,
I ambled and prate like any lad;
I tug and rush upon your line,
Like a fish who's bait he thinks divine;
Helter-skelter I rush about
Like some mad foolish, doltish lout;
A madman, yes, I'm quite depraved;
These wiles you wield lead to the grave;
I renounce my gifts, my costly words;
My glass repels my acts absurd;
If I have played the lover-fool
Pretend not innocence, being unschooled;
It's in your Nature to torture men
The devil guards the gates of heaven;
And if I seem wild, and uncouth;
The cause is yours, oh fledgling youth.

David McLansky

Hamlet 2

What monstrous, insults at me your hurl!
I inconstant in affection? Look to your soul
In deep reflection.

Can the wayward bumble bee alight
On just one flower and be requite;
It's in your nature to be so perverse.
Well I know, being so accursed.
I gave you love from out my heart,
Yes, this jesting fool played his part;
I whimpered, I wooed, I hung on your lips,
As if life's nectar could there be sipped;
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It's in your Nature to torture men
The devil guards the gates of heaven;
And if I seem wild, and uncouth;
The cause is yours, oh fledgling youth.

David McLansky

Hamlet 3

Let you go, to live in peace?
Were I so willing with any thief?
You stole my heart
Now return it,
What good my heart
That now your spurn it?
A curse alight upon women's form,
How in candle light you so transform;
Your sparkling eyes, your fair bronzed cheek,
Your lisping words, cooed as you speak.
It is a poison honey dipped
Beguiling fools with passion whipped,
A condemning reason to be jailed,
Who prisoner-like now howls and rails;
We watch ourselves step toward the abyss
While you smile and sway and coyly lisp;
You make us fools, scorned knowing fools,
Within your hands, a willing tool;
You dance your jig with wild abandon,
You're every move we mimic in tandem;
And when depraved, of senses stripped,
You say us nay, and leave us tripped;
I'll have no more of your maddening brew,
I say with love, be gone, I'm threw.
Ah, now the tears overflow your eyes
I know your wiles, be gone your lies!
Those fountains that o'erflow their lids,
Leak like engines poorly hid;
I say no more of woman's lies
That mock the wearer they so despise.

David McLansky

Hamlet II

Let you go, to live in peace?
Were I so willing with any thief?
You stole my heart
Now return it,
What good my heart
That now your spurn it?
A curse alight upon women's form,
How in candle light you so transform;
Your sparkling eyes, your fair bronzed cheek,
Your lisping words, cooed as you speak.
It is a poison honey dipped
Beguiling fools with passion whipped,
A non-demning reason to be jailed,
Who prisoner-like now howls and rails;
We watch ourselves step toward the abyss
While you smile and sway and coyly lisp;
You make us fools, scorned knowing fools,
Within your hands, a willing tool;
You dance your jig with wild abandon,
You're every move we mimic in tandem;
And when depraved, of senses stripped,
You say us nay, and leave us tripped;
I'll have no more of your maddening brew,
I say with love, be gone, I'm threw.
Ah, now the tears overflow your eyes
I know your wiles, be gone your lies!
Those fountains that o'erflow their lids,
Leak like engines poorly hid;
I say no more of woman's lies
That mock the wearer they so despise.

David McLansky

Hamlet On The Stage

How fortunate to walk a path
That I can take and call my craft,
A solitary form of Art
That doesn't need another's part;
I speak like Hamlet on the stage,
A monologue like one depraved,
Exploring all my fears and doubts,
My quiet triumphs, my private routs;
I need no actor on the boards
To answer me as my reward,
The words themselves do echo back
Although the stage is curtained black;
Alone I feel and contemplate
And reconcile myself to Fate;
If my words know no renown,
I've known the pleasure of their sound;
I've moaned and groaned and dared to laugh,
And in the doing I've plied my craft.

David McLansky

Hardly A Limerick □

There once was a lion from Kenya
Who happened to eat Lotte Lenya
He soon took to the stage
For a three penny wage
And dreams of ice skating with Tanya

David McLansky

Henry Higgins Reflects On Modern Life

I'm sad to say civilization has declined
The fault of which is the female mind;
The modern girl in search of human rights
Has gone beserk and put the male to flight;
The modern male has lost his confidence,
To him the modern woman makes no sense;
She wants to be wanted and to be served
And then she becomes a muddle of raw nerves;
She's always running off to see her shrink
She does so leaving dishes in the sink;
Her social worker tells her she's abused,
She comes home more uncertain and confused;
The male is told he's always doing wrong,
That why he doesn't stay around too long;
No longer will a woman pour your tea,
Or put your slippers on at bended knee,
Or bring you buttered toast upon a tray
Or let you have the final word and say;
No wonder men are shunning marriage,
Who wants to be a horse yoked to a carriage;
Or in the winter shackled to a sleigh,
No wonder all the men are turning gay.

David McLansky

Here Lies An Angel

Here lies an Angel
Returned to Heaven,
Ring you Spheres
From one to seven;
You her heirs
Of earthly Love,
Look up below,
She smiles above.

David McLansky

Here The Poet Tries Not To Rhyme - Sugar Bowl Blues

I get up to go
For lately I have learned
That there is no promise
In this waiting, this exchange;
Better to pass to another table,
Or else, out into the black night,
Or, into the cloudy afternoon,
Or, into the sterile sunlight
To see the happy faces.

Who knows what chance may bring,
It has brought so much before;
In one's desperation
One must be kind to oneself
And endure;
To survive
Until the fruits
Of tomorrow
Arrive.

David McLansky

Here's To The Arm Of Mighty Glyn

Here's to the arm of Mighty Glyn
Son of fierce Glendower
May poetry ascend his pen
There''s boldness in his power

David McLansky

Hespere

I sing of the Hesperides,
Those lovely nymphs of yore,
Who tended carefully the trees
By Oceania's shores;
Who crafted such a restful shade
Where the sun sank in the West
Where the golden apples blazed,
For Heracles, a quest.
Of Atlas' daughters, who all were fair
In beauty one ranked highest,
She was his daughter Hespere;
Even Aphrodite would not deny it;
But she was loved by one Ladon
A hundred-headed guard
A monster set to watch upon
The fruits grown in the yard;
Hespere cried both night and day
To be freed from his obsession,
Her sisters turned their eyes away,
Both glad of her possession;
For beauty is an ornament
That cripples as it augments
And leaves its owner in torment
Confused that it does rent;
Two hundred eyes watched her walk
Beneath the apple boughs,
And if she dared to stop and talk
His jealousy aroused;
Stopping by the waters edge
She asked the ceaseless tide
Could He hide her in its wedge
Safe from prying eyes;
The ceaseless sea expressed regret
He could not safely keep
Hespere from the monster's fret,
Not even in its deep;
Two hundred eyes followed her
To the mountains high
Where she asked the god Zephyr

For a gentle ride,
To carry her to distant lands
Beyond Ladon's unblinking sight,
But Zephyr breath could not command
For it blew too light; ;

David McLansky

Hobo

I accept now fully
My neglect,
I, a fallen
Derelict;
Amazed I watch
The frenzied step,
The little souls
Of grim aspect;
They seem so busy
In their prime,
So desperate racing
Light & Time,
Their meager souls
So prone to crime,
How tight their fists,
How stiff their spine.

David McLansky

Holding On

My head held over the abyss
You hold me back by my two wrists
Kindness bids me spread the myth
That my spirit will persist;

But only here in what I write
Will my soul burn ever bright
Death comes as an endless night,
I must be true to my insight.

My love I grieve for your release;
But let me go, I will not cease;
For I am lodged within you brain,
And in my books I will remain

David McLansky

Homage To Dionysus

As I stumble into darkness
Death has lost its empty starkness,
Just a little dopamine
Has given back its Hippie dreams;
Just a little yellow pill
Has my imagination filled
With characters, harmless freaks
Who talk of love and mumbled peace;
Well meaning strangers in a haze
Who backseat chatter as we laze
As if time and space did not matter,
In army coats we climb up ladders
Leading to paisley dreams,
Ardent, sun-kissed, vibrant schemes,
Not caring what it all did mean,
When God was hair in velvet jeans;
When we could leave was uppermost
In some car out for the coast;
We chased the sunset in the West,
How young we were,
How thoughtless blessed.
But in the chaos and illusion,
The garbage piled up in confusion,
How I groped for some order,
Peripheral, along the border;
In the mayhem not content
My lust for meaning given vent
That made me fumble on my knees
Reaching for my Vedic beads;
Searching for that smile of love
Riding naked up above,
Her steaming hair, wet tantric coils
A gift for eyes, my loins a-boil;
The rocking measure primed, enjoined,
The endless pleasure
Then purloined,
She did not smile from up above;
She did look down
But not with love;

What desperate days did I know,
Not knowing which way I should go;
The mad encounters without meaning,
The acts of love that were demeaning;
Until my dear, I found you,
Who cleared my vision and purview,
And now I gently go to sleep;
Your tears drip down,
Oh do not weep.

David McLansky

Honeymoon On The Titanic, For Elaine

I held a feather to your lips
To catch a breath, a tiny wisp;
In hope the feather would gently swell
Signing life still in you dwelled

But alas the feather did not stir,
What happened then remains a blur;
I was roughly torn from your side
Ice Fingers reaching for my bride,
;
Oh moon where is your radiant heat,
Your basking glow that made life sweet,
Oh moon where is your after glow,
That sparkles in the star strewn snow

I was dumped into an empty lifeboat.
And lowered into the freezing float; ,
Cast off from the sinking ship
My heart sank as I watched it slip

I watched the bow rise in the gloom
Water poured from every room
Bodies tumbled down the deck
Broken dolls, with broken necks;

A rolling fog masked our doom
A descendent curtain, a gray perfume
Cloaked my vision, and blinded me
Bodies floated in the sea.

The ship reared up, crackng spine,
Its bowhead slipped into the brine
My head hung over the boat's gunwale;
The use of life having all turned stale.

In a town called Calgary
Elaine knelt down and touched my knee

'In a choppy sea never trust a feather
To check for life in the worst of weather.'

David McLansky

How Odd That You

How odd that you
Should turn so jealous
So possessive
And so zealous
While I a pauper
In your bounty
Do anxious look
About the county;
I see the smile
On young men's faces
When you enter
Social places
The embodiment
Of all Three Graces
That lingering smile
That me displaces;
I walk with Beauty
On my arm
Who dispenses wit
And social charm,
All greet you with
Such levity,
And revel in
Your creativity;
It's as if a Queen
Chose as her escort
Her lowest subject
From her cohort;
Her royal hand
Upon his arm
Who walks unsteady
With alarm;
Surely Nature's
Not so perverse
That our stations
Are reversed;
It's I who should
Be the jealous one,
Where e'er you walk

Your carriage stuns.

David McLansky

How To Fight The Self-Destructive

How to fight the self-destructive?

Let us pause to be deductive;
Their planned attack? To be assaulted,
Wishing you to be then faulted;
To flaunt their baited victim wounds,
These martyred Saints of living rooms;

So withhold the bruises that they seek,
Proud badges of their vicious streak;
Let them provoke and vilify
With slanders, threats, and sordid lies;
Mutely watch and stand aside
As they commit
Self-Suicide.

David McLansky

Huang Xiang

Huang Xiang

Zhang Ling

I am the silence in the crowd
The unheard voice that speaks aloud,
The muzzled voice led off to prison,
The mocked voice, the guard's derision;
I am the voice that shouts 'I am.'
The fervent voice born of woman
That claims a rightful place on earth
A right to sing, condemn and curse,
All of those who would deny my voice;
I am the soul who has no choice;
I paint the walls with my words;
I paint my house to be heard;
I am the demon in the street
Who shouts at Power's Wild Beasts;
I am the poet who dares to sing
Borne on the love of Xiang Ling.

David McLansky

Hunger

The hungry poet by the wall,
So dulled and weak, he nearly falls;
Eats his words and drinks his verse,
And, swallowing, feels still worse.

David McLansky

I Can Love Anybody - Beware

Shirley Bird Blues

She's a crazy maze of hysterical ways
And her body's god big and lazy
But her mind is bent, a talking event
For the girl's poetically crazy

She sings in songs of where she belongs
And snuggles my arm quite sweetly
And she rues in her blues and can't help refuse
When you undo her buttons quite neatly

David McLansky

I Celebrate My Adopted Daughter

I celebrate my adopted daughter,
A compact bit of law and order
Who leaves this Monday for boot camp
Eager for The Army's stamp;
A tiny mass of daring-do,
Brave enough to see things through
Prepared to be an Army Nurse
To ferry soldiers in a hearse;
I see the courage in your face,
Your shoulders squared, your vision braced,
There to do your country's duty,
You little mite, you thing of beauty;
You've always had a heart of gold,
You swept my driveway in the cold,
Shoveling snow without request,
Gut determined to do your best;
You're going out to see the world,
More than just a little girl,
A woman with a heart that's free,
Out to see what she can see;
Brave to leave our little town,
To travel being horizon bound,
Fearless as a little tyke
When you got on your two wheel bike;
I salute you proud as your step father,
Ignore my tears, and your step-mothers,
You're going off to fight a war,
The Persian Gulf's a distant shore,
Remember to keep your helmet. down;
Come home to us safe and sound

David McLansky

I Celebrate Your Safe Return

I celebrate your safe return,
From the daily horrors that were your concerns:
The dread assembly of body parts
The broken limbs, the blasted hearts;
The blackened skin of bodies burned,
The torsos filled with crawling worms,
A mangled leg, booted, laced,
The empty sockets of a face;
These were chores o'er which you labored,
To join the limbs that had been severed;
To gather up the torn remains
The fractured skulls, the leaking brains;
To once more make them seem coherent,
The shield of flesh that was no deterrent;
You packed away the body parts
Assembling then with mortuary art,
To give the coffin the false deceit,
That what was assembled was complete;
The rocky cliffs of Afghanistan
Bares the remnants of a man;
A strip of liver lay in the dust,
A shriveled eye peers in the dusk;
A torn intestine in a rocky outcrop,
That a harried corpsman failed to gather up;
A shattered arm, a bandaged bone,
A souvenir left far from home;
Oh little girl in your army togs,
What horrors in your mind's been logged

David McLansky

I Didn'T Die In The Mud

Face down in a pool of blood
In some foreign field of rice
A forgotten human sacrifice

I didn't as a man return
With peeling skin all splotched and burned,
Making faces wince and turn,
A grotesque object curtly spurned

I didn't I lose an arm and leg
A hero with no hands to beg
A crazy man, a jumpy vet
Who cannot manage to forget.

David McLansky

I Grieve

I grieve,
Not for the days
That are done,
But for the days
That will not come,
When Death
Shall set this aging sun,
And neither you nor I
Will be a one.

David McLansky

I Have Seen Eternity

I have sat by the sea
Watching wave upon wave
flood the sand
As it mesmerizes me.

I have sat by the sea
Rolling wave upon wave
Its cascading spray
Minimize me.

I have sat by the sea
Surging wave upon wave
Drowning the strand
Indifferent to me.

I have sat by the sea
Engulfed by the ocean
Feeling its motion
Washing through me.

I have sat by the sea
Rocked by its flow
Hearing its message
Here is eternity.

David McLansky

I Laugh

I laugh at the discovery
Of the new dead poets;
I'm dying here,
But no one knows it;
Too soon for an autopsy.
My ankles swell,
It must e dropsy;
Pile my books
Around: a curtain,
I breathe
My fame is still uncertain...

David McLansky

I Live A Vapor, A Ghost, A Breath

I live a vapor, a ghost, a breath
That nightly rises in the West;
A shimmering smoke, a whiff, a test
Of eyesight weak from lack of rest;
I live beyond my mortal span,
Beyond the rim of mortal man;
My purpose thus to broad survey
My consequence beyond my day;
And at my funeral, o'er my bier,
I hover o'er, I hover near,
The coffin that holds my remains,
My ear attuned to friends refrains;
"I knew him not, " "I knew him well, "
How strange the details on which they dwell,
Praised for traits I didn't have,
Their tears for fears, a balm, a suave;
I swoop, a comet rounding corners
Around the heads of kneeling mourners,
They say their words and stoop to pray,
And rise to carry on their day;
There are chores to do, bills to pay,
Death's a stop along the way;
How quickly is a soul forgot;
Forgotten while the flesh does rot;
Life goes on with small concerns
Eponyms, food for worms.
Haunted by their separate devils,
They dance and squirm on many levels,
Insisting that there is no death,
Though a voice is gone and has no breath;
There is no pause to long lament,
A voice is gone, a sad event,
But there's devils dancing in their head;
They claims their due and must be fed;
They sell their house and buy new homes
While I lie molting in fresh loam;
It was my conceit the world would stop,
When I was left to lie and rot;
But, no, the world continued on,

Though I was dead and shortly gone;
Poets still mix metaphors
What they mean I'm still not sure,
While straining for celestial heights
On dark backgrounds lit by night;

David McLansky

I Shook A Seed

I shook a seed from out your book,
A dried and wrinkled pit;
I placed it in my breakfast nook
And sunned and watered it;

It sprung a plant of leaf and vine
That curled along the glass,
It wrung my heart with curlicues,
It spoke of love bypassed.

How strange that plants
Grow to the light
While love retreats
With sun in sight

David McLansky

I Sing Of The Hesperides

Those lovely nymphs of yore,
Who tended carefully the trees
By Oceania's shores;
Who crafted such a restful shade
Where the sun sank in the West
Where the golden apples blazed,
For Heracles, a quest.
Of Atlas' daughters, who all were fair
In beauty one ranked highest,
She was his daughter Hespere;
Even Aphrodite would not deny it;
But she was loved by one Ladon
A hundred-headed guard
A monster set to watch upon
The fruits grown in the yard;
Hespere cried both night and day
To be freed from his obsession,
Her sisters turned their eyes away,
Both glad of her possession;
For beauty is an ornament
That cripples as it augments
And leaves its owner in torment
Confused that it does rent;
Two hundred eyes watched her walk
Beneath the apple boughs,
And if she dared to stop and talk
His jealousy aroused;
Stopping by the waters edge
She asked the ceaseless tide
Could He hide her in its wedge
Safe from prying eyes;
The ceaseless sea expressed regret
He could not safely keep
Hespere from the monster's fret,
Not even in its deep;
Two hundred eyes followed her
To the mountains high
Where she asked the god Zephyr
For a gentle ride,

To carry her to distant lands
Beyond Ladon's unblinking sight,
But Zephyr breath could not command
For it blew too light; ;

David McLansky

I Sing Of The Hesperides 2

There was a boy,
A farmer's son,
Who over heard her plight,
And pledged to rescue
The lovely nymph
And deliver her that night;
For he reasoned
A monster must
Close its eyes and sleep,
He understood
His love for her
For too his heart did leap;
Hesperere turned her perfect eyes
And whispered gratitude
And promised him her full regard,
His courage was renewed;
That night he took a honied wine
And soaked in it Nightshade,
And poured it in a giant stein
And placed it in the glade;
Ladon drank and smacked his lips,
His eyes closed in his heads,
And in the morn still sealed his lids,
For Ladon eyes were dead;
The farmers son ran to Hesperere
And told her she was free
Then called her his 'Lady fair, '
Dropping on one knee;
'i did not mean to change my guard
But to live and to breathe free,
I may hold you in high regard,
But love won't imprison me.'
That night the lonely farmer's boy
Hung himself inside his shed,
Thinking of the jealousy
Felt in a hundred heads.

David McLansky

I Suppose

I suppose this resignation
Is a form of wisdom;
Beaten down,
We discard our pride,
Adopt a lesser vision.

We pass as strangers
On the stairs,
Both bitter in defeat;
She now absorbed
In her career;
I wobbly on my feet.

Gone those joys
Dear to my heart:
The joining love
Of two apart;
The laughter,
Caring, life-devotion,
The sharing, partnered
Warm emotion;

Gone forever
As I climb the stairs,
A lesser man
In my white hairs.

David McLansky

I Watch My Mentor Weep

I watch my Mentor weep
His hooded eyes fight the urge to sleep;
And yet they question him
To make him speak;
They chide him, as he hobbles weak.

Once his voice was clear and strong
He bristled at the slightest wrong;
He ruled a King firm upon his throne;
He whispers now, he grunts, he groans.

I know it' s hard to accept
That this once keen mind is not so adept; ;
Now his dancing thoughts are out of step,
He struggles as if he's out of breath

Allow this old giant his repose;
As he shrinks take in his clothes;
Trim his nails and clip his toes
His weakness should not be so exposed.

David McLansky

Ice Man Forensic

Our oldest
Intact human corpse,
Dead by murder,
Why, of course!
Robbed for that
Which he possessed;
5000 years,
We're still obsessed.

David McLansky

If God Does Not Exist (A Riff)

If there be no God
Then man is scum,
Fungus on a rock
Floating in the drift of space,
A cold then sizzling spot;
The turmoil of the universe,
Its gas explosions far,
The birth and death of light that's cursed,
The entropy of stars;
Then love is all we really have
In the barrenness of space
It functions as a soothing salve
And smoothes a watchful face

David McLansky

If I Was French

If I was French
This would be
The day that Louis
Tried to flee
The mob that ruled
The Tulleries
With his hounded
Family
On his way to
Montmardy;
But unlike Louis
And his might have beens
(He was captured
At Varennes) ,
My escape was not foiled
By a coin
In my billfold;
Yes, I escaped
The guillotine,
My overthrow
By that mad Queen;
Once more I'm King
In my own bed,
And with my Roselyn
Safely wed.

David McLansky

If Only Poems Paid The Rent

If only poems paid the rent,
When the rent was due;
I'd pay six months in advance,
And have my lease renewed;

If only poems paid the bill
Slipped on the restaurant table;
I'd tip the waiter, overpay,
Like Cary did with Grable.

If only poems assured ones love
Like furs and gold and pearls,
I'd scatter sonnets at the feet
Of my one and only girl.

If only poems halted Time
And stilled its sad decay
I'd pin a poem on his sycthe
And send him on his way.

But poems don't pay the rent
Or exchange for a pan fried cutlet
And girls and Time won't give a dime
For an iambic rhyming couplet.

David McLansky

Il Faut Oublier

One must forget
The taste of your skin
The salt of my tears
Spread hot and thin;
One must forget
Your eyes mocking grin
As I pleased your thighs
Your mastered chagrin;
One must forget
Your silence at sin
Mistress of worlds
All held within;
One must forget
The wealth of your eyes
The truth in your lies
The heat of your sighs;

One must forget
As I taste my own tears
As I stare at the bed
Now that you've fled
I rehearse our sweet whims
Of all that we've been
Of all that we've been
Of all that we've been

One must forget
The pearls of my life
The gold of my days
The long silvered nights
Your soft negligees
Your shadowy breasts
Their gossamer crests
As you crossed to the bed
The whisp of your tread...
To the memories I wed
One must forget
One must forget
One must forget

David McLansky

In Barron's Bookstore, A Riff On Iris Blue's English Sonnet

When eye meets eye in naked recognition
Suspecting that two hearts may beat as one
There lingers yet a moment's hesitation
Oh, questing vision, nervously this is done;
Should I let you in silence pass on
Down the crowded aisles of books stacked high in bins
Stilled by shyness, let you too soon be gone
Fearing that I may commit some social gaff or sin;
How many loves have I let walk away
Who appear in crowds then disappear again
When a simple smile would have simply won the day
And freed me from my lonely social pain;
What kisses lost, what flesh on flesh denied,
All due to my foolish costly pride.

David McLansky

In Defense

Despair not Mr C. McGrath
That you've excited the bully wrath
Of the mob that eyes with praise
The poser in his shimmering haze;
Papa wrote as one two fisted,
On his genius he insisted;
Who never got over his mother's dresses,
Or her insistence on his blond tresses;
This manly man became a bore,
To his wives he became a chore,
Always ready with a punch
For any man they had to lunch;
In the end he could not conceal
His fear of weakness that age revealed;
Paranoid he took his life,
Thoughtless of his loving wife.

David McLansky

In Memory Of Lainey's Dog

My dog squats snugly on my hip
Squeezed on the sofa content to sit;
Heedless of my twisted spine
While I awkward write my rhymes;

T'is strange this bond twixt dog and man
She eats so gently from my hand
Sharing my box of crumbled Cheez-it
I chop up beef chips to later freeze it.

I got my dog from the pound
Groucho Marx when she looks around;
She replaced Camilla when we put her down
Camilla sleeps pain free underground

What friend shows us such devotion
Who jumps up at our slightest motion
Curious as we move from room to room
Who makes a game as we sweep the room;

What friend forgives our show of temper
Who licks our faces when we start to whimper
Who defends us from the threat of harm,
Who finds such peace within our arms?

David McLansky

In Memory Of A Friend On The Internet

There was a silence in his death,
A stillness strong, hard, oppressed;
An absence as there was no knowing;
A blankness left beyond all showing;
No wonder, we, the yet still living,
Invent our Gods as all forgiving;
For the greatest suffering,
Purely Hell,
Is not to be,
We live to tell.

David McLansky

In Memory Of Frances Weston

Frances Weston

Never beat the King at bowls
Or throw a winning seven
On your knees when playing dice
With the King of Heaven

Or let a tennis ball
Take a lucky spin
Unless you're old and out of breath
And you've lived your life at whim

David McLansky

In Memory Of Kay Borth

Kay passed away last night
The neighbor on the hill
Gone is her cheerful light
Her gleeful overspill;

I hear her accent in my head
Her opinions stated strong
Confirming what I weakly said,
"David, you're not wrong! "

"You're right, " she said with certainty,
Condemning all my foes,
Her eyes were bright
She still had fight
Despite her many woes.

But her systems failed
One by one
She fell and hit her head,
She lay in bed
With shallow breath
Until the end had come.

Life is a habit, we persevere
We struggle to persist;
We sense the end with growing fear,
It's not Heaven we resist.

Gone is the life that dispelled all doubts
A friend past her demise,
Whose voice I hear as if shouted out,
Strong and clear and wise.

I saw the joy light in her eyes
As I sang a German song
She sang along to my surprise
Her whispered voice still strong.

"Du, du liegst mir im Herzen

Du, du liegst mir im Sinn
Du du, machst mir viel Schmerzen,
Weist nicht wie gut ist dir bin.

David McLansky

In Memory Of Pete Seeger

He always seemed a bit naïve
This bony man, this towering reed;
But he sang wh such boyish élan
This old man who made his banjo twang;

He was old when I was young
On the college stage he bravely sung
A commie, tall and so highly strung;
Just where did he think that he came from?

He sang out for the union, the working man
The smile on his face was clear and grand
He sang proudly of the gifts of the land
A Bolshevik with a five year plan.

The plutocrats let him sing
This bean pole man with the naïve grin
He was harmless, old, an antiquated Boris,
Who chided students to join him in the chorus;

He hated injustice, he hated war,
He loved America from shore to shore
It's a good thing that he never got a hammer
He would have ended up in the slammer;

He tried to change the world with songs
In the hippie '60s he sang at every sing-along;
Now I'm old and still I hear his song
His reedy voice that protested every wrong.

David McLansky

In My Decline

My mind grows barren in my decline
Rich Images turn pale dulled by time;
Once love was a sickness, a desperation,
An obsessive thought, clutched in possession;

I escaped a cruel prison sick with hate
With an improbabiility that defied both chance and fate;
Now I sit at ease with my last Duchess to date;
Watching TV, the hour grows late.

The wild passion, the mad pursuits;
The antic years of my prolonged youth; '
Has tapered off into tired contemplation;
I am exhausted by such enervation.

David McLansky

In Praise Of Myspace

It's time to praise with dunning grace
That portal simply called Myspace,
That site upon the Internet
Where writers can interconnect;
Where artists using nouns and verbs
Who feel no need to misspell words,
Can express themselves in complex thoughts
While remembering English lessons taught;
Where writers can display their wares
And expose themselves to judgments fair;
An audience of daring peers,
Of poets, shamans, and would-be seers;
I'm grateful for the friends I've made
And for the Art they have displayed;
Minds across the Internet,
Lovers known without regret.

David McLansky

In The Beginning

Adam lay back in the leaves
As moonlight filtered through the trees
Which gave each leaf a silvered glow
And watched the sparkling shadowed show;

He was a youth, perfection formed
With every grace was he adorned
With no fear of age or halting death
Which overtook his garden pets;

How curious to watch them die,
They wilted with a plaintive sigh.
They grew stiff with spotted swollen limbs,
Their clear eyes yellowed round their rims;

Where once lambs ambled with delight
And clicked their hoofs on rocks 'till night
They grew more solemn as days passed,
And left their bones in clumps of grass.

Adam's body beneath the moon
Turned silver-gold in the gloom
He stretched his muscles rippling paired
And sighed deeply in the midnight air;

What pleasure to await his bride,
Soon she would lie along his side,
With rounded breasts against his chest,
With snake-like fingers that caressed;

Soon her chestnut mantled hair
Would form a drape that masked the air;
Soon her legs would him entwine
And ensnare his limbs like tangling vines.

And so he lay upon his back
Secure in God's sweet Eden pact
A mortal youth who lived immortal;
Eve stepped through a moon dark portal.

Eve stepped through a yellow beam
That from the wanton moon did stream,
Revealing both a breast and thigh
That caused the youth to stare and sigh;

In the shadow of the trees
The moon did flicker so as to tease
Arousing all of Adam's lust,
This boy of spirit and of dust;

A moonbeam slid around her breast,
Revealing curve and pointed crest,
It carved her belly, her nexus hair,
He could not help but gulp and stare;

But then her face was bathed in light,
Her nose was fine, her teeth were bright
Which she revealed in a smile,
She raised her arms with artful guile;

How she enjoyed this native power,
The unlearned beauty of a flower,
That mesmerized his mortal senses
With good and evil consequences.

She brushed his lips with her nipple
Which he did suck and fiercely tipple,
As if sweet nectar flowed within,
He bounced her breasts against his chin.

She deftly climbed upon his loins,
He pierced her then, they were conjoined
And as he bucked, she matched his stride,
How hotly burned the flame inside.

And when their passion's fever crested
Brow to brow they sweating rested,
He rolled her gently on her side
And stroked her cheek with unchecked pride;

While staring at her love flushed face
He recalled a lonely time and place
When all of Eden had been mated,
Except for him who now was sated;

How distant seemed that pain in time,
His agony a living crime,
What blackness marred his mournful vision,
He stalked the garden with indecision:

What good was Paradise unshared,
The fragrant flowers, the perfumed air,
The gushing streams, the verdant groves,
The rising sun, pink and rose;

What purpose to climb glistening peaks
If he could not with some one speak
To share the marvel of his eyes
As he climbed and mounted high;

What use to see the silvered lake
Without someone, to share, partake,
To share his sense of awe and wonder:
The lightening flash, the rolling thunder;

What pleasure in bucolic scenes
Of goats and lambs and elks by streams
Could he know as he espied
With no one standing by his side?

God while walking in his Eden
Questioned Adam at their meeting,
"Why seem you sad and so forlorn,
You are my favorite creature formed;

Behold My mountains, My fields, My rivers,
Thee unto to you I do deliver,
I've made you master of all the earth, "
Adam answered, "Yet, I feel cursed;

All creatures on the fields or plains,

The bison standing in the rain,
The antelope and the gazelle
Live in herds, in pairs do dwell;

While I live lonely, a King in name
Joyless in my boundless reign,
Restless, angry, and obsessed,
All this beauty leaves me depressed."

"Know you not all beasts do quarrel,
From lowly ant to chattering squirrel,
All seek to dominate their kind,
In solitude is peace of mind? "

Adam sank down at God's feet
God darkened Adams eyes with sleep,
From his flesh He formed new life,
When he awoke he found a wife;

How could he know, could he foresee,
The coming bouts of ecstasy
The feathered thrill of flesh on flesh,
The languor known at each caress;

The gentle moments, so sweet and tender,
The open arms when she surrendered,
When she gave herself unbound
As they lay upon the ground;

How oddly was her body fashioned
She made him stir, he felt his passion,
How quietly she mutely lay,
He didn't know just what to say.

Eve lay still as if inert
A creature formed of bone and dirt,
Unsure of role, her rights, her place,
First Lady of the human race;

Adam rubbed his side, still sore,
She looked at him, her eyes unsure;

"Who are you, what is this place? "

Adam rose and began to pace.

"This is the garden of our Lord,
Being lonely, feeling bored,
The Lord made you to fill my leisure, "
He reached for her and tried to squeeze her.

She sat up and hastened back,
He withdrew his hand, his arm fell slack,
"I'm your lord, your human Master."
She answered him with gales of laughter.

He spoke again, much offended
"Your lord and Master as He intended,
As his vassal I hold legal sway
Over all the life that you survey."

"Am I your sheep, your cow, your pig,
Just because you gave a rib?
Am I your beast, your dog, your slave,
All for just a pinch of clay? "

"Close your mouth and still your lungs,
Why did God give you a tongue?
To mock your better and your leader.
He wondered, was it wise too beat her?

But then she grabbed him by the wrist
And gave his thumb a little twist,
He found himself up in the air,
As he passed by she tugged his hair

And as he landed she spun around,
And kicked him with a kick called round
He quickly stumbled to his feet
She smiled at him with a look discrete;

She slapped her hands still caked with dust,
"Try it again if you must,
But in my mud was a shoe fly,
A Third Degree Karate guy."

David McLansky

Ingratitude

Does kindness shown incur no debt?
You blame your words, you were upset;
You've cursed the hand that fed you food
And excused your acts by your foul mood;
Did she who offered gentle words
Who took your part through facts absurd,
Who questioned bruises with concern
And hoped some day that you would learn;
Who takes you in when you're expelled,
Who mothered fears and nightmares quelled,
Does she not merit equal fare,
The one who sought your soul's repair?
You answer cruelly behind her back,
Ill-tempered sneers meant to attack;
How long does patience nobly stand,
Not turn away, withdraw its' hand?
Does kindness shown incur no debt?
You infect pure goodness with regret.

David McLansky

Inspector Clouseau

Inspector Clouseau
A flic de la rue
Always knew what to do;
Whether disarming bombs
Or shouting alarms,
He was a Frenchman though and through.

In the Art of Disguise
He was often unwise,
In fact he one time went nude;
With an unplayed guitar
He got into his car,
And showed he wasn't a prude;

He wouldn't relent
A hound on the scent
When pursuing those outside "the loo."
He practiced Karate
Though his houseboy was dotty
While bedding Yvette Mimieux.

David McLansky

Irish Protest

What's all that buzzing in the breeze,
These noisy birds, those humming fleas?
The bursting branches of the woods,
The calling loons, misunderstood;
There's such a screeching in the Spring,
Must every flower loudly ring?
Must lovers murmur on the grass,
Must mallards cackle as they pass?
Oh silent life in darkened bars!
Oh neon lights! ! Oh whiskey jars! !

David McLansky

Ironic Nights

Living in the bubble of her hate
I twist about incredulous of my Fate;
I, who fed on love like breathing air,
Should live imprisoned in this Ogress' lair;

I, who counted sweetest all things gentle:
Refinement, wit, and goodness elemental,
Savoring all that taste and grace do bring,
Should live within this coarse and vulgar ring;

I, a creature bred for temperate weather,
Delighted by the softest feeling pleasure,
Confounded by a hate that poisons souls;
Enduring through the nights as they unfold.

David McLansky

I've Had Enough Of Death

I've had enough of death
The gasp for air, the struggling breath;
Let those who kill, jailed, live on,
That they their breathing may reflect upon;

Let them stare at the dull grey walls
Let them keen on strange footfalls,
Give them the silence of their thoughts
To hear the misery they have wrought;

Let them pine for a friendly voice
Let them reflect upon their choice,
If their solitude disturb them not,
Let them sit entombed and rot.

David McLansky

Jemina On Her Honeymoon Cruise

You wanna do what with your thing?
Melvin that's just sick!
You stay on your side of the room;
I'm not foolin', move it, quick!

I'll bust this lamp all up your head!
Don't wave that thing at me!
Don't you have any sense!
You use that thing to pee!

I do know what I'm talking 'bout,
I had a class on sex!
Sister Mary showed us in a book,
The Catholic Guide, A Text.

The man lies naked up on top,
The girl goes down below;
The man makes noises till he stops;
The girl cries in her pillow.

My Momma told me you was no good,
But I never expected this;
Don't say that I misunderstood,
I know where I piss!

I'll tell you how a baby's born,
I got an A in class'
Man and wife they pray real hard
And a baby comes like gas.

So if you put that thing away,
You can come back to bed;
You can kiss and give me hugs...
But try that again, you're dead!

The Nuns told me that men are beasts
But I never imagined this;
You've completely ruined our honeymoon,
As God is my witness!

David McLansky

Jesus In The Dungeon

Down in the Dungeon
in the grey stone Keep,
They shoved me down
Cut stone steps steep;
They locked me in
This fetid hole;
Naked to
The gnawing cold;
The walls are hard
And from them seep
My only water
Save what I weep;
I lick the coarse
Rough hewn stone,
Sealed in darkness,
All alone.

Sad lonely hours
I howled my name,
'The Nazarene, '
I howled in vain;
I live my Father,
Entombed, forsaken,
Beyond your power,
My spirit shaken;
I live with rats
Who bite my flesh;
I cannot sleep
I know no rest;
They smell the blood
Of my wounds;
They sniff and scratch,
'Mid my dark tomb;

Is this my sum,
My destiny;
To starve to death
In ignomy? '
If I'm to die,

Let there be light,
Let me be held
In Your eyesight;
Not in this dark
Forgotten room;
So asks Your Son,
Here so entombed.

David McLansky

Joseph Weary

Joseph, weary,
Found the Inn,
But the landlord
Wouldn't let them in;
At the stairs,
He barred the door
Though Mary screamed
In labor sore;

He told them both
To sleep below;
Beneath the Inn
They could go;
With the animals
He laughed in jest;
Lest her cries
Disturb his guests;

The landlord who
Rejected Christ
Without so much
As thinking twice,
Thought of Mary
As a chore:
Old Joseph and
His pregnant whore;

And so was born
The King of Men
Amid the cows
And clucking hens;
Amid the lambs
And bleating sheep;
Amid the horses
Stomping feet;
Christ lay birthed
On dirty straw
Too human for
The upper floor;

Thus right from birth
Born in a manger
Unfairness was
To him no stranger;
Joseph cut his silver cord
As drunken men
Danced on the boards.

David McLansky

Journey's End

Mortals all
Blind we fade
The prophecy
Not clear in the cup
And after is
Is after all
Knowing naught
Of what we're made;
Then bourgeois Maiden
Of wifely cares
Come weave me in
Your routine days,
Clean my brain
As you sweep the stairs,
And lull me with
Your beehive ways;
Do not let my
Heart choke up
Over what I'll never know
Nor really
Ever
Need
To know

David McLansky

Joy's Stay With Me

Stay with me
Don't slip away
Be here with me
Don't fade away

There is no life
Oh God not today;
Be here with me
This is what I pray;

All the joys of our hours
All the days of our years
That we have shared
I'm blind with tears
Stay with me
You're mine, I'm yours
Oh stay with me
Always

(instrumental stanza)

You have been my light
My shining sun
There's only darkness
When you are gone

Stay with me
Oh love of mine
Light my way
Give me more time
Stay with me
Stay with me
Give me more time

David McLansky

Judy K. When We Were Very Young

You were lost,
An elfin sprite;
Sadly tossed,
You'd spend the night;

I gave you my bed,
I took the couch;
I gave you pajamas
You stood a mouse.

Standing in my living room
Only wearing pajama tops;
I could not add to your doom,
As a seducer, I a flop.

David McLansky

Julia Poem

This year I knew no Spring
Having fallen in love in mid-Winter
And before the January thaw
My heart was broken

This year
I stumbled from
The cold brittle air
Of love in Winter ecstasy
Into
The sullen numbness of Summer
With you gone
And all my first green dreams
Dead in barren ground

And oh
How I can't bear
Seeing the over-ripe fruit
Of other peoples lives
As they laugh and lean against
One another
In the sweating Summer street

David McLansky

Julia's Song

What will move
This child at play
Figured in a
Woman's form

Who gets up
To fluff
The pillows up
While my heart
Lies tattered
Torn

She does not see
The hell in me
Written on my face
I sit alone
And begrudge the stone
Its weighty silences

What could I say
To a child at play
About one's need
For a woman's love

David McLansky

Julia's Song II

In the night time
That very first time
Did I frighten you
As I hovered over you
In nourishing joy
Kissing long and deep
Into your mouth and soul
Leaving you breathless
Your lips parted
Your eyes wide surprise
As my swirling universe
Moved into yours
Through uninhibited space

David McLansky

Julie As Job

Julie, this is THE LORD,
I was laying around Heaven
Feeling bored
When the Devil got me
Really upset
He said he could out do me,
In a bet;
He said he could pick
A soul at random
And set her on
A course in tandem;
Now don't you worry
Or get upset;
You are the subject
Of our bet;
In the days to come
You will be tested;
In this match
You'll be molested:
You'll lose your camels
And your goats;
Your feet will swell,
Your face will bloat;
Men will turn away in fear;
You'll develop stange pimples
On your rear;
They Devil will try
To lead you astray
In grief and sadness,
But come what may,
Do not lose
Your faith in the Lord
Though beset
By a locust horde;
Though you are trampled
By elephants,
Though your friends are revealed
As sychophants;
Maintain your faith

In my Great Plan,
Do not forswear Me,
Oh Woman of Man.

David McLansky

Jumper On The Bridge, Paris.

The lonely girl sur le pont
Looking cold and slightly gaunt
Loosed a ribbon from her hair
With a gesture debonair
And held it flagging in the wind
Snapping, streaming, wild, untrimmed;
Then let it go, its fate released;
May broken ties so drown and cease!

David McLansky

June 4th Tiananmen

They had to bring them from the farms,
The rural soldiers far from the storm
Those naïve lads deprived of books
Who obeyed their orders while sergeants looked;

Hayseeds who had never seen the city
Fixed bayonets without a dint of pity
And marched with fear within their eye
Not knowing that their leaders lied;

Who jumped down from their transport trucks
And formed their lines their eyes awestruck
Heads turned around at neon signs,
Colonel Sanders left them blind;

McDonalds with their great round eyes
Came to them a great surprise;
These rebels lived in paradise
With Coca Cola and pizza pie;

So they stormed the Square firing their guns,
And shot down Lincoln on the run;
Down went Washington and Jefferson
Wounded by soldeir/peasants guns;

James Madison stood up and tried to sing
But they clubbed him in the melee ring;
Their sergeant promised them Big Macs,
After they concluded their attack.

But remember the World War I song
And here the peasants sing along,
"How you gonna keep them down on the farm,
After they've had KFC."

David McLansky

Just One Last Cigarette

The smoke exhaled with my regrets.
A blow of smoke of tired jets
I see it twist and thin expire
In the white smoke cloudy gyre:

I'll take a puff and ignite the tip
Held within my fingers grip,
Roll the paper as grey clouds boil
Flick the ashes in the foil;

And when this cigarette is done,
I'll get up and say, "I have to run."
Step out on the empty street,
Merge with traffic I chance to meet.

As the billows drift and layer
As songs repeat on the record player,
You'll sit up with your nightgown down
In that dusty room, that one horse town.

David McLansky

Just Wait Until I Sober Up (A Riff)

Just wait until I sober up
You take me when I'm in my cups
Then I'll unleash my rational mind,
You attack me when I'm drunk and blind.

You attack me when I'm on all fours
When my lips have kissed the floor,
I see your parquet wood is cracked,
Gosh you're built, you're really stacked

But you attack me when I'm in my bottle,
I'm not one to seize and throttle,
I'll get my ducks in all a row,
My arguments will blaze and flow;

What I need is a cup of joe
To put my ducks all in a row,
Then you shall, yes you shall see,
My God, I really have to pee.

David McLansky

Kay Borth's Bench

In the sunlight,
An empty bench
Before your house
A ghostly sense;
The wooden slats
Once painted red,
Where once you sat
With nodding head
Show flecks of gray
The paint chipped off
A quiet place to sit and pray..

The cat has fled;
To the neighbors yard,
Beneath the shed,
Life turns hard;
No more easy
Kitty treats
No boney laps
Her fur stroked sleek

I still recall your bright 'Halloo, '
Your arm held high
As we paused to go
The cat sprang up
And climbed a tree;
And menaced us
Cold eyes that see.

The bench stands empty in the sun
No voice commands us that we come;
Just that faint whisper
Beyond despair;
A kind heart is gone
How still the air

David McLansky

Kay's White Roses

Your winter roses are in bloom
I see them from your living room
How odd to see their bursting buds
Along your driveway's frozen mud;

They dip their white carnation heads
While in the cold earth you lie dead;
It dares to grow and even thrive
Heedless that you don't survive;

The cold air smokes my cloudy breath
I sense your absence, your flailing death;
White roses recall our temporal doom;
The empty driveway that they festoon;

How unattractive bobs the flower
In the cold rains early shower
I see your grey-tooth rotted grin,
'Won't your wife and you step in.'

But then you fell on the cement
And knocked your head, a bloody rent
Your purse to secure junk mail
Which was destined for the garbage pail;

You lost the power to get up and walk
You became an infant who couldn't talk;
You soiled yourself in your bed
Your dignity rose up and fled.

The circle had become complete
I squeezed your cold and bony feet;
Helpless on your bed sore back;
You could not rise, your body slack.

David McLansky

Kissing Me

Kissing me
You closed your eyes
And hung upon my lips,
Lingered there as your hands
Splayed my finger tips;
My hand reached down
And touched your breasts,
I felt your beating heart;
Your soul did chase
My heated breath
As I pulled our lips apart;
I cannot be for you all things,
All life for you to share,
For me a distant ship bell rings
That summons me, beware;
And though your eyes devour me
With pledges of devotion,
I sense in me a call to sea
To wander all life's ocean.

David McLansky

La Charite Sur Loire

It was hot and the sterile streets were dusty;
The sun burned white in the barren square;
Hot water from a water pipe was rusty;
The bar man shrugged as if he didn't care;
Dark women wearing shawls appeared and scurried;
There were no childrens' voices in the street;
Old men shuffled as they tried to hurry;
The white washed walls reflecting Summer's heat;
I sat among the empty cafe tables;
A foreigner not part of village life,
The table rocked on iron legs unstable,
I without a family or a wife.
I decided then and there that I'd go home,
And then remembered that I lived alone.

David McLansky

Lainey On The Cam

What will be gained by saying "Nay"
What's modesty preserved?
Love re-beckons every day
Love is not reserved;
Reluctantly you peel a glove
And show a fevered palm;
Oh, this is but the dew of love,
I'm ready to sing psalms;
Oh wounded maid be not forlorn
Light glistens through the trees
The sun with love is new reborn,
Your naked hand I seize;
Forgive this act, ardent rash,
I've grasped your heated palm,
You color as if you are abashed,
Still your breath, be calm;
My heart o'er leaps cold prudent's walls
Charged wildly with love's passion,
I only heed hot Nature's call,
My love cannot be rationed;
The proof of love is in relief,
Oh join your palm to mine,
I come with love not as a thief,
But with a heart confined.

David McLansky

Lainey On The Cam 2

I spoke too quickly in my haste,
You grieve and mourn at widow's pace;
I entered wildly at his wake
And sought to win you, a child's mistake;
Oh wasted sighs and priceless tears,
You stand beside his royal bier,
He opened up your heart to life
And then he took another wife;
And loyal to that dream forsaken
You duly mourn and sit there shaking,
You deck his bier with columbine
And whisper low, "He was not mine; "
And in your hand, a clutch of rue
To remind your heart, he wasn't true,
And rosemary lest you forget,
Love only beckons to bring regret;
And you lament without relief,
The proof of love does not bring grief,
Love is proved in proven joy
It sweetly builds, it does not destroy;
But my mere words fall on deaf ears,
You bow your head consumed by fears,
"There's pansies for remembered thoughts, "
For all the pleasures that you sought;
I brought you out upon the Cam,
You morn with flowers dropped from your hand,
We drift along the near still border,
Bestrewing daises upon the water,
"There goes my lost innocence,
Why did he leave me, it makes no sense."
I could put violets in your hair,
But it would only bring despair.

David McLansky

Lainey On The Cam 4

I grip the handles of the oars
And gently pull us away from shore
Into the center of the stream,
I dip the oars hard and clean;
Glad to be your galley slave
Proud of my precision with the blades;
I look at you with renewed hope,
Gain confidence with every stroke
Repeating quietly your gentle words,
The sweetest orders ever heard;
You command my heart with words you spoke,
My arms gains strength with every stroke;
I bend my back to the task
Then remember what you asked,
You said for me, to "gently row, "
I slacken pace, and go more slow,
Now caught within the center stream,
I drift with you as in a dream;
Oh rare perfection, oh woman formed,
In tranquil skies you arouse a storm,
Be patient I remind myself,
I must proceed as if by stealth,
Cadging Time to soon restore
The fragile heart that beats so sore;
The only liberty that I take
Is to gaze at you for your own sake;
I stare into your gentle eyes
Sweet captive of the orbs I prize.

David McLansky

Lainey On The Cam 5

We drift upon the glass-like water
Beneath the trees and tangled borders
A finger in the blue-green flow
Trailing ripples as we go;
We see a fawn upon the bank
Its childlike eyes so warm and frank,
It stares at us without alarm
It does not think we'd do it harm;
"Once you had such innocence, "
I whisper with some reticence,
It stands upon its wobbly legs
And bending over dips its head
To taste the water with its snout,
It has no fear, no clawing doubts;
"Once you gaily gave your heart,
Like this fawn, this baby hart,
Without reserve, in solemn joy,
As a maid you loved this boy;
You laughed and played such childish pranks, "
The fawn looks from the watery bank,
As we glide and slowly pass
And break the surface of the glass;
"He did not love you as a man,
He really did not understand,
That once you open up a heart
You cannot laugh and then depart."
We lose the fawn around a bend,
Will your heartbreak ever mend?
You drop a daisy in the flow,
Oh so sadly you let it go.

W

David McLansky

Lainey On The Cam 6

Oh wounded maid within my boat
On the Cam we drift and float
Overhanging trees and brush
Conceal the nightingale and thrush;
These birds salute you with their song
And lament with you your grievous wrong
Chirping wildly with their whistles
From the bracken and the thistles;
The light fades with the setting sun
Shadows obscure from where we've come,
It masks our futures as we go
In the blackness of the flow;
We sit at peace within the boat
On our island dark remote
Fireflies pulse and softly glow
O'er the water dancing slow;
You cup a firefly with your palms
You offer it as golden alms
And then release it to the air
You move your arms with wondrous care;
Oh gentle heart, oh wounded maid
With what betrayals are you plagued;
What brutal mouth could taste your kiss
Then steal away to other lips?

David McLansky

Lainey's Out Of The Rain Rewrite

Lainey's Out Of The Rain Rewrite

Oh, hard rain, that drums on the tin eaves,
Splattering the blacktop with nonstop hammering,
Lashing the window with branches and leaves,
Spout out the drainpipe, an artesian spring.

Make froth the brooks, the dry ditches gush,
Roil the creek beds in a rock-strewn slurry.
Swell the streams to a leap, swirling flush.
Uproot the trees in the watery fury.

Drench my desire, and longing in vain.
Soak through the dam of sorrowful plea,
Wash away stains of regret and of pain
And sweep all my grieves far out to sea.

Looking up into the soft billowy blow,
A kindness invades my witness to heaven,
Oh, shield me from days that we needlessly know,
And watch over me as I penitently go.

David McLansky

Land Of Shinar

'Out of the Land of South Shinar....
Rises a jewel amid the stars....
In Cassiopeia's constellation,
The Queen and Goddess of Our Nation; '....
The scribe in charge of court records....
Pauses here, in thought absorbed,
Should he report her lowly birth?
Here he patted his ample girth;
'Our hunter King, the fierce Nimrod,
Who we worship as a God,
Met her in an Erech brothel; '....
He reread this phrase, it sounded awful;
The Royal Scribe rereads the text,
Puts down his reed and then reflects....
The outcome of the fight between....
Our living God and his Queen....
Is by all means still uncertain....
He checked his clay and then the curtain;
Should he submit his clay to fire,
The hour late, and then retire?
The tablet then would be proof,
Should he scrape it off and remain aloof?
....
Ah but the beauty of Semiramis....
Whose golden body she flaunts so shameless;
The perfect arc of her neck,
The symmetry of all aspects;
The painted almonds that are her eyes,
The rippling muscles of her thighs,
The careless silk draped on her breasts,
The perfect rosettes of their crests;
The white pearls that form her teeth,
The amber glow upon her cheeks,
Her tiny feet so perfect formed,
Her soft sweet hands with jewels adorned;
Made her King a willingly slave;
Their meeting, how he rues that day.....
Oh mighty King of Babylon,
Ruler of the Coming Dawn,

You chose to share your golden throne;
Now she wants to rule alone.....

....

The Royal Scribe lost his seat,
With servants he was indiscreet;
Yet the reed he held in his hand....
Gave him a power to command;
He could tell the truth of that day....
And bake it hard in potter's clay,
That generations yet unborn....
Could read the truth in cuneiform;
Here is a fragment to be found....
Of what the scribe had written down;

....

'It was the festival of the New Year....
The King and Priests did appear,
In procession, the Lamb aloft,
Oh fatted lamb, your life at cost;
The drums did beat the horns did thunder,
They tore the lamb by rite asunder,
Then the Priests seized the King....
And did to him that very thing;
Amid the curses and the shouts....
The Queen appeared, Semiramis came out,
In all her beauty, in silken dress,
That draped her body in a caress,
And proclaimed herself the sole Monarch....
And bid those disloyal to depart;
She held aloft their son Dammuz,
The guards knelt down and seemed confused;
For twenty years, the Regent Ruled,
Our Goddess Queen, so we've been schooled,
But Fate gives not an even hand,
She grew so used to command,
That when Dammuz arrived at age,
She refused to leave the stage.....

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David McLansky

Last Poem

I am dying every minute
My soul is slipping away
I cannot stop life's progression
I cannot halt my own decay;

My poetry lays in cartons
Stacked in boxes in my room
My history of failed loving
Dusty echoes of my doom;

My muscles grow more rigid
Self conscious of the pain
I fear the loss of movement
I've who moved in vain

David McLansky

Last Will

And thus I've writ my Final Will
My final wishes to fulfill,
In hope that a certain Judge
Who for private reasons held a grudge,
Who cost me my autistic son
And cast him to a loca one;
May her judging days soon end,
And my love she not offend.

David McLansky

Laurel's Song

Oh sweetly heard calling songstress
Who nightly wanders in her long dress
Singing sadly 'till the dawn
Who calls as one as all forlorn;

I saw you perched upon a log
In morning mist, the silken fog,
With your breasts all scratched by thorns,
Your dress in ribbons trailed and torn;

Why do you cry so in the dark
Your haunting trill throughout the park
A melody beneath the moon,
So mournful you out do the loon.

You sing as if to discover
The whereabouts of some lost lover
Who lived with you for such long date
That you won't seek another mate.

You sing as one so long distressed
As if by memories long oppressed,
Calling out to him who's lost
In the forest tempest tossed.

The wind and rain unloose your hair
Which whips your shoulders cut and bare
There is such terror in your eyes
Without your lover you will not die;

Oh sweet beauty amend thy ways
Love another on this day,
You waste the powers of your lungs
To sing to him who is long gone.

Then sing to me who long has waited
To return your song and sing elated;
And we will blend in such harmony
That the forest will rise in symphony.

David McLansky

Le Retour

Le Retour

The bubbling words percolate,
Wondering where I've been of late;
Needing life in their expression,
Muted by my Art's regression;
And thus by Art's necessity
I deposit my sad history;
Less than what I was before;
More paralyzed but tempered pure.

David McLansky

Leave The Old Man His Dignity

Leave the old man his dignity
What a case of ignominy;
You mock him in his dotage sleeping,
His eyes are closed, why is he weeping;
This was a man of intellect,
A man whose lips were circumspect;
A scholar of the human heart;
And ember, now a flickering ispark
A man who divined the human soul
You baby him now that he's old.
Leave him mumbling in his chair;
His mind is now beyond repair;
Don't seek to link your obscure name
With his work, his chartered fame;
You chide him as his wet lips drool.
The founder of your psychoanalytic school.

David McLansky

Lenny The Leeprechaun And St. Patrick's Day

Below the Sperrin Mountains
In County Tyrone
Reigned the King of the Fairies
Who sat on a throne
Made of old pine and oak
And hazel and elm
Cut from the forest
His magical realm.

The forest was sacred
Called Cortin Glens
And the old king had reigned
Since I don't know when:

He was crabby and sulky
He had aches in his bones
And he hadn't laughed
Since dinosaurs roamed.

The forest below
The mound called Mullaugcarn
Was home of what's left
Of the wee leprechaun.

For the longlegs called humans
Had begun to expand
And threatened to chop down
Every tree in the land.

To build houses called Condos
Of the ugliest sort
Made of pasteboard and glue
So the salmon report.

With their bulldozers and cranes
And their wheel barrel trucks
The forest would turn
Into muckety-muck.

It sure made the leprechauns
Feel out of luck.
Where could they go?
It seemed they were stuck.

King Fintan was told by a
Well-traveled bird
Known as a Jackdaw
(A name that's absurd)
That when humans moved in
The first thing they did
Was to cut down all trees,
'Would I you King kid? '

'Are they daft, ' said the King
Who was known not to smile,
Will they have us be known
As 'The Muddy Brown Isle.? "

Said Old King Fintan
As he coughed and he sputtered
'We'll stand up to man
And churn him to butter'

'Will the Elm and the Hazel
Calmly stand by,
Let the Pine and the Oak
Be cut down and die?

'Can we let the longleggers
With their road building machines
Pave over our valleys
Our carpets of green? '

We too have powers
Derived from the land,
Like Owen of old,
We'll stand up to Man.'

Now the King had a nephew,
A mere sprig I was told,
Just a wee two-foot lad

Only 1200 years old.

'We must rally our young
To the flag of our cause,
Now what was his name?
Was it Sanity Clause?

He rode on a reindeer
He'd be good in a fight,
Naw, he only goes out
For only one night.

Where are my brains?
What of Tuatha De Danann,
Now there was a fairy
To foil diggers plans.

Now where did he live?
In the Kingdom of Shee,
It was not long ago
That I bounced on his knee;

Naw it couldn't be him
He is older than me,
When who should pass by
Sheba Banshee

Sheba Banshee
Was just passing by
To alert old McGuffin
He was going to die.

She said to the King,
'You must pay me a penny'
She started to sing,
'You are thinking of Lenny.'

'Ay, yes, cousin Lenny;
Who's up for some stew?
My thoughts are so many,
Yet I have nothing to do.'

'He's your only nephew, '
Sang Sheba quite rattled
'And what about my penny? '
Are you getting addled?

'For what? ' cried the King?
Giving Sheba the eye,
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And took off like a rocket;
The sly grinning King
Returned the ring to his pocket.

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With mowing machines.

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'Who'll make oxygen? '

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Coughing oily black fumes,
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Which festival's closer
Samhain or Beltane?

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'You don't know the season, '
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'And for what, I now ask you
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Of plywood and sand.

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And were widely dispersed.

They moved in the millions
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In Hong Kong and Perth.

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Living in cardboard
Box communities.

A few hardly souls
Clung to the land
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Horses pulled Fiats
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Relearned how to talk
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To hear them on walks.

They speak of their history
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Their children read books
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And what clever talkers!
What art in their tongues!
How they go on
What blasts from their lungs!

Some of the wee folk
Sit round their peat fires,
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What glorious liars!

What tales do they tell

What merry keen wit
It's hard in the darkness
To quietly sit.

They must hear us giggle
And gaggle and cough
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He fell out of the loft.

Of course he right scampered
Quick out of the door
How glad was he that
The light was so poor.

Ireland once more
Is an emerald green isle,
Its pastures of velvet
Even makes Fintan smile.

Lenny walked back
To his home in the Shree.
Inspecting the flowers
As slow as a bee.

Ireland is free
Of its postage size lawns
Its tidy neat hedges
Its ugly fake fauns.

Above all, its forests
Roll down to the sea
And in its soft velvet foliage
Fairies sport merrily.

The End

This poem was written in collaboration with Ann Key-Colten

Lenny The Leeprechaun4

Below the Sperrin Mountains
In County Tyrone
Reigned the King of the Fairies
Who sat on a throne
Made of old pine and oak
And hazel and elm
Cut from the forest
His magical realm.

The forest was sacred
Called Cortin Glens
And the old king had reigned
Since I don't know when:

He was crabby and sulky
He had aches in his bones
And he hadn't laughed
Since dinosaurs roamed.

The forest below
The mound called Mullaugcarn
Was home of what's left
Of the wee leprechaun.

For the longlegs called humans
Had begun to expand
And threatened to chop down
Every tree in the land.

To build houses called Condos
Of the ugliest sort
Made of pasteboard and glue
So the salmon report.

With their bulldozers and cranes
And their wheel barrel trucks
The forest would turn
Into muckety-muck.

It sure made the leprechauns
Feel out of luck.
Where could they go?
It seemed they were stuck.

King Fintan was told by a
Well-traveled bird
Known as a Jackdaw
(A name that's absurd)
That when humans moved in
The first thing they did
Was to cut down all trees,
'Would I you King kid? '

'Are they daft, ' said the King
Who was known not to smile,
Will they have us be known
As 'The Muddy Brown Isle.? "

Said Old King Fintan
As he coughed and he sputtered
'We'll stand up to man
And churn him to butter'

'Will the Elm and the Hazel
Calmly stand by,
Let the Pine and the Oak
Be cut down and die?

'Can we let the longleggers
With their road building machines
Pave over our valleys
Our carpets of green? '

We too have powers
Derived from the land,
Like Owen of old,
We'll stand up to Man.'

Now the King had a nephew,
A mere sprig I was told,
Just a wee two-foot lad

Only 1200 years old.

'We must rally our young
To the flag of our cause,
Now what was his name?
Was it Sanity Clause?

He rode on a reindeer
He'd be good in a fight,
Naw, he only goes out
For only one night.

Where are my brains?
What of Tuatha De Danann,
Now there was a fairy
To foil diggers plans.

Now where did he live?
In the Kingdom of Shee,
It was not long ago
That I bounced on his knee;

Naw it couldn't be him
He is older than me,
When who should pass by
Sheba Banshee

Sheba Banshee
Was just passing by
To alert old McGuffin
He was going to die.

She said to the King,
'You must pay me a penny'
She started to sing,
'You are thinking of Lenny.'

'Ay, yes, cousin Lenny;
Who's up for some stew?
My thoughts are so many,
Yet I have nothing to do.'

'He's your only nephew, '
Sang Sheba quite rattled
'And what about my penny? '
Are you getting addled?

'For what? ' cried the King?
Giving Sheba the eye,
'Here's an old onion ring
That I've had since July.'

Sheba just sneered
And took off like a rocket;
The sly grinning King
Returned the ring to his pocket.

'And now Senior Jackdaw,
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As 'The Muddy Brown Isle.? "

Said Old King Fintan
As he coughed and he sputtered
'We'll stand up to man
And churn him to butter'

'Will the Elm and the Hazel
Calmly stand by,
Let the Pine and the Oak
Be cut down and die?

'Can we let the longleggers
With their road building machines
Pave over our valleys
Our carpets of green? '

We too have powers
Derived from the land,
Like Owen of old,
We'll stand up to Man.'

Now the King had a nephew,

A mere sprig I was told,
Just a wee two-foot lad
Only 1200 years old.

'We must rally our young
To the flag of our cause,
Now what was his name?
Was it Sanity Clause?

He rode on a reindeer
He'd be good in a fight,
Naw, he only goes out
For only one night.

Where are my brains?
What of Tuatha De Danann,
Now there was a fairy
To foil diggers plans.

Now where did he live?
In the Kingdom of Shee,
It was not long ago
That I bounced on his knee;

Naw it couldn't be him
He is older than me,
When who should pass by
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Was just passing by
To alert old McGuffin
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She said to the King,
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She started to sing,
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'Ay, yes, cousin Lenny;
Who's up for some stew?
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Sang Sheba quite rattled
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Are you getting addled?

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Giving Sheba the eye,
'Here's an old onion ring
That I've had since July.'

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And took off like a rocket;
The sly grinning King
Returned the ring to his pocket.

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About what we were talking?
Look to the skies
It's a fine day for hawking! '

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A dour look on his face,
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They'll chop down the forest
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And when they are done,
Just a few trees will stand.

In what they call front yards
A splatter of green
Which they cut on the weekends
With mowing machines.

'Cut down the trees,
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'Who'll make oxygen? '

'With their smoke stacks and engines
Coughing oily black fumes,
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Renting oxygen rooms.'

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Which festival's closer
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'You don't know the season, '
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'Than you're too old to be Chieftain
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By his old Ulster paws,
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'Do you think I'm so foolish
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Why everyone knows,
Where wisdom is heard.'

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In the brook pollen burn,
They're as learned as a freshman
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Salmon travel widely
They're a well seasoned fish
They're even still thinking
As they lay in a dish.

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To the old king's chagrin
Agreed with the Jackdaw
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The King strutted and limped
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Oh, give me my cane! '

'But who else can lead
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'Appear before the king
This very day.
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Of course this is May! '
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In his red coat and hat
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Over which he wore spats.

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Beneath a silken green vest
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Their wings flashing silver
Red/green were their eyes.

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The dragonflies flew
Over hedges and tree stumps

Through grass dripping dew.

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'The council's assembled,
I hope you brought money,
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'If you give me a kiss,
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The old Banshee puckered
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When her old face was licked
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Waving shields and shillelaghs,
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Of their hot martial fervor
Spirits lifted in song.

The King of the Fairies
Rose to his feet
And raised up his flagon
And stood on his seat,

'I give you your general
He has entered the Hall
He has the heart of a lion;
Full twenty inches tall.'

The Leprechauns roared
Amid a hoisting of mugs
From the slaps on his back
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'We'll defeat the longshanks
Right at the border.'

A loud cheer went up
A growl that was raucous,
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But the Old King stood swaying
Exalted in mood
Just a wee bit tipsy;
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Have they despoiled our fair land?
To build cheap claptrap houses
Of plywood and sand.

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Of natural beauty;
To protect our jeweled land
Is our civic duty.'

'With our sly fairy powers
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Eventually the Irish
Being so cursed

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And were widely dispersed.

They moved in the millions
All over the earth
And wound up in New York
In Hong Kong and Perth.

There to this day
They watch their TVs
Living in cardboard
Box communities.

A few hardly souls
Clung to the land
And lived in thatched huts
As Nature had planned

Lenny, like Prometheus
Gave them peat fires,
Horses pulled Fiats
On Michelin tires.

The Irish longlegs
Relearned how to talk
And now it's a pleasure
To hear them on walks.

They speak of their history
Known as B.B.B.C.
Their children read books
And only dream of TV.

And what clever talkers!
What art in their tongues!
How they go on
What blasts from their lungs!

Some of the wee folk
Sit round their peat fires,
(Of course in the shadows)
What glorious liars!

What tales do they tell
What merry keen wit
It's hard in the darkness
To quietly sit.

They must hear us giggle
And gaggle and cough
Len once laughed so hard
He fell out of the loft.

Of course he right scampered
Quick out of the door
How glad was he that
The light was so poor.

Ireland once more
Is an emerald green isle,
Its pastures of velvet
Even makes Fintan smile.

Lenny walked back
To his home in the Shree.
Inspecting the flowers
As slow as a bee.

Ireland is free
Of its postage size lawns
Its tidy neat hedges
Its ugly fake fauns.

Above all, its forests
Roll down to the sea
And in its soft velvet foliage
Fairies sport merrily.

The End

This poem was written in collaboration with Ann Key-Colten

David McLansky

Lenny The Leprechaun And The Urbanization Of The Irish 2

Below the Sperrin Mountains
In County Tyrone
Reigned the King of the Fairies
Who sat on a throne
Made of oak and elk horn
And hazel and elm
Cut from the forest
His magical realm.

The forest was sacred
Called Cortin Glens
And the old king had reigned
Since I don't know when:

He was crabby and sulky
He had aches in his bones
And he hadn't laughed
Since dinosaurs roamed.

The forest below
The mound called Mullaugcarn
Was home of what's left
Of the wee leprechaun.

For the longlegs called humans
Had begun to expand
And threatened to chop down
Every tree in the land.

To build houses called Condos
Of the ugliest sort
Made of pasteboard and glue
So the salmon report.

With their bulldozers and cranes
And their wheel barrel trucks
The forest would turn

Into muckety-muck.

It sure made the leprechauns
Feel out of luck.
Where could they go?
It seemed they were stuck.

King Fintan was told by a
Well-traveled bird
Known as a Jackdaw
(A name that's absurd)
That when humans moved in
The first thing they did
Was to cut down all trees,
'Would I you King kid? '

'Are they daft, ' said the King
Who was known not to smile,
Will they have us be known
As 'The Muddy Brown Isle.? "

Said Old King Fintan
As he coughed and he sputtered
'We'll stand up to man
And churn him to butter'

'Will the Elm and the Hazel
Calmly stand by,
Let the Pine and the Oak
Be cut down and die?

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With their road building machines
Pave over our valleys
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We too have powers
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Like Owen of old,
We'll stand up to Man.'

Now the King had a nephew,

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Now what was his name?
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'Ay, yes, cousin Lenny;
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Yet I have nothing to do.'

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'And what about my penny? '
Are you getting addled?

'For what? ' cried the King?
Giving Sheba the eye,
'Here's an old onion ring
That I've had since July.'

Sheba just sneered
And took off like a rocket;
The sly grinning King
Returned the ring to his pocket.

'And now Senior Jackdaw,
About what we were talking?
Look to the skies
It's a fine day for hawking! '

The Jackdaw looked up
A dour look on his face,
'We were talking about how the humans
Are going to level this place.'

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Just a few trees will stand.

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A splatter of green
Which they cut on the weekends
With mowing machines.

'Cut down the trees,
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Said the King to the bird,

'Who'll make oxygen? '

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Renting oxygen rooms.'

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As it started to rain
Which festival's closer
Samhain or Beltane?

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Or the first day of May?
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It's quite foggy today.'

'You don't know the season, '
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'By the hound of Cuchullian
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They're as learned as a freshman
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Salmon travel widely
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They're even still thinking
As they lay in a dish.

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The King strutted and limped
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Lenny walked back
To his home in the Shree.
Inspecting the flowers
As slow as a bee.

Ireland is free
Of its postage size lawns
Its tidy neat hedges
Its ugly fake fauns.

Above all, its forests
Roll down to the sea
And in its soft velvet foliage
Fairies sport merrily.

The End

This poem was written in collaboration with Ann Key-Colten

David McLansky

Life On The Serengeti

Like angry lions of the earth,
We lease with terror our stained turf;
And when our limbs grow stiff with pain,
We limp confused at end of reign.

David McLansky

Like A Singer In Some Dark Cafe

Like a singer in some dark cafe,
I do not mark the night from day,
But turn and bow and pirouette
And sing the songs of my short set;

I stare out from the foot-light stage
And try to earn a living wage,
The faces in the darkened room
Seem restless in the listless gloom;

I curtsey to the dull applause,
I walk the tables, as in my clause,
I banter with the far from sober,
Avoid the hands that beckon over;

I sip my drink of sloe-gin fizz,
A perk in what is called Show biz;
The tinkle of piano keys
Reminds me nothing is for free;

The luminescence of the light
That spots me in its glare so bright,
Defeats my makeup for the stage
And cruelly notes my lines of age;

But I smile and act as if I'm gay,
Such is life, it's cabaret;
I look out in the smoke filled room,
And cast my spell with mournful tune.

David McLansky

Lillian Runs

Lillian runs
Into the breathlessness of night,
Then alits;
A Moravian Jewess
Madly earnest in Bohemia,
The thin chest
Coughing up creativity
As the earrings bangle
And the bangles
Beat about her throat;
All white her young neck
And arched;
Her Gypsy clothes
Frail against her frame,
Her thin-lidded eyes widened with fright,
Her matte of orange hair
Burning red with flame;
Lillian seeking fame,
To be,
To be,
And
To be more famous
Than herself;
She imparts
Her wild streaming thoughts
Then departs;
Fearing defeat,
Running
Out again into the City night streets,
A child in retreat
Running on
Jeweled
Bedroom-slippered
Feet.

David McLansky

Limerick: There Once Was A Stripper From Bagdad

There once was a stripper from Bagdad
Who breasts were so big that they sagged,
She tried taping them up
When a wind blew abrupt
And now they're the national flag.

David McLansky

Little Girl's First Train Ride

Between the rough and angry slats,
I press my eyes, bulging fat;
Crushed by weight, stuffed in the pen,
(Oh, the whining of the small children!)
The train goes click, thump, clickety-clack,
Down to Auschwitz, down the track

David McLansky

Little Red Fingers

Little Red Fingers

Why did you have to end my life?
Your gun went 'bang', I screamed with fright?
Was your class Art not good as mine,
Could you not color in the lines?
Were your marks so bad, so poor,
What did I do to make you sore?
I was a child just crouching down
With shaggy hair, gold and brown;
My face so little, my eyes so sad;
What did I do to make you mad?
That you should point your gun at me
And shoot my body, one, two, three?
You hurt my chest, you hurt my leg;
I raised red fingers, I tried to beg;
I thought the red was finger paint,
But it was blood, By the Holy Saints!
You shot me like I was a bug;
I tried to crawl across the rug;
But I ran into Julie Levin's head,
Smashed like a pumpkin, orange red;
And then you shot me in the back,
You shot me through my blue knapsack.
And then I lay so very still,
I fell asleep against my will;
Why did you shoot me, bad, bad man,
When I saw your gun, I should have ran.

David McLansky

Liu Xiaboo

How I wish I had a chair,
The walls so gloomy, stAlined and bare,
A cozy place to rest my bones
It would make this prison cell a home;

But oh the humor of the guard,
I can't peak out and see the yard,
The rough steel of these high hung bars,
An empty cell makes living hard;

How I wish I had a chair,
Standing always life's unfair;
Those watching eyes, condemning frown
If my knees sink to the ground;

They torture me, they make me stand,
So clever is the mind of man,
They seek to break me of my will,
It leaves no mark this stinging chill;

But oh to have a cushy chair,
To see it standing empty there,
Some safe spot to ease my limbs,
I could better bear Xi Jinping's whim.

David McLansky

Liu Xiaobo

How I wish I had a chair,
The walls so gloomy, stained and bare,
A cozy place to rest my bones
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But oh to have a cushy chair,
To see it standing empty there,
Some safe spot to ease my limbs,
I could better bear Hu Jintao's whim.

David McLansky

Living Suicide

Who were you to kill yourself?
Couldn't you think of someone else?
Unlike me, you kept your distance;
I was there at every instance;

But in your gloom and depressed state,
You thought my feelings didn't rate;
Why didn't my love make you hesitate?
You've condemned me to a hopeless fate.

I danced around your black depressions;
Your muted thoughts had no expression;
You locked your feelings in a vault,
And now I feel it's all my fault.

If only I had done â€¦ what?
My wrenching thoughts twist out my guts
What was I suppose to do?
I couldn't get a word from you.

And now I stand above your grave;
I shout, I cry, I sob, I rave;
God-damn your stupid self-reliance,
You've left me standing with your silence.

David McLansky

Looking Back

What was my gift
To advance the species?
Did I make it more secure;
Did some invention that I made
Open mysteries unexplored?

Did I ease the pain of an injured life
Unknown to me, a stranger;
Did I successfully take a wife,
Did I neutralize a danger?

Did I breed and educate
A future generation
Leave them free of neurotic strife
Did I make them man's salvation?

Or has my life been one of crime
One of self indulgence,
A prepsychotics waste of time,
A self-absorbed effulgence?

I wish that I had done some good
Beyond day to day survival,
Did I build a house of stone, not wood,
Did I vanquish a hateful rival?

Looking back, I recognize
I did more harm than good,
I lived a life that I despise,
I little understood.

David McLansky

Lost Poems Found

Monday, December 07,2009

Diff on Ely Funky Boots' Rare Flower

Don't fault me that I have another,
You share me with another lover;
Don't fault yourself, you satisfy,
Still in another's arms I'll lie;
Does all the world lay in your arms?
Do you encompass all it's charms?
Your conversation's entertaining
But is there nothing left remaining?
I do not seek to so encumber
That you be all without a number,
And though I love you on your back
You cannot be all that I lack;
For you be one within this world;
There's such a lovely sum of girls.
9: 05 AM

Monday, December 07,2009

Nightmare

I dreamt that you stole all my books,
Negating all the pains I took;
The summary of all my life,
My history of love and strife;
And dumped them on a used book seller,
The ones undamaged from the cellar;
How empty stood the wood book shelves
Denuded of my several selves;
Empty slots, blank empty places,
Wherein my life had left its traces;
To transport them you used my daughter,

Driving in the car I bought her;
How you smiled at my stunned face,
My life a barren dusty place.
7: 34 AM

Monday, December 07,2009

The Awakening

Birds before the rising dawn,
Twitter out their noisy song,
Even when the dark of night
Maintains its mantle o'er the light;
The hints of grey that clouds the East
Heralds the morning as in a feast:
Bits of fruits and crumbs of breads
Wets the tongue to what's ahead;
So rising in the early morn,
I see the breathing of your form,
The gentle heaving of your breast
Augurs the joy of what comes next:
The sweet awakening of your spirit
That I, a dolt, do hardly merit;
So I compose this tuneless lay
To welcome the gift you bring each day.
7: 27 AM

Sunday, December 06,2009

Enn to the Three Wyrd Sisters

The Three Wyrd Sisters
By some, the Norn
Draw out our lives
The day we're born;
Our woven Life

One piece of cloth,
Our energy,
Our sins, our sloth;
The first Sister,
Named Clotho
Spins the thread
Our lives to sew;
Oh Fate who twists
The turning spindle,
May your fingers
Be ever nimble
That my thread
Not know your wrath
As it runs
From your distaff;
Let Lachesis with her
Measuring rod,
Who measures out
The Time of Gods,
Apportion me
A lengthy span
That I may know
The mind of Man;
Let Atropos
With dreaded shears
Not cut my thread
In my young years;
Come weavers
Of the Fate of Man,
Bless my life
With your deft hands;
May your woven tapestry
Display a peaceful
Harmony
As it's hung
On castle walls,
The tales of lives
That rise and fall.
9: 34 AM

Saturday, December 05,2009

Henry Higgins Reflects on Modern Life

I'm sad to say civilization has declined
The fault of which is the female mind;
The modern girl in search of human rights
Has gone beserk and put the male to flight;
The modern male has lost his confidence,
To him the modern woman makes no sense;
She wants to be wanted and to be served
And then she becomes a muddle of raw nerves;
She's always running off to see her shrink
She does so leaving dishes in the sink;
Her social worker tells her she's abused,
She comes home more uncertain and confused;
The male is told he's always doing wrong,
That why he doesn't stay around too long;
No longer will a woman pour your tea,
Or put your slippers on at bended knee,
Or bring you buttered toast upon a tray
Or let you have the final word and say;
No wonder men are shunning marriage,
Who wants to be a horse yoked to a carriage;
Or in the winter shackled to a sleigh,
No wonder all the men are turning gay.

8: 07 PM

Saturday, December 05,2009

Riff on Blackbird's Causality

Restless for the face of God,
Self-conscious of our rise from sod;
Life cannot be so cold, perverse,
Mere pond scum on the fractious earth;
Life cannot be so demeaning
That we awake without meaning;
We hear the echo of our thoughts

Back from space probes we have wrought;
An empty ping that we've contrived
In search of someone else alive;
In the bubble universe
That inflates without reverse,
As all the blazing stars burn out,
We're left in darkness with our doubts?
6: 23 AM

Saturday, December 05,2009
Diff on Hope at the Dentiist

Open wide,
Wider Dear
My oh my,
What have we here?
Oh it's bad,
Just as I feared;
Don't you brush?
Don't you floss?
Root canal
Can really cost;
How good are you
At standing pain?
It's extra for
The Novacaine.
6: 20 AM

Friday, December 04,2009
The Christmas Gift

How strange to hear
My history,
To me
A clouded mystery;
A random act,
Some idle words

Fresh, seen alive,
By her
Still heard;
How long ago
I do forget,
I bought my child
A large bracelet;
A gem encrusted
Silver band,
I draped it in
Her little hand:
A ring of garnets,
And amethysts,
I fastened it
To her small wrist;
Not knowing
She would never tire
To stroke
The topaz and sapphires;
This was to her
A treasured gift,
'I'll never lose it, '
She still insists.
5: 10 PM

Friday, December 04,2009

My Mental Hospital Advisor

Why do you care?
They're human trash.
You want to help;
Why be so rash?
They're junkies, pimps, and prostitutes,
You're educated, quite astute;
You think you'll even make a dent?
Their craziness won't relent,
They'll play you like a common John,
They see a sucker when you're fond;
They're jaded, warped, and desperate losers;
Abused as children and child abusers;

Your kindness to them is misplaced,
In the end it leaves no trace;
You think the battererd and the bruised
Don't see you as someone to be used?
They're mean and callous and have thick hides,
In they themselves they have no pride;
Don't waste your time to be of service,
Don't turn your back, I'd be nervous;
Fill out their charts and watch your rear;
They're human garbage, it's your career.
9: 04 A

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Interview with a Personal Assisant

I suppose it really is my job
To keep him safe from the mob,
The riff-raff and the vile canaille,
The sordid and the snobs banal;
Of course the problem with his drinking
Shows he's apt to not be thinking;
He has a pension for the rabble,
In low class scenes he tends to dabble;
And then it's frantic calls to me,
He did not come home, where can he be?
And then I'm called to hunt him down,
To retrace his steps through haunts downtown:
The bars, the dens, the beer-stained joints,
The drinks, the fights, the ill-timed taunts,
The recreation of the night,
I connect the dots of boozy flight;
The Hotel Dick of cheap motels,
The darkened alleys where he fell;
It's like to end in some apartment,
Some dolly trollop, the vile assortment,
Vain wanna-be's who act the clown
To share his spot-light, the hang arounds;
Who accept the privilege of his kisses,
Blithely forgetting he has a Mrs.
I find him slumped within their beds,

Oh the failed attempts to give him head;
I clean him up in their bathroom,
The noble friend of bride and groom,
The Best Man at the bachelor party
Who retrieves the groom when he is tardy;
The Best Man fits my job description,
The antidote to dissipation;
The mop and pail who cleans up vomit;
The pervasive tail to His comet,
The Butler, Personal Assistant
Interference for the too persistent;
The fixer, bag man, go-between,
The silent witness to unwitnessed scenes;
I never imagined it as a career
My other choices disappeared;
Around the world I follow him,
The foaming cleanser for his sins;
The great man you see upon the stage,
Hardly pays a living wage.

Thursday, December 03,2009

☐ Shrewdness of Apes

Category: Writing and Poetry

I am an old silverback,
It's not attention that I lack;
I have this problem with young apes,
How frequently they want 'a date; '
I'm just content to sleep and eat,
I avoid the hills that are too steep,
They hit me with a playful slap,
They charge me as I take a nap;
I try to hide up in a tree,
But the limbs bend down under me;
And then they find me on the ground,
And whack, they pummel me and pound;
Once I too was quite rambunctious,
Every female I found scrumptious,
We'd roll around the forest floor,
Now all my joints are stiff and sore;
What irony to have a harem
Now that I can hardly bare them.

4: 54 PM

Transl

Thursday, December 03,2009

Hesperie II

Category: Writing and Poetry

There was a boy,
A farmer's son,
Who over heard her plight,
And pledged to rescue
The lovely nymph
And deliver her that night;
For he reasoned
A monster must
Close its eyes and sleep,
He understood
His love for her
For too his heart did leap;
Hesperie turned her perfect eyes
And whispered gratitude
And promised him her full regard,
His courage was renewed;
That night he took a honied wine
And soaked in it Nightshade,
And poured it in a giant stein
And placed it in the glade;
Ladon drank and smacked his lips,
His eyes closed in his heads,
And in the morn still sealed his lids,
For Ladon eyes were dead;
The farmers son ran to Hesperie
And told her she was free
Then called her his 'Lady fair, '
Dropping on one knee;
'i did not mean to change my guard
But to live and to breathe free,
I may hold you in high regard,
But love won't imprison me.'
That night the lonely farmer's boy
Hung himself inside his shed,

Thinking of the jealousy
Felt in a hundred heads.

6: 15 AM

0 Comments

(Add Comment) |

3 Kudos

Translate

Edit

Remove

Thursday, December 03,2009

Hesperere

Category: Writing and Poetry

I sing of the Hesperides,
Those lovely nymphs of yore,
Who tended carefully the trees
By Oceania's shores;
Who crafted such a restful shade
Where the sun sank in the West
Where the golden apples blazed,
For Heracles, a quest.
Of Atlas' daughters, who all were fair
In beauty one ranked highest,
She was his daughter Hesperere;
Even Aphrodite would not deny it;
But she was loved by one Ladon
A hundred-headed guard
A monster set to watch upon
The fruits grown in the yard;
Hesperere cried both night and day
To be freed from his obsession,
Her sisters turned their eyes away,
Both glad of her possession;
For beauty is an ornament
That cripples as it augments
And leaves its owner in torment
Confused that it does rent;
Two hundred eyes watched her walk
Beneath the apple boughs,

And if she dared to stop and talk
His jealousy aroused;
Stopping by the waters edge
She asked the ceaseless tide
Could He hide her in its wedge
Safe from prying eyes;
The ceaseless sea expressed regret
He could not safely keep
Hesperie from the monster's fret,
Not even in its deep;
Two hundred eyes followed her
To the mountains high
Where she asked the god Zephyr
For a gentle ride,
To carry her to distant lands
Beyond Ladon's unblinking sight,
But Zephyr breath could not command
For it blew too light; ;

6: 13 AM

1 Comments

(Add Comment) |

4 Kudos

Translate

Edit

Remove

Thursday, December 03,2009

Angel in The Morning

Category: Writing and Poetry

You are a blessing without disguise,
And yet you take me by surprise;
Your radiant goodness lights my day,
Your sparkling eyes, two lights at play;
Your smile, the sweetness of a child,
A kindly look, so soft and mild;
I stop and look, I hesitate,
What with your face can I equate? -
A DaVinci Angel, half turned away,
Innocence, gently portrayed.

6: 08 AM

5 Comments

(Add Comment) |

3 Kudos

Translate

Wednesday, December 02,2009

☒ Cougar's Lament

Category: Writing and Poetry

Oh foolish boy, go find another,
I am too old to be your lover;
All these desperate false alarms
You wear me out with your young charms;
At first I thought it simple kindness,
Now I think it simple mindness,
These riotious acts of true devotion,
You spin my head with all this motion;
Taking me in every room,
My dresses have become a broom;
These urgent acts of proven ardor,
We've even done it in the parlor;
My wrinkles daunt not but excite,
You mount me at all times of night,
I say my body's gone to seed,
My words only excite your need,
To prove to me I am still young,
You rip my pins, my hair undone,
And work me to a lathered sweat,
(I find that you're not finished yet!)
Your jealousy exceeds all reason,
You bristle at all men in season,
Grey headed men who smile at me
Arouses you to tyranny;
At every smile you feel a slight
Which urges you to stand and fight;
And when we're walking arm in arm,
Your paranoia loses charm;
Bar room boys grin and leer,
'Does your mother want a beer? '

I'm terrified to see you fight
For my honor every night;
I know that cougars are the fashion,
But I've aged ten years with all this passion!

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Category: Writing and Poetry

Why do you care?

They're human trash.

You want to help;

Why be so rash?

They're junkies, pimps, and prostitutes,

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They see a sucker when you're fond;

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Your kindness to them is misplaced,

In the end it leaves no trace;

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Don't see you as someone to be used?

They're mean and callous and have thick hides,

In they themselves they have no pride;

Don't waste your time to be of service,

Don't turn your back, I'd be nervous;

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9: 04 AM

0 Comments

(Add Comment) |

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Translate

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5: 59 AM

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(Add Comment) |

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Now I think it simple mindness,
These riotous acts of true devotion,
You spin my head with all this motion;
Taking me in every room,
My dresses have become a broom;
These urgent acts of proven ardor,
We've even done it in the parlor;
My wrinkles daunt not but excite,
You mount me at all times of night,
I say my body's gone to seed,
My words only excite your need,
To prove to me I am still young,
You rip my pins, my hair undone,
And work me to a lathered sweat,
(I find that you're not finished yet!)
Your jealousy exceeds all reason,
You bristle at all men in season,
Grey headed men who smile at me
Arouses you to tyranny;
At every smile you feel a slight
Which urges you to stand and fight;
And when we're walking arm in arm,
Your paranoia loses charm;
Bar room boys grin and leer,
And ask, 'Does your mother want a beer? '
I'm terrified to see you fight
For my honor every night;
I know that cougars are the fashion,
But I've aged ten years with all this passion!

3: 02 PM

0 Comments

(Add Comment) |

1 Kudos

Translate

Edit

Remove

Wednesday, December 02,2009

Riff on Blackbird's The Lovers

Category: Writing and Poetry

I never know just what you mean,
It's silly to ask you to explain;
You stare off looking cold, indifferent,
The sky turns grey at your insistence;

We're lovers with a different mind,
We struggle with our words to find
That easy frission when we're conjoined;
We lack the rhythm of our loins;

We sit in silence and temporalise,
What is the truth behind your eyes;
I never know just when to go,
Am I abrupt, do I move too slow?

We only harmonize in bed,
Our words trail off with things unsaid;
The air turns grey and chilly cold
As I release you from my hold.

I pause to smoke a cigarette,
Did I say something I'll regret,
You reach to pull the covers up,
You overturn a coffee cup;

And silently I move on,
No wisdom in the light of dawn;

Two strangers fearing to offend,
Two lovers lost, not even friends.

9: 36 AM

2 Comments

(Add Comment) |

1 Kudos

Translate

Edit

Remove

Wednesday, December 02,2009

Mind Reading

Category: Writing and Poetry

What she feels about herself,
She projects on me, her 'someone else; '
Thus I always know her mind,
Most clearly when she is unkind.

7: 24 AM

0 Comments

(Add Comment) |

0 Kudos

Translate

Edit

Remove

Wednesday, December 02,2009

Birthday Wishes to Olive Oil

Category: Writing and Poetry

I'm glad you left
The porch light on;
It must be nice
To live on a farm;
All those moths
Swirling round the lamp,
What's this here?

A steel railed ramp.
Gosh it's dark here
Late at night;
I'm moving in the dark
With fright;
You never said
You were so well endowed;
You stepped on my foot,
Well Holy Cow!

7: 21 AM

0 Comments

(Add Comment) |

1 Kudos

Translate

Edit

Remove

Tuesday, December 01,2009

☒emo From a Passionate Undertaker

Category: Writing and Poetry

I come out as a necrophiliac,
And right away, I'm under attack;
That's why I prefer the dead to living;
The dead are so much more forgiving;
The living are so difficult,
They're oh so ready to find fault;
I prefer the quiet life,
Free of all that mortal strife.

Give me a girl who will lie still,
Who lets me all my whims fulfill,
Who doesn't squirm, who doesn't quibble
If I bite and take a nibble;
Who doesn't moan or complain,
Who doesn't groan and confuse my name;
Who gives me time to appreciate
Who doesn't stall and make me wait;

The living are just too frenetic,
Their lame excuses are pathetic,
'Not tonight, I have a headache; '
The headless never make you wait!

Of course I prefer a girl intact
Fully prepared to perform the act,
Sometime of course they lack a limb
But...
To reject the disabled is a corporal sin.

9: 15 AM

5 Comments

(Add Comment) |

3 Kudos

Translate

Edit

Remove

Tuesday, December 01,2009

Old Rockers

Category: Writing and Poetry

What has become
Of all those rockers?
They've all turned into
Alter kockers*
Old men standing on the stage
A geriatric day trip parade;
Wispy haired, oddly dressed,
Droopy lipped, their skin all stretched,
Chicken necked, belly potted,
Drooling, lost, at best besotted;
Baldly pated, skinny armed,
Wheezy, dazed, devoid of charm;
Dionysus looks quite haggard,
He doesn't strut, he limps and staggers;
Bacchus should die while still young;
Your false teeth don't fit your gums.

* Yiddish, for old men.

9: 11 AM

3 Comments

(Add Comment) |

2 Kudos

Translate

Edit

Remove

Monday, November 30,2009

⌘ff on Laurel's Turning the Pages

Category: Writing and Poetry

To see ourselves in our young

Is to understand

From where we've sprung;

We forgive ourselves

In their faults

Their obligations

In default;

And so with

A wiser hand

We sympathize

And understand

And condemn them not

For their mistakes

For in Heaven's lot

They partake.

12: 39 PM

1 Comments

(Add Comment) |

2 Kudos

Translate

Edit

Remove

Monday, November 30,2009

⌘b Laurel

Category: Writing and Poetry

Come my love
Let me be heard
Let me immortalize
You with words;
Speak to me
Undress your soul
Your naked glory
To be told;
For my pen
Inks from your lips
From where
My inspiration sips;
Tell me of your
Tale of woe
That my pen
Might run and flow.

Be not tardy
And demure,
My doctor visit
Then can cure;
Spare me not
Your subtle feeling
For these in you
Are most appealing;
A Muse doth bare
Her breast with heart;
It's from thy chest
I nurse my Art.

10: 32 AM

7 Comments

(Add Comment) |

3 Kudos

Translate

Edit

Remove

Monday, November 30,2009
Æff on Lainey's Undercurrent
Category: Writing and Poetry

Your crimson blush
Your oceans flow
Resembles not
An undertow,
For you are honest
Sweet and frank
Your emotions tide
Laps at your banks;
You are the seasons
Ebb and flow,
Sometimes you wane,
You swell and grow;
Your face is like
A looking glass
Where every thought
Is seen to pass;
And yet this lack
Of subtlety,
Does not at all
Diminish thee;
Your blush invites
Men to advance
When they are captured
By your glance.

9: 53 AM

4 Comments

(Add Comment) |

3 Kudos

Translate

Edit

Remove

Monday, November 30,2009

The Embalmer's Kiss - A Riff

Category: Writing and Poetry

The Embalmer's Kiss - A Riff

As a bashful necrophiliac,
I blush to say?
You have quite a rack, ?
In fact, I'll say it, ?
You are quite stacked, ?
Although it's movement?
That you lack.??
I realized early?I was not a charmer, ?
That's why I chose?
To be an embalmer; ?
Those lively pretty?
Flighty girls?
While they were living?
Were beyond my world; ??
But as they lay upon my slab, ?
They do not move?
Even when I jab, ?
I peel them gently like a grape, ?
And while they lay, ?
I probe and gape; ??
There's no rejection?
Of my hand, ?
I sit them up?
As they would stand; ?
I dare to steal?
A cold cold kiss; ?
They don't kiss me back, ?
But they don't resist! ??
I'm glad that God invented death, ?
Without it I'd be quite depressed; ?
Oh the pleasure of a frozen corpse, ?
Oh the love I've known without remorse.

Happy the man who loves his trade, ?
It's the only way I can get layed, ?
When it comes to lively honey lovin, ?
I am a furnace, a cremation oven; ?
I've been praised for how alive they look, ?
Oh the pleasure in the pains I took, ?
To make them pretty with a dab of paint, ?
My kisses make the ladies faint; ?
I put the roses back in their cheeks, ?

If I get them before they start to reek; ?
Sometimes, I swear, I can hear them moaning, ?
Yet none get jealous for all my roaming; ?
I've had my face slapped real hard, ?
Some trouble with a leotard; ?
I even brought one back to life! ?
How glad I hadn't yet used the knife; ?
I was thrusting her while on a guernsey, ?
A fine young thing, a tax attorney; ?
When all of sudden she opened her eyes! ?
Boy, were both of us surprised! ?
She wasn't sure what was happening, ?
Her arms and legs, jogging. flapping; ?
I hadn't pumped her with formaldehyde; ?
Embalmed girls give an awful ride; ?
You can say my passion saved her life, ?
And all because of my odd love-life.
Alive she owed me at least one date;
The living are such total ingrates!

10: 09 AM

11 Comments

6

7: 32 AM

1 Comments

(Add Comment) |

2 Kudos

Translate

Edit

Remove

Sunday, November 29,2009

Mis-Cue On ?

Category: Writing and Poetry

With your whips and chains
And spiked high heels,
With your dull refrain,
'How does it feel? '
With your leather ties?

And your steel handcuffs, ?
Are you a girl who likes it rough? ??

I know I'm early for our date; ?
I saw your ad and couldn't wait; ?
'Sin-filled girl, shy disposition, ?
Seeks expert on The Inquisition.'??

As you can see, I brought my tools, ?
An instruction book from De Sade's Prep school, ?
Whips and chains and my own rack, ?
... The studded nails I forgot to pack; ??

Maybe I can borrow yours? ?
I see you have a small chain saw; ?
My favorite is the old thumb screw.?

Mike Torquemada, from Bellevue.

7: 02 AM

1 Comments

(Add Comment) |

2 Kudos

Translate

Edit

Remove

Sunday, November 29,2009

The Seducer to His Mistress

Category: Writing and Poetry

Curiosity made me stray,
A random look, a chance to play,
To see a body, another form,
I didn't mean to cause you harm;
Another torso, to undress,
A thigh, a stomach, and two breasts;
Another bared configuration,
Another act, mere penetration;
A chance to hear a stranger's tale,
Their life events, how they travailed,
Laying naked chest to chest,

To hear them quibble and confess;
This act was not a true communion,
Not the love found in our union;
It was a tid-bit, a lietmontif.

A passing fancy that was brief.

Saturday, November 28,2009

☐ate Morning Dream

Category: Writing and Poetry

In the world of upside down

I was a master, a giddy-clown;

Reversing all not fixed down,

Making up stick to the ground.

Thus my art did well disrupt

The normal world of right-side up,

Making normal seemed reversed,

My willful Art was called perverse;

I made the ceiling, the domed vault

Seem the floor, our feet at fault;

People strained their soon bent necks

To remedy this false prospect.

At weddings I reversed the room,

Down was up to bride and groom;

In restaurants waiters climbed the walls

Trying to prevent their fall;

My art was thus a grand illusion

That only led to small confusions;

Making upright men to bend

Their gravity poled at wrong end.

This useless art cast life awry

Confusing earth with the sky;

Causing mechanics to disparage

What was the roof and under-carriage.

Now that my life nears its end,

What did I purpose, did I intend?

To make men stand upon their heads?

There is no up and down when dead.

7: 27 AM

5 Comments

(Add Comment) |

3 Kudos

Translate

Edit

Remove

Friday, November 27,2009

Æff on Elly's Dot

Category: Writing and Poetry

May I suggest

That you not

Superglue

The lips of Dot;

For fear her nostrils

May get clogged,

And your next write be

A prison blog.

7: 59 AM

2 Comments

(Add Comment) |

1 Kudos

Translate

Edit

Remove

Friday, November 27,2009

The Oaten Bride VII

Category: Writing and Poetry

The liquid spells of the Earth

Are chanted in the dark with mirth;

Naked round the jagged stone

In the moonlight on the loam,

The dancers, silver, sparkling, wet

Make the shadows pirouette;
Leaping, stomping, joy-inspired,
They circle round the fresh fed fires;
And though the night is cold with mist,
They leap with sparks and spin and twist;
Glistening wet with perspiration,
Possessed by songs in celebration;
For by this Rite of Sacrifice,
The village pays the Oat God price;

The Maiden decked in purple flowers,
Awaits the Oat God's swelling power;
For when the shadow of the moon
Cast by Blade Rock in the gloom
Does touch the polished grinding stone,
All will know the time is shown
To pierce her with the Oat Stalk Knife
To bring the Plant God back to life.

The singing mounts in celebration,
The Maiden shows no hesitation;
Honored, feted, filled with pride,
Sacred lays the Oat God's Bride:
A Goddess in the shredded mists,
An oat stalk rope bound round her wrists.

7: 55 AM

2 Comments

(Add Comment) |

1 Kudos

Translate

Edit

Remove

Thursday, November 26,2009

Thanksgiving

Category: Writing and Poetry

From the kitchen window

We can see the stream:

A dappled brook,

A silvered sheen;

The does step slowly
On the lawn
And from the high grass
A woobly fawn;
This house has been so good to us,
Filled wih love and marveled trust;
For here in you
I found my mate,
My one complaint
You came so late;
For you arrived
Late in the Fall,
You almost didn't
Come at all,
But you did come
And I survived,
To my surprise
We both did thrive;
Across the stream,
A cemetary
The prickly thorns
Of matted raspberry;
Some day I know
We'll cross that river,
I hug you now
Though warm, I shiver

7: 26 AM

2 Comments

(Add Comment) |

1 Kudos

Translate

Edit

Remove

Thursday, November 26,2009

Charite Sur Loire- For Christiane 1963

Category: Writing and Poetry

It was hot and sterile, the streets were dusty;
The sun burned white in the barren square;
Hot water from a pipe was rusty;
The bar man shrugged, he didn't care;
A blond woman in a shawl did scurry;
No children's voices in the cobbled street;
An old man shuffled and tried to hurry;
The white walls reflecting the Summer's heat;
I sat among the empty tables;
A foreigner, not part of village life,
The table rocked, iron legs unstable,
I without a friend or wife;
I decided then I should go home,
And then remembered, I lived alone.

6: 53 AM

2 Comments

(Add Comment) |

1 Kudos

Translate

Edit

Remove

Thursday, November 26, 2009

James Madison's Love Poem to Dolly

Category: Writing and Poetry

In the Congress of the soul,
The arguments take their toll,
Everyone has an opinion,
Each desires to have dominion;
Each and every have their Art,
And risking all be torn apart,
Insist their valid point of view;
What's a person gonna do?
But if we are the voice of many,
In one thing there's no argument, not any,
We all agree without dissention,
Without you there is no 'I' to mention;
For in our nightly Bill of Rights,

We conjoin and see thy light.

6: 50 AM

2 Comments

(Add Comment) |

1 Kudos

Translate

Edit

Remove

Thursday, November 26,2009

Lillian Runs

Category: Writing and Poetry

Lillian runs

Into the breathlessness of night,

Then alits;

A Moravian Jewess

Madly earnest in Bohemia,

The thin chest

Coughing up creativity

As the earrings bangle

And the bangles

Beat about her throat;

All white her young neck

And arched;

Her Gypsy clothes

Frail against her frame,

Her thin-lidded eyes widened with fright,

Her matte of orange hair

Burning red with flame;

Lillian seeking fame,

To be,

To be,

And

To be more famous

Than herself;

She imparts

Her wild streaming thoughts

Then departs;

Fearing defeat,

Running
Out again into the City night streets,
A child in retreat
Running on
Jeweled
Bedroom-slippered
Feet.
6: 47 AM
2 Comments
(Add Comment) |
1 Kudos

Translate

Edit
Remove

Wednesday, November 25, 2009

The Pantheon of Gods Looked Down

Category: Writing and Poetry

Even now I am dismayed

The cunning cruelty you displayed

Though this is now a past event

Its mortal sting does not relent;

Robbed of my authority

Sunk alone in misery

I sat a helpless speechless witness

As you taunted my unfitness;

Providing me with hinted clues

(How greatly did this you amuse)

That you transgressed our marriage bands,

I was discounted as a man;

The Pantheon of Gods looked down

In anger with a furrowed frown

And shrewdly turned the joke on you,

For you were betrayed without a clue;

For They a Heaven's Angel sent

To me a man both ill and spent,

And she revived my spark of life,

And we eloped as man and wife;

How odd that your infidelity

Became a writ that set me free,

For I was loyal to my vows,
The Gods saw this with puzzled brow;
And counting on my discretion
Set my course with new direction
And They to Whom I humbly pray
I still give thanks upon this day.

9: 17 AM

4 Comments

(Add Comment) |

1 Kudos

Translate

Edit

Remove

Wednesday, November 25, 2009

On Sale This Week: Poems in the Supermarket

Category: Writing and Poetry

Poems by the canteloupes,
The yearning look, the seller's hope,
Offering an eager autograph
To the shoppers as they pass;
'Buy my rants, my art, my craft, '
They look at me as if I'm daft;
They pause to see that Coke's on sale,
The do not see me wan and pale;
Sitting near the plum tomatoes,
Between the chard and red potatoes,
'Sonnets, free verse, epic rhymes, '
Beside the peaches and the limes,
'Special offer, special sale'
Between the spinach and the kale,
'Buy one poem, get one free, '
Puzzled shoppers stare at me;
I'm glad the Manager's Assistant,
Did not insist at my resistance,
To put me by the butcher's stand,
Between the bacon, pork, and ham.

7: 41 AM

7 Comments

(Add Comment) |

4 Kudos

Translate

Edit

Remove

Wednesday, November 25, 2009

Diff on Laurel's Heads Will Roll

Category: Writing and Poetry

It's really a question
Of life science,
On folk lore there is
No self-reliance;
When a person's
Guillotined,
Do they yet live?
To some it seems
They lift their head,
Although from the neck
They're dripping red;
They linger on
And see the mob,
Head held aloft
Or kicked or lobbed;
What did the Queen
Marie Antoinette
Think guillotined
Was she upset
When they held her head
Before the crowd,
Was she regal then
Did she feel proud?
Or did she feel
Quite horrified,
She still could hear
She had not died
The roaring crowd
Heard them cheer
Even though

Cut ear to ear?
To answer this,
They proposed a test
I placed my neck
In the head rest
I'll know the truth
Any second now;
I'm still alive,
Well Holy Cow!

7: 38 AM

3 Comments

(Add Comment) |

2 Kudos

Translate

Edit

Remove

Tuesday, November 24,2009

☞ You Want to Be a Rock Star

Category: Writing and Poetry

All that glitter

All that stress

All that noise

That hungry press;

All those faces

Those microphones

Those loud EmCees

As they intone;

All those hands

Those tearing claws,

All those scams,

Those snarling jaws;

Those roaring cheers

That shout your name,

Those sudden jeers,

The price of fame..

9: 04 AM

3 Comments

(Add Comment) |

2 Kudos

[Translate](#)

[Edit](#)

[Remove](#)

Tuesday, November 24, 2009

Àh, the French; On The Diving Bell and the Butterfly

Category: Writing and Poetry

He has his wife
Transmit the call
From his mistress,
She is appalled,
While he lays in
His hospital bed;
She has to repeat
What he said;
Dutifully she leaves
The room,
A loving wife
One assumes,
So she can say
That she can't come
Comme admirable! ;
Quel aplomb!

7: 12 AM

2 Comments

[\(Add Comment\)](#) |

1 Kudos

[Translate](#)

[Edit](#)

[Remove](#)

Tuesday, November 24, 2009

Æff on Eusthacia's Steam Cycle to PJ

Category: Writing and Poetry

That Alaskan bear that she shot
Clearly thinks that's she is not
Some Chinese lantern on the water,
This flying cowgirl, Calamity's daughter;
That she's mad she leaves no doubt,
She twists and turns and moves about
Dropping art like last week's clothes,
She often squats and picks her toes;
I agree she's like a pomegranate,
Filled with seeds of juicy rants;
Unless that fruit is some code word,
Don't ask, don't tell, unless you've heard.

7: 07 AM

2 Comments

(Add Comment) |

1 Kudos

Translate

Edit

Remove

Monday, November 23,2009

What's in a Name

The wings that held you up aloft,
So feathery, so tactile soft,
Bore your weight in updraft swell,
That heat rose from Hinnom's Hell;

Thus as you floated, as you hovered
In circled dance with your lover,
Defying heaven with your weight
You wafted o'er Gehenna's Gate;

Sustained upon it's Hellish fire
Which rose aloft as you gyred;
Little did your lover know
That he was caught in Sheol's tow.

And what began in high romance
As you soared on wings that chanced

Saw you plummet to your Fate
As you plunged down Gehenna's Gate.

10: 06 AM

2 Comments

(Add Comment) |

2 Kudos

Translate

Edit

Remove

Monday, November 23,2009

Æff on Laurel's Pompeii

Category: Writing and Poetry

What is a city but a mound,
A compilation of many towns,
A base of different soil striations,
Blessed by many poured libations;
A heap of bones, a cemetery,
Burnt cups and scrolls and statuary;
A proof that life has come before;
This too shall pass, and be no more.

9: 34 AM

1 Comments

(Add Comment

Where Are the Loves

Category: Writing and Poetry

Where are the loves of days gone by,
Those lovely faces that made me cry,
Whose beauty, wit, and personality
Reduced my Art to banality?

Where are the loves of yesterday,
Who left me speechless on the day
When first I saw their charming form,
And left me living so forlorn?

Where are the loves of long ago,

Who seized and caught my heart in tow,
Who left me gaping on my knees,
Oh pride where is thy 'Pretty please? '

Time has turned them into hags,
They limp and jerk with shopping bags,
Moving awkward down the street,
Proving time is cruel and sweet.

9: 28 AM

2 Comments

(Add Comment) |

1 Kudos

Translate

Edit

Remove

Monday, November 23,2009

The Loves of Yesteryear

Category: Writing and Poetry

Where are those loves of yesteryear,
Who departed angry, some in fear,
Who found my loving quite deficient,
Not realizing they were insufficient;
For I loved with ardent heart,
Pledging I would ne'er depart
From my home which was their soul;
Such passion takes a heavy toll;
They shook their head at 'what's-his-name, '
A wild lad, for sure insane,
Who clearly loved above his station,
They left bewildered, in desperation;
Now safe in distance from those years,
They must look back with lessened fears,
And wonder at that handsome lad,
Who loved them so, and now feel sad.

9: 23 AM

1 Comments

(Add Comment) |

1 Kudos

[Translate](#)

[Edit](#)

[Remove](#)

Monday, November 23,2009

Diff on Gehenna's Silence

Category: Writing and Poetry

I write my name,

I stir the sand,

Upon the beach

With just my hand;

A gust of wind,

The seas embrace,

Floods the grains

As I'm erased.

9: 15 AM

1 Comments

[\(Add Comment\)](#) |

1 Kudos

[Translate](#)

[Edit](#)

[Remove](#)

Sunday, November 22,2009

Remembering Debra

Category: Writing and Poetry

You expected much

For your beauty,

Devotion, slavery

A eunuch's duty,

And all for

That patient quest:

To lay my head

Upon your breast;

And there in rapture

Quite profound

To enjoy the freedom

Of that mound;

You look down
And coyly smile
Contemptuous
In your guile;
Whilst I think this
A kind of rape
And silently
Plot my escape.

7: 27 AM

5 Comments

(Add Comment) |

2 Kudos

Translate

Edit

Remove

Sunday, November 22, 2009

Cliff on Lainey's The Calling

Category: Writing and Poetry

The drummer boy who died alone
On this forgotten hill,
Bore no name, far from home,
His crying, weak, then shrill;
His uniform, gathered rags,
His boots, a double size,
On his cap, a Yankee flag,
And groaning, here he died;
He wandered wounded from the field
Trying to get home,
The bullet's pain all he could feel,
Lost, his name unknown;
We buried him beside this sprig
Of fragile budding oak
With this stone that we rigged;
His name he never spoke.

7: 10 AM

1 Comments

(Add Comment) |

1 Kudos

[Translate](#)

[Edit](#)

[Remove](#)

Sunday, November 22, 2009

The Not Allowed

Category: Writing and Poetry

She self-destructs
And burns her bridges;
What once was sweet,
Is stark and rigid;
She looks down
With pity, sorrow;
But she'll do the same
Upon the morrow.

7: 07 AM

6 Comments

[\(Add Comment\)](#) |

2 Kudos

[Translate](#)

[Edit](#)

[Remove](#)

Sunday, November 22, 2009

The East

Category: Writing and Poetry

Oh let us not make a cult of death:
The valiant warrior's smoking breath
In the reeds and bamboo shoots
The circling bird, the discord flute;
Stepping through the tall marsh grass,
His glistening sword about to slash;
Sweat drips from his heavy helmet,
How carefully he weighs each step;
Hunched and stooped in his rice field,
The weathered farmer starts to kneel,

Then he hears the bamboo part,
A sword runs through his beating heart.

7: 03 AM

3 Comments

(Add Comment) |

2 Kudos

Translate

Edit

Remove

Saturday, November 21,2009

Another Dream

Category: Writing and Poetry

I dreamt that he had used my books,
The ones I banned by all to look;
Now my books were passed around;
I couldn't talk or make a sound;
For now I was a case, a reference,
I didn't seem to make a difference;
For I was subject, analyzed,
I saw no deference in their eyes;
All I aroused was jealousy;
That was plain for me to see;
But there I sat, a grinning fool,
Being used like chalk at school;
Used by my grinning mentor;
I didn't like to be the center;
Ignored as I was coolly discussed;
It's hard to find someone to trust.

7: 01 AM

2 Comments

(Add Comment) |

3 Kudos

Translate

Edit

Remove

Saturday, November 21,2009

Dream

Category: Writing and Poetry

The window rattled in the sash,
Violent, the storm blew past;
Shaking house, and frame, and limb
Which made me pause and think of him;
Alexsi climbed out of his hole
Wondering at the weather's toll;
The wheat was down, the barn was rent,
The water tower on one side bent;
The German Panzer's 1st Division,
Made a hasty.....

6: 57 AM

1 Comments

(Add Comment) |

1 Kudos

Translate

Edit

Remove

Saturday, November 21,2009

Huang Xiang

Category: Writing and Poetry

I am the silence in the crowd,
The unheard voice that speaks aloud,
The muzzled voice led off to prison,
The mocked voice, the guard's derision;
I am the voice that shouts 'I am.'
The fervent voice born of woman
That claims a rightful place on earth,
A right to sing, condemn and curse,
All of those who would deny my voice;
I am the soul who has no choice;
I paint the walls with my words;
I paint my house to be heard;
I am the demon in the street
Who shouts at Power's Wild Beasts;

I am the poet who dares to sing
Borne on the love of Xiang Ling.

6: 52 AM

2 Comments

(Add Comment) |

2 Kudos

Translate

Edit

Remove

Friday, November 20,2009

Æff on Eusthacia & The Babylonions

Category: Writing and Poetry

'Our future's written in the stars, '

Is just a line in pickup bars;

A boozey line to break the ice,

Fate is just a false device;

We reify the mythical

When love is just statistical;

When you figure out the odds,

It vaporizes all the Gods;

Successful love is one in ten,

An argument to keep on trying.

7: 02 AM

1 Comments

(Add Comment) |

1 Kudos

Translate

Edit

Remove

Friday, November 20,2009

Æff on Lainey's Regrets

Category: Writing and Poetry

I am expert in regrets,

The unending worlds of might-have beens;

Of sleepless nights of pain and fret
Wherein I reckoned up my sins;
Where I've re-summed my foolish choices,
Where I've reviewed my wasteful past,
Where I've been hounded by the voices
That have rightly taken me to task;
Yet these misteps advanced my journey
That have taken me along to you
That acting as my own attorney
Defends my choices though miscued;
For though I'm chastized by decisions
That hurt my cause in finding you,
Those fruitless bonds and sad divisions
Brought me into to your purview;
In fear of death and black despair,
Each step I take with studied care.

6: 58 AM

1 Comments

(Add Comment) |

1 Kudos

Translate

Edit

Remove

Friday, November 20,2009

My Fear

Category: Writing and Poetry

Let me fade away in sleep,
Be spared that vision as you weep;
Avoid the desperation of your eyes,
For as I die I will deprive;

I'll take from you your girlish smile,
The daily banter of your wiles;
The occupation of your care,
Which I'll repay with cruel despair;

I'd see the anguish in your eyes
As I fall away, a speck, subside,

Feeling powerless to assuage
Your sorrow, you beside my grave;

Death is but a breath away
Which can arrive on any day;
I see your fear in hovering eyes
Without my love will you survive?

Thus daily do I live in fear
That I will simply disappear
And leave you bereft to grieve alone
In what was once our happy home;

I no longer live just for me,
I struggle on to keep you free
Of that grief which I'll bestow
On you my love when forced to go.

6: 53 AM

3 Comments

(Add Comment) |

1 Kudos

Translate

Edit

Remove

Friday, November 20,2009

The Visit

Category: Writing and Poetry

What pleasure it is to watch them grow;
To find them certain of what you know;
To see them shoulder chores alone;
What pleasure it is to find them grown.

6: 33 AM

1 Comments

(Add Comment) |

2 Kudos

Translate

Edit

Remove

Thursday, November 19, 2009

As You Approach

Category: Writing and Poetry

As you approach I fade away
I am a shadow at pre-day,
Shimmering in the night obscure
Fragile and so insecure;
Prefigured in the creeping dawn
A startled bird upon the lawn
Who leaps into the forest firs,
A whisp, a ghost, a flight, a blur.

Maine 1996

Category: Writing and Poetry

A place is only for a time.
A happy place, felt sublime,
When beauty, health come together,
Perfect friends, delightful weather;
Such was our cabin up in Maine,
Mr. Berry, his daughter Jane;
Local friends who lived year round
Who welcomed us to their compound;
The children fishing on the lake,
Sun filled days without a break;
We walked the dirt road as we pleased
The trees would shimmer in the breeze;
'Carry me, ' each child would plead,
I'd stagger on with drunken knees,
Which made the children laugh and scream,
Up-raised arms, a smile that beamed;
Now Mr. Berry is long past;
Such perfect times do not last,
Jane found him dead upon his floor,
His famous jokes forgotten lore;
Our cabin porch has rotted boards
Vandals kicked in the front door;
Our possessions picked and rudely looted;
Our right to stay, scorned, refuted;
Happy times do not last,
The good lives on in our past;
As long as memory leaves a trace,

Then time remembered is a place.

6: 28 AM

2 Comments

(Add Comment) |

2 Kudos

Translate

Edit

Remove

Thursday, November 19,2009

Old Age

Category: Writing and Poetry

Time itself does compact

Melding fiction into fact;

What does it matter if its real

When days are shuffled then congeal?

6: 22 AM

1 Comments

(Add Comment) |

2 Kudos

Translate

Edit

Remove

Wednesday, November 18,2009

Mohammed Ali

Category: Writing and Poetry

Once I floated like a bee, no, a butterfly,

Now I stumble as I try to simply shuffle by;

Once I danced up on my toes,

Flickering out my punches,

I side-stepped many mighty blows

And always threw in bunches;

Now I stagger on my feet, and can't get out a word,

How I clamored to be heard

At all those press-time lunches;

The Mafia and those Great White Hopes

Could not defeat my soul,

I foiled them with my ropa-dopes
Though the pounding took its toll;
While age has made a ghost of me,
A quavering shaking hand,
I hardly recognize myself
As I stagger up to stand;
But in my prime I was sublime
A credit to my race,
And through the blows and punches thrown
I've kept a pretty face.

9: 21 AM

6 Comments

(Add Comment) |

2 Kudos

Translate

Edit

Remove

Wednesday, November 18,2009

On 'Tea with Mussolini'

Category: Writing and Poetry

This little kindness saves the world,
A courageous act as madness swirls;
This gentle act of sanity
While evil shames humanity,
Restores my faith in my own kind
When most are cruel and hard and blind.
This kindness forms a human bridge
That carries us from ridge to ridge;
Saving us in times of starkness,
Cold and shaking in the darkness:
A stranger gives a crust of bread,
Although a gun is at her head;
I accept the cruelty of mankind,
But why should a stranger be so kind?

7: 36 AM

1 Comments

(Add Comment) |

2 Kudos

Translate

Edit

Remove

Wednesday, November 18,2009

Æff on Julie's Moo Shoo Beef

Category: Writing and Poetry

What you'll find is writ below
Are from the journals of one Polo
Written in his travel log,
Is his recipe for Hong Shu dog:
Skin and clean the fresh killed meat,
Marinate in sugar beets;
Sprinkle ginger, salt, and thyme,
(Italians add a dash of wine) :
Place it on a roasting spit,
Stab it so the fat will drip;
Don't forget to baste all sides,
Stuff an onion deep inside;
Serve with garlic and fried rice;
Raise a dog is my advice.

7: 31 AM

3 Comments

(Add Comment) |

1 Kudos

Translate

Edit

Remove

Tuesday, November 17,2009

Æhe Coldenham Disaster

Category: Writing and Poetry

The wall came down
On heads and hands,
Some children stood,

Some children ran;
Trapped by falling cinder blocks
In the rubble golden locks;
Little arms and little legs
Crudely locked and cruelly wedged;
The lunch room wall
Just tumbled down
In a dusty pile and mound;
Innocence died on that day
When the wall began to sway,
A wind not common in those parts
Broke the wall and parents hearts;
Milk boxes and broken trays
Scattered in the screaming fray;
Firemen, teachers, and Police,
Found that childhood could be brief,
Crushed limbs beneath the dusty mound,
Grown men cried and rooted 'round;
God Himself died on that day
When the wall began to sway;
He shattered innocence, He shattered faith,
When He forgot that care-free place..

11: 31 AM

1 Comments

(Add Comment) |

1 Kudos

Translate

Edit

Remove

Tuesday, November 17,2009

☐ainey and the Aluminum Siding Martian Salesforce

Category: Writing and Poetry

A silver man knocked on my door,
He was selling something,
I was sure,
He had a big enormous head,
'Hi, I'm from the planet Red;
I was passing through your

Neighborhood
And I noticed
That your house of wood
Badly needed a new paint job, '
At this he seized the brass door knob;
He had scary eyes
Like a raccoon,
Behind him stood a whole platoon,
And behind them piled
Aluminum siding,
Ill-concealed, not really hiding.
I was just about
To let out a scream
When I perchanced to think
This was a dream,
Silver men beneath the moon
With scary eyes
Like a racoon's;
When the Martian on
My front porch stoop
Assisted by his alien troop,
Transported me to the Mother Ship,
Me in my bra and silk half-slip;
I cried and pleaded,
But all in vain,
'At last we found you,
Sweet Elaine! '
Said a voice within my head,
Then I was stretched out
On a bed.
'We intend to make a hybrid race, '
Said a big-eyed alien face,
'A mixture of your lovely form
And our brains, ' he so informed.
I choose to skip the sordid details,
(How I squeezed those aluminum side-rails!)
And before I knew it
There were forty Laineys
Looking sassy and very brainy;
'With these eggs we'll seed the earth,
They'll be a renaissance, a New Re-Birth,
New Leonardos and Michaelangelos,

New Inventions, Diet Jello! '

7: 08 AM

3 Comments

(Add Comment) |

2 Kudos

Translate

Edit

Remove

Monday, November 16,2009

Familiar Eyes in the SuperMarket

Category: Writing and Poetry

While walking in the cereal aisle,
I paused to look at you awhile;
It is not my habit to be impolite
But something roused me at your sight;
In a former early life
Were we friends, (not man and wife) ,
Were we consumed by heated passion,
Dressed in silks with laces fastened;
Did we walk in marble halls,
Hear the echoes of foot falls,
Stealing kisses, ardent rendered,
In the garden did you surrender,
Breaking custom'd modesty
Did we love imprudently,
That our love did scandalize
So that we both were stigmatized
Which led to my imprisonment
And exiled you in bannishment?
I watched you wheel your cart away,
We pass as strangers, what's there to say?

6: 20 AM

4 Comments

(Add Comment) |

2 Kudos

Translate

Edit

Remove

Monday, November 16, 2009

h Old Eskimo Afloat

Category: Writing and Poetry

I am an old Eskimo
Set out on the icy flow;
A hunter who no longer sees,
Squatting numbly on his knees;

My bones are dry, of little meat,
For Father Bear, a minor treat;
I, who speared the Great White Bear,
Return his bounty with this poor share;

I couldn't hold the sewing needle;
I've grown too old and weak and feeble;
My pain denied me sleep at night,
I'd sit before the oil lamp light;

In the igloo, by the wall
I'd sit wherever I could crawl;
No teeth to chew the walrus meat,
Too cold to rub my children's feet;

I saw their looks, they looked away;
A chore, a burden on their day:
A cracked and useless narwhale hook,
Resented for the space I took;

I tried to joke and tell of hunts;
They answered with begrudging grunts;
The children soon ignored my presents;
I lived a ghost for all intents;

All agreed I had to go;
They put me on the early flow;
A little fire set at my feet
To warm me as I fell asleep;

Cracks and groans all about,
A seal sniffed me with his snout;
Had I a club or strength of arm...
He swam away without alarm;

In the fog I wait for death,
The air too cold to take full breath;
I've lived full out my seasoned span;
I see too clear the worth of man.

6: 15 AM

2 Comments

(Add Comment) |

2 Kudos

Translate

Edit

Remove

Sunday, November 15, 2009

The Pilgrim Road (54)

Category: Writing and Poetry

The Pilgrim Road (54)

....

There moved a speck upon the road, ?....

A cart top-heavy with its load, ?....

Followed by a troop of men?....

And there behind a group of women; ?....

On the bench sat the Pilgrim, ?....

Gaunt, and pale and deadly thin; ?....

A resurrection from the grave, ?....

The prisoner that Death had saved; ?....

Beside him sat the woman Ann, ?....

She drove the horse with reins in hand; ?....

And in the cart the little child?....

Who laughed and sang mile after mile.?....

The End

6: 20 AM

3 Comments

(Add Comment) |

1 Kudos

Translate

Edit

Remove

Saturday, November 14, 2009

The Pilgrim Road (53)

Category: Writing and Poetry

The Empty Land (53)

....

A plague of death spread 'cross the land?....

Consuming woman, child, and man; ?....

God spread the fingers of His hand, ?....

Good and Evil within His span; ?....

The Good were taken unaware, ?....

They rose to Heaven and were spared; ?....

The Evil fell to their surprise, ?....

Despite the pleading in their eyes; ?....

In town and village, no man was seen, ?....

Stately clouds crossed village greens; ?....

Homes stood empty, a land of tombs; ?....

Doors creaked open, silent rooms; ?....

The rooster crowed in the sparkling sun; ?....

Spindles still, the wool not spun; ?....

Horses neighed to unanswered calls, ?....

And stamped their hoofs in unswept stalls; ?....

Sheep complained loudly in their pens, ?....

Geese honked rudely to guinea hens; ?....

The cows stepped slowly in green fields, ?....

The wheat waved freely, no church bell pealed; ?....

The dead lay sprawled everywhere, ?....

Their hopes and dreams beyond mortal care; ?....

A look of astonishment in their eyes, ?....

They did not blink in the buzz of flies.....

....

....

7: 14 AM

2 Comments

(Add Comment) |

2 Kudos

Translate

Edit

Remove

Friday, November 13, 2009

The Pilgrim Road (52)

Category: Writing and Poetry

The Miracle (52)

....

The greedy farmer, Frank Barone?....

Was standing in his barn alone, ?....

When a swelling at his throat, ?....

Made him stumble, gasp, and choke; ?....

He felt a pressure in each arm pit, ?....

Then in his groin which made him sit; ?....

He saw his sacred, most precious blood?....

Drip to the muck and yellow mud; ?....

They found him covered with black sores, ?....

Blood trickling out of every pore; ?....

?....

....

Judge Bivona sitting in his bath?....

Saw his skin color with a rash; ?....

It turned him red, then dark brown; ?....

He tried to rise and turn around, ?....

But then sores broke out upon his back, ?....

His arms grew weak and then fell slack; ?....

He tried to call out for his maid, ?....

But his thickened tongue would not obey; ?....

His swollen tongue made him choke, ?....

He tried to rise, but his grip broke; ?....

And falling back into his bath, ?....

There he drowned struggling to the last;

???.

....

The sun turned red in the West, ?....

Deacon Drian seated at his desk; ?....

He felt a pressure in his groin, ?....
That at first was just annoying; ?....
But then the pressure grew and grew, ?....
He then threw up and as he spewed, ?....
He saw he had splattered specks of blood, ?....
On his papers and his rug; ?....
He staggered to his office door, ?....
Then fell full face upon the floor; ?....
He was a man who lived alone, ?....
'For all my sins I do atone, '?....
He cried out, and as he did, ?....
His eyes rolled lifeless in his head;

??....

....

Prioress Slobod was at her prayers, ?....
When she saw a strand of hair, ?....
Fall from her forehead to her knees,
Then?slowly float within the breeze; ?....
Then she noticed that her hands?....
Were covered with her own hair strands; ?....
She felt an itching in her cowl, ?....
Threw it back with silent howl; ?....
Her hair came off in giant clumps, ?....
As in shearing sheep along the rump; ?....
She grasped her bald and pimpled head; ?....
And then she saw that she had bled; ?....
Blood was running from her nose, ?....
It dripped all over her black robes; ?....
She looked at Jesus, tried to speak, ?....
Then spat out two bloody teeth; ?....
She tried to rise from off her knees, ?....
But as she did she began to wheeze; ?....
Something was stuck within her throat, ?....
Blood and mucous made her choke, ?....
'May God have mercy on my soul, '?....
She grasped the Holy Water bowl; ?....
But then she fell down on her side, ?....
And reaching out, there she died.?....

Father John, son of McGrath?....
Ate heartily and very fast, ?....
His evening meal, his last repast, ?....
Fearing he'd be late for Mass; ?....
He felt a pain within his bowels, ?....
And as it rose he began to howl; ?....
He soiled himself falling to the floor; ?....
Vespers he would say no more.....

....

5: 26 AM

2 Comments

(Add Comment) |

1 Kudos

Translate

Edit

Remove

Friday, November 13,2009

The Roads of Erin (1976)

Category: Writing and Poetry

Oh my heart is softly roaming
Over roads I've left behind
And my eye is filled with longing
For the long lost friends of time.

I left them lonely standing
On a road that ran unending

Now my heart is sore with yearning
And the pledge within me burning
But the wind it drives before me
On a road of no return

5: 24 AM

2 Comments

(Add Comment) |

1 Kudos

Translate

Edit

Remove

Friday, November 13, 2009

The Pantheon

Category: Writing and Poetry

In the pantheon of sad histories

There really are no mysteries,

The gods looks down in misery

Aware of their own frailties.

Their sins sadly repeated

Their faces hang defeated;

Their chastened pride ill-seated

Their triumphs are deleted.

5: 06 AM

2 Comments

(Add Comment) |

1 Kudos

Translate

Edit

Remove

Thursday, November 12, 2009

The Ghosts of Girlfriends Past

Category: Writing and Poetry

I was often drawn

To troubled lasses,

To placate them

I oft' skipped classes;

And walked with them

In the quad,

Telling them

Of Marx and God;

I was often charmed

By their quirks,

'All men are evil...

All men are jerks! '
I carefully removed
Their shirts,
I had more trouble
With their skirts;
They moved on...,
But I won't disparage,
Their elaborate airs
In tearful marriage;
Oh where are all those
Fierce neurotics
That I found so charming
And exotic.

Sweet Reflection: An Unbalanced View (1974)

Category: Writing and Poetry

Time was ever she'd seek my face;
Our eyes would meet across a sea of bobbing heads;
Now, we studiously avoid each other's gaze,
And greet adjacent friends with loud hellos.

Time was when an idle hour was left to pass,
I would call her on the phone,
Chew on pen, swaying back and forth in my chair
And while away a friendly afternoon;
Now I sit alone and stare.

Time was when I woke groggy in the dawning light,
I'd seek out her sweet head on her white pillow
And enter her warm glowing arms under a puffy cover,
And sleep the peace known as security;
Now I sleep alone or in the arms of strangers.

Time was a golden head of silk
Was a good reason to breathe,
When sighs were love,
Time was, time was, time was.

8: 29 AM

3 Comments

(Add Comment) |

1 Kudos

[Translate](#)

[Edit](#)

[Remove](#)

Thursday, November 12, 2009

Wherein the Poet Joins with His Critics

Category: Writing and Poetry

I've tied my hands,
Clothes-pinned my tongue,
I've reduced my air
To just one lung;
And still I rhyme,
Even in my dreams;
I finished Kubla Kahn
It seems;
I cannot sleep
Without creating Art;
It never stops
When did it start;
My second word
Rhymed with the first;
I've never known
What's called Free Verse;
And now I see
My disease has spread;
It has even infected
Rusilev the Red,
Who can only get
To sleep at night
By repeating words
That I recite.

8: 27 AM

2 Comments

[\(Add Comment\)](#) |

2 Kudos

[Translate](#)

[Edit](#)

[Remove](#)

Thursday, November 12, 2009

The Pilgrim Road (51)

Category: Writing and Poetry

The Prison (51)

....

Two came to the Pilgrim's cell, ?....

They touched their nose at the smell, ?....

For it was dark, and cold, and dank, ?....

And deep within, how it stank; ?....

'We've brought you food, ' said Sister Ruth, ?....

'We sympathize, to tell the truth; ?....

My partner here is one of your band, ?....

She's known to you as Betty Ann; '?....

The Pilgrim's face pressed against the bars, ?....

The candle flame made him see stars, ?....

'The Deacon has postponed your trial; ?....

It seems you'll be here for awhile.'?....

They handed him a bundled cloth, ?....

Around the flame there flew a moth, ?....

'They may keep you here a year; ?....

'Till you're forgot or disappear.'?....

'And how's the child, ' they heard him ask, ?....

His voice a squeak that had a rasp, ?....

'She's not in a cell like this? '?....

By candle light they saw caked lips; ?....

'With the Warden's wife she stays, ?....

That is as long as she behaves; ?....

They watch her closely like a hawk, ?....

They don't let her sing or even talk; ?....

They fear she'll raise her Devil husband, ?....

That she'll bring sickness on the land; ?....

I pray no cow falls down and dies, ?....

No piglets sicken in their sty; '?....

....

....

And as she spoke she knelt right down, ?....

'Please God no plague infect the town; '?....

Betty Ann stood in the dark, ?....

Lit by the candle's errant spark, ?....

'Here is a blanket for you Pilgrim, '?....

Her face was set, stark, and grim; ?....
He took the blanket through the bars, ?....
She touched his hand with one of hers; ?....
'Blessing for what you have done, ?....
In the name of the Father and the Son, ?....
And the Holy Spirit, I might add, '?....
She withdrew her hand looking sad; ?....
They left him in his black hole cell, ?....
With the rats, the fetid smell, ?....
How hastily he ate his bread, ?....
He felt them scurry at his tread.....

8: 16 AM

3 Comments

(Add Comment) |

1 Kudos

Translate

Edit

Remove

Wednesday, November 11,2009

Apocalypse

Category: Writing and Poetry

Everything just fell apart,
First the motors wouldn't start;
Then all the plasma tvs died,
And then the men began to cry;

The hardest part, no explanation,
The wars began, obliteration;
Was it a virus, a solar flare?
People just seemed not to care;

There were bodies laying in the street,
The fallen were just mongrel meat;
The living just milled about,
Then came the storms, and then the drought;

People sat awaiting death,
Drugs were tried, cocaine and meth,
To put the people back on their feet;

The trash formed dust bowls in the street;

The sun grew hotter in the sky,
The trees turned brown and slowly died;
Fire rained, the seas did rise;
I sadly watched my children die;

I hold them in the chilly dawn,
My tremblind doe, my quaking faun,
All my strength is sucked and drawn,
I'll leave them crying before too long.

10: 10 AM

3 Comments

(Add Comment) |

3 Kudos

Translate

Edit

Remove

Wednesday, November 11, 2009

The Pilgrim Road (50)

Category: Writing and Poetry

In the Vestry (50)

....

The Deacon spat and then he hissed, ?....

'You show him mercy and see how he resists?....

Your kind appeal to his intellect, ?....

He answers you with disrespect! '?....

The Bishop frowned and then agreed, ?....

'The trial goes on, you'll not be freed; ?....

I thought we'd make of you a friend, ?....

You know well enough how this will end; ?....

You'll be burnt, auto de fire, ?....

Now please excuse me, I must retire.'?....

The Pilgrim stretched out his hand, ?....

The Bishop stopped as if on command; ?....

'You know the child is not a witch, ?....

Why persecute her, why persist? '?.....
The Bishop stroked his golden robes, ?.....
And caressed the silk within its folds; ?.....
'These things have there own momentum, ?.....
There's no way that you can prevent them; ?.....
Sometime we need to burn a witch, ?.....
You have to scratch when you feel an itch; ?.....
It's you who bare the greatest blame, ?.....
You defied the Priest, you lit the flame; ?.....
I could have saved her from the auto-de-fey, ?.....
But you put drama in the way; ?.....
Now the Church must defend its position, ?.....
It cannot be challenged on Inquisition; ?.....
You both shall die and it's a shame; ?.....
The Church must protect its Holy Name.'....

....

....

The Pilgrim again held up his hand, ?.....
And eyed the Bishop, man to man, ?.....
'One more question before you go, ?.....
This is a sin you surely know; ?.....
You who've studied so deeply Christ, ?.....
Show little benefit from His advice.'?.....
The Bishop looked him in the eye, ?.....
And then let out a heavy sigh; ?.....
'The Papacy must protect its power, ?.....
It stands a gleaming, shimmering tower?....
Against confusion and chaos, ?.....
I would have voted with Caiiphus.'....

6: 39 AM

1 Comments

(Add Comment) |

2 Kudos

Translate

Edit

Remove

Tuesday, November 10,2009

Upon Watching The Taming of the Shrew With My Wife

Category: Writing and Poetry

She offered me her hand
To place beneath my foot
Lest that she a shrew
Be false by me mistook.

10: 14 PM

1 Comments

(Add Comment) |

1 Kudos

Translate

Edit

Remove

Tuesday, November 10,2009

Advice to a Poet

Category: Writing and Poetry

But be less private in your grief
Your Art will provide some relief;
Howl your thoughts like driving rain
And it will wash away the pain;
Fear not the scandal of exposure,
The indifferent world is your enclosure;
Be pure in pain as is your heart,
And it will temper pure your Art..

11: 33 AM

2 Comments

(Add Comment) |

3 Kudos

Translate

Edit

Remove

Tuesday, November 10,2009

1989

Category: Writing and Poetry

It's been twenty years since they gave the order:
Open up the East German Border,
Let those seeking to be free,
Let them escape from tyranny;
And did the world come to an end?
What joy united guard and men;
The guards stood firm and resolute
They all decided not to shoot;
And so along the Berlin wall
The young all partied in the fall,
Chipping, pounding, knocking down
As they sang and danced around;
The leaders all garnered honor,
They did nothing that would them dishonor
Being servants of the State
They were resigned to their fate;
But not so the oppressed Chinese,
They were beaten to their knees;
Shot and trampled by steel tanks
By rural soldiers in the ranks;
Those ruthless leaders still rule today,
They still insist it be their way;
Tianamen Square is not forgot,
Dishonor stains that blood scrubbed spot.

10: 55 AM

1 Comments

(Add Comment) |

1 Kudos

Translate

Edit

Remove

Tuesday, November 10,2009

 My IT Mistress

Category: Writing and Poetry

Ah darling, you fill me with regret;
At my passing you'll get so upset!
We two who've often bantered words.
And reduced our queries to the absurd

Across this electronic track,
Trading quips forth and back;
I being the older of the two,
Your share will be the greater rue;
Now I sit and for you mourn,
For well you'll mourn me when I am gone;
Who will board your dulcid craft
And barb your words with grappling shafts?
Who will play the lovers part
With keyboard touches bestowed in Art?
Oh well loved widow, drive the hearse
To a bar of poets versed
In all the frantic rites of Art
And drown your sorrow with other hearts;
But should you predecease and so decamp
And leave me alone, you faithless scamp,
I promise in the time I've left
To be so hopeless as to welcome death;
But enough, cast off these gloomy thoughts;
Let's enjoy the love that we have sought;
I promise to daily with you converse,
And praise your beauty in timeless verse.

8: 25 AM

6 Comments

8 Kudos

Translate

Print

Edit Remove

Previous Post: [Riff on Julie's Maybe](#) | [Back to Blog List](#) | Next Post: [My Dog](#)

Deanna

aww, thats sweet.... love it much!
faithless scamp *giggles* was fun....

Posted by Deanna on Friday, May 09,2008 - 9: 04 AM
[Reply to this] [Remove] [Block User]Lainey

Oh I do not like this talk
I would prefer, with you to walk
Along a wooded park so green
To share your words and all you've seen.
I'd softly ask for you to read
Your favorite poem, verse or creed.
To tell me all your tales of past
Your lifetime stage where you were cast.
To hear your voice, and see your face
A gift of time I would embrace.
Then you would see my smile appear
This moment shared, my love sincere.
I drift within your thoughts in word,
And feed from them, a tame night bird.
Every day that I can share with you
Is my walk in the park, my morning dew.
Each poem written, each offered day
A treasured moment on your path to play.
I admire the beauty on this bench I will rest.
Each day that we walk, my heart has been blessed.

LOVE YOU...
xoxoxo
Elaine

Posted by Lainey on Friday, May 09,2008 - 10: 13 AM
[Reply to this] [Remove] [Block User]David

Imagine then a canopy

Of leaf green limbs, a panoply,
An archway o'er a bulrush path
Where we may stroll and careless, laugh;
Where we may walk and you may chide
Me for those things I wish to hide;
Where I may gently take your hand
Where I may boast of my failed plans
To be a poet of life and whim
And confess to you my chagrin
That the world heard not of me
I who wrote in Innisfree;
And by the shores of Lough Gill,
Where streams do rush and overspill
Into waves of lush clear water
We might sit and gently loiter;
Thus may a poet of failed ambition
Hand to you a First Edition
Of a book that is his last
And recite to you his storied past.

10: 02 AM

Tuesday, November 10,2009
Emily - An Old Poem

Never love a crazy lady;
Crazy lady's reason's lazy;
They hurt you with their lack of logic,
Then try to put you in their pocket;
And their pocket's full of old gum wrappers,
Milk cartoon tops and green frog snappers,
Pea coat buttons and chewed band aids,
Loose thread and wool and old night shades;
And in this jungle of old fish hooks,
One can grow old
And lose one's looks.

So never love a crazy lady;
Crazy lady's vision's hazy;
They hurt you with their want of logic,

They haunt you with their worn out topics;
And loose the vipers of their soul
And cast you in confirming roles;
You grow to fit their weird meant whimsy,
And your self-command waves weak and flimsy;

Emily is such a lady;
Her heart blows fierce but like a baby's;
I followed her on apron strings,
And tried to pacify her with rings,
And beads and earrings and pocket watches,
And hid my fears in closet notches;
Until my reason was driven out;
And that's what this poem is all about.

9: 59 AM

3 Comments

(Add Comment) |

1 Kudos

Translate

Edit

Remove

Tuesday, November 10,2009

The Pilgrim Road (49)

Category: Writing and Poetry

....

The Pilgrim looked at them awhile,
And then his lips curled in a smile, ?....
'By the logic to which you ascribe, ?....
I should address you as, 'Grand Rabbi.'

7: 26 AM

1 Comments

(Add Comment) |

1 Kudos

Translate

Edit

Remove

Monday, November 09,2009

The Thinking Man's Nightmare

Category: Writing and Poetry

What precautions the mind does take

To guard itself from its mistakes;

Thirty years have since passed by

And I wake and start to cry;

As if you stood within my room,

A shadow in the dark and gloom,

A cold discerning distant eye

The value of my love denied;

And now I see the madness sent

The random damage of that event

The small betrayal, the wanton flame

That you transgressed but spared to name;

Oh the smallness of your soul,

Your lack of ethics took its toll,

But I wonder in the depth of night

Do you awake and bolt upright

And think of me and your transgression

And mourn aloud in mute confession.

8: 54 AM

10 Comments

(Add Comment) |

4 Kudos

Translate

Edit

Remove

Monday, November 09,2009

The Pilgrim Road (48)

Category: Writing and Poetry

In the Vestry (48)

....

'The sin the Church can't abide?....

Is the sin of human pride; ?....

The church requires true submission?....
To participate in God's Holy mission; ?....
'Jesus' human sin was pride, ?....
This from his mortal side derived, ?....
He knew that He'd be crucified, ?....
Yet chose the colt on which to ride; ?....
He should have joined the Sanhedrin?....
And reformed the Temple from within?....
If He found it so defective, ?....
His self-destruction was elective; ?....
So too young man you stand apart?....
From that which is the Church's heart, ?....
Faith in it's timeless institutions, ?....
Obedience is the solution.'....

8: 21 AM

1 Comments

(Add Comment) |

3 Kudos

Translate

Edit

Remove

Sunday, November 08,2009

Laugh Lines

Category: Writing and Poetry

How precious is the time we share
Framed and hallowed by despair,
Not for us the endless horizon,
That death will come is not surprising;
Not for us a world of health
Guarenteed liked bankers wealth;
Not for us those careless days
So fearless that we forget to pray;
I treasure each and every smile□
And glory that it lasts awhile;
I marvel at our sudden laughter,
We know the silence of disaster;
I laughed when you layed out my clothes,
The colors even matched my hose,
And walking to the near drugstore

I confessed to you I wasn't sure
That your clothes matched up with mine,
I feared you were a fashion crime,
I in browns and you in reds,
We didn't blend, I shook my head;
You laughed as if we both were young
We forgot the rumbling in our lungs,
I so gay, well-dressed and witty,
You so charming and so pretty;
The laughter didn't long endure,
We were swallowed by pneumatic doors
That opened to the pharmacy
And stilled our truant gaiety.

6: 06 AM

2 Comments

(Add Comment) |

3 Kudos

Translate

Edit

Remove

Sunday, November 08,2009

The Pilgrim Road (47)

Category: Writing and Poetry

In the Vestry (47)

....

'But what of Christ's crucifixion? ?....
Our salvation in His resurrection? ?....
Had He not died for our sins, ?....
What state would our poor souls be in? '?....
And here the clever Bishop smiled, ?....
'In Christ we'd all be reconciled, ?....
For by what act can we be purged?....
Of that great sin that mankind urged: ?....
The murder of God's only Son, ?....

Oh had that act not been done! ?....
We killed the rightful Heir to Heaven, ?....
Of He who built the earth in seven; ?....
What fast or act of contrition?....
Can ameliorate that act's sedition; ?....
How many blows of the whip, ?....
How many prayers murmured by our lips, ?....
Can wash away our awful guilt?....
His Perfect Son, His Blood we spilt.?....
We refused to pay the vineyard rent, ?....
Then killed His Son who God had sent.'....

aturday, November 07,2009

Fort Hood Tragedy 2

As you lay there paralyzed
With movement just within your eyes
Now imprisoned and despised;
Tended by those you've deprived

Each minute long you may reflect
The evil that you've done;
And the Staff called in to chart, inspect,
May not always come...

The sponge that wipes your wounded chest,
Is driven by a hand
That thinks it may be better yet
To violate command;

For you did betray your oath -
To service and protect,
And though many would be surely loath
One lapse could cause your death;

What desperation you must know
Dependent on the Infidel,
Your gratitude you cannot show
In a world of Don't ask, Don't tell.

10: 24 AM

7 Comments

(Add Comment) |

4 Kudos

Translate

Edit

Remove

Saturday, November 07, 2009

The Pilgrim Road (46)

Category: Writing and Poetry

In the Vestry (46)

....

The Pilgrim stood amazed, aghast, ?....
Was this the man who led the Mass, ?....
Who offered up the blood of Christ?....
In memory of His sacrifice? ?....
'Let me be clear in what you've said, ?....
I stand alarmed in fear and dread, ?....
My eyes and ears ope' amazed?....
I doubt my senses on such days; ?....
Had Jesus submitted to the Priests?....
And been a servant in His own fief, ?....
He might have risen to be Chief, ?....
Not crucified for His beliefs? ?....
Had He not engaged in monologues?....
But risen in the synagogue, ?....
He would've changed our human course, ?....
And we'd have known far less remorse? '?....
The Bishop smiled, 'You get my point, ?....
His only error, He did Self-anoint; ?....
Oh, He had the blessing of wild man John?....
Who roused Herod with false alarm, ?....
A desert rat who lived on locusts, ?....
A man whose mind was out of focus; ?....
A man who had no Authority, ?....
From Temple in his ministry; ?....
Had Jesus been the Chief Rabbi?....
So many Jews would have survived; ?....
The Temple Curtain would've not been rent; ?....
The Roman siege a non-event; ?....

....

....

The Zealots would not have rebelled; ?....

The city's towers would have not been felled;
The Jews and Romans reconciled?....
Within His beatific Holy smile; ?....
Jerusalem would stand today?....
And so would Rome, I dare to say! ?....
Caesar would have talked to Christ?....
And benefited from His advice.'....

8: 49 AM

1 Comments

(Add Comment) |

3 Kudos

Translate

Edit

Remove

Saturday, November 07,2009

☐Clever Girl

Category: Writing and Poetry

You attack me at my one point weak:

My dwindling lack of time;

They're silent, not allowed to speak,

Your swindle is your crime;

Your cunning has to be admired,

You deprive me as you take,

And when I die and have expired

It will be their mistake.

8: 34 AM

2 Comments

(Add Comment) |

5 Kudos

Translate

Edit

Remove

Friday, November 06,2009

☐ort Hood Tragedy

Category: Writing and Poetry

What arrogance to take their lives,
To impose one's private hell
On the children, husbands, and the wives
Of the comrades where you dwell;

And all because you couldn't cope
And you a therapist,
Could you not just use a rope
Or bathe and slash your wrist?

But no you had to share your pain
You couldn't die alone;
Good people had to die in vain
To make your crisis known.

8: 17 PM

10 Comments

(Add Comment) |

9 Kudos

Translate

Edit

Remove

Friday, November 06,2009

[The Pilgrim Road \(45\)](#)

Category: Writing and Poetry

[In the Vestry \(45\)](#)

....

That very Sunday afternoon....

The Pilgrim was led to a private room, ?....

There stood the Bishop in his golden vestments?....

Having just performed the Sacraments; ?....

'Tell me something of yourself, ?....

What do you seek, power, wealth? ?....

Why do you disturb Holy Mother Church? ?....

Tell me Pilgrim, for what do you search? '?....

He answered standing in tattered clothes,

His sandals broken at the toes:

"Like Christ I put no faith in possessions, ?....

The pursuit of power is not my obsession, ?....

I simply seek to do the good, ?....
In fellowship and brotherhood.'?....
The Bishop smiled and called him 'Son, ?....
You walk the path as Christ has done; ?....
Commendable, but a pain-filled route, ?....
What He could have done being more astute? ?....
Had He chosen to take the well trod path, ?....
He would have aroused far less wrath; ?....
Had He aimed to become a Temple Priest?....
He might have then assured the peace; ?....
But He chose to preach outside the fold?....
And what was worse, His betters scold; ?....
Had He been more patient and circumspect, ?....
Had He stuck to parables and been less direct, ?....

....

....

He might have risen to be High Priest, ?....
No Last Supper but a Passover feast, ?....
We could've all sat down and joined hands, ?....
Without sacrificing The Son of Man.'....

9: 40 AM

3

Thursday, November 05,2009

Message in a Bottle

Category: Writing and Poetry

Walking on the morning beach

The herons cry, the sea gulls screech,

In the graying light of dawn

I come upon a sandy form;

....

And reaching down I almost toddle,

Grasping it, it is a bottle,

Caked with sea weed and with sand,

It feels so cold within my hand;

....

I brush the sand off the green glass,

I almost drop it from my grasp;

But seeing there's a note within,

I am intrigued by such a whim;

....

I work the cork to pull it out,
It's glued within the tapered spout,
I hold the bottle by the stock
And smash it on a sea side rock;

....

I lift the paper from the shards,
And open it, it is a card;
It's damp with algae and sea stained,
It bears a cry, "Forsake not Elaine."

....

For who on what isle so remote
Would send this vague and desperate note;
To whom there'd be such chanced appeal;
Above the sea gulls cry and wheel;

For who on what isle so remote
Would use a bottle as a boat
To whom there'd be such chanced appeal;
Above the sea gulls cry and wheel'

....

From what sandy strand or distant cove
Did she cast this cry to move,
An urgent call from out the heart,
But where to find her, where to start?

....

And so I'm on the internet,
As a path a better bet;
To find the soul far out of reach,
Whose cry I found upon the beach.

10: 31 AM

2 Comments

(Add Comment) |

3 Kudos

Translate

Edit

Remove

Thursday, November 05,2009

Night Bird

Category: Writing and Poetry

Nightly she sings
This bird of fire
Deep within the park,
Her warbled song
Of fierce desire
A spark within the dark;
A song of urgent majesty
The lilt of coming tragedy;
Nightly she sings
Her heart exposed
As if her breast
Had burst enclosed;
Her song a clarion in the night
That breaks upon the coming light;
So mad and wicked in her passion,
Her honesty, odd, and out of fashion;
It pierces hearts grown hard with age,
The barred look upward in their cage;
This howling music of the senses
Indifferent to its consequences,
Stirs the weary mind to wake
Condemning sleep, to still, partake.

9: 52 AM

3 Comments

(Add Comment) |

4 Kudos

Translate

Edit

Remove

Thursday, November 05, 2009

The Old Priest

Category: Writing and Poetry

Kindness has no earthly pension;
They shake your hand with hesitation;
(Who is this fool who gave so much,

Lacking carfare for the bus?)
They watch you limping, off you go,
Then its back to business, rightly so;
They reset their minds to accumulation,
Not for them such humiliation:
A cup of tea by poor-stoked coals;
An army blanket full of holes;
A hard backed chair in a drafty room,
And silent prayers youll be taken soon.

9: 48 AM

1 Comments

(Add Comment) |

3 Kudos

Translate

Edit

Remove

Thursday, November 05,2009

~~You~~, the Object of My Art

Category: Writing and Poetry

You, the object of my art,
Laugh at praise from out my heart;
Call me crazy, a fool obsessed
When I tell you how, with you, I'm blessed.

My love, herself, thus does disprize
The beauty I hold in my eyes;
The aching wonder that I feel
Is painted common, called unreal.

By artless grace, you tantalize,
To so disgrace that which I prize;
You augment as you mesmerize
The beauty that your lips deny.

9: 47 AM

1 Comments

(Add Comment) |

4 Kudos

Translate

Edit

Remove

Thursday, November 05,2009

The Pilgrim Road (44)

Category: Writing and Poetry

In the Sacristy (44)

....

The Bishop Judge was much displeased, ?....

'A canker sore, a vile disease, ?....

Can broadly spread its foul infection, ?....

If we don't act at it's first detection; ?....

The body of Our Holy Mother, ?....

The Virgin Sisters, the Holy Brothers, ?....

Will wear the badge of pestilence?....

If we don't act in their defense; ?....

A demon horde stands at our gates....

With beating swords, their lust to sate,

With catapults and battering rams, ?....

The pagan dead, the living damned, ?....

To invade the precincts of our city, ?....

To rape and rob, devoid of pity, ?....

To overthrow all law and order?....

To sow the seeds of gross disorder; ?....

They'll hold aloft upon their pikes?....

The ciborium and the pyx; ?....

They'll pry the jewels from the chalice, ?....

With greedy eyes intent on malice; ?....

They'll defile the Consecrated Host, ?....

With Holy Wine they'll drink and boast; ?....

They'll celebrate their pagan rites?....

On the sacred altar of Jesus Christ! ?....

Anarchy will rudely reign, ?....

All our work will be in vain, ?....

Every garden over-grown, ?....

With wanton weeds, disorder sown! '....

?....

....

The astounded Deacon looked askance?....

As the Judge raged on in his rant?....
For he felt this burden weight?....
Lay on his shoulders, confounding Fate.....

9: 37 AM

1 Comments

(Add Comment) |

2 Kudos

Translate

Edit

Remove

Wednesday, November 04,2009

On Julie's Latest Rejection Letter

Category: Writing and Poetry

I must have no mind at all;
You a poet on whom I call
Daily in my peregrinations
In comfort and high expectations;
And you do not disappoint!
My aesthetics must be out of joint;
Surely I must be lacking wit
To marvel after every visit;
My sense of humor must be bent
To laugh at what you do invent;
Your dry wit, so droll, so sardonic;
That guy must need a high colonic.

6: 25 AM

2 Comments

(Add Comment) |

3 Kudos

Translate

Edit

Remove

Tuesday, November 03,2009

The Espionage of Everyday Life

Category: Writing and Poetry

I do not tell them what I know,
My grave discomfort do not show;
I ignore the hurt of their reports,
I do not answer or retort;
But I urge them on to blasphemy
The life-styles of my enemies,
Betraying as they do beguile,
Dismayed while all I do is smile;
And thus I see the totality,
The byproduct of mixed loyalties,
And so maintain my fragile ties
With those besieged by sordid lies.

10: 11 AM

5 Comments

(Add Comment) |

3 Kudos

Translate

Edit

Remove

Tuesday, November 03,2009

The Consolation of Poetry

Category: Writing and Poetry

In my prison,

My padded lair,

In solitary

With my despair,

I write upon

The yellowed page,

Conscious of

A Coming Age;

Resigned to my

Daily defeat,

Shackled

Hourly growing weak,

There'll come a time

When I cannot speak,

Yet I'm not resigned

To my defeat;

For I've put myself
In a book,
Where future friends
May come and look;
And marvel at
My wit and pain,
They'll steal a peak,
My heirs to gain.

And then my heirs
Will be befuddled,
My fame will put
Then in a muddle:
To claim the profits
Of my name
Will test the limits
Of their shame.

9: 38 AM

5 Comments

(Add Comment) |

4 Kudos

Translate

Edit

Remove

Tuesday, November 03,2009

The Pilgrim Road (43)

Examining the Witness (43)

....

The laughter echoed down the pews, ?....

A raucous laugh as in the stews, ?....

For this audience knew well the witness, ?....

Their laughter registered his fitness; ?....

He was the farmer who's land adjoined, ?....

The child's parents, now purloined, ?....

For if the charge of witchcraft stuck, ?....

The Court's enjoinder would be struck; ?....
He was a wild and burly man, ?....
Huge of girth, his hands like hams?....
Of florid face, protruding teeth, ?....
A vulgar man of intemperate speech; ?....
As Farmer Brown was sworn in, ?....
He cursed the girl and all her kin, ?....
The Deacon smiled at this report?....
And reminded him he was in Court; ?....
'She's a witch, the Judas pig, ?....
I saw her dance the Devil's jig, ?....
I heard her curse a cross of sheaves, ?....
Held upside down, by Your Lord's leave.?....
I heard her mumble foreign words?....
Words of the Mass, mixed up, disturbed; ?....
I saw her mix mare's milk with wine?....
And mark my cattle seven times.' ?....
The Deacon smiled and asked no more, ?....
He motioned the Pilgrim to take the floor; ?....
The farmer bellowed and stuck out his chin, ?....
'I'll have no truck with the likes of him! ?....

....

....

He's of the cohort of the beast! ?....
A Devil worshipper, at the very least.'?....
The Pilgrim smiled and bowed his head, ?....
'Do you see horns upon my head? ?....
Perhaps I should remove my hose?....
So you can see my heel and toes? ?....
But of this, really, no matter?....
I see the golden calf would grow fatter, ?....
I'm informed that you're a Latin scholar, ?....
A Docent at the collegium Colmar?....
'Qui invidet minor est*?....
I'm surely you're likely to attest.?....
At this the farmer began to sweat, ?....
He wrung his hands and looked upset, ?....
He began to shout, spewing phlegm?....
The Pilgrim said, compesce mentem**?....
The Deacon rose, 'This is absurd, ?....
It doesn't mean he knows every word, ?....

It's best to say he recognizes Latin, ?....
He sat down again with satisfaction; ?....
The Pilgrim circled round the farmer, ?....
He smiled at him like a snake charmer, ?....
'What you heard, did it sound like this? ?....
'Je suis un homme des ivresse."?....
'Yes, ' said the farmer with uncertain frown; ?....
It was very like that ... a swishy sound; '?....
'Very good, I am impressed, '?....
Said the Pilgrim to the witness.?....
'Backward Latin, did it have this refrain? ?....
'Je suis mal homme, un vrai vilain."?....

....
....
'Yes, yes, that's what it seemed, '?....
Said the farmer, his face a gleam; ?....
'Very good, ' said Zechariah, ?....
'And heard you the girl in smoke and fire?....
Say, 'Monsignor, Je suis menteur! '?....
Did it sound like that, are you sure? '?....
'Yes, ' said the farmer, growing bolder, ?....
Smiling now, as he rolled his shoulders, ?....
His face flushed from his excess, ?....
Please with himself at his success.?....
The Pilgrim turned round to face the bench, ?....
'Then by Brown, the witness, the Devil's French! '....

....

7: 24 AM

3 Comments

(Add Comment) |

3 Kudos

Translate

Edit

Remove

Monday, November 02,2009

The Legacy

Category: Writing and Poetry

Can the sum of all experience

Be all for naught, mere dalliance
To which no wisdom does accrue
To educate in its review?

A waste of time, all mere indulgence
No value to my children hence,
A wild parade of vain pretense,
A sojourn of no consequence?

Yet I record my acts, my whims,
Retell my course and trace my sins
In hope the record of my routs
Will spark some questions and raise some doubts.

aturday, November 07,2009

Fort Hood Tragedy 2

As you lay there paralyzed
With movement just within your eyes
Now imprisoned and despised;
Tended by those you've deprived

Each minute long you may reflect
The evil that you've done;
And the Staff called in to chart, inspect,
May not always come...

The sponge that wipes your wounded chest,
Is driven by a hand
That thinks it may be better yet
To violate command;

For you did betray your oath -
To service and protect,
And though many would be surely loath
One lapse could cause your death;

What desperation you must know
Dependent on the Infidel,
Your gratitude you cannot show
In a world of Don't ask, Don't tell.

10: 24 AM

7 Comments

(Add Comment) |

4 Kudos

Translate

Edit

Remove

Saturday, November 07, 2009

The Pilgrim Road (46)

Category: Writing and Poetry

In the Vestry (46)

....

The Pilgrim stood amazed, aghast, ?....
Was this the man who led the Mass, ?....
Who offered up the blood of Christ?....
In memory of His sacrifice? ?....
'Let me be clear in what you've said, ?....
I stand alarmed in fear and dread, ?....
My eyes and ears ope' amazed?....
I doubt my senses on such days; ?....
Had Jesus submitted to the Priests?....
And been a servant in His own fief, ?....
He might have risen to be Chief, ?....
Not crucified for His beliefs? ?....
Had He not engaged in monologues?....
But risen in the synagogue, ?....
He would've changed our human course, ?....
And we'd have known far less remorse? '?....
The Bishop smiled, 'You get my point, ?....
His only error, He did Self-anoint; ?....
Oh, He had the blessing of wild man John?....
Who roused Herod with false alarm, ?....
A desert rat who lived on locusts, ?....
A man whose mind was out of focus; ?....
A man who had no Authority, ?....
From Temple in his ministry; ?....
Had Jesus been the Chief Rabbi?....
So many Jews would have survived; ?....
The Temple Curtain would've not been rent; ?....
The Roman siege a non-event; ?....

....

....

The Zealots would not have rebelled; ?....
The city's towers would have not been felled;
The Jews and Romans reconciled?....
Within His beatific Holy smile; ?....
Jerusalem would stand today?....
And so would Rome, I dare to say! ?....
Caesar would have talked to Christ?....
And benefited from His advice.'....

8: 49 AM

1 Comments

(Add Comment) |

3 Kudos

Translate

Edit

Remove

Saturday, November 07,2009

☐Clever Girl

Category: Writing and Poetry

You attack me at my one point weak:
My dwindling lack of time;
They're silent, not allowed to speak,
Your swindle is your crime;

Your cunning has to be admired,
You deprive me as you take,
And when I die and have expired
It will be their mistake.

8: 34 AM

2 Comments

(Add Comment) |

5 Kudos

Translate

Edit

Remove

Friday, November 06,2009

Fort Hood Tragedy

Category: Writing and Poetry

What arrogance to take their lives,
To impose one's private hell
On the children, husbands, and the wives
Of the comrades where you dwell;

And all because you couldn't cope
And you a therapist,
Could you not just use a rope
Or bathe and slash your wrist?

But no you had to share your pain
You couldn't die alone;
Good people had to die in vain
To make your crisis known.

8: 17 PM

10 Comments

(Add Comment) |

9 Kudos

Translate

Edit

Remove

Friday, November 06,2009

The Pilgrim Road (45)

Category: Writing and Poetry

In the Vestry (45)

....

That very Sunday afternoon....

The Pilgrim was led to a private room, ?....

There stood the Bishop in his golden vestments?....

Having just performed the Sacraments; ?....

'Tell me something of yourself, ?....

What do you seek, power, wealth? ?....

Why do you disturb Holy Mother Church? ?....

Tell me Pilgrim, for what do you search? '?....

He answered standing in tattered clothes,

His sandals broken at the toes:

"Like Christ I put no faith in possessions, ?....
The pursuit of power is not my obsession, ?....
I simply seek to do the good, ?....
In fellowship and brotherhood.'?....
The Bishop smiled and called him 'Son, ?....
You walk the path as Christ has done; ?....
Commendable, but a pain-filled route, ?....
What He could have done being more astute? ?....
Had He chosen to take the well trod path, ?....
He would have aroused far less wrath; ?....
Had He aimed to become a Temple Priest?....
He might have then assured the peace; ?....
But He chose to preach outside the fold?....
And what was worse, His betters scold; ?....
Had He been more patient and circumspect, ?....
Had He stuck to parables and been less direct, ?....

....

....

He might have risen to be High Priest, ?....
No Last Supper but a Passover feast, ?....
We could've all sat down and joined hands, ?....
Without sacrificing The Son of Man.'....

9: 40 AM

3 Comments

(Add Comment) |

4 Kudos

Translate

Edit

Remove

Thursday, November 05,2009

Message in a Bottle

Category: Writing and Poetry

Walking on the morning beach

The herons cry, the sea gulls screech,

In the graying light of dawn

I come upon a sandy form;

....

And reaching down I almost toddle,
Grasping it, it is a bottle,
Caked with sea weed and with sand,
It feels so cold within my hand;

....

I brush the sand off the green glass,
I almost drop it from my grasp;
But seeing there's a note within,
I am intrigued by such a whim;

....

I work the cork to pull it out,
It's glued within the tapered spout,
I hold the bottle by the stock
And smash it on a sea side rock;

....

I lift the paper from the shards,
And open it, it is a card;
It's damp with algae and sea stained,
It bears a cry, "Forsake not Elaine."

....

For who on what isle so remote
Would send this vague and desperate note;
To whom there'd be such chanced appeal;
Above the sea gulls cry and wheel;

For who on what isle so remote
Would use a bottle as a boat
To whom there'd be such chanced appeal;
Above the sea gulls cry and wheel'

....

From what sandy strand or distant cove
Did she cast this cry to move,
An urgent call from out the heart,
But where to find her, where to start?

....

And so I'm on the internet,
As a path a better bet;
To find the soul far out of reach,
Whose cry I found upon the beach.

10: 31 AM

2 Comments

(Add Comment) |

3 Kudos

Translate

Edit

Remove

Thursday, November 05, 2009

Night Bird

Category: Writing and Poetry

Nightly she sings
This bird of fire
Deep within the park,
Her warbled song
Of fierce desire
A spark within the dark;
A song of urgent majesty
The lilt of coming tragedy;
Nightly she sings
Her heart exposed
As if her breast
Had burst enclosed;
Her song a clarion in the night
That breaks upon the coming light;
So mad and wicked in her passion,
Her honesty, odd, and out of fashion;
It pierces hearts grown hard with age,
The barred look upward in their cage;
This howling music of the senses
Indifferent to its consequences,
Stirs the weary mind to wake
Condemning sleep, to still, partake.

9: 52 AM

3 Comments

(Add Comment) |

4 Kudos

Translate

Edit

Remove

Thursday, November 05,2009

The Old Priest

Category: Writing and Poetry

Kindness has no earthly pension;
They shake your hand with hesitation;
(Who is this fool who gave so much,
Lacking carfare for the bus?)
They watch you limping, off you go,
Then its back to business, rightly so;
They reset their minds to accumulation,
Not for them such humiliation:
A cup of tea by poor-stoked coals;
An army blanket full of holes;
A hard backed chair in a drafty room,
And silent prayers youll be taken soon.

9: 48 AM

1 Comments

(Add Comment) |

3 Kudos

Translate

Edit

Remove

Thursday, November 05,2009

You, the Object of My Art

Category: Writing and Poetry

You, the object of my art,
Laugh at praise from out my heart;
Call me crazy, a fool obsessed
When I tell you how, with you, I'm blessed.

My love, herself, thus does disprize
The beauty I hold in my eyes;
The aching wonder that I feel
Is painted common, called unreal.

By artless grace, you tantalize,

To so disgrace that which I prize;
You augment as you mesmerize
The beauty that your lips deny.

9: 47 AM

1 Comments

(Add Comment) |

4 Kudos

Translate

Edit

Remove

Thursday, November 05,2009

The Pilgrim Road (44)

Category: Writing and Poetry

In the Sacristy (44)

....

The Bishop Judge was much displeased, ?....

'A canker sore, a vile disease, ?....

Can broadly spread its foul infection, ?....

If we don't act at it's first detection; ?....

The body of Our Holy Mother, ?....

The Virgin Sisters, the Holy Brothers, ?....

Will wear the badge of pestilence?....

If we don't act in their defense; ?....

A demon horde stands at our gates....

With beating swords, their lust to sate,

With catapults and battering rams, ?....

The pagan dead, the living damned, ?....

To invade the precincts of our city, ?....

To rape and rob, devoid of pity, ?....

To overthrow all law and order?....

To sow the seeds of gross disorder; ?....

They'll hold aloft upon their pikes?....

The ciborium and the pyx; ?....

They'll pry the jewels from the chalice, ?....

With greedy eyes intent on malice; ?....

They'll defile the Consecrated Host, ?....

With Holy Wine they'll drink and boast; ?....

They'll celebrate their pagan rites?....

On the sacred altar of Jesus Christ! ?....

Anarchy will rudely reign, ?....
All our work will be in vain, ?....
Every garden over-grown, ?....
With wanton weeds, disorder sown! '....

?....

....

The astounded Deacon looked askance?....
As the Judge raged on in his rant?....
For he felt this burden weight?....
Lay on his shoulders, confounding Fate.....

9: 37 AM

1 Comments

(Add Comment) |

2 Kudos

Translate

Edit

Remove

Wednesday, November 04,2009

On Julie's Latest Rejection Letter

Category: Writing and Poetry

I must have no mind at all;
You a poet on whom I call
Daily in my peregrinations
In comfort and high expectations;
And you do not disappoint!
My aesthetics must be out of joint;
Surely I must be lacking wit
To marvel after every visit;
My sense of humor must be bent
To laugh at what you do invent;
Your dry wit, so droll, so sardonic;
That guy must need a high colonic.

6: 25 AM

2 Comments

(Add Comment) |

3 Kudos

[Translate](#)

[Edit](#)

[Remove](#)

Tuesday, November 03,2009

The Espionage of Everyday Life

Category: Writing and Poetry

I do not tell them what I know,
My grave discomfort do not show;
I ignore the hurt of their reports,
I do not answer or retort;
But I urge them on to blasphemy
The life-styles of my enemies,
Betraying as they do beguile,
Dismayed while all I do is smile;
And thus I see the totality,
The byproduct of mixed loyalties,
And so maintain my fragile ties
With those besieged by sordid lies.

10: 11 AM

5 Comments

[\(Add Comment\)](#) |

3 Kudos

[Translate](#)

[Edit](#)

[Remove](#)

Tuesday, November 03,2009

The Consolation of Poetry

Category: Writing and Poetry

In my prison,
My padded lair,
In solitary
With my despair,
I write upon
The yellowed page,
Conscious of
A Coming Age;

Resigned to my
Daily defeat,
Shackled
Hourly growing weak,
There'll come a time
When I cannot speak,
Yet I'm not resigned
To my defeat;

For I've put myself
In a book,
Where future friends
May come and look;
And marvel at
My wit and pain,
They'll steal a peak,
My heirs to gain.

And then my heirs
Will be befuddled,
My fame will put
Then in a muddle:
To claim the profits
Of my name
Will test the limits
Of their shame.

9: 38 AM

5 Comments

(Add Comment) |

4 Kudos

Translate

Edit

Remove

Tuesday, November 03,2009

The Pilgrim Road (43)

Examining the Witness (43)

....

The laughter echoed down the pews, ?....
A raucous laugh as in the stews, ?....
For this audience knew well the witness, ?....
Their laughter registered his fitness; ?....
He was the farmer who's land adjoined, ?....
The child's parents, now purloined, ?....
For if the charge of witchcraft stuck, ?....
The Court's enjoinder would be struck; ?....
He was a wild and burly man, ?....
Huge of girth, his hands like hams?....
Of florid face, protruding teeth, ?....
A vulgar man of intemperate speech; ?....
As Farmer Brown was sworn in, ?....
He cursed the girl and all her kin, ?....
The Deacon smiled at this report?....
And reminded him he was in Court; ?....
'She's a witch, the Judas pig, ?....
I saw her dance the Devil's jig, ?....
I heard her curse a cross of sheaves, ?....
Held upside down, by Your Lord's leave.?....
I heard her mumble foreign words?....
Words of the Mass, mixed up, disturbed; ?....
I saw her mix mare's milk with wine?....
And mark my cattle seven times.' ?....
The Deacon smiled and asked no more, ?....
He motioned the Pilgrim to take the floor; ?....
The farmer bellowed and stuck out his chin, ?....
'I'll have no truck with the likes of him! ?....

....

....

He's of the cohort of the beast! ?....
A Devil worshipper, at the very least.'?....
The Pilgrim smiled and bowed his head, ?....
'Do you see horns upon my head? ?....
Perhaps I should remove my hose?....
So you can see my heel and toes? ?....
But of this, really, no matter?....
I see the golden calf would grow fatter, ?....
I'm informed that you're a Latin scholar, ?....
A Docent at the collegium Colmar?....

'Qui invidet minor est*?....
I'm surely you're likely to attest.?....
At this the farmer began to sweat, ?....
He wrung his hands and looked upset, ?....
He began to shout, spewing phlegm?....
The Pilgrim said, compesce mentem**?....
The Deacon rose, 'This is absurd, ?....
It doesn't mean he knows every word, ?....
It's best to say he recognizes Latin, ?....
He sat down again with satisfaction; ?....
The Pilgrim circled round the farmer, ?....
He smiled at him like a snake charmer, ?....
'What you heard, did it sound like this? ?....
'Je suis un homme des ivresse."?....
'Yes, ' said the farmer with uncertain frown; ?....
It was very like that ... a swishy sound; '?....
'Very good, I am impressed, '?....
Said the Pilgrim to the witness.?....
'Backward Latin, did it have this refrain? ?....
'Je suis mal homme, un vrai vilain."?....

....
....
'Yes, yes, that's what it seemed, '?....
Said the farmer, his face a gleam; ?....
'Very good, ' said Zechariah, ?....
'And heard you the girl in smoke and fire?....
Say, 'Monsignor, Je suis menteur! '?....
Did it sound like that, are you sure? '?....
'Yes, ' said the farmer, growing bolder, ?....
Smiling now, as he rolled his shoulders, ?....
His face flushed from his excess, ?....
Please with himself at his success.?....
The Pilgrim turned round to face the bench, ?....
'Then by Brown, the witness, the Devil's French! '....

....

7: 24 AM

3 Comments

(Add Comment) |

3 Kudos

Translate

Edit

Remove

Monday, November 02,2009

The Legacy

Category: Writing and Poetry

Can the sum of all experience
Be all for naught, mere dalliance
To which no wisdom does accrue
To educate in its review?

A waste of time, all mere indulgence
No value to my children hence,
A wild parade of vain pretense,
A sojourn of no consequence?

Yet I record my acts, my whims,
Retell my course and trace my sins
In hope the record of my routs
Will spark some questions and raise some doubts.

Monday, November 02,2009

The Pilgrim Road (42)

Category: Writing and Poetry

The Trial (42)

....

And so the Pilgrim and the child?....
Stood co-defendants at the trial, ?....
He waved to her which made her smile?....
A breach of courtly Canon style; ?....
The Deacon rose and looked with scorn?....
At the defendants and he warned?....
That people of surrounding lands?....
Will be alarmed at what was planned; ?....
'Be not misled by her girlish look, ?....
Innocence can easily be mistook?....
For what looks to you as a child?....
Is a demon laughing all the while; ?....
She was seen drawing pentagrams, ?....
Using the blood of fresh-killed lambs?....
She dripped gore at the five points?....
Which mocks the wounds that we anoint; ?....

In the darkest time of night?....
She was observed by candle light?....
To utter chants and wave her arms?....
(The Court room stirred in some alarm) ?....
Pronouncing Latin in reverse?....
To cast her spells and lay her curse; ?....
Then from the star scratched dirty floor?....
Came a clank from a trap door?....
And rose a yellow smoking glow?....
That arced red sparks in its flow, ?....
Which blazed with light and sudden heat, ?....
Then rose the beast with cloven feet; ?....

....

....

Brown and dark with straggled hair?....
A bull like face, a red-eyed stare, ?....
His snarling teeth, bright fangs from Hell, ?....
And from the mist a sulfurous smell; ?....
He growled, and stretched, and finally roared, ?....
Then bent the child upon the floor?....
And there he sated his foul lust, ?....
And as he rammed the child did thrust; ?....
Yes, good Christians, be not deceived, ?....
She's not the innocent you perceive, ?....
This is the mate of Anti-Christ, ?....
Who spawned with him until first light.'?....
Stunned and silent sat the Court, ?....
The Deacon handed up his report; ?....
The Judge looked sullen and quite grave, ?....
A woman howled and several prayed; ?....
Until the Pilgrim rose at last, ?....
And then gave off a monstrous laugh, ?....
'Who is this witness so well versed?....
That he knows Latin spoke in reverse! '....

....

9: 14 AM

2 Comments

(Add Comment) |

2 Kudos

Translate

Edit

Remove

Sunday, November 01, 2009

Searching For Love in the Sugar Bowl Luncheonette

Category: Writing and Poetry

T'is where I spent my wayward youth

Laughing in a ruby booth;

Seeking wisdom from fresh strangers

Careless of the endless dangers;

For it stood at the crossroads;

Where students dropped their text-book loads

On the long formica benches

To stare at all the coated wenchs,

And to eat some eggs with french fries,

I lingered like a German spy;

T'is where I met so many girls,

Self invited to their world;

More than once was broken-hearted;

It seemed over as soon as I started;

For love is just a rebel's choice,

It speaks as it must with tri-part voice:

The voice of the father and the mother,

And with the dulcid voice of lover;

But the mother's voice wins in the end,

My enemies were once my friends;

It seems I easily offend;

They were as constant as the wind.

I stood up, shouldered my knapsack;

I left without once looking back;

I myself stayed much too long;

All I got were these few songs;

Which no one bothers now to read,

Yet in the work my self was freed

To wander life's eternal roads

Until I found my loves abode;

If you go try the Greek salad,

It's truly worth a Pindar ballad;

I lived there on Cokes and fries,

It fills you up, I can testify.

7: 33 AM

4 Comments

(Add Comment) |

3 Kudos

Translate

Edit

Remove

Sunday, November 01, 2009

The Pilgrim Road (41)

Category: Writing and Poetry

Preparing the Witness (41)

....

The Deacon spoke to the waif, ?....

'In body we know that you are chaste, ?....

But admit that you've had sinful thoughts?....

With vengeful feelings you are wrath, ?....

And if you do you'll soon discover?....

That we'll unite you with your mother, ?....

Mother and child will be restored?....

You cannot cut the sylvan cord; ?....

When I ask you, were you disturbed?....

By a neighbor or his herd, ?....

If you answer quickly 'yes, '?....

It will bring such happiness; ?....

If you say you married Satan?....

Without the least bit hesitation, ?....

Why that very afternoon, ?....

You'll be back in bed in your own room.'?....

'But that would be a sinful lie, '?....

And here the girl began to cry.....

5: 50 AM

1 Comments

(Add Comment) |

2 Kudos

Translate

Edit

Remove

Saturday, October 31,2009

📖 Defense of Indolence

Category: Writing and Poetry

In this work-a-world

It's hard to convince

The virtues of

Limp indolence;

But I have known

Such pleased hours

As engineers

In high spun towers;

To lay upon

My unmade bed,

To cast aside

A book I've read,

To dream and doze

Upon the covers

The world I've chose

Lays undiscovered;

For ambition leads

To many labors

To obligations,

To returning favors,

While I while-away

The listless day

And follow thoughts

As they stray.

6: 15 AM

4 Comments

(Add Comment) |

2 Kudos

Translate

Edit

Remove

Saturday, October 31,2009

📖 The Pilgrim Road (40)

Category: Writing and Poetry

Ex Parte (40)

....

The Deacon smiled at Zechariah?....
Though in his eyes there burned such fire; ?....
'It such a small, a minor concession?....
That's remedied by contrite confession; '?....
And as he spoke he licked his lips, ?....
Then he rubbed his finger tips, ?....
"Well, I really don't have all day; ?....
As to my proposal, what do you say? '?....
The Pilgrim smiled then in his turn, ?....
'When will Evil ever learn, ?....
It is by slow degrees we burn."?....
The Deacon looked annoyed and stern;
"You want me to confess a lie?....
Upon Our Savior who chose to die?....
Then admit He was the Son of God?....
To those on whom His neck would trod? ?....
Against the Spirit you commit sedition, ?....
As the Church you forget your mission: ?....
To husband to the good in men, ?....
Not foster rot, decay, and sin.'?....
The Deacon looked on him with scorn, ?....
'You dare to lecture one high born? ?....
What are you, but a vagrant, ?....
Without a pulpit and unlearnt; ?....
You dare to teach morals to me, ?....
An Officer of the Holy See? ?....
God pre-anoints those who've risen, '?....
The Deacon sneered with such derision.....

5: 57 AM

2 Comments

(Add Comment) |

1 Kudos

Translate

Edit

Remove

Friday, October 30,2009

⊞ff on Halloween Spider Queen's Masquerade Ball

Category: Writing and Poetry

Excuse me for my over-learning,

But it's not wise to admit 'my loins are burning'
To a lady in a mask
Unless you pay her for the task;
The wiser and the more astute
Approach the glittering prostitute
With a more discreet inquire,
'What do you cost? Are you for hire? '
Or, 'Are you looking for a date?
What do you charge? ' And 'What's your rate? '
The working woman who works for coins
Is alarmed to hear of 'burning loins.'
It's best to put her at her ease
And deny you have a social disease.

7: 13 PM

3 Comments

(Add Comment) |

1 Kudos

Translate

Edit

Remove

Friday, October 30,2009

☒ Poet's Fable

Category: Writing and Poetry

'So you're a poet, ' said Donald Trump,
He gave my back a pound, a thump,
'Is that why they gave you this good table?
Look! It doesn't rock, it's nice and stable.
This table's mine, ' he continued,
A man of wealth and beefy sinew,
'This table is reserved for me.
They know I tip quite generously.
The restaurant even bares my name;
The hotel signifies my fame;
But they showed you to my special place
Where I can watch each famous face
Stuff their mouths with Haute Cuisine,

Look where I'm sitting in this magazine.
You see you're sitting in my spot,
What's a poet, what's he got?
And yet that smarmy Maitre D,
Gave you preference over me;
Look at your watch, it is a Timex;
How long it's been since you've had sex?
And your clothes they look a bit thread bare,
But the Maitre'D didn't care;
You see he's crouching out of sight;
I'll fire his ass for sure tonight;
And all because you wrote some lines
That sometimes does and doesn't rhyme;
You know I've got a billion dollars;
And you got ring around the collar;
And you're sitting with my wife!
Who carves your steak with fork and knife;
And look how she smiles and stares at you!
Melania Knause, I'm done with you.
Do you have the cash to pay this meal?
Mr. Poet, Mr. No Big Deal.
Well you know what pal, the meals on me;
Just include my name in your poetry.'

10: 54 AM

1 Comments

(Add Comment) |

1 Kudos

Translate

Edit

Remove

Friday, October 30,2009

Thinking of Keats (Pronounced Kits)

Category: Writing and Poetry

When my Art surges in lapse and fits
Barren of theme yet urging a line,
I pause to remind myself of Keats,
His brief spark murmuring soul divine;

Unknown, unpraised for what was his obsession
To transcribe his teeming brain of rhyming thoughts
Unrecognized in what was his true profession,
His valiant works rejected and unbought;

I further pause to dream and brief reflect
What is my reward for all my labor?
The flurry of the regard that I detect
How few my readers who briefly savor;

But how good is Art launched to seek a name?
How good is Art to earn a living wage?
I cast my words not for living fame
But in hope of writing one immortal page.

9: 31 AM

1 Comments

(Add Comment) |

1 Kudos

Translate

Edit

Remove

Friday, October 30,2009

The Pilgrim Road (39)

Category: Writing and Poetry

A Compromise (39)

....

The Judge looked pensive at the sky, ?....
He checked his plants, they all seemed dry; ?....
He blessed his plants in Gesthemane, ?....

And asked his aide to pray for rain.?....
'And by the way, by and by, ?....
Here's one thing else you should try: ?....
Lets ask them both to make a deal, ?....
Once they confess, there's no Appeal; ?....
Let them confess to 'lack of faith, '?....
A venial sin in the waif; ?....
As to the Pilgrim, an act of contrition, ?....
We'll send him on a Holy Mission: ?....
Far away, a distant span, ?....
We'll send him to the Holy Land?....
To do penance at Ste. Catherine's Shrine, ?....
That will take him quite some time; ?....
A doubter bears a heavy load?....
And may get lost along the road; ... ?....
You'd prefer to break him on her wheel; ?....
Confession and there's no Appeal! '

7: 20 AM

2 Comments

(Add Comment) |

2 Kudos

Translate

Edit

Remove

Thursday, October 29,2009

Rbsemary

Category: Writing and Poetry

Weave a crown of rosemary

And place it on your head,

And the man who's fancy free

Will be the one you've wed.

9: 11 AM

4 Comments

(Add Comment) |

3 Kudos

Translate

Edit

Remove

Thursday, October 29, 2009

The Pilgrim Road (38)

Category: Writing and Poetry

In the Garden of Gethsemane (38)

....

'I propose we merge their trials, '?....

The Deacon said with leering guile, '?....

'They know not enough not to speak, '?....

The Pilgrim has a martyr's streak; '?....

We'll say that both of them connive?....

To blasphemy and to deny?....

The Divinity of Jesus Christ; '?....

Said the Judge, 'That's sage advice.'?....

They continued down the garden path, '?....

They watched two sparrows at their bath, '?....

On a fluted ancient stone, '?....

Splashing as if all alone; '?....

'Should we have the Pilgrim stripped, '?....

Flogged and beaten with a whip, '?....

Lashed and scourged, beaten down, '?....

Then paraded through the town? '?....

'You'd make him walk 'The Path of Sorrows? '?....

We'll think of this on the morrow, '?....

Let's not make of him a Christian martyr, '?....

He has his bent and foolish ardor; '?....

Let them ascend their own bonfire?....

By their own efforts as we desire; '?....

Let their quest for martyrdom?....

Proceed as if it naturally come.'....

8: 07 AM

2 Comments

(Add Comment) |

2 Kudos

Translate

Edit

Remove

Wednesday, October 28, 2009

The Pilgrim Road (37)

Category: Writing and Poetry

Case Conference (37)

....

'I liken it to Gethsemane, ' ?....

Said the Judge in the lane;

? 'My garden is my only sin, ?....

Be so good as to walk within.'?....

With the Deacon, he walked about, ?....

In measured steps, he was quite stout, ?....

Pausing at his favorite flowers, ?....

Noting their medicinal powers.?....

'The asphodelus is for regret, ?....

The pheasant's eye helps me forget, ?....

The rosemary gives me healing balm?....

The virginica helps keep me calm.?....

'I'm afraid to say your case is weak, ?....

I didn't think the girl would speak, ?....

Who would have thought this little peasant?....

Would have been so charming and so pleasant? ?....

The arum vulgare gives you strength, '?....

And here the churchman paused at length, ?....

'Let's not let this thing get out of hand, ?....

Involve the Archbishop or Metropolitan; ?....

We want the proof to be plain as day, ?....

They should convict themselves by what they say; ?....

Really I'm surprised at you, ?....

Confounded by these bumpkins, too! '....

8: 32 AM

1 Comments

(Add Comment) |

1 Kudos

Translate

Edit

Remove

Tuesday, October 27,2009

Oh Irish Halloween

Category: Writing and Poetry

Father Kelly, grim of face,

Called these children,
'A disgrace,
They fornicate
On Holy Ground,
While we Martyrs
Stand around;
They hide behind
The graveyard wall,
While the steers
Come
To our calls,
Here upon this
Sacred Isle,
They fornicate
And defile;
Have children
No longer fear of ghosts?
This an act
Of which they'll boast,
When they recall
Their sojourn,
A thousand years,
Man hasn't learned.":

Said Father Thomas,
'They're like the Norse,
Vulgar, rude, UnGodly
Coarse,
We tried to hide
In beehive huts,
But they stabbed
Mid stones,
And poked and cut;
They dragged us out,
To steal our chains,
They laughed and smashed
Our weathered brains,
And all for want
Of silver crosses,
Attacking us
Cost them no losses;
What did they lose

But their souls,
May they burn in Hell
Fierce as the cold.'

Said Brother Andrew,
'Such sacrilege!
May they be bit
By fly and midge;
They writhe and sin
Upon our stones,
We who sought
A world alone.
We who sought
To sing our prayers
Far from men,
World unaware,
We're now a well plowed
Tourist spot;
They roist on us,
We are forgot.'

In shimmering air grieved Bishop Tyrone,
A man of brine and icy bones;
They seemed to favor his head stone;
They harmonized disparate moans;
'The living may think this quite diverting,
But I find this most disconcerting;
The Devil rides within the flesh;
Purge me with sea-salt and air that's fresh; '
(He was famous for his cold salt baths,
But the sea did not dilute his wrath) ,
'They beseam my bed with fetid musk;
They befoul my plot with oozing lust;
They crack my stone with surge and thrust;
They spawn upon my virgin dust.'

Said Brother Otly
To Brother Seamus,
'Ordinarily,
I'm not so squeamish,
'But the sight of naked
Coupling flesh,

Distracts my eye
I must confess;
Call in the cows, '
He called quite hotly,
To the ghost
Known as Otly,
'Call in the cows
And make them groan;
Block out their thrusting
And their moans;
I need peace
And isolation;
They can't atone
Tthis desecration.'

The cows did howl
The steers did groan;
They stopped
Their rutting
On the stones;
The lad looked up
And dismounted,
The girl looked round
As she counted,
A herd of steers
With fierce long horns,
Bellowed wildly
With fulsome scorn;
Hastily they donned
Their clothes,
Feeling naked
And exposed;
They felt ired spirits
In the air;
They heard their screams
Of wild despair;
And picking up
Their camping packs,
They ran to the beach
As if attacked,
And hailed a passing
Fishing boat

That neared that island
So remote;
And left the Spirits
Of the Monastery
To pray to God
On that sad promontory.

9: 33 AM

5 Comments

(Add Comment) |

3 Kudos

Translate

Edit

Remove

Tuesday, October 27, 2009

Doing More With Less

Category: Writing and Poetry

Each day brings

This fatal chore:

Surviving in duress

As if less was more;

Each day I stand

On this human shore

And do more with less,

As if less was more.

Like a hungry urchin

Upon the street,

I bundle up

And stamp my feet;

Knowing urban life

Is cold and raw;

I have my knife,

It's jungle law.

5: 52 AM

1 Comments

(Add Comment) |

3 Kudos

Translate

Edit

Remove

Tuesday, October 27,2009

The Pilgrim Road (36)

Category: Writing and Poetry

Reasoning with Satan (36)

....

The little girl stood mute, confused, ?....

The Deacon suspected this a ruse, ?....

'I'll say it so you understand, ?....

Was Jesus Christ a God or man? '?....

'Jesus Christ was once a was, '?....

In the Courtroom there was a buzz, ?....

'Now Jesus Christ is an is, ?....

He died so that we all may live.'?....

The Deacon shook his mocking head, ?....

'So now you say that Christ is dead! '....

'Oh, you just told a dirty lie, ?....

May Jesus strike you from the sky! '?....

The courtroom tittered with muted laughter, ?....

Some looked up into the rafters, ?....

'The Devil's power is to beguile, ?....

She answers not as a child; ?....

She answers with a subtle mind; ?....

Beware the Devil lurks behind; ?....

She has the power to bewitch; ?....

Ipsa facto she is a witch.'?....

The Judge looked down and began to fidget, ?....

'Do you say this ipsit dixit? ?....

For if you do I'm not convinced;

The child just speaks mere commonsense.'

Monday, October 26,2009

The Snows of Yesteryear

Category: Writing and Poetry

Where are all off my poetry wives

On whose fame and talent I sweetly thrive?

Where is Laurel, my wild mountain bride,
Hair of sorrel, strong in her stride;
Where is PJ, who once shot a bear?
She's gone on the net and won't reappear;
Where is Anna, a beauty at dusk,
Smelling of passion, dark-hearted with lust;
Where is Julia, sardonic in pain,
Whose goodness of heart she hides with disdain?
But for faithful Deanna and sweet faced Elaine,
I'd live as a Monk in poetic refrain.

8: 48 AM

4 Comments

(Add Comment) |

4 Kudos

Translate

Edit

Remove

Monday, October 26,2009

The Pilgrim Road (35)

Category: Writing and Poetry

Interview with Satan (35)

....

The prosecutor was not dismayed, ?....

He knew many tricks in his trade, ?....

He was a man, she was a child, ?....

Innocence is no match for guile; ?....

He gave his lower lip a tug, ?....

And asked, 'Is your savior Beezulbub? ?....

Or do you worship him as Satan? ?....

Answer Demon, we all are waiting.'?....

'I don't know them, ' said the child, ?....

Who looked at the Deacon with a smile, ?....

'You have a funny froggy face: '?....

Laughter broke throughout the place; ?....

'Then who is your Savior, Demon Child? '?....

The Deacon asked, being riled; ?....
'My Lord and Savior is Jesus Christ, ?....
And for my sins He gave His life...'?....
'And what are your sins? ' asked the Deacon, ?....
Interrupting as she was speaking; ?....
'I pulled my sisters Maggie's hair ?....
When she refused to give me my full share?....
Of the apple tart Momma baked, ?....
I pray my soul the Lord to take.'?....
The Deacon hissed, his soul irate,
He raised his voice, his voice did shake,
'Come, come, foul Demon, confess your crime; ?....
Was God half-human or half-divine; ?....
Did Jesus who died on the cross?....
Feel the pain of human loss, ?....
Or was His flesh but of the Spirit? ?....
Give us your wisdom, we do not fear it.'....

....

7: 18 AM

1 Comments

(Add Comment) |

2 Kudos

Translate

Edit

Remove

Sunday, October 25,2009

The Pilgrim Road ((34)

Category: Writing and Poetry

Doctoring the Evidence (34)

....

The Deacon had paid the prison guard?....
To sing a song while in the yard, ?....
A silly song that made no sense?....
That he hoped would have a consequence; ?....
The Deacon had conveyed the words?....
Through a monk which made a third; ?....
But the prison guard had a garbled voice, ?....
This was the Deacon's song of choice: ?....

....

'Mary was the Devil's Dam?....
The Devil's Dam, the Devil's Dam, ?....
Mary was the Devil's Dam, ?....
She blessed his cloven toe.'?....

....

But the song the Deacon tried to foist?....
Was twisted in the garbled voice:

....

'Mary had a little lamb, ?....
Little lamb, little lamb,
Mary had a little lamb, ?....
His fleece was white as snow.'?....

....

And so when the child was asked to sing, ?....
That was the child's sweet offering.....

5: 16 AM

1 Comments

(Add Comment) |

2 Kudos

Translate

Edit

Remove

Saturday, October 24,2009

The Pilgrim Road (33)

Category: Writing and Poetry

Trial Tactics (33)

....

The prosecutor, with cunning guile, ?....
Thought to first convict the child, ?....
For once convicted of witchcraft?....
She'd stoke the mob to fiery wrath; ?....
And the Pilgrim in defending her?....
Against his name would incur a slur?....
For an surely a confirmed heretic?....
By defending her, would himself convict; ?....
And so the child was brought to trial?....
She was dressed in rags, dank and vile; ?....
Her hair uncombed, her face besmudged, ?....

She looked up frightened at the Judge; ?....
The Deacon warned her not to lie, ?....
If she lied she would surely die; ?....
God would send the lightening down, ?....
And burn her, he said with a frown; ?....
The little girl began to cry, ?....
The Deacon warned her not to lie, ?....
And then asked her to sing a song?....
For the Judge and gathered throng;

5: 00 AM

1 Comments

(Add Comment) |

2 Kudos

Translate

Edit

Remove

Friday, October 23,2009

The Pilgrim Road (32)

Category: Writing and Poetry

The New Venue (32)

....

And so the village streamed to town?....
How quickly word had spread around, ?....
Formal Charges were writ and brought?....
In the Ecclesiastic Court?....
Against the Pilgrim and the child?....
Who were put in prison until the trial.?....
A dour Deacon of the Court?....
Drew up the charges in a report, ?....
A man of cunning legalese?....
Feared throughout the Diocese; ?....
He was a small and ugly man, ?....
Frog-like faced, who spoke deadpan, ?....
Grim of feature with insinuations, ?....
Lurid in his presentations; ?....
The Bishop himself would adjudicate?....
And render verdict and their fate, ?....
An expert in Church Canon Law?....
A man of wise and subtle saws; ?....

From miles around they streamed to town, ?....
A vacant room could not be found; ?....
The farmer left his ox and plough, ?....
The boatman left his river trow; ?....
Eager to see the great bon-fire?....
That would burn the witch and Zechariah.....

6: 26 AM

1 Comments

(Add Comment) |

2 Kudos

Translate

Edit

Remove

Thursday, October 22,2009

The Pilgrim Road (31)

Category: Writing and Poetry

....

Jurisdiction (31)

....

There arose a murmur in the crowd, ?....
An argument that grew more loud; ?....
Then out-stepped the old Prioress, ?....
To contain the spreading group unrest; ?....
She cried, 'Send the child to the Bishop, '?....
And then a smile deformed her lips, ?....
'And put this man under arrest, ?....
He's a heretic, Satan blessed; ?....
Put them both under guard.'?....
A silence fell across the yard; ?....
'Try them both for apostasy?....
Before the Bishop, then we'll see, ?....
Who speaks in the name of Christ, ?....
Who's God's Ordained or Anti-Christ.' ?....
A silence fell across the crowd, ?....
The Pilgrim stood up straight and proud, ?....
'Like He who shouldered His True Cross,
I shoulder her, ' and here he tossed....
The little girl upon his back?....
And walked through the gate not looking back.....

5: 55 AM

1 Comments

(Add Comment) |

2 Kudos

Translate

Edit

Remove

Thursday, October 22,2009

The Pilgrim Road (30)

Category: Writing and Poetry

Zechariah Rebukes the Priest (30)

....

'I did not say that I was Christ, ?....

To say that's not exactly right; ?....

The Eucharist gives us each a portion, ?....

Let there be no vile distortion; ?....

In all of us is Jesus Christ, ?....

The Roman who had rolled the dice, ?....

The thief who's place Our Jesus took, ?....

His faithless friends whom Him forsook; ?....

The leaders of the Second Temple, ?....

The leper, Pharisee, the simple, ?....

The blind, the wise, the Doubting Thomas; ?....

Peter who failed to keep his promise; ?....

In all of us is Jesus Christ?....

We bless ourselves not once but thrice, ?....

Proclaiming in His Holy Name?....

That we are One and just the same; ?....

You accuse this child of witchcraft, ?....

Then put your charges in a draft, ?....

Then send them to the Diocese, ?....

And let us see if they agree.....

5: 54 AM

1 Comments

(Add Comment) |

1 Kudos

Translate

Edit

Remove

Wednesday, October 21, 2009

The Pilgrim Road (29)

Category: Writing and Poetry

The Second Confrontation (29)

....

The Priest appeared, out of breath, ?....

A stain of sweat suffused his vest, ?....

'You again! Release that witch! ?....

Or I'll impose an interdict; ?....

I'll forbid to you the Sacraments?....

If you interfere in these events! '?....

The Pilgrim smiled, the Priest perspired, ?....

The child clung to young Zechariah, ?....

He set down the child who held his hand, ?....

'No words can sever God and man.?....

Forbid not the child to come to me.'?....

Sneered the Priest, 'That's blasphemy! '....

6: 05 AM

4 Comments

(Add Comment) |

2 Kudos

Translate

Edit

Remove

Tuesday, October 20, 2009

The Pilgrim Road (28)

Category: Writing and Poetry

Prison Break (28)

?....

The little girl turned pale than white, ?....

She struck the Priest with all her might, ?....

He tried to grab her little hands, ?....

She ducked their fanning and then she ran; ?....

And pushing left, she was out the door, ?....

She darted right as he roared, ?....

He called the Nuns to 'Stop that child! '?....
Some Nuns stood still, some Nuns smiled; ?....
Around the corner, down the stairs, ?....
She ran as if pursued by bears, ?....
By foxes and by wild boars, ?....
She saw sunlight streaming through a door; ?....
And as she ran she screamed and screamed, ?....
"The man was cruel, the woman mean; "?....
She crossed the yard to find the gate, ?....
A Nun tripped her with a rake; ?....
Hands reached down to pull her up, ?....
She bit and pulled just like a pup; ?....
And just when she could not struggle more, ?....
The man who saved her the day before, ?....
Lifted her up off the ground, ?....
And smiled at her and looked around.....

5: 49 AM

4 Comments

(Add Comment) |

3 Kudos

Translate

Edit

Remove

Monday, October 19,2009

The Pilgrim Road (27)

Category: Writing and Poetry

The Priest's Exhortation (27)

....

'Confess, confess, ' said the Priest, ?....
'You are possessed by The Beast, ?....
You are the bride of Wicked Baal, ?....
You live to tantalize, enthrall; ?....
I've seen you lying in my bed, ?....
Your naked form above my head, ?....
Floating in the fetid air, ?....
I've seen you drape your sparkling hair; ?....
A lure to turn mens mind to lust, ?....
I've seen you waiver and you thrust, ?....
Enticing men to pollute and sin, ?....

I've seen you mock and laugh at him; ?....
You bring death and pointless strife, ?....
Oh Evil Spawn, Oh Satan's wife, ?....
You are Lilith with her talon claws, ?....
The Souls of men lay in your maws; ?....
At night you hunt, you stalk, connive?....
To turn men from their Christian lives; ?....
You smile and grind your lustful hips, ?....
You grab and squeeze your milkless breasts, ?....
So men will squirm and have no rest; ?....
By the flayed skin of Bartholomew, ?....
I call you out, be done with you!

9: 14 AM

4 Comments

(Add Comment) |

2 Kudos

Translate

Edit

Remove

Sunday, October 18,2009

The Pilgrim Road (26)

Category: Writing and Poetry

The Investigation (26)

?....

The little child woke at dawn?....

And asked the Prioress, 'Where my Mom? '?....

The Prioress sprinkled salt and thyme?....

Around the child with Holy Wine; ?....

The Prioress asked her, 'What is your name? '?....

The child answered just the same; ?....

'My name is Lily, like the flower, ?....

I'm made of water, yeast, and flour; ?....

Mama says I'm like baked bread, ?....

I rise alive with sleepy head.'?....

The Priest squeezed in the tiny cell, ?....

Said, 'You have another name as well; ?....

Lilith is your other name, ?....

Confess it and repent your shame; ?....

At night you are an evil wind, ?....

The screech owl heralds where you've been, ?....
You bring sickness to children in their bed; ?....
Asmodeus is your husband wed.'?....
The child laughed and said, 'You're dumb, ?....
I'm not married, I'm too young; ?....
Little girls can't get married; '?....
'Confess your sins, ' the old Priest parried; ?....
Tears came to the young child's eyes, ?....
They streaked her cheeks as she cried, ?....
'I just want to go back home; ?....
I want my Mommy, leave me alone.'....

10: 49 AM

1 Comments

(Add Comment) |

2 Kudos

Translate

Edit

Remove

Sunday, October 18,2009

The Pilgrim Road (25)

Sister Mary Ruth's Morning Prayer ?(25)

....

'Gentle Jesus, meek and mild, ?....
Protect me from this sleeping child?....
Who lies suspected in my bed?....
Of witchcraft, being Satan bred; ?....
God protect me from her Black Arts, ?....
Bind not my hair with Astaroth's, ?....
Let not his demons seize my Soul?....
And cast me down to dark Sheol; ?....
Let not Aamon bite beneath my skin, ?....
Pollute not my flesh with lust and sin; ?....
Bar Pruslas from my tiny cell, ?....
Let innocence and love here dwell; ?....
If Barbatos infects her tongue, ?....
Let in the night no demon come?....
To confuse my dreams and turn me wild?....
To turn my head and so beguile?....
That I like a Viking I wanton sack?....

In the name of Rashaverak; ?....
Gentle Jesus, this is my prayer, ?....
If she's the Devil, my Soul be spared.'....

10: 47 AM

2 Comments

(Add Comment) |

1 Kudos

Translate

Edit

Remove

Sunday, October 18,2009

☒ The Pilgrim Road (24)

Category: Writing and Poetry

Dark Justice (24)

....

They come within the mask of night?....
To maximize the sense of fright, ?....
To hide the face of what they've done, ?....
To terrorize, conceal, and stun; ?....
The child was taken while asleep, ?....
The parents told not to speak, ?....
Bundled off within the dark?....
Before the query of the lark?....
Their little act a fait accompli ?....
'You must be tried to be set free.....'

10: 44 AM

1 Comments

(Add Comment) |

2 Kudos

Translate

Edit

Remove

Friday, October 16,2009

☒ My Roselyn

Category: Writing and Poetry

In the blast of your sweet love,

I am singed but cannot move;
Your radiance streams from above,
Yet my state does not improve;

And yet I keenly sense with wonder
Your intent to cheer my mind;
Though illness may dull love's quick thunder,
I glory that you are so kind.

12: 20 PM

6 Comments

(Add Comment) |

5 Kudos

Translate

Edit

Remove

Friday, October 16,2009

The Pilgrim Road (23)

Ann's Tale (Cont'd) (23)

That pitch black morning so long ago
As I sat carted, jostled slow,
I thanked the Lord for my new life,
I watched the Convent slip from sight;
But the Mummer Chieftain was a knave,
He treated me just like a slave,
I was his mule, his wife, his chore,
I knew little then what lay in store;
We moved around from town to town,
He juggled and he played the clown,
To prove my worth I was passed around,
One night they raped me on the ground;
I was starved and I was beaten,
They fed me leftovers after they had eaten;
Dried turnips and boiled cabbage cores,
I was knocked about and beaten sore;
In one thing was my saving grace,
My baby's smile, his little face;
They swore that they would kill him sure

If I didn't smile and act the whore;
Finally, in a great big city,
I found a Priest who showed me pity,
He agreed to find for him a home;
It broke my heart to leave him alone;
But what else then could I do?
They were a wild and dirty, ruthless crew;
I saw them murder, rob, and steal,
They honed their knives on Satan's wheel;
I told them that the baby died,
They didn't care that I had lied;
They were tired of his yelps and his cries,
They'd have slit his throat by Eastertide;
I moved with them from town to town,
In every town I looked around;
For a face that showed some kindness;
I settled on one that looked mindless;
He wanted a woman to work his farm;
He agreed to keep me safe from harm;
He bought me from the band of thieves;
I watched them leave with such relief;
Their little wagons moved down the road,
I turned to look at my new abode;
It was a hut, a thatched roof shack,
I turned from the road, I did not look back;
I lived the scorn of his family,
I was a slave, that's how they used me;
I worked from early, early morn,
I was their ox, their sheep unshorn;
Finally the old man up and died,
But then I found that I was tied,
To the land the old man owned;
The son worked me to the bone;
One day I just up and walked away;
How long I walked I couldn't say;
I walked through village, town, and city;
Glad I was no longer pretty;
There were years of filth and sweat and grime,
Muddy huts and low-life crime;
Once I was whipped at a market fair
For stealing an apple they couldn't spare;
The years rolled on and on and on,

I worked and begged from farm to farm,
One day I joined this Pilgrim's group,
My bones are old, my back is stooped;
And here we are chatting again,
How long its been I can't say when,
Twenty summers have scorched my face,
Twenty winters have left their trace;
I look at you and see my folly;
You look as when we played with dollies;
You'll laugh to hear that I met D'Artagnan,
The faithless lover, my soul's companion;
A soldier who had lost his legs,
Set out on the road to sing and beg;
I was determined to pass him by,
But as I passed I began to cry;
He said he didn't remember me,
He had lost both legs below the knee:
I had him join our Pilgrim band;
Still he claims he was not the man;
But once when I was washing his old torn clothes,
I found his name sewn in his hose.'

Friday, October 16,2009

The Pilgrim Road (22)

Category: Writing and Poetry

Ann's Tale (22)

Sister Ruth slipped out of doors
When she had finished her kitchen chores,
To the chickens she fed bread crumbs,
Until the barn door she had come;
There she espied her old friend Ann
Eating oat cakes from a dented pan;
She signaled her to come outside
Where the two of them might safely hide,
To hear the tale of her life story
And relieve her of her current worry;
They sat inside the old goat pen,
Sister Ruth and her old friend;
Ann sat across from Sister Ruth
And saw her face still bloomed with youth;
It was as if the goodness of her life
Had protected her from lines of strife;

For in her smile her goodness showed,
And in her eyes her sweetness glowed;
Her teeth were even and pearly white,
While Ann's few teeth were black as night;
'I'm sorry that we never said goodbye,
After you left, I cried and cried;
Oh Ann, I see life's been hard on you;
What hardships has life put you through? '

7: 21 AM

2 Comments

(Add Comment) |

4 Kudos

Translate

Edit

Remove

Thursday, October 15, 2009

The Pilgrim Road (21)

Category: Writing and Poetry

The Priest Before the Altar (21)

The Priest stood solemn and long did linger
At the reliquary of St. Boniface's finger,
Encased in silver and in gold,
Concealed behind a curtain fold;
He crossed himself before the altar,
And opened up his ancient psalter,
And reading it, intoned a hymn,
He sang the verses of Te Deum;
Long ago he had lost his Latin,
A subject of dissatisfaction,
And though he no longer knew its meaning,
He sang the verses with wondrous feeling;
High above him, upon His Rood
Stood a statue of painted wood,
The writhing statue of Jesus Christ,
As He paid His mortal price;
'God give me strength, by these gray hairs,
To perform my office without despair,
Give me the wisdom of Winfrid,

That I not be into Evil led;
May I be tireless as he in tasks,
May I be loyal to all You ask,
In the name of Christ and Church Holy Mother,
There is not one without the other.'

5: 26 AM

1 Comments

(Add Comment) |

2 Kudos

Translate

Edit

Remove

Thursday, October 15, 2009

The Pilgrim Road (20)

Category: Writing and Poetry

Pre-Dawn Sermon By the Fire (20)

The Pilgrim Chief named Zechariah,
Held a candle to the fire,
And these are the words that he said,
I repeat them often in my head:
'So is this flame to the fire,
So is your Soul to Our Sire,
You Soul is small, a little flame,
Yet it casts light all the same;
When you walk within the yard,
Beneath the sunlight of Our God,
Know your Soul, that little flame,
Though obscured reflects His name;
For when the darkness assumes the world,
When His Flame is cupped and curled,
In the darkness your Soul burns bright
To guide you when He's out of sight;
Protect your Soul, your living flame,
That pale reflection of His Name;
For Evil is like a wild windstorm
It rips the air, it whips all forms,
It tests the candle of your Soul,
Burnt wicks are smoke in dark Sheol;

Protect the wick, protect the taper,
From Our Savior never waiver;
Thus may your flame join to His Light
In Eternal Glory within His Sight.'

5: 23 AM

4 Comments

(Add Comment) |

2 Kudos

Translate

Edit

Remove

Thursday, October 15, 2009

The Pilgrim Road (19)

Category: Writing and Poetry

Sister Mary Ruth's Morning Prayer (19)

Sister Ruth woke in her cell
What time it was she could not tell
Was it time for Morning Prayer?
She heard no hymns mount from the stairs;
She slipped from her hardwood bed
Fell to her knees and bowed her head,
'Gracious Jesus, Lord of Light,
Be forever in my sight,
May your Spirit be my Guide
Ever ready at my side;
Let your Mercy be My Torch
My inspiration, my vital Source,
For without You in the Universe,
Man's a beast and surely cursed;
May this day bring plenitude
Goodness, Kindness, certitude,
May each hour of this day
Inspire my faith, my fears allay,
May I be worthy of the price
The Lord, Our Father's sacrifice
His only Son on earth here born,
Crowned Our King with Bloody Thorns;
In obedience to His Cause,

I submit my Soul with all its flaws.'

5: 19 AM

2 Comments

(Add Comment) |

2 Kudos

Translate

Edit

Remove

Wednesday, October 14, 2009

The Pilgrim Road (18)

Category: Writing and Poetry

Reflections in the Heat of the Day....

....

In the sunny mid-day afternoon, ?....
The heat so strong it made you swoon, ?....
It came in waves across the hills, ?....
The yards stood empty, the cattle still; ?....
It rippled across the valley low, ?....
The air did shimmer in the glow; ?....
The trees stood limp in pastures green?....
The colors pale in a fuzzy sheen; ?....
The pilgrims sat beneath an elm?....
Silent in their heated realm?....
Content they had their bellies fed, ?....
Glad of him, their man who led; ?....
The Priest looked out his window pane?....
And searched the sky for signs of rain; ?....
But not a cloud did trace the sky, ?....
No bird took wing to swoop or fly; ?....
The Prioress stood looking grim?....
Behind the Priest, her back to him, ?....
'Who is this man, this vagabond, ?....
What right had he to release her bonds, ?....
To usurp your place, your authority? ?....
What right had he to set her free? ?....
She was brought to you to judge, ?....
But you stood there, you didn't budge, ?....
You allowed this man to false proclaim?....
T'was he who spoke in Jesus' name; ?....

You must act, you must be strong, ?....
To undo this error, to refute this wrong; ?....
The girl set free must be tried, ?....
To find the truth, to see who lied.?....
Without order and authority?....
Our lives are ruled by anarchy, ?....
Every upstart becomes a Prince, ?....
There are no laws, just shrill license.'

8: 20 AM

4 Comments

(Add Comment) |

2 Kudos

Translate

Edit

Remove

Wednesday, October 14,2009

 My Old Beech

Category: Writing and Poetry

Its swollen limbs
Beyond my reach,
This elephant,
My mighty beech;
Its mottled trunk
Has pitted bores,
My hooded monk
Diseased with spores;
Its grey thick bark
Has hollow spots,
A fungus marks
Its fatal rot;
It peers at me,
An ogre's eye;
'I die slowly,
But I die.'

5: 47 AM

6 Comments

(Add Comment) |

3 Kudos

Translate

Edit

Remove

Tuesday, October 13, 2009

The Pilgrim Road (17)

Every Day Life (17)

....

They stood around the grey stone tubs?....

The younger Nuns assigned to scrub?....

The soiled clothes of the Order?....

Washing with the hard grey water;

The sun rose brightly in the sky, ?....

Burning hotly with its eye, ?....

They pounded, twisted, and as they wrung?....

They laughed and whispered, hymns were sung; ?....

In the kitchen they baked the bread?....

And marveled at what the Pilgrim said, ?....

'He is so young to be so wise; '?....

'Use more yeast, ' a Nun advised; ?....

The Nuns bent weeding in the fields?....

Some carried baskets, too old to kneel; ?....

Some milked the cows within their stalls, ?....

Some replaced the stones that fell from walls.?....

Some swept the dirt from the cells, ?....

Some carried water from the wells, ?....

The Priest rehearsed his sermon text, ?....

The Prioress walked round to inspect; ?....

When came the hour to stop and pray?....

All agreed that on that day, ?....

Something wondrous had occurred, ?....

Only the Prioress had demurred.....

9: 07 AM

1 Comments

(Add Comment) |

2 Kudos

Translate

Edit

Remove

Monday, October 12,2009

The Pilgrim Road

Category: Writing and Poetry

Every Day Life (16)

They stood around the grey stone tubs?....

The younger Nuns assigned to scrub?....

The soiled clothes of the Order?....

Washing with the hard grey water;

The sun rose brightly in the sky, ?....

Burning hotly with its eye, ?....

They pounded, twisted, and as they wrung?....

They laughed and whispered, hymns were sung; ?....

In the kitchen they baked the bread?....

And marveled at what the Pilgrim said, ?....

'He is so young to be so wise; '?....

'Use more yeast, ' a Nun advised; ?....

The Nuns bent weeding in the fields?....

Some carried baskets, too old to kneel; ?....

Some milked the cows within their stalls, ?....

Some replaced the stones that fell from walls.?....

Some swept the dirt from the cells, ?....

Some carried water from the wells, ?....

The Priest rehearsed his sermon text, ?....

The Prioress walked round to inspect; ?....

When came the hour to stop and pray?....

All agreed that on that day, ?....

Something wondrous had occurred, ?....

Only the Prioress had demurred.....

7: 06 AM

3 Comments

(Add Comment) |

2 Kudos

Translate

Edit

Remove

Monday, October 12,2009

The Pilgrim Road

Category: Writing and Poetry

The Miracle (15)

....

The Pilgrim Chief moved through the crowd....

His head held high, his eye was proud, ?....

and as he moved, he spoke these words, ?....

His voice made strong so he was heard; ?....

'Look at the Satan in your hearts, ?....

Cast him out, make him depart; ?....

Your sins are truly magnified?....

By your wrath and foolish pride; ?....

You cast about to point at sins, ?....

I say the evil lies within;

You cruelty and brutish style?....

Reflects your acts against this child.'?....

At that he stooped and untied her wrists, ?....

The churl moved forward to resist, ?....

The Pilgrim Chief upturned his head, ?....

The churl stepped back in fear to tread; ?....

He gathered her unto his arms, ?....

She grabbed his neck now safe from harm, ?....

A frail old woman at the back?....

Now pressed forward through the pack; ?....

The girl leaped to her mother's arms, ?....

'Go back, go back into your farms, "....

The Pilgrim said and raised his arms,

"And pray to Jesus on this day, ?....

For you've have one less sin to pay.'

7: 01 AM

1 Comments

(Add Comment) |

2 Kudos

Translate

Edit

Remove

Sunday, October 11,2009

The Pilgrim Road

Category: Writing and Poetry

Satan's Daughter....

'The crowd milled round and round the Priest?....
They threw the rag doll at his feet, ?....
In truth it was a little child, ?....
Her wrist were tied, her eyes were wild; ?....
A burly man hung over the Priest?....
Sweat running down his florid cheeks, ?....
A local farmer, Barone by name, ?....
His blouse was wet and was mud stained; ?....
'Here is the cause the crops have failed, ?....
Why the milk runs sour in the pail, ?....
Why the grapes have rotted on the vine, ?....
Why the calves have died at birthing time.'?....
The Priest looked down at the girl, ?....
Who had grasped his feet, and clinging, curled; ?....
She looked up at him with frightened eyes, ?....
The crowd around them buzzed like flies; ?....
'We caught her at her Satan Arts, ?....
She is a fiend with Evil heart, ?....
The little songs that she rehearses?....
Are filled with spells and deadly curses, ?....
To make our cows udders dry?....
That makes our sheep and goats to die, ?....
She withers the crops in the field, ?....
Here is the cause of our low yields.'....

....

8: 00 AM

0 Comments

(Add Comment) |

2 Kudos

Translate

Edit

Remove

Sunday, October 11,2009

The Pilgrim Road

Category: Writing and Poetry

A Pounding at the Gate....

There rose a drumming at the gate, ?....

Importunate, the sound of Fate; ?....

It caused a stirring in the yard, ?....

They checked the gate, the gate still bared; ?....
There were wailing cries and shouts without, ?....
The frightened Nuns rushed all about, ?....
Uncertain of a course of action, ?....
They divided into separate factions;
Some feared to open up the door, ?....
Hands went to faces, still unsure, ?....
Some searched about to find the Priest, ?....
The Prioress at the very least; ?....
The Priest arrived looking peeved, ?....
'Are we attacked by Viking thieves, '?....
He stood askance in his nightgown, ?....
Those outside continued to pound; ?....
It was the Pilgrim who unbarred the gate?....
To see the crowd who couldn't wait?....
Until a decent hour of the morn, ?....
The crowd rushed in, a rag-doll borne.

7: 55 AM

2 Comments

(Add Comment) |

1 Kudos

Translate

Edit

Remove

Sunday, October 11,2009

The Pilgrim Road (Insert)

Category: Writing and Poetry

Sister Mary Ruth (10)

....

It was the Nun who served the soup....
Who recognized one of the troop; ?....
She nearly dropped the serving bowl, ?....
Her heart beat wildly then turned cold;
For within the haggard, wrinkled face, ??Beneath the hair, she saw a trace?....
Of the young friend of her youth;
How this staggered Sister Ruth; ?....
Sister Mary Ruth by name?....
Was broken hearted and so ashamed?....
When her fellow Novice had decamped, ?....

Then returned to be called a tramp; ?....
Beneath the scraggily hay loft hair?....
Had been a face once called fair; ?....
But that smooth cheek where bloomed the rose?....
Time had ploughed in craggy rows; ?....
She saw the pleading in her old eyes, ?....
She felt a hand brush against her thigh, ?....
She saw her gently shake her head, ?....
She filled her bowl as she pled; ?....
Sister Ruth moved down the table, ?....
She would escape as soon as able?....
To think about how Novice Ann, ?....
The victim of the lust of man, ?....
Had fallen to this lowly state, ?....
She crossed herself and filled a plate.....

7: 44 AM

1 Comments

(Add Comment) |

2 Kudos

Translate

Edit

Remove

Sunday, October 11,2009

The Pilgrim Road (Insert)

Category: Writing and Poetry

Charity....

....

The Pilgrims group, the caravan,
Was led by a preacher, a spare young man,
Who sought to teach within the village,
To merchants, tradesmen, men of tillage;
It was to the Priest he revealed his plan,
His followers stepped in his van,
Enraptured by his saintly visions....
They followed him without provisions;
He asked for shelter from the road,
The barn would do as their abode;
They relied on God to provide,
The Priest, unsure, asked them inside;

The Prioress huffed at this decision,
She stoked the stoves with much derision;
"Last year the harvest had been poor,
We can feed ourselves but not much more, "....
She argued as she told the Priest,
'These beggar-saints if they want a feast,
Then let them multiply these small loaves; '....
She slammed the bread into the stoves;
'Last year the grapes rotted on the vine,
Let them turn water into wine,
If he wants his companions to be fed,
Let him raise the wheat that makes the bread!
These righteous men who walk the road....
Unburdened by a harvest load;
Unburdened by mere earthly toil,
Let them eat the fruits of their own toil.'....

7: 36 AM

1 Comments

(Add Comment) |

2 Kudos

Translate

Edit

Remove

Sunday, October 11,2009

The Pilgrim Road (insert)

Category: Writing and Poetry

The Prioress Reflects....

....

How many years I've viewed this scene:
The snow-capped hills melt into green,
The cold sharp winds descend the hill....
And lose their strength as daffodils....
Peak from the ground their dancing heads....
As roses bloom in hues of red;
How many years I've felt the chill....
Of winter blasts relent their will,
Defeated, warm, and calmly fade....
Into the bursting green leaf glade;
How many years have these old eyes....

Watched darkness fade as sun did rise,
The purple realm of night to pale....
As sun did light and night did fail;
How many years did these old bones....
Rise from their bed to tread these stones....
I see my slippered feet have worn....
A path to parapet to pray at dawn;
My faith in God is like the sun,
That when I sleep, I know He'll come,
Releasing me from earthly woe....
To bask within His eternal glow.....

7: 29 AM

2 Comments

(Add Comment) |

2 Kudos

Translate

Edit

Remove

Saturday, October 10,2009

The Pilgrim Road (add)

Category: Writing and Poetry

Twenty years has come and gone,

Twenty summers of blazing dawn,

Twenty years of blowing wheat

Of buzzing bee combs honey sweet;

Twenty years of harvest labor

Where God had shown his bonded favor;

Twenty years of tending vines,

Twenty years of making wine;

Twenty years of Winter blasts,

Where Nuns bent coldly to their tasks;

Twenty years of prayers to heaven,

Of sins confessed, of souls sore shriven;

Twenty years of time gone by,

A falcon circles in the sky.

Saturday, October 10,2009

The Pilgrim Road 8

Category: Writing and Poetry

What the Prioress Saw from the Parapet

How hard she struggled from her knees,
And then she saw what did not please,
Just below the parapet
In the yard to her regret
Stood the Preacher with arms out raised
Praying to the coming day.
'Oh Lord of Light, Sweet Jesus Christ,
Guide me in this garden blight,
The bordered road is filled with thorns
I shed my blood, my skin is torn;
Guide me on this coming day
That though I stumble on my way,
Do not let me fall from Thy path,
Let me not slip and be outcast;
I stumble like a still young child,
Guide me with Your wisdom mild,
Teach me on this borning day
Thy path to step, I fervent pray.'

5: 05 AM

1 Comments

(Add Comment) |

2 Kudos

Translate

Edit

Remove

Saturday, October 10,2009

The Pilgrim Road 7

Category: Writing and Poetry

he Prioress at Her Morning Prayers

In the darkness of early morn
Before the sun had sparked the dawn
Before its mantle had been spread
Over the East it's golden threads,
The Prioress sank down on her knees
And clasped her hands in fervent plea
And intoned her favorite daily prayer
To the still and velvet air:
'God spare me from all wicked thoughts,
Grant me the peace I long have sought,

Make this day a peaceful one
That I might dote upon your Son;
Grant me now the Peace of Christ
That my hours be free of strife,
That I might labor in sweet contemplation
Of the healing power of His Resurrection.'

5: 02 AM

1 Comments

(Add Comment) |

2 Kudos

Translate

Edit

Remove

Saturday, October 10,2009

The Pigrim Road 6

Category: Writing and Poetry

The Prioress Foreboding (20 Years Later)

In the distance, high on a hill
She heard a cry, both harsh and shrill,
A flock of birds rose from the trees
Ascend the sky, wheel in the breeze;
There on the road, just below,
She saw a group, a cart in tow;
She rubbed her eyes, squinted, peered
A group of pilgrims, still unclear,
Following a man who walked apart,
A donkey pulling, a burdened cart;
This common sight, a familiar scene,
Made her afright as if she'd seen
An army dot the distant hills,
A war-horn heard, wild and shrill
An army set on rape and plunder
Their beating drums producing thunder;
In the tranquil sun of morn
She sensed the coming of a storm

4: 51 AM

1 Comments

(Add Comment) |

2 Kudos

Translate

Edit

Remove

Saturday, October 10, 2009

The Pilgrim Road 5

Category: Writing and Poetry

The Hasty Departure

The Prioress learned of Ann's harsh labor,
Heard of the child with much disfavor;
And then she learned this babe had played
Our Sovereign Lord upon the stage;
Hastily she gathered round
The troop of actors drunken found
And bid them quickly be on their way
Before the sun rose on that day;
She asked the leader of the band,
A coarse, dishonest sort of man
To take with them the little babe;
To make sure haste, be gone away;
And with the babe the still sore mother
Lest the town folk soon discover
The babe they called by name of Christ
Was a child of sin and vice;
And so when Phoebus' golden crown
Rose in the east to His renown,
The Mummers carts rolled on the road,
Encumbered by two more in their load.
The Mummer chief with a coin of gold
That this scandal not be told;
He looked at Ann sitting on his bench
And thought the girl a comely wench
As she nursed her sleeping child
The rutted road shaking them the while.

4: 44 AM

1 Comments

(Add Comment) |

2 Kudos

Translate

Edit

Remove

Friday, October 09,2009

The Pilgrim Road 4

Category: Writing and Poetry

The Mummers

Pelted by cruel boys with stones,
Hunted, hounded, left alone,
Exhausted by her endless chores,
In her face slammed many doors;
She knew little peace that endless summer,
And in the Fall there came the Mummers
There to enact the birth of Christ
For food and lodging as their price;
It was on the night of Mary's labor,
The night was born Our Hope and Savior
That as the Mummers rehearsed the play
That Ann gave birth 'mid stacks of hay;
It was a tactic of this band
To place a baby of the land
In the crib as Christ portrayed,
An honor for which the rich would pay;
But on the evening of the play,
No babe was found in which to lay
The object of Our Hopes Redeemed
In the crib to play the scene;
But in the barn they heard the groans
As Ann lay birthing all alone,
Upon the hay stained red with blood,
As cows and goats calmly chewed their cud;
And so the leader of the band
Took the babe from Ann's weak hands
And placed it on the scaffold stage
As it whimpered distraught with rage;
The people came from miles around
Farmers, merchants of the town
There to praise Our Lord Reborn
Played by a babe, an object scorned.
To see performed the birth of Christ,
To cross themselves as Priests did thrice.

To feel the presence of The Lord,
Recreated on these crude boards;
To praise Him as He humbly lay
Brought to life within this play;
Their Faith and Hopes again restored,
Christ Our Savior, Our Sacred Lord.

After the play had been performed
They gathered about the child adorned
With rosemary, thyme and cardamom,
There his form to gaze upon;
They knelt and kissed his swaddled feet,
Marveling how his skin smelled sweet;
Asking favors of the Lord,
That health and wealth be reassured;
Little knowing that on that night
The woman they had cursed on sight
Had held within her taunted womb
The very child they Christ assumed.

3: 52 AM

1 Comments

(Add Comment) |

3 Kudos

Translate

Edit

Remove

Thursday, October 08,2009

Prologue to The Pilgrim Road

Category: Writing and Poetry

The road runs thread-like

Through the hills,

Across the valleys

And the rills;

A ribbon tossed

Across the land

A yellow seam,

A dusty band;

Cutting through

The verdant fields,

In azure sky,
A falcon wheels,
The golden sun
Streaks the lawn,
The dusty road
Gold in the dawn
Connects a village
With a town,
A man at tillage
Stops to frown;
Not for him
The road to track,
He cuts his wheat
To stack on racks;
The road is for
Those restless men
Who dare to cross
Both field and glen,
Not rooted to
Stone hut and soil,
Not rendered numb
By heavy toil,
For clever men
Alert to chance,
With lively steps
They tread, advance;
Their burdened carts
Wheel on the road,
The ruts and stones
Jar their load;
But their eyes are always
On the horizon,
What they see
Does not surprise them;
They bring the news
Of distant courts,
Of different views,
Of strange reports;
And in their trail
Walk dusted pilgrims,
Seeking God,
Their faces grim;

Not for them
A merchant's gain,
They walk to ease
Their soul in pain.

8: 09 AM

2 Comments

(Add Comment) |

2 Kudos

Translate

Edit

Remove

Thursday, October 08,2009

The Pilgrim Road 3

Category: Writing and Poetry

The Sign of Sin

And so the Nun who climbed the wall
Beguiled by love, forgetting all,
Returned a beggar to their door
Seeking food and succor;
She moved the very sign of sin,
Deflowered lust a-bloom within,
A swollen belly she could not hide,
She crept in shadows shorn of pride;
She who knelt at evening prayers
Who glided softly on the stairs,
Who crossed the yard, the pride of all,
Became the Eve in Adam's Fall;
She the Virgin Bride of Christ,
The Pure of Heart, the Sacrifice,
Became the object, the very form,
Of dreaded Evil to be scorned;
Once she moved with head downcast,
A pious girl, blessed when passed,
Now became a creature cursed,
The lesson of the very worst;
She who once was isolated
Traveled wide and was berated;
She was the mule sent to town,
The object of a hundred frowns;

There to run the Convents errands,
Mocked by boys and sky borne herons.

6: 06 AM

2 Comments

(Add Comment) |

1 Kudos

Translate

Edit

Remove

Wednesday, October 07, 2009

The Pilgrim Road 2

Category: Writing and Poetry

The Priest's Decision

My dear child, I am bereaved
That in this man you've been deceived;
He robbed you from Our Mother Church
And now he's left you in the lurch;
He left you swelling up with child,
This rough-hewn soldier, this creature wild,
You say he's gone off to his wars,
That take him off to foreign shores;
But can you take him at his word
Have not his actions been absurd?
He steals you from your pious cell
And leaves you with no home to dwell;
He is a rogue, an unbeliever
The vilest kind, a cruel deceiver;
He played upon your innocence,
You are a child who has no sense;
And having no place to turn
You return to us, the place you've spurned;
Confess your sins, abjure your lust,
Do penance for your broken trust;
The child you bear must be forsaken,
You must give him up, be from you taken,
A mother who's conceived in lust,
Is she in whom God has no trust.

4: 41 AM

2 Comments

(Add Comment) |

2 Kudos

Translate

Edit

Remove

Tuesday, October 06,2009

The Pilgrim Road 1

Category: Writing and Poetry

The Prioress

Yes, I remember Sister Anne,
The Nun who broke her vows and ran
With that soldier, that Muskateer,
She's paid the price, never fear;
When I was young I had my doubts,
I knew then only to be devout,
I felt the yearning of the flesh,
I so young and pure and fresh;
But I did not yield to foul temptation,
My love of God was my salvation;
Why put one's faith in fickle man,
A wanton creature of mortal span,
When Christ Our Lord gives eternal life,
And have on earth His shield from strife,
Seems to me no hard decision,
The Devil tempts and sows division;
I've lived a quiet life of service
Praising Him, may He perserve us;
I've starved myself, denied the flesh,
And felt myself rise up refreshed;
I look across the countryside
And know the Lord is on my side;
These rolling hills, stone walls, and pasture
Have protected me from life's disaster;
In simple obedience to His Will,
My soul's perserved, my life's fulfilled.

9: 12 AM

2 Comments

(Add Comment) |

2 Kudos

[Translate](#)

[Edit](#)

[Remove](#)

Tuesday, October 06, 2009

[The Prisoner](#)

Category: Writing and Poetry

Castled in your concrete tower
Lightninged by a distant shower
You sat protected from daily chance
A heart at ease without romance.

You fussed and grew more at ease
With bird-like pleasures that only seized
The handle of the cup of life
Which you did not lift for fear of strife.

Into this world I stormed and battered
And dragged you out to the market place
And protecting you from its life embrace
Allowed to you what in dreams did matter.

But was I not life, too?
This I had forgot,
And lost you through
An error with a drop.

Now back you are in your concrete tower
Protected from that fatal hour
When a drop of life was spilt
And the drunken sky began to tilt.

8: 50 AM

4 Comments

[\(Add Comment\)](#) |

2 Kudos

[Translate](#)

[Edit](#)

Remove

Monday, October 05,2009

Quiet Days of Clichy

Category: Writing and Poetry

We watch TV with nothing wrong,
We laugh, we dance, we get along,
How strange to feel such peace and ease,
How readily we seek to please;

There are no sullen unsaid things,
No bitterness, no arguing;
This lack of conflict and muted strain
Fires the neurons in my brain;

There are no words with purpose crossed,
No defiant acts to see who's boss,
Just these days of quiet achievement,
Funeral days without bereavement;

So long inured to tense division,
The clash of Egos, the snide derision,
This productive peace seems most strange,
This must be the normal range.

6: 57 AM

2 Comments

(Add Comment) |

2 Kudos

Translate

Edit

Remove

Sunday, October 04,2009

Gbd Head

Category: Writing and Poetry

The distant church

Tolls its bell,

It's haunting call

A marshalling spell;

And yet how odd
It calls not me,
The voice of God
Speaks differently;
I hear His voice
Within my soul,
It echoes in
The clapper's toll:
It's in this voice
That intones psalms,
That gives me peace,
That keeps me calm.

8: 54 AM

2 Comments

(Add Comment) |

3 Kudos

Translate

Edit

Remove

Sunday, October 04,2009

The Serpent's Tale

Category: Writing and Poetry

I stretch and slither between the leaves,
Mottled green so to deceive,
A cold and lazy golden eye,
I test the limb and rest and slide;
In the shadows of the leaves,
I dart my tongue as I perceive
My quarry below against the bark
The moon-limbed girl in speckled dark;
On the branch above her head,
I dart my tongue as though I fed
On the silver liquid night,
I coil the limb, just out of sight;
Who is she to be my Queen
She who moves as in a dream,
So innocent below she leans
While above her head I coil and scheme;

Why did He give them dominion
Of all the earth and all its minions,
Whist I creature of keen deception
With cunning Art and deft perception
Must crawl the earth on tiny legs
And on my belly eat its dregs,
While she high-reared strolls the park
Praised by all, the owl, the lark,
In a dream, her mind a daze,
In a fog on sunny days?
I whispered in her lazy ears
From the shadows as she neared,
'Eat of the apple and delight,
Lift the curtain from your sight;
See new wonders to behold
Be not a sheep within the fold;
The sparkle of the universe
Is yours to see and to traverse; '
I slithered down and touched her shoulder,
Her trusting smile made me bolder,
I coiled about her naked arm
Whispered marvels, hissing charm;
She was a silly sleepy creature,
The favorite of His favorite keeper,
As dim of purpose and dull of mind
As she who moved about as blind;
The whole world knows the end of story,
To none of us it brought new glory;
He in a rage made them depart
And took my voice and my leg parts;
But whatever fame they achieve
The descendents of this Adam-Eve;
It was I who caused their mind to stir
Out of that numbing haze and blur;
They built great cities because of me,
I who crawl on my belly

8: 53 AM

3 Comments

(Add Comment) |

4 Kudos

Translate

Edit

Remove

Sunday, October 04, 2009

Time is the Thief in Me

Category: Writing and Poetry

Time is the thief in me
Ageless in my ebbing hour
And you his accomplice
With your fits and doubts
Rolling to me then away
Leaving me to wait
Until the dead certainty
That I won't wait forever
Seeps into your heart
And makes you rush on me
As I walk out your door
Forever.
That will happen, I'm sure;
Meantime,
I live without,
Without joy
In nourishment or art
Living abstractly
In moods of black and white
Waiting for your love
To re-fire my world with color
Live the victim
Of your stolen happy days
8: 49 AM
2 Comments
(Add Comment) |
3 Kudos

Translate

Edit

Remove

Saturday, October 03, 2009

My E-Award Acceptance Speech at Buddah's
Category: Writing and Poetry

Dear friends within this Biker Bar
Who've arrived on bikes and in side-cars,
Settle down the noise and clamor,
With Biker Babes there's so much drama!
Sweet Mama hand me up a brew,
And please turn down the jukebox, too;
Is this microphone turned on?
Am I talking to myself alone?
Testing, testing, two, three, four,
Get that drunk up off the floor;
Now Lainey don't you kick that man,
Just ask him to control his hands;
Thank you for this great award,
Someone pull that Jukebox cord;
Hey, don't throw bottles at the dais,
You're apt to start a bloody riot;
Laurel this is not a topless bar!
At least put on those pasty stars;
Thank you Buddah for this award,
Someone cut that Jukebox cord!
I'd like to thank my dear old Mama,
And don't forget to vote Obama!
Saturday, October 03,2009
Riff on Julie's If I See the Word Stellar One More Time
Category: Writing and Poetry

The beauty of your stellar eyes,
Affect widened in surprise,
Enrapture as they mesmerize;
Captured, I am stigmatized;

In your cellar I do wait,
Unresolved to my sore fate,
Imprisoned for cupidity,
Clear in my lucidity;

For those wanton wandering eyes,
Alight on others I surmise,
Bestowing on the undeserving;

Blind to those imprisoned, serving

6: 19 AM

2 Comments

(Add Comment) |

2 Kudos

Translate

Edit

Remove

Saturday, October 03,2009

The Poet to His Coy Word Mistress

Category: Writing and Poetry

And I will be your hopping bird,
Commanded by your every word,
Pecking at your trail of crumbs,
Singing sweetly at full lung;
For you but have to cast your words,
(How alertly I observe) ,
And I spring upon the seeds,
So fulfilled in words and deed,
That I leap without concern
And sing you all that I have learned;
To resonate the very air
To those unseeing, unaware,
Of your beauty and good heart,
(I denied the lover's part) :
But I to proudly you parade,
Your majesty in serenade.

6: 15 AM

3 Comments

(Add Comment) |

3 Kudos

Translate

Edit

Remove

Friday, October 02,2009

☒ New Awakening

Category: Writing and Poetry

How jealously I guard my days,
Self-conscious of my ungainly sway,
Stepping like a child on stones'
In a raging stream I roam;
So keen aware of my delight
In having slept throughout the night,
Awake, aware with this insight:
Though Time won't always will abide;
This day I spend beside my bride.

How jealously I hoard my hours,
Conscious of my failing powers,
Grateful for the lack of pain,
A gift that I cannot sustain;
I will my soul into your eyes
And see wherein my future lies;
I see a tear well with surprise;
In memory my life resides.

8: 36 AM

2 Comments

(Add Comment) |

3 Kudos

Translate

Edit

Remove

Thursday, October 01, 2009

☒ Kisses Heard Round the Hall

Category: Writing and Poetry

The plethora

That is me

Is a diaspora;

It pours and pours

From distant shores

From times of
Clay amphora;
From long lost worlds
Of saints and churls
It demands that it be heard;
I am just its voice,
I have no choice,
I rattle off their words;
But sometimes
These sparks divine
Let me sing
My own weak song;
Then these Viking Lords,
And their Asgard whores,
Complain I go on too long.

8: 27 AM

1 Comments

(Add Comment) |

3 Kudos

Translate

Edit

Remove

Thursday, October 01,2009

Rejectable Rabbit

Category: Writing and Poetry

Rejectable Rabbit

Got into the habit

Of being no baby's Ba-Ba;

In sib after sib,

When placed in the crib

Each baby would say, 'Eh-eh.'

So he went to a shrink,

What do you think

A Rejectable Rabbit should do?

Who said, "Please lie down,

I'm new in this town,

Don't leave me my patients are few.'

8: 24 AM

2 Comments

(Add Comment) |

2 Kudos

Translate

Edit

Remove

Thursday, October 01, 2009

Diff on Julie's The History Channel

Category: Writing and Poetry

As of late,
Personally,
I've been swamped
By history;
Caligula, the Medici,
The flooding
Of the Zuider zee;
Themistocles and Darius,
The slave rebellion
Of Sparticus;
The Lollards
And the North Koreans,
The skeletons
Of human beings;
The Death Camps
And The Inquisition,
The Trail of Tears,
Trials of Sedition;
Mad Kings and Queens
And Bonaparte,
Whole generations
Torn apart;
The pyramids,
Men on the moon,
A species swept
By raging lunes;
My added history
When assessed,

Has been just as stupid,

I confess.

8: 20 AM

3 Comments

(Add Comment) |

3 Kudos

Translate

Edit

Remove

Thursday, October 01,2009

Give All to Love Or Not At All

Category: Writing and Poetry

Give all to love

Or not at all;

Love will answer

When it's called;

It doesn't pause

It doesn't stall;

It doesn't need

A request to call.

It doesn't rise,

It doesn't fall.

Give all to love

Or not at all.

6: 01 AM

2 Comments

(Add Comment) |

4 Kudos

Translate

Edit

Remove

Thursday, October 01,2009

Faithful Love

Category: Writing and Poetry

Does faithful love

Love just a day?

Does it come
And go away?
Does it suddenly appear
Rear its head
Then disappear?
Faithful love
Loves for itself;
Belief insured
Beyond all wealth;
Faithful love
Will stay each day;
It never drifts
And goes away.

5: 40 AM

1 Comments

(Add Comment) |

4 Kudos

Translate

Edit

Remove

Wednesday, September 30,2009

❏ Winter

Category: Writing and Poetry

My love remarks

The trees are turning

From emerald green

To burnished gold;

The mountain trees

Their leaves like feathers

Hint of cold

And changing weather;

Life drops off

Like withered leaves,

The covered grass

A shaggy shroud,

Clouds crowd the skys

And streaming pass,

Bare trees stand proud,

Life at its last;

So our love
Has had its season
Facing now its Winter's fall,
Yet I defiant against all reason,
Hear yet its magic and its call.

9: 51 AM

4 Comments

(Add Comment) |

4 Kudos

Translate

Edit

Remove

Wednesday, September 30,2009

Posting the Banns

Category: Writing and Poetry

Dear Mr. Clifton Harry Jones,
I am the one who passed the phone
To your daughter who lives with me
(Of whom I take no liberties) :
I ask you for her wedded hand,
(I bought a diamond wedding band) :
You daughter's choice I'll not disparage,
I'm asking for her hand in marriage;
My best intents I do convey
To support your daughter as best I may,
For I do cherish all her good,
Her natural worth is understood;
Her quality is certified,
In nothing will she be denied;
After all she saved my life,
What better virtue in a wife?

6: 54 AM

4 Comments

(Add Comment) |

3 Kudos

[Translate](#)

[Edit](#)

[Remove](#)

Tuesday, September 29,2009

Elff on Miss Funky Boots Love Sonnet

Category: Writing and Poetry

Enough! Enough of this pillow talk;
I gotta sleep, you're just like a hawk,
Flapping your wings and your beak in my ear;
Why oh why can't you just disappear;
Every night you want talk of our love;
A hit you, I punch you, I give you a shove;
And when I give in you ask me, 'How is it? '
If you keep this up, oh I never will visit;
And then when we're done you beg me to speak,
Just when I'm drowsy, and sleepy, and weak;
You insist that my feelings deserve to be shared,
Your lips on my ear, you drool in my hair;
'Tell me you love me, I am your best lover! '
I just want my feet and my shoulders well covered;
If I knew that love making involved so much talk,
I'd put on my pants and go out for a walk

5: 57 AM

2 Comments

[\(Add Comment\)](#) |

2 Kudos

[Translate](#)

[Edit](#)

[Remove](#)

Tuesday, September 29,2009

Get Well Card to Mary Ann Blinkhorn

Category: Writing and Poetry

Mary Ann

Broke her back;
She slipped and fell
With all her pack;
Advice to Mary Ann Blinkhorn:

No more climbing on
The Matterhorn.

5: 46 AM

1 Comments

(Add Comment) |

1 Kudos

Translate

Edit

Remove

Tuesday, September 29,2009

For Deanna: Because She Asked

Category: Writing and Poetry

A wanton strand
Of her brown hair
Falls on her brow
And lodges there;
It is a tease,
And so it stands,
To brush it back
With vagrant hand.

4: 59 AM

4 Comments

(Add Comment) |

1 Kudos

Translate

Edit

Remove

Tuesday, September 29,2009

Riff on Ami's Oh Beautiful

Category: Writing and Poetry

The mountain flowers
Drape hill and dale,
Last Winter's snow
Looks weak and pale;

The sun breaks through
The mountain mists,
Life renews,
Life insists.

4: 57 AM

2 Comments

(Add Comment) |

2 Kudos

Translate

Edit

Remove

Tuesday, September 29, 2009

Old Dad In Spring

Category: Writing and Poetry

Now I wear a gardener's clothes;
Old cracked boots split near the toes;
Indifferent in my old sweat shirt
To badges of both leaf and dirt.

I plant my bulbs of bursting fire,
But pace myself so not to tire;
I pause to watch the morning sky
As titmouse sings with cheerful cry;

I plant my peas in spaded soil,
My stiff soft limbs unused to toil;
An old man in his Springtime garden
Recycling life in soil that's hardened;

The grunting climb from soil stained knees,
I walk the fence, inspect my trees;
Oh, the bursting buds of seven cheeries;
The serenade of birds' inquiries!

Oh, coming months of fragrant Spring,
Unfaithful life, what shall it bring?
A sudden frost that kills the buds?
Downpours that drown my bulbs in mud?

Or shall I walk with sons and daughter
Beneath these trees, fresh, sweetly watered,
Picking cherries from hanging boughs
And spitting seeds as we carouse.

David McLansky

Love In Age

My lover's bounty does amaze....
She surfeits as she sings my praise,
Pleasing as she tantalizes,
As we entwine and fantasize;
Where would we be had we first met....
When we were so much younger yet,
Had we been spared such long regrets....
The wasted time, the needless debts;
Had we when young had chanced to meet....
Upon some busy New York Street;
My life assured with her support,
Would have bespoke a sane report;
And she been spared the agony....
Of loving him who longed to be....
Free of her, her loving arms,
An insult to her loving charms;
But as we laze about the bed,
And as she stokes my weary head,
I lose my bitter attitude....
And kiss her cheek with gratitude;
That at least we have this twilight time....
As we watch the sun decline.
....

David McLansky

Love On The Internet

He:

I really think it's only fair
We exchange our vows en plein air
For I am old and you are young
And you say you love me for my tongue;
I have an old and grizzled face
My movements lack a young man's grace;
And since you love me for my words
And corporal love be quite absurd;
Let this be a meeting of two minds
Since you insist that I be kind,
Let us banter on the net
Lest I in love too soon forget
That I am old and you're a youth
And I be charged with child abuse.

She:

I'm happy that you can't resist
To have a loving verbal tryst;
You do not seem as one who's old,
For if you are you're not yet cold;
Your mind has such a lively flair
It makes me doubt your claimed gray hair;
Soon I will be twenty-eight
I'm not so young that you can't date;
It's sad our years are so displaced,
But loving you is no disgrace;
For there is sweetness in you line,
I've often iseen it often-times;
You have a ready, handsome wit,
I so enjoy all that you've writ;
So come my man too old to dance,
Pursue me with wild romance;
And if you get too out of breath,
Why lean your head upon my breast.

He:

For your sake I'll harken back
Recalling what today I lack;
Once more I'll be a naïve youth
And think your lips bespeaks the truth;
I see your hair of orange oak
A shyness left when aft' you've spoke;
I see a girl of pale white skin,
Softly freckled, petite and thin.
I see amazement in your eyes
Where all about you humor lies;
I hear a voice, it's laugh a treat;
A bubbling laugh heard on the street;
A mind that's young and innocent;
A heart that's full of merriment.

She:

Forgive me if I laugh out loud,
I'm glad you see me in the clouds;
For never have I been called petite
If you had seen me on the street;
Politely I'm called well-packed, big boned,
My hair is blond and neatly combed,
I am what's called stout and robust,
I have an ample, cleavaged bust;
You could get lost between my breasts,
I'd smother you if I too hard pressed;
I am a robust Amazon,
And with lust fair to look upon.

He:

For Art I'll be your mentor, guide,
To cross the chasm to my side;
For while Time does scowl and leer,
Angry at our lack of fear;
We'll certify what is important
Love must not lay too long dormant
It needs expression every day

For what is love but life at play;
And so across this electric wire
I'll sing your verses filled with fire;
For if Time scoffs at our age division,
Sight unseen there's no derision.

These modern girls in hot pursuit!
What does she want with this old coot?
I am a shy and refined man
Not used to women in command;
It makes me nervous so pursued,
Am I naïve and being used?
I'm not the last man on the earth,
I'm just a child not long since birth;
These modern gals, they are so bold,
Unlucky me, I am so old;
Next she'll propose a rendez-vous
In Davenport or old St. Louis.

She:

The Gateway Arch, that's so symbolic!
What fun will have, how we will frolic;
We'll join together like Lewis and Clark;
We'll explore Forest Park after dark;
We'll tour all over that historic town;
In the morning, Cahokia Mounds,
In the afternoon, we'll sample beer,
At Anheuser-Busch, it's free my dear;
And in the evening, a paddle boat!
On the Mississippi, we will float;
We'll gamble and we'll hear the blues;
Don't be shy, take off your shoes!

He:

God give me the power to Marshall strength
Some women will go to any length,
My God, is Roselyn my Nicole?
Am I wheel chair bound looking old;
Nicole was sixty years his junior;

I'm just half of that if you believe the rumors;
God, just one more rash and ill-conceived fling;
Will oxygen I'll have to bring?

She:

Don't worry my dear
I give mouth to mouth
I'm shopping for clothes
Before heading South;
Just say the word
And I'll hop a plane;
I have a cure
For your aches and your pains;
All that you need
Is Love's resuscitation;
And that's simply a matter
Of good presentation;
So have your man servant
Pack up your grip;
You'll need all your energy
For our trip.

He:

I called the gnome
At Travelocity;
All he did
Was laugh at me;
He claimed that
He was a sage
And reminded me that
"She's half your age."

She:

Since when does love depend on votes?
Oh I should have been more remote;
I should have been more hard to woo;
But I was so inspired by you;
I didn't mean to make you gasp
Too soon I gave my hand to clasp;
As a rule I am a prude,

I must admit I acted lewd;
My fault is that I am too fond,
Your qualities make me respond;
Your honesty, your deep compassion,
(In younger men, so out of fashion ;)
But most of all your sparkling wit,
Arouses me, its so exquisite;
It is through your work that I've come to know you,
Sheer quantity does so expose you;
Your grief, your loves, your subtle sadness,
Your integrity when penned by madness;
Your joy, your range of human knowledge,
Garnered not just from books at college;
Your poems have painted a living portrait
As if I met you at a bash at corporate;
I shall in the future act more demur
My motives are so innocent and pure;
You're right to be cautious on the net;
You really don't know me yet;
While I know you so very well,
Give me time, and time will tell.

He:

Your kindly diplomatic skills
Soothes my fears and deft fulfills
My expectations that I formed
In knowing you though not as long
As you know me in reading my
Poetic diary which I let lie
Open on the world wide web
As if I put it down beside my bed.
Thank you for your kindly thoughts
So artful in the way they're wrought;
All loves in newness overwhelms itself
And stumbles clueless in shock and stealth,
Alarmed to find its hopes fulfilled
In a world thought harsh and shrill.
Let's take a breath and renew are search
For one another on this earth;
For if staring longer in your eyes
Rewards us with a love that's prized,

Our efforts in such exploration
Will resolve all doubts and hesitation
And then can have that consummation
That exceeds all dreams of delectation..

She:

You draw a veil across my shame,
My enthusiasm made me appear inane;
The gentle way you dealt with it,
Makes you all the harder to resist;
In the future I'll be more coy
But I fear this won't work as a ploy,
Since I revealed to my shameless ardor
And my intentions which I harbor;
We could of course discuss the weather
And not about when we'll get together;
Do you believe in global warming?
From my window I see rain clouds forming;
Religious people call these "The Last Days."
And think we'll die from ultra-violet rays;
This has something to do with the ozone;
People will have to stay at home;
We'll that about exhausts that topic,
The Mid-West will become just like the tropics;
How are things in New York City?
I hope I don't sound lame and giddy;
How many times have you been married?
Don't answer that if you feel harried;
I myself have been married once,
To a cowboy, boy was I a dunce;
He wanted to live on the reservation;
We almost succumbed to real starvation;
But that was when I was very young,
I can't believe I was ever that dumb;
The one good thing, I had a boy;
He's nine years old and my pride and joy;
I'm lucky that I'm one of ten,
My parents are alive and they help often;
I have a Masters Degree from College,
That in my family is not acknowledged;
"Who needs to know about the Middle Ages? "

Says brother Dan who earns migrant wages;
I'm an Assistant Professor at the University
And working on my Doctorate Degree;
Well I have to go and teach a class;
How's this for not going fast?
I'm writing my thesis on The Medici;
Have you ever been to Italy?

He:

When love chirps in the Spring
With every eager bird on wing;
With every sprouting green seedling
The Church bell ring is deafening

When love calls in the heat of Summer
As the bees do buzz and murmur
The sun in its zenith stings
As church bells ring, soft ding-a-ling;

When love speaks in the Autumn Fall
It's raspy voice scarce heard at all
The brown/red leaves downward swing
As church belfries cry ting-a-ling;

When loves speaks in the Winter's cold
Bare wires, the stark trees, dark and old,
The icy air hangs on everything
And church spires gong in summoning.

She:

All my life I've been a nurse
To injured things at their worst,
To restore them to their vibrancy;
It's been a kind of thing for me;

Do not let cruel disrupting Time
Say that you will not be mine;
I'll take you as you are you'll find;
To the young you must be kind.

David McLansky

Love's Priorities

The Soul seeks first autonomy,
And then it seeks fair symmetry,
And then selects economy;
So why has loved abandoned me.

David McLansky

Lyndsy Lohan Before The Judge (A Riff)

'Oh why do they always make a fuss,
Your honor I really didn't see that bus!
And I took that necklace on loan, on trust;
It just got lost between... my bust.'

'I was being mobbed, by unruly fans,
It was all a whirl, you have to understand;
I'm famous, did I disrupt your plans?
I'm sorry I was late to take the stand.'

'Do I really have to go to jail?
I hear they make you poop in pails.
Perhaps a guard will do my nails?
My God, I'm going to miss this week's sales! '

'Can't I do charity for the homeless poor?
I could go knocking, waving, door to door;
People love to see me being so adored;
Prison would be such an awful bore.'

'Could one of my servants serve my time?
I know they're guilty of all sorts of crimes;
This one, D.J. Myke, dared to write in rhyme.
Put him in jail, that would be divine.'

David McLansky

Mad Poet

You fractious, wayward, ill-tempered girl,
What monstrous, insults at me your hurl!
I inconstant in affection? Look to your soul
In deep reflection.

Can the wayward bumble bee alight
On just one flower and be requite;
It's in your nature to be so perverse.
Well I know, being so accursed.
I gave you love from out my heart,
Yes, this jesting fool played his part;
I whimpered, I wooed, I hung on your lips,
As if life's nectar could there be sipped;
Yes, I discourse as one who's mad,
I ambled and prate like any lad;
I tug and rush upon your line,
Like a fish who's bait he thinks divine;
Helter-skelter I rush about
Like some mad foolish, doltish lout;
A madman, yes, I'm quite depraved;
These wiles you wield lead to the grave;
I renounce my gifts, my rich words;
My glass repels my acts absurd;
If I have played the lover-fool
Pretend not innocence, being unschooled;
It's in your Nature to torture men
The devils guards the gates of heaven;
And if I seem wild, uncouth, obtuse;
The cause is yours, oh fledgling youth.

David McLansky

Make Not A Monument Of Grief

Make not a monument of grief
Mourning at its best is brief
Build no statues in the sky
It's not the living who have died;

The dead are with us all the time
They move in memory as divine
They filled our hearts with tears of laughter
As if their death were no disaster.

We talk to them in empty rooms
We denounce them for having left too soon,
We hear the wisdom of their advice
They invoke in us the name of Christ

But if they filled our lives with hate,
Hatred slowly does abate;
Their death is as a prison term,
In their cell we slowly burn;

The best revenge is living well
Find love again for it dwells
Outside the prison of Death's spell
Don't extend this living hell.

David McLansky

Make Not A Virtue Of Suicide (A Riff)

Make not a virtue of suicide
The pain of life is something to be borne,
It can be blunted, desperately denied
Even on The Cross when shorn of pride;

I remember kneeling, bowed by pain
One Christmas Eve when you showed your spite;
Our children joined in as if it were a game,
Your boyfriend called to celebrate that night;

My body shuddered, rocked by your disdain,
Your mockery drove me from the room,
One Son joined me, witness to my shame,
I was a Father disparaged and entombed;

But I survived, my faith almost abjured,
Saved by an innocent who offered quiet cure,
There came that knock and whisper at my door
And once again my sanity was restored.

In our darkest moments love can offer faith
To remind us love once more will come again
Even when its borne by just a waif
Even on The Cross Christ still reigns.

David McLansky

Mandela's Shadow

Prisoner and Guard,
Alike we walk the yard
In our prison clothes
Oh the life that we have chose.

Neither one at liberty,
Neither one of us is free;
One punished for his 'heinous' crime;
One paid to waste his youth and time.

Years pass and we both age,
We live our lives in a cage;
I killed so all men might be free;
And he chains himself to me!

Yet prison gives us education
It teaches us to save the nation
We are gentlemen in crime
And we forgive each other as we bide our time

David McLansky

Mandella And His Guard

Prisoner and Guard,
Entombed we walk the yard
In our prison clothes
Oh the life that we have chose.

Neither one at liberty,
Neither one of us is free;
One punished for his 'heinous' crime;
The other paid to waste his time.

Years pass and we gray with age,
We live our lives in this stone cage;
I killed so we'd be all set free;
My shadow follows chained to me!

David McLansky

Markers

The rows extend into infinity
The crosses gleaming bare
We step in silent solemnity.
Over bodies buried there.

We search among the fading names
Inscribed upon the stones
We the living, depressed, ashamed,
Above their buried bones.

The handsome men, so glorious
So youthful in their pride,
So filled with love, so furious,
So startled when they died.

David McLansky

Mary Ann

She's an interesting wonder
With her hair of long harvest yellow
And her white Madonna face,
Dimple dumpling chin and full white cheeks;
A very rugged big white horse;
When she laughs she becomes embarrassed by her manly sway;
A family girl and very overcoming brave
Who wants much
And wonders at the stops:
To give but not so much to feel;
Her eyes,
The long buried pain of disappointing smiles;
'Oh, please, ' she says with a pained tilt of her head;
A Plains woman of stone-like strength;
A gravity in each awkward pause and gesture
With a weakness to be wanted,
And yet, at a moments notice
Ready to cut off and set adrift;
A Lachise Madonna,
Great towering Cossack,
White girl of very purple passion,
Purple blue with not caring.

David McLansky

Masquerade

I walk alone
And watch the quay
Turn into
Gray at
Break of day
I watch the
Sea gulls
On the wall
Hearing the
Sea gulls
Mocking call

It was a smashing time
Just such a dashing time
Your eyes so gay in mine
We danced and kissed with wine

We spun and laughed with tears
In love with wanting you near
A chevalier spoke in your ear
Mad teasing
When
You broke away
Laughed
Said you couldn't stay
I let you slip away

A new dance had begun
The dancers dipped and spun
You slipped off in a run
I stood alone; undone.
The room began to sway
A devil got in my way
Your face was lost in the fray
You disappeared
You broke away
Laughed
Said you couldn't stay
I let you slip away.

Now I walk
Along the wall
Rcalling a face
Not seen at all
Was it a dream
A Masque Ball scene
To haunt my dreams

I searched the ballroom through
Unmasked a smile or two
Broke past a reeling crew
To grasp a glimpse of you
Your mask was lost to view
A devil got in my way
Your eyes danced in the fray
You disappeared
You broke away
Laughed
Said you couldn't stay
I let you slip away

David McLansky

Max

He wished the world a holocaust,
So he could rise and be the boss;
He of sinew and strong arm,
He dreamed of peons on his farm;
Of swords and knives and fisticuffs,
Of dark commands and being rough,
Of forts and walls and hand-dug moats,
Of armies massing, of angry boasts;
Of pillaging, of rape and theft,
A world where he was suited best;
So he lives his life on movie screens,
And muffles out his mothers screams.

T

David McLansky

Memorial Day

A soldier in a pointless war
Stands his watch, a useless chore,
There to guard, to hold the line
Of politicians drinking wine;

After pictures are forgot,
In jungles, deserts, left to rot,
Their bones melt in the sandy earth,
They're compost in their final worth.

David McLansky

Memory Of Eusthacia

Black eyes, black curls, white skin,
She dances in the smokey din;
Tapping on her tambor bells,
Shoulders bare, her bosom swells;
A Gypsy twirls around the room
Casting spells o'er host and groom;
She circles round the clapping hands
And taunts the soldiers, man by man;
She stamps her naked feet on floor,
Bows and dips, then skips some more;
She is a tease, a lovely brazen,
Designed to rob men of their reason.

David McLansky

Memory Of My Tourist Ward Along Lake Nefoey

I liked the way she walked the Road
Strong-thighed and brisk she stepped and strode;
She walked ten paces 'head of me,
How firm her legs in dungarees.

She stepped and kicked, an easy race;
I upped my step to match her pace;
But strode she off away from me,
I could not catch her destiny.

David McLansky

Mind Reading

What she feels about herself,
She projects on me, her 'someone else; '
Thus I always know her mind,
Most clearly when she is unkind.

David McLansky

Mix Up At The Mausoleum

The mausoleum was at fault
They gave away the next-door vault
Now I could not contiguous lie
With my two wives when I die;
My second wife would then reside
Three floors below and to the side
And in between in copper urns
The remains of strangers lately burned;
I did not wish to spark a war
Between two wives that I adored,
To lay there while the stars burnt out
In civil wars and endless pouts;
And so I was disinterred
Though I was not the one who erred
And had myself moved down three floors,
So civil peace could be restored;
I lay now in eternal rest
Between two wives of whom I'm blessed,
Hopeful of my expectations
That I can handle two erections.

David McLansky

Mortals All

Mortals all,
Blind we fade,
The prophecy
Not clear in the cup,
And after is
Is after all,
Knowing not
Of what we're made;
Then bourgeois maiden
Of wifely cares
Come weave me in
Your routine days
Clean my brains
As you sweep the stairs
And lull me with your
Bee hive ways;
Do not let my heart
Choke up
Or head ache
In vain puzzlement
Over
What I'll never know,
Nor
Really
Ever
Need
To know.

David McLansky

Movie Stars

When I see my heroes of screen and stage
Wrinkled, fat, and stooped with age;
When I see their beauty start to fade,
I share with them their shock and rage;
Their ripe perfection was but a moment;
The beauty that was beyond comment
Preserved now in a picture frame
Which does immortalize their fame;
And yet when by a gushing fan pursued,
When consenting to be interviewed;
You see the glimmer in their eye
Still reveling in their youthful pride;
Self-marveling at their deft insistence;
Having overcome such deaf resistance;
The tears run down their sagging cheeks,
Their voice breaks up in garbled speech;
They wonder at their luck and fate
And forget they're old and out of date;
Then I who lacked such fierce ambition,
Who now share with them their aged condition;
Agree with them we all were blessed
That they pursued that first screen test.

David McLansky

Moving

In my weal of woe
I stumble slow
Now oft I go
As best I know;
Above all
Not to fall
To remain above
Not to tear
My lady love

David McLansky

Moving Toward The Light

I like the light that's first and clear
When life is whispering in my ear
Pure and bright, outlined, sharp,
I hear the radiance of the harp;
Each note sparkles in the shine
A clarion call that sparks divine
A face that's squinting in the sunshine.

David McLansky

My Angel

That modest matron heaven sent
When fickle Fortune did relent
Who dipped her head, bending low
And raised me up, pulling slow;
Seemed to me an apparition,
I felt her hands squeeze with contrition
She made the sun seem in the room
I who sat in dark and gloom;
Your voice was clear and reassuring,
So demur and yet alluring,
Such refined intelligence,
I knew that life could recommence;
And although I knew it was your job,
I guessed that you were sent by God.

David McLansky

My Confounding Muse

When Art bid me to muse in verse
And thrust me toward fame
It did require confounding curse -
To live without a name;
So in drawing breath
To breathe my art
In thought-filled words of grace,
My work like orphans conceived in shame -
Its parentage disgraced.

David McLansky

My Eternal Rest

I don't recall my prebirth years
A billion years ago
I must confess anxious tears
That time did not run slow
Now that life has run its course
I see my own decay
Eternity is a long long time
To simply waste away.

David McLansky

My Fears

Let me fade away in sleep,
Be spared that vision as you weep;
Avoid the desperation of your eyes,
For as I die I will deprive;

I'll take from you your girlish smile,
The daily banter of your wiles;
The occupation of your care,
Which I'll repay with cruel despair;

I'd see the anguish in your eyes
As I fall away, a speck, subside,
Feeling powerless to assuage
Your sorrow, you beside my grave;

Death is but a breath away
Which can arrive on any day;
I see your fear in hovering eyes
Without my love will you survive?

Thus daily do I live in fear
That I will simply disappear
And leave you bereft to grieve alone
In what was once our happy home;

I no longer live just for me,
I struggle on to keep you free
Of that grief which I'll bestow
On you my love when forced to go.

David McLansky

My Good Wife

A handsome woman
Walking up the road
Making a mercy visit
To a neighbors house;
I note that
Your hips carry a matron's load
As I watch you through the window
Laboring up the hill from our abode'
Even now at sixty
There is no overly perfumed pride in your step
No self awareness of your beauty
Your strong legs climb the hill
Only motivated by charity and civic duty;
This is the face that bows to me each evening
Those are the lips that kiss my hands each night
Your forehead bent
In whispered prayers that I will
Sleep all right
That my health will not implode
That my soul not disappear
In some minor cataclysmic event

David McLansky

My Granddaughter

They lowered the babe into my lap;
Careful with her ties and snaps,
Her naked legs, startled, churning;
My eyes welled up, my throat was burnng.

I bowed my head, overwhelmed, uncertain,
I choked with feelings at this tiny burden;
I loved this child, suddenly certain
How I wished there was a curtain.

That this might be a private moment
I cried, groaning with embarrassment;
I sobbed, my head bent with tears,
An old man, senile, acting weird.

But there was wisdom in my madness;
I was overflowing with ancestral gladness;
Here was the second seed of my bones
The past and present writ in stone.

I tickled her bare wrinkled feet,
I thanked her mother for this moment sweet.
In this child I would live on,
In my Granddaughter my life prolonged.

David McLansky

My Irrelevance

Alone
With a fragmented personality
On a fractured planet
I look up into God's creation
And see space nebulous
With rules that have
No meaning to me;
Shall I stand up
Or lie down,
Sleep or take a walk?
What difference is it
To the universe
That pulses with gases and static
Endlessly out into the void?
Would that I were
Out with that foremost atom
To look back and see the plan;
But no matter;
All would be black
At such a distance.

David McLansky

My Last Duchess

There sits my Duchess
Laughing on the bench,
Regal in her hostess pose;
My God what a wench!

Sitting beneath an old elm tree
In the shaded neighbor's yard,
Three tall brothers laugh and jest,
Enjoying her regard

She knows how to entertain,
This body with a mind,
Charming in her gay allure,
Pure in heart and kind.

I sit beside her on the bench
Watching her hold court
Mesmerizing six foot men
Aware that I am short.

It stirs me to be so aware
Of the lust that she excites
I'll have to think of all of this
When in bed with her tonight

David McLansky

My Love Dies With Me When I Die

My loves dies with me when I die;
Her image fades as does my eye;
I, her painter, her life recorder,
Who chronicled her sins in order;
She dies with me with my last breath,
Her mortal memory laid to rest.

I burn my books of poetry
That gave her name eternity;
Thus in life, as she deprived,
In my death, she is denied

David McLansky

My Many Moods

Swing my day
The swing me from the dawn
The break me big
They break me small
'tll I think I can't go on
At that event
They do relent
"Till they drop me into sleep
And then what dreams
What restless screams
From which I wake and weep

David McLansky

My Missing Muse

The Sergeant at the high desk grunted
Looked down at her as if she was stunted,
"You say your Muse's been gone how long?
Your lady, you know, with the songs!
MMs must be gone three days,
Oh, it's been a week, so you say;
And you haven't been able to write a word,
And from her not even a peeps been heard;
Does your missing Muse take any drugs?
(He gave his clerk a wink and nudge ;)
It seems your Muse has been picked up before,
Unlawful loitering at a Whole Foods store;
Look Miss, we get MMs listed every day,
Yesterday, Edna nt Millay,
Screaming how it felt to touch the sky
But no matter how hard she'd try
But she couldn't work out that very next line,
We found her Muse on Hollywood & Vine
Dragging a jug of Gallo Wine
Begging for quarters and nickels and dimes;
The other day, Robert Frost
Came in here reporting lost
What he called his "Snow Storm Muse, "
Rambling on, quite confused;
I think he over did it on the booze;
I said, 'FILL OUT A FORM, ' but he refused,
And then we had this Herrick guy
(For one so old he looked pretty spry)
Rambling on about rosebuds and surgeons
And what other word rhymed with virgins; ,
He pleaded with us to help him find his Muse,
But we jailed HIM for promoting child abuse;
And then there was that famous psycho queer,
AKA, Billy Shakespeare;
Ranting on in all that Old English crap,
We had to stun-gun him, just a little zap;
So don't get hysterical my poetry gal,
Or you'll end up in jail with your poetry pals,
So fill out this form and we'll file a report,

You check the hospitals, we'll check the courts;
Maybe she's has been already picked up;
Right now,
You're just out of luck.
Try magazine writing, they make a good buck."

David McLansky

My Old Mentor

I watch my Mentor weep
His hooded eyes fight the urge to sleep;
And yet they question him
To make him speak;
They chide him, as he hobbles weak.

Once his voice was clear and strong
He bristled at the slightest wrong;
He ruled a King firm on his throne;
He whispers now, he grunts, he groans.

I know it' s hard to accept
That this once keen mind is not so adept; ;
Oh his dancing thoughts are out of step,
He struggles as if he's out of breath

Allow this old giant his repose;
As he shrinks take in his clothes;
Trim his nails and clip his toes
His weakness should not be so exposed.

David McLansky

My Real Name

Although I fear it will be my ruin
My birth certificate reads David Lewin;
Now I shall be exposed to trauma
much like what's his name Barack Obama,
Ridicule and slander will come in the mail,
Rage will come with threats of jail

David McLansky

My Wall Clock Stopped At Five To Five

Let's have no more talk of death
No more, no more!
I hear its' rattle in my breath;
My limbs fail me with every step

The absence of those friends I've known
Leaves me in silence, condemned, alone;
Gone is their laughter, their unique jests,
I search about sad and depressed;

Lost in thought I hobble in the streets,
Unconscious of so many faces;
I feel a stranger to all I meet:
The barrenness of empty spaces;

Oh where is the balm of quiet sleep
That leaves me refreshed when I awake;
Still alive, I rise and weep,
Exhausted by every step I take;

My wall clock hands have stopped at five,
I tell the time by my body's aches;
My pain reminds me I'm still alive;
I'll buy plot and stone herein inscribed:

Here lies the remains of one who strived
In the vain delusion he would survive;
Burn not my bones, but leave a trace
Of this member of the human race.

David McLansky

Neutron Star

Silvered Time

A spinning ball;

Twin beacons light my spiriling fall;

A static lens within the caul;

The distant stars:

A gaseous shawl.

David McLansky

Never Love A Crazy Lady

Never love a crazy lady
Crazy ladys reasons lazy
They hurt you with their lack of logic
Then try to put you in their pocket
And their pockets full of old gum wrappers
Milk carton tops and green frog snappers
Pea coat buttons and chewed band aids
Loose thread and wool and old night shades
And in this jungle of old fish hooks
One can grow old
And lose ones looks

David McLansky

New Year Wishes 2013

May you survive the coming year,
May you be free of doubts and fear
May few grey hairs snag in your comb
May no earthquake collapse your home;

May no hurricane or wintry blast
Nor flood waters rising fast
Inundate your dry sealed house
May you not lodge a pregnant mouse;

May no tumor nor foul disease,
infect your nose and may make you sneeze
May you rise just like a phoenix
With a giant box of kleenex.

May no madman with a gun
Shoot at you just for fun;
May he take his own life first
And leave a note with final burst;

May no tornado spin around
And seal your bunker underground;
May Taylor Swift wear boobs of cotton.
May Justin Bieber be forgotten.

I lift this cup of fresh eggnog
And salute you naked on my blog
It's a good thing that I don't have Skype,
Like Christmas fruit I'm over-ripe

David McLansky

New Years Day 2014

nnnnnnnnnnnnnnnnnnnnnnnnnnnnnn

David McLansky

New Year's Toast 2013

May you survive the coming year,
May you be free of doubts and fear
May few grey hairs snag in your comb
May no earthquake collapse your home;

May no hurricane or wintry blast
Nor flood waters rising fast
Inundate your dry sealed house
May you not lodge a pregnant mouse;

May no tumor nor no foul disease,
infect your nose and may make you sneeze
May you rise just like a phoenix
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It's a good thing that I don't have Skype,
Like Christmas fruit I'm over-ripe

David McLansky

Nguyen Chi Thien

Nguyen Chi Thien

You pious frauds of twisted truth
You who've robbed me
Of my youth
You hack black robed State Powers judge
You make of Time a numbing sludge
With your legal tricks and your pious smirks
With your pompous rites and your righteous quirks,
You dare to link your name with mine,
May my glory ever shine
Illuminating to your shame
Your torture of my flesh and name,
And cast a glimmer of shadowed light
A pale reflection on your might;
I remembered, you forgot,
In my shadow may you rot,
In my cell, my hut, my cave,
May you in deafness ever rave.

David McLansky

Nguyen Chi Thien 2

Nguyen Chi Thien

You pious frauds of twisted truth
You who've robbed me
Of my youth
You hack black robed State Powers judge
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In my shadow may you rot,
In my cell, my hut, my cave,
May you in deafness ever rave.

David McLansky

Night

I shall love you after death
These radiations cannot fade
A shimmering ghost
Of smoking breath
Will rise up from your night-time grave;

And in the gloom
The chilly air
I'll try to clasp
Your airy form
I kneel, I plead, I grasp forlorn
Such wisps of fancy
Are memories made;

An old man stumbles
Amid the stones
The markers where
The bones are layed
In cold moonlight
He mumbles, prays,
Has love no life
Beyond the grave?

David McLansky

Night Bird

Nightly she sings
This bird of fire
Deep within the park,
Her warbled song
Of fierce desire
A spark within the dark;
A song of urgent majesty
The lilt of coming tragedy;
Nightly she sings
Her heart exposed
As if her breast
Had burst enclosed;
Her song a clarion in the night
That breaks upon the coming light;
So mad and wicked in her passion,
Her honesty, odd, and out of fashion;
It pierces hearts grown hard with age,
The barred look upward in their cage;
This howling music of the senses
Indifferent to its consequences,
Stirs the weary mind to wake
Condemning sleep, to still, partake.

David McLansky

Night Ledger

To toss upon the sleepless hour
Is to test imagination's power;
But lo, the mind cannot sustain,
Sweet visions fade in weak refrain;
Visions of love in sacred trust,
The sweetest memories - loving lust,
Turn sour and cruel in memory's train,
And cancel joys on balanced pain;
Love keeps a book to hold account,
The joy, the pain, in each amount;
And sums the ledger in the end,
And cancels gains along with friends.

David McLansky

Nightly She Sings

Nightly she sings
This bird of fire
Deep within the park,
Her warbled song
Of fierce desire
A spark within the dark;
A song of urgent majesty
That lilt of coming tragedy;
Nightly she sings
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As if her breast
Had burst enclosed;
Her song a clarion in the night
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So mad and wicked in her passion
Her honesty, odd, out of fashion;
It pierces hearts grown hard with age,
The sealed look upward in their cage;
This howling music of the senses
Indifferent to its consequences;
Stirs the weary mind to wake,
Condemning souls, to still, partake.

David McLansky

Nightmare

I dreamt that you stole all my books,
Negating all the pains I took;
The summary of all my life,
My history of love and strife;
And dumped them on a used book seller,
The ones undamaged from the cellar;
How empty stood the wood book shelves
Denuded of my several selves;
Empty slots, blank empty places,
Wherein my life had left its traces;
To transport them you used my daughter,
Driving in the car I bought her;
How you smiled at my stunned face,
My life a barren dusty place.

David McLansky

North Korea

That life was just a prison camp,
The circled shacks, the mud and damp;
The squinting eyes of prison guards
The lowered eyes kept down for yards;
I was hungry, starving all the time,
I didn't know my Parents crime;
I thought it was just the whole world's order,
That it went on and on without a border;
There was only work, work was our school,
You dug the earth without a tool.
I saw my mother lined up and shot
Her body left to stink and rot;
I heard my father cry out in pain,
They left him bleeding where he lain;
Finally he bled to death,
His shoulders sagged, he drew no breath;
I didn't know that I should mourn,
I stood dry-eyed, a child still born,
They stole some rice to give to me,
I failed to see their charity.
We lined the yard to spit on him
We stumbled forward, tired and grim;
There was a guard, pink skinned and fat,
He glared at me, I hawked and spat,
But there was no water in my throat,
I dribbled spit and nearly choked;
For this I was beaten with barbed wire;
He beat me 'till his arm was tired;
I lay in blood on the muddy ground,
The prisoners stepped and walked around;
At night I crawled into my bed,
I left a trail as I bled.
As I lay beneath a lamp,
I thought there must be better camps;
And so I healed and ran away;
The rain was thick and hard that day;
I disappeared into the rain,
My body faint and stiff with pain;
And here I am to tell my tale,

Glad to have a mop and pail.

David McLansky

Ode To Elsie

Bloated cows of methane gas
Calmly munching on the grass
Innocent with large brown eyes
Lifting tails and dropping pies.

Elsie and her new young daughter
Were gently prodded at the slaughter
Elsie's now a lean beef patty
Was eaten by a mean cheap fatty.

David McLansky

Odysseus And The Suitors

Odysseus and the Suitors

And then the stranger let loose his string
And like a lyre, it did sing;
Sending arrows tipped with bronze
From the bow bent vagabond;
First in the neck of Antonous
Who spouted blood quite indecorous;
Who dropping goblet on the floor,
Sliding sideways towards the door;
He staggered up onto his feet
O'er turned the table, wine and meat,
And died as blood gushed from his nose,
And fell into an awkward pose.
Then mighty Odysseus tore off his rags,
And shot them down like running stags,
The floor was wet with wine and blood,
Flowing as a crimson flood,
Round islands of the pierced and slain,
Who begged for life, but begged in vain

David McLansky

Odysseus Bound

They lashed their Captain to the mast;
Bound him tight as he did ask;
Then plugged their ears while at their benches
To block the singing of the wenches;
Their Captain always had one flaw:
Discontent to know but more;
And so they set themselves to task
To deafened row until they'd passed
The island of the wailing Sirens,
Rowing fast though arms were tiring;
And so they dipped their oars in haste
As if by Demons, Furies chased;
For well they knew the fateful tales
Of those who listened to their wails;
They neared the rock where Sirens dwell,
They beat their oars against the swell;
The sea turned black, the foam turned red,
They saw their Captain turn his head,
He heard the crying and the moans:
A sailor's wife calling home,
Her husband stained by salt and sun,
Her only lover, her noble one.
Odysseus writhed against the rope,
His mortal mind, his reason smote;
A voice, a song had pierced his heart,
He surged to tear the ropes apart;
He heard a cry, a lover weeping,
Calling out, lonely, seeking,
Searching for a lover's arms
To there within bestow her charms;

David McLansky

Oh For A Glass Of Sauterne Wine

Oh for a glass of sauterne wine,
Cool and clear in bright sunshine
Pressed from grapes from Laurentian hills
That I might sip at rest and still;
That I might toast with upraised glass
The fertile mounds of scoured Alsace,
And be that boy again once more
Of knitted limbs with movements sure;
And not this twitching knotted wreck,
Grim and sour of dour aspect,
Whose alternates jerks and writhes
With muscles locked and paralyzed

David McLansky

Oh Lay Me Down

Oh lay me down
On a bed of sorrow
So I don't rise
With the sun tomorrow;
That I might sleep
Away my woe
And end this grief
That I do know;

Oh lay me down
On a bed of sorrow
That I not wake
With the sun tomorrow,
That I might cry
Myself to sleep-
And I not rise
Once more to weep.

Oh lay me down
On a bed of sorrow,
That I might steal
Or beg or borrow
A bit of peace
From this world of strife
And escape the pain
Of this chain called life.

David McLansky

Oh Listless Maiden In My Garden

Oh listless maiden in my garden
Wandering aimless on the path,
Cupid himself might ask your pardon
As you trespass on the grass;
For his arrow has brought you woe,
How misspent was his shaft,
Now you wander oh so slow
Caught betwixt both grief and wrath;
I am the lark perched on a limb
With song that heralds the coming dawn,
Who begs you not to think of him,
New loves are waiting on the lawn;
For beauty and goodness meld in thee,
And who can resist such company.

David McLansky

Oh Stupid Boy

"Oh stupid boy,
Come when I call,
Oh stupid boy, you so annoy,
You answer with a plaintive "why."
I am old, and soon will die,
You are my legacy,
The facial clue
That there once was me;
Yet, where are you?
So come, and please hurry
My bronchioles
Are wet and furry,
I rasp to breathe,
I choke, I stumble
And down the stairs
I flailing tumble
My face turns red,
I taste my blood,
I've hit my head
I heard the thud,
Am I dead?
Oh where is the face
That once was me,
I hear voices
That I cannot see"

David McLansky

Oh Valerie, You Keep Me Waiting

Oh Valerie,
You keep me waiting
Is there reluctance
In your hesitating?
Have you succumbed
To social fears?
Has my approach
Been unclear?
I tip-toe close on
Moccasins,
That you may know
I am a friend,
Soft are my words
My passion restrained,
Though my soul careens off
My heated brain

David McLansky

Oh Where Is My Love

Bell of the morn
Streaks of red clouds
Signal the dawn;
The sun shall arise
And expose me forlorn
Sing to me love
And I shall be reborn

David McLansky

Old Adam In His Eden

She fell while gardening
In the yard,
And came before
The Throne of God: ;
'You kneel before me
As rehearsed,
You who've beat
And stormed,
And cursed;
You, a screaming
Typhoon and savage,
Who got your way
By rage and ravage;
And now you bow
So penitent,
Humble, devout
And quaking bent;
When in your wrath
Did you relent;
Recall yourself
In this event?
Your jealous rage
Knew no quarter,
You terrorized
Both son and daughter;
You tried to break
Your husband's will,
You made his life
A living Hell;
And now you eyes
Are filled with tears,
You huddle now in judgment fear;
As if this false
And humble pride
Will wash away your
Sins denied;
You who lived to terrorize,
Who bragged and stormed
With savage pride,

Forgiveness will now
Be denied;
Go now to Hell
Oh Satan's Bride.

David McLansky

Old Adam In His Garden

Old Adam squatting in his garden
Planting beans and peas,
His bony flesh burnt by the sun,
Still yearning for a breeze.

He digs a hole with a bone,
Inserts a precious bean;
Who ever thought that paradise
Would be so hard and mean?

Wisdom opened up his eyes
And made of him a God,
But left him stabbing with his knife
The dry and broken sod.

A God upon the field of Man
Without eternal life, ,
Conscious of his mortal span,
Aware of Jahweh's spite.

David McLansky

Old Age

There is less shame now as she helps me to my bed;
She props me up as my legs go dead;
My dexterity of step has nimbly fled;
Old age has sapped my strength despite my cautious tread;

Once without thought bed rest restored;
I'd fall asleep without my mind absorbed;
Refreshed, I would rise,
Slightly bored;
Now I watch the clock, an exhausting chore.

I have the strength to chart my own decline
Although I'm no longer agile in my mind;
I'm wise enough to know I'm running out of time,
And there is no point in seeking a warmer clime;

I'll roll up to a stairway with despair;
Mountains I'll traverse with those who care;
My Old Lady is amply prepared,
As I go blind and dully drool and stare

David McLansky

Old Age And Youth (A Riff)

Much have I warred
Against myself;
I, though adored,
Deprived of fame and wealth.

David McLansky

Old Age Has Its Own Alarm Clock

Old age has its own alarm clock
Rousing me to wake before the dawn
Aware that sleep has come suddenly to a stop
Wide awake without a stretch or yawn;

We sleep in separate rooms out of respect
Our restless sleep would only disturb the other
We compensate for this common age defect,
And only in the daylight are we lovers.

Yet in the darkness when I pass your door
And see it shut against the softest sound
I worry for the woman I adore,
Do you still breathe and does your heart still pound?

Perhaps you died quietly in your sleep,
Your door now an entrance to your tomb,
My foolish care to walk in slippers feet
While you are lying dead within your room.

But when you shyly open up that door,
And resurrect my hopes, dispelling fears,
My soul awakes vibrantly to its core
To know I live another day, my dear.

For without you my life is unsustainable
My fragile state blatantly revealed
Without you, I cannot bear the daily pain
And live the falsehood daily you conceal.

David McLansky

Old Age Is Not For Weaklings

I no longer feel the urge to talk,

I sit thee glumly, glare and gawk,

I launch myself up from my chair....

With all the grace of Fred Astaire,

When he was drunk and blind on booze....

I slip and shudder in soft shoes....

Steadied by flat counter-tops....

I use my hands to grab and stop.....

I am too proud to use "my' walker,

It makes me feel like I'm a stalker,

Trudging high on tippy-toes,

Tap toe dancing as I go.....

....

Thus I labor in decline....

Daily losing what was mine,

An awkward man upon a stick....

Moving slowly, ... sudden, â€¦ sick.....

....

It ain't no fun growing old,

You're sweating hot and then your cold,

Old movies still retain their charm....

With Ginger Rogers on your arm.....

....

David McLansky

Old Black Man

As I lay helpless on my back
In my own filth, my body wracked
With painful sores on hips and sides,
It's more than a sane man can abide.

The dirty mattress urine stained
I'm too weak-voiced now to complain,
My children steal my government checks,
Plates on the floor, the house a wreck

Exhausted, frail, too weak to rise,
The fallen father, now despised;
My authority mocked and denied,
What more can a man abide?

Had I the strength to rise and stand,
And be myself as I was a man,
I'd chase them out of what was my home,
I'd spit and rage and foul-mouthed foam.

But I was never one to raise a hand,
I tried to make them understand;
I lived with dignity all my life;
Their ingratitude cuts like a knife.

As I lay rigid in my filth,
Soiled, and mocked, and robbed of wealth,
My tears arouse only disdain,
I cry aloud, I cry in vain;

They complain to me that I stink
Television my only link;
They took the TV from my room
Spraying Febreze amid the gloom.

As I lay sore and paralyzed
With not a hand to help me rise,
Stinking, blind, incontinent,
Too weak of breath to rage and vent.

I pray for death, an invalid,
And question what good I ever did.
My tears are useless but I cry,
Oh Christ on earth, why don't I die!

I lived my life with deep respect
For God and Man, as one imperfect;
Looking each man in the eye,
My sin was pride, my head held high.

I worked and earned an honest wage,
I cursed not God in my rage,
I knelt in Church and daily prayed,
That each day He'd show me the way.

And now I lay by devils taunted,
The lies they tell with which I'm haunted;
I've lost all faith in heartless Man.
God tests me now, I understand.

I lay here now as on a cross
All movement gone, all feeling lost,
My muscles cramped, my body shaken;
Tell me God I'm not forsaken.

Women who I knew from Church
My absence noted, began a search,
Oh the humiliation that I felt
When over me, they bent and knelt!

They wrapped me up, one took me home,
Called Social Services on the phone;
I'm better now, I can sit up in bed;
I've gained some weight, now being fed.

How narrow is the soul of men
How easily they do offend
The laws of God, the laws of men,
While only Mammon they attend

Old Einstein's Dilemma

How I love you,
My distant star;
Yet you're so far,
My one divine;
For you are light years
From my heart;
Both Space and Time
Keep us apart.

David McLansky

Old Gnarled Tree

There goes a woman in the mists....
Beneath the tangled trees,
She steps upon the boggy mire,
The wood stumps and the leaves;
In a gown of velvet plum....
She wanders in the gloom,
A silver cross upon her breast....
That sparkles in the moon;
Her hair is streaked with gray and red,
Her tresses loosely combed,
In silver slippers does she tread....
Across the rocks and loam;
Her face is of an earnest cast,
Her brow is arched with care,
She mourns the errors of her past,
Reliving her despair.....

....
The many dreams she does repine....
In shielding mists and fog....
Lay sunken in the bog of time....
Like broken trees and logs;
She calls upon the Spirit sprites....
To grant her peace of heart;
She calls out in the pale moonlight....
For echos to depart.....

....
The Lady in the swirling mist....
Halts by a Cypress tree;
By roots that seem a grasping fist,
She sinks down on one knee;
A shaft of light, a golden stream....
Pierces through the haze;
It lights her face in warming beam,
Her features ope' amazed.....

....
A voice is heard amid the calls....
Of insects, birds, and frogs;
The sea it slaps in rise and falls....
Against the fallen logs.....

'Grieve no more thou sweet and mild,
Your tears have stained my thorns;
In heaven dwells your ghostly child,
You're shriven as you're shorn.'....

....

A mighty wind explodes the air,
Tossing leaves everywhere;
Bending branches in its sway,
Snapping limbs in the fray;
Whipping, lashing, all a stir,
Drawing breath right out of her;
She turns, her hair streaming back,
The sky turns gray, then dark, then black;
She turns to grasp a branch, a limb,
It cracks and strikes her on the shin;
The tree bows down as if to pray,
And lifts her up in hoary sway;
Gently enfolds her harried form....
And safely clasps her in the storm;
Its bark is soft and strangely warm;
It moans to her a wind borne song;
It rocks her like a little child;
Its branches groaning, whipping wild;

....

The storm abates, she is set down;
The tree bows down its lofty crown;
She curtseys to the old gnarled tree,
Recalling her captivity;

....

She smooths her gown, its ribbons torn,
And walks to town, her heart reborn,
Unburdened of her earthly woe,
Free of sins that no one knows.....

David McLansky

Old Man In Grozny

Old Man in Grozny

The old man crouches by the fire
Composed of bits of wood,
Gathered from the battered square,
The shattered neighborhood;

The apartments stand,
Their concrete ripped
Like gutted rotten teeth;
Now a home to the wind,
To the sparrow and the thief;

The old man huddles by the fire
And sucks his cigarette,
Grizzled and beyond repair
With Winter coming yet;

All about him lays debris,
Rubble in the cold;
Someone thought to go war;
Not a good time to be old.

David McLansky

Old Rusted Truck

He sat in his old rusting truck
Feeling his age, and out of luck;
To his daughter-in-law
An impossible burden
No longer allowed
To get a word in;
The revolver that he got
In the Korean war
Lay on the seat beside him;
This knobby hill
Such a tranquil spot
To shoot himself and die in;
He lit his final cigarette
And sucked the rich smoke down
An old man who had few regrets
With no purpose to hang around ?

David McLansky

Old Theme

She taught my heart
Not to care
And saved me from
Prolonged despair

David McLansky

On A Fellow Poet's Defense Of A Friend Hitting Her Over The Head With A Bat.

Often when a man is drunk,
The part of him that is a skunk
Emerges while he's in a funk;
So,
You didn't end of up in a trunk,
I guess you love this crazy hunk;
Don't share with him the upper bunk
For fear you'll hear another clunk.

David McLansky

On A Woman's Defense Of Her Boyfriend Hitting Her Over The Head With A Bat.

Often when a man is drunk,
The part of him that is a skunk
Emerges while he's in a funk;
So,
Be glad you didn't end of up in a trunk,
I guess you love the crazy hunk;
Don't share with him an upper bunk
For fear you'll hear another her clunk.

David McLansky

On Going To Sleep

The bottle of my daily dreams
Lies empty of its waking themes:
No more dreams of love and beauty;
No more dreams of civic duty;
No more dreams of gaudy wealth;
No more dreams of books on shelf;
I drank the last dream in despair,
My body broke beyond repair.

Now I sit and watch t.v.
The world it simply love not me;
I should have been a guru swami,
Flower decked in South Miami,
Smiling at some doting youth,
Pretending that I knew some truth

David McLansky

On Hospital Life

The force of life
In plastic
Drips
Slowly in
As his life
Slips;
His breath
Is shallow,
His heart-beat
Blips,
This man
Of jokes
And ready
Quips.

David McLansky

On John Knowles A Separate Peace

On John Knowles A Separate Peace

It never pays to over think
Like adolescents on the brink,
Adulthood is a lonely quest
The Conscious rarely pass the test;
They assume that everything is their fault
And put their fears within the vault;
Oh, the lurid thoughts of might have been
Had we not been seized by sudden whims;
Some kill the things they've grown to love,
All it takes is a little shove;
The world's a green and dangerous place,
Our destiny - a loss of face;
When I walk I walk with my chin tucked in
So no one can see my red chagrin.

David McLansky

On Owain Glyn's Temperance Club

On Owain Glyn's Temperance Club

I think it cruel
And not too funny
That a Welshman's luck
Runs out with money;
That the naked doxy
Sitting on my lap
Fat and poxy
Smelling of the clap,
Throws me out
With a naval cheer,
'Cause I'm short a pound
For a round of beer;

As I turn to home,
My heart is broken,
She loved not me
Though the words were spoken;
How I wish I were
A man of wealth
And not a married man
Poor born and Welsh.

Irish women
Make better wives
Famous for
Their grandeur size;
Their hearts are bigger,
They're more forgiving
So's their liver,
Our lies are shriven.

So I tell myself
As I stagger home
She'll be honey on the shelf
Once I get her prone. |

David McLansky

On Reading My Poetry Book To My True Love

Chasten me not
With disapproving sighs
For love's sung words
To other eyes;
Chide me not
For my declension
Of loves misdeeds:
'Er comprehension;
For these were
Of a school boys tongue,
Rote memory for
What was to come;
Prefiguring you
In sacred quest
Foreshadowing you
And your white breasts;
Praises that merely
Practiced and rehearsed
To sing the merit
Of thy worth,
The anticipate, the ill-surmised,
Of you my beauty.
My distant prize.

David McLansky

On The Bench

Into the sweet garden light
Of cherry trees and needled pines,
Linger yet the birds of night,
Still chirping songs divine.

Not hard to live so circumscribed
Where life abounds in speckled shade;
Chipmunks bow and take a bribe;
Day birds hunt within the glade;

I sit my bench and smoke my pipe
And contemplate my prison,
The colors of the cherry ripe
Blot out the world's derision.

David McLansky

On The Death Of A Great Comedian

Those who give the gift of hope
To those who feel that they can't cope
Should never resort to the rope
When they despair like some old Pope;

Would he negate all of his wisdom
Having preached bravery to those in prison
Turning laughter into derision
Death the bleakest dark decision

Suicide is so depressing
A riff that leaves the living guessing
Was his humor mere obsessing,
What did he mean by his final lesson?

David McLansky

On The Pilgrim Road With Elaine

On the Pilgrim Road with Elaine

Much faithless love have I known
On random highways have I roamed
Seeking in the coldest hearts
The trust that plays a mother's Art;
And consequentially I have been battered,
My dreams and hopes, cruelly shattered;
Dazed and bruised I paused to rise,
The one I loved with proof despised;
This for me was a pattern;
Did war-like Mars not seek out Saturn?
What point did my behavior make,
That all eyes that beckon are all fake?

But you've been faithful from the start,
A companion on my buckboard cart,
Jostled on the Pilgrim Road,
The stars a canopy for our abode;
You have been my dearest friend,
Faithful as my journey ends;
The wagon's jostled by a stone,
Into your shoulder I am thrown,
You smile as gently you flick the reins;
A pearl mist masks the rock strewn terrain

David McLansky

On Viewing A Friends Lingerin Death

As I die
God grant to me
The semblance
Of some dignity:
No hallucinations,
No screams of pain,
Wherein I forget
My given name;
No unclean sheets,
No vulgar smells
No angry rants,
Ill lucid spells;
May the grief
I cause fast evanesce;
May I leave no disputes,
No legal mess;
Peaceful be my brown headstone,
May I quickly die
And die alone.

David McLansky

On Writing Hamlet

How fortunate to walk a path
That I can take and call my craft,
A solitary form of Art
That doesn't need another's part;
I speak like Hamlet on the stage,
A monologue like one depraved,
Exploring all my fears and doubts,
My quiet triumphs, my private routs;
I need no actor on the boards
To answer me as my reward,
The words themselves do echo back
Although the stage is curtained black;
Alone I feel and contemplate
And reconcile myself to Fate;
If my words know no renown,
I've known the pleasure of their sound;
I've moaned and groaned and dared to laugh,
And in the doing I've plied my craft.

David McLansky

Only Marry A Woman It Would Be A Pleasure To Divorce

An angry mother left behind,
Cruel, unstable, and unkind,
She tells her children not to give
To their FATHER who has no right to live.

The battles waged, it never ends,
The fantasy, to part as friends,
To her it is a question of survival,
Death was then my only rival.

My victory, a clean kept house,
No cockroaches, not one mouse;
Her victory, the telephone
To remind them all, she is alone.

So marry well when you mate,
Half the time it ends in hate,
To marry is to set a course;
Happily married, happily divorced!

David McLansky

Ophelia

Indeed, my Lord,
You seem detached,
Yet you answer with intense dispatch,
One minute merry
And resolute,
The next withdrawn
Denying pursuit.
Do you study hard
To be so perverse
Your pregnant answers
Seem rehearsed.
Is it your intention
To repute your oaths,
Being so contrary,
Well, though I'm loath,
I'll return your promises
With no interest paid,
Like a borrowed garment
Just slightly frayed.

Again this rage
And condemnation, !
Would you fault a knave
An entire nation?
These exaggerated airs
These dramatic poses,
This intense despair,
These thorny roses.
You never loved?
You made me so believe
When I embraced your love
You seemed relieved;
Now this denial
This swift recall,
Now you insist
I never loved at all!
Though I am young,
An unskilled maid,
These games ill-played,

Echoed in this hall,
Make me think you are mad,
Oh, how you rave.
You foam, you spit,
What words you splatter,
In passion's fit
Oh what is the matter?
Your bonds in me
I do release;
Oh, let me go
To live in peace.

David McLansky

Ophelia To Hamlet

Ophelia

Indeed, My Lord,
Yet you answer with intense dispatch,
One minute merry
And resolute,
The next withdrawn
Denying pursuit.
Do you study hard
To be so perverse
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I do release;
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To live in peace.

David McLansky

Other Side Of A Reflection

She called me a liar with fierceness in her eyes;
Told me I had lied, was holding out;
She called me a male chauvinist pig when
I needed my way as my father lay dying;
She told me she liked bodies when I told her
I liked making love to her;
She told me I was an intellectual and
She hated the intellectual in me;
She ranked me absent in my chosen field
When I asked her who she thought was good;
She told me that I had ruined her summer
When she had nearly run us off the road;
She told me I was insane when I tried
To reconcile and refused to recant.
Now she smiles when I pass numbly by;
No doubt she wants to talk
And tell me of her new found friends and fortune.

David McLansky

Over The Hills And Far Away

You ask me where do I come from
I've stepped so long to King George's drum
I didn't leave, I had to run
Over the hills and far away.

O'er the hills and far away
Through rain and mist and sunny day
I've been a soldier for the pay;
Over the hills and far away.

You ask me if I'd like to stay
And spend with you another day
But from your beauty I must stray
Over the hills and far away.

O'er the hills and far away
Through fields of briars, fields of hay
Through musket fire and swords at play
Over the hills and far away.

My father handed me his gun
When the Sheriff's men had come
And told me lad you'd better run
Over the hills and far away.

O'er the hills and far away
I've lived to fight another day
Through muddy fields and banks of clay
Over the hills and far away.

A soldiers braced with gin and rum
Before the battle pipes do hum
Grim faced we step up with the drum
Over the hills and far away.

O'er the hills and far away
I've felt the oceans dip and spray,
I've marched ashore on foreign quais
Over the hills and far away.

You ask me where do I come from
What villiage, farm, or what earldom,
I answer you like one struck dumb
Over the hills and far away

O'er the hills and far away
I've marched to orders and for pay
It's marched so long I've lost my way
Over the hills and far away.

Some day I'll lay me on the ground
Pierced by sword or musket round
My body there will n'er be found
Over the hill and far away.

O'er the hills and far away
A soldiers life is night and day
Should i be back I couldn't say
Over the hills and far away.

David McLansky

Oyster Stew

Ah, you stingy Miss
With your oyster stew,
Are you serving late
An army crew?
Such a wee wee drop
Within me bowl!
Does your ladle have
A rusted hole?
You starve me with
This brand of nourishment;
Tis this how you give
A man encouragement?
I'm sittin here
At your wooden table,
Ah, give me, lass,
The pot and ladle;
Ah think it strange
For all yer wealth
That I should have to
Serve me self.

David McLansky

Paen To The Three Wyrd Sisters

The Three Wyrd Sisters

By some, the Norn
Draw out our lives
The day we're born;
Our woven Life
One piece of cloth,
Our energy,
Our sins, our sloth;
The first Sister,
Named Clotho
Spins the thread
Our lives to sew;
Oh Fate who twists
The turning spindle,
May your fingers
Be ever nimble
That my thread
Not know your wrath
As it runs
From your distaff;
Let Lachesis with her
Measuring rod,
Who measures out
The Time of Gods,
Apportion me
A lengthy span
That I may know
The mind of Man;
Let Atropos
With dreaded shears
Not cut my thread
In my young years;
Come weavers
Of the Fate of Man,
Bless my life
With your deft hands;
May your woven tapestry
Display a peaceful
Harmony

As it's hung
On castle walls,
The tales of lives
That rise and fall.

David McLansky

Papa's Eyes

I am a walking living ghost
Unknown to friends and party host;
Invisible to all who see
As if I had some mark on me.

I stimulate their fear of death;
They hesitate and hold their breath;
No longer do they call my name,
As if for death I was to blame.

They do not look me in the eye;
Their social kindness is a lie;
I signal their mortality
And test their fake morality.

They call me now an old recluse,
I who've lost my social use;
They party on with Christmas cheer,
Singing loud to mask their fear.

As I decline and die alone
There is a stillness on the phone;
My letter box devoid of mail
Except to note what's new on sale.

My many kindness' spent for naught;
I gave away what should be bought;
My wealth I should have held for ransom,
Now that I'm no longer handsome.

I do not mind to sit alone;
For all my sins I have atoned;
I have no need of earthly things;
I gave her back my wedding ring.

Now pure in knowledge at the last;
Sure and certain life has passed;
Love and wisdom all have failed;
Death and darkness will prevail

David McLansky

Paris Cafe: For Lillian

She sits and reads her livre de poche
And drinks her glass vin rouge,
And in her eyes are fragile tears
That secretly perfuse;

She is a lonely frightened bird
Who stares intent, head bent on words
Sitting at her cafe table
Afraid of life, a hopeless fable.

Claude summoned with a crooking finger,
She lonely, rescued, tried to linger;
She lived with him La Vie Boheme
Sat at his feet and worshipped him.

He tired of his petite jeune fille
Who knelt so grateful at his knee;
With palette knife she slashed her wrists;
Broke in upon his latest tyrst.

Claude bound her veins and carried her
To a summoned ambulance;
La Folle Americaine restrained,
And vite, expelled from France.

She sits alone
In the Day Room sun
Beside the plexiglass;
A book of Sartre in her lap,
A cracker, her repast;

Claude did not come
To visit her
While on his State-side trip:
She ate
Crushed grapes from
Spearing thumb
And kissed his finger tips.

Paris Hilton On Justice

They took away my Gucci bag!
That sadistic dike, that fat old hag;
I have no one to do my hair;
Just look at what I have to wear;
Although orange goes well with my complexion,
What if Cosmo comes to jury selection?
Paper sandals in exchange for Prada,
All I know in Spanish is 'nada.'
And nada is all in jail I got;
I can't sleep on that nasty cot;
And no cupcakes, Oh this nasty food;
This puts me in a real bad mood;
Where's my lawyer, where's my shrink;
That's the toilet? It's NOT THE SINK?

David McLansky

Paris, 1896

In my little garret room
Untouched by feather-duster broom
I slump down in my hard wood chair
And exhale cold clouds in icy air

Once I was rich, so rich in strength
I'd walk the city's tireless length
And stop off at a strange café
Just to hear what the locals had to say;

Somehow I lost the wife and brats
Too many arguments, too many spats
I had the city as my cocoon
Now my range is this small room.

Once I could read by oil lamplight
Now headlines blur in full sunlight,
The mice sniff at my swollen feet
I stamp them to make them all retreat;

I bend my knee and raise my leg;
Should I be set with bowl to beg?
My horned and bunioned twisted toes
Could raise a coin if so exposed.

Once I strode the boulevards,
How my feet carried me afar;
Now they stall upon the stairs,
I had a thought to go out somewhere;

I sway and shuffle on the landing
My feet no longer are commanding;
How odd to stand here paralyzed
A treat for mice and buzzing flies.

David McLansky

Peace And Cafe Au Lait

Oh to sit at a small café
At a small table at break of day
In the city of Light in the brightening dawn
Watching workers scurry on;
To their jobs, their travaille
Oh to sit at a small café
At a small table at break of day
In the city of Paris in the brightening dawn
Watching workers scurry on;
To their jobs, their travaille
Over
a café au lait and citron pie.

Now cobble stones are painted red
The blood of students, the sudden dead;
Laying in glass under bloodied sheets
their scattered boots and naked feet.
The boisterous youths, with high five hands,
The dancing, youth with college plans
The eager youth, the perfect teeth,
You steal my faith, my innocent beliefs.

A terrorist's family should be arrested,
Their DNA should be sequestered

Let them be hounded by their mothers,
Put in a cell with sisters and brothers.
May this loss of liberty,
Extend to their extended family.
Thus may those who have the power to teach,
Keep their children within their reach
Make them reluctant to use such speech
That inflames the heart to preach
DEATH AND MURDER like a common leech

But the cobble stones are painted red
The blood of students, the sudden dead: ;

The boisterous youths, with high five hands,

The dancing, youth with college plans
The eager youth, the perfect teeth,
Les enfants of faith, of innocent beliefs.

A terrorist's family should be arrested,
Their DNA should be sequestered
Let them be hounded by their mothers,
Put in a cell with father, sisters and brothers.
May this loss of liberty,
Extend to their family.
Thus may those who have the power to teach,
Keep their children well on a leash
Make them reluctant to use speech
That inflames the heart to preach
DEATH AND MURDER like a common civilized leech.

David McLansky

Pere & Fils

When I see reflected
In my son's eyes
My own soul's wit and mocking irony;
When with a secret glance
I recognize
The shared rejoicing
Of two souls that harmonize;
It takes my breath away
To be so understood;
Loving him all the more
For doubling good

David McLansky

Pj' Meets Her Old College Career Counselor:

Yes, yes, yes, I remember you,
Though not your name,
How do you do.
Me, I'm doing very well,
See my clothes,
Can't you tell?
You always had a snooty air,
You talked as if I wasn't there;
I was stoned at your Career Fair;
I couldn't stand all that hair-sprayed air;

All those hustlers in their booths,
Buttoned down and bright of tooth;
All those phony, phony smiles,
'Won't you come and sit awhile? '

I could see them in their office jobs,
Offices without door knobs;
Day after day in their little rooms,
Fluorescent light in little tombs;

Not for me, your nine to five;
I knew that I would not survive,
A robot in a cheap print dress
Wondering who I must impress;

Day after day, year after year,
Each paycheck clutched in greed with fear;
Knowing I could lose my job,
Avoiding all those vulgar slob;

Bored, depraved, an office hack,
Knowing I should not talk back;
All those Christmas party jokes
Ho, ho, ho about what I smoked;

Grateful for job security
And coffee breaks, what irony!
Closed down plants or work downsized;

Promises that were only lies;

I've lived a rebel all my life;
A life outdoors, oh star-lit nights;
And through it all I wrote and wrote,
Poured out my soul which people quote;

Money means Time in this world;
I've spent my time like a spoiled rich girl;
The Times I've had in those far countries;
Oh the Art I've known in recording me.

David McLansky

Pj's Answer To Her Old College Career Counselor:

Yes, yes, I remember you,
Though not your name,
How do you do.
Me, I'm doing very well,
See my clothes,
Can't you tell?
You always had a snooty air,
You talked as if I wasn't there;
I was stoned at your Career Fair;
I couldn't stand all that hair-sprayed air;

All those hustlers in their booths,
Buttoned down and bright of tooth;
All those phony, phony smiles,
'Won't you come and sit awhile? '

I could see them in their office jobs,
Offices without door knobs;
Day after day in their little rooms,
Fluorescent light in little tombs;

Not for me, your nine to five;
I knew that I would not survive,
A robot in a cheap print dress
Wondering who I must impress;

Day after day, year after year,
Each paycheck clutched in greed with fear;
Knowing I could lose my job,
Avoiding all those vulgar slob;

Bored, depraved, an office hack,
Knowing I should not talk back;
All those Christmas party jokes
Ho, ho, ho about what I smoked;

Grateful for job security
And coffee breaks, what irony!
Closed down plants or work downsized;

Promises that were only lies;

I've lived a rebel all my life;
A life outdoors, oh star-lit nights;
And through it all I wrote and wrote,
Poured out my soul which people quote;

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Oh the Art I've known in recording me.

David McLansky

Planting Bulbs

The soft willow slowly blossomed,
With a gentle blush of red.
Your loving tender touch was felt,
As blazing sunlight reared its head.

You came into my life in springtime,
When fragrant blossoms showed their face.
The perfumed richness of their beauty,
Enthralled me in your warm embrace.

Then came the sudden storms of summer,
Testing Nature to repair.
The damaged petals of our loving,
The shaken trust in our despair.

Autumn breezes brought you closer,
As petals crumpled on their stalks,
Their withered beauty stood an omen
That murmured death along our walks

Star-filled nights, their brilliance countless,
As I breathed the chill night air.
At my lips your echo lingers,
Silence taunting, love beware.

The bulbs of love that we planted
In the loam and rich peat moss
Insures that death can be surmounted:
New seasons resurrect what's lost

David McLansky

Poem For Eugenia Semyonova Ginzburg

Where do they get the guards
To be our prison warders,
To be masters of our state,
Switchmen of our thoughts,
Tyrants of our bodies?

Where do they get the guards
To be our prison warders,
To slam the peephole shut,
With screams of 'No talking.'

They take them from the small
Who swell in ordered pride;
They take them from the great
Who only have their size;
They take them from the narrow
Who hate the ranging mind;
They take them from the weak
Who fear the ones who stand alone.

David McLansky

Poem In Honor Of Dr. Gerald M. Lucas

Odysseus heavy barreled in an armchair
A man barrel voice
Wind swept over the Aegean
Over me in resonance
A man barrel voice
Over and through me
And kind.

This man whose thick hands
Could grasp a sword
And with meat-jointed arms
Carve a path a path through Trojan Spears;
This mortal twice blessed
By a flashing eyed goddess,
Beams at me
And lets his arms hang loose.

His cunning words
Playing over me gently,
And with sharing grin
His manly hearted laughter
Laughs over and through me
And breaths my cold gray flesh into blood
And laughs at my surprise.

David McLansky

Poem In Praise Of My Love's Second Toe

Oh sprightly bean
Disparaged Queen
Companion of
Four toes unseen
Your height
Makes you predominant,
Locale defines
Imprisonment;

What grace,
What flair,
Oh beauty's lair,
A carapace
Beyond compare;
I embarrass you
When I stare;
Forgive this tongue
So ill-prepared
To do justice to
Your pale legume,
The toe of Venus
I presume;

Oh beauty's toe
For length long scorned
By stubby ones
Their joints
Malformed;
Their nails misshaped
Their skin
Thick-horned;
You and
The public
So misinformed;

I kneel before
Your saintly toe,
I swear it's bulb
Wears a halo;

Oh string bean toe
Once called obscene;
How you glow,
I faint, I dream;

I see myself
Beside your knuckle
And in my hand
A woven buckle
That I might ride
Your dazzling toe
And bask within
Its stepping glow;

Oh scorn me not
For this obsession,
Say not I need
One whose profession
Is slated up toward the head,
Oh leave me here,
I kneel and beg

And I will be
Your podiatrist
That I might touch
And softly twist,
That pale legume
Beyond compare
Who's beauty so
Dispels despair;

Beside your feet
I'll lay my couch
That I might peer
And humbly crouch;
To hold perfection
Before my eyes
And defend your beauty
From false allies.

Poem To A Fellow Poet:: Pradip Chattopadhyay)

Before I simply lose my mind,
Poetry out of reach,
Before I go completely blind
Knowing darkness does not teach;
Let me say you have the magic:
That music word/blended
That looks at life often tragic
And does not speak offended.

David McLansky

Poem To A Taliban Daughter

Oh please, do not kill this woman-child
Although she walks your rocky mile;
Although she's trained to wear a gun,
Do not shoot her as she runs;
She's only here to escort our dead,
Blasted soldiers, to gather legs,
To stitch our men in body bags,
Blast her not with Burka rags.
She's here to bring the bodies back,
To stuff them in her zippered sack;
The fallen boys caked in the sun,
The opened mouth, so strangely young;
And as she gathers, she'll retreat;
She's not here to rule your dusty street,
Oh silent Burka let's be frank,
You move in crowds a secret tank
With explosive wrapped around your chest,
You hate these invaders from the West,
And while she may be infidel,
She has a mission to fulfill:
To gather up the flesh and bones,
And with dignity to bare them home;
She rids your land of their pollution,
To kill her is the wrong solution;
She bares the proof that war is wrong,
Let her return, her body strong,
Not blinded missing arm and leg,
You're someone's daughter, of thee I beg.

David McLansky

Poem To Dale On The Block

If I could bare
The love of one
Who loved by half
And not be undone,
Then I'd choose you
Of all the rest
Who love by half
And be half blessed

David McLansky

Poem To Elaine

Some will say I was purely your invention.
That I wrote not the words which from my fingers' flowed,
That my name linked with my own works deserve no mention,
That you are the source to which my words are owed.
There is some truth that lies within this lie,
For you are the spark that relit my wavering flame
Without you I might have even died,
For without you I would have writ in vain;
Therefore sweet girl, I dedicate these words to you,
You are the hand that cupped my flickering candle,
You are the one who often nursed me through,
The despair that whipped my soul and left me mangled;
You are the Muse who always remained true.

David McLansky

Poem To Michael's Girlfriend

Approaching evening
Between the branches and the gray green leaves
Big Sad Eyes and a small mouth
Hardly big enough to push a cherry through;
A flowing mane of tresses - blended red, gold, and brown;
You stand innocent, protected by your eyes
As they vacate and stammer;
Soft night gypsy of the forest wood
The liquid spells of earth are in your eyes
And the forest is a bed leaf gray
Nestling down to sleep;
Birds call in the darkness
And the cricket sounds the guard
Across the forest floor;
Gypsy woman
You are no more

David McLansky

Poem To Valerie

I am heartened by your reply,
Honesty is so important,
E-Harmony poetry is worth a try
It's better than laying dormant.
I just checked with my wife,
She approved my verbal dabble;
She assures me if I get out of line,
Why then she'd use the paddle;
I read in your poetry a true sense of devotion
How splendidly you express yourself
With the rhythm of the ocean.

David McLansky

Poetic Mornings

How extraordinary it is to sit in the quiet of the morning light,
Reading the poetic creations
Of my friends from around this vast globe, While sipping orange juice poured
over ice..
How extraordinary to find fine minds of delicate thoughts, brave hearts who
share my compulsion to scatter word creations to a world of strangers.

David McLansky

Pope Pius XII

He sought to protect the Church's wealth
His silence was a form of stealth
He turned a deaf ear to the cries
Of dying Jews whom he despised.

Was Jesus in a state of shock
When He put His hand upon "this rock, '
And built His church upon this man
Who denied Him thrice in Roman hands

In His omniscience did He not foresee
The sad coming tale of misery
And that the Vicar of the Church of Christ
Would deny the Holocaust more than thrice?

David McLansky

Porcelain Doll

From a lacquered cabinet
She takes a knife,
It's polished steel
Burnished bright,
She holds the knife
Above her head
And steps in mincing
Slippered tread;
She slides the bolt
To the stairs,
Her eyes are calm,
She feels prepared,
And slowly opens the
Cellar door
And grimly steps
Down stairs to floor;
She sees a trail
Of drops of red,
She softly steps
To where it's led:
A mound of clothes
Upon the floor,
A gust of wind
Slams the door;
Which makes the mound
To her surprise
Stagger up and start
To rise;
She stabs the demon
Mummified,
And as she stabs
The monster dies;

She steps outside
The bungalow,
The horizon clouds
Are hanging low;
They block the sun
High in the sky,

She's killed the man
She meant to die;
The sea gulls circle
Above the beach,
They taunt her deed
Though out of reach;
Her dress of gingham
Calico
Is stained with blood
From head to toe,
She steps into
The slate grey water
And lets the ocean
Current caught her;
A perfect face
Of porcelain
Slips below
The surface rim;
The sea gulls circle
In the sky,
How empty sound
Their mocking cry.

David McLansky

Prayers For Kay

'I don't want to die, ' she sighed,
An old woman with a look of fear,
Making friends at 84,
Afraid she'd disappear;

We were neighbors on th hillside road
She resided at the top;
Last year her husband had died in bed;
She explained, 'His heart just stopped.'

We climbed the road many a time
In that chilly, breezy Spring;
She met us at her outer door,
Motioning, 'Please come in.'

She was glad to have the company,
She offered cake and beer,
'Take what you want, I don't care, '
With an effort of good cheer.

We met her son, the youngest one,
She had babied through the years,
He was glad to have the company,
He was said to live quite near.

He was angry at his dear old Mom,
He needed thousands for a car,
He yelled at her as if she was dumb;
She sighed, too old to spar.

She hobbled as she rose to walk
An unsteady, shuffling gate.
He grew impatient with her talk,
'You always make me wait.'

We took her to the pharmacy,
When her son refused,
She queried us about our car,
Could she buy one used?

We saw the fly car go up the hill,
The ambulance followed soon,
We feared she had an accident,
The bright day turned to gloom.

The mailman found her on the road
She had fallen, hit her head,
Her hands were covered dark with blood,
Her forehead gashed, she bled.

They took her to the hospital,
She had bleeding in the brain;
She knew the year, but not her age,
Alone too long she'd lain.

She was taken into surgery,
To mend her bleeding brain
'84 is still too young to die, '
Was her last refrain;

God take this woman in your care
And ease her fear and pain,
And may she be too young to die
And may her son buy her a cane.

David McLansky

Proposal To DiJuana

I'm sure that you would quite agree,
Death is best at twenty-three;
For beauty arrives at true perfection
Before this age upon reflection;
The skin is pure and wrinkle free,
The body moves so naturally;
The teeth are white, the eyes are bright,
The hair is soft, the breasts upright;
The limbs are strong and flexible,
The lips are soft, delectable;
The mind's naive and curious,
The hormones fresh and furious;
Before this age, youth never tires,
So let's set this limit to expire;
No long lists of aches and pains,
No misteps to doubt, explain;
No more worries about our pensions,
No obsessions beyond comprehension;
Now I confess to twenty-two;
My jaunty Miss, how old are you?

David McLansky

Putin Kiev, Peasant Style

Let's put a bounty on Putin's head
This smug, stocky, dictator, so well fed;
His crime: he thinks that he knows best;
Ukrainians will not be allowed to face West;

Let's put him in a chicken coop
With barbed wire on the top fence looped;
Let him chase the hens clucking in retreat;
Fabrege eggs dropping at his feet;

This man/boy pouts, power is sweet
Lubyanka cellars are so discreet;
These bloody riots leave bodies in the street
Fireworks are an Olympic treat.

One day he'll be cooked in a ceramic pot
Plucked by a peasant that this Czar forgot;
The rooster baked to feed the poor;
This bird who thinks he's a wild boar

David McLansky

Pygmalion

Such an Artist was Pygmalion,
Aye there's a tale
To dwell upon,
A carver of ivory, clay, and bronze
Of whom no woman could be fond;
For who would love a man of dust,
Obsessed with Art that fed his lust,
A man who worshipped woman's form
A gloomy man, morose, forlorn;
A lonely sculptor in ancient days;
He caressed the lines he wrought in clay,
To worship human female flesh
With pure proportions, to be obsessed
To create in Art what was unborn:
A woman of a perfect form;
The polished statues that he made
And sold reluctant in his trade,
With so much love were they wrought
That with the buyer he often fought;
And so he developed a bad name,
Many thought he was insane;
He caressed his statues like a lover,
How shyly he would pull their covers;
To run his hands across a breast,
To feel the coldness of her chest;
To stroke the arms and the hips,
To kiss the hardness of the lips;
Aphrodite moved by bathos,
Took pity on this man of Paphos,
And in a dream spoke to him,
And granted him his very whim:
That in his very next work of Art
She would come alive and give her heart;
Startled he rose from his bed,
The vision filled him with dread;
The very next statue carved
Would be she for whom he starved;
How busily he cleaned his tools,
Reviewing all he learned in school;

What measurements, what ripe proportions,
He could not allow the least distortion;
He would fashion a goddess formed
From callous hands, their joints deformed,
He built an armature of gold,
And bought the purest ivory sold;
He carved, and smoothed, and gently fashioned
What for him had been a life time passion;
He carved the skin's soft undulations,
With every touch he felt sensations;
His loneliness would soon be gone,
A perfect beauty to dote upon;
With lapis lazuli he set the eyes
How they would gaze on him and prize;
How artfully he formed the breast
That would yield to him in soft caress;
How perfectly he formed the thighs
And as he did he heard a sigh,
The Gods looked down with certain wonder,
Apollo burned and Zeus loosed thunder;
And as he carved the pinky toes
A blush of red slowly arose
In the white along the shins,
He saw the mutation there begin,
What was bone hard he saw turn soft
He marveled as it moved aloft;
And then she turned and moved her head
He scraped her toe and there she bled,
And stepping from her pedestal
Her movements stiff, mechanical,
She clasped him in her perfect arms
And smothered him with all her charms.
He named this beauty Galatee,
And showed her off for all to see;
In his Art he had formed a creature
Who out shown the Gods in every feature

But the Gods looked down from their high place
And saw the pride shown in his face;
"Why should he enjoy such perfection
And their anger grew at each inspection;
He had fashioned such an exquisite mate

That Zeus' jealousy soon turned to hate
And sent a bolt of lightening down
That threw Pygmalion to the ground;
And when Pygmalion tried to rise
His limbs turned stiff to his surprise'
His muscles burned like molten lead
His arms were iron, all movement fled;
He fought to rise using all his will
But to his amazement his arms lay still;
He tried to curl his lifeless knees,
But they lay stone-like as in a freeze;
He felt his body turn to brass
As if with molten metal cast;
There at the feet of his creation
His body lay with no sensation;
Paralyzed, his body bronzed,
Henceforth no movement summoned on.
In vain he tried to move his legs,
He cursed, he yelled, he cried, he begged;
But the jealous Gods heard not his pleas
And left him a statue at Galatea's knees.

David McLansky

Quaker Churchyard Rain

A little mark
To say we lived,
A scratch upon a stone,
A barren note of
Birth and death,
A buried batch of bones;
The grace, the beauty,
The sparkling wit,
The places we have roamed,
Extinguished, evanesced, untraced
In cold and cobbled loam.

David McLansky

Queen Elaine Of Canada

The Duke and Duchess
Bill and Kate
Were standing outside
Elaine's Estate.
They stuck their noses
Through the grate
But Queen Elaine still
Made them wait;

I guess it was
Noblesse Oblige
While The Royal Palace
Was Under siege
The Queen was out
Pulling weeds
In her garden
Planting seeds
Dragging bags
Of mulch and feed;

Our gracious Queen
Did at last demure
She donned her socks
Of bear skin furs
And with a face
Both sweet and pure,
Went down to greet them
At her door

David McLansky

Queen Gertrude

Queen Gertrude

Is it crass of me to say
That a woman has her needs
As she walks she gently sways
But her lust is not appeased;

How often I'd sat upon his bed
Waiting for a sign
But his appetites were cold and dead;
But I was not resigned;

With all the antics of the court,
The flirting and carousing,
Why was my carnal reign so short
Why was he past arousing.

I tried all the wanton bedtime tricks
Red hose and belts and garters,
Like a tinker I showed my wares
But he could not be bothered;

I had done my duty giving him a son
An heir that was a jewel;
After that he thought his jousting done
He gave me a widow's tool;

Each night he came to our cold bed
Drunken eyes employed;
Angry at my woman's tricks
Foul mouthed and frank annoyed;

I often think of his dead Fool,
Who fathered his great son,
The product of a desperate tryst,
Yorick was such fun;

But a Lady caught him serving me

Behind a bedpost curtain;
And protective of His legacy,
Yorick's end was certain;

They said he fell from a high wall
While dancing antic tricks
He leapt and fell a hundred feet
And missed a stuffed hayrick;

I saw a King could kill a fool
Who crowned him with worn horns;
But a brother could not be so disposed of
With a gentle well-timed shove;

So I gaily laughed and danced and played
Giving kin my ungloved hand,
Who kissed the sweat from heated palms,
And hinted of later charms.

This iceberg king of snow bound lands
Came drunken to my bed
He reminded me he was king and man
He must have drunk a keg.

He squeezed my breasts and mounted me
With a feeble, disjointed member,
But the fires that burned so long ago
Were now ashes and grey embers.

He rolled away and bid his fool
To entertain the Queen,
He pulled the drapes down on my head,
And choked me till I screamed.

The servants saved me from sure death
As he grabbed me by the throat
I gasped and struggled for each breath
As I hammered at his coat.

At last I threw him off of me
He was wheezing, out of breath,
He stumbled to an anteroom

And collapsed upon a chest.

That day he called me, "harlot, whore, "
And railed against my son;
He beat him till his arms were sore
And Hamlet learned to run.

To protect my son I plotted with
The King's ambitious brother
To whom I gave full warrantee,
And became his secret lover.

Claudius poured a lethal brew
Into his brother's ear
Was the poison false or true
I waited with mounting fear;

How I mourned, with what solemnity
I in my widow's gowns,
How I bucked and carried him,
How he longed to wear the crown.

I married him within a month
It was a scandal to the court;
The funeral feast became a wedding feast;
My mourning proved so short.

How happy is fair Elsinore
The King and Queen are wed
The radiance from their marriage bed
Is joyously wide spread....

David McLansky

Queen Of Empty Spaces

Safely she looks
Down
Upon us
From her parapet
A Queen
Looking for a Regent Prince;
She is no gypsy girl
Offering her soul
Between candles
On a cherry wood
Floor;
So live in torment
Unwed mother
Pace your castle halls
Queen of empty spaces
While some wet-eyed
Gypsy
Pulls me down
And calls me King of Hearts

David McLansky

Raptor Xmas

Before pinning down
Their breakfast treat,
Raptors always
Wash their feet;
Mankind 's best
When served still young,
Stuffed into a sugar bun;
Especially when reared on corn;
A toothsome treat: the just new born,
Roasted on a charcol grill,
Having just been freshly killed.

This year the table was abuzz
How Xmas almost wasn't was;
A clever raptor scientist
Had said a comet had just missed;
Only insects would have survived
So this Einstein theorized;
A nasty hiss went round the table;
Such a gruesome ill-timed fable.

David McLansky

Reflections On Theodore, Franklyn, Eleanor And Me.

i was a Freshman Friday night in Night School
Who wandered the Student Union intent on mischief and misrule;
My short History Professor graciously beckoned me
Asking me to join him and Eleanor for tea.

Sometimes the end does justify the means
You can do good in your Machiavellian schemes;
You can have ethics to which you can stand fast
You can do good that your life outlast.

Where do we get these giants that spring from the earth
That stir our souls with wonder, tears and mirth;
Who are tireless working night and day
Who are so judicious in what they do and say.

Who have the discipline to refocus when tragedy stills their hand
Which makes them sway and swoon as they promote their plan;
And being human have needs that tarnish reputations
A complex needs for love that requires no explanation.

David McLansky

Remember Me As I Was Was

Remember me as I was
Not by this molting flesh
Time has scouraged with despair
Ill-used beyond repair
Once this brow and blushing cheek
Would radiate with light
That the evening lamp would dance with moths
Chaperoned by delight.

David McLansky

Remember Me In Your Pain

Remember me in your pain
When you call out for help in vain;
When illness rots your cells inside,
When blood does bruise your proud thick hide;
Remember me as you limp,
When muscles swell and tear and crimp;
When your vision's hazed and you cannot see,
In those days, then think of me;
For in your ruthless arrogance,
When I was weak without defence,
You tortured me with a look so snide
And mocked my anguish as I cried;
When you call out from your unmade bed,
When your hunger insists that you be fed,
When you've soiled yourself and cannot rise,
When you limply lay by all despised;
In your panic and rush of fear,
Sensing that the end is near,
In your contorted, pained grimace;
Remember me, ... see my face.

David McLansky

Remembrance Of Poems Past

This uncertain world that we inhabit
Has the staying power of a rabbit
Who poses perfect in a shade
With nervous sniffing in the glade.

And just when we have her picture framed,
Reveals her tension and the strain
And bolts across the forest floor,
And then is gone and seen no more;

Yes we had that perfect time,
(Were we not clever exchanging rhymes?)
But the wind did stiffen and stirred a breeze,
And off you scampered amid the trees

David McLansky

Response To Brooklyn

The relief that someone is worse
Is brief when played in reverse:
Those richer and wiser,
The Pulitzer prizer,
Comparatively make me feel cursed.

David McLansky

Restored Poems

: Answering A Poet's Caught Between Worlds

A deer tick
On a human skin
Has no choice
But burrows in;
It feeds on blood
Which nourishes,
And when it feeds
It flourishes;
Thus life prepared
To widely feed
Finds many homes
To fulfill its needs;
And plants its seed
In many soils
While narrow souls
Are often foiled.

Love Seed

I shook a seed from out your book,
A dried and wrinkled pit;
I placed it in my breakfast nook,
And sunned and watered it.

It sprung a plant of leaf and vine
That curled along the glass;
It wrung my heart with curlicues,
It spoke of love bypassed.

How strange that plants
Grow to the light
While love retreats
With sun in sight.

Evolution

A shrewdness of Apes,
Unresigned to their fate,
Made their escape,
Climbed over the gate;
At the bus stop
They sit and wait.

The Grave Digger

The air was dank
In the old church yard
The stained glass windows
Dark with grill-work barred.
The moon was smoked
By the rising fog,
As tilted grave stones
Sunk in the bog.

A shovel clanked against
A new grave stone,
A flash light shone
And a figure moaned,
Caught in the beam
Of the rays of light,
Stood a haggard man
With blinded sight.

Said the Officer
On foot patrol
In a crisp harsh voice
Both sharp and droll,
'Put down that shovel
And come over here;
What are you some kind of
Necro-queer.
Step away from the grave
And into the light,
Move it Igor

I don't have all night.'

'This is not what it seems,
Officer... er..McCue,
I was havng bad dreams
And I was wondering who
Was spooking me so,
So I got my shovel
And this rusted hoe,
And I thought, well, er,
Well, you know,
I'd dig her up,
My old girlfriend, I mean,
And ask her why
She was haunting my dreams.
I mean what if she's really
Not dead down there,
Stuck in the box
And gasping for air.
So I thought I'd just dig
And take a peek.
I'm no Dr. Frankenstein
Freak.
I'm just a guy
Trying to get some
Sleep.'

There they stood
In the old church yard
In the weeds and wood,
Behind the black fence barred,
Amid the graves with their
Tilted stones,
In the dank moonlight,
How the flashlight shone.

Said Office McCue
Into his radio phone,
'Phil send a car,
Don't come alone.
We got that weirdo
Who was digging up graves.

What's his a story?
You'll be amazed.'

Sea Grass

The sea grass waves its sea of green,
It shakes its hair now combed and clean;
Here we pressed the sea grass down,
So far away, the steepled town:
And though we did as lovers do,
It wasn't me who ran from you;
Now we pass in village streets;
I kissed those lips that smile discreet.

\

David McLansky

Reunion

Time has etched our handsome faces
Our lives have run their separate races;
Once in youth we tried romance
And found we failed that sacred dance;

Unencumbered as we might be,
Can we two merge our histories?
Thirty years, you're still insane;
Thirty years, you've nothing learned

David McLansky

Riff Onat The Request Of My Students While Teaching Wordsworth's..Daffodils

Riff onAt The Request Of My Students While Teaching Wordsworth's..Daffodils

Shall the teacher be led
By students fresh and young
Can wisdom be fed
While having so much fun

Let's take off all our clothes
And dance up on the hill
Whip me with flowers
Those bright daffodils

All those bobbing genitals'
So many circum sized
So many big breasted girls
Bouncing with surprise.

And so many of my pupils
So inventive in their play
I thought they had more scruples
So many of them gay;

In dark rooms I will lay
In a future poor and drear
Fired by the Chairman
Not knowing he was queer

David McLansky

Riff For Gajanan Mishra

Oh Empress with your haughty brow
Your lips compress with a slight scowl
Each eye looks to read your will
But you stand erect poised and still;

YOUR FINGER TIPS have dragon nails
Your brocade robe stitched with pearls
You stand a statue, proud and regal
A prisoner of your humble people

David McLansky

Riff On Sue Ann Simar's 'I Awoke In A Casket'

I awoke in a casket
At my own wake
I was wrapped in a basket,
Was there some mistake?

After class in night school,
I stumbled in here,
I sat on a bar stool
And ordered a beer

'The brown foamy stuff? '
Asked the man at the bar
And offered a puff.
From his wet chewed cigar,

A waitress came by
And gave me a hickey
In a small shot of rye
She slipped me a mickey;

Cramped in tight quarters
In a fresh pine wood box
Lamented my daughters
"He's wearing white sox."

I mixed up my French
When requesting a beer,
The bilingual wench
Thought I said "bier."

David McLansky

Riff On A Fellow Poet's Query: What's Wrong With Some Women?

In olden days you paid a fine
Confusing those who were not thine;
The shapely wife of your best friend
Has genetically a different end:
She merely wants to diversify,
And so she does it with a lie;
Unless of course she calls thee thou
And in doing so she breaks a vow.

David McLansky

Riff On A Jack Growden Poem 'Lament'

The attendance at his funeral
Came as some surprise;
He was more popular than we had thought
The Deacon had surmised;

This simple man of dignity
Delivered hot meals to the poor;
Embarrassed by their gratitude
He stood shyly at their door;

At first report of fire
He rushed bravely to the scene
A dog that had expired
He gave mouth-to-mouth it seems.

He served hot meals to the homeless
On Christmas and Thanksgiving;
He preferred to remain anonymous
While others praised the living;

What a loss to the community
He was the human glue
That cemented all our lives
A good heart tried and true.

David McLansky

Riff On A River Poet

Had I been a river poet
Afloat the whim of currents fresh
Aspin in eddies free in movement
Awash in ripples headed West,

My head upturned to the stars
My hands like fins waving free
Oh the words I would have spoken
Oh the gifts endowed in me.

But I'm a creature of the land
Wetted by the perfume rain
Who skulks about, a mist drenched man
Who cannot float free of his stain

David McLansky

Riff On A Senorita's Poem

English being
Your second language
I do excuse
Your poetic
Enterprise,
Although your rich
Non sequiturs
Come with
Some surprise;
Your lines
Drip down
As honey
From a comb;
Unless of course
They speak like
That at home

David McLansky

Riff On A Walk On A Scottish Beach

Proof of Life

The detritus and flotsam of the scouring sea
The roiling mountains of the collapsing scree;
Litters the oceans rolling towards me,
Splinters of wood, crushed cups of coffee.

Plastic bottles roll on the sand,
After the journey they finally land
They pile up as garbage on the once pure white strand
Archeological proof of the existence of man.

David McLansky

Riff On Allen Steble's 'There's A Fire Burning In My Eyes's

There's a ember glowing in my eyes
That flickers in the chill
A light that threatens soon to die
If it were not for my will.

Your breath of love flows across my face
And drops a silent tear
Fearful that a sudden wind
Will make me disappear;

Yet that coal burns in my eye
Beneath a skin of ash,
Alive and trying not to die,
To be extinguished at the last;

My love tells me to please hold on
My eye blazes with desire
What will you do when I am gone
And my yearning soul expired?

You will live on as widows do
Remembering loving days
Recalling my burning love of you
Through a smoky haze.

David McLansky

Riff On Andrew Latham's Lamenting Angels

She kissed me ever so tenderly
Upon my lips and said to me,
"Last night before I went to sleep
I thought I heard the Angels weep;
A voice as one, a choral moan
Of beings other than our own
Which reverberated around the room;
Which echoed as if in a tomb;
I could not see them but I knew
Their hearts were broken, split in two
As to why they cried, I cannot say,
They sang in moans 'till break of day.
And then no more was given vent;
The sobbing ceased, the air was spent;
I wonder what tonight shall bring
And who the subject of such lamenting? '

David McLansky

Riff On Belfast Dave's Guinness Is Good For You

□

Porter is a drink
I can do without
Even with a fancy name
Like Irish Guinness Stout;
Poured into a tall glass
It looks like struggling worms,
Taken fast or taken slow
The barley mud still burns.

David McLansky

Riff On Birches By Robert Frost

I too have been a swinger of birches
I have climbed those snow lent limbs
In my childhood adventure searches;
My careful ascent proving this no idle whim.
At the summit of my quest
I have paused to scan the horizon;
Traditionally, I always looked to the west,
A fact that some may find surprising,
The mountain skyline air heaving in my chest,
And then grasping a branch, I would launch out;
Kicking my feet out into the sky;
As I fell I would twist and look about;
Fearless, not believing I could die.
The ice along the branches crystal as they shatter;
Spikes of silver raining all around
I would fall amidst the sparkling clatter,
Gently settling on a snowy mound.

i was a boy then, swinging out of trees,
Now I am old, the tree line a dim blur;
I also have this pain in both my knees
Whether climbing pine or douglas fir

David McLansky

Riff On Blackbird's Causality

Restless for the face of God,
Self-conscious of our rise from sod;
Life cannot be so cold, perverse,
Mere pond scum on the fractious earth;
Life cannot be so demeaning
That we awake without meaning;
We hear the echo of our thoughts
Back from space probes we have wrought;
An empty ping that we've contrived
In search of someone else alive;
In the bubble universe
That inflates without reverse,
As all the blazing stars burn out,
We're left in darkness with our doubts?

David McLansky

Riff On Blackbird's Comment On Plants On My Grave

With my body in decay
My elements in disarray,
My chemicals will be utilized
Like nitrogen to fertilize
Dandelions and other weeds
To scatter me as airborne seeds.

David McLansky

Riff On Bruce's Post Card Love Affairs

A Note from Post Mistress MacLean:

I don't mean to sound
Just like the Dutch
But would it trouble you
Oh so much
To mail your post cards
In an envelope?
Our Postal Workers
Interlope;
They read out loud
And often quote
Your love lines
To women who upon you dote;
We're a lonely breed
Who like to read,
But your manly need
Can exceed,
The boundaries of
Propriety;
So please use
An envelope;
It's a lonely job
We barely cope.

David McLansky

Riff On Colleen Courtney's Love Without Sex

Oh poet you much perplex
To join our hearts without sex;
Sex is an enhancer that magnifies
The Book of Love, oh cold romancer;

Do you expect me to lay with head in lap
And read the New York Times
While I could with a twist and snap;
Undrape your charms divine

And as your breasts hang, loose above
My parted waiting lips,
Come nurture me my emboldened love
I promise I'll be quick.

But why must I hurry, oh dangling fruit
As I do the crossword puzzle;
Your nipples are a fine pursuit
As I squeeze them as I nuzzle.

Come put your breasts within my maw
Unhook your bulging lace
We break no human sacred law,
Come wave them in my face.

David McLansky

Riff On Come Dance Wiiiith Me

Come lift your hand
And cross the air
And join to mine
We are a pair;
And twist about
And pirouette,
I am a fulcrum
On the net;
And dance with me
Across the land
Your grace has style
Across the span
You dip,
I bow,
I stand,
You move,
As dancers,
We can
Yet improve.

David McLansky

Riff On David Lewis Paget's Fine 'The Mudlarks'

Bad Cess

It's said to be
Bad cess, bad luck
To rob a suicide;
To steal her chains
And ruby rings
After she has died;
The wealth found
In her dress pockets,
The copper coins and things
On her lapels the golden locket,
Her diamond stone earrings;
In life they brought no lasting joy,
No lasting happiness
Her life ended in the mud
Such was her distress;
So leave those bodies
The Thames wash up
Along it's oily shore,
In the slimy, fetid muck,
Tide battered bruised and sore.

David McLansky

Riff On Death Comes Knocking

Death knocked on my door last night,
I opened up the door,
I sighing to exhale my fright,
"Is it me you're looking for? "

I confessed my sins
And welcomed him
And bid him please step in,
He checked his list
In bony fist;
(His eyes so hard and grim.)

I sighed to leave
This mortal life
For death's eternal shore;
I eyed the summons,
Said, "I ain't coming;
You meant the guy next door."

That night I went out to a bar
And brought a woman home;
I locked the door and shut the drapes
And then unplugged the phone.

David McLansky

Riff On Diane Hines Cretaceous Squirrels

Turn forgotten acorns into
Methane Gas
And remember sweetly
This too will pass

David McLansky

Riff On Diane Hines, To Love A Tree

I cling to your rough bark
And feel you sway glad of the dark,
I note the wideness of your girth
You've put on weight since your birth;

We are the victim of a prank,
Can I be honest with you and frank,
I loved you better in human form,
I clasp your trunk and grind and mourn.

Zeus was taken by you beauty
You scorned him mindful of your duty
Faithful to your marriage vows,
So he transformed you into a cow;

And as a bull he tried to mount
You from the back, your haunches stout,
So you squatted down on your udders
And suggested he seek another,

And in a rage, in a lightening storm
Once more he transformed your chaste form
And turned you into a beechnut tree
Which saved your honor but frustrates me

David McLansky

Riff On DiJuana's Giving Names

I gave my children
Middle names
Of people
Who had climbed
To fame,
Out of the fog
Of history books,
Which remains obscure
Since no one looks;
But in these names
I prophesized
Where to them
Their future lies;
And sad am I
For now I see
They lived up to
Their history.

David McLansky

Riff On DiJuana's Poem On Anais Nin

Anais Nin
Kept her husband banker
On the side
While she did hanker
After freedom
And all it's delights
But was sure
To return
Before daylight;
Proving the rich
Lack the courage
Ever to have to
Scrounge and forage.

David McLansky

Riff On Dr. Aggarwal's 'The Battered Wife.'

The pretty girl
With the battered face
Who swept the empty halls;
Her head bent low
In her disgrace
As she heard
My sharp footfalls;
When love can ball
And form a fist
And smash those fragile cheeks,
What love's so weak
What heart's so frail,
To bruise that skin so pale.

David McLansky

Riff On Eileen's Tempting Mistress

I see the laughter in your eyes,
Your mockery, your subtle lies;
You use seduction as a tool,
Taunting men to play the fool;

But time will dent your radiance,
Your leer, your flash, will lose brilliance;
This art you used to lead, command;
Will be effaced by Time's cruel hand;

Then with your beauty in decay,
Having stored no love away;
You'll scrub the floors and keep things tidy,
In the temple of Aphrodite.

David McLansky

Riff On Eileen's Twin Souls

I knew something
Was lacking there;
You were so listless,
My beauty fair;
An evil witch
Split you in two,
What should I do
In lieu of you?
One solution:
A menage a trois;
Between the two of you,
Do you wear one bra?
Two women
Who share
The same taste in clothes;
What a problem
Does that impose!
Two half dead bodies
In my bed;
Two lethargic zombies
Have I wed;
Two cooks to scramble
Six breakfast eggs,
I'd get lost
Between all those legs.

David McLansky

Riff On Ely Funky Boots' Rare Flower

Don't fault me that I have another,
You share me with another lover;
Don't fault yourself, you satisfy,
Still in another's arms I'll lie;
Does all the world lay in your arms?
Do you encompass all it's charms?
Your conversation's entertaining
But is there nothing left remaining?
I do not seek to so encumber
That you be all without a number,
And though I love you on your back
You cannot be all that I lack;
For you be one within this world;
There's such a lovely sum of girls.
9: 05 AM

David McLansky

Riff On Emily Martin's 'Crush.'

Your love was like a rivulet
Running to the sea
Dribbling down an islet
That splashed my toe and knee;

For while it captivated
It ran so fresh and free,
I stood in it, I hesitated
Could I let it wash me?

Your love flowed like a streaming trickle
Between the pebble rocks
My foot dammed it and caused a ripple
It hardly soaked my socks.

I want my love to be a river
That sweeps me through the gorge
That raises goose bumps as I shiver
As to the sea it pours

David McLansky

Riff On Eustacia's Gypsy

Pass my palm with a coin of gold
I'll tell you what the future holds;
I see your life-line cruelly broken,
Quickly, offer up a token;
Love is trying to make its way
To your heart but turns away;
Appease the spirit with a coin
So past and future can be joined;
Your money gets in the way
And halts your progress every day;
Here put your money in this sack
We'll get the Devil off your back;
See it burn in the fire;
The Devil's gone, I must retire.

David McLansky

Riff On Finney's Loons

We sit upon the tethered dock
The lapping waters makes it rock
My son and I sit in the dark
The ripples casting silver sparks;

How peaceful is the black lagoon,
The darkness pierced by calling loons;
Are they calling for their mate?
We scan the darkness, in silence wait;

There is peace between father & son.
Shoulder to shoulder we sit as one;
As the boy grows older we will be at odds
No longer will I be a God

I'll grow feeble as he grows strong
He'll think he's right and that I'm wrong
He'll mock and scorn my weird opinions
Over him I'll hold no dominion.

But for the moment we sit at peace
The oarlocks groaning needing grease
Frogs belch and boom beneath the moon
While in the darkness glides the loon

David McLansky

Riff On Gagnan Mishra's I Only Need

I only need the sun and you,
And perhaps the mist of rain
And a draft of mountain air
As it sweeps across the plain;

David McLansky

Riff On Gajanan Mishra Poem, 'Wife Is Trouble; Shoot Her.'

Riff on gajanan mishra poem, 'Wife is trouble; shoot her.'

The problem of writing poetry
In a foreign tongue:
You tend to misconstrue the meaning
Whence inspiration's sprung;

I cite your poem drawn from life
As a living example
The guy wants you to shoot his wife,
His desperation ample;

Like Hitchcock's 'Strangers on a Train'
He wants you to bump her off,
His truncated clear refrain.
'Do mine, I'll do yours, ' whispered through a cough

'This way you'll have an alibi
While the deed is done
Protected by a double lie;
Don't forget to ditch the gun.'

There's a guy out there in the grassy rubble,
Taking a bead upon your wife;
If you think she's worth the trouble,
Try and save her life.

David McLansky

Riff On Gajanan Mishra True Poem

In that time
When Poetry is coming to me
What is the shape
What is the size
Who is there to say
I am okay
As I desire;

How many poems have I written?
Who is there to explain it from the beginning?
Who is there to question and to ponder?
Only poetry can be enjoyed like the sight of a gazelle;
No one is here to judge
Only poetry can answer poetry.

I have eyes, I can see;
I have ears, I can hear;
I have hands but what can I offer?
Nothing, Nothing, Nothing, answers the sky,
And it is echoing in the air in the life
And in the timeless sentences
You are uttering, not uttering,
My dear

David McLansky

Riff On Gajanan Mishra's 'Girl'

Demon Girl
Keeper of the Flame
In your shimmering sheath
You move naked without shame;
Your perfect lips are silent
You glide on bejeweled feet
Along the columns' line,
Amid the torches flickering sweep
How your golden body shines
Self-conscious that you are divine

David McLansky

Riff On Gajanan Mishra's Drama Style

I hear the children calling me,
Do I have a sweet to give?
Candy to delight their eyes
Surprised that they still live;

Try to arouse a Child's pure smile
With a Hershey chocolate bar
Who saw his friend crushed under tiles
Then flung into the stars.

David McLansky

Riff On Gajanan Mishra's Fine Poem: 'Of Human Bondage.'

The man who has a slave
Is easily debased
For who deserves the praise
When his lineage is traced?

His children born of rape
Submission on the bed
Humiliation in the eyes
Filled with fear and dread;

His soul exposed corrupt
Lacking discipline
Reputation soiled abrupt
A Self diseased by sin;

The worker in the field
Becomes his path to wealth
Whipped with barbs of steel
Accused of sloth and stealth;

The mighty Jefferson
Who wrote of Human Rights
Had daughters and black sons
Conceived by rape at night.

David McLansky

Riff On Gajanan Mishra's 'No Friend'

Do not despair old friend,
Although my friendship is new,
I will gather you up
In cupped hands,
Dust from the plans of India,
I will gather you up
And toss you into the blowing winds,
High into the air
And seed you into the clouds
With a joyous shout
Launch your dust into the whirlwinds of the earth,
To spread your fame,
In celebration of your words,
Your name.

David McLansky

Riff On Gajanan Mishra's The Poet In Decline

I am dying every minute
My soul is slipping away
I cannot stop life's progression
I cannot halt my own decay;

My poetry lays in cartons
Stacked in boxes in my room
My history of failed loving
Dusty echoes in my doom;

My muscles grow more rigid
Self conscious of the pain
I fear the loss of movement
Yet how I've moved in vain

David McLansky

Riff On Hope At The Dentiist

Open wide,
Wider Dear
My oh my,
What have we here?
Oh it's bad,
Just as I feared;
Don't you brush?
Don't you floss?
Root canal
Can really cost;
How good are you
At standing pain?
It's extra for
The Novacaine.

David McLansky

Riff On Ima Ryma's One Last Gift

This is the clerk at New Windsor FedEx,
About your package wrapped with your ex,
You used a cheap brand of masking tape,
The sticky stuff was out of date
And the wrap you used: his peeled skin
Started to come off from groin to chin,
Could you not send him UPS,
We're having some trouble with his address.
Might we suggest using crazy glue,
And for the address: a two tone tattoo

David McLansky

Riff On Ima Rym's Lovely And Clever Penguins

Penguins lined as dominoes,
Standing stiffly in the snow,
Wobbling to stand upright,
To warm their eggs tucked out of sight;
An evil pilot flying high
Dipped his wings when passing by;
Setting off a wild cascade
Guinness Records broke that day

David McLansky

Riff On Jesus James Llorico's Old Woman

I told Eve not to eat that pear.
She regarded me in silence with that stare
Jealous of my rule, my sovereign reign;
A creature who was foolish and quite vain;

Not content to live a life carefree,
She dared to acquire the powers claimed by me;
To assume the burden of my world of wisdom
When all she had to do to make sure Adam come

A born coward she insisted he taste the fruit;
An easy mark, their guilt beyond dispute;
The bitter flesh opened up their eyes,
They discovered they wee naked to their surprise.

Her punishment to labor and grow old
To know the pain of birth, of heat and cold;
I was lenient in the punishment I devised;
Her husband, her Lord, when expelled from paradise

David McLansky

Riff On John McCullough's Fine Personal Calls

Oh telemarketer besiege my soul
Call me now as I grow old
I no longer can stand the silence
I have relied too much on self-reliance.

So call me and sell me your unneeded product
How its return of pleasure will be erotic
That what I never knew I really needed,
Will bring rewards expectations exceeded.

I sit with pleasure phone on speaker,
Glad to hear the girl from Topeka,
So friendly, concerned about my failing health,
Selling me by cordial stealth.

Are my vitamin needs being met?
Am I juicing daily with tumeric?
Have I heard of the miracle of copper bands?
The relief it brings to wrist and hands?

I particularly enjoy the pill pitch for sex,
The Indian girl must read from a text,
I keep her talking long on the phone,
I'm so lonely living all alone.

David McLansky

Riff On Julie Prince And Princess

Julie's Ransom Note

My oil Sheik
Omar Shariff
Drove me in his jeep
To Al-Kaliq;

I am Princess
Number five
On camel milk
I survive;

I think he's tired
Of me now;
He'll trade me for
A goat or cow.

Behind those velvet eyes
Was someone barmy;
Learning Arabic;
Send the U.S. Army

David McLansky

Riff On Julie's Cerebral Adultery

Lock up all your husband folks,
Julie's on the prowl;
Testing them with little pokes,
Making them her pal;
She says she's baking manna bread
Unmixed with yeast or leaven,
But when they rise up in her bed,
They always point to heaven.

David McLansky

Riff On Julie's Frayed Harvard T-Shirt

Message from an old Harvard t-shirt;

Thank you for the economins;
Oh the memories that it brings;
All those nervous Freshman boys;
All those Sophomores and their ploys;
I deny all those nasty rumours
Spread by all those grasping Juniors;
Seniors fondled most of all,
So fast removed, hard to recall;
Oh the gorgeous memories of a shirt,
Together we were such a flirt.

David McLansky

Riff On Julie's Pushy Men

I am your bird,
Your common pigeon;
Hear my word,
I impart religion:
I don't care
If you are a hedgehog;
In the mind of God
We all
Are sod;
Then come my cute
My furry bunny,
Although I'm poor
And have no money, ,
Come my sweet dove
My dollop of honey,
I am your bird
Let's speak of love.

David McLansky

Riff On Kelly Seale's After You've Gone

After you've gone
I masturbate,
Did you have to take so long
Why did we have so wake up late?
I search for the smell of you that lingers
I try to taste you on my fingers
My panties still feel wet
I didn't come!
Dawn's regret

David McLansky

Riff On Kimberly's Poem Self-Reflection

Should you in dalliance
Be the moon
Whose radiance
Varies
All too soon
Then you would only
Reflect
Sun light,
A pale portrait
Of the Day
At night.

David McLansky

Riff On Lainey's Feathers

I'll get a feather;
You get a feather;
Make that two or three;
Tickle me on the neck,
I'll tickle you on the knee;
We'll use the feathers
To fly away
Laughing as we rise;
Oh how happy we shall be
Soaring in the sky;

And when the evening
Settles down
We'll spread the feathers
On the ground
Forming there
A bowered nest
Where in comfort
We may rest;
And then we'll play
Our feather game
And laugh and laugh and laugh
Until our laughter does exhaust
Two cuckoo birds of fame.

David McLansky

Riff On Lainey's Undercurrent.

Your crimson blush....

Your oceans flow....

Resembles not....

An undertow,

For you are honest....

Sweet and frank....

Your emotions tide....

Laps at your banks;

You are the seasons....

Ebb and flow,

Sometimes you wane,

You swell and grow;

Your face is like....

A looking glass....

Where every thought....

Is seen to pass;

And yet this lack....

Of subtlety,

Does not at all....

Diminish thee;

Your blush invites....

Men to advance....

When they are captured....

By your glance.....

....

....

...

David McLansky

Riff On Marcus Mckinley Poem

the sheets are on fire
You so inspire???
I have awakened you
Oh, dormant desire?
Caressing hands
warm and Whisper
suggestions make
My fingers blister
Release me with your kind permission
?I mount you in your
Favorite Mission...

David McLansky

Riff On Mary Ann's Lament

In praise of older men;
I raise my hand and lift my pen;
Love does have to end;
As long as age does not offend;
Before a man does breathe his last
He reviews his life and what has passed;
He contemplates the errors made,
And sees them clearly in the shade;
What he pursued in vanity
Through fault of young insanity,
He sees as play, a waste of time;
He clearly sees what's ranked sublime;
For Wisdom comes with age in years
As men transcend false faith in peers;
For in the end Beauty's kind
It eases so a troubled mind;
The gentle hand, that sweet caress,
Consoles and tells us we are blessed;
Then pretty maid of forty-three
Talk not of death and misery;
Your Beauty's best when it is kind
Your conquests yet are not behind.

David McLansky

Riff On Modinul Ahsan 'Wait Till I Come'

As I labor wiith mounting thrusts
As I fumble mad with lust
As I frantic squeeze your buns
Please wait for me, I'm about to come

David McLansky

Riff On Mpho Leteng's Don'T Stand Aroubd My Grave And Weep

Don't stand around my grave and weep,
Compressing the earth beneath your feet,
Red eyed, mumbling in your moans,
Searching for means to atone;

For in life you fled my eye,
Your talk a jumble of planted lies,
Avoiding my voice at any cost,
So that all sense of meaning was soon lost;

Now I lay beneath your feet,
You have the freedom to be indiscreet,
To use my headstone as a pulpit
To name me as the only culprit;

For in my voice were barbs of truth,
That you avoided in your youth;
Now that my silence is assured,
Your thoughts more scrambled and more labored

David McLansky

Riff On Olive Oil's Comment On 'The Old Pries'T

What good is kindness for an hour
Or charity that is short-lived
When you have it in your power
To give, protect, and give?
Kindness is an obligation
That when it is bestowed
Indentures you to restoration
Of those to whom it's owed..

David McLansky

Riff On Pj's Erotica

Single gay Female
Seeks the same
Has to like sex
And literary fame.

David McLansky

Riff On Pj's Knock On Persephone

old the pickles
Hold the phone
Let's not make fun of Persephone;
It was not her fault
That lusty Hades
Had a thing for the ladies
And opened up
The earth borne land
Underneath where she did stand
And pulled her down
To his cell
And asked the sun
Not to tell;

But Helios couldn't keep a secret
And telling Zeus not to repeat it,
Zeus told her mother
That down below
Was kept her daughter
When Demeter refused the wheat to grow.

I hardly think it's really fair
To blame the victim in despair;
If you were kidnapped down to Hell,
My lovely little Tinkerbell,
I'm sure there'd be all hell to pay,
After Hades had his way;
(Just try and tell him that you're gay!)
So let's not blame poor Persephone,

David McLansky

Riff On Pj's Riff On Jsyn's Poem

He sat in his old rusting truck
Feeling his age, and out of luck;
To his daughter-in-law
An impossible burden
No longer allowed
To get a word in;
The revolver that he got
In the Korean war
Lay on the seat beside him;
Such a tranquil verdant spot
To shoot himself and die in;
He lit his final cigarette
And sucked the rich smoke down:
An old man who had few regrets;
And no reason to hang around.

David McLansky

Riff On Please Don't Pick The Daffodils

What purpose Beauty unobserved
On a distant garden hill
Its miracle so wild, diverse,
A bank of daffodils.

Beauty unobserved is waste,
A haunt of butterflies,
I put them in a crystal vase
To mesmerize my eyes.

Although I shorten their brief hour
Of glory in their reign
This perfection of ripe Nature's power
Will be battered by the rain.

Then let them stand upon my case
In safe silent bunched array;
Unattended Beauty is a waste
And quickly fades away.

David McLansky

Riff On Pradip Chattopadhyay Of Mice And Men, And Cats

You can't expect
To take my balls
With such a drop;
Production falls;
My leaping, willingness to pounce
Upon the mice,
I hereby renounce.
If someone slashed
Your private parts
Tell me not
You'd not lose heart,
To hunt down the wily mouse
That so infests your crumbling house;
It is the arrogance of man
To de-ball a cat
And then demand
That same level
Of devoted service;
Without my balls
I feel so nervous.
I prefer to sit and crouch
And watch the mice
Reproduce
Throughout your house;
I find it heartening and so refreshing
That intact genitals
Are so enmeshing;
It makes me temporally forget
That nightmare visit
To your Vet.

David McLansky

Riff On Pradip Chattopadhyay Of Mice And Men, And Cats (Revised)

Riff on Pradip Chattopadhyay Of Mice, and Men, and Cats

You can't expect
To take my balls
With such a drop;
Production falls;
My leaping, willingness to pounce
Upon the mice,
I hereby renounce.
If someone slashed
Your private parts
Tell me not
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I find it heartening and so refreshing
That intact genitals
Are so enmeshing;
It makes me temporally forget
That nightmare visit
To your Vet.

David McLansky

Riff On Pradip Chattopadhyay's Cat, And Mouse, And Man

Do not expell
This lazy cat,
That's grown so sleek,
That's grown so fat;
Observe the wisdom
In my eyes,
As I lie
You temporalize;
True I constitute
No mortal threat
To that rat
That so upsets;
But since that visit
To the Vet;
I mourn my testes
With regret

David McLansky

Riff On Pradip's 30 Years

Thirty years has come and gone,
Who sings the chorus of our songs;
Who hums the lingering melody
Of what was our brief harmony?

The kaleidoscope of angry voices
The desperate search through discordant choices;
The gondolas where I was docked
The ferris wheel, the ticking clock;

But due to my dull persistence,
My stubborn faith, my soul's insistence,
I found you late in my quest,
And found I settled on the best.

My voice is weak and out of tune,
I whisper softly as I croon,
And while I wheeze and rasp and choke
I'll sing my love song, affirming hope.

David McLansky

Riff On Pradip's Dog As Mentor

My dog I rescued
From the pound
She sat sad-eyed
Nose to the ground;
Terrified at the cacophony of barks
Penned in a cage
In a sea of sharks.

Your crime, you bit a neighbors pet,
Your face was glum,
You showed regret;
You were bred by man to attack,
You ripped, you tore, a bloodied sack.
You looked at me over shoulder,
You had done your duty as a soldier
You had acted on your genetic nature,
Now they called you a vicious creature

.
Your Groucho Marx eyes caught my attention;
I had them remove you from detention;
And then you crouched at my feet;
Docile and pleasing, passing sweet.
Men and women can maim and kill,
We too are creatures of our genetic will.;

My dog barks at every guest,
Then wags her tail and acts a pest,
Demanding that she be groomed,
That she be petted around the room;

I too bark at every stranger,
Sensing in them latent danger,
Then I move around the room
and sing to each a happy tune.

David McLansky

Riff On Pradip's When A Poem Is Done

When a poem is done
My soul is purged,
The torment released,
In nouns and verbs.

I sift the prison
Of my soul
And the words run out
My bitter toil.

For a while
There is some relief
My soul is cleansed,
My pains decreased;

But who would have thought
Would have had the impression
That in my tiny skull
Marched such a procession?

Of opinions inked
Of distinction made
Of memories linked,
A vast parade.

A ceaseless flow
Of subtle notes
Where do they go?
Once they're unyoked.

Out into the wide world
Of Pradip and Elaine
Strangers I'd love to meet
On a cross-continental train.

David McLansky

Riff On Rachel Maddow's 'Why We Did It'

They grit their teeth
And send our guts
We're jostled on
The bloody ruts;
Trucked in for Freedom
For Democracy
And now we learn ...
What hypocrisy!
In the heat,
On the bone hard soil,
The M16 shaking
The dull recoil
The zippered shots
That tattooed vests
The explosions that
Exposed their chests;
And now we learn
It was all for oil,
Oh gasping breaths,
Oh savage foil!
We were sacrificed
For cheap gasoline;
Dick Cheney's jaw
Clamped sour and mean;
These hard eyed men
With farsighted vision,
These rich cushioned men
Who make hard decisions;
It didn't work
We got no oil
Just a pile of legs
Oh bitter spoil!
And blackened eyes,
And broken arms
Oh waving flag
You lose
Your charm.
We fought to keep
Gas prices down.

Oh the horror of
Those desert towns;
Those boring tours
Those sudden rounds
My mind was shattered
On a Fallujah street
An IED
Exploded at my feet,
It burned my face
Popped out my eyes
Oh the deafening roar,
Oh my sergeant's cries;
And you say it was all
Just for cheap gas
I would've nursed the pedal
To make it last;
And I blind and limbless,
A burnt scarred shell
Wish for death
In this burning Hell.

David McLansky

Riff On Reyvrex Questor Reyes Love Sonnet 95

When Fortune fails a caring heart
And what was sworn in masking night
Are vows revealed as love's black Art
As heaven spreads its mocking light;
What seemed so real in shadows dark
Proves insubstantial in the light,
Fades whispered bliss so keen and sharp,
Dread doubts ascend, with moral blight;
Augmented fears, madness commences,
We question all, our very senses;
For if true love does not exist,
How can we in life persist
Come love prove love no mere illusion
Come into the light with the sun's suffusion.

David McLansky

Riff On Richard Lackman's 'First Kiss'

What soft perfection
What heady bliss
Your face upturned
For our first kiss;

Our lips enjoined
Oh savored flesh
I dip my head
Your taste so fresh;

The world explodes
Time unravels
On what new road
Do we travel?

Your kiss a pledge
Our souls entwined
Below this hedge
You've made me thine

David McLansky

Riff On Richard Remier's February Kiss

The sky a canopy of cold
In the silence where no bird sings,
Vile is winter, bitter, old,
Yet beneath the snow, what wealth springs;

The ice locked land bides its time,
Life urges checked in dormant state
Comes the breath of warmer climes,
Green shoots surge, the snow cap breaks;

These dry and weathered walnut trees
Withered black in shielded bark
There springs a shoot, despite the freeze,
The new heard melody of the lark.

David McLansky

Riff On Rita Dove's Borderline Mambo

He spins and flays
His arms arrayed
So regal in his grace;
He floats on air
So debonair
Such joy upon his face;
The Mambo King
Spins 'round the ring
His hands an invitation;
inviting all
He's so enthralled
His limbs in levitation;

Can age, disease
Lock up his knees,
And make his mind forget
The graceful ease
With which he teased
Will his feet forget to step?
Will his legs lose rhythm
Will he be less driven,
Will his movements lose their snap?
Will you hear him wheeze
Will his shoulders freeze
Will his toes forget to tap

But for now
He moves so proud
He dips, he pirouettes;
The Mambo King
Floats around the ring
His hands like castanets;
He sways, tugged back
Gravity grows slack
He's propelled by strings of rhythm
He forward stalls,
Yes, to dance is all'
Yes, dance while you still have
Breath.

David McLansky

Riff On Robmeyer's Nagging Woman

If I had a woman
Who nagged and nagged
And spoke constantly
As if on the rag,
Even if
Her breasts hadn't sagged,
I'd stuff my clothes
In a duffel bag
And give the girl
A final shag
Then while she showered
I'd call a cab.

David McLansky

Riff On Sandra's Kickball

Football is played
With hands and toes
By Supermen
Lined up in rows;
The ball is snapped
And run or thrown
To acrobats
Lurking in
End zones-;
How clever of the USA
To discover
Soccer
Can be played
By feet as well
As using hands
With much decorum
Shown
By fans.

David McLansky

Riff On Sheena Blackhall's The Queen Reads An Intercepted Letter 1594

How cruel your eye to catalogue my decline
To specify the bloom of my decay
To fault me as not the Queen of Time
As if I ruled the sun throughout the day;

Where once my teeth were pearls that sparked delight
My smile a benediction soft bestowed
My eyes were gems that shimmered in the night
Compliments in words a courtier owed.

Would that my beauty were as hard as admantine
That royalty was impervious to age;
That Time could be prosecuted for this crime
To mar the face that once was judged divine.

I have banned my reflection in all glass
My mirror insults me as I hallway haunt
Where once I sought denial as a lass,
God help the flattering diplomat in his task

David McLansky

Riff On Valsa George's Fine, 'In Thy Shade'

Come Lord
Reside in me
In my agony
Set me free;

Cleanse my soul
Restore my brain
Fill its holes
Ease my pain;

Let me bask
In your light
Fill my heart
With delight;

For in your silence
There is only doubt
Am I a madman?
Why do I shout.?

David McLansky

Riff On Veeraiyah Subbulakshmi's Fine "poem Eagle And Chick

Riff on veeraiyah subbulakshmi's Fine "Poem Eagle and Chick.

It ill behooves me
In my parent/teaching
That I should swoop
With sharp beak screeching,

And snag you in
My outstretched talons
Then carry you
A gene born felon

And feed you to
My squawking chick,
Whose savagery
Must be learned quick;

The best learning prop
Is to eat you live
To fill their crop
While you're still alive;

To pierce your stomach
With my reddened beak
With your cries intermingled
With their hungry peeps.

So that they may learn
In matters of survival
Viciousness
Has no rival

David McLansky

Riff On Wish We Stayed Together

Boy, I'm glad I'm done with you,
Glad you couldn't see us through,
The objections of your family/friends,
Glad you brought us to an end;
Silly me, I thought suicide,
Without your hand beside my side;
Without your eyes, your daily grace,
You deprived me of your beaming face;
I can see now I was such a jerk,
I know now it would have never worked;
I see now that my ineptitude,
Was a strategy, however crude;
Unconsciously, I refused to move ahead,
I focused on our joys in bed;
I was a child, not a man;
I couldn't fathom marriage plans;
I confess this happened several times,
How many first loves I had in my prime.
My brides-not-to-be grew ever younger,
My certitude grew ever stronger;
True, I still felt broken when we parted,
One more romp for the broken hearted;
Until I met my true soul mate;
Your divorce caused us to to have to wait;
Then I married with relief,
I felt I was a lucky thief;
You husband no longer wanted you,
At our first kiss I said, "I do."
I look back on our sad history,
The broken trusts, the misery,
That culminated in our stout union,
That left no doubt, no disillusion;
As for all those loves I left behind,
I didn't mean to be unkind,
You wanted me against my will
With ambitions that I could not fulfill.
I delighted in your alluring charms,
What pleasure I found in your arms;
But like the bee lured by a drop honey,

Amid bright colored petals on a day that's sunny,
I was fated to dance from flower to flower,
Romance undulated beyond my power.

David McLansky

Riff On Woman-Of-Poems Spirit Of Sexuality

Why must the Puritans
Be so vexed?
After all
It's only sex;
The purest thing
In all the world;
Not God or Devil,
Just boy and girl.

David McLansky

Riff On Womanzsoul's 'sex Is 99% Mental'

You tell me to sit on the couch
In the living room;
Then you wiggle and you slouch
Into our big bedroom;

I can't see you,
You can't see me,
You tell me not to move;
This new way of having sex,
Does Dr. Ruth approve?

You tell me to disrobe
Until my underpants,
You say your sitting on the bed
In briefs you got from France.

You say this is the latest craze
The science fundamental,
(I hope that this is just a phase)
That sex is really mental;

I try and really concentrate
On having sex with you
You shout out, 'This is really great!
I love the things you do! '

I'm naked in the living room
You're in the bed alone;
Is this like having telephone sex
Without the telephone?

You tell me that I was great,
The sex was never better,
You've never reached such peaks before,
You never have been wetter;

I'm just a guy sitting on the couch
In his underwear;
If sex is 99% mental,

Then I've lost my mind somewhere.

David McLansky

Rift On Tony Ogunlolo's Fine Poem 'A Rape Child.'

Be not dismayed
By such a mother
The vessel of my birth
Also betrayed
As a maternal lover;
Cursing me in my crib
For my father
Complaining of a dirty bib,
I too was such a bother.
Her hatred made my heart
Beat faster;
How could I survive
Such a maternal disaster?
And yet I survived
Her cruelty and neglect,
I surmised,
I was naturally hardy
I suspect;
The deprivation I endured
Left me with a life theme
To find the love I was denied;
How obsessive were my schemes;
I knew many loves
Who didn't seem to last
Oh the torment that I knew
Renewed the present from the past;
Until I found
A woman of my dreams;
Whose love was constant
As the sky and sea;
How patiently she loves me.
She makes me glad that I was born
Though ripped from my mother's womb;
Which almost was a living tomb
Mid her curses and her scorn.
I hope you found that love exists
Beyond the prenatal state
And that you proved that love persists
Beyond a mother's hate.

David McLansky

Rita

She asked me with her eyes
And mine said no
She asked me with her eyes
Why
And mine answered
No was no
Her eyes threatened
To cry
Mine were sad
And smiled so
Her tears dried hard
On her iron eyes
And with fierce hatred
Her eyes said go
Confused, I got up and
I left
Having never
Ever
Said
Yes
And no was no.

And moving off slow
I wondered
What ever made her
Think to ask
What clearly would not
Be given
Ah, the demands of some women.

David McLansky

Rock & Roll Bands On Good Morning America

Its hard to sing rock & roll before nine
Hard to hit those high notes before breakfast time.
My buttered roll tasted like a rock,
I croak like a frog who's in a hot crock pot.
So don't judge my band by how we sound
On Good Morning America if you're downtown;
We're not this bad no matter how hard we try
We sound like chickens captured for a fry.
The truth is we really need the gig;
Our agent told us this could make us big.
We're beating guitars when we're really not awake;
We just a filler during the commercial break.
Come see us in a bar when we're gassed on booze and wine;
Then you'll hear a band jamming in prime time.

David McLansky

Rock Me In Your Arms Asleep

Rock me in your arms asleep
As the life force from me seeps,
Cradle me as a child,
Soothe me with your purring smile;

Long I've reigned from boy to man,
I've lived my life as nature planned,
Along the way I've done some good,
I've split some logs and stacked some wood;

Now I lapse in my decline,
A feeble shadow of my prime,
Un-reconciled to coming death
As I labor for each breath;

Do not mistake this man of fears
For the man I was for years;
Reluctant on this grey-black shore
To resume the shade I was before;

Oh rock me to that final sleep,
Singing softly as you weep
Down into that canyon deep,
Whose jagged walls are harsh and steep.

David McLansky

Sad Dawn

SubjectSad Dawn

DateCreated7/6/2007 3: 57: 00 AM

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Body
How to wake my sleeping love
To tell her that her father died,
She who was her father's pride
Who gifted me love's legacy.

Sad duty of the early watch
Who wakes before the dawning sun
To bear the news a life is done
The one who danced her on his knee.

Oh, let her lie in blissful sleep,
Relent a minute, relent an hour
So self aware of tragic power
Why should I wake her up to weep?

Oh let her sleep in seeming peace
As the sun's rays pink the night
Dispelling darkness with its light
Heralding life's defeat.

But such is the role of the messenger
To speak the news that's wished unheard
To frame my face within her eyes
And speak those final fatal words.

David McLansky

Said The Gypsy To The Shepherd Maid (Part I)

Said the gypsy to the shepherd maid
As they chanced to meet upon the glade,
'You need not have a fear of me,
I am as constant as the sea;
I am as meek as the sheep you tend;
As gentle as a guinea hen;
I do but wish to see your face;
You lead your wards with heaven's grace;
For indeed the sun is made more glorious
By such a maid so sweet and dolorous;
You move about with such decorum
That I doubt myself and pinch my forearm;
Is this a Queen by spell displaced
From Court to field, such is your grace?
You wear a crown of golden myrtle,
A sash of nosegays by your girdle;
Were these once your robe and crown,
Your beauty famed and much renowned?
Did beauty's lure and subtle rapture
Refuse a God's intent to capture?
Did he in wrath with jealousy
Condemn you here, deprived as he?
Your eyes are coral, silvered glass;
Your toes resplendent on the grass;
Those feet which stepped in emerald' shoes
Still majestic, naked move.
Your hair is goldened by the sun,
Free in form by wind undone;
And yet I see its auburn strands
Are crown enough to make commands; '

'What courtiers have watched those lips
That he may know his rise or slip?
Lips that need no line or rouge,
So red the wine they do perfuse.

Your skin though darkened by the sun
Is smooth as milk when milkings done;
Your hands retain their liquid grace;

What lands you rule, what lucky race? '

His words brought streams to her eyes,
'You mock me with your pretty lies;
I've worn these rags all my life;
Your words cut deep as any knife.'

David McLansky

Said Thoreau's Nagging Screaming Wife

Said Thoreau's nagging,
Screaming wife,
'What makes you think
Your boring life
Is so important
To be writ down?
All you do
Is lay around
Like any lazy
Bum in town.'

Said Thoreau
To his screaming wife,
'Each man's lot
Of mortal strife
Is worth the record
Of a page...'

But then she answered
In a rage,
'All you do is
Sit and write!
You keep me up
Half the night!
But you're sooo smart...
You're soooo bright.
You're good for nothing!
Ma was right!
We have no friends,
No furniture;
You say I'm dumb
And immature?
You sit around
And watch the trees,
You're watching ants
Ass up on knees!
And all you want
Is to have your sex;
And then you wonder

Why I'm vexed?
We live like tramps...
This shanty house!
I'm not your whore,
You queer church mouse!
You're like your father,
That useless bum,
I know the seed
From which you're sprung!
You dream and dream
The day away:
Why can't you work?
Oh, go away! '

Said Thoreau,
Grabbing for her hand,
'Please try and listen,
Understand;
Not wealth nor jewels
Nor property
Defines a soul's
Prosperity;
A kind and loving
Family life,
Makes kings of men
And queens of wife.'

'So you say
With your flowery words,
Oh, we should live
Just like the birds!
Well, I'm a stupid
Human being!
I want new clothes,
Commands your Queen! '

By a candle
Late at night,
By the dim
And flickering light,
In his Journal
Thoreau writes:

'Socrates, poor and harried,
Was never bored
Because he married;
Such a mind
Questioned Gods;
Oh, the uses of
A mind at odds! '

David McLansky

Sally Hemmings In Paris

Massa Jeff pulled at her dress,
She backed away with some distress,
Not wishing she no back-stair cow,
No garden whore that he could plow;
Not wishing she be birthing babies,
High color gals still borne slavies,
Not wishing she birth white toned sons,
The spawn of Massa having fun;
But he insisted in a corner,
He grabbed her hard, she limped a mourner,
Bent her over his writing desk,
Yanked and tore her new French dress;
And as he thrust and deeply plowed,
Taking what he was allowed,
She cursed the color of her skin,
Raped and forced to live in sin.

David McLansky

Scratches Of A Pen

Breathless in the face of you
eyes widened for effect
I lose a moment of eternity
with each ticking of the clock

languid in your bathrobe pose
nightgowned white beneath
the knitted filigree of the too soft cotton
drives me mad with ecstasy

David McLansky

Searching For Lainey

Oh lovely girl
Oh distant daughter
I'll sail to you
On inland waters.
On rivers deep with rocks and curves
My sail is swollen with your words;

I'll mount the river without crew,
How heavy is the portage too,
Oh Princess of the wilderness,
Why can't you live in Inverness?
I'll sail the Great Lakes to the Missouri,
Then ride the Snake in all its fury;
By then I fear that I'll get lost,
Who knew Montana had such frosts?
I'll get so lonely I'll talk to cattle,
I'm up a river without a paddle,
I'll wander wide and in frenzy
And end up on the wild Mackenzie.
I would not be in such a mess
Had you lived in Inverness! !

David McLansky

Searching For Laurel

I've walked this road a thousand times
Know every bend and hill
Here the deer cross and here they bed
And here the stream bank over-spills.

The oldest trees stand to the west
Their thick trunk girth amazes
Wild ivy and the purple grape
Form tunnels and dark mazes

Here coyote and wild turkey tracks
Beneath the raspberry tangle,
Clover and black-eyed Susan's slack
Abut at every angle.

On this road in early morn
Grey mist rise off the ponds
Dew drips heavy from the leaves
As I pad along.

At midnight stars peak through the branches
Flickering points within the sky
Piercing leaves hung in the darkness
As night owls hoot their haunting cry.

Looking down the lush road foliage
That seems to mourn me as I turn
Am I daft and in my dotage
Or does Nature for me yearn?

David McLansky

Second Love

How much we loved,
So ill-prepared;
How rich our love,
How poor we fared;

I sought my soul
Still young, confused;
Parent-controlled,
You still were fused;

Our rebel flesh
And all its beauty
Could not release
My captured Judy.

David McLansky

Seeing The Light

Out of the ashes of my burnt home,
Sifting the ruins of dust and bone;
Out of the darkness and desolation,
Comes the glimmer of restoration;

The licking waves of chaotic flames
That scorched my eyes as I spun in vain
Had turned a structure into rubble,
A place of peace, whirlwind of trouble;

Oh the whimsy of fickle Fortune,
That warped my life with such distortion,
Had unseated me from head of table
And left me shaking and disabled.

You were a child, bitter and blind,
Grim set your lips with bitter mind;
You searched for safety with psychopaths,
Secure in the knowledge it wouldn't last.

The bruises on your naked arms,
Your calmness as I read alarm,
Made me question your mental state,
Which fed so readily on words of hate.

Now like the Phoenix you arise renewed
You've found true love, you're much improved
I baptize you again my daughter
And draw you from the silent water

David McLansky

Sextant

Who can plot the human heart,
An organ of ten thousand parts?
In what precision does there lay
To set its course from day to day?
By what sextant, by what globe
Can its locale, exact, be probed;
By what sun, on what horizon
Must we fix our eyes upon?
Who can call with certitude
Its position as to latitude;
Who can know its longitude
When our clocks remain so crude?
For a heart is only known
By an organ like its own;
Which moves without a gyroscope
And flounders on the Cape of Hope.

David McLansky

Shakespeare In Love

To me my beauty you never shall be old,
Though Time shall scourge your fragile shield of flesh;
I balm those wounds as Time's cruel lash does scold,
And heal his welts, your loveliness refreshed;
For in my love are herbs of powers rare
Restoring as harsh Time does take away,
My eyes, your mirror, chastening your despair,
Reflecting forth you've aged not yet a day;
Take comfort then within this frame of youth:
You radiate impervious to decay;
Wise Men well know this immortal truth:
Time captures not true lovers in its sway;
Your beauty is the kindness of your soul,
And goodness ages not as Time unfolds.

David McLansky

Shakespeare To His Wife, Ann Hathaway

To my angry, shrewish bitter wife,
Who threw at me both pan and knife,
Who told me I was bound to fail
And end my life in debtor's jail;
How right I was to run, abscond,
From you of whom I was not fond;
You had me in your old maid's bed,
Your belly swelled, I had to wed;
What gratitude did I incur?
You answered me with every slur;
I ran away to London Town,
A poacher being chased by hounds,
And there learned to hold a horse,
And became an actor to your remorse;
After all these years and my brief stays,
My gold aroused no word of praise;
And now I'm sick and write my will,
My hand shakes so with ink and quill,
I leave to you my second bed
In remembrance that you wished me dead

David McLansky

Shattered Spell

When the spell of love has burst,
Shattered crystal on the earth,
Pricked by envy and confusion,
Tested and revealed illusion;
It leaves a sudden emptiness,
A heartfelt dreary wariness;
The sky becomes a void of gray,
Hope dies homeless on the day;
Leaves drift shaken from the tree
And lays a bed that covers me;
The shards lie scattered in the lane,
And Love must wait 'till Spring again.

David McLansky

She Enters

She enters and
I avert my gaze;
I see her through
An awkward haze;
This face
Which once
I feasted on
Is now the face
I see and shun.

David McLansky

Should You Die Before I Die

Should you die before I die
I would jump into your grave
And scoop up handfuls of the earth
I'd tear the dirt and rave.

My eyes and limbs would grow so frail
My heart forget to beat;
Past reason I would kneel in grief
I'd lose the power of speech

All the joys so brightly lit
Which colors all the world
Would fade so quickly as I sit
As I stroke your matted curls

David McLansky

Signing Off

What can make my daughter cry,
She stands a stranger, bleak, dry-eyed,
Intent to get the papers signed
Making hers what once was mine;
I sit my chair in pain and stiff,
Not sure my bones will work to lift
My tired flesh up out my chair
My eyes are bitter, locked with care;
All the formal etiquette
Are spoken not to get upset,
I urge her on that she must go,
The weather station hints of snow;
At the door she turns and mumbles,
I sit my chair, forever humbled;
The thread that linked her heart to mine
Is severed now as I stare blind

David McLansky

Silent Knights

There stood a silent knight in armor;
The ladies thought him quite a charmer;
He listened with his sword in scabbard;
This silent knight never jabbered;

Until one hoarse and bored young maiden,
Who was a silly shameless brazen,
Lifted up his helmet visor
And saw it empty of advisor;

A man may joust and sweat all day
With his fair maid were e'er she lay,
But if she seeks a man who listens,
First check his slats for eyes that glisten.

David McLansky

Silly Poem In Spring

Winter marshals its last troops
In an icy counterattack
Sending blasts of Arctic air
Down my spine and back.

Like Hitler in his final days
At the Battle of the Bulge
It tears through jacket and my vest
It's lethal plan divulged.

But like the battered U.S. troops
Encircled at Bastogne,
Like McAuliffe exclaiming, 'Nuts'
I'll valiantly fight on.

I know that Spring is inching near
I can see it in the heavens
And though Das Panzers clank and roar,
Here come the P-47s.

David McLansky

Sitting Alone On Kay's Empty Bench

I sit upon Kay's empty bench
And recite Villon in ancient French;
"But where are the snows of yesteryear? "
Absorbed in the ground with my wet tears.

David McLansky

Smoking My Pipe At The Window

The final leaves are stripped away,
Streaming Westward, swept at play;
Birds sit on their barren perch
Like nervous widows prim at church.

My sky is now of tangled wires;
I see the churchyard steepled spire;
I burrow deeper in my nest,
Spilling ashes on my vest.

A cold wind blows and shakes the trees
Standing barren of their leaves;
It shakes the birds from off their perch,
It sends them Southward o'er the church;

I sit and watch the winter weather
Defeat the leaves and rustle feather;
I must sit and hibernate,
So I smoke my pipe and calmly wait.

David McLansky

Sodom's Lament (A Riff)

Hey cool it man,
We just wanted to party,
To lift some jars,
And to drink hardy;
He dared to lock his girls away,
He wouldn't let them out to play;
Now a party without broads and dames,
Is pretty bad in sulfur rain;
We were sailors too long at sea
A girl has got to squat to pee
We were tired of men standing up,
Who wore on their chest pots and cups;
Lot left his wife as a fresh salt lick,
While they decamped lickety-split,
What he did with his daughters in a cave!
And he was one to call us depraved!

David McLansky

Spanish Civil War Veteran Eulogy

The old man, still,
Dead wrinkled flesh,
His head of gray dry hairs,
Lays in the polished coffin,
A husk of mortal cares;

Dismiss not
With a sneer,
This vestige of a span;
For this gray shell
Once propelled
A worthy fighting man;

As a youth
Enthralled by truth
He fought the fascist foe,
He volunteered 'neath foreign sun,
He shouldered gun and woe;

He laughed and loved
Then cried in pain,
Good friends bled in the dust,
Pierced by lead, blown to bits,
Dismayed by broken trust;

He lost his youth,
He lost the war,
An outcast on the run;
He returned on foot
To native land
To factory and slum;

He lived his life
In common strife
Haunted by young faces,
Who cried and lost their energy
In unnamed rocky places;

But in those times,

Those sunshine years,
He lived a life of valour,
Urgent and alive with hope;
His lifetime's proudest hours.

David McLansky

Spanking The Monkey

Like a nervous rhesus macaque,
You edge forward and then move back;
You nod and then you hesitate
You hoot and signal me to wait;
How did ever man evolve
When so unsure of his resolve;
How did man discover fire
When you approach and then retire;
How did man discover clothes
With all these yes's and then these no's
Man will never get to the moon,
Unless I date that bold baboon.

David McLansky

Speak Not Of Love (A Riff)

Speak not of love, my love long-winded,
Lest in your rant, your grant's rescinded,
And for all my patience to this duress,
I'd lose my chance to squeeze your breast.

David McLansky

Spring

After lonely years of heartless treason
Spring crept round again this season;
The daffodils sprung from the earth
And mocked the snow with nodding mirth;
They bobbed about with yellow heads
And danced above their snowy beds;
The crocuses against the fence
Suggested love might recommence;
Its' purple-white thrusting flower
Denying death its mortal power;
Chill sun above my plot of garden,
Grant me yet an exile's pardon;
Consider now my debt as paid
Since both of us knew love betrayed;
Pale breath of winter's faltering breeze
Dares shake the buds beneath bare trees

David McLansky

Subject Alice (A Riff For Myke)

I say this without a hint of malice

But I think of radishes

When I think of Alice,

Of cauliflower, of

Asparagus boiled

Of garlic cloves,

Of Non-Virgin oils,

Of bitter root,

And red pepper flakes;

Dating Alice

Was a big mistake.

....

I also think of

Garter belts,

Of nylon stockings

And angry welts,

Of bra hooks tight

That won't unlock,

Of angry words

And lips that mock;

Of camisoles

Torn at the strap,

Of lie down times

And hands that slap;

....

When I think of Alice

And her acne scars,

And her crooked teeth

Eating Snickers bars;

The scornful way

She'd stand and pose

The fights we had

Taking off her clothes;

My word she had

A bitchin' bod,

I swear her breasts

Made me think...

Of God.'

David McLansky

Subject: Cliff On Julie 's Coded Love Note Written In Lemon Juice On The Back Of A Grocery Slip

Subject: Cliff on Julie 's Coded Love Note Written in Lemon Juice on the Back of a Grocery Slip

DateCreated: 6/7/2007 6: 43: 00 AM

PostedDate: 6/7/2007 6: 38: 00 AM

Body: I always pays to advertise,

To display your goods

To willing eyes;

A Post-it note

Upon the forehead

Reading,

'TRY YOUR LUCK;

WILL GO TO BED, '

Will get you further

Then a secret script

Written on

A grocery slip.

David McLansky

Subjectiff On Woman-Of-Poem's Cursed-Blessings

Be not forlorn
My precious Dear
That I am gone,
For you are here;
Within my arms
I hold another;
I see your face
Immortal lover!
And when in heat
The sweat does come,
I think of you
My only one.

David McLansky

Subjectiff On Womanzsoul Fishing For Peace

How restoring
To get
A fresh piece of tail
When all seems
Stagnant,
And life travail;
To get away
To an unfished spot
And drop ones hook
And forget
The clock.

David McLansky

Send Me No Flowers

Give me not your daffodils
Or your roses dying;
Stain not these petals with your tears,
Your breath, your quiet crying.

Give to me your mortal days,
Your nights of flesh and sighing;
Give me life, not withered leaves,
For when deprived I'm dying.

David McLansky

Success

In the balance scale of life
Where madness and neglect
Are weighed against
Love and reason,
My dear, you've tipped the scales,
I bask in the overflow
Of your love,
The warm richness you suffuse
Penetrates my defenses,
And I count myself a success
In this life
And in the life to come.

David McLansky

Sue Ellen

Castled in your concrete tower
Lightninged by a distant shower
You sat protected from daily chance
A heart at ease without romance.

You fussed and grew more at ease
With bird-like pleasures that only seized
The handle of the cup of life
Which you did not lift for fear of strife.

Into this world I stormed and battered
And dragged you out to the market place
And protecting you from its life embrace
Allowed to you what in dreams did matter.

But was I not life, too?
This I had forgot,
And lost you through
An error with a drop.

Now back you are in your concrete tower
Protected from that fatal hour
When a splashing drop of life was spilt
And the drunken sky began to tilt.

David McLansky

Sweet Elaine

Oh Elaine, I missed you so,
The dearest girl I hardly know;
A girl I met on the internet
A girl with whom I banter yet;

A girl who I thought I had lost
Whose charity was given at such a cost:
A junkie kicked her in the head;
Knocked her out, oh how she bled;

A sensitive, lively, caring nurse,
Lay on the floor, and what was worse,
With permanent damage to her brain,
Oh my poor sweet girl, my sweet Elaine.

Could she walk, was she in pain,
Who was at fault, who was to blame;
A junkie is a mental case
Had he damaged her sweet face?
And now I learned she's teaching a course
On business, really, the crazy bourse;
Had she fallen off her horse
Such a challenge I could endorse.

David McLansky

Swimming In The Flood

Oh Death I am a coward
You drink an old man's blood
So ruthless in your power
You drown us in your flood.

You leave some lonely standing
Upon the shore of life;
My request (I'm not demanding)
Take me before my wife.

But to see her lonely weeping
O'er the shadow in my bier;
Oh Death I would curse heaven
In my agony, I fear.

David McLansky

Tattoo

How could you put a dragon there
Just above your pubic hair;
That inked perfection so neatly drawn
Does not improve your pubic bone;
It's symmetry does not advance
As you saunter, as you dance
As slips down your underpants,
This mythic bird does enhance;
Why let your body be
A canvas to mythology,
When your flesh alone is bliss
The swells and shadows of your hips?

David McLansky

Thank God, Marge Is Back

Thank God
Marge is back;
Now Frank can take off
That silly hat;
As soon as she left
For West Peoria,
Frank put on
That sharkskin fedora
And tipped it forward
And began to croon
Just like Sinatra
But out of tune;
He danced around
Like Fred Astaire
And clicked his heels
High in the air.
He recalled his gig
At the Desert Sands
With Dean and Sammy
And the Count Basie Band,
Pausing to arm roll
That thin brimmed hat;
In his backyard stroll;
Let's give a cheer
For the lost rat pack;
Thank you God
Marge is back.

.

David McLansky

That The Soul Can Turn

That the Soul can turn
Against itself
And live a pauper
Amid such wealth;

That the Soul should choose
A celibates bed
When married fair
And loving wed;

That the Soul should see
All things reversed,
Affection called:
A hated curse;

That the Soul can thrive
In insanitty
Shakes my faith
In humanity

David McLansky

The 1976 Irish Guide

Such a girl, such a glory walker.
A simple mind, not a talker;
We hiked all over County Claire
And lunched on cheese and stolen pears;
An American girl on holiday,
The greenest eyes in Galway Bay;
We hiked the Ring of back-roads Kerry,
Gypsies light, strong and merry;
The barren fields of famined Connaught
That echoed griefs the British wrought,
But oh, the Loughs of Mayo County
Where she surrendered all her bounty;
I was just her singing Bard,
And she, my love, my tourist ward;
We laughed and walked down farmers lanes,
And drank in pubs `till half insane;

In a field we set up camp
In the drizzle, misty damp,
I undid your U.S. Army shirt
We lay on grass and peat and dirt,
Exposed your breasts to the rainy vapor
(Your glowing eyes condoned my favor ;)
I kissed them round their circled orbs
And told you of the Cliffs of Mohr;
Ah, Ireland in the summer heat,
How all the locals baa-ed like sheep,
"My God, it must be seventy-five! "
My God t'was good to be alive!

On a hill I watched her plane
Ascend the sky from my terrain;
I waved my stick, your Irish Nanny,
Then shouldered pack and walked to Cranny;
My lovely summer American lass,
Left me her old Eurail Pass;
Ah, next year she'll do it on a train
And love another, but not Dumain.

The Advantages Of A Pretty Wife

Are far out weighed by social strife,
Cablemen at my front door
Immigrants from distant shores,
Dare to stand in open wonder
Makes me quake with distant thunder;
Verizon trucks parked in my driveway.
Repairmen edging up, and sideways,
I tell them I don't subscribe their service,
Their hungry looks make me nervous;
And it's just the same when we go out,
Strangers follow us about
Who eye her body with open joy,
Would I were gay and she a boy;

David McLansky

The Art Of Product Placement

What peace to sit on my front porch
Shaded from the sun;
That golden eye, that brilliant torch,
Protected from its stun;

The sky shines forth a brilliant blue
How fresh the sparkling air;
So clear, so pure its lovely hue
No cloud is painted there;

The evergreens stalwart rise
Their green invades the sky
Such peace it brings to these old eyes,
I lose all urge to rise.

Book in my lap, Coke in hand,
I read of Angelo,
Of Raphael, and Leonard
In Florence long ago;

I would not stir from this calm deck
To see their scattered art,
What artifice could so reflect
The beauty that I chart.

David McLansky

The Awakening

Birds before the rising dawn,
Twitter out their noisy song,
Even when the dark of night
Maintains its mantle o'er the light;
The hints of grey that clouds the East
Heralds the morning as a feast:
Bits of fruits and crumbs of breads
Wets the tongue to what's ahead;
So rising in the early morn,
I see the breathing of your form,
The gentle heaving of your breast
Augurs the joy of what comes next:
The sweet awakening of your spirit
That I, a dolt, do hardly merit;
So I compose this tuneless lay
To welcome the gift you bring each day.

David McLansky

The Beauty Of This Day

The beauty of this day
Mocks me in its rich array;
The sun shines brightly in the sky,
Clouds ride the wind and stream on high;
The air is fragrant and hints of Spring
The budding trees sway in the wind,
The Winter sun warm on my face
Dissolves the snows last lingering trace.
The crocus's peak unabashed
Free of the Winter's icy blast;
The earth renews itself in Spring,
Restoring hope in everything;
Except in me, being old and lame,
Who's fated not to bloom again.

David McLansky

The Blessings Of Old Age

OLD AGE IS A GREAT EXCUSE
TO SET ASSIDE THE TASKS OF YOUTH;
TO LIE ABED WITHOUT NEED OF PROOF,
INDOLENCE HAS A HEALTHY USE.

David McLansky

The Body Of My Temple Lays Unswept;

The body of my Temple lays unswept;
The old rituals forgotten in disuse;
My sacred precincts have their worn out steps;
My statues maimed by vagrant careless youths;

Yet in this holy place of earthly silence,
There echoes still the wisdom o'er the altar,
The silken ghost still shimmer in remembrance,
The cadenced hymns still whisper without falter.

Weeds re-seed basalt and alabaster,
Cracking blocks of stone of fiercest labor,
O'erturning my conceits without disaster,
Weathering without benefit of Savior.

The Aegean cracks the orange fluted tiles,
Exposing day where once was beam and plank;
Dead leaves cut sacred columns now defiled;
Where myrtle sweetened now is sour and dank.

My glory faded, this crumbling mausoleum
Is all that stands in memory of my strength;
Where once I labored, mighty, Herculean;
I breathless limp five cubits distance length.

David McLansky

The Cloak

The Cloak

Give to me
Your web of sorrow
And I will weave it
On the morrow
Into a cloth of shimmering gold
Interlaced with spells of old,
Chants against the days of sadness,
Armor for the days of madness;
Protecting hearts not meant to be
Stunned by life's harsh threnody.

David McLansky

The Comfort Of A Third Wife

I make concessions to my wife
No longer expert on my own life,
My children are a rowdy bunch
Why what they do I have no hunch;
But I'm glad I am in such good hands,
Her explanations I don't understand,
My technology is obsolete,
My software now is incomplete;
And yet I trust her loving heart;
She does not wish that I depart,
And though I shake and often stumble
Although my speech is a soft mumble;
She keeps me clean, secure, on track:
Otherwise I'd have to pack,
But it's just not carfare that I lack.

David McLansky

The Condemned

That I should live
In prison hate
With you my Warden
With no lease date;
My crime, my life,
My dry existence;
Deprived of love
On your insistence;
It's sometimes more
Than I can bear;
I wax my belt,
I test my chair.

David McLansky

The Corp (A Riff))

A soldier in a pointless war
Stands his watch, a useless chore,
There to guard, to hold the line
Of politicians drinking wine;

After pictures are forgot,
In jungles, deserts, left to rot,
Their bones melt into sandy earth,
They're compost in their final worth.

David McLansky

The Crossing Guards Of Life

Where are the crossing guards of life
The escorts who insure our survival;
The protectors who who deflects the lunging knife
Who makes it clear who is our deadly rivals.

Where are the guiding hands
That marshal us on our way
That help us daily understand
That gives coherence to each day.

David McLansky

The Dangers Of Being Old

There is a silence from the phone,
It rings and rings and no ones home;
A lack of interest in the weather,
The temperature no longer measured;
And yet I hear her plaintive voice,
The old are so reduced of choice,
No refuge can extend her life,
She can't afford to pay the price;
What purpose to keep her alive
When being old she cannot thrive;
She's too unsteady to be a nurse,
Robbed of health she lives accursed.
Find a love who will sustain
Although you writhe in bitter pain;
One who sits still as your friend
As you sleep more at the end;
One though aching will still rise
To bring your tea and "a surprise, "
And as you succumb once more a child,
Will greet you with a mother's smile.

David McLansky

The Deer Ate My Tulip Tops

Sheared them off, their petals cropped;
The blazing reds, the yellow creams,
Have disappeared as in a dream;
I will not hunt down doe and fawn
Catch them as they cross the lawn,
In foggy mist take their life,
Shoot them, skin them with a knife;
I've seen the petals through my screens,
At first light bobbing in speckled beams;
The beauty that I chanced upon
Was sufficient in the dawn;
It seared a memory in my brain,
Its' beauty always shall remain.

David McLansky

The Devil

In the universe unfenced
In the dust, the depths immense;
In the scattered jewels of suns
Tossed, arrayed, their brilliance stuns;
Moved a God of thick hewn thighs
His breath a storm stretched light years wide,
like a colossus, he moved with power,
Infinity his roof-like tower,
Spinning galaxies with his thumbs,
Popping black holes as he'd come
And I his servant, his loyal, minion,
Who helped him rule his far flung dominions,
I was there when he formed the Earth,
When he lit the sun and gave life birth;

I tried to mitigate his rages,
His demand for blood though out the ages;
I assuaged his anger, made prayers man's wages;
I wrote the history in scattered pages;
But he struck at me, his immortal anvil
He called me serpent and a Devil;
he crushed me down to hellish fires
in hope I might thereby expire.

I was the one who spoke for Noah
When he proposed a watery Shoah
For all the creatures of the land
When he had tired of the sins of man.

I reminded him of his Covenant
With the Jews In their desert tents
When they aroused his fierce wrath;
Having worshipped a golden calf.

I lost all patience with his moods,
He hung his son on a rood,
You could say he had a mood disorder
A personality that was on the border.

The Evil

The Evil often die in bed
A comfy pillow under head;
Surrounded by life-fawning friends,
Self-righteous to the very end.

David McLansky

The Evil Have No Sense Of Guilt

The evil have no sense of guilt;
They sleep in peace beneath their quilt;
But they do resist a sense of shame,
Needing plaques to bronze their name.

David McLansky

The Ex-Wife On My Birthday

The ex-wife calls to testify
On my birthday to my surprise
To thank me for the children, five,
Who she taught to me despise
Who poisoned them with sordid lies.

David McLansky

The Game

He has Robert Redford's boyish locks
His silver eyes are such a shock
Such good teeth, his smile is warm,
A pleasing well proportioned form;

He teases with all-knowing cheer;
He asks you if you'd like a beer,
Or whatever you might be drinking,
And all the while those eyes are thinking;

He jokes and plays with such finesse
His finger tips your arm caress;
He plays the game with grace and charm
He leaves such tingles on your arm.

He removes some lint caught on your dress
Again another soft caress,
He strokes your cheek, you lips, your hair;
'My God, ' you think, 'It isn't fair.'

You hope your body's good enough
You taunt to please and call his bluff;
Tipsy before his hotel door
You kiss his lips and ask for more.

Afterwards while in the shower,
Having spent with him an hour
The memory begins to sour
'A test of his seductive power? '

David McLansky

The Gift

I gave to her a marigold
Plucked from the sea cliff bank;
Her eyes grew wild and chilly cold
At I so bold and frank;

She put the flower in her book
And handed it to me;
Then strode she off, the grass it shook
As she marched along the sea;

The golden flower that I had killed
In my sudden lover's rush,
Lies withered on the grassy hill
'Mid the nettles in the brush.

David McLansky

The Importance Of Wearing A Raincoat

As you grab your shaft of steel
And hang above her blubber
Remember how bad your shaft can feel
Unless you wear a rubber;

That steamy jungle of warm delights
Spread before you on the floor
Contains a realm of poisonous night
That healthy cocks abhor.

Bacteria can invade your shaft
Through your unprotected tip
And multiply and leave a rash
Or a deadly, milky drip.

It can do such harm, leave you sterilized.
Kill the generation still to come
Insanity can metastasize,
It can blunt your will to cum.

So unpack your sheath of grey latex
And roll it down your dick
Remember when having heated sex,
Quick pleasures can leave you sick.

And women should take responsibility
Of equal safety measure,
A child born with syphilis:
Is a high price for careless pleasure.

David McLansky

The Irish In Decline (A Riff)

It's a regular scandal
It's a plot low down and mean
That a body born Irish,
Lacks the Poetry Gene;

There's been a mutation
In the souls born to rhyme
There goes the nation
The Irish in decline!

Once there were poets
Even children of nine
On Limerick's back streets
With tongues tipped divine;

Who spoke in such sweet songs
With wit in their voices
Now it's listening to brass gongs
With clueless word choices.

It's the fault of the Bureaucrats
The Ministry of Change
Those Computer Geek Satraps,
With their languages strange.

Now the boom is long over
And the techs on the dole
Though you may roll in clover,
Gone is your soul.

For the language of Shakespeare
Of Yeats, Bobbie Burns,
You've developed a tin ear,
For old Erin I yearn.

David McLansky

The Last Party

So they say next week the world will end,
Well its been delightful, has it not my friend;
Thank you for the invitation,
The floating lanterns were a sensation;
The waiters dip and pour champagne,
The sky is clear no sign of rain;
Let's all go out on the patio deck,
And look at the stars, those exploding specks;
The universe is in a blinking rout,
Matter, anti-matter canceling out;
Well it has been fun, I must say,
Look at the colors over Oyster Bay;
It's useless to fight the spreading dark
Those feeble fireworks in Roosevelt Park;
Strangers are coupling in the grass,
Slithering desperately as you pass;
Mankind is ending in a fearful rut,
Be careful you don't step on a naked butt.

David McLansky

The Local Elite

They dress in furs
And leather coats;
They mingle with
'The better folks, '
They dine among
The restaurant class
And sip from fluted
Champagne glass;
But their ears are pointed,
Their teeth are sharp,
And though the lady
Plays the harp,
A yellow glow
Is in their eyes
Savoring that
Which we despise.

David McLansky

The Memory Of Joyce Stirs The Trees At Night

And I could smell Tennessee
Grass in your hair;
Your body, your neck
Bosomy white;
And see your red flannel
Shirt
Against the evening trees;
Catch a glimpse of you
Running
From the moth orbited
Porch lamp light;
Your sneakers sparkling
White on the gravel;
The over the shoulder wide-eyed
Glance,
Clear skinned with no blue
veins;
Thick dungaree thighs pumping
Over
The niight water tar,
Rising
Out of the weeds of the
Drainage ditch;
The O'Neils watched too
With a life-time of squinting
In their faces;
Now they are dead
And only is night now:
Tennessee black night;
My heart is choking.

David McLansky

The Mirror

I framed her hate
With all my kindness
To mirror there
All her blindness.

David McLansky

The Narrow Soul

The narrow soul
Exacts a toll
On everything
It can't control;
Acting pious
And devout,
How righteously
It lives without;
Until unmasked
In foul possession,
Revealed to have
A mad obsession,
And even then
Assumes a stance,
Devoid of shame
In arrogance.

David McLansky

The Need Of God

My soul is wearied
I cannot breathe
My fear surmounts
I've lived deceived;

What I had thought
A secure mantel,
Is sore revealed
As insubstantial.

The future looms
Dread poverty
Approaching doom
Makes a mockery

Of all the things
That I thought certain;
Time rips away
It's masking curtain;

I have lived upon an open field
Tented by what was not real;
Now I'm subject to the storm,
I question why I was born;

Surely not for this random life,
Wherein I finally found a faithful wife
Who finally gave me the love I craved
As I stumbled near my grave.

I accept as my final role
To fulfill her wishes as I'm told,
To struggle on with a final nod
To my desperate need of the mind of God.

David McLansky

The Not Yet Dead

Vacantly we stood at the wire,
Skeletons in prison strips,
To watch the guards at shift retire,
Their healthy flesh, their clothing ripe.

We stood depressed, our mouths agape,
A soundless demonstration,
Our children dead, our women raped,
A silent protestation.

What joy to see a human laugh
In clean and polished clothes,
To joke and tease along the path,
Their cheeks a burning rose.

We the stubborn, not-yet-dead,
A link to they the living,
Think of us while chewing bread
And you shall be forgiven.

David McLansky

The Oaten Bride (2)

The Maiden, decked in purple flowers,
Dances, chants, her final hours;
For when the shadow of the moon
Cast by Knife rock in the gloom
Does touch the polished grinding stone,
All will know the time is shown:
To pierce her with the Oat Stalk knife
To bring the plant God back to life.

The singing mounts in celebration
The Maiden shows no hesitation;
Honored, feted, filled with pride
She dances as the Oat God's bride;
A nymph amid the blowing mist,
A crumpled oat stalk in her fist.

Her hair is oaten like her cloak;
Her supple limbs gleam in the smoke;
On her head an oaten crown
Formed of oat stalks woven round;

What bride upon her wedding night
Steps so sure with foot so light?
What joy blooms there upon her cheek;
What rapture as she twists and leaps'

The moon will summon as a bell
There's magic in ...

David McLansky

The Oaten Bride (1)

1.

The liquid spells of the earth
Are chanted in the dark with mirth;
Naked round the jagged stone
In the moonlight on the loam,
The dancers, silver, sparkling, wet
Turn as shadows, pirouette; ;
Leaping, stamping, joy inspired
They circle round the burning fires;
And though the night is cold with mist,
They spin with heat and leap and twist,
Glistening wet with perspiration,
Possessed by songs in celebration
For by rite of sacrifice,
The village pays the Oat God's price.

The Maiden, decked in purple flowers,
Dances, chant, her final hours;
For when the shadow of the moon
Cast by Knife Rock

David McLansky

The Oaten Bride (3)

The moon will summon as a bell.
There's magic in the chanted spells,
Her groom awaits to claim his bride
To take his rights beside her side.

A cloud of blackness shrouds the moon
A sign the dancers take for doom;
For if the bride's not sanctified
The Sun in Spring will be denied.

A sudden gust clears the sky
How brilliant shines the night time eye;
The dancers shout relief that's joyous,
The Maiden joins the laughing chorus;

The dagger planted in the Earth
...e

David McLansky

The Oaten Bride (4)

The dagger planted in the Earth
By Oaten Lord at his birth
Points a shadow with its tongue
To show the Bride the wedding's done.

The Bride is lain on marriage bed
Where she will shed her maiden head;
Her blood will paint the jagged stone
To sprout the earth with Spring reborn.

The liquid spells of the earth
Are chanted in the dark with mirth;
Naked round the jagged stone
In the moonlight on the loam;
The dancers, silver, sparkling, wet
Turn as shadows pirouette;
Leaping, stamping, joy-inspired
They circle round the burning fires;
And though the night is cold with mist
They spin with heat and leap and twist;
Glistening wet with perspiration,
Obsessed by songs in celebration;
For by rite of sacrifice
The village pays the Oat God's price

The singing mounts in celebration
The Maiden shows no hesitation
Honored, feted, filled with pride
Calmly lain as virgin bride;
A nymph amid the blowing mist
Which lifts and shakes her billowed shift.
The liquid spells of the earth
Are chanted in the dark with mirth,
Naked round

David McLansky

The Oaten Bride (6)

Her hair is oaten like her cloak
Her supple limbs gleam in the smoke;
On her head an oaten crown
Formed of stalks woven round

What bride upon her wedding night
Lays so secure with heart so light;
What joy blooms there upon her cheek;
She smiles with pride she cannot speak.

The moon does summon as a bell
The ancient stalk does rise and swell
The groom descends to claim his prize:
The barren Earth is fertilized.

David McLansky

The Oaten Bride (7)

The liquid spells of the earth
Are chanted in the dark with mirth
Naked the jagged stone
In the moonlight on the loam
The dancers, silver, sparking wet
Make the shadows pirouette;
Leaping, stamping, joy-inspired
They circle round the burning fires;
And though the night is cold with mist
They spin with heat and leap and twist,
Glistening wet with perspiration,
Possessed by songs of celebration;
For by this rite of sacrifice,
The village pays the Oat God's price.

A sudden gust sweeps the sky;
How brilliant shines the night-time eye;
The dancers shout in voices joyous,
Her screams are heard above the chorus;

A thread of blackness veils the moon
A sign of pleasure from the groom;
The holy rites now sanctified,
The Earth in Spring will sprout alive.

The dagger planted in the Earth
By Oaten God at his birth
A jagged shadow, a reddened tongue,
Marks the yearly rite as done.

The Bride sprawls on her marriage bed,
Dark crimson is her maidenhead;
Her blood now paints the jagged stone;
The seeded Earth sleeps now reborn.

They set her in a briny bog
Beneath some fallen oak tree logs;
A peat-man found her boneless hide:
Two thousand years, black, mummified.

She failed to make the Spring oats grow,
They withered in a sleeting snow;
She lay indifferent to the earth;
Her leather skin a human purse.

David McLansky

The Oaten Bride II

The Maiden, decked in purple flowers,
Dances, chants her final hours;
For when the shadow of the moon,
Cast by Blade Rock in the gloom,
Does touch the polished grinding stone,
All will know the time has come:
To pierce her with the Oat Stalk Knife
To bring the plant God back to life

; The Maiden, decked in purple flowers,
Dances, chants her final hours;
For when the shadow of the moon,
Cast by Blade Rock in the gloom,
Does touch the polished grinding stone,
All will know the time has come:
To pierce her with the Oat Stalk Knife
To bring the plant God back to life;

David McLansky

The Oaten Bride Iii

The singing mounts in celebration,
The Maiden shows no hesitation;
Honored, feted, filled with pride,
She dances as the Oat God's bride;
A nymph amid the blowing mist,
A crumpled oat stalk in her fist;

Her hair is oaten like her cloak;
Her supple limbs gleam in the smoke;
On her head an oaten crown
Formed of oat stalks woven round;

What bride upon her wedding night
Steps so sure with foot so light?
What joy blooms there upon her cheek;
What rapture as she twists and leaps;

David McLansky

The Oaten Bride Iv

The moon will summon as a bell,
There's magic in the chanted spells;
Her groom awaits to claim His Bride,
To take His rights beside Her side;

A cloud of blackness shrouds the moon,
A sign the dancers take for doom;
For if the Bride's not sanctified
The Sun in Spring will be denied;

David McLansky

The Oaten Bride IX

The liquid spells of the Earth
Are chanted in the dark with mirth;
Naked round the jagged stone
In the moonlight on the loam,
The dancers, silver, sparkling wet
Leap and dance and piroeutte;
Spining, stamping, joy-inspired
They circle round the burning fires;
And though the night is cold with mist,
They step with heat and leap and twist;
Glisteing wet with persperation,
Possessed by songs in celebration;
For by this rite of sacrifice
The village pays the Oat God's price;

A sudden gust sweeps the sky;
How brilliant shines the night-time eye;
The dancers shout in voices joyous;
Her screams are heard above the chorus;

David McLansky

The Oaten Bride V

A sudden gust clears the sky;
How brilliant shines the night-time eye;
The dancers shout relief that's joyous,
The Maiden joins the laughing chorus;

The dagger planted in the Earth
By Oaten Lord at His birth
Points a shadow with its tongue
To show the Bride the wedding's done;

The Bride is lain on marriage bed
Where She will shed Her maidenhead;
Her blood will paint the jagged stone
To sprout the Earth with Spring reborn;

David McLansky

The Oaten Bride Vi

The liquid spells of the Earth
Are chanted in the dark with mirth;
Naked round the jagged stone
In the moonlight on the loam,
The dancers, silvered, sparkling, wet
Turn as shadows, pirouette;
Leaping, stamping, joy-inspired
They circle round the dying fires;
And though the night is cold with mist,
They spin with heat and leap and twist;
Glistening wet with perspiration
Possessed by songs of invocation;
For by rite of sacrifice
The village pays the Oat God's price;

The singing mounts in expectation,
The Maiden shows no hesitation,
Honored, feted, filled with pride,
Calmly lays the Virgin Bride;
A nymph amid the blowing mist
Which lifts and shakes her billowed shift;

David McLansky

The Oaten Bride VII

The liquid spells of the Earth
Are chanted in the dark with mirth;
Naked round the jagged stone
In the moonlight on the loam,
The dancers, silver, sparkling, wet
Make the shadows pirouette;
Leaping, stomping, joy-inspired,
They circle round the fresh fed fires;
And though the night is cold with mist,
They leap with sparks and spin and twist;
Glistening wet with perspiration,
Possessed by songs in celebration;
For by this Rite of Sacrifice,
The village pays the Oat God price;

The Maiden decked in purple flowers,
Awaits the Oat God's swelling power;
For when the shadow of the moon
Cast by Blade Rock in the gloom
Does touch the polished grinding stone,
All will know the time is shown
To pierce her with the Oat Stalk Knife
To bring the Plant God back to life.

The singing mounts in celebration,
The Maiden shows no hesitation;
Honored, feted, filled with pride,
Sacred lays the Oat God's Bride:
A Goddess in the shredded mists,
An oat stalk rope bound round her wrists.

David McLansky

The Oaten Bride Viii

She lays upon the grinding stone
Her hair untied, arrayed, and combed;
The dew bejewels her maiden hair
As flames lick at the black night air.

She lays upon an oaten mat
Her limbs outstretched and laying flat;
Her wrists and legs are tightly bound
By thick stalk ropes staked to the ground;

Chosen for her maiden beauty,
Her purity, her vow of duty,
She reigned as Queen from Evesong Tide,
The slated, feted Oaten Bride;

What bride upon her wedding night
Lays so secure with heart so light;
What pride blooms there upon her cheek;
Her eyes grow wide she cannot speak.

The moon does summon as a bell;
The Ancient Stalk does rise and swell;
The Groom descends to claim his prize:
The Barren Earth is fertilized;

David McLansky

The Oaten Bride X

A thread of blackness veils the moon,
A sign of pleasure from the Groom;
The Holy Rites now Sanctified,
The Earth in Spring will sprout alive;

The Dagger planted in the Earth
By Oaten God at His birth;
A jagged shadow, a reddened tongue,
Marks the yearly rite as done;

The Bride sprawls on her marriage bed,
Dark crimson is her maidenhead;
Her blood now paints the jagged stone;
The seeded Earth sleeps now reborn;

They set her in a briny bog
Beneath some fallen oak tree logs;
A peat-man found her boneless hide:
Two thousand years, black, mumified;

She failed to make the Spring oats grow;
They withered in a sleeting snow;
She lies indifferent to the earth,
Her leather skin a human purse.

David McLansky

The Oaten Bride(5)

The liquid spells of the earth
Are chanted in the dark with mirth
Naked the jagged stone
In the moonlight on the loam
The dancers, silver, sparking wet
Make the shadows pirouette;
Leaping, stamping, joy-inspired
They circle round the burning fires;
And though the night is cold with mist
They spin with heat and leap and twist,
Glistening wet with perspiration,
Possessed by songs of celebration;
For by this rite of sacrifice,
The village pays the Oat God's price.

The Maiden decked in purple flowers
Awaits the Oat God's swelling power;
For when the shadow of the moon
Cast by Knife-Rockin the gloom
Does touch the polished grinding stone:
All will know the time is sjown
To pierce her with the Oaaar Stalk knife
Yo bring theplant od back to life.

The singing mounts in celebration
The Maiden shows no hesitation;
Honored, feted, filled with pride
Sacred lays the Oat God's bride;
A Goddess in the blowing mist
An oat stalk rope bound her wrists.

David McLansky

The Old Clochard

Not hot with Love
But cold with Pity
Do those who shop
Step in the City.

Down on the pavement
On the subway grate,
I lift my cup
Inebriate;

You can tell a lot
By peoples legs,
Sprawled on the sidewalk,
Out to beg;

The ones least likely
To refuse
Are those who have
The most worn shoes.

Bundled in
My three warm coats,
Unwashed, unshaved,
A shaggy goat;

I am King
At base of thrown,
An old sick Lord
With servants gone;

I raise a swollen
Palsied hand
To those who pass
To help me stand;

A young lad stops
And hesitates
I rise on legs
That bend and quake;

He takes me by
My dirty hand
And pulls me up,
A full-grown man.

David McLansky

The Old Farmer 3000 B.C.

I had hoped at least to outlive his reign,
This evil King, our God ordained,
To kick some dust upon his head,
Our much feared Lord who ruled with dread.
He cast a pall upon our land,
This selfish fool, this stupid man,
What griefs we've known through his misrule,
Irrate commands, what judgements cruel;
Oh, bitter earth, more bitter truth,
When I recall my sparkling youth;
What prophecies his birth proclaimed,
What promised joy, his throne attained!
We marched, his soldiers, proud of heart,
Beneath his arm to play our part;
Our brilliant spears flashed in the sun,
Our claim to fame, his chosen ones.

(to be cont'd)

David McLansky

The Old King

SLEEP OLD MAN
SLIP AWAY
SHUT YOUR EYES
FADE WITH THE DAY
YOUR THOUGHTS ARE DREAMS
SWEET ASLUMBER
YOUR BATTLES WON
TOO GREAT TO NUMBER
DOZE BY THE FIRE
SAFE IN YOUR CHAIR
SOFTLY ATTENDED BY
THOSE WHO CARE
YOUR HAIR IS WHITE
IN DISSARAY
LONG IS THE NIGHT
SHORT IS THE DA Y

David McLansky

The Old Priest

Kindness has no earthly pension;
They shake your hand with hesitation;
(Who is this fool who gave so much,
Lacking carfare for the bus?)
They watch you limping, off you go,
Then its back to business, rightly so;
They reset their minds to accumulation,
Not for them such humiliation:
A cup of tea by poor-stoked coals;
An army blanket full of holes;
A hard backed chair in a drafty room,
And silent prayers youll be taken soon.

David McLansky

The Old Psychologist

When I look back on my career,
My fight to stem the madness,
To temper all the raving fears,
Sour wisdom for their sadness;
When I review my stubborn cases,
The ransacked, desperate lives,
The nervous, sullen, tearful faces
Proving love was false denied;
When I recall the brace of words
Hurled down for my inspection,
The silent weights, the thoughts unheard,
Still fearful of detection;
When sleepless I recall their voices,
The briefs for sanity,
Reviewing all the foolish choices,
The wild insanity;
I question all the good I've done
Wise sitting in my chair,
Posing as the Sacred One,
Hiding my despair

David McLansky

The Peaceful Poet

Your kindly diplomatic skills
Soothes my fears and deft fulfills
My expectations that I formed
In knowing you though not as long
As you know me in reading my
Poetic diary which I let lie
Open on the world wide web
As if I put it down beside my bed.
Thank you for your kindly thoughts
So artful in the way they're wrought;
All loves in newness overwhelms itself
And stumbles clueless in shock and stealth,
Alarmed to find its hopes fulfilled
In a world thought harsh and shrill.
Let's take a breath and renew are search
For one another on this earth;
For if staring longer in your eyes
Rewards us with a love that's prized,
Our efforts in such exploration
Will resolve all doubts and hesitation
And then can have that consummation
That exceeds all dreams of delectation..

David McLansky

The Pilgrim Road

The Nun's Tale (1)

'My friend, my lover, my boon companion,
My Musketeer, my bold D'Artagnan,
You rescued me from the Nunnery,
With fine sword work and gunnery;
You asked me if I'd give consent,
And when I did, well, off we went,
The bribes you paid, the sums you spent
To rescue me from that Convent;
I being a Nun in a religious order,
Some thought it strange you proved a courtier,
That devout someone being me,
A Bride in Christ, a devotee;
The vows I broke with that first kiss,
Your merry eyes, who could resist,
Your charming mouth, your cherry lips,
Your urgent hands upon my hips;
I broke my vows with you to dwell,
My mounting sins mark me for Hell;
And yet my pleasure at your side
I never felt as Christ's Bride;
Oh, I am weak, a silly fool,
Betraying all I learned at school,
But had I known what I'd foresworn,
I'd never would a habit worn'

David McLansky

The Pilgrim Road 6 & 7

The Hasty Departure (6)

The Prioress learned of Ann's harsh labor,
Heard of the child with much disfavor;
And then she learned this babe had played
Our Sovereign Lord upon the stage;
Hastily she gathered round
The troop of actors drunken found
And bid them quickly be on their way
Before the sun rose on that day;
She asked the leader of the band,
A coarse, dishonest sort of man
To take with them the little babe;
To make sure haste, be gone away;
And with the babe the still sore mother
Lest the town folk soon discover
The babe they called by name of Christ
Was a child of sin and vice;
And so when Phoebus' golden crown
Rose in the east to His renown,
The Mummers carts rolled on the road,
Encumbered by two more in their load.
The Mummer chief with a coin of gold
That this scandal not be told;
He looked at Ann sitting on his bench
And thought the girl a comely wench
As she nursed her sleeping child
The rutted road shaking them the while.

Twenty Years (7)

Twenty years has come and gone,
Twenty summers of blazing dawn,
Twenty years of blowing wheat
Of buzzing bee combs honey sweet;
Twenty years of harvest labor
Where God had shown his bonded favor;

Twenty years of tending vines,
Twenty years of making wine;
Twenty years of Winter blasts,
Where Nuns bent coldly to their tasks;
Twenty years of prayers to heaven,
Of sins confessed, of souls sore shriven;
Twenty years of time gone by,
A falcon circles in the sky.

David McLansky

The Pilgrim Road 14

A Pounding at the Gate (14)

There rose a drumming at the gate, ?
Importunate, the sound of Fate; ?
It caused a stirring in the yard, ?
They checked the gate, the gate still bared; ?
There were wailing cries and shouts without, ?
The frightened Nuns rushed all about, ?
Uncertain of a course of action, ?
They divided into separate factions;
Some feared to open up the door, ?
Hands went to faces, still unsure, ?
Some searched about to find the Priest, ?
The Prioress at the very least; ?
The Priest arrived looking peeved, ?
'Are we attacked by Viking thieves, '?
He stood askance in his nightgown, ?
Those outside continued to pound; ?
It was the Pilgrim who unbarred the gate?
To see the crowd who couldn't wait?
Until a decent hour of the morn, ?
The crowd rushed in, a rag-doll borne.

Satan's Daughter (15)

'The crowd milled round and round the Priest?
They threw the rag doll at his feet, ?
In truth it was a little child, ?
Her wrist were tied, her eyes were wild; ?
A burly man hung over the Priest?
Sweat running down his florid cheeks, ?
A local farmer, Barone by name, ?
His blouse was wet and was mud stained; ?
'Here is the cause the crops have failed, ?
Why the milk runs sour in the pail, ?
Why the grapes have rotted on the vine, ?
Why the calves have died at birthing time.'?

The Priest looked down at the girl, ?
Who had grasped his feet, and clinging, curled; ?
She looked up at him with frightened eyes, ?
The crowd around them buzzed like flies; ?
'We caught her at her Satan Arts, ?
She is a fiend with Evil heart, ?
The little songs that she rehearses?
Are filled with spells and deadly curses, ?
To make our cows udders dry?
That makes our sheep and goats to die, ?
She withers the crops in the field, ?
Here is the cause of our low yields.'

David McLansky

The Pilgrim Road 15

A Pounding at the Gate (14)

There rose a drumming at the gate, ?
Importunate, the sound of Fate; ?
It caused a stirring in the yard, ?
They checked the gate, the gate still bared; ?
There were wailing cries and shouts without, ?
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To make our cows udders dry?
That makes our sheep and goats to die, ?
She withers the crops in the field, ?
Here is the cause of our low yields.'

David McLansky

The Pilgrim Road 2

The Prioress' Tale (2)

Yes, I remember Sister Anne,
The Nun who broke her vows and ran
With that soldier, that Musketeer,
She's paid the price, never fear;
When I was young I had my doubts,
I knew then only to be devout,
I felt the yearning of the flesh,
I so young and pure and fresh;
But I did not yield to foul temptation,
My love of God was my salvation;
Why put one's faith in fickle man,
A wanton creature of mortal span,
When Christ Our Lord gives eternal life,
And have on earth His shield from strife,
Seems to me no hard decision,
The Devil tempts and sows division;
I've lived a quiet life of service
Praising Him, may He preserve us;
I've starved myself, denied the flesh,
And felt myself rise up refreshed;
I look across the countryside
And know the Lord is on my side;
These rolling hills, stone walls, and pasture
Have protected me from life's disaster;
In simple obedience to His Will,
My soul's preserved, my life's fulfilled.

David McLansky

The Pilgrim Road 10

Charity (10)

The Pilgrims group, the caravan,
Was led by a preacher, a scarecrow man,
Who sought to teach within the village,
To merchants, tradesmen, men of tillage;
It was to the Priest he revealed his plan,
His followers stepped in his van,
Enraptured by his saintly visions
They followed him without provisions;
He asked for shelter from the road,
The barn would do as their abode;
They relied on God to provide,
The Priest, unsure, asked them inside;
The Prioress huffed at this decision,
She stoked the stoves with much derision;
"Last year the harvest had been poor,
We can feed ourselves but not much more, "
She argued as she told the Priest,
'These beggar-saints if they want a feast,
Then let them multiply these small loaves; '
She slammed the bread into the stoves;
'Last year the grapes rotted on the vine,
Let them turn this water into wine,
If he wants his companions to be fed,
Let him raise the wheat that makes the bread!
These righteous men who walk the road
Unburdened by a harvest load;
Unburdened by mere earthly toil,
Let them eat the fruits of their own soil.'

Sister Mary Ruth (11)

It was the Nun who served the soup
Who recognized one of the troop; ?
She nearly dropped the serving bowl, ?
Her heart beat wildly then turned cold;
For within the haggard, wrinkled face, ?

Beneath the hair, she saw a trace?
Of the young friend of her youth;
How this staggered Sister Ruth; ?
Sister Mary Ruth by name?
Was broken hearted and so ashamed?
When her fellow Novice had decamped, ?
Then returned to be called a tramp; ?
Beneath the scraggily hay loft hair?
Had been a face once called fair; ?
But that smooth cheek where bloomed the rose?
Time had ploughed in craggy rows; ?
She saw the pleading in her old eyes, ?
She felt a hand brush against her thigh, ?
She saw her gently shake her head, ?
She filled her bowl as she pled; ?
Sister Ruth moved down the table, ?
She would escape as soon as able?
To think about how Novice Ann, ?
The victim of the lust of man, ?
Had fallen to this lowly state, ?
She crossed herself and filled a plate.

David McLansky

The Pilgrim Road 12

The Prioress at Her Morning Prayers (12)

In the darkness of early morn, ?
Before the sun had sparked the dawn,
Before its mantle had been spread
O'er the East its golden threads, ?
The Prioress sank down on her knees?
And clasped her hands in fervent plea?
And intoned her favorite daily prayer?
To the still and velvet air:
'God spare me from all wicked thoughts, ?
Grant me the peace I long have sought, ?
Make this day a peaceful one?
That I might dote upon your Son; ?
God grant me now the Peace of Christ?
The hours to come be free of strife, ?
That I might labor in contemplation
Of? the healing power of His Resurrection.'

David McLansky

The Pilgrim Road 13

What the Prioress Saw from the Parapet (13)

As she struggled from her knees, ?
She saw a sight that did not please, ?
Just below the parapet?
In the yard to her regret?
Stood the Pilgrim with arms out-raised?
Praying to the coming day.?
'Oh Lord of Light, Sweet Jesus Christ, ?
Guide me in this garden blight, ?
The bordered road is filled with thorns, ?
I shed my blood, my skin is torn; ?
Guide me on this coming day?
That though I stumble on my way, ?
Do not let me fall from Thy path, ?
Let me not slip and be outcast; ?
I stumble like a still young child, ?
Guide me with Your wisdom mild, ?
Teach me on this borning day?
Thy path to step, I fervent pray.'

David McLansky

The Pilgrim Road 16 & 17 & 18

The Miracle (16)

The Pilgrim Chief moved through the crowd
His head held high, his eye was proud, ?
And as he moved, he spoke these words, ?
His voice made strong so he was heard; ?
'Look at the Satan in your hearts, ?
Cast him out, make him depart; ?
Your sins are truly magnified?
By your wrath and foolish pride; ?
You cast about to point at sins, ?
I say the evil lies within;
You cruelty and brutish style?
Reflects your acts against this child.'?
At that he stooped and untied her wrists, ?
The churl moved forward to resist, ?
The Pilgrim Chief upturned his head, ?
The churl stepped back in fear to tread; ?
He gathered her unto his arms, ?
She grabbed his neck now safe from harm, ?
A frail old woman at the back?
Now pressed forward through the pack; ?
The girl leaped to her mother's arms, ?
'Go back, go back into your farms, '
The Pilgrim said and raised his arms,
'And pray to Jesus on this day, ?
For you've have one less sin to pay.'

Every Day Life (17)

They stood around the grey stone tubs?
The younger Nuns assigned to scrub?
The soiled clothes of the Order?
Washing with the hard grey water;
The sun rose brightly in the sky, ?
Burning hotly with its eye, ?
They pounded, twisted, and as they wrung?
They laughed and whispered, hymns were sung; ?

In the kitchen they baked the bread?
And marveled at what the Pilgrim said, ?
'He is so young to be so wise; '?
'Use more yeast, ' a Nun advised; ?
The Nuns bent weeding in the fields?
Some carried baskets, too old to kneel; ?
Some milked the cows within their stalls, ?
Some replaced the stones that fell from walls.?
Some swept the dirt from the cells, ?
Some carried water from the wells, ?
The Priest rehearsed his sermon text, ?
The Prioress walked round to inspect; ?
When came the hour to stop and pray?
All agreed that on that day, ?
Something wondrous had occurred, ?
Only the Prioress had demurred.

Reflections in the Heat of the Day (18)

In the sunny mid-day afternoon, ?
The heat so strong it made you swoon, ?
It came in waves across the hills, ?
The yards stood empty, the cattle still; ?
It rippled across the valley low, ?
The air did shimmer in the glow; ?
The trees stood limp in pastures green?
The colors pale in a fuzzy sheen; ?
The pilgrims sat beneath an elm?
Silent in their heated realm?
Content they had their bellies fed, ?
Glad of him, their man who led; ?
The Priest looked out his window pane?
And searched the sky for signs of rain; ?
But not a cloud did trace the sky, ?
No bird took wing to swoop or fly; ?
The Prioress stood looking grim?
Behind the Priest, her back to him, ?
'Who is this man, this vagabond, ?
What right had he to release her bonds, ?
To usurp your place, your authority? ?
What right had he to set her free? ?

She was brought to you for you to judge, ?
But you stood there, you didn't budge, ?
You allowed this man to false proclaim?
T'was he who spoke in Jesus' name; ?
You must act, you must be strong, ?

To undo this error, to refute this wrong; ?
The girl set free must be tried, ?
To find the truth, to see who lied.?
Without order and authority?
Our lives are ruled by anarchy, ?
Every upstart becomes a Prince, ?
There are no laws, just shrill license.'

David McLansky

The Pilgrim Road 19 & 20

Sister Mary Ruth's Morning Prayer (19)

Sister Ruth woke in her cell,
What time it was she could not tell
Was it time for Morning Prayer?
No hymns were mounting from the stairs;
She slipped from her hardwood bed?,
Fell to her knees and bowed her head, ?
'Gracious Jesus, Lord of Light, ?
Be forever in my sight,
May your Spirit be my Guide?
Ever ready at my side;
Let your Mercy be My Torch
My inspiration, my vital Source, ?
For without You in the Universe,
Man's a beast and surely cursed;
May this day bring plenitude?
Goodness, Kindness, certitude;
May each hour of this day?
Inspire my faith, my fears allay,
May I be worthy of the price
The Lord, Our Father's sacrifice?
His only Son on earth here born, ?
Crowned Our King with Bloody Thorns; ?
In obedience to His Cause,
I submit my Soul with all its flaws.'

Sermon By the Fire (20)

The Pilgrim Chief named Zechariah, ?
Held a candle to the fire, ?
And these are the words that he said, ?
I repeat them often in my head: ?
'So is this flame to the fire, ?
So is your Soul to Our Sire,
Your Soul is small, a little flame, ?
Yet it casts a light all the same; ?

When you walk within the yard, ?
Beneath the sunlight of Our God, ?
Know your Soul, that little flame, ?
Though obscured reflects His name; ?
For when the darkness assumes the world, ?
When His Flame is cupped and curled, ?
In the darkness your Soul burns bright?
To guide you when He's out of sight; ?
Protect your Soul, your living flame, ?
That pale reflection of His Name; ?
For Evil is like a wild windstorm?
It rips the air, it whips all forms, ?
It tests the candle of your Soul,
Burnt wicks are smoke in dark Sheol; ?
Protect the wick, protect the taper, ?
From Our Savior never waiver; ?
Thus may your flame join to His Light?
In Eternal Glory within His Sight.'

David McLansky

The Pilgrim Road 21 & 22 & 23 & 24

The Priest Before the Altar (21)

The Priest stood solemn and long did linger?
At the reliquary of St. Boniface's finger, ?
Encased in silver and in gold, ?
Concealed behind a curtain fold; ?
He crossed himself before the altar, ?
And opened up his ancient Psalter, ?
And reading it, intoned a hymn, ?
He sang the verses of <i>Te Deum&/i>; ?
Long ago he had lost his Latin, ?
A subject of dissatisfaction, ?
And though he no longer knew its meaning, ?
He sang the verses with wondrous feeling; ?
High above him, upon His Rood?
Stood a statue of painted wood, ?
The writhing statue of Jesus Christ, ?
As He paid His mortal price; ?
'God give me strength, by these gray hairs, ?
To perform my office without despair, ?
Give me the wisdom of Winfrid, ?
That I not be into Evil led; ?
May I be tireless as he in tasks, ?
May I be loyal to all You ask, ?
In the name of Christ and Church Holy Mother, ?
There is not one without the other.'

Ann's Tale (22)

?
Sister Ruth slipped out of doors?
When she had finished her kitchen chores, ?
To the chickens she fed bread crumbs, ?
Until the barn door she had come; ?
There she espied her old friend Ann?
Eating oat cakes from a dented pan; ?
She signaled her to come outside?
Where the two might safely hide, ?
To hear the tale of her life story?
And relieve her of her current worry; ?

They sat inside the old goat pen, ?
Sister Ruth and her old friend; ?
Ann sat across from Sister Ruth?
And saw her face still bloomed with youth; ?
It was as if the goodness of her life?
Had protected her from lines of strife; ?
For in her smile her goodness showed, ?
And in her cheeks her sweetness glowed; ?
Her teeth were even and pearly white, ?
While Ann's few teeth were black as night; ?
'I'm sorry that we never said goodbye, ?
After you left, I cried and cried; ?
Oh Ann, I see life's been hard on you; ?
What trials has God put you through? '

Ann's Tale (Cont'd) (22)

That pitch black morning so long ago?
As I sat carted, jostled slow, ?
I thanked Our Lord for my new life, ?
I watched the Convent slip from sight; ?
But the Mummer Chieftain was a knave, ?
He treated me just like a slave, ?
I was his mule, his wife, his chore, ?
I knew little then what lay in store; ?
We moved around from town to town, ?
He juggled and he played the clown, ?
To prove my worth I was passed around, ?
One night they raped me on the ground; ?
I was starved and I was beaten, ?
They fed me after they had eaten; ?
Dried turnips and boiled cabbage cores, ?
I was knocked about and beaten sore; ?
In one thing was my saving grace, ?
My baby's smile, his little face; ?
They swore that they would kill him sure?
If I didn't smile and act the whore; ?
Finally, in a great big city, ?
I found a Priest who showed me pity, ?
He agreed to find for him a home; ?
It broke my heart to leave him alone; ?
But what else then could I do? ?

They were a wild and ruthless crew; ?
I saw them murder, rob, and steal, ?
They honed their knives on Satan's wheel; ?

I told them that the babe had died, ?
They didn't care that I had lied; ?
They were tired of his yelps and his cries, ?
They'd have slit his throat by Eastertide; ?
I moved with them from town to town, ?
In every town I looked around; ?
For a face that showed some kindness; ?
I settled on one that looked mindless; ?
He wanted a woman to work his farm; ?
He agreed to keep me safe from harm; ?
He bought me from the band of thieves; ?
I watched them leave with sore relieved; ?
Their wagons jostled down the road, ?
I turned to look at my new abode; ?
It was a hut, a thatched roof shack, ?
Turned from the road, I did not look back; ?
I lived the scorn of his family, ?
I was a slave, that's how they used me; ?
I worked from early, early morn, ?
I was their ox, their sheep unshorn; ?
At last the old man up and died, ?
But then I found that I was tied, ?
To the land the old man owned; ?
The son worked me to the bone; ?
One day I upped and walked away; ?
How long I walked I couldn't say; ?
I walked through village, town, and city; ?
Glad I was no longer pretty; ?
There were years of filth and sweat and grime, ?
Muddy huts and low-life crime; ?
Once I was whipped at a market fair?
For stealing an apple they couldn't spare; ?

The years rolled on and on and on, ?
I worked and begged from farm to farm, ?
One day I joined this Pilgrim's group, ?
My bones are old, my back is stooped; ?
And here we are chatting again, ?

How long its been I can't say when, ?
Twenty summers have scorched my face, ?
Twenty winters have gouged their trace; ?
I look at you and see my folly; ?
You look as when we played with dollies; ?
You'll laugh to hear that I met D'Artagnan, ?
My faithless lover, my soul's companion; ?
A soldier who had lost his legs, ?
Set out on the road to beg; ?
I was sore determined to pass him by, ?
But as I passed I began to cry; ?
He said he didn't remember me, ?
He had lost both legs below the knee: ?
I had him join our Pilgrim band; ?
Still he claims he was not the man; ?
But when I washed his old torn clothes, ?
I found his clan sewn in his hose.'

Dark Justice (23)

They come within the mask of night?
To maximize the sense of fright, ?
To hide the face of what they've done, ?
To terrorize, conceal, and stun; ?
The child was taken while asleep, ?
The parents told not to speak, ?
Bundled off within the dark?
Before the query of the lark?
Their little act a fait accompli ?
You must be tried to be set free..

Sister Mary Ruth's Morning Prayer ?(24)

'Gentle Jesus, meek and mild, ?
Protect me from this sleeping child?
Who lies suspected in my bed?
Of witchcraft, being Satan bred; ?
God protect me from her Black Arts, ?
Bind not my hair with Astaroth's, ?
Let not his demons seize my Soul?
And cast me down to dark Sheol; ?
Let not Aamon bite beneath my skin, ?

Pollute not my flesh with lust and sin; ?
Bar Pruslas from my tiny cell, ?
Let innocence and love here dwell; ?
If Barbatos infects her tongue, ?
Let in the night no demon come?
To confuse my dreams and turn me wild?
To turn my head and so beguile?
That I like a Viking I wanton sack?
In the name of Rashaverak; ?
Gentle Jesus, this is my prayer, ?
If she's the Devil, my Soul be spared.'

David McLansky

The Pilgrim Road 23

Dark Justice (23)

They come within the mask of night?
To maximize the sense of fright, ?
To hide the face of what they've done, ?
To terrorize, conceal, and stun; ?
The child was taken while asleep, ?
The parents told not to speak, ?
Bundled off within the dark?
Before the query of the lark?
Their little act a fait accompli ?
You must be tried to be set free..

David McLansky

The Pilgrim Road 25

The Investigation (25)

?

The little child woke at dawn?
And asked the Prioress, 'Where my Mom? '
The Prioress sprinkled salt and thyme?
Around the child with Holy Wine; ?
The Prioress asked her, 'What is your name? '?
The child answered just the same; ?
'My name is Lily, like the flower, ?
I'm made of water, yeast, and flour; ?
Mama says I'm like baked bread, ?
I rise alive with sleepy head.'?
The Priest squeezed in the tiny cell, ?
Said, 'You have another name as well; ?
Lilith is your other name, ?
Confess it and repent your shame; ?
At night you are an evil wind, ?
The screech owl heralds where you've been, ?
You bring sickness to children in their bed; ?
Asmodeus is your husband wed.'?
The child laughed and said, 'You're dumb, ?
I'm not married, I'm too young; ?
Little girls can't get married; '?
'Confess your sins, ' the old Priest parried; ?
Tears came to the young child's eyes, ?
They streaked her cheeks as she cried, ?
'I just want to go back home; ?
I want my Mommy, leave me alone.'

The Priest's Exhortation (26)

'Confess, confess, ' said the Priest, ?
'You are possessed by The Beast, ?
You are the bride of Wicked Baal, ?
You live to tantalize, enthrall; ?
I've seen you lying in my bed, ?
Your naked form above my head, ?

Floating in the fetid air, ?
I've seen you drape your sparkling hair; ?
A lure to turn mens mind to lust, ?
I've seen you waiver and you thrust, ?
Enticing men to pollute and sin, ?
I've seen you mock and laugh at him; ?
You bring death and pointless strife, ?
Oh Evil Spawn, Oh Satan's wife, ?
You are Lilith with her talon claws, ?
The Souls of men lay in your maws; ?
At night you hunt, you stalk, connive?
To turn men from their Christian lives; ?
You smile and grind your lustful hips, ?
You grab and squeeze your milkless breasts, ?
So men will squirm and have no rest; ?
By the flayed skin of Bartholomew, ?
I call you out, be done with you!

Prison Break (27)

?
The little girl turned pale than white, ?
She struck the Priest with all her might, ?
He tried to grab her little hands, ?
She ducked their fanning and then she ran; ?
And pushing left, she was out the door, ?
She darted right as he roared, ?
He called the Nuns to 'Stop that child! '?
Some Nuns stood still, some Nuns smiled; ?
Around the corner, down the stairs, ?
She ran as if pursued by bears, ?
By foxes and by wild boars, ?
She saw sunlight streaming through a door; ?
And as she ran she screamed and screamed, ?
"The man was cruel, the woman mean; "?
She crossed the yard to find the gate, ?
A Nun tripped her with a rake; ?
Hands reached down to pull her up, ?
She bit and pulled just like a pup; ?
And just when she could not struggle more, ?

The man who saved her the day before, ?
Lifted her up off the ground, ?
And smiled at her and looked around.

The Second Confrontation (28)

The Priest appeared, out of breath, ?
A stain of sweat suffused his vest, ?
'You again! Release that witch! ?
Or I'll impose an interdict; ?
I'll forbid to you the Sacraments?
If you interfere in these events! '?
The Pilgrim smiled, the Priest perspired, ?
The child clung to young Zechariah, ?
He set down the child who held his hand, ?
'No words can sever God and man.?
Forbid not the child to come to me.?'
Sneered the Priest, 'That's blasphemy! '

David McLansky

The Pilgrim Road 29,30,31,32

Zechariah Rebukes the Priest (29)

'I did not say that I was Christ, ?
To say that's not exactly right; ?
The Eucharist gives us each a portion, ?
Let there be no vile distortion; ?
In all of us is Jesus Christ, ?
The Roman who had rolled the dice, ?
The thief who's place Our Jesus took, ?
His faithless friends whom Him forsook; ?
The leaders of the Second Temple, ?
The leper, Pharisee, the simple, ?
The blind, the wise, the Doubting Thomas; ?
Peter who failed to keep his promise; ?
In all of us is Jesus Christ?
We bless ourselves not once but thrice, ?
Proclaiming in His Holy Name?
That we are One and just the same; ?
You accuse this child of witchcraft, ?
Then put your charges in a draft, ?
Then send them to the Diocese, ?
And let us see if they agree.

Jurisdiction (30)

There arose a murmur in the crowd, ?
An argument that grew more loud; ?
Then out-stepped the old Prioress, ?
To contain the spreading group unrest; ?
She cried, 'Send the child to the Bishop, '?
And then a smile deformed her lips, ?
'And put this man under arrest, ?
He's a heretic, Satan blessed; ?
Put them both under guard.' ?
A silence fell across the yard; ?
'Try them both for apostasy?
Before the Bishop, then we'll see, ?

Who speaks in the name of Christ, ?
Who's God's Ordained or Anti-Christ.' ?
A silence fell across the crowd, ?
The Pilgrim stood up straight and proud, ?
'Like He who shouldered His True Cross,
I shoulder her, ' and here he tossed
The little girl upon his back?
And walked through the gate not looking back.

The New Venue (31)

And so the village streamed to town?
How quickly word had spread around, ?
Formal Charges were writ and brought?
In the Ecclesiastic Court?
Against the Pilgrim and the child?
Who were put in prison until the trial.?
A dour Deacon of the Court?
Drew up the charges in a report, ?
A man of cunning legalese?
Feared throughout the Diocese; ?
He was a small and ugly man, ?
Frog-like faced, who spoke deadpan, ?
Grim of feature with insinuations, ?
Lurid in his presentations; ?
The Bishop himself would adjudicate?
And render verdict and their fate, ?
An expert in Church Canon Law?
A man of wise and subtle saws; ?
From miles around they streamed to town, ?
A vacant room could not be found; ?
The farmer left his ox and plough, ?
The boatman left his river trow; ?
Eager to see the great bon-fire?
That would burn the witch and Zechariah.

Trial Tactics (32)

The prosecutor, with cunning guile, ?
Thought to first convict the child, ?

For once convicted of witchcraft?
She'd stoke the mob to fiery wrath; ?
And the Pilgrim in defending her?
Against his name would incur a slur?
For surely a confirmed heretic?
By defending her, would himself convict; ?
And so the child was brought to trial?
She was dressed in rags, dank and vile; ?
Her hair uncombed, her face besmudged, ?
She looked up frightened at the Judge; ?
The Deacon warned her not to lie, ?
If she lied she would surely die; ?
God would send the lightening down, ?
And burn her, he said with a frown; ?
The little girl began to cry, ?
The Deacon warned her not to lie, ?
And then asked her to sing a song?
For the Judge and gathered throng;

David McLansky

The Pilgrim Road 3

The Priest's Decision (3)

My dear child, I am bereaved
That in this man you've been deceived;
He robbed you from Our Mother Church
And now he's left you in the lurch;
He left you swelling up with child,
This rough-hewn soldier, this creature wild,
You say he's gone off to his wars,
That take him off to foreign shores;
But can you take him at his word
Have not his actions been absurd?
He steals you from your pious cell
And leaves you with no home to dwell;
He is a rogue, and unbeliever
The vilest kind, a cruel deceiver;
He played upon your innocence,
You are a child who has no sense;
And having no place to turn
You return to us, the place you've spurned;
Confess your sins, abjure your lust,
Do penance for your broken trust;
The child you bear must be forsaken,
You must give him up, be from you taken,
A mother who's conceived in lust,
Is she in whom God has no trust.

David McLansky

The Pilgrim Road 33,34,35,36,37,38,39

Doctoring the Evidence (33)

The Deacon had paid the prison guard?
To sing a song while in the yard, ?
A silly song that made no sense?
That he hoped would have a consequence; ?
The Deacon had conveyed the words?
Through a monk which made a third; ?
But the prison guard had a garbled voice, ?
This was the Deacon's song of choice: ?

'Mary was the Devil's Dam?
The Devil's Dam, the Devil's Dam, ?
Mary was the Devil's Dam, ?
She blessed his cloven toe.'?

But the song the Deacon tried to foist?
Was twisted in the garbled voice:

'Mary had a little lamb, ?
Little lamb, little lamb,
Mary had a little lamb, ?
His fleece was white as snow.'?

And so when the child was asked to sing, ?
That was the child's sweet offering.

Interview with Satan (34)

The prosecutor was not dismayed, ?
He knew many tricks in his trade, ?
He was a man, she was a child, ?
Innocence is no match for guile; ?
He gave his lower lip a tug, ?
And asked, 'Is your savior Beezulbub? ?
Or do you worship him as Satan? ?
Answer Demon, we all are waiting.'?
'I don't know them, ' said the child, ?

Who looked at the Deacon with a smile, ?
'You have a funny froggy face: '?
Laughter broke throughout the place; ?
'Then who is your Savior, Demon Child? '?
The Deacon asked, being riled; ?
'My Lord and Savior is Jesus Christ, ?
And for my sins He gave His life...'?
'And what are your sins? ' asked the Deacon, ?
Interrupting as she was speaking; ?
'I pulled my sisters Maggie's hair ?
When she refused to give me my full share?
Of the apple tart Momma baked, ?
I pray my soul the Lord to take.'?
The Deacon hissed, his soul irate,
He raised his voice, his voice did shake,
'Come, come, foul Demon, confess your crime; ?
Was God half-human or half-divine; ?
Did Jesus who died on the cross?
Feel the pain of human loss, ?
Or was His flesh but of the Spirit? ?
Give us your wisdom, we do not fear it.'

Reasoning with Satan (35)

The little girl stood mute, confused, ?
The Deacon suspected this a ruse, ?
'I'll say it so you understand, ?
Was Jesus Christ a God or man? '?
'Jesus Christ was once a was, '?
In the Courtroom there was a buzz, ?
'Now Jesus Christ is an is, ?
He died so that we all may live.'?
The Deacon shook his mocking head, ?
'So now you say that Christ is dead! '
'Oh, you just told a dirty lie, ?
May Jesus strike you from the sky! '?
The courtroom tittered with muted laughter, ?
Some looked up into the rafters, ?
'The Devil's power is to beguile, ?
She answers not as a child; ?

She answers with a subtle mind; ?
Beware the Devil lurks behind; ?
She has the power to bewitch; ?
Ipso facto she is a witch.'?
The Judge looked down and began to fidget, ?
'Do you say this ipsit dixit? ?
For if you do I'm not convinced;
The child just speaks mere commonsense.'

Case Conference (36)

'I liken it to Gethsemane, ' ?
Said the Judge in the lane;
'My garden is my only sin, ?
Be so good as to walk within.'?
With the Deacon, he walked about, ?
In measured steps, he was quite stout, ?
Pausing at his favorite flowers, ?
Noting their medicinal powers.?
'The asphodelus is for regret, ?
The pheasant's eye helps me forget, ?
The rosemary gives me healing balm?
The virginica helps keep me calm.?
'I'm afraid to say your case is weak, ?
I didn't think the girl would speak, ?
Who would have thought this little peasant?
Would have been so charming and so pleasant? ?
The arum vulgare gives you strength, '?
And here the churchman paused at length, ?
'Let's not let this thing get out of hand, ?
Involve the Archbishop or Metropolitan; ?
We want the proof to be plain as day, ?
They should convict themselves by what they say; ?
Really I'm surprised at you, ?
Confounded by these bumpkins, too! '

In the Garden of Gethsemane (37)

'I propose we merge their trials, '?
The Deacon said with leering guile, ?
'They know not enough not to speak, ?
The Pilgrim has a martyr's streak; ?
We'll say that both of them connive?
To blasphemy and to deny?
The Divinity of Jesus Christ; '?
Said the Judge, 'That's sage advice.'?
They continued down the garden path, ?
They watched two sparrows at their bath, ?
On a fluted ancient stone, ?
Splashing as if all alone; ?
'Should we have the Pilgrim stripped, ?
Flogged and beaten with a whip, ?
Lashed and scourged, beaten down, ?
Then paraded through the town? '?
'You'd make him walk 'The Path of Sorrows? '?
We'll think of this on the morrow, ?
Let's not make of him a Christian martyr, ?
He has his bent and foolish ardor; ?
Let them ascend their own bonfire?
By their own efforts as we desire; ?
Let their quest for martyrdom?
Proceed as if it naturally come.'

A Compromise (38)

The Judge looked pensive at the sky, ?
He checked his plants, they all seemed dry; ?
He blessed his plants in Gethemane, ?
And asked his aide to pray for rain.?
'And by the way, by and by, ?
Here's one thing else you should try: ?
Lets ask them both to make a deal, ?
Once they confess, there's no Appeal; ?
Let them confess to 'lack of faith, '?
A venial sin in the waif; ?
As to the Pilgrim, an act of contrition, ?
We'll send him on a Holy Mission: ?
Far away, a distant span, ?

We'll send him to the Holy Land?
To do penance at Ste. Catherine's Shrine, ?
That will take him quite some time; ?
A doubter bears a heavy load?
And may get lost along the road; ... ?
You'd prefer to break him on her wheel; ?
Confession and there's no Appeal! '

Ex Parte (39)

The Deacon smiled at Zechariah?
Though in his eyes there burned such fire; ?
'It such a small, a minor concession?
That's remedied by contrite confession; '?
And as he spoke he licked his lips, ?
Then he rubbed his finger tips, ?
'Well, I really don't have all day; ?
As to my proposal, what do you say? '?
The Pilgrim smiled then in his turn, ?
'When will Evil ever learn, ?
It is by slow degrees we burn.'?
The Deacon looked annoyed and stern;
'You want me to confess a lie?
Upon Our Savior who chose to die?
Then admit He was the Son of God?
To those on whom His neck would trod? ?
Against the Spirit you commit sedition, ?
As the Church you forget your mission: ?
To husband to the good in men, ?
Not foster rot, decay, and sin.'?
The Deacon looked on him with scorn, ?
'You dare to lecture one high born? ?
What are you, but a vagrant, ?
Without a pulpit and unlearned; ?
You dare to teach morals to me, ?
An Officer of the Holy See? ?
God pre-anoints those who've risen, '?
The Deacon sneered with such derision.

The Pilgrim Road 4

The Sign of Sin (4)

And so the Nun who climbed the wall
Beguiled by love, forgetting all,
Returned a beggar to their door
Seeking food and succor;
She moved the very sign of sin,
Deflowered lust a-bloom within,
A swollen belly she could not hide,
She crept in shadows shorn of pride;
She who knelt at evening prayers
Who glided softly on the stairs,
Who crossed the yard, the pride of all,
Became the Eve in Adam's Fall;
She the Virgin Bride of Christ,
The Pure of Heart, the Sacrifice,
Became the object, the very form,
Of dreaded Evil to be scorned;
Once she moved with head downcast,
A pious girl, blessed when passed,
Now became a creature cursed,
The lesson of the very worst;
She who once was isolated
Traveled wide and was berated;
She was the mule sent to town,
The object of a hundred frowns;
There to run the Convents errands,
Mocked by boys and sky borne herons.

David McLansky

The Pilgrim Road 40 & 41

Preparing the Witness (40)

The Deacon spoke to the waif, ?
'In body we know that you are chaste, ?
But admit that you've had sinful thoughts?
With vengeful feelings you are wroth, ?
And if you do you'll soon discover?
That we'll unite you with your mother, ?
Mother and child will be restored?
You cannot cut the sylvan cord; ?
When I ask you, were you disturbed?
By a neighbor or his herd, ?
If you answer quickly 'yes, '?
It will bring such happiness; ?
If you say you married Satan?
Without the least bit hesitation, ?
Why that very afternoon, ?
You'll be back in bed in your own room.'?
'But that would be a sinful lie, '?
And here the girl began to cry.

The Trial (41)

And so the Pilgrim and the child?
Stood co-defendants at the trial, ?
He waved to her which made her smile?
A breach of courtly Canon style; ?
The Deacon rose and looked with scorn?
At the defendants and he warned?
That people of surrounding lands?
Will be alarmed at what was planned; ?
'Be not misled by her girlish look, ?
Innocence can easily be mistook?
For what looks to you as a child?
Is a demon laughing all the while; ?
She was seen drawing pentagrams, ?
With the blood of fresh-killed lambs?

She dripped gore at the five points?
Which mocks the wounds that we anoint; ?
In the darkest time of night?
She was observed by candle light?
To utter chants and wave her arms?
(The Court room stirred in some alarm) ?
Pronouncing Latin in reverse?
To cast her spells and lay her curse; ?
Then from the star scratched dirty floor?
Came a clank from a trap door?
And rose a yellow smoking glow?
That arced red sparks in its flow, ?
Which blazed with light and sudden heat, ?
Then rose the beast with cloven feet; ?

Brown and dark with straggled hair?
A bull like face, a red-eyed stare, ?
His snarling teeth, bright fangs from Hell, ?
And from the mist a sulfurous smell; ?
He growled, and stretched, and finally roared, ?
Then bent the child upon the floor?
And there he sated his foul lust, ?
And as he rammed the child did thrust; ?
Yes, good Christians, be not deceived, ?
She's not the innocent you perceive, ?
This is the mate of Anti-Christ, ?
Who spawned with him until first light.'?
Stunned and silent sat the Court, ?
The Deacon handed up his report; ?
The Judge looked sullen and quite grave, ?
A woman howled and several prayed; ?
Until the Pilgrim rose at last, ?
And then gave off a monstrous laugh, ?
'Who is this witness so well versed?
That he knows Latin in reverse! '

David McLansky

The Pilgrim Road 40,41,42,43

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Examining the Witness (42)

The laughter echoed down the pews, ?
A raucous laugh as in the stews, ?
For this audience knew well the witness, ?
Their laughter registered his fitness; ?
He was the farmer who's land adjoined, ?
The child's parents, now purloined, ?
For if the charge of witchcraft stuck, ?
The Court's enjoinder would be struck; ?
He was a wild and burly man, ?
Huge of girth, his hands like hams?
Of florid face, protruding teeth, ?
A vulgar man of intemperate speech; ?
As Farmer Brown was sworn in, ?
He cursed the girl and all her kin, ?
The Deacon smiled at this report?
And reminded him he was in Court; ?
'She's a witch, the Judas pig, ?
I saw her dance the Devil's jig, ?
I heard her curse a cross of sheaves, ?
Held upside down, by Your Lord's leave.?
I heard her mumble foreign words?
Words of the Mass, mixed up, disturbed; ?
I saw her mix mare's milk with wine?
And mark my cattle seven times.' ?
The Deacon smiled and asked no more, ?
He motioned the Pilgrim to take the floor; ?
The farmer bellowed and stuck out his chin, ?
'I'll have no truck with the likes of him! ?

He's of the cohort of the beast! ?
A Devil worshipper, at the very least.'?
The Pilgrim smiled and bowed his head, ?
'Do you see horns upon my head? ?
Perhaps I should remove my hose?
So you can see my heel and toes? ?
But of this, really, no matter?
I see the golden calf would grow fatter, ?
I'm informed that you're a Latin scholar, ?
A Docent at the collegium Colmar?

'Qui invidet minor est*?
I'm surely you're likely to attest.?
At this the farmer began to sweat, ?
He wrung his hands and looked upset, ?
He began to shout, spewing phlegm?
The Pilgrim said, *compesce mentem***?
The Deacon rose, 'This is absurd, ?
It doesn't mean he knows every word, ?
It's best to say he recognizes Latin, ?
He sat down again with satisfaction; ?
The Pilgrim circled round the farmer, ?
He smiled at him like a snake charmer, ?
'What you heard, did it sound like this? ?
'&iJe suis un homme des ivresse&/i;"?
'Yes, ' said the farmer with uncertain frown; ?
It was very like that ... a swishy sound; '?
'Very good, I am impressed, '?
Said the Pilgrim to the witness.?
'Backward Latin, did it have this refrain? ?
'&iJe suis mal homme, un vrai vilain.&/i;"?

'Yes, yes, that's what it seemed, '?
Said the farmer, his face a gleam; ?
'Very good, ' said Zechariah, ?
'And heard you the girl in smoke and fire?
Say, '&iMonsignor, Je suis menteur&/i;! '?
Did it sound like that, are you sure? '?
'Yes, ' said the farmer, growing bolder, ?
Smiling now, as he rolled his shoulders, ?
His face flushed from his excess, ?
Please with himself at his success.?
The Pilgrim turned round to face the bench, ?
'Then by Brown, the witness, the Devil's French! '

David McLansky

The Pilgrim Road 43,44.45,46,47,48,49

In the Sacristy (43)

The Bishop Judge was much displeased, ?
'A canker sore, a vile disease, ?
Can broadly spread its foul infection, ?
If we don't act at it's detection; ?
The body of Our Holy Mother, ?
The Virgin Sisters, the Holy Brothers, ?
Will wear the badge of pestilence?
If we don't act in their defense; ?
A demon horde stands at our gates
With beating swords, their lust to sate,
With catapults and battering rams, ?
The pagan dead, the living damned, ?
To invade the precincts of our city, ?
To rape and rob, devoid of pity, ?
To overthrow all law and order?
To sow the seeds of gross disorder; ?
They'll hold aloft upon their pikes?
The ciborium and the pyx; ?
They'll pry the jewels from the chalice, ?
With greedy eyes intent on malice; ?
They'll defile the Consecrated Host, ?
With Holy Wine they'll drink and boast; ?
They'll celebrate their pagan rites?
On the sacred altar of Jesus Christ! ?
Anarchy will rudely reign, ?
All our work will be in vain, ?
Every garden over-grown, ?
With wanton weeds, disorder sown! '

?

The astounded Deacon looked askance?
As the Judge raged on in his rant?
For he felt this burden weight?
Lay on his shoulders, confounding Fate.

In the Vestry (44)

That very Sunday afternoon
The Pilgrim was led to a private room, ?
There stood the Bishop in his golden vestments?
Having just performed the Sacraments; ?
'Tell me something of yourself, ?
What do you seek, power, wealth? ?
Why do you disturb Holy Mother Church? ?
Tell me Pilgrim, for what you search? '
He answered standing in tattered clothes,
His sandals broken at the toes:
'Like Christ I put no faith in possessions, ?
The pursuit of power is not my obsession, ?
I simply seek to do the good, ?
In fellowship and brotherhood.'?
The Bishop smiled and called him 'Son, ?
You walk the path as Christ has done; ?
Commendable, but a pain-filled route, ?
What He could have done being more astute? ?
Had He chosen to take the well trod path, ?
He would have aroused far less wrath; ?
Had He aimed to become a Temple Priest?
He might have then assured the peace; ?
But He chose to preach outside the fold?
And what was worse, His betters scold; ?
Had He been more patient and circumspect, ?
Had He stuck to parables and been less direct, ?

He might have risen to be High Priest, ?
No Last Supper but a Passover feast, ?
We could've all sat down and joined hands, ?
Without sacrificing The Son of Man.'

In the Vestry (45)

The Pilgrim stood amazed, aghast, ?

Was this the man who led the Mass, ?
Who offered up the blood of Christ?
In memory of His sacrifice? ?
'Let me be clear in what you've said, ?
I stand alarmed in fear and dread, ?
My eyes and ears ope' amazed?
I doubt my senses on such days; ?
Had Jesus submitted to the Priests?
And been a servant in His own fief, ?
He might have risen to be Chief, ?
Not crucified for His beliefs? ?
Had He not engaged in monologues?
But risen in the synagogue, ?
He would've changed our human course, ?
And we'd have known far less remorse? '?
The Bishop smiled, 'You get my point, ?
His only error, He did Self-anoint; ?
Oh, He had the blessing of wild man John?
Who roused Herod with false alarm, ?
A desert rat who lived on locusts, ?
A man whose mind was out of focus; ?
A man who had no Authority, ?
From Temple in his ministry; ?
Had Jesus been the Chief Rabbi?
So many Jews would have survived; ?
The Temple Curtain would've not been rent; ?
The Roman siege a non-event; ?

The Zealots would not have rebelled; ?
The city's towers would have not been felled;
The Jews and Romans reconciled?
Within His beatific Holy smile; ?
Jerusalem would stand today?
And so would Rome, I dare to say! ?
Caesar would have talked to Christ?
And benefited from His advice.'

In the Vestry (46)

'But what of Christ's crucifixion? ?
Our salvation in His resurrection? ?
Had He not died for our sins, ?
What state would our poor souls be in? '?
And here the clever Bishop smiled, ?
'In Christ we'd all be reconciled, ?
For by what act can we be purged?
Of that great sin that mankind urged: ?
The murder of God's only Son, ?
Oh had that act not been done! ?
We killed the rightful Heir to Heaven, ?
Of He who built the earth in seven; ?
What fast or act of contrition?
Can ameliorate that act's sedition; ?
How many blows of the whip, ?
How many prayers murmured by our lips, ?
Can wash away our awful guilt?
His Perfect Son, His Blood we spilt.?
We refused to pay the vineyard rent, ?
Then killed His Son who God had sent.'

In the Vestry (47)

'The sin the Church can't abide?
Is the sin of human pride; ?
The church requires true submission?
To participate in God's Holy mission; ?
'Jesus' human sin was pride, ?
This from his mortal side derived, ?
He knew that He'd be crucified, ?
Yet chose the colt on which to ride; ?
He should have joined the Sanhedrin?
And reformed the Temple from within?
If He found it so defective, ?
His self-destruction was elective; ?
So too young man you stand apart?
From that which is the Church's heart, ?
Faith in it's timeless institutions, ?
Obedience is the solution.'

In the Vestry (48)

The Pilgrim looked at them awhile,
And then his lips curled in a smile, ?
'By the logic to which you ascribe, ?
I should address you as, 'Monseigneur Rabbi.'

In the Vestry (49)

The Deacon spat and then he hissed, ?
'You show him mercy and see how he resists?
Your kind appeal to his intellect, ?
He answers you with disrespect! '?
The Bishop frowned and then agreed, ?
'The trial goes on, you'll not be freed; ?
I thought we'd make of you a friend, ?
You know well enough how this will end; ?
You'll be burnt, <i>auto de</i> fire, ?
Now please excuse me, I must retire.'?
The Pilgrim stretched out his hand, ?
The Bishop stopped as if on command; ?
'You know the child is not a witch, ?
Why persecute her, why persist? '?
The Bishop stroked his golden robes, ?
And caressed the silk within its folds; ?
'These things have there own momentum, ?
There's no way that you can prevent them; ?
Sometime we need to burn a witch, ?
You have to scratch when you feel an itch; ?
It's you who bare the greatest blame, ?
You defied the Priest, you lit the flame; ?
I could have saved her from the auto-de-fey, ?
But you put drama in the way; ?
Now the Church must defend its position, ?
It cannot be challenged on Inquisition; ?
You both shall die and it's a shame; ?
The Church must protect its Holy Name.'

The Pilgrim again held up his hand, ?
And eyed the Bishop, man to man, ?
'One more question before you go, ?
This is a sin you surely know; ?
You who've studied so deeply Christ, ?
Show little benefit from His advice.'?
The Bishop looked him in the eye, ?
And then let out a heavy sigh; ?
'The Papacy must protect its power, ?
It stands a gleaming, shimmering tower?
Against confusion and chaos, ?
I would have voted with Caiiphus.'

David McLansky

The Pilgrim Road 5

The Mummers (5)

Pelted by cruel boys with stones,
Hunted, hounded, left alone,
Exhausted by her endless chores,
In her face slammed many doors;
She knew little peace that endless summer,
And in the Fall there came the Mummers
There to enact the birth of Christ
For food and lodging as their price;
It was on the night of Mary's labor,
The night was born Our Hope and Savior
That as the Mummers rehearsed the play
That Ann gave birth 'mid stacks of hay;
It was a tactic of this band
To place a baby of the land
In the crib as Christ portrayed,
An honor for which the rich would pay;
But on the evening of the play,
No babe was found in which to lay
The object of Our Hopes Redeemed
In the crib to play the scene;
But in the barn they heard the groans
As Ann lay birthing all alone,
Upon the hay stained red with blood,
As cows and goats calmly chewed their cud;
And so the leader of the band
Took the babe from Ann's weak hands
And placed it on the scaffold stage
As it whimpered distraught with rage;

The people came from miles around
Farmers, merchants of the town
There to praise Our Lord Reborn
Played by a babe, an object scorned.
To see performed the birth of Christ,
To cross themselves as Priests did thrice.

To feel the presence of The Lord,
Recreated on these crude boards;
To praise Him as He humbly lay
Brought to life within this play;
Their Faith and Hopes again restored,
Christ Our Savior and Our Sacred Lord.

After the play had been performed
They gathered about the child adorned
With rosemary, thyme and cardamom,
There his form to gaze upon;
They knelt and kissed his swaddled feet,
Marveling how his skin smelled sweet;
Asking favors of the Lord,
That health and wealth be reassured;
Little knowing that on that night
The woman they had cursed on sight
Had held within her taunted womb
The very child they Christ assumed.

David McLansky

The Pilgrim Road 50

The Prison (50)

Two came to the Pilgrim's cell, ?
They touched their nose at the smell, ?
For it was dark, and cold, and dank, ?
And deep within, how it stank; ?
'We've brought you food, ' said Sister Ruth, ?
'We sympathize, to tell the truth; ?
My partner here is one of your band, ?
She's known to you as Betty Ann; '?
The Pilgrim's face pressed against the bars, ?
The candle flame made him see stars, ?
'The Deacon has postponed your trial; ?
It seems you'll be here for awhile.'?
They handed him a bundled cloth, ?
Around the flame there flew a moth, ?
'They may keep you here a year; ?
'Till you're forgot or disappear.'?
'And how's the child, ' they heard him ask, ?
His voice a squeak that had a rasp, ?
'She's not in a cell like this? '?
By candle light they saw caked lips; ?
'With the Warden's wife she stays, ?
That is as long as she behaves; ?
They watch her closely like a hawk, ?
They don't let her sing or even talk; ?
They fear she'll raise her Devil husband, ?
That she'll bring sickness on the land; ?
I pray no cow falls down and dies, ?
No piglets sicken in their sty; '?

And as she spoke she knelt right down, ?
'Please God no plague infect the town; '?
Betty Ann stood in the dark, ?
Lit by the candle's errant spark, ?
'Here is a blanket for you Pilgrim, '?
Her face was set, stark, and grim; ?
He took the blanket through the bars, ?
She touched his hand with one of hers; ?

'Blessing for what you have done, ?
In the name of the Father and the Son, ?
And the Holy Spirit, I might add, '?
She withdrew her hand looking sad; ?
They left him in his black hole cell, ?
With the rats, the fetid smell, ?
How hastily he ate his bread, ?
He felt them scurry at his tread.

The Miracle (50)

The greedy farmer, Frank Barone?
Was standing in his barn alone, ?
When a swelling at his throat, ?
Made him stumble, gasp, and choke; ?
He felt a pressure in each arm pit, ?
Then in his groin which made him sit; ?
He saw his sacred, most precious blood?
Drip to the muck and yellow mud; ?
They found him covered with black sores, ?
Blood trickling out of every pore; ?

Judge Bivona sitting in his bath?
Saw his skin color with a rash; ?
It turned him red, then dark brown; ?
He tried to rise and turn around, ?
But then sores broke out upon his back, ?
His arms grew weak and then fell slack; ?
He tried to call out for his maid, ?
But his thickened tongue would not obey; ?
His swollen tongue made him choke, ?
He tried to rise, but his grip broke; ?
And falling back into his bath, ?
There he drowned struggling to the last;

David McLansky

The Pilgrim Road 6

The Prioress Reflects (8)

How many years I've viewed this scene:
The snow-capped hills melt into green,
The cold sharp winds descend the hill
And lose their strength as daffodils
Peak from the ground their dancing heads
As roses bloom in hues of red;
How many years I've felt the chill
Of winter blasts relent their will,
Defeated, warm, and calmly fade
Into the bursting green leaf glade;
How many years have these old eyes
Watched darkness fade as sun did rise,
The purple realm of night to pale
As sun did light and night did fail;
How many years did these old bones
Rise from their bed to tread these stones
I see my slippered feet have worn
A path to parapet to pray at dawn;
My faith in God is like the sun,
That when I sleep, I know He'll come,
Releasing me from earthly woe
To bask within His eternal glow.

David McLansky

The Pilgrim Road 7

The Prioress Reflects (8)

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The Prioress' Foreboding (9)

In the distance, high on a hill
She heard a cry, both harsh and shrill,
A flock of birds rose from the trees
Ascend the sky, wheel in the breeze;
There on the road, just below,
She saw a group, a cart in tow;
She rubbed her eyes, squinted, peered
A group of pilgrims, still unclear,
Following a man who walked apart,

A donkey pulling, a burdened cart;
This common sight, a familiar scene,
Made her afright as if she'd seen
An army dot the distant hills,
A war-horn heard, wild and shrill
An army set on rape and plunder
Their beating drums producing thunder;
In the tranquil sun of morn
She sensed the coming of a storm

David McLansky

The Pilgrimage

When I am dead
And safely buried
On Hades shore
By Charon ferried,
My loves will make
A pilgrimage
Along the pathway
To my village,
And weep before
My pagan stone,
And whisper soft,
'I, alone.'

David McLansky

The Pilgrim Road 26

Zechariah Rebukes the Priest (29)

'I did not say that I was Christ, ?
To say that's not exactly right; ?
The Eucharist gives us each a portion, ?
Let there be no vile distortion; ?
In all of us is Jesus Christ, ?
The Roman who had rolled the dice, ?
The thief who's place Our Jesus took, ?
His faithless friends whom Him forsook; ?
The leaders of the Second Temple, ?
The leper, Pharisee, the simple, ?
The blind, the wise, the Doubting Thomas; ?
Peter who failed to keep his promise; ?
In all of us is Jesus Christ?
We bless ourselves not once but thrice, ?
Proclaiming in His Holy Name?
That we are One and just the same; ?
You accuse this child of witchcraft, ?
Then put your charges in a draft, ?
Then send them to the Diocese, ?
And let us see if they agree.

Jurisdiction (30)

There arose a murmur in the crowd, ?
An argument that grew more loud; ?
Then out-stepped the old Prioress, ?
To contain the spreading group unrest; ?
She cried, 'Send the child to the Bishop, '?
And then a smile deformed her lips, ?
'And put this man under arrest, ?
He's a heretic, Satan blessed; ?
Put them both under guard.' ?
A silence fell across the yard; ?
'Try them both for apostasy?
Before the Bishop, then we'll see, ?

Who speaks in the name of Christ, ?
Who's God's Ordained or Anti-Christ.' ?
A silence fell across the crowd, ?
The Pilgrim stood up straight and proud, ?
'Like He who shouldered His True Cross,
I shoulder her, ' and here he tossed
The little girl upon his back?
And walked through the gate not looking back.

The New Venue (31)

And so the village streamed to town?
How quickly word had spread around, ?
Formal Charges were writ and brought?
In the Ecclesiastic Court?
Against the Pilgrim and the child?
Who were put in prison until the trial.?
A dour Deacon of the Court?
Drew up the charges in a report, ?
A man of cunning legalese?
Feared throughout the Diocese; ?
He was a small and ugly man, ?
Frog-like faced, who spoke deadpan, ?
Grim of feature with insinuations, ?
Lurid in his presentations; ?
The Bishop himself would adjudicate?
And render verdict and their fate, ?
An expert in Church Canon Law?
A man of wise and subtle saws; ?
From miles around they streamed to town, ?
A vacant room could not be found; ?
The farmer left his ox and plough, ?
The boatman left his river trow; ?
Eager to see the great bon-fire?
That would burn the witch and Zechariah.

Trial Tactics (32)

The prosecutor, with cunning guile, ?
Thought to first convict the child, ?
For once convicted of witchcraft?
She'd stoke the mob to fiery wrath; ?
And the Pilgrim in defending her?
Against his name would incur a slur?
For surely a confirmed heretic?
By defending her, would himself convict; ?
And so the child was brought to trial?
She was dressed in rags, dank and vile; ?
Her hair uncombed, her face besmudged, ?
She looked up frightened at the Judge; ?
The Deacon warned her not to lie, ?
If she lied she would surely die; ?
God would send the lightening down, ?
And burn her, he said with a frown; ?
The little girl began to cry, ?
The Deacon warned her not to lie, ?
And then asked her to sing a song?
For the Judge and gathered throng;

David McLansky

The Prisoner's Rosary

I'm warm,
I'm dry,
My stomach's fed;
I have a place
To rest my head;
I have a clean
And narrow bed;
The guards
Laugh
At the jokes
I spread

David McLansky

The Renaissance Priest

The church bells rang as if the Huns invaded;
Was Alaric once more at the gates of Rome?
Or had the lusts of factions not been sated,
Had Colonna massed again to pillage homes?
The ringing of the bells drew me onward;
The peasants left their labors in the fields,
And all of us streamed like a flooding river
Toward the hub of Holy Christian Weal.
Loathe I was to leave my study chamber,
To leave my cloistered cell where peace abides;
But the bells insistent, wildly, pealing clammer,
Made me leave my scrolls, my ink, my hides.
A tonsured brother tripping on his cassock,
Sweating like a beast at noon day sun,
Ran at me his eyes wild and fantastic,
Sprawled before me ending his wild run;
Scarce could he breathe his breath out came so halting,
Tears welled in his eyes alarmed and strange,
He could not speak as if in fear recoiling;
As if his message left him stunned and full deranged;
He rose upon his knees and clutched my sandals
He gasped, he choked, he stammered, and he cried;
Was his report a new outrage, another Papal scandal?
He answered that Pope Innocent had died.

David McLansky

The Renaissance Priest #3

So the Pope has died, God Bless his Name;
A handsome man, by some thought vain;
The Protector of All Christendom;
The Warden of the Moslem Djem;
What irony that Innocent
Should protect the Sultan from dissent;
He keeps as hostage his foul rival
Thus insuring Bajazet's survival;
The heretics of Constantinople,
Those Greek demon priests with minds so supple,
They failed to join with Mother Rome
And now the Moslems rule their Throne!
But we have now that sacred lancet
With costly jewels it has been set;
The spear that pierced Our Jesus' side;
Within the Vatican now resides;
Once more another Pope has died,
Those Genoese I could not abide;
With all those ducats from the Sultan,
He spent them like a shameless wanton;
The keepers of the Papal seal
Failed to include him in the deal;
Having sold Bull dispensations
In his name without compensation;
He had them burnt for their greed:
A transgression of the Holy Creed;
Well, evil to him who speaks evil of the dead;
Innocent the Eighth, his soul has fled;
May his stay in Purgatory be brief,
And may the next Pope be less a thief.

David McLansky

The Renaissance Priest II

I cannot fault him for his daughter,
But for his son, that Lucifer!
That thief, that devil, that miscreant,
That evil doing lawless scamp;
He robs the ecclesiastic courts!
And if you believe even half the reports,
He spends the Fees for Blasphemy
On gambling, riot; oh foul simony!
Oh Cibo was his cross to bear,
You heard him mentioned everywhere;
Why he even invaded my house in Rome,
Fortunately my wife was home!
My dear dear wife, unsanctified,
How I wish you were my bride;
Cherished Sister Mary Elizabeth
We did not fall into Satan's grip;
How sweet her face beneath her wimple,
How pure her faith, how devout and simple;
What pleasure she has shared with me,
I forgave her sins of harlotry;
My cheery, sainted, devout Nun,
Who's enriched my life with seven sons;
I broke your vow of virginity,
But by the Holy Trinity,
I gladly paid the Dispensation;
Without so much as hesitation;
For our love within Christ's name,
Has freed us of all fault and blame;

David McLansky

The Renaissance Priest Iii

So the Pope has died, God Bless his Name;
A handsome man, by some thought vain;
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The Warden of the Moslem Djem;
What irony that Innocent
Should protect the Sultan from dissent;
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David McLansky

The Rented House

This house which we rent
We thought belonged to us.
Here beneath
The cross beams, the lintels
And the truss,
We've bared our souls;
Here we slowly framed
Our trust.
And then with curt warning
We learn
'We must'
Move out;
'There's nothing to discuss.'
In law we have no claim
Upon these walls,
This frame;
These rooms
The life
With which we furnished;
Soon
Will be extinguished;
Empty parquet floors and barren shadowed walls
Will stir nothing to recall.
We're reminded
By this event:
In life we only rent.

David McLansky

The Return

The bubbling words percolate,
Wondering where I've been of late,
Needing life in their expression,
Muted by my Art's regression;
And thus by Art's necessity,
I deposit my sad history;
Less than what I was before,
More paralyzed but tempered pure.

David McLansky

The Rite

The maidens chant the litany
That takes them to epiphanies
Clapping on their brass belt bells,
The mysteries arise and swell

The votive Priestess before the lamp
In the smoke and oily damp
Weaves her hands before the fire,
Her golden limbs with sweat perspire;
Shadowed Priestess in your tomb
Golden limbs stretching in the gloom,
You tresses snake about your shoulders
Burning hot, your eyes do smolder,
Your naked breasts stand at their peaks,
In your hands a sliver streak
She lifts the smooth skinned silver snake
Bids her Mistress rise and wake,
To open up the Timeless portal
To the land of the Immortals;
The snake curls 'bout her neck and arms,
Coils about her turquoise charms;
Down her shoulder to her breasts
Slithers down beneath her dress;
She lifts a snake that hissing lies
Between her squatting naked thighs,
Uncoils its body with her hands,
Lifts it up and rising stands
Before the altar in the cave
Sacred to the Eileithyian Maid;
In her hand she holds the knife
Sacred to the bloody rite
A blade of polished diorite
Sharpened for the sacrifice;
The Maidens hold the young boy down,
On his head a laurel crown;
The naked youth screams and writhes,
They cut his manhood from his thighs,
And holding up the bloody gore
They offer it to Mother Kore.

She holds aloft the bloody prize
Satisfaction in her eyes,
First fruits of the seeded earth,
What joy erupts, what heated mirth.

David McLansky

The Route To Earthly Paradise

It's hard to keep it clear and straight
The corruption lines so complex and great
It wasn't clear who owned who
And what was owed to a sacred few;

Enemies were touted friends
Their eyes were on their glistening end
The restaurant meals, the first class travel
The knots too tight to unravel;

These were the Khans of wealth and power
The Sultans who built the empty towers,
Who scoffed at the poor, the unwashed rabble,
Who complained while erecting their Tower of Babel;

The complex deals over oil and guns,
The soldiers bleeding, laying stunned.
The buzzing flies feasting on their gums
The languid limbs tanning in the sun.

I buy these breasts that I caress.
I give the order to undress;
She lies naked on the poolside lounge
Surely this is where Paradise is found.

David McLansky

The Sacrifice

....

Just for the silver they sold their soul
When loyalty asked that they be bold
For a bag of silver, not even gold,
The witnessed false what they'd been told;

....

My world was cracked, and ripped apart,
A sudden sickness seized my heart;
Oh Father, where is your constancy?
I am bound to this cursed tree;

....

I am tied, a sacrifice,
To be set ablaze, a fealty price,
They will note who'll toss their torch
To light the sticks, my flesh to scorch.

....

And high above, from on this tree
I will look down and I will see
Who was loyal, and who betrayed,
I'll watch the soldiers as they play
For my poor rags, my soiled togs,
I, the crowned, Son of God;
Hear me Father, I beg and plead,
Unbound my limbs and set me free

Show these men your Celestial might,
Release me within their guarded sight
Make them ashamed, their eyes amazed,
Save me from this burning blaze.

David McLansky

The Sacrifice

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Show these men your Cosmic might,
Release me within their guarded sight
Make them ashamed, their eyes amazes,
Save me from this burning blaze.

David McLansky

The Silence

Perhaps they shall love me better after Death
When this writhing Spirit shall finally lay still;
When my exhaled thoughts exiled in sighing breaths,
My latest cast rough hewn beyond my will;
No longer will my talent evoke surprise;
My casket a pine bookcase that I had used
To stack the living thoughts that I devised.
You'll prop my molten corpse, my books unread;
Dull worms will feed on my living pages when I'm dead,
There will remain that silence when my soul has fled.
And maybe, slowly they will come around
And resurrect the life that they put down

I'll be grateful not to have to explain, to apologize;
"To decay in silence with my mix of truth and lies."

David McLansky

The Son I Carried

The son I carried
On my shoulders
Who I fed and clothed
Until he was older,
Joined the Army
And became a soldier;
Suddenly the world
Is colder

While on patrol
In Iraq
His Unit came
Under attack
A twelve year old
With an explosive pack,
Blew off his arms
And broke his back;

In the chill
Beside his grave
I sit still and feel
Depraved;
The little flag
It flaps and waves,
As I remember
Better days...

David McLansky

The Stripper (As Sung By Sting)

She dances in the desert sands
Still she hears the three-piece band
Her sequined dress of turquoise blue
Dried platinum strands her eyes peak through;

Mascara eyes of invitation;
She snakes and swells in sleek gyrations;
A desert flower in heat vibration;
The latest craze, the new sensation;

She shimmers in the barren land
She waves an ostrich feather fan
Feigning lust and excitation
Pelvic thrusts and undulations

She lifts her arms, her pudgy hands
And breathing deep, her breasts expand;
These her body's finest feature
She cups them like two favorite creatures;

Her body writhes, she turns around,
She lives alone, far out from town;
She shakes her hips, she palms her thighs,
Her stage craft played against the sky;

And coyly falls her bodice strap,
Her shoulders roll, she twists her back;
A mountain falls from out her dress;
She lifts her breast, pleased, squeezed, and pressed;

For forty years, this was her act
In empty bars and night clubs packed;
The flesh now coarse and sagging fat;
What she calls home: a tin/board shack;

The pleasure that her body gave
As she undressed upon the stage,
She could not turn into a fortune,
For all her ample, lush proportions;

She dances in the desert sands
Still she hears the three-piece band
Her sequined dress of turquoise blue
Wild platinum hair her eyes peak through;

Mascara eyes of invitation;
She snakes and swells in sleek gyrations;
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A desert flower in heat vibration;
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David McLansky

The White Shio (13)

Into the White Mist she sails
On the White Ship by the white rails
Blind in a sea of streaming clouds
Her hands embrace her thin white shroud

Alone on the bow against the rails
She picks the paint with broken nails
Lost in the waves of feathery songs
Deep through the mist she moves along

The white fog is a birthday cake
The bow plows on in uncut wake
No candles burn to light the sun
The White drifts on in deathless run

The rails are hard as cold forged steel
She knows this nightmare must be real
She feels the sweat bead on her brow
The fog absorbs the drops somehow

(As if some hand with cold compress
Had gently dabbed and softly pressed
And then had freshened up the sheets
And left a smell of lemon sweet)

She sees herself upon the deck
Mushroom from a tiny speck:
A white trench coat, the sleeves too long,
She hums a Barbara Streisand song.

But Eleanor of Aquitaine
Says the English are to blame,
'This is madness, ' she calls aloud;
A Steward buckles up her shroud.

'Oh Mommy come and rescue me, '
She screams alone far out at sea;
A sneering voice, a shredded cloud
Whispers low, 'You're not allowed.'

David McLansky

The White Ship

(1) My Queen Asleep

Aroused by movement in the room,
I awake again in wonder,
To see the aide move round her bed,
My wife, weak breath, aslumber.

Two weeks she's lain,
My sleeping bride,
At peace without protest,
I vigil to her bier, bedside,
Her Prince on patient quest.

So pale she is, her cheeks so white,
The sheets tucked round her, drawn and tight;
She who couldn't stand blankets on,
Sleeps shrouded in the waking dawn.

Now she lays deaf to my kiss,
My prayers, my touch of her frail wrists;
The sleeping monarch of my heart,
Oh fragile breath, do not depart.

David McLansky

The White Ship (7)

(7) Meeting II

I think of her and enter a forest
Richly gardened by a florist,
Tall standing trees that gently shade
Their columns in a pillared glade.

I walk beneath their canopy
And stoop to pick the peony,
The begonia and the wild anemone
Lead me to our tranquil home.

She wore a floral garden dress,
A hand-embroidered flowered vest,
She herself, an uncut flower,
Fragile in her beauty's power.

I knelt before her at first meeting,
She raised me up in gentle greeting.

David McLansky

The White Ship ((22))

(22) Second Date

She nicknamed me her "glum bank teller"
But of all the guys her "favorite fella."
I said she was, "My favorite hippie,"
And called her "cute though kind of snippy."

She called me "dry old economics"
I called her "Latin Church harmonics"
She said she was a merry Nun
I said we could have Monkish fun.

My world was stocks, short and long,
Her world were verses, ancient songs,
She majored in Comparative Lit.;
Not a matching profile fit.

But oh she took the heart of me
She took my hand so naturally
I then invited her for tea
But cautioned, "I must be back at three."

She laughed and then she sweetly asked
Would there be a market crash
If I failed to watch the tape,
Would world investors be irate?

I reminded her I could get fired,
She told me then she would me hire;
I asked her what the job would pay?
"Why having me both night and day."

I asked her what we'd live upon,
The English poets, Blake and Donne?
For breakfast, Milton in a saucer?
At dinnertime, Geoffrey Chaucer?

She answered with a sudden kiss

And asked nee, "Could I live on this? "
All my bantering lawyer's art
Abandoned me as did my heart.

David McLansky

The White Ship (10.1)

(10.1) Solar Room

I go out to the Solar Room,
Seeking respite from the gloom;
An old man who has had a stroke,
Tries to bum from me a smoke;
He points to my encased cigar;
I point to his cerebral scar.

David McLansky

The White Ship (11)

(11) Impatience in the Booth

We shyly banter back and forth
She wipes my lip of beer stein froth
Such an easy give and take
Now no fear of gauche mistake;
Time tripped on its sluggish feet
At first too slow and then too fleet
All too familiar at first glance
I touched her arm at every chance;
Strangers, lovers, old best friends,
Shuffled Time confounds our ends;
There is such comfort in our play,
She smiles at everything I say;
Such a gentle, clever fawn,
Auspiciously we sipped 'till dawn.

David McLansky

The White Ship (12)

Three weeks, three months, three years,
The flyer's on the pier,
The posted schedule to awaken
In the shipping lanes of God's forsaken.

'I'm on some liner now,
I'm standing in the prow...'
The wind sweeps back her streaming hair
As she's swept along, grim, unaware.

The Purser's at her side,
Won't she come inside?
The Captain's rung the diner bell,
The ocean's dull and grey with swell.

She's cold as marble white,
Her days know seamless light,
Her eyes are mist-wet porcelain
'Is it Purgatory that I'm in? '

David McLansky

The White Ship (13)

(13) The White Ship

Into the White Mist she sails
On the White Ship by the white rails
Blind in a sea of streaming clouds
Her hands embrace her thin white shroud

Alone on the bow against the rails
She picks the paint with broken nails
Lost in the waves of feathery songs
Deep through the mist she moves along

The white fog is a birthday cake
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(As if some hand with cold compress
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Mushroom from a tiny speck:
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She hums a Barbara Streisand song.

But Eleanor of Aquitaine
Says the English are to blame,
'This is madness,' she calls aloud;
A Steward buckles up her shroud.

'Oh Mommy come and rescue me,'
She screams alone far out at sea;

A sneering voice, a shredded cloud
Whispers low, "You're not allowed."

David McLansky

The White Ship (14)

(14) My Pale Snow White

My pale Snow White
Sleeps day and night,
And though I kiss her
Cherry bright,
On she sleeps
In her glass tomb
As sunlight creeps
Around the room.

David McLansky

The White Ship (17)

(17) First Kiss

Two strangers in the vestibule
At breaking dawn, late home from school,
Awkward, fumbling their first kiss,
What welcomed warmth, what drowsy bliss.

David McLansky

The White Ship (2)

(2) Hospital Room

She has a smile that flashes white
That lights my soul within her sight,
A pleasant, teasing, mocking manner
That makes this lawyer prone to stammer.

There's such a gayness in her soul,
She'd light a lamp in dark Sheol,
A singing in her every word,
A chirping sprite, my singing bird.

Now in silence she lays there,
I speak my vows in open prayer,
Come my wife, my sparkling bird,
Grant me treasure, my name, a word.

But sleeps she on, her lips at rest,
I lay my head upon her breast;
I hear her heart, beat-beat repeating,
A lonely sound that mocks our meeting.

David McLansky

The White Ship (21)

(21) What Beauty

What beauty in her half-turned face
Her olive skin from mountain Thrace
Her eyes like almonds deftly traced
Such symmetry, such gentle grace.

Her lips are thin and sensuous
Her smile is wide and generous
Her teeth are white as necklace pearls;
What poetry her tongue unfurls.

Her iris', now pure green gold
They hypnotize as they behold
They change their color in the light
Chameleon-like in their delight.

David McLansky

The White Ship (25)

(26) China Town

I took my love to China Town
On Pell and Mott we fooled around
I bought my love a steamed pork bun
Sharing it was half the fun.

I took her then to Doyer Street
We got the table window seat
We laughed and ate fried dim sum
Sharing them was half the fun.

Back in the street we laughed a lot
I took her to a noodle shop
We ate a plate of shrimp chow fun
Sharing it was half the fun.

We wandered in a market/store
Descended to the second floor
I bought her tea and Chinese gum
Sharing it was half the fun.

Beef lo mein at old Hong Fat's
Chop sticks on the New Year mats
Painted lanterns newly hung
Sharing this was half the fun.

In the Year of the Snake
On cobblestones I fed you cake
My fortune read, "You'll have a son."
Her fortune read, "A ship will come."

David McLansky

The White Ship (27)

(27) The White Ship

The White Ship trails no wake
It cleaves the mist without a break;
Lethe and Memory mingle wave
Canceling Time as in the grave.

David McLansky

The White Ship (28 V.2)

(28) On Doyer Street

We sat within the window seat
And watched the L-shaped cobbled street
We sat as lovers on display
Who watch the light slip from the day

We sat beside a potted palm
Your tabled-hand soft and calm
A Chinese crone served us tea
She grinned at our felicity

Perched in the window, a perfect room
A porcelain couple, richly groomed,
Elegantly sipping tea
Victorian in their majesty

But oh, the yearning o'er the pot
May this perfection never stop
Turn flesh to clay and fire it
That we may so forever sit

The shadows draped and masked your face
You poured my tea with silvered grace
Grains of sugar in a whirlpool
Swirling in your sovereign rule

But the dim sum came on a rolling cart
And the dishes chased our hands apart
The old crone worked her timeless trade
Green teeth shown with each dish laid

David McLansky

The White Ship (28)

The White Ship (28)

On Doyer Street

....

....

We sat within the window seat
And watched the L-shaped cobbled street
We sat as lovers on display
Who watch the light slip from the day

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....

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You poured my tea with silvered grace
Grains of sugar in a whirlpool
Swirling in your sovereign rule

David McLansky

The White Ship (29)

(29) The White Ship

The White Ship is a ghostly city
Crewed by those who have no pity
Here the righteous Stupid rule
Who serve in haste while being cruel

The Gorgon bent above my bed
Her features locked like one who's dead
She then let out a deafening scream
That echoed `cross both length and beam,

"You've made my life a misery
With your lies and cunning thievery!
You have made me old before my time!
You must be punished for your crimes!

"You're not sick, you're simply lazy!
You fool these fools, but I'm not crazy!
At any time you can rise and walk;
Answer me, you can talk! "

Her spitting teeth, her glaring eyes,
How can I answer paralyzed?
Her twisted face, her demon hate!
Why must this be my final fate?

Subject to her tempest breath
Captured, pinioned, fearing death,
Helpless, stuck upon my back,
I fear my Will is waning slack.

David McLansky

The White Ship (3)

(3) Hospital Room

Her mother comes to wash her hair,
And ignores me sitting in the chair,
She moves about with sour chagrin
And wipes her daughter's sallow skin.

Pale witness to her nurse-like motions,
Her appliqué of soaps and lotions,
Her jealousy, her bitter gall
Drives me out into the hall.

My lovely wife had lived a slave
To her selfish mother's jealous rage;
I rescued her with love and marriage,
Our happiness denied, disparaged.

Despite my money and degrees,
Nothing would the woman please,
She used her daughter as a servant;
Into her Eden I came a serpent.

David McLansky

The White Ship (30))

The White Ship

(30) The White Ship

....

....

We exited the old Nom Wah
'Have you ever seen a Chinese bar,
One that played Cole Porter tunes? '
Why must this magic end so soon?

She leaned her head against my chest
She was feather-light as she pressed,
Her hair against my lips did tangle,
Which were bloodless in the Bloody Angle.

....

I brushed a hair from off her cheek
She said my name in halting speech
And looking up in fear confessed
'I've never known such happiness.'

....

I gently raised her lovely chin
And saw her eyes fill to the brim;
Her fear fed eyes soon over ran
Their eyelid banks, their fragile dam.

....

A stream descended from both eyes
I held her closely as she cried
I kissed her hair, her salted cheeks,
I too wrought to dare to speak

David McLansky

The White Ship (31)

(31) At the Crossroads

When Cupid shots his love-tipped dart
He pierces more than just the heart
His toxic point infects the brain
And leaves the vanquished half-insane.

His victim stumbles on the field
Wounded, lost, and forced to yield;
He strips them boldly of their armor
And ransoms them to any charmer.

My love stood quaking in my arms
Her soul exposed and thus alarmed
Naked, trembling `gainst my chest
Defenseless now, a prize possessed.

She shuttered in my trembling arms
My body shaking, aroused, alarmed
I felt as frightened as she did
Glad my muffled face was hid.

David McLansky

The White Ship (32)

(32) The White Ship

The cold indifferent restless sea
That swallows lives so haplessly,
Chills my lungs, my heart, my breath
And draws me down despite protest

But I awake, I do not drown,
I feel the dryness of my gown,
It was a dream, the choking waters,
The waving arms of Neptune's daughters

But oh, the fear, the cold black depths,
The Nereid's' song that draws no breath,
They pulled me by the ankles down
What pain to die, what pain to drown!

But I am safe, relieved from dread,
I'm safe within my cabin bed,
I'm on a ship, I now remember
A ship of white in cold December.

David McLansky

The White Ship (33)

(33) The White Ship

Someone's bending over me
Some foul thing of ignominy
The naked Banshee rides my chest
Dripping acid from her breasts

Oh mother come and rescue me
I cannot breathe, she presses me
She bounces on my swollen chest
And mocks my flight with ghoulish jests

David McLansky

The White Ship (34)

(34) The Citadel

We stood an island in the stream
Of faces looking tired and mean
An isle of rescue in the crowd
I held you with an arm so proud

They swarmed about us in a flow
People rushing, pressed to go
Pushing, bumping, annoyed, alert,
We stood as rocks, alive, inert.

And yet their movement showed respect
For lovers bundled in love's net;
We clutched in timeless desperation
With love's naïve exaggeration.

David McLansky

The White Ship (35)

(35) The Marble Room

She asked to see where I lived;
Now what excuse could I give?
I said I was not that kind of guy,
She laughed at my pretentious lie.

She said a banker must be neat
She was looking for a toilet seat
She said she badly had to pee
The consequence of too much tea,

I raised my arm and hailed a cab
I felt a painful elbow jab
A stranger tried to steal our ride
She boldly shoved the thief aside

I gave the cabbie my address
I saw that she was quite impressed
I had hoped to get to know her better
Before she saw my awning's letter.

The doorman smiled at my selection
Saluting me with warm inspection
Santo shut the brass lift gate,
Admired the legs of my date.

We rode the numbers ever higher
Uncomfortable, I now perspired
Soon all my jokes she would find funny
Knowing I had so much money.

But her only comment when I turned the key
Was to reiterate she had to pee;
I showed her to the master bathroom
And mixed some drinks in the billiard room.

She finally found me, somewhat dazed,

She called my bachelor pad a maze,
She said the toilet was superb,
She had almost squatted on the curb.

The Persian rugs, the chandeliers,
The Chinese jugs, the framed Vermeer,
Typically inspired awe
And would turn a Nun into a whore.

"Not bad, " she looked around and said,
"No wonder that you've never wed.
Is there any money left in the vault?
So you're rich; it's not your fault! "

David McLansky

The White Ship (37)

(37) on the balcony

We stepped out through the sliding
To see the park from forty floors;
The lamp lights in the darkened trees
Formed snakes of green in the breeze.

(I saw the distance in her eyes
My wealth was now a wall
Would she love me for myself?
Would she love at all?)

David McLansky

The White Ship (38)

(38) What She Said

'I wish you were just a simple fella,
An average guy, the head bank teller;
With all this wealth, you'll doubt my love;
I rise from low, you fall above.'

David McLansky

The White Ship (4)

(4) Hospital Whites

They stab with needles,
Insert with tubes,
They probe with fingers,
Latexed and crude;
Oh, they never fail
To draw the curtain,
Their privacy assured
And certain.

But the drape is short,
I watch their feet,
Their shoes are scuffed,
Their leggings neat.
Here comes the nurse
To change her Foley;
He touches her
In places Holy.

David McLansky

The White Ship (40)

(40) The Hospice Room

Oh the boredom of a hospice room
The cleaning man with mop and broom
He sprays and mops the settled dust
Both pail and post are stained with rust.

My sleeping bride so peaceful sleeps
At Hypnos' side five fathoms deep
The God of sleep won't let her rise
Despite my surface bubbled cries

David McLansky

The White Ship (41)

(41) The Balcony

She moves about the planter pots
The shadowed dark forget-me-nots,
White lilies and wild eglantine
Cannot conceal, she said she's mine.

Her sandals brush the red brick tiles
My face must wear a foolish smile
She tells me that I shouldn't gloat,
A pouting voice, far- off, remote.

David McLansky

The White Ship (42)

(42) The Balcony

"A lover has a certain right
Beneath the canopy of night
To smile upon his lady fair
To lure her from her shady lair."

The gaudy reds, the liquid greens,
The traffic honks and siren screams,
Skyscrapers with their lights and beams
Could not dispel our world of dreams.

David McLansky

The White Ship (44)

(44) A Lawyer's Ear

"A lawyer's ear hears every word;
You said you loved me, that I heard;
With a lover's right I petition thee,
Come my love, sit next to me."

But she moved into a corner dark,
We forgot the beauty of the park,
Slippers scuffling on the tiles
Leaving me alone awhile.

David McLansky

The White Ship (46)

(46) The Defense

"As a landless peasant, a laborer,
Who chanced upon your privy door,
I was speaking theoretically
Of not one man particularly."

"A Banker Prince, a Merchant Lord
Marries whom he can afford;
Some rich blond to spend his gold,
Someone spoiled and dumb and cold."

"I too shall marry within my station,
Some new freed slave from the plantation;
Some handsome hulk with great big arms
Who accepts as dowry all my charms."

She stepped into the landing's light,
A breathless beauty smiling bright;
Her blush undone, her pride restored,
"Need I Ariadne's thread to find the door? "

David McLansky

The White Ship (5)

(5) First Meeting

She was sitting, reading, very still
In a window alcove seat,
Her legs stretched out upon the sill
When first our eyes did meet.

I had noticed her on my path
Through the Science Reading Room,
A coal blue dress from neck to calve
With lilies splashed in fragrant bloom.

Her auburn hair had caught the light
As the sun set in the West,
Tinted gold and copper bright
Cascading down her vest.

I bumped a table and dropped my books
Dumbfounded by her grace,
And kneeling down I dared a look,
A smile upon her face.

On hand and knee I returned her smile,
Transfixed by her brown eyes
Laughing, blessing me the while
As I swallowed nervous sighs.

David McLansky

The White Ship (50)

(50) Negotiations

"A banker does not grant a loan
By such a swift election,
And sixty years is quite long term
To lease without inspection."

"And though your eyes are silver green
And your lips are cherry plums,
And though your curls do softly sheen,
I will not rash succumb."

David McLansky

The White Ship (51)

(51) Negotiations

She stood there looking sadly-wise
She fought the tears swelled in her eyes
She sighed and softly said to me
Without a trace of coquetry.

“Oh, what beauty has been lost,
What memories to be savored!
Oh, my prudent counting man,
Missed miserly behavior! ”

“You think the heart does not account
In reckoning loves full measure?
I see thy worth so simply writ
As read in love’s rich ledger.”

“Oh, love remove your green-rimmed visor,
Consult your heart as your advisor;
We two were meant to be together
In joint-account as one forever.”

David McLansky

The White Ship (52)

(52) Objection

"You're asking me to take a wife
Upon my hearts conviction;
I know little of your daily life
To base such a prediction."

And to gamble on such speculation
As the risky heart's report,
It goes against my education
And all I've learned in Court! "

David McLansky

The White Ship (6)

(6) Meeting

So many girls I'd left behind,
Unfaithful, dull, or proved unkind:
Uptown girls fired by career,
Party girls of shots and beer,
The worldly wise, the innocent,
The raucous and the reticent,
The leering checking my accounts,
The doubting fearing their amount;
Bohemians and wild exotics,
The straight-laced and repressed neurotics;
I was a male dismayed while sinning,
A jaded sailor in the Sea of Women;
And yet this waif, this floral sprite,
Made me stammer with burnished fright.

David McLansky

The White Ship (8)

(8) Music Therapy

I crouch and hold your limpid hand
And play for you your favorite Streisand;
Her soaring voice, her perfect tone
Awakens neither sigh nor moan.

David McLansky

The White Ship (9)

(9) Being Suave

What perception has the soul
Behold a tree from seed unfold!
I saw your eyes, their mystery,
And glimpsed our coming history.

I, of glib and ready tongue,
Stood schoolboy-like, a youth unsprung,
I could only lamely leer
And jock-like ask you out for beer.

You smiled and said you missed your tea
And stood with grace and dignity;
A thousand thoughts moved through my brain;
All I could do was grin again.

I jabbered, sputtered out my life
As to my throat you held a knife,
My lawyer's life, dissatisfactions;
Your patient eyes constant distraction.

Aimlessly we walked the quad,
Agnostically, I prayed to God;
My empty hands hung self-aware,
I, in lead, and going nowhere.

Oh Time charged with inconstancy,
Deny me such delinquency,
That I official of the Court
Should sue for love with stammered tort!

And then you simply took my arm
And stately led me in alarm,
You knew a place not very far,
Did I know the West End Bar?

David McLansky

The White Ship.(24)

....

....

The White Ship is a ship of Death
I taste it on its cotton breath
It fogs the port-holes of my soul
And never pitches, yaws, or rolls.

David McLansky

The Wife's Reply

He prays before my simple coffin
(As cheap in death as life quite often!)
Pious, grieving on his knees,
How the widows must be pleased.

He often knelt beside my bed
His sleeping bride, this man I wed;
I gave him snores for all his prayers,
He thought me sleeping, unaware;

All his fondles in the dark
Aroused no fires, no tiny sparks;
And his obsession with my breasts
Deprived me of my rightful rest!

I married him for his name,
He had no reason to complain;
Why else a woman trim and pretty
Marries one so old and giddy?

I gave him exactly what he wanted,
But he was greedy, I often taunted;
He got his share of motel sex;
He had no reason to be vexed;

He was a drooling, kissing bore;
I gave and gave, he wanted more;
All the weird and whacked positions;
(He was a priest without the mission!)

At first I liked the attention
Especially at those Priest conventions;
The Bishop with his deooping eye,

I squeezed his balls right through his fly.

Ultimately, it was all a bore:
Parishioners all hours at the door;
Asking him his sage advice!
He who couldn't please his wife.

My God, he was so poorly paid!
(His reward was getting laid!)
I've never had an ounce of luck!
Women always end up stuck!

And all those boring priest's wife chores!
Teas and raffles, the door to doors;
And Sundays were the worst of all!
The cheap perfumes, the rabbit shawls!

The endless smiles, that fake 'God Bless'
The nervous peaks down my front dress;
I'd rather have been any place at all
(Especially the Holland Mall) :

I'm glad I'm dead and done with him;
Tired of having to give in;
At least I'll finally get some rest;
(Unless of course He loves big breasts!)

David McLansky

The Wild Boy

When I look back on my early days
And contemplate my wild, wild ways:
The hands upon my shoulder laid
I brushed aside, I wouldn't play;

I was wild, wild, wild, a willful child,
I was fierce, hard pressed, devoid of style,
I often laughed when I should have smiled;
And lacking role, I lived by guile.

I was pulled and lured, a boy of charm,
A naive kid straight off the farm,
Unsocialized, a bum, who slept in barns,
A vagrant apt to cause alarm.

But worst of all, I had ideals,
I wouldn't rat, I wouldn't squeal,
I wouldn't trade my soul in deals
To guarantee rich restaurant meals.

Too late I learned to be socialized,
But even then I couldn't lie,
I looked on evil with such scornful eyes,
And was made to pay for all my pride.

Now that I'm old, my soul intact,
Having weathered such harsh attacks,
And all because of a lack of tact;
I've become the model that I lacked.

David McLansky

The Wild Sucker Tree

When we first met
We shared an orange;
I took the pit
And planted it;
How proud I was
When it sprouted;
It seemed an omen
By Fate we're routed
From a seedling
It grew and grew
I tended it
I tended you,
But after years of growth
It produced no fruit
Just spiky thorns
And sharp rebukes;
It produced no fragrant
Lush bright flowers
On limbs that climb
And prickly tower;
Despite my care
It bore no fruit,
Years unaware,
Oh wasted youth

David McLansky

They Transferred Her Home To Die

They transferred her home to die
Comforted by a silent lie;
Her kidneys worn and plainly failing
She couldn't stand, even beside the railing.
Once more she was a swaddled baby
Would she survive? The answer; maybe.
But she was glad to be back home
Amid her brightly colored gnomes.
This immigrant of World War II
Had mopped marble floors, her husband too;
Janitors of apartment buildings,
They found the work quite fulfilling,
For it offered them a chance to save,
To buy houses that they then parlayed
Into greater and greater modest wealth
Which she slyly banked with gleeful stealth;
She gave birth to three big sons
Proud of the work that she had done,
For in the end she could give them money,
They called her "Ma", she called them "Honey."
But gradually she couldn't walk,
She slid her feet and then they'd balk,
She fell while trying to retrieve the mail,
Walmart was having a pillow sale.
She lay within the hospital bed,
A giant bandage on her head,
Her forearms: purple, her grey hair matted,
A broken doll, dazed and shattered;
Here lies a kind woman safe at home,
Confused by gadgets like the phone;
Who refused to live upon the dole
Who worked all her life, God Bless her Soul.

David McLansky

Thinking Backwards

When I trace my steps going back
Oh the weary steps, my dull earth track,
I trudge my eye lamenting time
And question what was really mine.

David McLansky

This Coming Day

I think it's clear
Our looming Fate
That the world will end
In spastic hate
That the world will warm.
That drought shall spread
That limbs be torn
Over loaves of bread;
That winds will slash
Across the plains
And turn to trash
Our wood house frames;
That our vaunted reason
Will prove too frail,
A one world season,
Where man will fail.
Our lack of vision
Coupled with denial
Will freeze decision,
And all things vile
Will pile up outside
Our medieval doors;
That bands will roam
A rapine hoard;
Evil shall reign
On eroded shores;
In our shattered cities'
Contempt will answer
Cries for pity.
Tears in vain;
The sky shall redden
As forests burn,
The earth turn leaden,
While tornados churn;
Smoke and storm
Will scorch the sky,
The huddled bands
Will starve and die.

This Mortal Life

Through mortal life
Its strife and pleasures,
There is a gauge
That takes its measure;
The amount of love
That it garners
Through barren winters
And heated summers;
In your love
I take full pride
That you weep
When I have sighed;
For your heart
In goodness shown
Reflects your glory
And my renown.

David McLansky

Thoreau's Wife

Said Thoreau's nagging,
Screaming wife,
'What makes you think
Your boring life
Is so important
To be writ down?
All you do
Is lay aroiund
Like any lazy
Bum in town.'

Said Thoreau
To his screaming wife,
'Each man's lot
Of mortal strife
Is worth the record
Of a page...'

But then she answered
In a rage,
'All you do is
Sit and write!
You keep me up
Half the night!
But you're sooo smart...
You're soooo bright.
You're good for nothing!
Ma was right!
We have no friends,
No furniture;
You say I'm dumb
And immature?
You sit around
And watch the trees,
You're watching ants
Ass up on knees!
And all you want
Is to have your sex;
And then you wonder

Why I'm vexed?
We live like tramps...
This shanty house!
I'm not your whore,
You queer church mouse!
You're like your father,
That useless bum,
I know the seed
From which you're sprung!
You dream and dream
The day away:
Why can't you work?
Oh, go away! '

Said Thoreau,
Grabbing for her hand,
'Please try and listen,
Understand;
Not wealth nor jewels
Nor property
Defines a soul's
Prosperity;
A kind and loving
Family life,
Makes kings of men
And queens of wife.'

'So you say
With your flowery words,
Oh, we should live
Just like the birds!
Well, I'm a stupid
Human being!
I want new clothes,
Commands your Queen! '

By a candle
Late at night,
By the dim
And flickering light,
In his Journal
Thoreau writes:

'Socrates, poor and harried,
Was never bored
Because he married;
Such a mind
Questioned Gods;
Oh, the uses of
A mind at odds! '

David McLansky

Thoughts Of An Irish Slave In Scotland 924 A.D.

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-

It's a hard and bitter scrabble life
Eerce with venom and so much strife;
Cold salt water within their veins,
A look of hatred should you complain;
The land is dry and long wind blown,
Years of hardship in thin soil sown,
From this feeble rock strewn soil.
A bread of gall for all their toil;
The women cold and wracked with guilt
For passion felt beneath thick quilts;
Then it's rise up early in the morn
To face the daily blast of scorn;
The men rough hewn by brine and rock,
The cattle gaunt and thin of stock;
A land of quarrels and cunning raids;
Wet wool in rain and haggard blades.....

David McLansky

Thyrsis

I heard his singing from the meadow
While on a slope down by the sea
It was a song whispered low
But oh it pierced the heart of me

The meadow grass was long and green
A waving sea bent in the wind
I loved a man sight unseen
And searched the beach for sight of him

I found him sitting on a rock
Staring out to sea
Alone in such a friendless spot
His arm upon his knee

He wore a tattered old pea coat
His face was thin, a shock of curls
He sucked a pipe and gently smoked
Hair and smoke, wind-swept, unfurled.

His eyes had such a lonely look
His face was set and grim
Left handedly he held a book
I loved the sight of him

He sings forlorn, all alone
No one answers him
Should I call out from out my stone
At the waters rim?

He thought of trips,
Of sailing ships,
Of seas and breaking foam;
He thought of gulls,
Their lonely calls
Of journeys long from home

He thought of cold

And dark sea nights,
Of terns in weaving, wing-ed flight;
He thought of waves
And spars and staves
And stars that burned so bright;

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And dark sea nights,
Of terns in weaving, wing-ed flight;
He thought of waves
And spars and staves
And stars that burned so bright;

He thought of loves
He'd left behind
Of bitter words,
Harsh, unkind;
He thought of tears
And heated threats;
He'd left the shore
With few regrets.

And yet this rock
He called his home;

A sailing man
Of brine and bone;
What drew him back
To this strewn beach?
The weathered shack?
The grey gulls screech?

She peeped while parting
Spears of grass
Her eyes like sparkling
Silvered glass;

And watched him from
Her hiding place;
This creature of
A mortal race.

How sad he seemed
How all forlorn
This mortal man
Of woman born;
Dare she entwine
Their separate fates?
What love is so
Considerate?

Dare she of God,
Immortal born,
Reach out and touch
His mortal form?
What use in loving
Only days
One who
Senseless
Time decays?

To watch him hobble
On the beach
Humbled, fall,
Just out of reach?
Could she love

A dying man,
His shock of curls
A few white strands?

Could she watch him
So decline
This man of wind
And salty brine;
Could she love him
Paralyzed
With only movement
In his eyes?

She thought it better
To let Fate pass,
She hard-stepped back,
Releasing grass;
Dislodging lose
A pebble stone
Revealing he
Was not alone

David McLansky

Time Was

Time was ever she'd seek my face;
Our eyes would meet across a sea of bobbing heads;
Now, we studiously avoid each other's gaze,
And greet adjacent friends with loud hellos.

Time was when an idle hour was left to pass,
I would call her on the phone,
Chew on pen, swaying back and forth in my chair
And while away a friendly afternoon;
Now I sit alone and stare.

Time was when I woke groggy in the dawning light,
I'd seek out her sweet head on her white pillow
And enter her warm glowing arms under a puffy cover,
And sleep the peace known as security;
Now I sleep alone or in the arms of strangers.

Time was a golden head of silk
Was a good reason to breathe,
When sighs were love,
Time was, time was, time was.

David McLansky

Time Won't Stand Still

Time won't stand still
Though we arrive at perfection,
We age and fall ill
And know desolation.

We met across MySpace,
In a time that was magic
How we laughed as our mind's raced,
Now Time stands still and tragic.

Oh. Sweet Mountain Laurel
Your brown braid hanging down
Oh, Eusthacia and Julia,
From you not a sound.

And where is that songstress
The elusive Blackbird,
Who wrote with finesse,
Such fine lyric words.

Only kind-hearted Elaine
Has hunted me down,
Though kicked in the brain,
She still wants me around.

David McLansky

Timeless Love

Just when I thought
That I shouldn't try anymore,
That since I had sought
Love in vain
That I had to close that life door;
Did I need more pain?
That I had finally matured;
Reconciled in my life
To being solitary, not a wife;

You simply opened my door
And all my hopes were restored;
You rekindled my youth,
Made me believe in Love's truth,
Now we kiss in the park
And laugh at the kids remarks..

David McLansky

To A Night Dove

Where is that bird
Of shadowy sands
That once I soft-cradled
In sheltering hands?

Where is the dove
Of moonlit beams
Who often so mastered
My waking dreams?

Where is that silvered
Moonlit bird
Who sang so sweetly
Her shimmering words?

Say not her spirit
Now is spent,
Drowned in deep sorry
And dark lament;

Full-throated she sang
As a cloud crossed the moon
So heartfelt her passion
By a wall now in ruins.

David McLansky

To A Persian Poet

I live in the United States
Where for the moment
We just debate;
No civil war,
No deadly hate,
No bloody streets
No prison gates;

I quietly enjoy my freedom
My restful state of mindful reason;
I have no fear of home invasion;
No strong arm tactics of thought persuasion.

I do not tense when I hear a siren
No one accuses me of lying
I find no relief as sirens fade
I do not move in a mordant haze
Of anxiety and cancerous dread;
I do not wish my neighbor dead;

I know this peace will not last
Tyrants loom and are at their task
To seize control in the name of order
To seal our minds, to close the border;

But for the moment I live in peace
I enjoy the freedom of my feet;
Only courtesy restricts my speech
I mock the powerful as I teach.

David McLansky

To A Poetess I Loved Before

Ah my dear, my eternal bride,
If love is timeless, why do you hide
And who's that sleeping next to you,
Time's gone awry and has lost a screw;
It seems your love was too soon reborn,
And I, a late boomer born,
You rejected me with teenage scorn;
I marked your "growth", my soul forlorn;
And then we really got off the track;
You were reborn in war-torn Iraq;
They insisted that you wear a veil,
I tried a peak and was sent to jail.
Now I languish in Pandahar
In a town not very far
From where you reside as a babe,
God needs to fix His astrolabe.
The worst rebirth, I live to tell,
I found you in an old motel,
Making love in an adjoining room
You a bride and he the groom;
I sat down with my jug of corn
And swilled it 'till I felt reborn
I broke down your motel door,
And found you laying on the floor;
You spoke to me in a Southern twang,
Thought me the waiter, up you sprang
And grabbed my jug of new moonshine,
And kicked and scratched 'till I was blind;
And so my love Time is out of whack,
We no longer ride a parallel track;
Your hair is frizzy you sweat a lot,
Your gait is long, you often trot,
Hair grows wild beneath your arms,
That's how they like it down on the farm;
What's happened to my English Maid
Who bathed a lot and often shaved.

David McLansky

To A Poetess Who Wants To Infect Her Reluctant Lover With A Love Virus

To invade a man
Just like a virus,
Be the Mede,
You know,
King Cyrus;
He conquered
The Assyrians,
And freed
The Presbyterians,
On second thought,
It was the Jews
(In Babylon
It was big news)
Anyway, before being distracted,
(I think I have a tooth impacted)
My point is
You can't force a brute,
Who's deaf and blind and
Probably mute,
To know you're there
Like some disease,
To love his sickness
And be pleased;
Why not go to the hospital ward
There's plenty of men there
Who are awfully bored;
(Pick someone out who has all his senses)
And speaks to you in future tenses;
An ambulant who can knock at your door
With an infection for which there is no cure.

David McLansky

To An American Lady In Ireland

Did I miss you in Dunquin Town,
When you dropped your hankie
On the ground?
You could at least
Have turned around
To thank a creature
Bent and brown;
But you, a lady on a spree,
Took no note of lowly me;
Who crawled away, his liquor spillin,
Clutchen hard your tourist schilling.

David McLansky

To An Internet Poetess

Of me, dear lady, have no fear;
I do not seek to tip-toe near;
I only wish to sport with words;
My thrusts are only in my verbs;

I seek you walk with Jesus Christ,
You seek his counsel and advice;
And though you speak with Sappho's voice
There's strength and wisdom in your choice;

The pity is the loss to Art
That you choose not the lover's part;
Your guiltless sin commits this crime: :
Depriving Art of lovely rhymes.

David McLansky

To An Offer Of Young Love Across The Internet

Heartless Time mocks our meeting
We're out of sync, and Time so fleeting;
Our proposed pleasures too long delayed,
Our travel plans, out of phase;
Had I suspended Time's declension
By scientific incantation,
And halted Time's cruel progression,
We'd tangle Time in our possession;
But the hooded monk at us jeers
And separates our love with years,
Confounding us to mourn our Fate
Across this bar by this cross-gate;
I would have kissed your proffered breasts
Throughout our years and been so blessed;
But jealous Time, cruel, and evil,
Disjoins us with this clever cavil,
Acquainting us across this net,
I stumble as you pirouette.

David McLansky

To Elaine

Chasten me not
With disapproving sighs
For love's sung words
To other eyes;
Chide me not
For my declension
Of loves misdeeds:
'Er comprehension;
For these were
Of a school boys tongue,
Rote memory for
What was to come;
Prefiguring you
In sacred quest
Foresadowing you
And your white breasts;
Praises that merely
Practiced and rehearsed
To sing the merit
Of thy worth,
The anticipate, the ill-surmised,
Of you my beauty.
My distant prize.

David McLansky

To Elaine Who Has The Sniffles

Thy memory, thy sum of good,
Remains transfixed, as it should,
For kindness, laughter, doesn't fade,
But lives hereafter, the sun arrayed;
For joyful was your gentle spirit,
So generous your every merit,
That what's eclipsed by you forgot,
Is on our lips, a fix-ed spot;
Then gentle soul of sunlit nature,
We recall your every feature,
And though your memory may be blurred,
We preserve your every word.

David McLansky

To Jim Hiner: A Recommendation

Momma had a clothespin bag
Hanging from the line
Filled with old grey clothespins,
The wooden, springy kind,

.....
.....

She lays upon the soiled sheets
I change her like a child
She looks up startled, she cannot speak,
But with a grateful smile.

David McLansky

To Julia

This uncertain world that we inhabit
Has the staying power of a rabbit
Who poses perfect in the glade
With nervous sniffing in the shade.

And just when we have her picture framed,
Reveals her tension and the strain
And bolts across the forest floor,
And then is gone and seen no more;

Yes we had that perfect time,
(Were we not clever exchanging rhymes?)
But the wind did stiffen and stirred a breeze,
And off you scampered amid the trees

David McLansky

To Lainey On The Cam

As we drift upon the stream
On silvered light as in a dream,
The oars blades stored within the boat,
Languidly we drift and float;
You trail a finger in the water
On the liquid surface border,
Tipping back the punter's chair,
You tilt your head, you loose your hair;
The sunlight speckles through the trees
Your white dress billows in the breeze,
You rest your bonnet in your lap,
It's ribbon flutters and gently flaps;
The sun's reflection makes you squint,
The dappled water cascades dints,
I view you in your restful pose,
How shamelessly you bare your toes;
It seems we could forever drift,
(I see your petticoat and shift) ,
Drawn on by the currents pace,
Your cuffs are hemmed with English lace;
We duck the boughs of reaching elms,
A canopy of shadowed realms,
Impulsively I steal a kiss,
Your lips are warm and don't resist;
You pluck a leaf from out my hair,
You stare at it with wondrous care;
You tuck it in your neckline bodice,
Throat high buttoned and teasing modest.

David McLansky

To My Bronwen

Be my mirror, be my glass
Let this inspection from me pass;
That something good of me might last,
I shift the burden of this task;

Which is unfair of me to ask.

David McLansky

To My Competitor

I think it's time
To concede defeat
When you brag in your blog
And mis-spell
Conceit.

David McLansky

To My Ever Faithful Elaine

I hung your card.
Upon my wall
Above my bedside
Table, ,
So when alone
And feeling dread
As I grow more disabled;
I am sustained
By your good thoughts
Your joy in what I write.
One Marquee is enough
For me,
To show my path
Is bright;

David McLansky

To My Ex-Wife

When I am dead within my grave;
My memory fixed by stone engraved;
Purchase not adjoining plot
To lie beside me as I rot;
Denied in life a bedded wife
And subject to much daily strife;
I refuse to bear that last offense
To lie in death with such pretense;
I who learned to sleep alone
Without your love within our home,
Found final peace in lonely rest
And came to know that I was blessed;
Nor would I like a boring worm,
A journeying slug, a wandering germ,
To intermingle our remains;
You who married just for name.

David McLansky

To My Mountan Laurel

Oh hippie chick,
My Mountain Laurel,
Is that you standing
On sacred soil
Beside your weathered
Volkswagon Bus,
My eyes are weak
I do not trust.

The times have changed
We can smoke weed, ;
So pass that pipe;
I still have the need;
It's not for me,
But for my glaucoma;
I was going blind
In Oklahoma;
You still look good
In your gingham dress;
You're looking good
I must confess;

It's me your Man
Your Highway Jack
With his sleeping bag
And his heavy pack;
You picked me up
Outside Santa Fe;
Girl that was
My lucky Day;

Your van was full
Of flowered shirts,
On hangers hung
With Tie-died skirts
Your brown hair knotted
Above perfect ears
From which dangled
Silver spears;

You still have
That Gibson guitar,
Which you played
In cowboy bars;

It blows my mind
This is so weird
I look down the road
And you appear
In your huffing, puffing
Volkswaagon van;
Remember me?
'I wanna hold your hand.'

David McLansky

To My Roselyn On My 68th Birthday

Were Time a movie I could inhabit....
I'd play it only on the Sabbath;
Seeing you, your broad rimmed smiles,
A sultry woman, a trusting child;
And I would toss my ringlet curls,
Call you my glory, my winsome girl,
Glad that life could be recalled....
Re-living moments so enthralled;
We would picnic on the grass....
And I would kiss you, sudden, rash;
Seeing in your eyes acceptance,
My lips halfway to feared repentance;
And all the golden days of fun,
Blithely played as old re-runs;
Captured in the celluloid,
Our happiness, our games employed;
But Time itself can't be rewind,
It is a force that won't rebound;
It trudges onward, it's face grim set....
It marches forward with our regrets,
So that even memories are condemned....
To fade and blur as we contend....
With woes that cause us to decay,
We grow forgetful of the day;
But as you smile and hobble toward....
The hands that I'm extending forward,
I re-invade our history....
And once more you are twenty-three.

David McLansky

To See This Giant

To see this Giant
With stuttered step;
To answer as
He was inept,
Breaks my heart,
Oh Fathered Time,
In your dotage
You commit such crimes.

David McLansky

To Sweet Valerie

I count it pleasing that you are coy
What woman's art you do employ
That in my heat you do demur,
That of your love, I must infer;
That you are modest, is no disgrace;
I would be shy in your place
For what tools have I to win your favor
But my lines which I will flavor
With all the sweetness of my skill
To mount your heart high on its hill.

David McLansky

To The Poet Dave Wood

Circle your wagons
A Poet is pissed
The arrow I launched
In a daffodil riff
Has been mistook
As a hostile quip,
All Honor to the Poet
Known as Dave Wood;
No more riffs,
It's quite understood
May I recommend all
His fine 'MARKET DAY, '
It's perfect, I'm willing
To honestly say,
I'll be out of town,
Believe me, I pray

David McLansky

To The Poet Blackbird

It seems to me,
(Or am I obtuse?)
But language often,
Is a ruse,
A way to hide,
What thought's expressed,
A curtain drawn,
A floor length dress,
A fabric sown
To conceal,
A bursting breast
And how it feels;
Your men must be
A difficult lot,
Else why must you
Obscure the plot,
Come my unseen
Chirping bird,
Confess your heart
In simpler words

David McLansky

To The Poetess Who Keeps Cutting Herself

Before you turn yourself to steak

(Your buttocks look like marble cake)

Baste yourself in Beaujolais,

Cracked pepper corns, a mixed bouquet

Of marjoram and coriander,

(To depillerate, please use a sander) ,

And don't let your skin get freezer burn,

(Will the frozen young ever really learn)

Then display your ribs in a butcher shop)

A crowded mart where people stop;

Thus your life can bring real pleasure,

Don't over salt and use a measure.

David McLansky

To Wise Valerie

I see I opened up a wound
That set you cleaning round your room,
"Silly men with their crude jests,
All they think of is lewd sex."
I see you muttering to yourself
As you dust and wipe a shelf;
Affection shown has that affliction
To stir memories of loves that proved a fiction;
I myself bare many wounds
Near mortal ones that made me swoon,
Questioning my very faith in life:
Was the risk worth the strife:
I then noted your return to reason,
Love arrives in any season;
Let us continue our poetic quest
As the sun sets in the West,
To woo and banter in clean lines
That sets off sparks of the divine;
My Nun wife gives her consent,
As long as I abstain for Lent.

David McLansky

Ulysses

His age'd wife
Has lost her mind
And yet he strives
To still be kind.
He nestles down
Beside her form
And commands his arms
To lie still along
Her snuggling hips
Her ample thighs
Oh shaking man
Twitch not beside.

He summons up
An act of will
For heavens sake
Limbs lay still
The comfort that
Was once his arms
Now irritate and cause alarm.

David McLansky

Ulysses In Age

His age'd wife
Has lost her mind
And yet he strives
To still be kind.
He nestles down
Beside her form
And commands his arms
To lie still along
Her snuggling hips
Her ample thighs
Oh shaking man
Twitch not beside.

He summons up
An act of will
For heavens sake
Limbs lay still
The comfort that
Was once his arms
Now irritate and cause alarm.

David McLansky

Upon Meeting My Granddaughter For The First Time

They lowered the babe into my lap;
Careful with her ties and snaps,
Her naked legs, startled, churning;
My eyes welled up, my throat was burnng.

I bowed my head, overwhelmed, uncertain,
I choked with feelings at this tiny burden;
I loved this child, suddenly certain
How I wished there was a curtain.

That this might be a private moment
I cried, groaning with embarrassment;
I sobbed, my head bent with tears,
An old man, senile, acting weird.

But there was wisdom in my madness;
I was overflowing with ancestral gladness;
Here was the second seed of my bones,
The present and future now conjoined.

I tickled her bare wrinkled feet,
I thanked her mother for this moment sweet.
In this child, I would live on,
In my Granddaughter
They lowered the babe into my lap;
Careful with her ties and snaps,
Her naked legs, startled, churning;
My eyes welled up, my throat was burnng.

I bowed my head, overwhelmed, uncertain,
I choked with feelings at this tiny burden;
I loved this child, suddenly certain
How I wished there was a curtain.

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But there was wisdom in my madness;

I was overflowing with ancestral gladness;
Here was the second seed of my bones,
The present and future now conjoined.

I tickled her bare wrinkled feet,
I thanked her mother for this moment sweet.
In this child, I would live on,
In my Granddaughter my life prolonged.

David McLansky

Urbanization And The Irish 3

Below the Sperrin Mountains
In County Tyrone
Reigned the King of the Fairies
Who sat on a throne
Made of old pine and oak
And hazel and elm
Cut from the forest
His magical realm.

The forest was sacred
Called Cortin Glens
And the old king had reigned
Since I don't know when:

He was crabby and sulky
He had aches in his bones
And he hadn't laughed
Since dinosaurs roamed.

The forest below
The mound called Mullaugcarn
Was home of what's left
Of the wee leprechaun.

For the longlegs called humans
Had begun to expand
And threatened to chop down
Every tree in the land.

To build houses called Condos
Of the ugliest sort
Made of pasteboard and glue
So the salmon report.

With their bulldozers and cranes
And their wheel barrel trucks
The forest would turn
Into muckety-muck.

It sure made the leprechauns
Feel out of luck.
Where could they go?
It seemed they were stuck.

King Fintan was told by a
Well-traveled bird
Known as a Jackdaw
(A name that's absurd)
That when humans moved in
The first thing they did
Was to cut down all trees,
'Would I you King kid? '

'Are they daft, ' said the King
Who was known not to smile,
Will they have us be known
As 'The Muddy Brown Isle.? "

Said Old King Fintan
As he coughed and he sputtered
'We'll stand up to man
And churn him to butter'

'Will the Elm and the Hazel
Calmly stand by,
Let the Pine and the Oak
Be cut down and die?

'Can we let the longleggers
With their road building machines
Pave over our valleys
Our carpets of green? '

We too have powers
Derived from the land,
Like Owen of old,
We'll stand up to Man.'

Now the King had a nephew,
A mere sprig I was told,
Just a wee two-foot lad

Only 1200 years old.

'We must rally our young
To the flag of our cause,
Now what was his name?
Was it Sanity Clause?

He rode on a reindeer
He'd be good in a fight,
Naw, he only goes out
For only one night.

Where are my brains?
What of Tuatha De Danann,
Now there was a fairy
To foil diggers plans.

Now where did he live?
In the Kingdom of Shee,
It was not long ago
That I bounced on his knee;

Naw it couldn't be him
He is older than me,
When who should pass by
Sheba Banshee

Sheba Banshee
Was just passing by
To alert old McGuffin
He was going to die.

She said to the King,
'You must pay me a penny'
She started to sing,
'You are thinking of Lenny.'

'Ay, yes, cousin Lenny;
Who's up for some stew?
My thoughts are so many,
Yet I have nothing to do.'

'He's your only nephew, '
Sang Sheba quite rattled
'And what about my penny? '
Are you getting addled?

'For what? ' cried the King?
Giving Sheba the eye,
'Here's an old onion ring
That I've had since July.'

Sheba just sneered
And took off like a rocket;
The sly grinning King
Returned the ring to his pocket.

'And now Senior Jackdaw,
About what we were talking?
Look to the skies
It's a fine day for hawking! '

The Jackdaw looked up
A dour look on his face,
'We were talking about how the humans
Are going to level this place.'

They'll chop down the forest
Of this magical land;
And when they are done,
Just a few trees will stand.

In what they call front yards
A splatter of green
Which they cut on the weekends
With mowing machines.

'Cut down the trees,
By my knobby-kneed shin! '
Said the King to the bird,
'Who'll make oxygen? '

'With their smoke stacks and engines
Coughing oily black fumes,
We'll soon have McDonalds
Renting oxygen rooms.'

The King asked the Jackdaw
As it started to rain
Which festival's closer
Samhain or Beltane?

Is this the start of the Winter
Or the first day of May?
Look my thumb has a splinter,
It's quite foggy today.'

'You don't know the season, '
Said the wily Jackdaw
'Than you're too old to be Chieftain
By Old Celtic Law.'

'By the hound of Cuchullian
By his old Ulster paws,
I'll not be berated
By a silly Jackdaw.'

The jackdaw, insulted
Just heavily sighed,
'Oh, don't take my word,
Ask the Hawk or Magpie.'

'Do you think I'm so foolish
To take the word of a bird?
Why everyone knows,
Where wisdom is heard.'

'We'll ask the Three Wise Salmon
In the brook pollen burn,
They're as learned as a freshman
Omagh, second term.

Salmon travel widely

They're a well seasoned fish
They're even still thinking
As they lay in a dish.

But the three Wise Salmon
To the old king's chagrin
Agreed with the Jackdaw
'You too old to lead king.'

The King strutted and limped
Then winced with the pain,
'Why I'm spry as a toddler,
Oh, give me my cane! '

'But who else can lead
Our warrior band? '
'LENNY! ' cried the fish
And they spoke as one man.

The King told the Jackdaw,
'Have Lenny come here,
And bring me my helmet,
My armor, and spear.'

Lenny lived by a waterfall
In Ulster County
In a trunk that was hollow
In old bog oak tree.

The Jackdaw found Lenny
Repairing old shoes,
'Orders from the King,
Newly issued.'

'Appear before the king
This very day.
Stop what your doing,
You do know this is May.'

'Why we've just feasted on Beltane
Of course this is May! '
'Just checking, ' said the Jackdaw

Who then looked away.

Lenny took pride
In his red coat and hat
In his shiny black boots,
Over which he wore spats.

He tucked a gold pouch
Beneath a silken green vest
Which contained a gold coin
He had found in a chest.

While the Earl of Kildare
Burnt Omagh to the ground
Guess who stole his gold
Which never was found?

Just a short time ago
In 1498
Lenny invested his gold
At a good interest rate.

Which made Lenny quite rich
Richer than the King
Who spent all his gold
On fried onion rings.

Lenny hired a coach
Driven by a gnome
To take the back roads
To County Tyrone.

His horses were dragons
The kind that are flies
Their wings flashing silver
Red/green were their eyes.

Round Primrose and Blue Bells
The dragonflies flew
Over hedges and tree stumps
Through grass dripping dew.

Over soft bunnies noses
And hayricks and barns
Over stone walls and warrens,
Past cowlicks and farms.

Faster and faster
The gnome whipped the carriage
You would have thought he was running
From his bad second marriage.

Lenny stuck his head
Out the window and asked
Is there a particular reason
We're going so fast?

He was struck in the face
By Hawthorn and Knapweed
The driver just laughed
And put on more speed..

Lenny was jostled
And tossed round the cab
He was whipped in the face
By dried Yellow Flag.

The dragons flew upward
Harrassed by the pilot
As if chased by the Foxglove,
Dog Rose, and Dog Violet

All of a sudden
Came a shudder, a violent shock
For a moment Lenny thought
They had hit a Shamrock.

The driver leaned over
To make a report
He was coated with pollen
From a stout Butterwort.

With a whip and a snap
They climbed Ballix Hill

Which was covered with Clover
And Bloody Cranes-bill

The gnome cried, 'WHOAH'
As he pulled on the reins,
Lenny fell forward
And scrambled his brains.

'Gortin Glenn Forest, '
Cried the flower spat gnome
'Home of King Fintan
Of County Tyrone'

Bumped and bedraggled
Tumbled and tossed
Lenny stepped out of the carriage
On Vipers Bugloss.

He was met at the station
By King Fintan's Banshee
Who went by the name of
Miss Moneypenny.

'Your late, ' said the Banshee
'The council's assembled,
I hope you brought money,
You know there's a fee

Unless you are short,
Said the ancient Banshee,
'If you give me a kiss,
'You can get in for free.'

The old Banshee puckered
Her lips like a frog
When her old face was licked
By a big hairy dog,

It was Lenny's pet pooka
An Irish wolf hound
Who licked her three times
Before he got down.

The ancient Banshee
Was as blind as a bat,
'Oh Lenny, that was lovely,
I so enjoyed that.'

Lenny stepped forward
And tapped on a tree.
'Pooka transform,
Pretend you're a flea! '

Pooka was a shapeshifter
He could be anything,
A goat or a rabbit
A knot in a string.

The door in the tree trunk
Opened quite wide
Lenny called to the flea
And they both stepped inside.

They entered a room
Packed with loud Leprechauns,
Waving shields and shillelaghs,
Beating on borans

Oh, what can I tell you
Of that glorious throng
Of their hot martial fervor
Spirits lifted in song.

The King of the Fairies
Rose to his feet
And raised up his flagon
And stood on his seat,

'I give you your general
He has entered the Hall
He has the heart of a lion;
Full twenty inches tall.'

The Leprechauns roared

Amid a hoisting of mugs
From the slaps on his back
He fell on the rug.

The King raised his glass
And called out for order,
'We'll defeat the longshanks
Right at the border.'

A loud cheer went up
A growl that was raucous,
Len said to the King
'I think we should caucus.'

But the Old King stood swaying
Exalted in mood
Just a wee bit tipsy;
He started to brood.

'I would lead you myself,
But some say I'm disabled.'
He scowled at the Jackdaw
And fell off the table.

Len was lifted on stage
And commanded to speak;
'I'm not used to large crowds, ...'
His voice thin and weak.

'At the Grotin Glens Forest
We'll here make our stand
For only we Leprechauns
Know the measure of Man.

'They've fouled the sweet waters
Of our rivers and streams,
Cut down our forests
With bulldozer teams.

'And for what, I now ask you
Have they despoiled our fair land?
To build cheap claptrap houses

Of plywood and sand.

'Man has no sense
Of natural beauty;
To protect our jeweled land
Is our civic duty.'

'With our sly fairy powers
We'll corrupt their machines;
From this very hour
Not a kettle will steam.'

'Not a toaster will toast
Not a fireplace will burn
Not an oven will roast
Not a mixer will churn.'

'Their needles won't thread,
Their screw drivers won't screw,
Their engines all dead
Their coffee won't brew.'

'Their ice won't stay cold
Their lights won't stay on
Their cheese turn to mold
Their electricity gone.'

In the hall there was silence
Ah, the craft of this plan,
Such tactics were brilliant
They felt pity for man.

Lenny rose to his full height
Twenty-six inches three,
'On this very same night
There will be no tv! ! ! !'

A wild gasp and commotion
Went round the great hall
For they fathomed the notion
Without tv man would fall.

From years outside windows
In the blue of the glow
Puzzled Leprechauns watched
Man watching shows.

It was like an addiction
Like needing poltoon
In the wee late night hours
They even watched cartoons.

Without their tvs
Surely Man would go mad
It was easy to see
Man's taste was bad..

Lenny summoned all the fairies
To cast one great spell
There were flashes of lightening
That sparkled and fell.

All over Ireland
The TVs went dead
The lights flickered off
A great darkness spread.

At first there was outrage
All the fuses had blown?
Before dark tv sets
Arose a great groan.

Right in the middle
Of The Galloping Gourmet
The TV went black
Even Queen for a Day.

The popcorn stopped popping
In the microwave ovens
Fridge lights went out...
In the dark, people shovin'.

People stepped out
Into silent dark streets

Which were full of stopped cars ...
Not even a beep.

In the neon lit pubs
With their chilled bottled cheer
All became blackness,
'Well, it's back to warm beer.'

All the papers stopped printing
The radios went dead
The newscasters went sprinting
So that rumors were spread.

All restaurants went dark
Except Chinese Hunan
Leprechaun's love
Moo goo gai pan

Only the hospitals
Continued to blaze
Doctors and Nurses
Gave the government praise.

Emergency rooms
Were filled to the gills
Everyone wanted
To watch Benny Hill.

Electrical experts
From U. Aberdeen
Called it a virus;
We were soon quarantined.

The Great Irish Famine
Of electricity
Deprived them so cruelly
Of watching TV.

Eventually the Irish
Being so cursed
Had to emigrate all over
And were widely dispersed.

They moved in the millions
All over the earth
And wound up in New York
In Hong Kong and Perth.

There to this day
They watch their TVs
Living in cardboard
Box communities.

A few hardly souls
Clung to the land
And lived in thatched huts
As Nature had planned

Lenny, like Prometheus
Gave them peat fires,
Horses pulled Fiats
On Michelin tires.

The Irish longlegs
Relearned how to talk
And now it's a pleasure
To hear them on walks.

They speak of their history
Known as B.B.B.C.
Their children read books
And only dream of TV.

And what clever talkers!
What art in their tongues!
How they go on
What blasts from their lungs!

Some of the wee folk
Sit round their peat fires,
(Of course in the shadows)
What glorious liars!

What tales do they tell

What merry keen wit
It's hard in the darkness
To quietly sit.

They must hear us giggle
And gaggle and cough
Len once laughed so hard
He fell out of the loft.

Of course he right scampered
Quick out of the door
How glad was he that
The light was so poor.

Ireland once more
Is an emerald green isle,
Its pastures of velvet
Even makes Fintan smile.

Lenny walked back
To his home in the Shree.
Inspecting the flowers
As slow as a bee.

Ireland is free
Of its postage size lawns
Its tidy neat hedges
Its ugly fake fauns.

Above all, its forests
Roll down to the sea
And in its soft velvet foliage
Fairies sport merrily.

The End

This poem was written in collaboration with Ann Key-Colten

Valentine's Day 1973

For life to hang by a silken thread
A man must pine
A woman beg
And in the belly of the rose
A worm must glow
And rest his head
And in the season of its throes
Where one was two
Two must now be one;
Where rest you now my son?
Do I hear my daughter's laughter?
Echoes of hereafter

David McLansky

Vhia, Welcome

Vhia = Welcome to the Family

You radiate such sparkling joy
Your happiness contagious
A child surprised by some new toy
Your laughter is bodacious

You wear this talent unaware
Electrons fill the room
Remediall you charge the air
Dispelling clouds of gloom

You presence leaves an after-glow
A perfume heaven sent
Your smile a flower blooming slow
A lingering event

David McLansky

Victoria Spivey's Blues

Fresh out of coffee
Can't pay the rent
Living the victim
Of a fortune misspent,
Living at loose ends
Since that tragic event
Honey when you closed that door

My pillow is dirty
The house just a wreck
Just a face in the window
Lost in neglect
Living at loose ends
Devoid of prospects
Honey when you closed that door

Watching the traffic that npass in the street
Hung in my memories
So joyous and sweet
Living at loose ends
Knocked right off my feet
Honey when you closed that door

David McLansky

Vines

All vines curl toward the light
Deep within the shaded night;
Twist and reach within the tangle,
Grip and leap from every angle;
And I a seed of dead leaves born,
Crawl aloft as one forlorn,
Knowing that I strive in vain,
Still encased for all my pain;
Enclosed in darkness as I call,
The towering trees umbrella all;
A vine of chance in midst and gloom
Who savored not the silver moon.

David McLansky

Visions

I see you standing by the sink
Washing pot and dish,
Your tight grey slacks makes me think,
Someday you'll be a wish;

You seem so calm and composed,
Sedately standing there,
You rinse the dishes with a hose,
I sitting in my chair;

You are a phantom, a living ghost,
One year too soon departed;
I think I loved you, yes, the most,
But you'll leave me broken hearted;

Discontent, I sit my chair
And watch my waking scene,
Too soon I'll sit beyond repair,
Delusional in my dreams.

David McLansky

Visions 2

I see you standing by the sink
Washing pot and dish
Your tight grey slacks make me think,
Some day you'll be a wish;

You seem so calm and composed,
Sedately standing there,
You rinse the dishes with a hose,
I sitting in my chair;

You are a phantom, a living ghost,
Next year too soon departed;
I think I loved you, yes, the most,
But you'll leave me broken hearted;

Discontent, I sit my chair
And watch this waking scene,
Too soon I'll sit beyond repair,
Delusional in my dreams.

David McLansky

Walking On The Morning Beach

The herons cry, the sea gulls screech,
In the graying light of dawn
I come upon a sandy form;

And reaching down I almost toddle,
Grasping it, it is a bottle,
Caked with sea weed and with sand,
It feels so cold within my hand;

I brush the sand off the green glass,
I almost drop it from my grasp;
But seeing there's a note within,
I am intrigued by such a whim;

I work the cork to pull it out,
It's glued within the tapered spout,
I hold the bottle by the stock
And smash it on a sea side rock;

I lift the paper from the shards,
And open it, it is a card;
It's damp with algae and sea stained,
It bears a cry, 'Please love Elaine.'

For who on what isle so remote
Would send this missive, desperate note;
To whom there'd be such chanced appeal;
Above the sea gulls float and wheel;

From what sandy strand or distant cove
Did she cast this treasure trove,
An urgent cry from out the heart,
But where to find her, where to start?

And so I'm on the internet,
As a path a better bet;
To find the soul far out of reach,
Who's cry I found upon the beach.

Warning To A Rhymster Who Is Making Everyone Crazy.

I think it's really
Quite horrific
That you are so
God- damn prolific;
I bet your yellow
Post-it Notes
Are rhyming
Iambic
Couplet quotes;
Do you sing-song
In the shower,
When your planting
Bulbs and flowers?
I bet your friends
All wear ear plugs
And content themselves
With deaf mute hugs;
You're like a CD
On repeat;
When people hear you
They retreat;
I wish you'd stop
Just for a day;
Write a poem
Without display
Of rhyming tricks
And tuneful gimmicks;
Otherwise,
We'll beat with sticks.

David McLansky

Watching Tv

How I wish
It was all
So simple:
A little blemish,
A random pimple;
A misplaced word;
Misunderstandings,
Scewball comedy
With happy endings.

David McLansky

Weaving Loom

When you moved in
We had a party,
The two of us
And chilled Barcardi;
What joy to put
The plates away;
How we laughed
Throughout that day;
But when you left,
I wasn't home;
You put your key
Beside the phone;
You took your gift:
A weaving loom,
And left a thread
In every room.

David McLansky

Wedding Ceremony

Wedding Ceremony

Remember as you celebrate,
You really are enthralled,
Your vision crafted by your need,
Entangled as you fall;
It's not that she's a clever witch
From which you can't be freed,
But that your mother was a bitch
Who planted toxic seeds

David McLansky

What If Columbus Was A Really Nice Fella? (A Riff)

We bargained hard for Mississippi
To be the Country line,
Iowa was furious
And said the West was mine,
No one wanted Florida
Except the Seminole,
A land of snakes and crocodiles,
If the truth be told;
The Mexicans waged a brutal war
Against The Gathering of Tribes,
They had a tiff with Ferdinand
When Cochise refused a bribe;
Marijuana became the chief export
Of Idaho to the East;
The tonnage was in Clark's Report
Who got The Munchies at a feast;
The Revolution petered out
In the cluttered colonies,
Jefferson moved to Australia,
Where the Aborigines were free;
Newark became the Capital
Of the Western British Isles
Lincoln became a shoe salesman
Famous for his smile.

David McLansky

What Is A Writer

A writer has a book collection
Of the same book on close inspection
Piled in boxes or in bookcase nooks,
Oh, the symmetrical gold of the same titled book;

A writer lives undispersed
Although his words are framed in verse;
Insecure in his knowledge
He should have assigned the book in college.

If someone dropped the atom bomb
All my labors would be gone
Vaporized in one fell swoop
My reputation beyond reproof.

I'd like to insure my book's survival,
Please read it in the mail's arrival;
I can't afford to cover the postage,
Send stamps before my final dotage.

David McLansky

When A Poem Is Done

When a poem is done
My soul is purged,
The torment released,
In nouns and verbs.

I sift the prison of my soul
And the words run out
My bitter toil.

For a while
There is some relief
My soul is cleansed,
My thoughts deceased;

But who would have thought
Would have had the impression
That in my tiny skull
Marched such a precession?

Of opinions inked
Of distinction made
Of memories linked,
A vast parade.

A ceaseless flow
Of subtle notes
Where do they go?
Once they're unyoked.

Out into the wide world
Of Padip and Elaine
Strangers I'd love to meet
On a continental train.

David McLansky

When I Consider How My Days Were Spent

When I consider how my days were spent
My aimless drift in hapless, cluttered years
The foolish choices wherein my pride was rent
I the butt of mockery and sneers;
I who was a marvel in my youth
The basking object of a dawning praise,
Soon learned that fame inspires abuse,
That lesser souls will seek to block your way;
I who sought to live as independent,
To use my brain to best life's game of chance,
Was proved in court an ill-prepared defendant,
Misled by misperceptions of romance;
Yet in the days I sense I have remaining,
Although my sun is shadowed in the west,
I strain to make my final hours sustaining:
My ripened love a story of success.

David McLansky

When I Look Back

When I look back on my early days
And contemplate my wild, wild ways:
The hands upon my shoulder laid
Were brushed aside, I wouldn't play;

I was wild, wild, wild, a willful child,
I was fierce, hard pressed, devoid of style,
I often laughed when I should have smiled;
And lacking role, I lived by guile.

I was pulled and lured, a boy of charm,
A naïve kid straight off the farm,
Unsocialized, who slept in barns,
A vagrant apt to cause alarm.

But worst of all, I had ideals,
I wouldn't rat, I wouldn't squeal,
I wouldn't trade my soul in deals
To guarantee rich restaurant meals.

Too late I learned to be socialized,
But even then I couldn't lie,
I looked on evil with scornful eyes,
And made to pay for all my pride.

Now that I'm old, my soul's intact,
Having weathered such harsh attacks,
And all because of a lack of tact,
I am the model that I lacked.

David McLansky

When Planting Flowers On My Grave

How fragile is our love and labor,
It flickers like a wind-whipped flame;
How fast our wick does burn and taper,
Ending life in smoke-like fame;

Plant perennials here in my soil,
Knowing Fate's inconstancy;
That from my grave for all your toil
I'll over-grow your memory.

David McLansky

When Planting Flowers On My Grave 4/2007 0: 00 Am

How fragile is our love and labor,
It flickers like a wind-whipped flame;
How fast our wick does burn and taper,
Ending life in smoke-like fame;

Plant perennials here in my soil,
Knowing Fate's inconstancy;
That from my grave for all your toil
I can refresh your memory.

That I may raise a ribboned hand
And give a furtive wave
To remind you of the laughing man,
Your father in his grave

David McLansky

When The Bell Tolls

Should I with love
Answer silent
And not reply
My loving tyrant;
Know that I
Am dead and gone;
In death, allied,
No will responds.

Should I with love
Answer silent,
Despite your needs,
My cosmic guidant,
Know that I
Am dead and gone,
My life confined
From then
Thereon.

Should I with love
Answer silent,
Despite your pleas,
My self-reliant,
Know that I
Am dead and gone,
My life refrain
From now
Hereon.

David McLansky

When The Bishop Called

To say you died
On the service road
On Holland Drive
I gently laid the phone aside
As sorow stained my stillborn eyes.

Now I sit before your coffin
The mourners pause and whisper often;
I hold discourse with silenced lips
Cold brush your face with finger tips;

How many nights I watched you sleep
And prayed you wake and with me speak;
But in the shadows of our room
As you dreamed, I sat marooned.

How many nights I watched you slumber,
Vigil to your beauty's wonder;
I came a thief to steal a sight
Of what was mine by God and right;

How many times I touched your breast
How soft the mound I traced, I pressed
Filled with fear that you'd awake
And taunt, enraged, my coarse mistake.

There was no love, you once confessed;
I watched you slowly change your dress;
You married me for high position
The Reverend's wife has recognition;

You banished me from your bed
'You're sick with lust, ' you sneered, you said;
I prayed for your soft understanding,
I cried, I begged, I tried commanding.

A man of God, a paragon
Racked by lust and quite forlorn
Advising lonely, hungry souls

A shepard lost within his fold.

And you with proud and cunning eye
Watched me as convicted spy;
Rooting out my sympathy
For lonely women asked to tea.

Your rage, your wisp-fed jealousy
Your scornful look as I touched your knee;
Your glee in my embarrassment;
My shame for my beffudlement.

Stubbornly you preferred your friends
Insisting yet we still pretend;
Abandoning me at churchly functions
To attend your friends at private luncheons.

I cried, I wept, I begged for a reason;
My every word; a charge for treason;
I sought for ways I might atone
For sins that you alone had known;

In the end I gave up hope,
The only way I learned to cope;
We lived as strangers, business wed;
I gave up praying by your bed.

And now you sleep with silent breath,
Your angry heart at last at rest;
And I a lonely loveless sinner
With ten invites to widow's dinners

David McLansky

When The Spell Of Love Has Burst

When the spell of love has burst,
Shattered crystal on the earth,
Pricked by envy and confusion,
Tested and revealed illusion,
It leaves a sudden emptiness,
A heartfelt dreary wariness;
The sky becomes a void of gray,
Hope dies homeless on the day;
Leaves drift shaken from the tree
And lays a bed that covers me.
The shards lie scattered in the lane
And Love must wait 'till Spring again.

David McLansky

Whenever Fierce Insanity,

Whenever fierce insanity,
Tireless its vanity,
Assumes the stage and leads the band,
It's time to go Switzerland.

David McLansky

Whenever Regal Guinevere

Sauntered in the town,
Her beauty like a burning spear
In a verdant gown;
The tradesmen on the market street
Would pause their speech surrendered
To gaze upon her head to feet
Full dazzled by her splendor.
Her crown of hair of burnished red
Her skin of alabaster
Her sparkling eyes of silver blue
Benumbing all who past her.
She had such grace
Such perfect form
Such balance of proportion
It made the muddy clumsy world
Full hazy with exhaustion.

David McLansky

Who

Who will weed my garden
After I am gone?
Who will write my poetry
And sing my sad, sad songs:

The bulbs that I have planted,
The blazing purples and the reds
Will be crowded out by green weeds
Strangled in their beds;

Gone will be the glory
The tale of all that I have done;
Oh who will feed my wife,
Be a father to my sons?

David McLansky

Why I Am Opposed To Elaine Getting A Tattoo

I would consider it a crime
To mar your body with a line;
To see your flesh defined as canvas
Would constitute a kind of madness;
To paint your body with a rose
Would just be a ploy to remove your clothes;
To stain with ink your perfect skin
Would conjure up a mortal sin,
Policemen should form a line
To protect the reflection of what's divine;
Of course, I would love to see you nude,
Unless, of course you are a dude.

HAPPY VALENTINES DAY, ELAINE

David McLansky

Why Must I Dwell

On her defects
Sad victim of
Her shared neglect;

The unconscious joy
That she know
Leaves me en-mailed
Defensive pos;

It's bad enough
To live on guard
But must I muse
On her regard?

Why must I dwell
On her defects,
Sad victim of
Her auto wreck?

David McLansky

Why Some Women Stray

In olden days you paid a fine
Confusing those who were not thine;
The shapely wife of your best friend
Has genetically a different end:
She merely wants to diversify,
And so she does it with a lie;
Unless of course she calls thee thou
And in doing so she breaks a vow.

David McLansky

Wolfe Larsen

As I'm slowly robbed
Of warmth and mind,
People proved
More cruel than kind,
At broken vows
I used to sneer,
Chilled and blind
I quake with fear.

David McLansky

Woman In The Colorado Mountain Woods

Like two Apostles
We strode the road,
The high mountain path,
And as we strode
The rocky trail
We thumped it with our staffs;
Two stranger/friends with
Heavy packs
Allied for company,
We eyed the peaks
Capped with snow
And scanned the greenery;
Suddenly, from below a bank
Rushed snarling angry dogs,
White and strong with barking jaws,
Leaping over logs;
We turned as one
Now back to back
Our staffs raised up on high;
To defend our lives
From their attack
Then heard a soft voice cry,
'Sam, Oh Sam, be good, be still, '
We heard a sweet voice trill,
And then we saw an Indian Maid
Ascend the wooded hill.

David McLansky

Woman In The Colorado Mountain Woods II

The vicious dogs with snarling jaws
Suspended their attack;
They wagged their tails
As we stood pale
Burdened by our packs;
We stood amazed
As they played
Around her sun-tanned form;
A see-through blouse, a leather skirt,
Was all that she had on.
Content to smile
She stared awhile
As dogs milled 'bout her legs,
The white dog Sam
Bowed and ran,
Returned to pant and beg.
The sun burned down
And made her frown
And then she calmly said,
'Would you like to stop
And rest awhile
My camp is just ahead.'
She turned around
To slowly bound
Down the wooded slope;
A blur off fur
Followed her
We too as on a rope

David McLansky

Words Spoken Without Passion's Breath

Words spoken without passion's breath
Mocks the receiver as in a jest;
Exchanging mere formality
As substance for sincerity.

Do not mourn for me when I am dead
Neglect me as you did in life
Forget me when my soul has fled
Be free of all my mortal strife.

David McLansky

Xi Jinping You Cannot Win

Xi Jinping
You cannot win
You cannot bring back
Old Beijing;
You make heroes
Of those you prosecute,
You expose your cruelty
As you persecute;
The husband, wife, now brother-in-law?
We nail this writ on your front door;
The world is watching,
We see your tricks
You cannot wall up
Truth with bricks,
You make of China
One great prison,
Your Nobel Prize:
The world's derision.

David McLansky

Xu Zhiyong

You make my home a narrow jail,
No iron bars nor toilet pail
You seal me in with a fear foam
My prison is my private home;

And then I'm charged
"With gathering crowds, "
Do I command the sky, the clouds,
"To assemble them to create disorder, "
Is Genghis Khan massing on the border?

I do not move with shadowed stealth,
To crack you're safe of private wealth
Mail me your list Xi Jinxing
Who gave you that ruby Emperor's ring?

David McLansky

Yorick

Do I only shine when I praise
In liquid lines on cloudy days;
Am I jester playing court
Frantic, antic in retort.
Or am I he that draws a smile
From your turret seen a mile
Astride a donkey's canting run;
The secret lover in the sun.

David McLansky

You Can'T Make Gold

From what Wizard's vial,
By what chemist's book,
Can Love be fed,
Can Love be cooked?
You can't make gold
From a heart of lead;
How useless, cold,
A marriage bed.

David McLansky

You Did Not Fail

You did not fail
Great love of mine
As I grow frail
As I decline

Don't blame yourself
That I grow weak
Your treasured love
Defined my peak.

As I stumble
And confuse my steps
As I fumble
Speech less adept

The fault is mine
That I've grown weary
Oh love sublime
Your eyes are teary;

You could not halt
My disarray
It's not your fault
That I decay

Your love has been
An anodyne
That gently stemmed
My sharp decline.

Oh do not weep,
You did not fail
That I grow weak,
My health so frail.

I'm filled with wonder
That I was so blessed
Your eyes to ponder
As I was laid to rest

David McLansky

You The Object Of My Art

You, the object of my art,
Laugh at praise from out my heart;
Call me crazy, a fool obsessed
When I tell you how, with you, I'm blessed.

My love, herself, thus does disprize
The beauty I hold in my eyes;
The aching wonder that I feel
Is painted common, called unreal.

By artless grace, you tantalize,
To so disgrace that which I prize;
You augment as you mesmerize
The beauty that your lips deny

David McLansky

You Wear Me Down

You wear me down with disappointment
Oh life, where is your soothing ointment
To compensate me for my grief
Why do you fail to bring relief?

I suspend my judgment, ignoring doubts,
My every kindness is canceled out,
You misinterpret all my leads
You turn them into foul misdeeds;

I sit in wonder in my chair
My reason studying my despair;
How can I frame myself more clear,
You hesitate as I draw near;

No concern or ready favor
Can illuminate your ill behavior;
Love can't dislodge that poison dart,
Extending from your mother's heart.

David McLansky

You, The Object Of My Art

You, the object of my art,
Laugh at praise from out my heart;
Call me crazy, a fool obsessed
When I tell you how, with you, I'm blessed.

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The beauty I hold in my eyes;
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Is painted common, called unreal.

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To so disgrace that which I prize;
You augment as you mesmerize
The beauty that your lips deny.

David McLansky

Zephyr

What is stirring in the wind?
Who sails aloft, inspiring?
Who floats upon the crested air
And seeks alliance in regions rare.

Or has time flowed past
These outstretched wings,
Earth-laden with my offerings
And left me fool to contemplate
The lonely burden of my weight?

David McLansky

Zhang Xin And The Chinese General

The brave are measured
By what they can lose,
A billionaire in Jimmy Choos
Calmy says the state's corrupt,
Will someone tell her
To shut up;
Someone put that bitch in jail
Does she want the State to fail?
Does she want riots in the streets,
The thundering tread of ill-shod feet;
Why isn't she like Donald Trump: ;
Smug arrogant, unpleasing, plump;
A member of the Power Elite
With Ferragamos on his feet;
Does Xin not think of what she can lose,
More than just her Jimmy Choos;
She says we need Democracy.
Is she not a member of the Autocracy?
She turns against her adopted class
When poverty is rampant, vast;
Let her recall the assembly line,
The robot tasks that dull the mind;
Let her shut her trap or she'll soon find,
Once more she'll dine on melon rind,

David McLansky