

Seaside June 17th

Fragments of human imagination
grow old in seashells on the pacific.
Ocean breezes carry the promise of vast beginnings.

Why is it this beach makes me think of every beach I've ever been too?
And every person I've been to those beaches with?

Why is my life but a series of beaches
Separated by water
and heavy waves of time?

I look down the coastline for a minute
And don't search for an answer
But just let the picture
of what I see
sway my imagination:

It's a nostalgic combination
Of summer music and salty air.
It's a world of sunglass reflections
And surfers.
People travel across America
To play in the water.
God watches the scene somewhere
From a nearby neighborhood.
The coastline stretches down
Unimaginably far
To the small river beginnings
Of a good dream.

The Scattered Unity of Youth

You whisper across cities
and explore the concrete jungles of humanity
high off of the ecstasy of your own adolescence.

secret symbols in your eyes disguised by childhood memories
summer air intoxicating your mind with the scent of swollen stars
This is new age hip hop. The future of poetry.
The scattered unity of youth.
The arc of a journey that is anything but chronological.

We sway back and forth between subconsciousness and moments of supreme awareness
And someday we wake up
In the soft, triumphant morning
with wrinkles on our faces
and warm tears in our hearts.

Movie Theatre

As the previews start to roll I cannot help but think how odd it is that movie theaters are public spaces.
The atmosphere is too personal with its patterned carpets and reclining chairs
The dimming lights are too intimate.
The cinematic showroom must exist inside a mansion somewhere in the hills of suburbia.
Maybe we were all invited to a dinner party where we got drunk and mingled, now treated to the cinema by a wealthy host.

Only a thought borne of loneliness. I know I will not talk to anybody here.

They are all strangers that have like me paid their ten dollars to sit in the darkness for a few hours, in absolute silence, and be swayed by the miracle of surround sound.

This is why we are here. To eat popcorn and hit pause on our lives.
And when the movie ends it is hard for us to reenter reality.

Leaving the theater, I am no longer myself,
but a larger than life character stepping out of a fictional universe.

If it was a crime drama I'd be the evil genius plotting my next move as I use the restroom by the exit
But it was an action adventure flick,
So I am the unsuspecting hero about to rise up and save the world
as I walk to my car, fumbling for the keys, trying hard not to cry.

Seven Days of Star Watching

Day 1.
Philosophical paradoxes are hidden between rays of sunshine and people are blinded by the sun.

Day 2.
The basement lights of heaven
shine brightly in the empty reality
of oblivion.

Day 3.

Children dream
in the suburban American night
under a frozen rainstorm of stellar explosions.

Day 4.
The illuminated rebels of the sky
halfway to infinity
still on the run.

Day 5.
The space between us
spans the depth of ultimate desire.

Day 6.
Campfires
burning at the top of the heavens
reflect some sort of fiery truth

Day 7.
We will not perish from the memory of the universe
Our story has been witnessed by the stars
We are the mortal children
of their eternal gaze.

Sunset On the Hillside

The late afternoon sinks into our skin
As cities shimmer in the distance
And millions swim under skyscrapers
toward the surface of cinematic America
And ships of color sail across the horizon carrying sunset
And souls are crayoned over with the artistic touch of a divine toddler
And I silently invent secrets and whisper them to the sky

Poetic Mindset

This is the abandoned wilderness of the mind
where I camp for a lifetime
Where I sit on a bench in the amusement park
That is my childhood floating between memory and make believe
Where I have timeless talks with drug induced travelers in rooms full of Christmas lights and
foreign graffiti
Where I take the 2 am subway diving into cities stumbling into a scene of abandoned streetlights
blazed beyond belief with an absurd vision of all encompassing music in the darkness of night
Where I try to summon some semblance of holiday spirit while feeling fundamentally lonely on
the fourth of July

Where I watch the movie of my life as a ruthless critic displeased by the lack of narrative structure

Where I am a poet driven mad by the pure ecstasy of uttered words
and words could never wrap around the poetry of the moment without leaving any loose ends

Where the sound of distant trains shakes the foundations of memory
and the ancient music of the moon plays above a city of modern lights
and the ocean tide yearns for physical intimacy with the land

And far away houses glow in the darkness like candlelit ships resting on the horizon.
and strangers deliver their souls to one another through the unspoken dialect of sight
and billions of people move together in harmony through the serious circus of life
trapped in the plastic playdome of time lost somewhere in the forgotten farmlands of space