

# COSMOSCLOUDS



A Collection of Verse

Featuring the *Ballad of Wedding Belle*

by *James Ray*

**COSMOS**

**CLOUDS**

Collection of Poetry

Featuring *the Ballad of Wedding Belle*

And the Musical: *I, Peter*

By *James Ray*

Published by James Ray

Gold Canyon, Arizona

# COSMOS

# CLOUDS

A Celebration of Life

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James Ray

4<sup>th</sup> Edition

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# **COSMOS CLOUDS**

**A CELEBRATION OF LIFE**



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# EARTHBOUND

# Cosmos Clouds

Cosmos Clouds

**FREE**

the fish you see  
expect to be free  
    confined to the sea

until one day  
an end to their play  
    the bait they say

by the side of the lake  
we hold this wake  
    for whose sake

the fish you see  
are really free  
    out of the sea

**COUNSEL**

The child has grown  
The child was shown  
What he had known  
To be a clone  
And not his own

Youth to rebel  
Deny the cell  
Ego to swell  
Emerge from hell  
The truth to tell

The man knew less  
The world's a mess  
What's his quest  
He's lost his nest  
Given his best

Aged and senior  
Buried the fear  
Death draws nearer  
Loving life now dear  
Aged is the seer

Cosmos Clouds

**WITH A SMILE**

Pleasantly,  
With a smile  
She delivered her cutting remark.

Wordlessly,  
Without expression  
He struck her hard across the mouth.

**PHONE SOLICITOR**

The phone solicitor is a mighty fine fellow  
He's up and down and sometimes mellow  
Calling people by day and night  
Hustling his products left and right.

Rejection stalks his every call  
As indecisive people try to stall,  
Some by stammering others with finesse  
Who can say which way is best.

Dialing the phone to pitch his wares  
Seemingly without any worries or cares:  
Slammed down phones, recordings and abuses  
Deter him not, to quit he refuses.

He dials that phone, more determined than ever  
Sifting through the forest of no's to hear  
One small yes. (Compensates his hours of labor)  
And in that sale, his rewards he can savor.

Too stubborn to quit (Or too stupid he knew)  
He goes back to the phone to dial anew;  
The next ornery person, he smiles and with a thank,  
The following day, laughs on the way to the bank.



Gather together  
All the nations of the world  
—The New World Order.

**ODE TO BILLY BROWN**

In Carolina where the land gets high  
Back in the sticks where the birds can't fly  
Lived a lawman who tamed a town,  
This is the legend of Billy Brown.

It happened in the mountains, higher'n the hills  
Back in the woods amidst the stills;  
Betwixt Raleigh and the corner of the earth,  
Brown's humble beginning began with a birth.

When he became of age he entered the race  
For the sheriff of this no-good place;  
When the votes were in and the chips were down,  
He came through and became Sheriff Brown.

This is the scene before Billy Brown's time:  
Dominated by drinking, fighting all sorts of crime;  
Men were fixing to raze the town  
Prior to the election of Billy Brown.

Outlaws stalked the town in endless wile  
Shoot and rob the people—'twas there style;  
Things were getting out of hand  
When Sheriff Brown took his stand.

Gunfights followed; Billy got control of the town,  
When the notorious Lambert challenged Sheriff Brown;  
He had a reputation to say the least,  
"The fastest gun in all the East."

The Fastest Gun called on Billy Brown,  
The Sheriff responded and gunned him down;  
After the fight it was reported he said,  
"Sure hated to kill a twelve-year old kid."

Billy Brown, becoming a whiz in politics,  
Got into an argument over certain classics;  
His stand was firm, he was ready to kill,  
Thought we should pay the Civil Rights bill.

## Cosmos Clouds

When the laughing calmed and they saw what occurred,  
Two dead men, not to mention the third;  
The Sheriff was not a man to be laughed at,  
So three dead men discovered for a fact.

Billy decided to leave politics alone,  
Devote his time to his wife and home;  
Living now in a land free of crime  
He's become a legend in his own lifetime.

His duty was done, nothing else could he see,  
Billy Brown retired at the age of seventy-three;  
When Billy died, Ashe County paid its respects,  
A three-gun salute (What did you expect?).

And so it will always remain  
The legend of a man who sought not fame,  
In Carolina history it'll surely go down,  
"The greatest lawman, Billy Brown."

### SUMMER FARE

Beyond, ere spring begins to wane,  
    As vision of summer's song  
    Shrouds her former dread.  
Denying so long her precious Gift:  
What was once wicked—  
    Now sacred.  
Autumn's splendor!  
Nature in full array.  
A time for reflection, a season for wonder,  
And yet so melancholy?  
The joy of summer unknown  
Metamorphosis with this band of gold  
    Unborn.  
The cold shadow of death on winter's path  
Extinguishes light of summer past.  
    Love not lived  
    Could never be:  
        Lost in the twilight  
        Of emerging eternity.

## Cosmos Clouds

### **PARIAH**

Into this jungle called society  
A gentle soul was thrown;  
In this wretched zoo called humanity  
One soul was not a clone.

The lynching mob in their self-righteous hate  
Contrived to execute;  
Through deceit they tried to humiliate  
Debase as well as persecute.

This gentle soul of so singular form  
Refused to acquiesce;  
Denied too, the existence of their norm  
—Just smiled in private jest.

They robbed this gentle soul his body  
And plundered his goods;  
Moreover, spoke the Word inadvertently;  
This soul of such unlikelihood.

Into this jungle called society  
A soul happened along;  
In this wretched zoo called humanity  
Dreamers do not belong.

### **HE REFUSED TO PARTICIPATE**

He refused to participate  
Even under pressure  
Participate in Fallacy  
—Corporate Endeavor

Fell off the corporate ladder  
One day unexpectedly  
Knocked off by a scheming backstabber  
Seemingly, reluctantly

No hard feelings she whispered  
Withdrawing the bloody knife

## Cosmos Clouds

Ceremoniously circumspect:  
–Worse than any ex-wife

There is no room in this cold world  
For a Dreamer such as me  
But where can one seek safe haven  
From its brutality?

### **SLAUGHTER**

Strung and hung from twelve-foot gallows,  
Shot betwixt the eyes; throat cut deeply  
Precious life-blood gushes forth: spewing, spurting,  
Tinting the ground a crimson hue;  
Lifeless eyes staring—uncomprehending  
This sudden, life-threatening (ending) invasion.

We worked quickly, with surgeons' skill:  
Slicing and cutting, piercing, peeling, paring the skin  
Pulling—slowly, swiftly the hide is drawn downward  
Exposing the soft-white form  
Hanging nakedly before the world.  
The tub is positioned quickly with care  
    (Having placed the new-fresh hide aside  
    to be tanned to leather at a later time.)  
Slowly, cautiously, so as not to disturb the vital organs,  
The thin abdominal wall was split to the breast  
Piercing odor of death stung our eyes; quickening our breath;  
Into the tub, fell one-by-one:  
    Intestines, stomachs, liver, kidneys, gall bladder,  
    tripe, heart, sweetbread and lungs,  
Separated, sorted, cleaned and packaged.  
The abdominal cavity, once busy with life functions  
    Now void.  
The head and tail were next removed  
The remaining carcass split in two  
Hung to age a fortnight,  
Cut and packaged, sold and eaten.

Two lovers sit by candlelight  
Exchanging loving glances;  
Toast champagne to the night—  
Steak, the evening enhances.

## Cosmos Clouds

### **SOUND OF JETS ABOVE**

Sound of jets above  
Break the Silence of the sky  
Plainly, man's progress.

### **MATERIALISM**

Rise, oh rise you wounded Eagle!  
Soar high and higher from out of the Rushin' seas,  
Where trees, rivers, rocks now mingle;  
Your once-proud land lies helpless—like an ulcer bleeds.  
Remember back another time,  
Before this current changing clime?  
Pristine forests, clear blue streams, unbound wildlife:  
Now burned, polluted; stripped of dignity and life.  
See! Look and see! Can you not see?  
A new, nay ancient spirit driving behind the strife:  
The way-of-me philosophy.

Holy Writ replaced by Spiegel,  
A nation no longer values her Christian creed,  
Where good is scorned and license legal,  
Motivated, judged by a single factor, greed!  
Greed is good; it's right; reigns sublime,  
Losing now is our only crime.  
Greed in all its forms, for money, for love, for life,  
Cuts through, captures the essence of evolution:  
Not to win is sin, you see.  
From greed to glasnost, brash is beautiful; it's rife:  
The way-of-me philosophy.

Consumerism's rite we go,  
To quench materialism's insatiable need;  
Plastic Eagles that look like seagulls,  
Mall madness, shopping sprees promote a frenzied feed.  
Spurred on and on by TV time,  
Our value smith, the system's chime.  
Touted by advertisers, the new gurus of life,  
To charm and burgle an unsuspecting birthright.

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Satisfy with commodity:  
With gold and diamonds to sate a crave for elegance—  
This way-of-me philosophy.

Oh great god, Mammon—my Ego,  
At the foot of New York's towers I pray and plead,  
Worship a sightless, stone idol,  
Though I have been taught, "Have no other gods before Me."  
Beverly Hills, my holy shrine,  
Football stadia in overtime;  
Super malls and nightclub halls, sports-o-mania;  
Carib resorts, West Coast parks, cruise to Alaska;  
Rites pursued, oh so intensely,  
Easily rival pantheons or animists;  
The way-of-me philosophy.

Rise, oh rise you puffed-up Ego,  
Soar, yeah soar from out and beyond the Garden's tree,  
Dare assume the regal mantle;  
Inward meditation and self-discoveries.  
With tapes and books our inner selves  
Are sold and pandered, draped in lies.  
The strong young man no longer takes to him a wife,  
Gratifying appetites in pursuit of happiness.  
And why are you so melancholy,  
Staggering beneath the abundance of your good life?  
The way-of-me philosophy.

The essence of materialism, its great Lie,  
Man must live for his own sake, self: this way of life;  
Happiness, your morality,  
No concern, no awe, no fear for your afterlife;  
This way-of-me philosophy.

### **HEIR OF SCIENCE**

Technology, heir of Science,  
Supplants our Religion  
Insists we sacrifice our Time  
To support its Progress

## Cosmos Clouds

Prayers given over to Theorems  
Rites to Version upgrades  
Newfound Certification  
—Thus is Darwin repaid.

## CANDYLAND

Rich man, poor man, anybody can  
Lose their soul in a candy land.

## DESERT ENIGMA

As I trekked across the desert sands  
The sun burning hot,  
My parched mouth, cracked lips and blistered hands  
Quiet testimony to this harsh environment.  
Water was not,  
Relief not sent.

Stranded upon this sea of sand and heat,  
Delirious with pain,  
I wandered the endless miles in retreat  
Escaping, leaving it all behind, my goal.  
Memory my chain  
Binding my soul.

Death, the elusive elixir of my dreams,  
Deliver my spirit;  
In joy I search the search which seems  
Unending, seeking comfort in the desert sun;  
Although I fear it  
It must be done.

Can this endless journey bear no fruit?  
Petition denied?  
I beg, I plead, cause my mind to mute,  
Empty it all of that which was, is; to be.  
My Soul, I cried,  
Set us free.

The truth came at once, most suddenly,  
Blinded in Light,

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Brighter than the sun reaching its acme,  
The Cosmos groaned, unwilling to impart,  
    Its secret sight  
    To my heart.

The simple solution; for Love is the key,  
    Within us all, above,  
United as One, in perfect cosmic harmony;  
The universe in balance, the pain and good,  
    Bound in Love,  
    Eternal Brotherhood.

### **ARENA RELIGION**

Systematic sports indulgence  
    —Arena Religion  
Soothes a godless society  
    Me-centered—stool pigeon

Tool of Madison Avenue  
    In pursuit of Profits  
Peddle over-priced luxury  
    —Sold as Commodity

A silly game's class Seduction  
    Preoccupies their mind  
Too busy speculating to think  
    —Concerned with dollar signs

Rich man's blood-sport replaces War  
    —Source of our diversion  
Endless pints Fuel participation  
    Of meaningless activity

Mahogany measures burgle  
    A poor man's labor  
Through prayers and pints—diversity  
    Dull men no longer care.

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**SPORTS-O-MANIA**

Sports mania—twenty-five years  
Our new public pabulum  
Dulls the senses—so sensuous  
Replaces Reason—Emotion

Society's Soul lately sold:  
Where has our fervor gone?  
Archeologists' puzzlement  
—Another god gone wrong.

**DEATH MERCHANT**

In our moment of grief, at the loss of a loved one,  
For us a father, for her a friend and lover;  
Mourning in silent tears, unexpressed sorrow:  
Each reliving their fondest memory;  
Few at some vague and isolated incident  
Touched in a private way with joy and happiness;  
Others recalling the pain and misery  
Associated with an unprovoked rebuke  
For such a trifling and unwitting error;  
The Death Merchant came into our lives.

Adorned in silk of the Bombyx mori worm  
Whose life was sacrificed in the process  
Spun in magnificent splendor of the finest fabric  
Carefully, lovingly tailored in a blue, pin-striped suit.  
Bejeweled in gold, diamonds, and an ornate emerald,  
Shod in calfskin of an unborn fetus;  
Painstakingly groomed with the care of a geisha,  
He solemnly approached and bid me to follow.

From the room of the mortuary where they display the departed,  
Through the chapel and into his office we came.  
In proper demeanor he expressed his condolence  
Having rehearsed his lines innumerable times  
And mentioned our loss as his own  
—Though in truth, he never knew him.  
Having satisfied his purpose we continued the charade.  
He led me down the hall and up the stairway,

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Pausing before the door, he turned to say,  
(Was that a glint in his eye I detected?)  
    "I know this is a difficult time for you,  
    But certain arrangements must be made."  
With that, he turned and we entered.

I was taken aback by what I encountered  
Stretching in front of me and into forever  
Rows of carefully displayed coffins,  
Arranged and labeled; inviting their victims  
Much like a common streetwalker might.  
The Merchant of Death began extolling their virtues  
Of the comfort and luxury each afforded in their own special  
    way:  
    "This of the finest black walnut to be found  
    Shaped, sanded and stained to perfection  
    Lined in silk and satin, a latch and lock  
    All for the dignity of the dearly departed.  
    This can be his for the modest consideration of  
    Eighteen thousand  
    Five hundred dollars."

Staring in stupid silence,  
I continued the tour  
Treading on plush deep carpeting so as not to disturb his urgent  
    pitch  
Given not unlike a carnival hawker.  
    "This of birch, that of ash."  
Oak, cherry wood, popular, beech, cedar,  
    Chestnut, maple, spruce, teak were all represented.  
As was gold, silver, brass and copper.  
"But don't you have anything cheaper?" I enquired.

With a look of disgust he led me over  
To a smaller, bare-floored room  
Cramped and stacked, crowded with coffins,  
    "These, the moderate priced,"  
He droned on in his painful monotone.

When after a spell I wearied of the sale,  
Inquired of a simple pine box  
More befitting my father.  
With a look of shock,

## Cosmos Clouds

He jumped back in horror  
And in a voice edged in contempt  
Expressed his abhorrence, none too dignified.  
Regaining his composure, he adamantly denied  
The existence of such a deplorable object.

Not wishing to argue  
I selected a box  
And left in wonder,  
The Death Merchant his wares.

### **DRAGON LADY**

I chased the Dragon through the mist  
—the day before the dawn  
The scorching heat from her burning fire  
Freed the cold from my soul.

Dragon Lady who sounds her siren  
And lures me to her flame  
That burns the sense of sanity  
—Can never be the same.

I chased the Dragon through the night  
—Caught her at the break of dawn  
I thought to slay the Dragon Lady  
And free me from her song.

Dragon Lady who sounds her siren  
And lures me to her flame  
That burns the sense of sanity  
—May never be the same.

I chased the Dragon through misty nights  
‘Til days turned into years  
I grew to love the Dragon Lady:  
Soon time allayed my fears.

Dragon Lady who sounds her siren  
And lures me to her flame  
That burns the sense of sanity  
—I’ll never be the same:  
Can never be the same.

**RELIGION'S PARALLAX PARADOX**

Religion's parallax Paradox  
–The Golden Rule  
Serves Tyrants well: supports their rule  
–Their rule for Gold.

**COST OF LIFE**

The Cost of life came due today  
Sadly, he discovered  
In dawning light—epiphany  
Lost his life-long lover

Before the Pit, the final end  
The mournful dirge rang out  
Their haunting voice that morning meant:  
Our Final victory Shout.

**DREAMER BOY**

Pungent smells of mountain laurel  
So deep within the wood,  
Exploring the mountain flora  
A big-eyed boy there stood.

The city quickly forgotten  
Country—easily lost in.

Dreaming, wandering, lost in thought  
Reliving some old battle fought  
(He'd read of one day in the library)  
Or some adventure sought  
By folks in early history.

Unseen tears of a boy who is not  
Fourteen, and lost in thought;  
Swept along in a changing sea  
He desperately sought—  
Desperately, yet so naively.

Cherished moments, when he'd slip away  
From brothers and a sister,

## Cosmos Clouds

Hidden deep within the mountain lay  
Peace, quiet—undisturbed.

Where a dreamer boy of tender years  
Can lose himself—make dreams appear.

Dreams, the source of his reality  
His life, imagined he,  
The mountain daily called to him  
Whispering secretly.  
Only he could hear the mountain hymn.

A secret song blew frequently  
To a boy—privately;  
Carried down upon the mountain wind  
Down, around in the valley  
Seeking the one who will listen.

## WINSOME WINDS

Winsome winds from the western hills  
Portend a melancholy mood;  
Winds of words from well-meaning friends  
Harsh, cold, cutting; so often rude  
—Who needs these friends  
Like the friends of Job?

Frigid winds freeze to the bone marrow  
Words that chill a desperate soul  
Winds of words from the arctic ice  
Echoes from the depths of Sheol  
—Who needs such friends  
Like the friends of Job?

The wrath of Yahweh so they blame  
For life's unfortunate circumstance  
Or the Archfiend through his evil pact;  
No! It's simply, merely happenstance  
—Who needs these friends  
Like the friends of Job?

## Cosmos Clouds

It's not Yahweh, Legend nor your sin  
That causes life's cruel twist of fate;  
So weather winsome winds of words-  
Knowing its all for His glory's sake  
—Who needs a friend  
Like the friends of Job?

### **WHY TOO, KAY?**

Cyberspace resounded daily  
To the beat of their drum  
Expounding the rhythm of fear  
To all of the deaf and dumb.

Preying on hopeless ignorance  
Of complex technology  
Putting people in a trance  
—Panic philosophy.

The computer bug —Y2K-  
They say repeatedly  
Over and over ad nausea  
Will bring down society.

It's the computer clock they say  
'Cause of a programming bug  
Won't know that it's now Y2K  
Bringing the systems down.

No power grid is what they said  
Or water for us to drink  
No food on the grocery shelves  
—Or so they would have us think.

Transportation brought to a standstill  
Gas in short supply  
Cars and buses and trucks stranded 'til  
Fuel availability.

Marshall Law is the rule of the land  
Policia out in force  
Swat teams swarm the streets  
For our safety—of course.

## Cosmos Clouds

Blackshirts in black helicopters  
Patrol the skyways  
Black hoods in the neighborhood  
Cordon off the highways.

Executive Orders now in force  
Presidential power  
He's grabbed the government d'juere  
Our New Age Emperor.

These are the effects of Y2K  
So the pundits proffer  
Fanning the flames of Judgment Day  
While filling up their coffer.

Prolific profits from doom and gloom  
Fatten their bank account  
From the stateroom to the boardroom  
Purloining people's material comfort.

The transfer of wealth incredible  
Hard earned wages traded  
For worthless pulp fiction  
Fear upon fear parlayed.

Into this scene Kay entered  
Headlong and headstrong  
Daily logged-on to the internet  
Monitoring all along.

Kay subscribed to every URL  
And many newsletters  
Bought a copy machine so she  
Could keep her friends current.

Her basement soon filled with water  
Wheat, and survivables  
Kay's fear of Y2K brought her  
To the brink of hysteria.

Her family could not help her see  
The folly of fear

## Cosmos Clouds

As she pumped the pump on the well  
Nearly dry all year.

A funny thing happened along the way  
As thirty-one rolled over to one  
No computer bugs—no Y2K  
Business as usual.

But her William, oh William, her love  
Was struck down in his prime  
On the last day of the millennium  
Cancer, the end of his lifetime.

At fifty-one, too young to die  
If only Kay had known  
"Why too Kay," she cried  
For now she's all alone.

She should have been afraid it seems  
Fear of the Y2K  
But not because of the computer  
But of the Judgment Day.

Kay now gets to spend her lonely days  
No longer their victim  
Of fear-inspired Y2K  
Thinking of only him.

William, her sweet William is gone  
Called home for Y2K  
And now Kay, she is all alone  
"Poor Kay," is all they can say.

"Why too Kay," she cries every day  
Caught up in the game of fear  
She missed the why of Y2K  
—Lonely now this year.

## HOUSTON ZOO

The beauty of a butterfly lies in its freedom;  
Trapped in a display, death defines for us, Completion.

Cosmos Clouds

**DEATH RATTLE**

I watched a young man of fifty-one  
    Battling breath-by-breath  
His body ravaged from within  
    Step-by-step the march of death  
    From his ghastly battle  
I heard the death rattle.

The family had all left for the night  
    Leaving only one behind  
To stand the lonely night vigil  
    Slowly, measuring time  
    While he, in pitched battle:  
I heard the death rattle.

The gargling, gurgling breathing  
    Marking his deathly exertion  
Against the fast filling fluid  
    And killing infection  
    Losing his life's battle  
I heard the death rattle.

**HIS DEATH THEY SAID**

His death they said could not be helped  
    —Beyond our medicine  
We tried our best to save his life  
    They said in their chagrin

With all their herbs and pharmaceuticals  
    They pumped him full of junk  
‘Til in the end he died on them  
    —At the age of fifty-one.

**RESIST THE URGE TO PONDER YOUR PAST**

Resist the urge to ponder your past  
—And spoil the present moment;  
(The hurt and pain were not meant to last)  
—Nor prolong the disappointment.

## Cosmos Clouds

A fleeting glimpse through the mist of time  
Betrays a distant memory  
A chance remark becomes a forced rhyme  
Ruining today's reality.

The way is lost of long ago  
Time to release the fantasy  
Let go of the lie; forego,  
Forget, the pretended ecstasy.

The presence of the present days  
Needs to be cherished tenderly  
Lest the delicate dream stays  
Undreamt throughout eternity

Can you live today unfettered by yesterday?  
Fulfill the promise of tomorrow:  
Your dream is a promise to walk in a way  
You alone decide to follow.

### **Nature**

He is a fool who tries to Change  
His inherent Nature

### **SELF EMANCIPATION**

In my youth of constant yearning  
Through unfulfilled desires,  
I dreamt the parched fantasy at night  
And lived the cruel reality of dawn.  
Refuge sought in traditional piety  
Enslaved in countless doctrines and guilt—  
Guilt not mine, but another's—  
The consequences all the more higher.  
Our forefathers' freedom slowly given away  
To those who would protect us from ourselves.  
But who can give us our freedom?  
Today, tomorrow: only the sum of yesterdays—  
Cannot be forged of nothing.  
Grasp the freedom from within—not without!

## Cosmos Clouds

### **REFUGE OF THE INNOCENT**

Dieu et mon Droit

Refuse us not thy gift of Life, you who are  
So full of love; did we decide this time  
And place to start our journey—so far?  
Our very existence? Or is your lust our crime?  
Release us from this barbarous decree of yours,  
Its life we seek, just a chance, come what may;  
In that moment of passion-fury you sought for  
I heard, I cried, “Let me into your world today,  
Tomorrow—let it be now!” Would you deny so bold  
What you have come to know; or could you fear  
This vile air transformed by my breath?  
Alas! The infinite reward is mine of old,  
And new, dare you fail my cry to hear:  
For I the Life to come, and you the Death.

### **SACRED NAME**

You call on Me, but not by name,  
Thinking some small title  
Can thus replace My monogram—  
Bow before your idol.

If you were mister all these years  
How could we separate  
You from among your other peers?  
Think! Time to contemplate.

I have a Name, I’ve told you so;  
Attempted to convey  
Up to today from long ago  
My Sacred name, Yahweh.

### **RANDOM THOUGHTS**

The flight of a bird intrigued me one day  
As I sat in the yard and pondered the mystery of eternity;  
From shell to nest to the air to the shell once more,  
The lifeline continues unbroken forever.

## Cosmos Clouds

“And what of love,” asked I of the carpenter?  
“Love? What has love to do with my trade?  
Your silly notions are good for schoolchildren  
Mothers and wives;  
For me, this hammer and my strong right arm.”

I noticed too, one summer day,  
The grass and trees and flowers and weeds  
Strive to reach for the sky;  
If not for the earth, they would surely succeed;  
Yet, if not for the earth, they would surely die.

### **CINDER CHRIST**

Which Witch I wonder—silently  
—Olde Salem’s Legacy?  
Earned the wrath of our Sunday Saints  
Who burn ignominy

The Truth from ashes they profess  
—Proclaim Orthodoxy  
God help the One who stands alone—  
His Cross—our crux defined.

### **CINDER CHURCH**

Puritant prayers rise to heaven  
Psalms sung virulently  
Southern Sabbath assembly—  
Amid abomination

Smoke replaces intercession  
As flames light up the night  
A silent crowd slowly gathers—  
Extinguished—Christian light.

### **SUNDAY MORNING SOLILOQUY**

Saints gather round—Sunday morning  
Conceal their soliloquy  
Sinning Saints who-do sermonize:  
Holy Hypocrisy

## Cosmos Clouds

Faithless Faithful who follow after  
Those Magik Maudlins—  
Exchange meager hard-earned Labor  
For Empty Promises

Soothe a conscience—sing some songs  
Pass around broken bread  
Collect the coins and cash the checks  
—Monday morning's mercy—stead.

## CHRISTLORN

The cold of day they said that night  
Claimed another hapless soul  
Who chanced along Fortuna's path  
Without a clue—too bold

Too daring, risked orthodoxic scorn  
Spurned Salem's fiery peril  
Would choose to die than acquiesce—  
Forgotten, silent Herald.

## NEW GENERATION'S RITUALS

New generation's rituals—  
Bathed in amps—neon lights  
Numbs the mind in a narcotic cloud  
Forfeits the day—endless nights

Self-indulgence, sated appetites—  
Self-styled theology  
Soulless masses adrift in life  
—Evolution's victory.

## PRETENDED SOPHISTRY

Pretended sophistry abounds  
In academia  
Where ignorance—their arrogance  
Supplant intelligence

## Cosmos Clouds

Stacked lunch buckets—they testify—  
    Peasantry resilience  
Inadequate—history demands  
    Only significance.

### **SPORTS ECCLESIASTICA**

Her sports ecclesiastica  
    —Seventh-day arena  
Worship Evolution's marvels  
    Rancid crematica

Surrendered sensibilities  
    Lost in antiquity—  
Rediscovered neo-Highpriests  
    Debate their betting lines

Sports bibles replace Holy Writ  
    —Religiously perused,  
Hip-hop psalmistisms blare overhead  
    Prayerfully induced

Millions of faithful automatons  
    Weekly/daily pilgrimage  
Proffer hard-earned peasant paychecks  
    Support excessive sport-styles

Ten-cent shoes sold for ninety dollars  
    To pathetic wannabes  
Bereft of self sensibility  
    Self-centered cosmos

Martyr's money—instead of blood  
    Drives an agent-priest deal  
Winning records—instead of holy deeds  
    Fuel their religious zeal

Our sports' neo-orthodoxy  
    Replaces spirituality  
Hero-saints tout worthless plastic  
    —Neo Virtual reality.

Cosmos Clouds

**SPIRIT**

“The unspiritual man does not receive the gifts of the Spirit of  
God

For they are folly to him  
He is not able to understand them  
Because they are spiritually discerned.”

Your Guardianship, O my Father, and the care in which You  
watch o'er  
Encompasses me in Your merciful, divine Love;  
Aye, includes all, even all foresight ere I was but a mere twinkling  
thought;  
You my Lord, was surely before the thought, knew the thought,  
and yeah, think the thought;  
And then I was; and not before.

The Father with the Word was, is and will be; always in Unity.  
The cosmos, willed by the Father, created by the Word  
As universally witnessed—yeah, even by those who would deny  
the power,  
And never suspect the Spirit.

“The Spirit blows where it wills.”  
And is not blown—though the Father ordains all things.  
Aye, are not the charismas of the Spirit inspired by the Spirit  
Who apportions to each one individually as He wills?  
(If then He wills and works and disposes  
Is He not then a being which acts—and is not mere energy?)

My salvation, O Soul, was won by Christ  
Who, by his resurrection restored my life;  
For the Father, who, through the Word  
Now with the Spirit  
Leads my poor Soul to this Way of Christ.

Drawn by the Father and supplied the material of the gifts of God  
by the Spirit,  
That, through the participating in the Spirit might someday be  
called one of the saints of the Lamb.  
Marvelous, yeah, marvelous are the things brought about by the  
Spirit.

## Cosmos Clouds

The Father needs no demonstration of His preeminence for my  
recognition nor understanding;  
But wanting only blessedness that grows in my Soul from  
knowing Him to be implanted in me.  
Bringing it about through Christ and the continual indwelling of  
His Word.  
That I may ascend to intimacy with the Father.

Sing praise and celebrate this life, O my Soul,  
This life-giving gift from the Spirit  
That unifies my Soul with God, my Lord, and the Spirit.  
Pray for me, O Spirit, I pray!  
And with proper rhythm, melody, measure and harmony sing  
songs of praise and hymns to the Father in Christ,  
Aye, and let me humbly follow.  
Enter into me more strongly I pray, I plea, I implore you O Spirit  
This self-same Spirit who searches everything, even the depths of  
God

Take your place within me and search all things.  
Mingle, I pray, with me, and I with You  
And we too, will search all things;  
Yeah! Even the depths of God.  
Forsake I all wisdoms of this world—mere human words—  
Which can be learned according to each of the systems of  
thought;  
But in a thousand millennia could not teach a single truth taught  
by the Spirit to even the most humble.  
Illuminate my Soul, O Spirit, as I seek out and investigate the  
truth,  
Not I, but the Spirit in me,  
And I in the Spirit.  
So that in this way, I can constantly discover in the renewal of my  
mind  
That which was learned outside the Spirit.

“Give the King thy justice, O God,  
And thy righteousness to the son of the King.”  
Because of His preeminence, to the Word is given the judgment;  
And the humanity, which is assumed, formed and molded by  
Him unto righteousness is called, ‘Son of the King.’  
Together they are drawn into One.  
Made One in the blood of the Lamb, the coming of our Saviour  
Formed He them into One,

## Cosmos Clouds

One, as ordained by the Father,  
Of the two which had been made in Himself before all things.  
As my Soul, no, not I, but the Spirit in me.

Mixed thus with the Spirit,  
Saved through Jesus the Christ, is made spiritual.

Rejoice, O my Soul, that having received the Spirit,  
“In the newness of the Spirit,”  
Covenants anew with the Father, through the Word,  
Receives from the Lamb, as it is written,  
“Who has given us the Spirit as a guarantee.”  
So this gift from the Father, promised by the Son  
Sublates the whole sense—perceivable and sacramental  
salvation—event  
Fulfills its purpose by internalizing as life within my Soul,  
“This internal appropriating of the revelation of the Word as  
Spirit  
Is the re-forming of a sinful, fleshy human being  
Into a temple of God the Father.”  
The Spirit then, is entrance into God’s intimacy, innerlife, prayer,  
divine wisdom;  
That Union with God whose firstfruit was Christ  
Is guaranty of beatitude.

So, my Soul, Praise! Praise the Lord unceasingly.

## CHANT ROYALE

### I.

Yea, where is Your glory Lord,  
Throughout heaven and earth,  
Angels and powers of the sword,  
The nation of Your birth?  
Who shall rule with You above, below;  
Are we, just men, to know?  
His Bride: heavens are your sphere,  
Mine Elect, nations will fear.  
Those faithful to whom He has wed;  
Oh Israel, you hear?  
Divine Purpose of the Godhead.

## Cosmos Clouds

In Christ's glory, the church held dear,  
Israel's role, now clear.  
All My fullness shall dwell, He said,  
and manifest in Christ.  
Divine Pleasure of the Godhead.

### II.

God's rest in the new creation,  
Through the Second Adam:  
Man's rest with God, short duration,  
Is redeemed by the Lamb.  
It's passed away as it was meant,  
That which was transient,  
On account of Adam's weakness,  
Restored, more excellent,  
By the display of His blood shed,  
For us secured, God's rest.  
Divine Purpose of the Godhead.

The mystery made known to us  
of His Will, His Purpose,  
In the fullness of times gathered,  
In One, all things in Christ.  
Divine Pleasure of the Godhead.

### III.

Christ the Heir –and the Church joint-heir  
Through the resurrection–  
Of all things –by Him all things are–  
All, Yea! All creation.  
In Him is our inheritance,  
And our lost innocence.  
Christ Jesus, the First-Born of all  
Regained that, from the fall;  
Christ's gathering, to Him as Head,  
Our blessed hope, our call.  
Divine Purpose of the Godhead.

Christ, who is God and man as well,  
Presents the Church, His all,  
To share glory with Him, once dead,  
Now living, for they saw.  
Divine Pleasure of the Godhead.

## Cosmos Clouds

### IV.

Crown the Son of Man with glory,  
Y'shua, honor His name,  
Seated on Your right Hand with Thee,  
Sits, having overcome.  
At the right hand of the Father,  
With those He would gather;  
Since, by the first Adam came death,  
By the Second Man, Breath;  
For, as in Adam all are dead,  
Even so, life in Christ.  
Divine Purpose of the Godhead.

As risen Man, Christ reigns over death,  
And will deliver up  
A new kingdom that in His stead:  
God may be all in all.  
Divine Pleasure of the Godhead.

### V.

Christ Jesus, as Heir, received  
The promised inheritance,  
Traced back through all that had believed,  
Abram to the present.  
Christ, Creator of all that is,  
Heir, by title, to this.  
All promises find their center  
In Christ, our true Mentor;  
So that God, acting as promised,  
Centers in Christ Jesus.  
Divine Purpose of the Godhead.

All purpose of God enter  
Into Christ as Center,  
From Him has the sting of death fled,  
Yea! Unto His glory.  
Divine Pleasure of the Godhead.

### VI.

His natural seed did reject,  
(They knew prophets, the Law)

## Cosmos Clouds

Spiritual seed, new Elect;  
    Jews, refused, that foresaw  
The Heir, Him, did they kill and the  
    Last hope of the rest vanished.  
Man is without any resource,  
    All vanity, of course;  
Hidden design to be revealed,  
    Gathered into one Source.  
Divine Purpose of the Godhead.

The Church, as redeemed, to come forth,  
    United to Y'shua,  
As Bride and Bridegroom to be wed  
    Perfectly, to His worth.  
Divine Pleasure of the Godhead.

### VII.

Christ exalted, prepares a place,  
    For His Church whom He calls,  
Redeemed through God's mercy and grace,  
    Into One, all in all.  
A heavenly habitation  
    From among all nations;  
Gathered, those who are His joint-heirs,  
    Separate wheat from tares;  
Sure mercies of David, He said,  
    In Christ He could secure.  
Divine Promise of the Godhead.

Predestinate whom He foreknew,  
    Son's Image, to confirm;  
Firstborn whom God resurrected  
    Among many brethren.  
Divine Pleasure of the Godhead.

### VIII.

At His coming: Inheritance  
    Received, the risen Church,  
Our new heavenly existence,  
    Rewards our life-long search.  
Whom the Father has justified,  
    Them also, glorified.  
Father calls, the Spirit gathers,

## Cosmos Clouds

Christ Jesus, His joint heirs,  
He sits, Yea! At Yahweh's right hand,  
All in all, He secures.  
Divine Purpose of the Godhead.

When Christ, who is our life, appears,  
With Him, we too, as heirs;  
Like Him, we too are glorified,  
Like Him, when He appears.  
Divine Pleasure of the Godhead.

### IX.

I, Yea the Lord, will come again,  
And receive in the sky  
You, unto Myself in heaven,  
Receive you unto I.  
Descending with the trump of God,  
Receive you in the cloud.  
At the coming of Christ these souls  
To resurrection rose  
To eternal life from the dead,  
Those, whom the Father chose.  
Divine Purpose of the Godhead.

Those who belong to Christ, yea those,  
Be with Him who arose,  
In union with Christ as head,  
The judgment of the world.  
Divine Pleasure of the Godhead.

### X.

For the kingdom of the Father,  
Y'shua taught to pray on,  
That the righteous shall shine farther  
Than the sun; Yea! The Son!  
Enter into waters deeper,  
Yet more calm, we enter,  
Oceans of joy most infinite  
With Christ, the Exquisite;  
Which passes all the world's knowledge,  
In God's rest, we rest in it.  
Divine Purpose of the Godhead.

## Cosmos Clouds

We learn from the Holy Spirit,  
    We sinners made like Christ,  
Like unto Christ whose blood was shed,  
    We, by grace, inherit.  
Divine Pleasure of the Godhead.

### XI.

That is the fullness of Him, who,  
    Without having began,  
Was pleased to be born, He who knew  
    No end, the Son of Man,  
Is pleased to accomplish in us  
    That infinite joy, thus,  
That to realize, will render  
    Able, in measure,  
Always increasing enjoyment  
    In Christ Jesus' pleasure.  
Divine Purpose of the Godhead.  
We shall have great lessons to learn,  
    Under Spirit's tenure,  
This life we received by the Lamb,  
    Reveals thus, the Father.  
Divine Pleasure of the Godhead.

### MAMMON

Mammon, Monuments built to her  
    Scar the city skyline  
    As fools flock to Worship  
Mammon—filling clinking coffers

Sports-o-mania—Religion  
    Now sweeps over the land  
Neo-spirituality  
    Defines the Neo-Man

Rising Phoenix defies the Tomb  
    Once Sacred—banality  
Ere reserved for the Son of Man  
    Now—Commonality

Babylon knew nothing at all  
    Compared to Modern Man

## Cosmos Clouds

—Dwelling in their chakras  
Whose Towers touch the Throne of God

Empowerment—their Sacrament  
Self discovery—  
The Ancient Way replaced by new  
Psycho-psychology.

### **SYSTEMATIC PROSELYTIZING**

Systematic proselytizing  
Invades Personality  
Imposes orthodoxomy  
On unsuspecting prey

Pray for them, they intone  
Incessantly  
To save their souls—newfound life work:  
Lo, missionary.

### **LIFE IS A LONG LONELY JOURNEY**

Life is a long, lonely Journey  
Traveled within the Mind  
Can Reality without equal  
Reality within?

Oh Soul! Surround—lost in a crowd  
Silently ponders Fate  
Solely battles life's dark, secrets  
Strives to emancipate

Freedom soon lost—Consensus gained.

### **RAINS CAME SUDDENLY**

Rains came suddenly  
After the prolonged drought  
Flood waters they fought.

### **Life's Confession**

Haunting shroud of Meaninglessness  
Shadows a childhood fantasy  
Drives adolescent timelessness  
Burdens an unknown Destiny

Looking back Now in wistfulness  
Dreaming of Simpler times;  
And yet, facing fading Arrogance:  
Escapes all Personal crimes.

### **MESCALINE REALITY**

His mescaline reality  
    Soon warps a point of view  
Their masculine reality  
    –Elysianal milieu

A Soul too good to be concerned–  
    Merely sojourns through life  
Living: his actuality  
    –Or our Insanity:  
Establishes his reality.

### **ELUSIVE MOMENTS**

Intensity—elusive moments  
    Too oft experienced  
In the frantic frenzy of life  
    —Too seldom only whispered

Whispers lost in the daily din:  
    Struggling to be heard  
—Drought produces parched hollow husks—  
    Faintly—vaguely—Absurd.

Cosmos Clouds

**KINDLED SPARKS**

Kindled sparks linger in a wintry heart,  
Flickering amid the litter  
    Of abuse, neglect and shattered dreams.  
Long forgotten memories  
Of courting's woo-some niceties,  
    No longer sparkle in crystalline eyes.  
Oh! To recall those happier times,  
A chance to live one other Harlequin.

But no; now is the time to quell a tantrum  
And feed another hungry scream.  
    Again, she counsels her lonely self  
Not to dwell within a dream;  
Forget the happily forever after  
    And relinquish to harsh reality.  
But oh! Recall those happier times.  
Yea! To embrace that elusive Harlequin.

**SWEET SIXTEEN**

We've brought you as far as we can  
    To the shores of womanhood,  
Nursed you through all of your early years  
    And tried to teach you right.  
Now is the time for you to claim  
    The path you will walk in life.

The start of life's journey is but a step,  
A step that only you can take.

Many paths are open to you  
    To travel on day or night;  
The low way through mud and mire,  
    To one day rue what should;  
The high way, to meet the challenge,  
    Dare to stand with all of your might.

To stand alone when others fail  
    To weather the coming flood;  
Stand for God! For truth; for honor.  
    Disdain the dark: choose the light.

## Cosmos Clouds

And at life's end you can look back  
To stand where you have stood!

The start of life's journey is but a step,  
The step that only you can take.

### WEEP FOR THE DYING

#### I

As I sprawled in misery across the desert sands,  
My swollen tongue unable to relieve my cracked lips:  
Distant shimmering horizon.  
Through glazed eyes I studied the nothingness before me  
The merciless heat of the sun slowly drained the life from my  
body,  
And I wept the tearless weeping of the dying.

#### II

I awoke one night, it matters not which;  
The nocturnal coolness seeped into the morrow of my bones,  
Invigorating my nearly lifeless body once more;  
Lifting my face from the sand, my vision slowly cleared:  
Surveying the peaceful land.  
Even if dead, to be alive for sure.  
Painfully, I turned onto my back, contemplating the stars,  
And wept the tearless weeping of the dying.

#### III

In a vision, dreamt only by the dying,  
The panorama of my life swept by;  
The pain of hurt renewed, I cried;  
In the joy of happiness, I laughed.  
The things I should have said, said I—to no avail;  
Unfettered, the play continued nonstop,  
And I wept the tearless weeping of the dying.

#### IV

The spirit began my body imparting,  
Cried out I a noiseless protesting loudly;  
Commanding return, we fiercely struggled for control.  
Myself losing, energy slowly draining, a steady stream  
'Til my will alone empowered me authority.  
Together we lapsed in the dawning sunlight,  
And wept the tearless weeping of the dying.

## Cosmos Clouds

### V

The burning sun beat down upon the landscape,  
Scorched bones lay in deathly stillness;  
And a lonely spirit wanders the desert sands  
Seeking refuge from its solitude.  
The soundless air reverberates in mourn,  
As I weep the tearless weeping of the dying.

### **SAN LOUIS VALLEY**

White-capped Guardians encircle  
Her bounteous Treasure  
Spread wide across an even land  
—For miles without measure

Her Treasure—a hidden aquifer  
Under a wind-swept valley  
A priceless supply of water  
—Behold, the Gift of Life.

Sylvan Sentries stand Silent watch  
Over a peaceful valley  
Hidden riches belie Belief—  
Nature's wondrous Ballet

Soon spoiled by Mountain People  
Of concrete and steel:  
Who care not for Centuries' Legacy  
—Plunder a Land's Heart and Soul.

### **DRY DUSTY FIELDS**

Dry dusty fields and beardless wheat  
Greet a farmer's harvest  
Testify to a drought that's been  
Brewing since August

Taxes are due and so is the rent  
—Eight hungry mouths to feed  
The Banker Man from Omaha  
Demands his paper deed

Cosmos Clouds

Purloined again the farmer's ground  
Now works for GMC  
The American dream working still  
For Banker Man and me.

**DESERT HAIKU**

Parched bones testify  
Of the dessert's cold justice  
Obstinance overcome.

**LAW**

We need a law  
Undo the flaw  
Stuck in a crow  
No need to jaw

Cattle are in  
Hens a-roostin'  
Where to begin  
The world's a sin

Another law  
Undo the flaw  
The ice will thaw  
No need to jaw

What's the cure  
Peace to be sure  
How to incur  
How to endure

Forever a law  
Undo the flaw  
It's a saw  
No need to jaw

The way is love  
Law from above  
Earmark a dove  
This way of love

Cosmos Clouds

**JILTED**

Music—ever sweet celestial sound  
Echoes through my mind  
The night's softly silent round  
In moonless sky—sublime

Ignites lingering passions soon  
Caught up in wondrous bliss  
She quickly, silently withdrew  
Left me teetering—on a cliff.

**NOT WITH A CLUB**

Not with a club she beat him down  
Nor shot him with a gun  
But with a thousand cuts and digs  
Her lethal act was done.

**BREAK POINT**

Given way for so many years  
To her Quaint oddities  
Too Silently he acquiesces  
—Peculiarities

Confrontation spells disaster  
—He Avoids at all cost  
Silent feelings Swell volcanic  
—Slowly gains the Loss.

**LITTLE DIGS AND CUTS**

More little digs and cuts from her  
That knots my stomach so  
They slowly chip away at love  
And makes an ulcer grow

Only fear would drive someone  
To act destructively  
To push away the one she loves  
And complain bitterly.

**WALKED OUT ON**

Within the dimming light of dusk  
My Soul has lost its way  
The way of love intensified  
A Judas-friend betray

Who can know of the way of Love  
When lost within your mind  
A former friend who vilified  
—Trust: now newly defined.

**WITHER ONCE BEFORE YOU DIE**

You'll wither once before you die  
He used to proudly say  
That was before he shot and killed  
Himself the other day

No one listened—the warning signs  
Were plainly there to see  
But a life lived in daily jest  
Betrayed him—Finally

We planted him one April day  
Before the coming rains  
Fervently prayed his soul to keep  
—Silently, Ours remains.

**A MATTER OF CHOICE**

It's a matter of choice, she said,  
Wiping her bloody hands—  
A choice to live or to be dead  
—Can you not understand?

Lucky for her when she was born  
Twenty-two years ago  
Her mother's rights were then unknown  
—No choice for her to make.

Cosmos Clouds

**COMMUNICATE**

Must we hide our Sexuality  
While we talk triviality?

**THE CLASS OF SIXTY-EIGHT**

**I**

A call went out across the land the class of sixty-eight,  
To north and south, to east and west to lowly and to great,  
Time together a time to share, that mid September date

Somehow we thought the time to still: a time when we were young;  
If we could stop the clock at all who of us, who among  
Would trade the sorrows of today and right a song unsung?

They say you can't go back, go home once left and gone away,  
But that's for them for we are us and we will have our day:  
Our twenty-fifth class reunion no matter what they say.

Twenty-five years may seem forever at least it did back then,  
To some it's a third of a life quickly sped by, but when  
Measured from here—from forty-three—merely yesterday's yen.

**II**

Truiett compiled the mailing list Mike lent a helping hand;  
Names, addresses and family scattered across the land;  
Obscure names on faded faces yellowed pages demand.

Who among the hundred-and-two the class of sixty-eight  
Escape the probing watchful eyes suffer some ghastly fate;  
Say, what of Pine, that simple soul who sadly, sought a classmate?

Pine (whose life an unsung medley) always on the outside  
No matter how he tried to fit never on the inside  
And finally on that fateful day the car, it read, broadside.  
For some the time, a lonely time, good friends were far and few,  
Who suffered through those four long years ignored except by few;  
Sandra only wanted a friend those days she came to rue.  
She came to rue the life she lives her husbands, two or so,  
Who all repay her emotional needs with abuse: blow by blow,  
And all the screaming mouths to feed her endless tale of woe.

## Cosmos Clouds

So Sandra won't be there with us the class of sixty-eight;  
How many more like her will stay away from our great date—  
As we gather in September the class of sixty-eight?  
Joe and OJ from Pompano Beach summer our junior year,  
Joe, who was crushed by a tractor, missed out our senior year;  
The fate of OJ unknown to us AWOL, the last we hear.

Kenny, who succumbed to cancer, won't be joining the class,  
Or Joyce and Gary, Steve and Tommy; Jimmy Vannoy at last  
Has found the peace he so desired: a fatal shotgun blast.  
Raised by aunts who meant him well scorned by his father;  
He grew up in a gentle way no help from his mother;  
Stumbling through adolescence in a constant pother.  
Suffering from lost identity we unmercifully tease;  
Compromised by his dependence seeking only release;  
Met the wrong end of a shotgun --finally found his peace.  
But all of this so long ago none dare to care at all recall,  
We have our class reunion date, no need to carry all;  
What we cannot rationalize we'll drown in alcohol.

### III

They say you can never go back after you've gone away,  
I'm going to give it a try this mid September day;  
Twenty-five years -quarter century- a near lifetime delay.  
July we met, Mike H. and I comets through the moonlight;  
A distant past a memory once close, now in twilight,  
Different as night and day not even known by sight.  
Mike still lives the liberal lie: sanctioned equality,  
Seventy's feminism leads to emascularity;  
Thinks wonders of God's creation happened haphazardly.  
Oh Mike, where has your vigor gone your careful reasoning;  
Judeo-Christian heritage now boldly disowning;  
Do you chase a myriad of births; what of Christ's atoning?  
In simple adolescent pride we thought to know perchance,  
But now in our maturity confess our ignorance;  
Watch as many idly suffer scarce more than happenstance.  
To live their lie is easy, shift responsibility;  
Follow simple mindless slogans insensibility;  
My dear friend, sacrifice your soul, incredibility!  
I have been to Nam though briefly enough to see first hand  
The work of those you edify exemplify on demand;  
I'll tell you this quite simply, "No! To the Motherland."  
A nation formed by Illuminati: bankers secretly conspire,

## Cosmos Clouds

Millions of Innocents whose blood sacrificed upon the pyre  
Of mahogany, brass and gold flame the funeral fire.  
You rob the unborn of their life for your materialism;  
You cheat the teens of their manhood for imperialism;  
Burgle workers of hard-earned wages all for consumerism.  
No Mike, I'll wager that there's more to this thing we call life,  
Than the heartless exploitation which is their way of life;  
For me, I will follow the stake, the Way, the Truth, the Life.

But I accept your invitation the class of sixty-eight;  
I'll be there with you come September when we can celebrate  
Our twenty-fifth class reunion the class of sixty-eight.

### IV

From west, Colorado, I came back to Carolina;  
The place tucked up among the hills (Blue Ridge Mountains, mind  
ya)

From where I had long ago fled southwest to Arizona.  
To Arizona State I went the university;  
Merely a stop along the way to the military;  
Service, ah, the glorious Corps, Semper Fi, Spirit!  
The Call echoed about my mind in those innocent days;  
Drawing me out, into the Cause, my heritage; our ways  
Of a proud line of veterans the Hardins and the Rays.

From the sands of North Africa, Belgium and Belleau Wood;  
Sharpsburg, Shilo so long ago, fought beside, proudly stood,  
Against the Northern aggression stood 'til last and fell with Hood.

Lured by war bugles and drums I marched to insanity;  
"Onward Christian Soldiers," I sang, in all my naiveté;  
Seduced by beloved Bellona in my impunity.  
Now return to Carolina the fall of ninety-three,  
Our twenty-fifth class reunion for them I came to see;  
A stranger, a Soul Errant again just like in sixty-three.

Not one of them could never be, born in Michigan;  
Talked too fast without accent, they seemed like Cro-Magnon;  
I just wanted to measure up, they thought I was bragging.

A Yankee Catholic among somber Southern Baptists,  
Holy Rollers, Presbyterians and high brow Methodists;  
Unwillingness to compromise ended on their blacklist.

## Cosmos Clouds

Struggling against clandestine odds stacked against me,  
Much too naive to understand small-town games imagery,  
Deceived, thwarted, misled, all but duped by bigotry.

After twenty-five years I was disappointed to see  
Boyhood heroes so diminished into reality;  
Larger than life looking to them trusting authority.  
All those men I once looked up to I now look in the eye;  
Words of wisdom and anecdotes: plagiarism and lies;  
Works which once impressed my mind see as frivolity.

### V

They say you can't go back again capture lost innocence;  
Times have changed and they have not lost in their pubescence;  
Fourteen though past fifty-seven lack simple common sense.  
The night before at their homecoming inside The Coach holds  
court,  
Unrepentant football jocks assemble to report:

Relive the glory days gone by; this new religion: Sport!  
The glory days were long ago: conference victory;  
An undefeated football season, our first of only three;  
The Coach a living legend quit, and now plays off a tee.  
Quit because the draft was over the war was winding down;  
No longer necessary to hide behind the cap and gown;  
The threat of peace has cost the school a coach of well-renown.  
Out in the rain and on the field the team this night collapse;  
An awful embarrassment from miscues through mishaps;  
Outplayed, outscored, mainly out-coached: to losing the school  
adapts.

A sad heritage left behind from once-proud legacy;  
Era of overachieving to mediocrity;  
From the talk of the town to quiet whispers, such a pity.  
I saved myself the trouble and skipped the homecoming game,  
Family night of politics inside, out of the rain;  
Time better spent on current events than stroll memory lane.

The day the night of our reunion dawned early, bright and clear  
And passed so slow to cause suspense at last the time is near,  
When we shall get together to recall our yesteryear.  
I drove the mountain drive to school along the Blue Ridge Parkway  
From Blowing Rock where I was staying, fields that once boasted

## Cosmos Clouds

hay  
Scored with lines of unsold Christmas trees; one more dream gone  
astray.

Dilapidated chicken houses: see, scar the countryside,  
Testify to empty promises quickly forgotten, died;  
Deals made by carpetbagger heirs, chase the dollar; they lied.  
The chicken-growing business now another district lies,  
A well-oiled congressman's wheels turn nicely about his lies;  
A shifty look a backward glance, "Its business," he replies.

At last I'm there a might bit early long before its time,  
Alone, sit in the parking lot, drive around, pass the time,  
And wonder who I'll remember musing now, take my time.  
Dave was the first person I met as I stood by the door,  
Funny how he seemed to know me from Roger's Grocery store  
My dad owned down the hill from school, I worked at since  
nineteen sixty-four.

They say you can never go back, once left and gone away,  
But here we are in September, the class of sixty-eight  
Assembling here together on this late, fateful fall date.

### **Epithet**

One for the road  
His tombstone showed.

### **BURGLER AGAIN**

The dream is dreamt again and again  
Nourished by profiteers  
Who feed the insatiable need  
—Stoke the fires of fear.

Bloodless Innocents drained by those  
—Society's leeches  
Spending unearned, toil-less bounty  
Burgled from the Helpless.  
Where is justice! The cry is heard  
Echoing throughout the land;  
A land soon divided erupts  
—To kill the Strawman.

**ANOTHER FAVORITE SON**

Has Fortune reared what we have feared,  
Another Favorite Son?  
Can they expect what few respect  
—Wasted inheritance

The more one has, the more one gets  
This way of Fortuna  
Her seduction snares a virgin boy  
—Lore, Americana!

**FORTUNA'S FAVORITES**

There! Fortuna's Favorites prosper  
Here—commonality  
Struggling for our survival—  
Wonder God's sanity

Way of the World: Prosperity—  
What Golden Rule, he laughed  
Exacting his heavy tribute  
While polishing his Craft.

**FORTUNA'S SEDUCTIVE SMILE**

Fortuna, her seductive Smile  
Deceives my Sanity  
Lures me away from security  
—Wagers her Vanity

Favorite sons laugh mockingly  
At one's naiveté:  
Expect fair play in playing fair  
—Height of Stupidity.

**LIFE WAS GOOD HE THOUGHT**

Life was good he thought to himself  
Over the many years  
Unfortunately, when he looked  
Fortuna deserted him

Cosmos Clouds

**FORTUNA SMILED**

Fortuna smiled, this time on me  
—A long-forgotten child  
Not in materiality—  
A ray of light impaled

Blinded, I could no longer see  
That which was obvious  
—Obviously clear to others  
Left alone in darkness

**FORTUNE, ONCE MORE**

As Fortune, once more, smiles down  
Showers gifts most sublime  
On those—base egomaniacs:  
Hoards all that they can find

Fortune, a Stranger to Justice?  
Blind to circumstances;  
Who, wandering across the land  
Feeds its voracious greed?

**WINDS OF CHANGE**

Winds of change blew across the land  
Unseen by the masses  
Who in their sports-o-mania  
Wear rose-colored glasses

Failing to see the Eastern Storm  
—Banker Man a brewing  
Soon steals a man's life's legacy  
—Constancy continuing.

**RIPPLE OF STILL WATERS**

The ripple of still waters  
After a pebble is tossed  
Soon disappears:  
So as is in life.

**WAY OF LIFE**

The Gift of Life was all he had  
    –Looking back from fifty  
Poorly sculpted, humble verses  
    Written, oh so Wistfully

    Lines of rhyme to define  
The loss of Love and Fortune  
    Alas, O Soul, what is Love:  
Just another silly notion?

The life we seek, we're bound to keep  
    Forged from our yesterdays  
Though we deny answerability:  
    We've crafted our Todays

    Spend our time doing time  
Chained to the sentence of the Past  
    Waste Today—you will find  
Tomorrow, from Yesterday cast.

**WTC TRIBUTE**

Cold winter snows poorly conceal  
    Late Summer's tragedy  
—Twin ghosts haunt a hoary skyline:  
    Sing out their parody

Symbols of capitalism  
    Turned to avarice—  
Fascists' follies hide socialism  
    —Credulous citizenry.

**A WITHERED HAND REACHED OUT**

A withered hand reached out to me  
    Silently imploring  
Nature's cruel fate—a trick of chance  
    Telltale discoloring

## Cosmos Clouds

Returned her reach with my strong arm  
Without hesitation  
Together we overcame  
Disgrace of our nation.

### **GIVE OR TAKE**

When they say two days—give or take  
Does give  
or take  
mean  
more  
or less?

### **Soul Triolet**

What means a man,  
Needs to save his soul?  
Can we judge a man:  
What means a man?  
Or how good a man?  
Can we possibly know  
What means? A man  
Needs to save his soul.

### **THOUGHTS**

Emerging from the darkness at last,  
I slowly grow accustomed to the dawn;  
The light at first blinds my vision,  
Then clothes my eyes with wondrous sight.

The sparse grass that grows on yonder tor,  
Struggle daily their very survival,  
Reward us in Autumn with prismatic splendor.

People suffer the death of a loved one  
Who has finally achieved the ultimate freedom.

Man continues to grapple with age-old problems  
unsolved,  
Searching for peace and harmony amongst his brothers;  
We'll find no answers in mortal ways,

## Cosmos Clouds

But only in divine intercession on higher planes.

Circles are round and squares are not, the problem exists in me,  
The world we live in is fit for you, but for me can never be;  
I want to go up when I should go down,  
In, when everyone's going out.

Round as a square, I'll never belong; the world is not for me,  
I am of astral spheres of another time  
Confined in space.

Were it not for my Soul, my sojourn would be lonely indeed.

### **SWIFT PASSAGE OF TIME**

Time. Spent freely when I was young  
Now grown ever, so dear  
Time spent oh, so frivolously  
—Days exchanged for a year

Marked by fleeting, racing moments—  
Minutes without meaning:  
Days, months and years without notice  
Morning lost in evening.

### **TIME**

Time, can anyone measure its noble passage?  
Too slow, excruciating slow, for one in jail,  
The military, or waiting for a pension;  
Those unfortunates, whose souls now burn in hell.

Does time exist for lovers who are together?  
So fleeting for those facing imminent peril,  
Enjoying a picnic in beautiful weather;  
Or winning, perhaps, in a game of faro.

To measure time is man's special kind of folly:  
The counting of days and years an illusion for sure.  
Live each moment while you plan the future wisely  
And leave to Him who is timeless, time's measure.

**IN THE EPIC OF MAN**

FIRST, THE BEGINNING

In the beginning was the Word, and the Word was with God, And the Word was God. He was in the beginning with God. All things came into being through Him; and apart from Him nothing came into being that has come into being. In Him was life; and the life was the light of men. And the light shines in the darkness; and the darkness did not comprehend it.

John 1:1-5

i

The Spirit quivered, teeming with the throng of life:  
Myriad, One; Gyrating outward, gravitating inward;  
Motion, stillness; Quiet, in Song;  
Rhythm, the Tempo of the music dictating the motion.  
That mass at once One, at once separate  
Now a whole, now individual;  
Groaning, timid at first, gaining strength, boldly incarnate  
The Spirit One, souls forming.  
Trembling, the Spirit, the Word as One  
Causing Itself, once whole, now individual,  
United but yearning desire pushing forth  
Separate souls to experience—Alone.  
The Spirit—One, separate; yet together:  
One in purpose, yet apart in ways and means.  
The new Experience—the Love to better Himself,  
Manifest destiny, the Light in different rays  
Spring forth through darkness  
Shine eternally, collectively as One; the Beginning.

ii

My Soul and I as One with the Word knew happiness  
Together as part of the Spirit.  
Enjoined—the Light overcame the darkness  
And now, Once as One, now separate.  
Legions of Soul vibrations in harmony  
The Song of Spirit resounding through the Cosmos  
Bonding the mass of Souls in Love and peace.  
The engulfing music everywhere, Souls rejoicing in Song

## Cosmos Clouds

Non-existent space and time  
Deterred the Song not at all;  
The music echoed in rhythm and rhyme  
The souls responding to the Spirit's will.  
Within the vibrations, through the musical course  
The heartbeat of Life beat the tempo of Song  
Emitting from the Word—the Beauty and Source  
The Light and the Song; Love is everywhere.  
We sang together, my Soul and I, with the myriad,  
The Song of the Spirit.  
Singing, knew the Love of the Spirit.  
We watched in awe and marveled the new-formed Universe  
Expanding solar systems strewn throughout the firmament  
Where once darkness, Light and Life abounds.  
My Soul and I eager the Experience to live  
Chose Earth.

### DESCENT

#### I

He was born during the cold season, when the land was white,  
The third male of the fourth woman of the Old Man.  
The Old Man looked at the new baby, spat and turned to leave,  
Guttural, muttering and swearing in unknown words  
He sought to display his anger to the woman for bearing yet  
another boy.  
She in turn, understood and feared for the boy.

Theirs was a harsh life in a harsher environment  
Competing with the other sentients for limited food  
The Old Man hunting the reindeer, bear and horse  
When he felt like it (and wanted to get away from the women)  
They in turn, gathered fruits, nuts and plants  
Watching the other animals, eating only what they ate.  
Taking turns keeping vigil over the fire,  
(The last woman who let it go out was killed by the Old Man)  
The women worked furiously while the Old Man sat.  
Sometimes he sharpened his stones;  
Sometimes he stared, unseeing;  
In a good mood, he showed the older boys his craft;  
Sometimes he was gone, presumably hunting, occasionally  
bringing back meat to eat;  
Mostly he sat.

## Cosmos Clouds

He was old now, and tired.  
And he feared the growing boys, fear he hid from them.  
When the boys grew older he chased them off—  
The women were his, and would stay his.

The third male of the fourth woman grew fast  
And in time was nearly as tall as the Old Man.  
From his mother he learned of life, love;  
How to gather the food watching the other animals;  
How to scrape the skin for blankets for the cold season;  
In this learning he was quick, sure, confident.  
He loved his mother.  
He went and hid to cry the day his mother died  
Something was wrong and she and the baby were gone.

Watching—from a distance—he learned from the Old Man:  
Painstaking process of lighting a fire, using certain stones and  
striking them together;  
Sharpening stones for scraping skins, for hunting;  
How to sneak up on the reindeer herd and chase one down for  
the kill;  
Chasing a rabbit through the deep snow, until it would run no  
further;  
Following a bear in hopes of finding a younger one, or perhaps,  
an older one to kill;  
But mostly, he learned fear from the Old Man.  
He had seen the Old Man chase off several of the older boys  
And kill some of the others.  
He didn't want to leave, but he didn't want to die either.

Then one day during a hunting trip  
The Old Man killed the third male of the fourth woman;  
In so doing, the threat to his women was removed.

## II

To the plane of souls returned my Soul and I  
The first experience in human life to ponder,  
The body strange indeed and limiting  
Joy of emotions, fear of separateness;  
Total lack of quondam knowledge.  
In that infant acquaintance with the vessel  
Lost in a world of eerie beauty  
Thrust in the presence of kindred souls

## Cosmos Clouds

Unknown in that plane of being.  
Soul, inquired I, in that moment wondering,  
Why did the Old Man kill me on earth  
Just before maturity?  
'Tis a simple reason easy to  
Comprehend the circumstances plainly;  
In that early form without the knowledge  
The dark was feared, storms and lightening;  
The larger animals who rumbled through the woods.  
Lacking provisions of language sorely,  
Communication practically impossible;  
No clear distinction between animate and inanimate  
Could not perceive the earth, stars nor universe  
Absorbed in survival only  
Imitating animals in their ways and habits.  
The Old Man in fear of sustaining his life  
Treasures only women to perform his chores  
And understands not the heritage.  
In that covetous will of life  
Jealously guarding all he gathered  
Eliminating that and those who threaten same.

### III

Through subsequent incarnations I came to know  
More intimately this new world of ours  
And with my Soul—understanding.  
The fear of the Old Man direct and brutal  
Nurtured by mother through the years  
Instilling dread, respect and consideration;  
Primal law—his objects (tools and weapons) taboo;  
Something forbidden.  
Respect unswerving—escape the wrath.  
The mother, no more than the Old Man's slave  
A greater mystery—feared for secret things.  
More humane in every way:  
Kindlier, helping, sheltering, advising, protecting, consoling  
Forever careful, teaching respect.  
Mysterious (and teaching mysteries)  
Though bullied, yet feared by the Old Man  
Memory of youth lingers on.  
Taboos are learned and passed on to youths  
Forbidden and unclean;  
Infections, sickness and disease took their toll

## Cosmos Clouds

Cleansing to remove the curse  
Increasing the power of the fear.  
And with the death of the Old Man  
A generous sacrifice at the tomb  
Faint hope that his protection lingers on  
Propitiation, magic.  
In the end the mother's fear wins out  
The new Old Man shies from her  
Protects, provides—but does not interfere.

### DAWN OF AN IDEA

In time speech develops, word by word,  
Bonding people close together.  
And in the process control magnifies  
Intensify and develops traditions:  
Of taboo, restraints and ceremonial rites  
'Til soon the youth is trapped within the net  
Of such Traditions.

No longer the drifting of the primordial hunter  
Herdsmen now and cultivating grain  
Watching flocks by night and day  
Moon by moon, year by year.  
Soon the sun, stars and star groups  
Lend guidance to directions of former pastures  
Charting courses across the land.  
Individualizing, personalizing the celestial orbs  
Names as familiar as kin.  
In times locations signify rains and floods  
The coming of winter and seedtime.  
Within the notion of lunar observation  
Time was reckoned in moon cycles.  
And in the reckoning, the beginning of counting;  
First the seasons then the possessions.  
One through five came quickly  
Matching fingers on the hand.  
Unique qualities were thus observed:  
Triangularity of three  
Squareness of four  
Divisibility of twelve  
Indivisibility of thirteen;  
Twelve: noble, generous, familiar;

## Cosmos Clouds

Thirteen: an outcast—disreputable one, taboo.  
And through it all vocabulary increased  
With it the capacity for telling things heightened:  
Fancies, unsystematic fetish tricks, fundamental taboos  
Became systematic:  
Tradition.

### II

But tradition, I enquired, once more of my Soul,  
Does that not provide the vehicle,  
To which the souls aspire—  
To collectively raise our human consciousness  
To live in Love and peace and One  
As we enjoyed in the Beginning?  
Nay, my Soul replied in haste  
As we examined in more depth  
The life we lead most recently on Earth.  
The power of language increased with each added name  
The elders spun the web ever broader;  
Trained from youth:  
Told what to do—what not to do— with heavy hand  
Restrictions, rules, chores; the drudgery of learning  
The elders' fears, taboos, self-imposed limitations,  
No longer free to form independent ideas,  
Given thoughts—emerging poser of suggestion  
Supported, upheld, reinforced through fear.  
In speech a net was woven to bind the race together  
No longer a small tribe,  
Not yet a universal brotherhood.  
Lost, conspicuously absent, that free, direct artistic impulse  
Once practiced throughout;  
Replaced by cooperation, consensus in industry  
Evidenced by much skill, polished instruments and pottery  
But no personal creativeness  
Emerging self suppression.  
Oozing sacrifice of personal impulse  
For the common good.

### III

In this web of complicity  
Emerged a connection in the mind  
Between sowing and Sacrifice:  
Sowing, the most important of economic acts;

## Cosmos Clouds

Killing of Man, the most vivid of conceivable acts;  
Seasonal sacrifice rites.  
Knot among these early religious ideas  
Association with Sun and Serpent in decoration and worship,  
Complex conceptions—these religious ideas;  
Like beliefs, mental experiments and misconceptions  
Desire to escape infection and uncleanness  
Desire for Power;  
Binding together mentally, emotionally in a common life and  
action.  
This tangle of ideas about commanding beings and Spirits  
About gods, all sorts of musts and must nots  
The need for protection and direction  
Seeking, ever seeking guidance and knowledge  
Serving only to add to the general confusion  
And lost sight of prenatal goal.  
Culminating in blind, sightless, hearless endeavor  
To conceive a common purpose  
In relation to which all men may live happily  
And to create and develop a common consciousness  
And a common stock of knowledge  
Which may serve to illuminate that purpose.  
Seeking where knowledge and mastery and magic power might  
reside  
Willing (honestly and dishonestly) to rule and direct  
Or be the magic beings  
Who reconcile the confusions of community  
In sacred, secret alliance with the rulers.  
In safeguarding and promoting their self anointed stations  
Inflicting upon the common populace  
Attaching all sorts of superstitious ideas to acts  
Of self mutilations causing  
Themselves to cut about—excise noses, ears, fingers, teeth and  
the like,  
In mindless ceremonial rite.  
Crowning achievement in human sacrifice.

Through the mist of a midsummer day morn  
With torches pale in growing light  
Apprehension of a procession through aves of stone  
Led by priests in horrible painted masks  
Closely followed by chiefs adorned with power symbols  
(necklaces of teeth, spears and clubs)

## Cosmos Clouds

Women in flaxen robes and skins  
A great peering crowd of shockheaded men and naked children;  
The atmosphere in which a certain festive cheerfulness prevails.  
Amidst the throng the appointed human victims:  
Submissive, helpless, staring toward distant smoking altars  
—At which they are about to die—  
That the harvest may be good  
And the tribe increase.

### IV

Thus, locked within tradition's chains  
The common fate of man  
Striving toward the noble goal  
Of collective consciousness  
Perverted thoroughly in human trial.  
Aye, my Soul, but it it's left to do  
Repeat the endeavors anew  
That we may learn and achieve our ultimate goal  
Of astral awareness while still on earth  
And common cosmic consciousness.  
A lofty aspiration indeed,  
One that requires successive attempts  
For first the personal growth must be achieved  
Ere the common goal.  
And now traverse the veil again  
And experience the human limitations:  
Continue the Journey through space and time.

### **OUR MARCH OF TIME**

Our march of time across the clock  
    Marches unceasingly  
Minute by minute time rushes by  
    —By falling grains of sand

In our haste to make a living  
    Life mysteriously sweeps by  
Until the day no grains will fall  
    That day we surely die.

Cosmos Clouds

### **SONORA SUN**

A Sonora sun warms the December desert  
Despite the previous night's nocturnal chill  
Brings to life the supposedly, formerly dead

### **DEAFENING SILENCE ALL MY LIFE**

Deafening silence all my life  
From One they call Yahweh  
I've prayed, I've cried and pled all night  
To hear what He might say

Deafening silence betrayed my trust  
—As though a trust betrayed  
Was only my imagination  
—Guilt and fears once allayed.

### **FAILED REDRESS**

Bound and chained in orthodoxy—  
Trivial ritual;  
Slowly slipped to insanity  
—Freed from the Usual

High priests labor to vindicate  
Society's pariah  
Voices in unison—in vain,  
Fail in absentsia

### **CONVERTED**

Soul's pilgrimage—trapped in Time  
And Space—thwarted karma:  
Parade of deeds fails to please  
The Accountant on High—  
In the depths of despair, cried out  
His soul—so stridently—  
Imprisoned now in orthodoxy—  
Surrendered Sanity.

## Cosmos Clouds

### FATE

He traveled Fast along the road—  
The easy Way of wealth  
Without a care—no moral Code  
Playing the Hand he was dealt

We could not know the Deck was stacked  
The night he won the Game;  
The Game of Life was lost that day—  
In spite of his new-found Fame.

### FOUNTAINHEAD

Fountainhead, source of inspiration  
Flowing down rocks incessantly  
The constant rhythm unchanging  
Splashing, swirling, regularly

Life, the ebb and flow immeasurable  
The squall inestimable,  
Indeterminable  
In its quake, life discernable.



Conformity—Society  
Subverts  
Our Individuality—  
Converts

### INSANITY—UNITY

Insanity, he insisted,  
Impels him to murder—  
Besides, they all had it coming:  
Igniting his anger

Angels Sing in Heaven above  
Below, Demons Rejoice—  
To each, Celebration of Love  
—Unity in One Voice!

Cosmos Clouds

**TWICE AWAKENING**

At once, I remembered, twice awakening  
Reality shattered by this living nightmare.

The dreams too real, the real too vague;  
My mind awhirl, awhirling around  
‘Round the vision. The mind, the eye,  
‘Til dazed by days of nights agog.

The shining beacon, dimly shining  
In the corner of my eye.

**TWICE, HE ONCE SAID TO ME**

Twice, he once said to me,  
“Third time’s a charm.”  
But that was before she shot him  
—Accidentally.  
Twice. He once said to me,  
“At least it wasn’t fatally,  
And caused no one any harm.”  
Twice, he once said to me,  
“Third time’s a charm.”

**DARK AND COLD NOVEMBER NIGHT**

A dark and cold November night  
Falling snow silently  
Coldly—she buries her knife  
Again—violently

Knives not made of steel she uses  
But words—remarks that kill  
A gentle, tender Soul of mine  
Slowly dies—death angel.

**FORMERLY FRIENDS**

Formerly friends, it was without sense  
Their growing enmity  
The Source of which was soon forgot  
—Seductress’ affinity.

## Cosmos Clouds

One's foolishness, the other's pride  
Quickly spells disaster  
Hey, what's a friend, now and again:  
A Small Price to master?

### SEPARATION

Was suddenly she turned and said  
"I no longer care."  
A decade-long Experience  
—Living in his Nightmare

Stalked by self-made demonic Dreams  
—Who steal the Night away  
'Tis only Time can heal the Pain  
—Partially, day by day.

### STREAM HAIKU

Stream's tranquility  
Broken by children's splashing  
Takes its deadly toll.

### DAWNING REALIZATION

Imagining how it could be  
Her photo fascination  
Life's cruel lessons—repeatedly  
Dawning Realization

Knights who pursue their Holy Grail  
Pale in reality  
Damsels continually distress  
—Fear their Mortality.

### FORTUNE'S FAVORITE SON

Fortune's Favorite Son  
Reaps an inheritance of birth  
—No other reason.

Cosmos Clouds

**HER LAST GOOD BYE**

The white-hot fire—burning Desire  
—Consumes my Sanity  
Inflames my mind—pretense Divine  
Standing—her last good-bye

**HER DREAMS**

Whenever she dared to take the time  
Her precious, private time at home  
—Devoted to her girls and boy  
Her ever blossoming career—  
As she dreams a dream of love  
With him who's with another.

And he, he who is so far away—  
His thoughts of her, they dominate  
Control, consume his very soul—  
Lives a hidden, secret fantasy:  
As she dreams a dream of love  
With him who's with another.

**INSISTENTLY SHE PERSISTED**

Insistently she persisted  
Her point of view across  
To an uninterested  
Audience: at a loss

Watching two taking turns talking  
Failing to converse  
Neither hearing nor listening  
—To self-demonstrate.

**RELUCTANTLY**

Reluctantly;  
Finally,  
He conceded—  
Not so much that he lost  
Or that she won...  
The process wore him down.

## Cosmos Clouds

Tired,  
He concluded  
That it wasn't worth the effort  
—The price was steep—  
Or so he thought.  
On the day that they found him  
Lying in a pool of blood  
—His blood  
From a gunshot wound  
Self administered,  
The parade was cancelled.

### **PHANTOM DATE**

Anxiously, he waited one night  
Though she never promised  
The way she looked—her hinted smile  
—The thrill of Love postponed  
  
Twilight—midnight melting to Dawn  
The Night the day began  
His adolescence redefined—  
Not yet two-score—to be a man.

### **POORLY EXPRESSED ANGER**

Poorly expressed anger fosters  
Fear and anxiety  
Unloose secret, hidden monsters  
—Though fearing privately  
  
The fear of loss for her has caused  
That which drove him away  
And now an empty space defines  
The place where he once lay.

### **A RAGE WELLS UP**

A rage wells up inside my Soul  
Cries aloud—silently  
A cancer grows beyond control  
Slowly, surely killing me

## Cosmos Clouds

My friends all come to stare at me  
Whispering solicitude  
We pretend—delude each another—  
Life and death—certitude.

## **SO SOON**

So soon—she crooned, when I appeared  
So unexpectedly—  
Should you be here—I'm all alone:  
Where were you yesteryear?

Intense desire drove my Desire:  
Deceived by testosterone—  
Deceived again when I began  
Dreaming on my own

She could have said—before I'm Dead  
But the Words would not come

## **HE ALONE**

She could not know  
—Though he tried to tell her  
Deep dark secrets  
Buried within his Soul

For he alone  
Risked the maze of his mind  
Although she pled—  
Only he, he alone

## **A SINGLE ROSE BLOOMED TODAY**

A single rose bloomed today  
Inspiring thoughts of you

## **ARID DESERT DROUGHT**

Arid: Dessert drought  
Dried the former Prairie Stream  
—American Dream

Cosmos Clouds

**STOLEN LIFE**

Lonely cacti—sky silhouette  
    Chills a Sonora night  
Patient longing across the Years  
    Steals a youth's young life

An early love—unrequited  
    Haunts his troubled Soul  
Listlessly living he lives two lives  
    Tormented; Forlorn—

**WHAT OF THE DREAM**

What of the Dream when you were young  
    So many years ago  
So many opportunities  
    –If you had only known

Beneath the American Dream  
    Lurks an awful nightmare:  
Lost, Precious Time—time without end  
    Without concern or care—  
Claims their Lie yet, another victim.

**INSIDE MY GLASS**

Inside my Glass courage lingers  
    If only for a while  
The time is Now—without delay  
    She promised with a Smile

I took a Chance and in that moment  
    Surrendered my Only hope  
‘Til Courage outweighed my rationale  
    —Now, Unable to cope.

**GOAL IN LIFE TO PROPAGATE**

The goal in life: to propagate  
    (He told me with a smile)  
Fornicate to promulgate  
    –Lying all the while

## Cosmos Clouds

A stronger man has no such need  
To prove his masculinity  
Randomly sowing precious seed  
—Content with his artistry.

## Paragon of Virtue

With a willing smile she fetched our food  
—Refilled our coffee cups  
Never spoke a slanderous note  
Nor displayed a blowup

Oozing kindness with a velvet glove  
Insisted on her way  
Forget your independent thought:  
Security: Bartered away.

## MAMMIFERISTIC OBSESSION

Mammiferistic Obsession  
Of Madison Avenue  
As seen on their advertisements  
Soon warps a point of view

Money soon fills bulging coffers  
Bankerman hides with lies  
Man-boys panting—women wanting:  
Wreaking havoc on their lives.

## RARE STEAK AND RED WINE

We ate rare steak and drank red wine  
With sparkling champagne we  
Toasted too many nights gone by  
—Both, living life carefree  
Life is fun living off trust funds  
Unconcerned of others  
Others who toil to support me  
One way or another.

### **Sparse Harvest**

Sparse harvest rewards his Labor  
At the end of a hot,  
Sweltering, dusty arid day  
Partially filled truck

Slowly slumbers through dusty fog:  
Store his precious treasure  
In barren, near-empty grain bins  
—Pines grain brokers' pleasure.

### **HAUNTING HISS OF SCYTHE**

The haunting hiss of Death's sharp Scythe  
Claimed another startled Soul  
Who's Journey, while not yet completed  
—Though a Life lived in full

Weeping group of Friends and Family  
Congregate 'round an Ornate Box  
Witness the gathering of his Soul  
—Even though Unorthodox:  
Heavenly Host proclaimed.

### **SEASONS SYMPHONIC ARIA**

Season's Symphonic aria  
Echoes across a Land  
Emerging from Winter's Solstice  
—Witnessed afar, firsthand

### **Songsmith**

A Songsmith should not endeavor  
To play in a businessman's game

### **SAFETY SWAP**

The Bankerman and oil sheik  
Conspire to Separate  
Peasant populace possessions

Cosmos Clouds

—Polished mahogany

Rusted industry testifies—  
Failed foreboding—Alert!  
Freedom sold for security  
—Robber Barons' delight.

### **TRIUMPHANT MAN**

The rage of Sports-O-Mania  
Sweeps across the country  
A land inane—egomania  
—Is mere formality

A nation's lost social graces  
—Glue for society  
Technology—our neo Faith  
—Today's Insanity

New Techno-Sports—the Ultimate  
—The Final Solution:  
Births Modern Man from pharmacy  
Evolution's Victory!

### **WHAT MEANS A MAN**

What means a man,  
Needs to save his soul?  
Can we judge a man,  
How mean a man?  
How good a man?  
Can we possibly know  
What means? A man  
Needs to save his soul!

### **SLEET FILLED WIND**

Sleet-filled wind blew strong  
One wintry, December day  
—A lone elk calf brayed.

**OLD GOAT**

The old Goat in Kimball, he was  
Laid to rest Today  
The small, sparse crowd gathered to pray  
Sing—some softly weeping

And I, nary a Tear was shed  
For my best friend's dad  
—Only to Silently Witness  
Loss of the Girl's granddad  
—The Miracle of Death.

**THEY SANG OF HIS PRAISE**

They sang of his praise  
Noble deeds, his walk with God  
—Now that he is dead.

**FRIENDLESS**

Friendless.  
If but for a few casual acquaintances  
I would silently walk life's path.  
Subjected, however,  
To continuous self-indulgent discourses  
Of nearly everyone;  
Except for those,  
Who, few, practice the art of conversation.

**SEARCHING**

I've played their tune and danced their music all over the world,  
In search of the mystery of the universe;  
Who can know of the wonders I've witnessed—  
Sights I've seen, places I've been, people I've met.  
Old and bent now, I've come back home  
To finish my life in peaceful solitude.  
I rest assured in knowing at last  
That what's to know is known within and not without.

Cosmos Clouds

**YOU CANNOT HIDE**

You cannot hide the one who lied—  
The Truth to set you Free  
He only lies to hide his Fear  
—Facing reality

**DAILY SOLITUDE**

Daily solitude  
Treasured time  
Reflection  
Tranquility  
Healing  
Bonding with Life  
Singularly Spiritual  
Introspection  
Awe-invoking  
Wonderment  
Peace  
Alone

**VIEW**

I climbed to the top of the world  
To see what the eagles see  
And from the crest of the mountain  
Looked 'round at creativity.

I stood in awe of Brahma's work  
Frozen: struck dumb in wonderment.  
Cast a spell with Vishnu's aid  
Preserved it all in amazement.  
South the majestic mountains loom  
Extended to the East and West;  
And North, the city of Jamshid:  
Doomed for a moment of jest.

Only this I saw and nothing more.

I sat awhile to meditate  
And as the sun slipped down the sky  
Suddenly knew, at last my Fate.

**CONSENT**

Conformity—Society  
Subverts  
Our Individuality—  
Converts

**Poetry**

Too often poetry  
Is characterized  
By merely  
Breaking a sentence of poor prose  
Into lines,  
Haphazardly.

**WHY**

From my pen these words flow effortlessly;  
And if perchance someone reads what I have written,  
I find myself embarrassed more oft than not.  
'Tis a private thing for public, what my Soul dictates,  
It matters not that some may laugh and others scorn,  
The way was chosen for me and I but follow the course.  
It comforts me to say what I have said,  
To have taken yet another step closer to total convergence,  
Plunging toward universal Unity affecting astral Awe.

**YULESONG**

Simple, solemn—these rituals  
We mindlessly observe  
This arctic time of year:  
Singing season greetings hourly;

Harvest of Madison Avenue—  
Poor peasants' penury  
Price to participate  
Paid dearly across our life span;

## Cosmos Clouds

Refuse! My Soul cried out one night  
In a ghostly pallor:  
Silently, to no one,  
I vowed my futile insolence.

### **XMAS 06**

At night  
A Star  
A Wonder!

A heavenly chorus.

Joseph in blind faith  
Alone, witnesses  
A Birth:

Mary, did you know?

### **XMAS 07**

In the Western, star-lit night sky  
One Star outshines the rest  
Tracked by Magi from the East  
One Star ignites their quest

Two millennia later  
Who among us can see the Star  
Obscured by neo me-philosophy  
And dark clouds from a rising storm

The chosen few who keep the Faith  
As they travel along the Way  
Celebrate the newborn Son  
This coming Christmas Day

### **XMAS THANKS**

Yuletide banquet spread before us  
—Proffered solemn thanks  
Food-riches beyond necessity  
Assail our sensitivity

## Cosmos Clouds

Soul-starved spirituality  
Celebrates –Ianity:  
Consumerism's victory  
Enhanced economy!

### **CLIPPED, AN EAGLE LANDS**

Clipped, an eagle lands  
Scratches among the chickens  
Lost in fairyland.

### **A PROMISE**

I wrote a verse one summer day,  
Showed my friends what I had to say.  
It makes no sense what you have written  
As poetry it's not fittin'  
Poems you see, are suppose to rhyme  
Your verse does not a single time;  
The words you write are truly strange,  
Your ways we'll help you change;  
Put rhythm in your lines like this—  
The end you rhyme, you cannot miss.  
But what of meaning? I enquired,  
The answer to this inspired  
Me to no longer show  
My friends what I have come to know.

Cosmos Clouds

# BATTLEBOUND

## Cosmos Clouds

**MYTH OF BATTLE**

The song of war was sung across the land anew  
Calling to arms once more the strong young men  
To learn the age-old art of killing  
—and ply their newly mastered trade  
In far off battlefields to stem the tide now menacing the land.

Fiercely fought confrontations turning lush green jungles  
crimson,  
Mangled corpses strewn in wake of the war machine  
Which thunders onward, indiscriminately claiming victims:  
Clean-faced youths in olive drab,  
Innocent children, fearful mothers, village elders;  
The once tranquil life now shattered; caught in the throes  
Life and death commingled in an endless tangle  
‘Til it becomes impossible to distinguish one from another.

Emerging soldiers proudly display their scars of war:  
Colorful pieces of ribbons dangle from strong young breasts;  
Others with missing arms and legs,  
Left behind as battle souvenirs for the native populace.

The invisible enemy, armed and trained the same.  
Inflicting casualty upon casualty —matching the score.

II

Bankers sit behind mahogany desks perusing reports  
Tabulating, categorizing death lists in their proper counts,  
Estimating, checking, verifying, and insuring the profits.  
The transfer of wealth ongoing, in varying degrees  
To fleece the flock that unwittingly participates;  
March to the beat of the war drums resounding;  
Exchange hard-earned fruits of toiled, sweated labor  
For worthless fiat paper and empty rhetorical nonsense;  
Spin the merry-go-round of usury to ever higher rates  
‘Til in the end, the peasants are left with nothing.

The aristocracy who played the game so well  
Under rules they manufactured (but did not share)  
Enjoy the wealth not earned, but burgled from the masses  
Under banners waving strong, signifying the mythical Cause.

## Cosmos Clouds

### OF WAR

The war-bugles rang throughout the land  
Luring young men to join in the band;  
Many were called, a few volunteered,  
The thought of death was never feared.

My head swelled with pride the day I enlisted  
Amid songs and cheers while my eyes glistened;  
With tear-filled good-byes, I made to depart,  
Honor and Glory filled my heart.

Over the mountains, down through the dale,  
Across oceans I'd soon set sail;  
But first to learn the Art of War:  
Fight and kill well—and then no more.

The training was hard, I did very well,  
A fighting Marine now, time would tell;  
On the flight over, my comrades and I  
Sang fighting songs inspired by rye.

A few back home, singing songs of Protest,  
Refused to join us in our Holy madness;  
Their nonsense we watched from above,  
While they sang of Brotherhood and love.

When we reached the scene of the Battlefield  
We were sure the enemy would quickly yield  
For we were the young Warriors of Right,  
Would surely slay the vermin in exalted fight.

Reality swiftly struck with vicious force,  
The faceless enemy, true in their course,  
Strong in their will, mighty in their belief—  
They wrought upon us misery and grief.

Covered with mud and sweating our blood  
We fought the enemy that came on like a flood;  
The smell of death stung in our eyes  
Tears on our faces we struggled to stay alive.

## Cosmos Clouds

The Cause now forgotten, logic inane,  
We fought like demons, totally insane;  
Survival was all that was on our mind  
No longer the Cause, no longer our bind.

In the midst of this madness, surrounded by death,  
Pain throughout, my lungs gasping for breath—  
It occurred to me then (Why not before?)  
The reason I was there on that distant shore.

I've finally returned from that ghastly war  
Their trumpets stir my emotions no more;  
War is but the tool the wicked will use  
To butcher the young, mangle and abuse.

The lesson was learned, as hard as it was,  
Good or bad in what anyone does  
Is but an experience to be treasured:  
By which the Final Man is measured.

### **FALLEN HEROES**

Fallen Heroes from yesteryear's war  
Beg our dimes and quarters  
Blight once sensitive consciousness  
—Slowly they suffocate

Covertly hidden beneath bridges  
Inside cardboard homes  
While we dance and drink the night away  
Under noisy, neon lights.

### **SOLDIERS WAR MEMENTOS**

The Frenzy of war bugles and drums  
Seduced a young boy's Heart  
Bred and reared in Southern Tradition  
—Desired to do his part

Returning home a hero's welcome  
—In Deafening protest

## Cosmos Clouds

Soldiers' War Mementos: Lost Friends,  
An arm, a limp, nightmares;  
Ribbons pinned to his chest.

### **SOLDIER ANTS**

Soldier ants march along—silently  
Protesting quietly  
Worker ants toil endlessly  
Producing surfeit bounty

Tin soldiers give way to terrorists  
—Who break the rules of war  
Factory workers dully work  
To produce worthless junk

Chimes proclaim preposterously  
Loudly, insistently—  
Soon the mass of humanity  
Portends to live their Lie

Paper wealth sold to sustain  
Pretended prosperity  
Fruits of labor bartered away  
Burgled their property

Myth of modern economy  
Preached by Professors  
Of incredible stupidity  
Of life—academia

For their tenure they trade the truth  
Sold their soul for Mammon—  
For security, we sell our freedom  
—Paper our private hell.

### **OIL OMEN**

Cosmic Referee called—curious  
—Aligned again for War  
Rising prayers blur russet sunset  
Portend the blood-soaked Star

## Cosmos Clouds

Their war-machine whirred through the night  
Exploded at dawning light  
Humanity sacrificed—Oil:  
Mankind's Insanity  
—Nobility's birthright.

### **WHILE I IN MY INNOCENCE**

While I in my innocence  
Raced to Viet Nam naively  
She in her worldly wisdom  
Raised a protesting loudly  
—Persistent persuader

I heard the sounds of sanity  
During the battle din  
Trapped in war's insanity—  
Came of age in Seattle  
—Twenty-one years later.

### **FLAMED HERO**

His hero flamed one Friday night  
Before his very eyes  
Such a sight to see his idol  
—He oft memorialize

Once a god now humanized  
Broken over lost love  
He learned that the power of love lies  
Not in gain—but in loss.

### **BANKERMAN POORMAN**

In Viet Nam where the poor man  
Fought and spilled precious Blood  
While the Bankermen, back in the states  
Like swine, wallowed in mud

In the burgled, filthy lucre  
Bankermen live and die  
Stolen from the Common Man  
—Buys Immortality

## Cosmos Clouds

But life cannot be bought so cheap  
Or burgled at any price  
Save your silver and copper coins  
—Tacky, plastic merchandise

Life is lived and cannot be bought  
—Save your silver and gold  
Life divine only in our good time  
—Pitches your Urn when you're cold.

### **INSIDE THE BELTWAY**

Inside the Beltway  
A Texan Outsider charged  
—PAC'd down on the way.

### **BIRDS OF PREY**

Birds of prey circle  
High above a hapless hare  
—The cycle of life.

### **NEW WORLD**

Sixty nations gathered as one  
Started the War that nobody won.

# INBOUND

## Cosmos Clouds

## **Jail**

Walls of concrete  
Doors of steel  
Wrist bound  
Ankle chained  
Suffered indignity  
Loss of identity  
Hurried meals  
High-priced commissary  
Penned like animals  
Acting like heathens  
Bureaucracy  
Miles of red tape  
Bide your time  
Between  
Psycho movies  
Gangs, drugs, violence  
Until the level of noise  
Cracks a man's sanity  
And without realizing it  
He's lost his good time  
A trip to the hole  
Now he's in charge  
Breaking in new inmates  
Deputies and cadets  
Because he's the old timer  
Doing consecutive one-eighties  
Flat time  
Wouldn't you know?

## **In Chains**

I'm in chains, my ankles and wrists,  
Cause I'm some kind of criminal, Her Honor insists;  
She's heard the charges from those who accuse,  
My side of the story, she rudely refused.

So why'd I plead guilty, you wonder aloud,  
To a sixth class felony (Oh my God!)  
'Cause I got an attorney who's smarter than me  
(Unfortunately, he's mired in his own bankruptcy).

## Cosmos Clouds

She threw me in jail without getting the whole story,  
Off the streets now, so there's no need to worry;  
And my lawyer? Well he's out doin' his deals  
While I'm in here countin' down my meals.

He's never called me, never inquired,  
Why I'm wearin' this blue-issued attire;  
So what did I do that's so terrible a deed,  
That's brought me inside, under lock and key.

He got out of the blocks, he ran a good race,  
But the economy in '86 left him no place,  
And in his failure to launch his magazine  
He's doin' his time now, you know what I mean?

His crime was his failure (this is America, you know)  
And only the winners, those precious few,  
Escape the bitterness, the small-minded who,  
Day and night labor so within the system to confine  
We mavericks, free-spirited, of our own mind.

### **FORSAKE LIBERTY**

Cinderblock walls surround Bellaire  
Where rich old men can hide their fears;  
Even crime to them is rarer  
Than French vintage or Art Obscure.

Imprisoned too, I'm locked in here  
Behind this cold concrete and steel;  
A rich man's fear no longer near—  
His world or mine, which one is real?

Pretend, behind your well-kept fields  
Of polo, golf and tennis balls;  
Hide behind your rent-a-cop shields  
Because I'm secure in concrete walls.

For safety, forsook liberty;  
Who is prisoner: rich man or me?

**MUSING**

I

The court grew quiet, quiescent, apprehensive, the ranting testimony yet concluded,  
As the wild-eyed fire-eater—bushy beard unkempt, poorly combed, untamed hair,  
Dressed in ill-fitting clothes, a suit of brown a tie of green—  
Sat, having finished his haughty harangue; sat in self-satisfied smugness born of  
A zealot's frustration,  
Frustration known only to the big-game hunter sighting down the barrel of a British Three-oh-three, a harried forlorn hare dead in his sights,  
The mangled, bloody pulp left behind—the sole survivor of a fortnight's effort—  
Sat, while half-truths and lies and misrepresentations and no-truths echoed their eerie cry,  
“For the welfare of the state, to prison! To prison! To prison, send him!  
—He who dared to fail.  
Skillfully painting his long-prepared word-picture, painting me, the arch-criminal of the decade—nay, century.  
“He dared to fail! And duped those poor victims out of their life-long savings.”

Victims! Gamblers they: Looking, always looking for quick, easy money, money not earned but burgled,  
Burgled through slick, sophisticated market maneuvering;  
What of the market's ill-gotten gains? What of shifty shameless double-ledger entries? What of illegal IRS-avoiding ploys?  
With the smell of blood the vultures circle, circle the smell of blood—The victim's victim.  
With the smell of blood the predators salivate; the prey, cornered in the courtroom  
—An easy prey, a prayerless prey  
A chance to redeem lost dimes for blood-dollars.

He sat, the fire-eater, wild-eyed zeal poorly masked behind a razorless brush of hair,  
Gasping tobacco-breaths of courtly stale air; heavy air hung in

## Cosmos Clouds

the courtroom  
—anticipating, apprehensive, deadly.  
The sneer of contempt met my glance—a pitied glance at so  
wretched a miserable man,  
Who for lack of elephants hunts the hare  
—the sickly, half-starved hare of the majestic mountain  
plains.

“Guilty!” She gleefully pronounces, with a glorious look of  
triumph—her eyes ablaze;  
“The maximum! It is not enough; not nearly enough; more! Give  
him the maximum!”  
—The maximum for me.  
“Eight years to rot in prison,” she decreed, “is too good for me.”

The courtroom burst asunder, the apprehension shattered by our  
honorable, Her Honor;  
It matters not that publicized, ill-hidden agenda, her stated goal  
taped to her bathroom mirror,  
Her goal posted with post-a-notes on her calendar, in her  
Daytimer, lest she forget;  
An admirable goal, worthy of a lifetime on the bench:  
A million years sentenced before she retires.

“Give him the maximum!” The maximum is so little a price to  
pay in pursuit of so glorious a goal,  
And so the maximum I’ll take to satisfy a courtroom’s  
bloodthirst.  
The blood-lust of a hunter, who, when sights are set, sights his  
prized prey,  
Pulls the trigger of an unloaded rifle and watches in  
shock, his trophy escape.  
Blood-lust of a frustrated lover, whose unrequited love lies  
hidden,  
Unable to bear her shame and tries to escape her deadly  
snare.  
Blood-lust of a populace, who feed with frenzy on mere  
thousands and let millions  
Melt in mahogany desks.  
Blood-lust of media, bored with murder search the crowded,  
polished hallways,  
Search for their one, career-making headline.

## Cosmos Clouds

Blood-lust of a decadent society, a society no longer shocked by  
    violence, by blood  
    Or by the macabre;  
A leaded-ear no longer hears the vulgar, the profane;  
    no longer discerns the beauty, the shame.  
Blood-lust of the last, dying gasp of the unfulfilled.

Oh Soul! I cry within my mind, while the judge quickly scribbles  
    her pathetic decree,  
My Soul, 'tis you and I alone together to see this through—this  
    barbarous decree.  
Surrounded by those who would afflict my Soul, sore afflict and  
    desire my hurt;  
Whose joy lies—yea, embodies—in my ruin.  
    Who without comprehension, so foolishly led by those  
    unseen.  
Let not the proud, the vain, the foolish, the mockers, the scoffers,  
    the idle,  
    Those who trust in self, the ignorant trouble your soul.

### II

Disgraced; handcuffed and leg-shackled, humiliated,  
    as bit-by-bit, strip-by-strip,  
    Moment-by-moment, each vestige of human dignity is  
    stripped from me.  
Shackled in chains, led from the dignity of the court  
    —lest Her Honor's eyes become offended;  
    lest the dignity and demeanor of the court be violated;  
    lest the pureness of the proceedings become infected;  
Led, shackled, to their holding cell, after stripped of belt and  
    precious possessions.  
In that cell shared with those other, poor misfortunates  
    We pass unknown time in no-man's time.  
Sitting shackled, wondering the screaming, ranting rage of some  
    animal-eyed, crazed cell-mate,  
Who without motivation, pilfered my meager luncheon offering  
    —Until time to transfer to the City jail.

### III

Around the block and across the street, the old, rusty bus clanged  
    and struggled,  
At last, painfully, slowly, straining each last foot of the ramp we  
    arrived.

## Cosmos Clouds

Through the double-security door, stop and turn, without  
warning  
my permanent picture taken;  
(Without warning, no chance to react; a mug shot,  
Criminally appended upon a file.)  
Another holding cell of steel and concrete, eighteen men where  
only twelve should be,  
Eighteen men, stinking, smelling of fear  
—that loathsome smell of wounded prey.  
Steel benches line two sides of concrete, steel benches bolted in  
stone,  
Some sit, others stand, freed of chains.  
The stainless steel toilet in the corner  
—that rather disgusting, uncleaned appliance, calls out  
to us;  
But heh, the phone—that one last link to those on the outside,  
the precious, pernicious link.  
Think ye Soul to use the phone?  
—That precious, pernicious link to sympathizers?  
Ha! Welcome my friend to the law of the jungle.  
The law dictated by strength, by violence, by volume, by  
vulgarity;  
As one sorely abused, wrong-raced presumptive person dared to  
discover,  
And dearly paid for his innocent inquiry with such a fury of  
verbal abuse and humiliation  
As to dampen our appetite to communicate  
—However sore our present need.  
Eh! The passage of time in such sweet fellowship,  
Until finger-printed, national computer check completed.  
And once again treated to smashed sack lunches with sandwiches  
of unknown origin.

Finally, at some unknown time—for what is time without a clock?  
Without the sun or moon?  
Time is an endless march of unknown—  
Herded together down concrete halls with steely sides  
Through great barred doors, in an elevator,  
Upward rising elevator.  
To our nightly resting place deep within the bowels of the Denver  
City Jail.

The night long spent on the floor of a six-by-nine cell

## Cosmos Clouds

Shared with some unnamed, dirty, smelly, tattooed savage,  
Whose wild-eyed stare made sleep a challenge.  
But sleep came soon, despite the noise, the noise deep within the  
cell block bowels;  
Yelling, cursing, screaming, demanding, howling noise—  
The noise when society converts its souls to animals.  
My restless sleep was soon shattered, our catered meal in place;  
They led we-animals to steel tables to sample cold, tasteless,  
formless gruel,  
Though I, whose appetite was lost during the short, sleepless  
night only stared at nothing.  
Soon, uninvited, they made short work of my measly portion  
—gobbling like pigs from some distant sty remembered  
from early childhood.

### IV

The clear mountain skies broke crisp, cold that cloudless autumn  
morn  
I happily bounded after that stooped, broken, over-worked form  
of a tired old lady  
—a tired old lady I called grandma—  
With empty buckets swinging, I happily followed,  
Followed that burdened form carrying pig slop in a three-gallon  
bucket;  
When we reached the barn at the break of dawn  
I eagerly climbed the fence  
And together we squealed, the pigs and I, when she poured the  
feast into their trough.  
—Hungrily, joyfully, the pigs and I squealed with delight.

### V

In time we were chained together, two-by-two  
—wrist-to-wrist, ankle-to-ankle—  
Herded to a broken-down, dilapidated bus, so obviously cast off  
in the near-distant past;  
We rode that ride at the break of day from the city to the county,  
On the way entertained by joyous hoots and hollers  
As we passed each haunt of familiarity;  
A girl friend's house, his crack hang-out, a distant or  
near relative,  
Met with continuous roar of recognition and determined shouts  
shared with all.

## Cosmos Clouds

As the old school bus waited, parked as it were on the edge of the  
parking lot  
We briefly hesitated and, escorted by strong-armed troopers  
Ran the triumphant run of football heroes amid the mixture of  
cheers and shouts of anger.  
Nonplussed, uncaring but mostly unaware we ran and boarded  
that old bus.  
The joy of victory in each young face lit that autumn night:  
This year, yea, this night would long be remembered  
—the first time our team vanquished those proud,  
pudent pretenders.  
And now, following the highway patrol escort out of their town  
We laughed and cried and shouted and yelled our way to the  
conference crown.  
And rode that old school bus ride back up the mountain into  
local history.

There, around the corner looming large, cold, impersonal in the  
warmth of the rising orb  
Surrounded, pent-up—prisoner of shiny, gleaming razor wire  
held aloft by barbed wire—  
Topped chain linked guardians—  
Cold concrete blocks, cold blocks of concrete and steel, ominous,  
lonely, impersonal,  
Foreign to the mountain prairie—violated.  
So small at a distance, looming larger as the rattling, struggling,  
ancient bus approaches  
—Nears the nether world, drawing unsuspecting, naive  
prey of society;  
Prey, society thrusts off, thrusts out, thrusts into the  
gaping, unsatiated  
Hole at the base of concrete and steel.  
Unslaked, the appetite of concrete and steel yawns,  
Craving, hurting, agonizing:  
More! O Society, send me more. More of your young  
sons,  
Sons without fathers; fathers who know not sons and daughters.  
For I, I have a home deep within my bowels of concrete and steel  
Especially prepared for you.

From Michigan, O Michigan! Our once Northwest outpost  
Boasting hardwood beauty, spreading dense-wood darkness  
—a rich, deep green blanket spread between her

## Cosmos Clouds

guardian lakes.

Good bye my Michigan! O Michigan. My home of humble birth  
—royal roots of hard-working Polish and German stock.  
So long! So long, my Love, my Michigan.

After two days travel through central Ohio  
—O Ohio! Your bounty unsurpassed! From north to  
south your rolling farms,  
your rolling farms.

My tender pre-teen eyes feast upon your neatly cultivated farms,  
so wonderfully green in early summer sun,

Richly green, anticipating golden harvests  
Harvests of hay, harvest of corn, a garden harvest  
yielding up her  
plentance of bounty

Of red beets, tender snapping green beans on vines  
winging up majestic, seven-foot corn stalks, mingling  
with giant ears;

Beneath the luscious loam dig you farmer for those orange carrot  
cones,

Dig you hills of plenteous potatoes;  
And pick your lettuce, celery, cabbage, ruby-red  
tomatoes,

O Ohio! If we should stop I fear we would stay and  
Never leave your rolling farms.

Through West Virginia Mountains and her rich, hidden treasure  
of coal,

Unseen by so young a vision as mine,  
To Carolina, O Carolina, my paternal heritage:  
My home; returning home.

Those rugged mountains with dotted farms,  
poor, hardy mountain folk scratching,  
ever scratching her red rocky soil for sustenance.

O Carolina! Carolina my home, my Love; my new Love of old;  
Of a richly, woven tapestry, two-hundred year heritage.

Mountains blue, Blue Ridge Mountains; thickly carpeted in  
mountain pine,  
Mountain laurel, mountain folk;

—a proud folk, a hardy folk; folk bred of the land.

When at last we reached the farm, the farm our destination,  
Mountain-farm blood surged and convulsed in my veins;

Big-eyed wonder, racing here and there trying to gather

## Cosmos Clouds

it all in,  
Absorb the magic in a frenzied fury.  
Ah Carolina! My Carolina!  
Where the land gets high, back in the woods so far a big-eyed boy  
can get lost  
In fantasy.  
O Carolina! O Soul, how I long for you.

### VI

Shuffling that jail-house shuffle off the bus, hand-cuffed and  
shackled to that silent chief,  
A shuffle born and known only to those who have ever been  
leg-chained with ankle bracelets;  
I and we and they shuffled our way into the gaping, foreboding  
hole in the side  
Of the cold concrete and steel block building:  
Into home. Our new home. My new home.

Into a small, cold concrete and steel holding cell they herded us  
like animals,  
For now we were mere animals;  
Free of chains we wiled the time packed in that dirty, dank,  
sweaty hole,  
Standing, sitting, lying—depending upon your luck—and  
waited.  
Waited in that deep, dark dungeon of despair and wiled away the  
time  
Swallowed in the din of echoing, rebounding noise of  
angry animals.  
What is time? Time without a clock, without the sun, without the  
moon—  
Void of day or night, of light or dark?  
What is time enclosed in cold concrete and steel,  
Continuously lit with artificial florescence?  
Has it been an hour? A minute? Is it yesterday? Or tomorrow?  
Today?  
—Today is only time, time without a clock; without the  
sun; without the moon;  
without the day or night.

In time we shuffled through the processing and eventually  
exchanged our clothes for theirs  
And suffered the last, lost human indignity of their patented,

## Cosmos Clouds

strip-search.

A strip search which would become a common, everyday exercise.

Hunkered down in the heat of the jungle, the heat remains  
despite the darkness;

Pitch-black darkness—so complete I couldn't see my own hand  
That I held out in front of my face.

A solitary, teenage Marine on perimeter watch, watching for an  
unseen unknown enemy,

An enemy desperately fighting in and for his own homeland;

A solitary, teenage Marine on perimeter watch passes time  
through the night—

A time without a clock, without the sun, without the  
moon—

Void of light and dark.

A lonely time and a solitary, teenage Marine on perimeter watch  
scared out of his wits.

When the night erupts in noise, a bursting, startling, continuous  
roar,

A roar only imaginable to one experienced in jungle  
combat.

Hunkered down, hugging the earth, I watched the roar:

First in front of me and then surrounding me on all sides  
—but still I saw nothing of the faceless, unknown enemy.

Fear. The ice-cold hand of fear gripped my soul.

O Soul, my Soul, alone amidst the chaos, the roar, alone;

Unknowing, unseeing—the deafening roar.

When suddenly—as suddenly as when it began—an eerie, quiet,  
an eerie calm,

As soon as the roar began, it stopped; it was over.

Over until played over a thousand times within my mind in the  
coming years.

Through concrete tunnels and steel-barred jaws I shuffled,  
Shuffled the jail-house shuffle;

Around the corners through silent, steel-barred jaws down cold,  
concrete halls.

Up steel stairs down concrete tunnels, through steel-barred jaws  
I shuffled,

Shuffled the jail-house shuffle.

Deeper, ever deeper into the hidden bowels of the cold concrete  
block,

## Cosmos Clouds

Hidden and lost to the outside world.

Soon in time, that terrible time, the author of deception: time;  
Time, seductive time, a day? A week? A month? A year?  
Ten minutes and I am home.

Home, that precious haven, personal, private haven hidden from  
the world—

The world that seeks to devour.

Home. A six-by-twelve foot cold concrete cell, a cage for  
criminals—

No, criminals are human.

Home. A cage to soon dehumanize, metamorphosize man into an  
animal.

Though animals are God's loving creation, created in loving  
kindness

(Animals do not kill their like-kind for sport or  
war—only man.)

—and it too, was good.

The man—metamorphosized animal—is the crowning  
achievement of man's creation

—a divineless creation of man.

Day by day I spend the time—that elusive time—pacing,

One, two, three and one, two, three and a half, turn

One, two, three and one, two, three and a half, turn

—back and forth, back and forth, hour by relentless hour.

Pass the time—that elusive time—reading some cheap novel

Until one day, O Soul Errant, a glorious day, procured the book,  
the Authorized Version.

Buried within the Word, my Soul, my Self.

The strange Latin litany droned, strange, monotonous sounds  
incomprehensible to young,

Untrained ears,

Droned on through time, endless time, time unmarked by clocks,  
nor sun, nor moon

Nor day, nor night;

But a dimly, flickering candle-lit sanctuary in Lent, that  
time-stealing inner darkness.

Droning Latin litany gives a young innocent lad opportunity,

Mind-wandering opportunity to explore a young boy's world—  
a time to reflect.

Baseball games (the outcome altered by changed events within a

## Cosmos Clouds

young boy's mind)  
And soccer games—all sorts of recreation;  
Fishing trips and Boy Scout camps, hiking in the woods;  
Wondrous wandering, wandering aimlessly.  
Pony tails and birthday parties—Christmas expectation—  
Unspoken promises of some future, unspoken promise.  
The Latin litany in all of its magic, enchants a young boy's  
mind—on aching knees.

The lie of hope lies deep within my troubled Soul.  
O Soul! Perhaps a change of heart, a reconsideration by Her  
Honor.  
The judge perhaps will change her mind and change my poor  
prison sentence  
—Perhaps.  
But unlikely the whispering pine replies.

You Whispering Pine, you mentor of mine, deep within  
grandma's woods,  
Whispers silently, so silently that only I could hear and  
understood.  
Whispers silent, seductive secrets promising unknown treasures  
to so young a mind  
So young, so young, so long ago.

But I, like so many before, found no buried treasures nor  
whispering pine;  
Only chased boyhood thoughts, like clouds carried across the  
sky.

Hope eternally sprung deceives a person's captive prey,  
Promises freedom, though freedom lies beyond his grasp  
—beyond the greedy grasp of a liar's reach.  
Soon in time—that elusive time— that elusive concept rolling,  
And spoiling my mind—soon, hope's burning flame  
weakly flickers.  
Distantly, O so distantly, the sharp-edge of seduction worn now  
blunt:  
No longer deceives an ex-convict's mind.

Cosmos Clouds

**DAY'S WARM LIGHT**

The day's warm light cedes to the cold of the night  
As the compound life ebbs to a quiet, peacefully;  
Heads are counted, locks are checked afore they killed the light  
And a lonesome soul checks off another day—mentally.

She nervously paces the dark at the end of the day  
Uncertain anxiety because she's alone;  
Her friends don't know, and her family's far away  
But tomorrow, Aye! The morrow, her man'll be home.  
He's done his time and paid his debt to society  
And in the morn the start of a new life.

Reunited at last, bound in a new Unity  
Love re-pledged and vowed as man and wife.

**JAIL HAIKU**

Clear, blue sky of spring  
Green earth canopies emerge  
—Through a concrete slit.

**DC JAIL BALLAD**

I

Wrist-bound and leg-chained, he's led away  
From the angry, righteous courtroom rabble  
To the packed, sweat-smelling holding cell  
Awaiting Fate's dire malady;  
Alas! Alone again in a crowded sway.

He sits alone, shoulder to shoulder,  
And wonders the events and causes  
That led him to such personal losses—  
The hurried appearance before Her Honor;  
The broken promises, his poor defender.

His lawyer's out doin' deals for his friends,  
(Doesn't he know that his client's in jail?)  
Her Honor sleeps soundly at night without fail,

## Cosmos Clouds

And legal minds ponder her latest renderings,  
Trying to discern logic, where none extends.

Without time, he spends his time counting time,  
Marking time in his eight-by-twelve foot cage,  
Shared with another: a scared-eyed rage,  
Who's ranting and raving, cursing his find;  
While I sit staring with a far-off look sublime.

The sleepless night for him slowly passes,  
Sharply broken by the clanging of steel;  
Herded together again and made to feel  
Like animals while we're bound and chained in masses  
And led around concrete walls and halls of steel in  
darkness.

## II

Transported through the wakening city  
As dawn breaks over the eastern horizon;  
Shackled! Ankle-chained and wrist-bound,  
Bouncing along in the back end of an ancient bus speedily  
To our new jail-home at the eastern edge of the county.

From one crowded, stinking holding cell to another in want  
We walked the endless in-processing daylight hours,  
The rising din of cursing and swearing offers  
Little hope or relief to that gentle Soul Errant,  
Swept up among the dregs of human sediment.

At last, the order has come as night time nears,  
And three-by-three we strip away our identity,  
And suffer yet another embarrassing indignity;  
Issued the blues that the county prefers  
And pass into the realization of our worst fears.

Alone again in a noisy, crowded dormitory,  
Steel clanging doors locked behind,  
Little solace among angry faces to find;  
He withdraws within himself silently  
To wonder his fate—of which he's lost control  
completely.

## Cosmos Clouds

In that moment of total darkness,  
A glimmer of light shown through my heart,  
I saw surely with a tremendous start  
That I can't do it all, and must confess:  
    I need You, Most High, through Christ Jesus.

●  
In his world of steel and concrete  
Of locks and noise and misery  
A thought shines through the darkening heat:  
Her lasting love and loyalty.

Loved, when it was free and easy  
So many years and years ago,  
And suffered often silently,  
Loving him more now, don't you know?

Though locked up like some kind of animal  
Despised, hated and spat upon;  
She knows the injustice of it all  
Their bond remains strong, unbroken.

Though people talk behind her back  
About her man now locked up in jail,  
She hides her pain from those who attack,  
And loves him and loves him without fail.

So why do you all attack us,  
Cause us such pain and much bother,  
When all we ever wanted was justice,  
To be left alone, to love each other?

So go away, you evil world,  
Leave us alone; what's that—your laughter?  
We'll go our way and chance our reward  
With our love here, then hereafter.

●  
The noise drowns not, the love within,  
    Which deepens day by day,  
The concrete walls can't keep them apart,  
    Who's spiritually bound together;  
No amount of steel, nor numbers of locks

## Cosmos Clouds

Cans separate two hearts  
Joined as one in love for all eternity.

### III

Silently, she stands there at the gate,  
Denied entrance for being a few minutes late;  
Late she was because of the rain  
She desperately tried to explain,  
All the while poorly hiding the pain.

“Look,” he said, “can you imagine that,  
The lady’s come from Summer Creek!  
Claim’s she late because of the rain,  
It doesn’t matter,” he explained,  
“The rules for you can’t be changed.”

“I know it’s only a matter of minutes  
But the rules, you see, are quite explicit!  
If you’re not here by seven o’clock,  
The gate, you see, I’ll have to lock  
It doesn’t matter the excuse you got.”

And so she stands there tearfully  
Softly crying silently;  
It’ll be another week (or two)  
And that’s what makes her feel so blue;  
What’s a body suppose to do?

She wonders when it’ll ever end,  
This lonely time she’s been in;  
Lonesome days and tearful nights:  
With all the lights burning bright.

The yard’s not mowed, the weeds are thriving,  
The car just sits, no one’s been driving;  
The neighbors just stare and wonder  
And offer nothing for her hunger,  
Waiting to see if she’ll surrender.

### IV

The guard, he’s got the jangling keys  
A-rattlin’ so when he struts,  
And struts he does with practiced ease;

## Cosmos Clouds

Around this jail, he's what's  
Known as Killer McKenzie.

Swaggerin' so, around the inmates  
Locking them in, then locking them out,  
And freezing them in an arctic climate,  
He suffers them so and throughout  
It all with an air of arrogance.

At home he's guzzlin' six-percent beer,  
Ignoring his wife and five children,  
Unless he wants another brew from her,  
And more than likely she'll forbid him,  
'Til soon their arguing has grown like cancer.

He's only at home when he's at jail,  
At work: when he's relaxing at home;  
His children, his primates within the cell,  
His wife, the captain, they've all become  
Synonymous in his self-made hell.

So when he's swaggern' the next time  
And you're wondering what it's all about,  
For you, it's only time for your crime;  
For Officer McKenzie, it's his lot  
Behind these bars, he'll spend his lifetime.

### V

He pondered not the thought to be free,  
Lived his life within limited sights  
And only cared to sate his appetites  
Of hunger, lust and life's frivolity.

He worked, but barely toiled he  
Without concern in his work to exceed  
'Cept only he cared to pay for his needs  
Of hunger, lust and life's frivolity.

We marveled his popularity  
Friends, they clung to him like flies,  
Shared a bond of mutual lies  
Of hunger, lust and life's frivolity.

## Cosmos Clouds

Success was his, all could see,  
The Midas touch, the painless effort,  
Life did agree and seemed to support  
His hunger, lust and life's frivolity.

But all too soon, neo-seers agree  
The piper, it came time to pay,  
For the sweet-sound melody:  
Of hunger, lust and life's frivolity.

Now he's lost his mobility,  
Locked away in the DC gaol,  
Unable now to pursue his grail  
Of hunger, lust and life's frivolity.

Seven-seventy is his penalty,  
His ways they sought to rehabilitate  
But all he thought of was ways to sate  
His hunger, lust and life's frivolity.

The problem's all in society  
(According to the sociologist)  
If only the people would better adjust  
To hunger, lust and life's frivolity.

## VI

Late at night my lady wondered  
The fate of her man she pondered:  
Hours passed until daylight came,  
The dawning light broke in as flame,  
She's still alone and who's to blame?  
He's out drinking, drinking his beer.

Drunkenly driving without a fear  
Does he come home, does he stay out;  
Does he drive 'round and gad about,  
Or meet a fate he thinks of naught?

A fate much worse, much worse than most,  
A life cut short, gave up the ghost  
Along the highway late at night  
He left his life, his soul in flight;  
She's now alone, it seems not right.

## Cosmos Clouds

But wait, that was another time  
A time swept away in her prime,  
A time forgotten, no tears to weep  
And now recalled as from the deep,  
Haunts her dreams when she tries to sleep.

Sleep she must, for the morning's come  
Crept upon her—too wearisome;  
She's still alone, her man's not here  
Alone again and filled with fear:  
Fear the fate of him who isn't here.

He's locked away in the county jail  
For because his magazine did fail,  
Now Her Honor, in her great ire  
And sought the worst for to inspire  
Her to fashion his special pyre.

They made a deal, didn't you know?  
To facilitate this farce 'n show:  
He pleaded guilty on bad advice  
From a lawyer-man shootin' dice  
And doing deals; now ain't that nice?

So now, you see, he's doing time  
For the judge, her peace of mind;  
And she? She's working it through  
The lonely nights and the days too,  
Really now, what else can she do?

For an hour, every other week  
She gets dressed real nice and sleek  
To see her man at the county jail  
A hug and kiss, little time to tell  
Little time afore they ring the bell.

At home again, again alone,  
Patiently waiting by the phone  
It may ring, then maybe not,  
It could be him, maybe he forgot,  
Forgot to call, then maybe not.

## Cosmos Clouds

So late at night she wonders why  
She's alone again by and by,  
This time she won't be afraid  
At the sharp sound the wind has made  
And think her man, he's lying dead.

The dawn has broke and found her still  
Distraught and shivering from the chill,  
The chill she knows comes from within  
Worrying the fate her man's been in;  
Fate she can only pray may end.

### LOVING

Loving,  
In spite of the noise  
The concrete and steel,  
We go on loving—  
Loving each other.

They can lock me away,  
Slander my name,  
Bind me in chains,  
Give me a number,  
Issue me blues;  
But we'll go on loving—  
Loving each other.

The time will come  
When I walk out of here  
She'll be waiting for me  
And we'll go on loving—  
Loving each other.

This time strengthens our bond  
Helps us appreciate  
Builds our love and respect  
So that in the future  
For the rest of our time  
We'll go on loving—  
Loving each other.

### **RISING ALONE**

Rising alone, to greet another dawn,  
She ponders the fate of her jail-bound man;  
    Chained and contained in concrete and steel,  
    Penned like an animal by those who can't feel.

The kids and neighbors, her family and thus,  
How can you explain the system and injustice?  
    Her Honor in a snit, with a sweeping decree  
    Has upended the lives of her man and family.

The dawning light is breaking over the horizon,  
But the darkness within fails to respond;  
    The sorrow, the cold, the feelings of emptiness  
    Weigh on her mind, and deepen her loneliness.

Together for so long, never apart,  
Her man, her love, the one of her heart;  
    Can this pass, this time that drags on,  
    Will it ever end, this forced separation?

Yet another dawn, a new day alone,  
Another collect call, he comes to her by phone,  
    It's little enough to be able to talk awhile  
    Though times it's cruel, elusive and vile.

Who can know the measure of suffering  
Wrought by someone in a close-minded offering?  
    It's easy to see how people can react  
    With bitterness, and violent acts.

But she goes on her way and doesn't complain,  
Her faith is unshaken, their love will remain.

### **THE GUARD THE JUDGE AND MY LAWYER**

The guard, he swaggers, 'cause he's got the key,  
These chains, they shackle, when they're moving me;  
Just doin' some time: jailed behind this steel,  
    —While my lawyer's out scorin' another big deal.

## Cosmos Clouds

The judge, she sniggers, when she looks my way,  
To meet her quota, gave me ninety days,  
(Would have hung me for sure, w'out my attorney!  
—Who's mired in his own divorce 'n bankruptcy.)

You know what I think, while I'm doin' my time?  
About my sweet, young lady, in our loving so fine.  
(I'm not anywhere near here, doing no time.)  
—He keeps billing me—has he lost his mind?

You with your swagger! Give me your best shot;  
Lord it over me, with your key and my lot;  
After ninety days, I walk out of here,  
While you, my friend, serve out your career.

My lawyer's out, still chasing his deals,  
Her Honor's been removed to domestic ills,  
The guard, he's still locked, confined in his jail,  
For me, Freedom now: Found my Holy Grail.

### **TRAPPED**

Trapped inside a cold concrete cave,  
Slowly dulling the march of time.  
Wasted time; so precious to have  
Trapped inside a cold concrete cave.

Time traps the mind, the body enslaved  
Soon, long lost, unable to find.  
Trapped inside a cold concrete cave;  
Slowly dulling the march of time.

### **TIME DRAGS ONWARD**

Time drags onward, oh, so slowly forward  
From one moment toward eternity,  
So slowly, moment by moment toward  
Eternity, measured so minutely;

## Cosmos Clouds

Each minutely measured meter of time  
So slowly, moment by moment, unwinds.

Yesterday, oh, long lost yesteryear!  
Yea, but a misty moment lost in time;  
Time, unsated time, has stolen I fear;  
Search, searching; yesterday I cannot find.  
Each measured moment is but a vapor:  
To recall even a moment, it's a labor.

Lost I fear, within the present moment,  
Hopeless it seems, to recall yesterday;  
Yesterday, ah yesterday, I lament—  
Fearfully lost in the mist of today.  
Today, oh today, the glacial move of time  
Grinds the present into yesterday's kind.

With only this moment, the future unclear,  
Long lost past, hidden in this moment's mist  
Clamped in the cold, closing steel jaws of fear;  
More misty moments, one by one vanish.  
Time, minutely measured by moments claim  
Sanity: thought by thought, each in time the same.

Thoughts, lost in the mausoleum of my mind  
Where old memories reside, side by side,  
Hidden, lost in the confusion of time  
In the corner mists of my mind abide.  
Thinking troubled thoughts, so long forgotten:  
In my mind's maze are troubled thoughts lost within.

The weight of time crushes my sanity,  
Thought by thought, in the pressing present time  
Erases memory's continuity;  
Pressed and crushed in the darkness of my mind  
Thought by anguished thought, the mist of my mind  
Darkens memory, darkness of the blind.

Slowly, the agonizing march of time,  
Moment by moment, the dull beat drones on,  
Measures each minutely measured link that binds;  
Time, loosening the chain links one by one,  
Each unlinked chain link rattles around

## Cosmos Clouds

Disturbs my mind's sanity, sound by sound.

Moments trapped in the prison of my mind,  
Cold concrete and steel enclose me without  
Crushes the spirit, the cold walls that bind,  
Befuddles the mind through doubt upon doubt.  
Flight of the eagle, sadly, flies no more—  
Trapped in walls of concrete and steel: forlorn!

Oh Soul Errant! Wanders no more through time  
Bound by the crushing weight of the wheel  
Of time; trapped in the mists of my mind,  
Imprisoned in cold concrete and steel.  
Soul Errant! The pilgrim of time and space  
Not meant, I know, for this cold time and place.

### **RASH OF CRIME**

The rash of crime not too many years ago  
Caused an outcry from the local populace  
Who, prompted by the greed of the politico,  
Demanded their jail houses expanded at once.

There's empty beds now in their facility  
The deputy sheriff reported one day  
Sending shock waves throughout the judicial community  
Jeopardizing they realized, their budgetary outlay.

The problem's been quickly resolved simply by  
Sentencing more and more people to jail time...

And now the politicians have renewed their outcry  
"More money, more jails to stem this new wave of crime!"

## Cosmos Clouds

# LOVEBOUND

## Cosmos Clouds

Cosmos Clouds

## **Quietly**

Quietly.

We as one,  
Alone in a crowd;  
The noise disturbs  
Our quiet not.

Quietly.

Words:  
Thoughts distorted

Together we be  
To share in one another  
Intimately.

Quietly.

We as one.  
The night too short  
In the morn we part,  
Separately,  
Yet...

Quietly.

We two as one.

## **LIFE'S ELUSIVE ELIXIR**

Love, Life's elusive Elixir  
—Illusory mirage  
Voluptuous vixen that you are  
—Merely an image?

Oh Soul! I cried out silently,  
Passion's pursuit—deadly  
Takes its deathly toll  
—Emaciated soul.

**MOTHER'S DAY**

Too oft, for too many, just another day;  
    Oh! A special day, for sure, for cards and gifts,  
    And flowers and such as please all too many.  
But for you my Love, and I, we'll re-attest  
Renew and bind anew our love forever.



Recall that soft summer rain  
Singing our song  
Of caring;  
Sharing in our life's endeavor?  
We two each, together now, forever belong.



'Tis why Mother's Day  
    (I dare say, ever, always)  
Means so much more than the mere passage of days;  
    Fancy! Another chance to say,  
    "I love you, dear, now and for always."

**REQUIEM OF LOVE**

I

Dark of the night increased her fear  
    (New-born babes are safely in bed)  
She softly cried without a tear,  
The news came late, for he's dead.

The sleepless night has passed to dawn  
Warmly dressed, she starts her journey  
To the morgue in that lonely town  
    —Frightful task of identity.

II

News traveled fast (Here and up North)  
Some came quickly, others in time,  
To Colorado they came forth  
    —The Music's ended, gone is the rhyme.

From the South came I in haste  
    —Look to Heaven, the name of God!

## Cosmos Clouds

To verify such horrid waste;  
All she could do was numbly nod.

### III

They sat around in morbid tears  
And wept the song of the Living  
Each in their own, facing their fears  
Of taking, (But what of giving?)

Our love lives on—traverse the veil  
—Soul vibrations in perfect harmony.  
In flight through astral planes we sail  
Our souls bound One—in Unity.

### IV

He's free at last, the vessel shed  
No more strained in mortality;  
(Alive at last! While mourned as dead.)  
Adrift upon the endless sea.

Our souls now sing the Song of Love,  
Joined by the Cosmos in fervor  
As we soar the earth high above  
—In love for all eternity.

## ENCOUNTER

We met that night in the din of the noise  
And knew not each other's name—nor cared,  
The steady gaze from her green eyes  
Said more than spoken words—soon forgotten.  
We talked a short while, then drifted apart;  
Then met again—our souls having touched.  
The vibration (music to the universe)  
Echoes still within my mind, eons later.  
Your kindly, sweet, uncompromising affection  
Stirred quelled passions, locked secretly,  
Deeply hidden; safely put to rest.

Such passions loosed, in uncontrolled desire  
Denying me sleep—haunting my mind and body;  
Quivering in rapturous craving, unfulfilled.  
'Til soon we meet again, I'll dream

## Cosmos Clouds

And dream the want until that dream  
Embodiment of you—becomes reality.

### II

You came to me that morn (But why did you come at all?)  
And together we two as one shared each other;  
Having known, denied so long our needs/desires,  
Rushing headlong, caring not the risks and penalties,  
Thinking, seeing, experiencing only each other.  
Your soft, gentle touch caressing my skin, tingling,  
Your hot, wet breath exciting; inquiring, pleasing.  
The bite of your nails having cut the skin of my back,  
Lost inside your excitement, I felt no pain;  
Floating the space, totally absorbed in you.  
Yours; mine; our movements awkward at first,  
Soon we discover mutual rhythm within each other,  
And stroke the cadence of ecstasy in Union.  
When at last, time beckons us apart anew—too soon;  
The time, the hours, spanned in a blink of an eye,  
We must part as we always must (Do we?)  
Yours to yours, mine to loneliness,  
But loneliness made brighter, tolerable:  
For knowing you.

### **ANOTHER ENCOUNTER**

Wistfully I wonder aloud  
    To myself—silently  
Long after you have gone away  
    Wanting—Desperately

Wantonly so, from Avalon  
    —Lake of endless Fire  
Raging emotions—burns so brightly  
    Fuels my intense Desire.

### **CAMELOT HAIKU**

There! I see o'er the  
Distant glimmering mirage  
    Arthur's Camelot.

Cosmos Clouds

**CHAINS OF LOVE**

Who can know the chains of love  
    'Cept he who is bound within?  
And who can know the ghastly chains  
    That bind the hearts of love?

Have you ever touched a falling star  
    Up high in the sky so far?  
Have you ever smelled the blue of sky  
    The black of night so far away?  
Have you seen the soft spring breeze  
    Before the rustling of leaves?  
Have you heard a willow weep  
    A gentle tear of yours to keep?

Of such the chains of love are forged  
    And tempered strong in Emotion's kiln.  
The days swept by in an endless flow  
    The nights ever quicker yet;  
Time we share within this plane  
    Fleetingly running out;  
And how are you spending this precious time,  
    This time you clutch so dearly?  
In stressful struggles and mindless toil  
    From Friday 'til the next?

The alternative is simple, easily seen:  
    Identify Each, of the faceless mass  
    And share the inner love and peace,  
    Bound as One in fellowship;  
Or stalk the walk of the living dead.

No greater freedom than this exists  
Entwined and bound in the Chains of Love.

**Whenever I Begin to Pine**

Whenever I begin to pine  
    My past—the love I lost  
What I miss is her sweet kiss  
    —But Oh! At what a cost?

## Cosmos Clouds

What I find inside my mind  
The Dream is still alive  
Sweet surreal it's my fantasy  
–Reality aside.

### **LATINO LADY**

Long-legged Latino lady  
Come walk with me and be my love:  
Let's love each other on and off,  
Let's love this night passionately.

When I hold you in my arms  
While I kiss you hungrily  
The taste of you exquisitely  
Captivates me by your charms.

Ah, the feel of you my lady  
The look of promise in your eyes  
Fulfills all that I could fantasize  
My lovely Latino lady.

Come lie with me and feel the fire  
Brightly burning in my body  
Feverishly, ever so hotly—  
Fueled along by my desire.

Long-legged Latino lady  
Come lie with me and let's make love  
Let's love each other on and off  
Let's love tonight passionately.

### **SHE OFFERED HOPE**

She offered hope when he was down  
–Hope born of tragedy  
Two kindred souls that found each other  
In both their time of need

The rising sun casts its shadow  
Across life's desolation  
Renews the hope of desperation  
–Promises tomorrow.

## Cosmos Clouds

### UNION

In the dark we met  
    And merged as One,  
And the moment, though brief, lives on;  
As I feel myself become absorbed in you,  
Time is lost, I am a part of you.  
Your gentle touch stirs the dying  
    Embers of love.  
Once again I know and experience  
    In you and with you  
    That special love I lost  
    And found with you.  
The warmth of you merged with me  
In slow and easy rhythm known only  
    To you and me—together,  
Bringing to one another harmony,  
    As your Soul touches mine.

### HEARD YOUR VOICE TODAY

The mounting stress took its toll, then  
    I heard your voice today  
Music—sweet music sang to me  
    Overflowing my psyche  
  
Oh Soul, I cried, so silently  
    —The echoes mocking me  
To touch a Sister Soul like she  
    —Left to die wordlessly.

### NIGHTTIME YEARNING

As I sit here and think of you  
    —Hormones out of control  
Wondering if you Think of me  
    The way I Dream of you.  
  
The touch and feel and smell of you—  
    Holding you in my arms—  
Ignites the passions of my heart  
    Sears my Soul—so sublime.

**WALK WITH ME**

I've heard your song of love  
    And words of promise,  
To love and cherish,  
    Of peace, prosperity;  
Sentimental words  
    Softly sealed with a kiss.

Yes, but will you walk with me  
    And be my love?

They say that I should not trust  
    Such words of honey  
Spoken so by you,  
    These words of foolishness;  
But I, in you my love,  
    Put my trust solely.

Yes, but will you walk with me  
    And be my love?

If I should be deceived  
    By your tenderness  
I won't complain of you  
    Or speak bitterly;  
But in your love I trust  
    Take, in joy, the risk.

Yes, I will walk with you  
    And be your love.

**I THINK OF KISSING YOU TONIGHT**

I think of kissing you tonight  
    Inspiring thoughts for me  
To think of how your body feels  
    Holding you this tightly

Mingled body heat steams the night  
    Wrestling to the ground  
For you and I together claim  
    A love: each other found.

Cosmos Clouds

**PRETTY GIRL**

Pretty girl, floating among pink clouds,  
While we chalk our cues  
Under blaring blues,  
Are you alone in this noisy crowd?

Pretty girl, floating among pink clouds  
Serving liquor and beers  
Between racks of spheres  
Of intensely contested shoot-outs.

What's your name, pretty girl, I wonder;  
Standing next to me  
Smelling so sweetly  
—Do you know the spell you've got me under?

Through this noisy din a star shoots by  
That touches my soul  
And I've lost control:  
Dreams of pretty girl night and day.

Pretty girl, floating among pink clouds  
Let's dance together  
And kiss each other:  
Love each other 'til the sun comes out.

Pretty girl, floating among pink clouds  
In sweet innocence  
Angelic suspense,  
Are you alone in this noisy crowd?

**EMBRACING YOU BEFORE WE LEFT**

Embracing you before we left  
I died a thousand deaths  
I want to kiss you tenderly  
To show you love I feel

Lingering squeeze before we leave  
Silently communicates;  
Promises to soon see each other  
—Someday, to be together

**FOUND IN A LOST CAUSE**

I gathered with the finest of the Cause  
We dreamt the dreams for all mankind:  
Love and peace through unity.  
In fervor we planned our strategy with care  
And prayed together our Cause as one.  
To the streets and universities,  
Onward; next, institutions, factories, the military and more,  
Politics and corporate establishments.  
With hate they came to know our love;  
In violence we spread our peace throughout the land;  
Breeding strife we sought to unify  
Intensifying the terror in blood and death  
We imposed our will upon the masses.

In Spring she came to me one stormy night,  
Disillusioned and in despair for the shattering of the Cause;  
I welcomed her as morn the dawning light.  
As one we sought the light, of love we taught each other;  
In unity the peace I sought was ours to be;  
Humanity goes on its way no longer troubled by my virtue.  
Each as one exists no more—we, eternally.

**MET HER ONE SUMMER DAY**

The hot, arid desert prairie  
Meets majestic mountains  
Whose reach touches the hand of God  
—Life-Flowing, precious Fountains.

I first met her one summer day  
Beneath the blazing sun  
We taught each other Love's secrets  
—Died at separation.

**TWO SOULS MET IN '77**

Two souls met in seventy-seven, most peculiarly  
Although it seemed unremarkable at the time;  
Married as she was to his best friend (you see)  
In perfect happiness and love sublime.

As fate would have it, the Reaper struck his blow,  
Recalled him from earth; his soul now departed;  
Ghastly circumstances for one too young to know  
Of widow's black and tears of the broken hearted.

—But that was long ago.

Fate smiled on them anew,  
Rearranged their lives as two souls now joined as one,  
Above their guardian angels protect these two  
Yes, indeed, a union born and bless'd in Heaven.

**NOT TO BE**

They say you're old enough to be my mother,  
And I suppose its true;  
Though I've chased you since that moment we met  
And cared not the difference in years.

From lunch to lunch and phone calls I pursued,  
The tempo of the race quickening;  
(The hound catching sight of the fox  
Speeds quickly onward; unheeding the obstacles.)  
Who's to say whose flattered most:  
You of me or I of you?

Having shared your meal that night  
We settled down and talked the hours away  
While draining California vintage;  
'Til that moment (When or how it came upon us?)  
You were in my arms and I in yours.

In mounting passion, the fire raging hot,  
The pounding of our hearts in unison filled the room  
Drowning out the sounds of the city night;  
In wordless fury, we sought each other.

## Cosmos Clouds

Trembling, our bodies merged as One in rhythmic cadence  
At first in gentle, oh so gentle waves  
Bursting in quaking, chiasmic, uncontrolled chaos;  
Gentle motion returned once more,  
    'Til soon the roar of the tidal wave  
Swept us again into the sea of passion.

Refusing to let go we spent the night  
    Locked in passionate embrace;  
Dozing lightly from time to time  
Awakening each other in renewed passion-fury;  
We met the dawn—though hardly gave notice—  
    And soon the sun shone brightly,  
Illuminating two lovers merged as One.

That night in you, I experienced love,  
For the first time: total serenity; security;  
Peace and harmony as should be,  
Why must it come to an end?

They say you're old enough to be my mother,  
    And I suppose it's true,  
It's sad for us—especially me,  
That the difference in years now keeps us apart.

### **IN HER HE SAW SWEET PROMISES**

In her he saw sweet promises  
    Like none he'd seen before  
Lost love regained could he retain  
    The key to her front door

The way of her was not for him  
    He slowly came to see  
The owl and hen could not contend  
    —Their lives so differently.

### **CAN HE REVIVE**

Can he revive a love that's lost  
    —Love that's lost its luster?  
But it takes two to have a love  
    —Can he ever trust her?

## Cosmos Clouds

To take a chance—a new romance  
He's willing to venture  
But loyalty, the stumbling stone  
Prevents a new adventure.

### IN THE GARDEN

The young live dreams in innocence,  
The aged, oft in apprehension;  
Within each, their own intention  
Privately, one experience.

Only shared, two become as One  
Separately, alone in fear,  
The dream shattered, now a nightmare,  
Dawning morn denies the Union.

I wandered into fantasy  
Encountering you quite by chance,  
Confirmed within that second glance,  
Shared dreams; life, love, eternity.

Come fly with me, come be my love,  
Soar with me in the sky above;  
Sail with me on the deep blue sea,  
Come be my love, ok, Tami?

Within the garden of life—too oft mundane by  
practicality—  
Missed sometimes amid choking weeds of rituality,  
Love's lonely emissary, toward the heavens strives  
As you my love, so it is with the Bird of Paradise.



Wear this ankh, as I wear mine  
Symbol of our growing love.

The sea, through the passage of time,  
Remains constant, ever changing—  
Eternal and boundless energy.

## Cosmos Clouds

May our love deepen  
May it become as the sea,  
Peaceful, sometimes calm, yet  
Also host of raging storms,  
But always, always the Sea.



When I see a rose I think of you,  
With it's sweet scent that's heavenly sent;  
Ambrosial nectar for the few.

Thorns stand guard over her precious virtue,  
Petals softly, petals so gently;  
When I see a rose, I say, "I love you."

### **TWO SOULS**

Two souls—separate  
United—One in harmony  
Two—one in Two-Thousand:  
Come, celebrate matrimony

Lives—once lived alone  
Now joyfully joined together  
With a Love that binds  
Lives—two Souls as One forever.

### **EMERALD EYES**

Emerald eyes  
Soft easy smile—divine  
Sensuous moves  
Coyly suggestive

Resistance quickly melts  
From one  
So in control—ice  
Vaporous reality.

Cosmos Clouds

**IN KISSING WE COMMUNICATE**

In kissing we communicate  
Our innermost emotions  
Not in hugs, but through an embrace  
We share our inner notions

Embracing you and tightly too  
Looking into your eyes  
Sweetly kissing in mingled breath—  
Silently, realize.

**DREAM IN AVALON**

In her he saw the glimmer of hope,  
While she the wisp of his flattery;  
A subtle note  
On her he dote  
His sensuous, sweet-whispered inquiry.

Does she risk his tacit allure?  
The dare of adventure in his eyes:  
She's so unsure  
Of what can occur  
Enraptured by what it signifies.

Trapped by life in a wearisome plight;  
Where has all of her ecstasy gone?  
In the dark of night  
A spark of light  
Together dreaming their dreams in Avalon.

Each bound the other by fierce, silent force  
Embraced as one in forbidden fervor;  
They chart their course  
To seek love's source:  
For in this moment, a lifetime to savor.

Cosmos Clouds

**DREAMILY SHE CAME TO ME**

Dreamily she came to me  
    When I least expected  
She offered no explanation  
    —And none I suspected

Who can know the mores of angels—  
    Or the mind of God?  
And when she left that early morn  
    She took with her the cloud.

**DELICIOUS EXTRAORDINARY**

Delicious Extraordinary  
From life's humdrum existence  
Exists in her sensually exquisite  
Kiss—there is no resistance.

Resist the tempting Kiss of fate?  
Alas! My Soul cries out in vain  
Pause at such a moment as this  
—Watch as Fate fades into mundane.

**AFTER THE DANCE**

Intense white fire of my desire  
    Betrays a lonely heart  
A random kiss upon her lips  
    Kindles a smoldering spark

An igniting spark—a flame that starts  
    Her raging inferno—  
Molten Passion from our two hearts  
    Consumes our sanity

For who can know the way love goes  
    After the passing storm  
The dark gives way to the dawning light  
    —Leaving my Soul to mourn.

Cosmos Clouds

**ENRAPTURED**

The magical melody  
Of her seemingly whispered voice  
Perfectly enraptured me.

Deep, intense azure eyes  
Gaze intently and mesmerize  
Sealing my helpless destiny.

The siren's song within my mind  
Sang in my ears deafeningly  
—Stood I staring, stupidly.

Smiling at my silliness  
She pressed the moment mercilessly  
While I stammered helplessly.

Now perfectly content  
Wordlessly, feeling less foolish  
Sat, extending the instant.

The small, still voice of my heart  
Tearfully pled with rationale,  
Who would keep us apart.

I reached for her hesitantly  
Though she faded from my sight  
—Illusionary insight.

Through time my mind replays  
The hopelessness, repeatedly  
Increasing my insanity.

Forevermore cursed with  
Desperate, unrequited love  
—Is life's cruel fate whereof.

**ASTRAL CONTACT**

The night was calm and clear, the hour late  
—the stroke of midnight at hand;  
Too many miles separate my lover (if only in mind) and I,  
The distance days by rail or car, hours by plane,  
Vision of her etched in stone within my mind;  
Vision, many years ago carved in pain and sorrow;  
Carved in love and joy—chiseled by Mentor time;  
The vision accompanies me throughout the waking hours  
And haunts my dreams whenever I dare to slumber;  
A silent friend or fiend? The query posed, unanswered.  
But on this winter night so cold and chill, my body quaking,  
The uncontrolled quivering caused from unfulfilled desire,  
Masked and disguised by Winter's offering.  
At last I lay upon the floor, my humble bed of now,  
(Dare I complain, the ground outside a bidding my presence?)  
And set my mind to the task of elusive sleep once more.  
Lying there in peace and quiet  
Slowing the brain waves to alpha frequency,  
And conceived myself along the ocean shore  
Transfixed in hypnotic trance within the ebbing tide.  
The vision in my mind's eye slowly, overpowering  
'Til the sound of the sea vibrated and echoed my heartbeat  
Resounding from ear to ear enveloping all other sound:  
The tranquil peace.  
The white crested sapphire waves breaking, roiling  
Sweeping along terra cotta coast in rhythmic cadence  
And overhead the ebony sky illuminated by lunar light  
Speckled in myriad stardust.  
In that instant of tranquility  
(When usually visited by nature's harmony)  
The Vision engulfed my being once more  
And denied my sleepless form again,  
Invading the delicately balanced image  
Plundering long sought sleep from my weary mind,  
Ah, my love of yore (and present anguish)  
Returned once more to torment my spirit.  
Pondering the misty, fading vision in deeper concentration  
My Soul vibrations aching, the pain to join unbearing  
Ere soon our two souls as One in unity  
Attuned anew in harmony.  
In that moment of harmonic energy

## Cosmos Clouds

Our souls united.

I traversed the thousand miles that separated our human vessels  
And looked upon you, while you were at work  
Attentive to some poor customer.

I, in my joy and love and wonderment did call out to you—  
    Though you unhearing  
    (Being enraptured upon a different plane).

The contact all but too brief, was broken  
And I, so wide awake did note the hour:  
Ten twenty-two p.m. this fourteenth of March, 1982,  
A Sunday evening forever sculptured in my soul.

### **SHE WHISPERED SOFTLY IN MY EAR**

She whispered softly in my ear  
Proposed that sometime near  
We could get acquainted again  
So her soft whisper began.

It did not take me long to say  
Let's not waste another day  
The night will soon be upon us  
Before the light quickly deserts us.

Through the park we ran in fervor  
Across the grass approached the trees  
And fell and rolled together  
In perfect, blissful harmony.

The love we shared on that day  
Stayed with us throughout our life  
Though we may not be together  
Today, tomorrow in yesterday.

Rarely does one experience  
Cosmos Harmony  
Sadly, she wandered away  
Leaving me in present misery.

Should she today, somehow appear  
I'd leave my present circumstance  
Unabashedly follow her  
No matter what the consequence.

## Cosmos Clouds

Who can know the power of love  
Hidden beneath the present  
Her siren call, could I deny?  
Ringing, constant, incessant.

I soon answered her warning call  
Dropped what I was doing  
'Til we were once tumbling again  
In lust's sweet, silent embrace.

### LOVING HIM

Loving him  
    It isn't easy,  
Loving him  
    For what reason?

There is none,  
    Of course,  
Except loving him;  
    Which, in itself  
    Is its only reward.

And his?  
    His, is her.

### ELOPE

I kissed the Skye a Summer day  
    High atop Colorado  
The westbound Sun enlightened our Way  
    —Our way to El Dorado

Our Kiss that day ignited a Fire  
    —A raging Passion-Fury  
Engulfed our Souls in that moment  
    Metamorphous—penury

The Flame survived throughout the years:  
    Time-tested intensity  
Consumed our lives—our very Souls  
    —Fused our Identity.

Cosmos Clouds

**SILENT, SECRET KISS**

The silent secret kiss I stole from her  
Sparked the fire that seared my soul—Soul Errant  
She could not know the passions it would stir  
The silent secret kiss I stole from her  
But in truth she never did once concur  
Though discreetly her thoughts of me enchant  
The silent secret kiss I stole from her  
That sparked the fire that seared my soul—Soul Errant.

**KISS A FROG**

Wouldn't you like to kiss a frog  
—Out of desperation  
Slipping from the sinking lily pad—  
I cried my lamentation

A princess Angel looking—fell  
From her lofty aerie—  
Kissing me most passionately  
Casts away Siren's spell.

**KISSING ME IN THE WAY YOU DO**

Kissing me in the way you do  
Sends my blood a-boiling  
Touching, tasting all of you  
Has me all a-roiling

I cannot think while on the brink  
This sensuous abyss—  
Of kissing, touching, tasting you  
—Sate my senses.

**TODAY I TOUCHED A FALLING STAR**

Today I touched a falling star  
Against the black of night  
Stood and stared in wide-eyed wonder  
Thinking a pilgrim's plight

## Cosmos Clouds

She smiled and talked suggestively  
Hinted with honey words and looks  
So when I held her in my arms  
Gazed in her eyes expectantly  
–She offered up a grandma kiss.

### **YOU SEE**

We've never parted,  
You and I,  
I and me.  
We merge each moment—though distant.

Do I know you,  
You, I  
I, me?  
The mere exchange of words inadequate.  
You see?

Yet for one brief moment I know you,  
And I;  
And you?

The moment lives on; I thank you.  
For knowing you,  
Know I  
And you.

### **SEEING YOU AGAIN**

Seeing you again—Innocently  
Fires imagination  
Reality becomes a Dream—  
Instant Incarnation

Searing emotions take over  
–Quickly abandon logic:  
Ride the rollercoaster of Love--  
Life—living each moment  
–To Die eternally.

## **Love is Merely a Myth**

Love, he insisted, is merely a myth  
Found only in the Romance magazines  
Or maybe the woman you might live with  
(Then, only for you to use as a means  
So you can have her for you to lay with)  
Certainly in stories of fairy queens.

For me, he continued, lust is all I need  
The driving engine of evolution  
For posterity: to spread my precious seed  
Insure for mankind my contribution  
Self survival through progeny: my creed  
Life, love, lust the ultimate solution!

Love you say, he mockingly replied,  
Tell me, where on earth is your manliness?  
Have you sacrificed it all for her lies?  
For her do you wear an apron and a dress?  
Let me lead you through life and be your guide  
Soon, you will forget all of this foolishness.

Brass! He shouted in rising fury  
Are you so weak you cower like sheep  
When she tells you, come home, do you hurry  
A peck on the cheek when you go to sleep  
You lay awake at night sick with worry  
That the woman you got you cannot keep?

Be a man! Forget those foolish notions  
Of love, you need only frivolity  
Steel yourself against idle emotions  
Arm yourself with masculinity  
Manliness, that's the magic potion  
Machismo, now there's a man's quality!

Whew! I wondered as I slipped away  
Chauvinism is alive and well  
In fact thriving in its own special way;  
A man, remember, was once like Tinker Bell  
Whose mama taught him what to think and say  
—Created in him, her own special infidel.

**THOUGHTS OF YOU ARE DRIVING ME MAD**

Thoughts of you are driving me mad  
Wanting you, as bad as can be;  
Thinking and acting dangerously:  
Dare we, boldly, what's been forbade?

Sparks from you—like a launching pad  
Sear my emotions so hotly  
Thoughts of you are driving me mad  
Wanting you: let's be bad—dare we?

**SAW HER LAST NIGHT**

Saw her last night—unexpectedly  
Most innocently  
A quick exchange of pleasantry  
Spoken hurriedly

She turned away and left my sight  
–Kindled flames a burning  
Swooned a moment: flight or fright?  
My Soul aglow—yearning.

**SOME WILL SAY**

Some will say—make atrocious claims  
Especially our friends  
Dare to judge the things we do  
Or what we might intend

But you and I, we know the truth  
Of why and what transpired  
The love we found with each other  
For us both inspired.

Cosmos Clouds

**YOU AND I**

The dazzling light that once did shroud my being,  
Leaving me struck dumb in wonderment,  
Did signal the passage of I into oblivion.

So now we two, as one, do travel this life,  
And share in one another, nature's harmony;  
From time to time I jot down a verse,  
That with these humble words capture in song  
What you have shown me in that instant.  
Oh, that I did have a way of eloquence  
To share you and me with the world;  
But must be content to savor in idle dreams,  
And walk this journey in your presence  
'Til I be free, this vessel for eternity.

**ONE YESTERDAY**

One yesterday, after these years—  
The day I realized  
She was—is my long lost Soul Mate  
—Secretly idolized

How to untangle our Present  
To prepare tomorrow  
When we two as One together  
Live—loving each other.

**IN THE SHADOW OF ROCKS AND TREES**

In the shadow of rocks and trees  
Under a moonlit sky  
Far from the crowd—the faceless mass  
Alone—you and I

Whispered secrets spoken silently  
Echoes throughout my mind  
The touch; the feel; the smell of you  
—Tonight won't be denied.

Cosmos Clouds

**DREAMWAIT**

I often dreamed that moment when  
    You and I will meet anew;  
I've lived that dream a thousand times,  
    And still the jitters linger;  
My knees are shaking, my heart is pounding,  
    I'm sweating blood profusely;  
In poorly-hid anxiety, I await the day  
    The night the Dream begins;  
The sun has risen, another day,  
    Another hour closer  
'Til soon time rewards my patience:  
    The Moment is now upon us.

**CAROLYN**

Carolyn, are you forbidden to me?  
    From the moment you met me  
    You sparked a fire  
    Of intense desire  
That sears my soul to the utmost degree.

In times past, when I was lonely and free  
    What could we—would be?  
    Our love I aspire  
    I only inquire:  
Carolyn, are you forbidden to me?

I would willingly tempt fate, were we  
    On this to agree,  
    For love to inspire  
    Our souls afire,  
    Between you and me—  
Carolyn, are you forbidden to me?

**CAN TWO WHO ARE SO SEPARATE**

Can two, who are so separate,  
    Direct the course of love  
Will we in our self-importance  
    Lose what's most delicate?

Cosmos Clouds

**HELD YOU FOR A HUG TODAY**

When I held you for a hug today  
—Your body touching me  
I could not help but think that You  
And I were meant to be;

Can two, who are so Separate  
—Apart from each other  
(One Afraid, the other Reckless)  
Grow to be their Lover?

I feel the pounding of your heart  
In Rhythm matching mine  
A quickening of my breath betrays  
A Friendship—redefined.

Silently, as I walk away  
Cursing the Chance I missed  
Looking back to you I wonder  
—Courage to steal a Kiss?

**SAW YOU AGAIN TODAY**

When I saw you again today  
It took my breath away  
For I had forgotten how you  
Hold me in all you do

As I gaze into your blue eyes  
I realize—I do  
Truth comes to me so forcefully  
How I do—I do love you.

**IN HER HE CAME TO SEE**

In her he came to see—to dream  
To imagine: Desire  
Too long lost in the passage of time  
Lost on life's funeral pyre

Cosmos Clouds

Desire deadened over time:  
Frozen from icy stares  
Uninspired performances  
–One who no longer cares

In her his hope kindled anew  
Flickering burning flames  
Feverish hope, now desire  
His soul, his heart she claims.

Can love be claimed so easily  
So effortlessly  
From the drivel that was my life  
–From the cold of my wife.

**MINE—YOURS**

Mine  
(These are mine)

Yours  
(Those are yours)

Ours  
(They're ours)

Mine?  
(Which are mine?)

Yours?  
(Which are yours?)

Ours  
(They're ours)

Mine  
(Those are mine)

Yours?  
(Which are yours?)

Ours  
(They're ours)

Mine  
(And these are mine)

Cosmos Clouds

**LORA LEA**

Lora Lea, that Grand, lost illusion of past,  
When love was simple, and life not threatening;  
We laughed the laugh of love and knew no pain,  
Lora Lea, the Vision still haunts my dreams of today.

Life came on like a wave of the shifting sea  
And swept us past our innocence;  
Caught now in the throes of drudgery  
Lora Lea gone, sifted through the sands of time.

Lora Lea, that Grand, lost illusion of past,  
And what of days of carefree happiness?  
Unsung songs of joy, easy tranquil loving times?  
Lora Lea, the Vision still haunts my dreams of today.

As the twilight of life approaches, doomed in time,  
My once perfect stature, now crippled and bent,  
Stumbling astray in the graveyard of failing memory.  
The whispers of long lost Lora Lea scent my breath.

Lora Lea, that Grand, lost illusion of past,  
When love was simple and death not threatening,  
We laughed the laugh of love and will again,  
Lora Lea, the Vision awaits me now.

**FRUITS OF LOVE**

Who can know the fruits of Love  
    'Cept he who wages all  
Forsake his friends—his family  
    No price too great or small

Fruits of love soon spoil in season  
    Cast a sickly pallor  
The cost of love—a love gone wrong  
    —Hides behind his valor.

**MESMERIZED BY YOUR AZURE EYES**

Mesmerized by your azure eyes  
—Contemplating Me  
My mixed-up words tumbling forth  
Betray poorly hid Anxiety

The Want in me—the Need in you  
Defines dichotomy  
The day the night the stars burned out  
Secured our Destiny.

**STARING INTO AZURE EYES**

While staring into azure eyes  
—Talking to each other  
Wistful Words cannot hide what lies  
Poorly hidden—Lover?

Thoughts of love masked behind our words  
—Gaze unabashedly  
Stumbling, stammering foolishly  
—Not so self-assuredly

Love lingers below the surface  
Colors every Comment—  
Exposing each secret Purpose  
—Alas! Lost Love's Lament.

**YOUR AZURE EYES**

Your azure Eyes—that haunts me so  
Whenever I see you  
Sparks a deadly ache within my Heart  
—Shrouds a mournful gloom

I cannot help but Dream of you  
—the night the Day began  
To hold and hug and kiss you so—  
Ecstasy redefined again.

Cosmos Clouds

**AZURE EYES LOOKING BACK**

Azure eyes looking back at me  
Disrupt my train of thought  
Stuttering stammering while you  
Secretly smiling—exalt

Too easy for you—a woman  
To toy with my emotions  
Too hard for me to walk away—  
Trapped by Eros' potions.

**AZURE EYES WHILE I STARE**

Azure eyes looking back at me  
While I stare unabashedly;  
We think of love and talk of life  
Words that mask hidden thoughts  
Words that speak little white lies.

**WAS IT IN HER EYES**

Was it in her eyes?  
Those beautiful blue portals to her soul  
That captivated me so!

Staring unabashedly, I wondered—  
And wandered the depths of her inner essence;  
Piqued in her presence.

It was in her eyes!  
There for a moment I glimpsed her soul  
And forever lost my own.

**ACCESS**

Portal to erotic passion:  
Her sweet, sensuous Kiss—  
Expression of love—  
To a Realm of exultuous bliss.

## Cosmos Clouds

Lust—heightened awareness of Love  
Seductively defines  
Limits and extends shyness  
To Bold, outrageous Designs.

### **ALONE—TOGETHER**

More beautiful than I recall  
Gazing into your eyes  
I wonder—ponder Life's deceit  
Is it—was it all lies?

Lies for truth I'd gladly exchange  
—Share another moment  
While we laugh, talk and pretend—  
For once—we're not alone.

### **AFTER SO LONG**

After so long, to see you again  
Today, takes my breath away  
I'd forgotten—how could I forget?  
How your soul once touched mine.

The sight of you, the sound of you  
—To smell you like I do  
I dream to reach and touch and feel  
Your body next to mine.

For now these thoughts—thought secretly  
But soon the time will come  
When you and I will feel the flame  
—The flaming fire of love.

### **WHENEVER I PERCHANCE TO THINK**

Whenever I perchance to think  
A passing thought of you  
A smile that can not be hid  
Announces: I love you!  
If thoughts had wings—could fly to you

## Cosmos Clouds

You too, would know my mind  
But no, they're left for words to say  
—Oft, meaning left behind.

### **TO SEE**

We've never argued, you and I,  
I and me,  
We merge each instant, though distant.  
Do I know you, you me, I me?  
The mere exchange of words, inadequate,  
You see?  
Yet one brief moment I know you,  
And I  
And You.  
The moment goes on eternally.  
I thank you,  
For knowing you, know me.

### **TOO OFTEN TWO SOUL MATES**

Too often two Soul Mates—separate  
—Cruel paradox of life  
Too late they discover each other—  
While Bound to another.

Souls lost in confusion  
Stunned by the realization  
That Love—the elusive notion  
—Hopeless aberration.

### **TWO SOULS AS ONE**

Can two souls as one separate  
When one must be away?  
By choice, or duty (or jail, perhaps?).

Hearts that twine together  
Though distanced far apart,  
Still ache and yearn in concert  
In one another's heart.

## Cosmos Clouds

The song is sung in harmony  
(The song that's old as time)  
Of love and joy and happiness  
When two as one are joined.

Pine the time while he's away  
Treasure the moment together;  
But always as one, we two:  
Two souls as One are we.

### **THE LOOK SHE GAVE BRANDED HIS SOUL**

The look she gave branded his Soul  
–Enflamed expectation  
Emboldened, looked into her eyes  
Smiling—with implication

Hesitation killed the Moment  
–Swiftly passing from sight  
Another rarity was lost—  
At the Altar of Light.

### **FRIEND**

My Soul, O Soul! Where hast thou gone?  
Timeless vacuum haunts my every step;  
Lost in this haze, aimlessly I drift  
Without purpose in life, my direction wanting.

Arduous tutor, yet your patience with me unyielding  
As you strove to teach me lofty worthiness;  
But stubborn are the carnal ways of man.

Reluctantly I await the light you promised me,  
Constancy learned, now put to practice;  
With undying faithfulness I muse your return.

My Soul, O Soul! For joy I sing of thee.



## Cosmos Clouds

Reluctantly, my Soul returned this dawn,  
From its myriad journey of distant spheres;  
Imagine my joy!

Hand in hand he guides me through the day,  
To comfort my sorrows, share in my happiness;  
Lend me a hand as I surely must stumble,  
Love as no other lover I've had.  
As the day draws to a close, though I delay as I must,  
To share once more in being together;  
Departed, alone, I struggle the night,  
Ponder the encounter, in hope of recurrence.

### **IF NOT NOW**

When I was young and full of life  
A girl stole my heart and became my wife  
We laughed and played and cried for years  
We loved each other in joy and tears  
'Til came a day  
We went our separate ways  
And life for me became empty and gray.

She goes on as happy as a lark  
For me, no joy, as she still has my heart.  
Friends may come and go all my life  
But there's no one who can replace my wife;  
And when I die  
I know she and I  
Will be together without having to wonder why.

### **I'VE DIED A HUNDRED TIMES**

I've died a hundred times before  
    The sanctioned Requiem  
The curse of life the kiss of death  
    Echoes throughout my mind

Can love evade the likes of me  
    Another time again  
Or should I sail another sea  
    And hope my ship comes in?

**FROM THE MOMENT I MET HER**

From the Moment I did meet her  
—A certain chemistry  
I lost my heart and found my Soul  
—Dangerous dichotomy

She did her best to discourage me  
—Love, not to be denied  
So, can the hound resist the Fox  
—Chase, left me behind.

Driven by pursuit of Passion  
Gladly, took up the chase  
Without encouragement from her  
—Race of Love I embrace.

**SECONDS SEEM ETERNAL**

First, the seconds seemed eternal  
Moments before she left  
Then Time tumbled through my mind:  
Nothing—was all she said

Silently I pondered the Day  
During the lonely night  
Wondered my Stay—Infinity  
—Mourned the Loss of Finite.

**IT'S NO FRIVOLITY**

Amara, it's no frivolity  
—Feelings I have for you  
I can't explain what happened when  
I first encountered you:

Quickened breath, a fluttering heart  
My foolish stammering  
Stood there, standing though apart

## Cosmos Clouds

Eclectic enduring  
Gazing into your azure eyes  
I glimpsed your secret Soul  
From that moment, I realized  
I lost my heart and Soul

You try to pass it off as trivial  
My infatuation  
I cannot explain how you bring  
Me Exhilaration.

## HOLLOW HUNT

Silently she cried out to me  
Though I heard nary a word  
She desperately so wanted me—  
So I thought—Wistfully

The hound gave Chase across the field  
His fevered brain awry  
Hormonal thrust drove him Wild  
—Though the fox stood nearby.

## SOUL

In the looking-glass I saw you  
And love did swell my heart;  
I live each day for you, to you I give,  
And pray the morrow for some new thought  
Or deed, that by my giving  
I may share I with you.

## SHE WAS PLAYFUL

She was playful, quite fun to be with  
The night, the morning we met  
Easy to see she enjoyed herself—  
It was fun and yet...

Passionate—how else to describe  
The way she loved—  
Intense Desire—her every move  
Emotionally inscribed.

**STUMBLED ONTO REALITY**

Your azure eyes—looking at me  
    While I Stare—stupidly  
Bares my Soul—my Intimacy  
    Hidden secrets—privately

Whenever I perchance to think  
    –Do I dare fantasize?  
How you and I—basic Instinct  
    –Seductive Azure Eyes

Into danger—blindly wandered  
    Through some dark mystery maze  
While I perceived my fantasy  
    –Stumbled onto Reality.

**CAN LOVE EXIST**

Can Love exist outside of Passion  
    –Without intensity?  
A Judas Kiss upon the lips  
    Defies reality

Bitter cold cuts the bone marrow  
    As wind slices the Heart  
Sky gray hides the whiteness of snow  
    –On the morrow we part.

**TOO LONG DENIED THE GIFT OF LOVE**

Too long denied the Gift of Love  
    By one with hollow words  
Words of love bereft of works  
    Words of habitual

A simple peck upon the cheek  
    —Neo Intimacy  
A careful hug—replace embrace  
    Polite diplomacy

## Cosmos Clouds

Lost pearls of passionate fury  
Linger within my mind  
Wonders Magical Memory  
—Imagination's find

To relive one lost Memory  
Becomes my obsession  
Driven to irrationality  
—Passionate possession.

## LOYALTY AND PASSION

Swept up in the raging current  
—Soul's Torrid emotions  
Loyalty wars with rising Passion:  
Love's chaotic notions

Incessantly he's drawn  
Against all Rationality  
Unknowingly to her  
He's lost his objectivity

Moths circle 'round the candle flame  
Each in turn—fiery burn  
Knows the fate that surely awaits—  
He too, circles the pyre.

## I CAME UNDER HER SPELL

Last year I came under her spell  
Quite unexpectedly  
For all I wanted was some help  
At first, reluctantly

She touched a secret part of my Soul  
Previously concealed  
Humanized intimate feelings  
—Truths brutally revealed.

**LOST LACONIC PROMISES**

Love's lost laconic Promises  
    Whispered when we were young  
Dwell deep within my mind's darkness  
    Songs of Love—left unsung

Erosion of Time takes its toll  
    Casts its shadow over  
Dimly remembered Melodies  
    —Warps my mind's Memories.

**When You Look at Me**

When you look at me while I look at you  
    Do you think Thoughts of me  
    Like Thoughts I think of you?

The blue of eyes meet Eyes of Blue  
    —Yawing Portals of the Soul  
Bare unspoken shrouded emotions  
    Privately—in control?

Lest we surrender to Ardor  
    —Honor and Loyalty:  
Fail to remember Another  
    —'Tis our Fatality.

Yet, towards Passion we two hasten  
    —To Share with one other  
Intimately—both You and I  
    —We Soul Mates—now Lovers.

**AFTER SO LONG**

After so long, to see you again  
    Today, takes my breath away  
I'd forgotten—how could I forget?  
    How your soul once touched mine.

The sight of you, the sound of you  
    —To smell you like I do

## Cosmos Clouds

I dream to reach and touch and feel  
Your body next to mine.

For now these thoughts—think secretly  
But soon the time will come  
When you and I will feel the flame  
—The flaming fire of love.

### **MIRACLE OF TIME**

The miracle of Time  
Gently heals a self-shattered Soul  
Who's Loss he leaves behind

The wilderment of Touch  
Soon soothes his pain of heartfelt loss  
Shrewdly, she sensed as much

Can two recapture Love  
Love lost, lost so long, long ago  
Love's elusive motive

Silently, two Souls hear  
The Spirit groan its desire  
Births the death of our fear

Two in Heart and Soul now One  
Discover the Secret of Life:  
Unity bound in Love.

### **COMMUNION**

Lost at last within your body and soul—  
Your touch is mine, your breath is mine,  
Your body is mine, as we lie in one another:  
Cease I to exist.

Only a memory now, as time will not be stopped;  
As you lie sleeping I make to depart  
And stoop to kiss and watch you in peace;  
Brushing tears from my eyes, I bid adieu  
Knowing that all I have is a memory  
Though a memory is more than nothing.

**WAS FATE THAT INTERVENED**

Was Fate that intervened that day  
That day in mid July  
When she was thrust into my life  
Without me knowing why

The sun that sets with splendid colors  
Set that evening for me  
And like the setting sun she brought  
Meaning into my life

Prismatic colors replace the gray  
Of life's monotony  
Sounds of laughter from her children:  
Angelic symphony

Lo, time has ground and crushed the life  
From unsuspecting prey  
Love restores our vitality  
Renews us every day.

**THOUGHTS OF HER**

Sitting here late one lonely night  
–Thinking sweet thoughts of her  
These thoughts of her that sear my Soul–  
Of her and no other

Time stands still as I think of her  
Of how things might have been  
In another time she and I–  
What we could have fashioned!

**Juste Milieu**

My darling, the wonder of my dreams  
(The fascination of my fantasy)  
Through thoughts of you night and day endlessly  
I gladly suffer emotions extremes.

## Cosmos Clouds

Accept I pray, this humble gift of love  
In the joyful, loving spirit proffered,  
So I, in my hopes, dreams and trials endured  
Come to cherish above all, you, my love.

Wear this ankh, this symbol of life and love,  
Of eternal binding of our two souls,  
As I wear mine so all the world can know:  
My decree to you, my undying love.

## ON LOVE

Again, I attempt the song of love  
Before my pen fails me.  
These humble words will never adequately portray  
This life-giving energy—the spark, the fire of love.  
The mighty bridges collapse in insignificance  
To a moment of love.  
And once the fire rages, who's to put it out?

My pen it seems, fails to convey my thoughts;  
Ah, as if mere words could describe the fire of love.

## WINTERS SUN

A winter's sun no longer warms  
A matron's frigid heart  
Too long immersed in sympathy—  
Once tenderness—now hard

A loving touch fails to kindle  
Cold cinders—residue  
A sidelong glance from him perchance,  
But no, this too, she'll refuse.

## ANGRY MATRON STRIKES

An angry matron strikes at me  
Coiled in frustration  
With vicious words and bitter barbs  
Complete castigation

## Cosmos Clouds

Hacking bits of love along the way  
Her right to express herself—  
Consequence is not what she thought:  
Alone now, by her self.

### **PACKING HER THINGS TO LEAVE**

It's Love she insisted one night  
Packing her things to leave,  
Doesn't matter who's wrong or right  
—Only that I am free;

Free to soar the heavens above  
Seek my identity  
To find my way independently  
—Found at last—lost in love.

### **WALKED OUT ON**

Within the dimming light of dusk  
My Soul has lost its way  
The way of love intensified  
Judas-friends betray

Who can know of the way of Love  
When lost within your mind?  
As former friends who vilified  
—Trust: now newly defined.

### **INTRIGUE SHE SAID**

Intrigue, she said, in disbelief  
Is not my cup of tea;  
The knife you see that's in your back  
Is only imagery

She's my good friend until the end  
Don't you dare preach to me  
I'll live my dream and fantasy  
—In spite of my good friend.

**IT'S LOVE SHE INSISTED**

It's love she insisted as she withdrew the knife  
From my back, watching color slowly drain from me—  
“For you,” she said, “I would willingly give my life.”  
It's love she insisted as she withdrew the knife  
No greater love for a man than that of his wife  
She said, though I barely heard the words so faintly  
It's love she insisted as she withdrew the knife  
Again, at last, watching the life recede from me.

**BEFORE I LEFT**

Before I left, she looked at me  
—Asked if I needed her;  
Stood looking back in private thought  
Lied again—why bother?  
  
Stood wordlessly—she walked away  
—Lost opportunity  
Can't even say a clever cliché  
—Instead, stand stupidly.

**LOVE, SHE INSISTS**

Love, she insists,  
Could never resist  
One such as She  
So naturally lovely.

Pride,  
He replied,  
Would keep him aside  
(Although he lied).

Once before,  
(Who's keeping score?)  
Rules to ignore  
The white she wore.

## Cosmos Clouds

This time it's different,  
It couldn't be more evident  
He'll be independent;  
—Maybe, even obedient!

### **A SINGLE KISS**

A single kiss upon his lips  
Sealed his fate forever  
She did not know the seeds she sowed  
—Won for her a lover

She did not plan another man  
In her life—why bother?  
Such is her fate—he cannot wait  
Her—a newfound lover.

### **LOVE LOST**

Love lost—lived in Obscurity  
—No Harlequin Romance  
Life in ethereal Reality  
Soon Fears to take a chance

Fading Identity  
Amidst creeping Insanity  
Loses touch with Reality  
Life—Rationality—  
Love: Soul's Vitality.

### **ONE NOVEMBER DARKENING NIGHT**

One November darkening night  
Before the break of day  
The winter cold was in the air  
A long way from Monterey

Love as they both could understand  
Was not the life they lived  
So pressure of expectation  
Would not let them forgive

## Cosmos Clouds

Without, the mounting stress within  
Quickly kills a fragile love  
Love it seems too precious to lose  
The loss the more we mourn of

Mourning will not bring back our love  
Nor restore the magic  
Death in all its finality:  
We'll pay our final debt.

### THE LOVE

The giving and receiving of love is strange, indeed,  
For which is greater is the topic of many volumes of  
verse;  
Love given is reaped ten times over in greater intensity,  
And immediate rewards satisfying to the ego;  
And who can question the growth in the capacity to give,  
And shudder in the pain of that growth?  
But I marvel in the love my Soul gives to me,  
And live each day for that love and no other;  
The fire deep within me, burning bright continuously,  
Fueled each moment by the unlimited love of my Soul,  
Breathes life in me undying, twain with love forever.

For as I love him, and he I, together alone we travel  
Life's road, and meet the challenges with each other.

### MORNING GLORY

Should I tell you of this morning's splendor?  
But you of course, already know.  
As I did happen through the fields to wander  
Without direction, with time to spare,  
Did witness in nature and marveled greatly—  
This pink-white rose in bloom,  
Boasting petals in such brilliant color.  
I stopped to gaze upon this wonder;  
This moment I bring to share with you,  
Because we two, as One, perceive its emphasis.

**DREAM BECAME LIKE A NIGHTMARE**

His dream became like a nightmare  
    The morning of the day  
When his evening's prism shattered  
    Was tricked by dawn—betrayed

The vast array of brilliant light  
    —Her prismatic splendor  
Soon consumed by the rising sun  
    —Death through Reality.

**ICY COLD GRIP OF WINTER**

Icy cold grip of Winter's wrath  
    Exposes Summer's folly  
In who was thought the gift of love  
    Now, mere melancholy

The joy of love quickly passes  
    In the coldness of time  
Time lost in love leaves memories  
    —My mind's treacherous crime.

**PARTING**

The starless, cloudy dark this day  
Bodes ill portend tonight  
She silently bids me adieu  
And drifts away in the night

Drifts 'til I can no longer see  
The sweet smile on her face  
That burns an everlasting image  
In my mind—erased.

Cosmos Clouds

**AT THE END OF THE DAY**

Together we toiled the day 'til dark  
And felt the sun beat down on my back;  
Feel the blisters on my hands,  
My aching joints and tired muscles.

The day now over, the night begun,  
You, my comfort and source of love.

Come, I bid, and stay awhile,  
Speak of you, and I of me;  
Share together our joy and sorrow.

I give of me to you:  
My humble offering.

**IN THAT MOMENT**

A mother fears the fate her wayward son conceiving,  
And prays the day and night in anguish.  
Her precious, fragile link with him now fractured,  
Torment and strife take their toll: her heart now  
weakened;  
Gentle loving care turned bitter with apprehension.

My soul reaches out to her in desperation, feebly,  
Tenderly, with understanding we silently communicate;  
For one brief moment our souls in accord—  
Unite and share in one another,  
Lost in time, our weary troubles soon forgotten,  
And in that narrow encounter we discover the mystery of  
love.

## Cosmos Clouds

# SOULSPACE

## Cosmos Clouds

Cosmos Clouds

**COME I THROUGH HISTORY**

Think of all the mighty cities of the past  
At their height and glory in splendor;  
And all the knowledge the world has  
Accumulated through the ages, mentor.

Think once more of puissant art norms:  
Ageless verse and priceless prose;  
Magnificent paintings and sculptured forms;  
Wealth of creativity in every venture flows.

These and more through the passage of time  
Converge each moment in progressive degree;  
Peak as kindled spark that instant sublime  
Emerges my soul in perfect cosmos harmony.

**INSTANCE NOW**

Instance now  
    That lifelong learning  
    Experienced then;  
When too oft  
    Too long forgotten  
    In the contrails of time;  
Forgotten  
    In present's prevailing moment  
    'Til when that moment wakens

Converging history:  
In this instant emerging.

**LOOK TO TUESDAY**

Look to Tuesday—forget the Past  
    My Soul cried out to me  
A bit—a morsel she'll dole out—  
    Some think—reluctantly

Denuded Dreams—fade dreamily  
    Night before the mourning  
Does Death reclaim souls gone astray?  
    —Her silent, mortal warning?

**CURSED BE LEINBACH**

Dreadfully,  
The scenario unfolds before my eyes  
    —My life relived in its entirety.  
How many times must I experience this  
    Tremulous spectacle?  
Fancied at first —relishing each incident;  
Lost, however, in the myriad undertaking.  
Repeatedly dying, only to live anew.  
    Cursed be Leinbach!  
His mathematics all too absolute:  
Dying in itself veritable eternity.

Traverse the veil, my only fantasy!

**PASSING QUERY**

From whence come we, ever so far?  
The wandered hills; the mountain looms before.  
Courage confirmed, strife overcome!  
Into this valley, dare the mountain?

The heat of the fire so close to the Soul—  
Charred sentiments in wake of the throe.  
Ah, my love! The victims number thousands  
    (Nay, tens of ten-thousands!)  
And for those who emerge:  
    Essence, in all finality.

**SAFETY CEDER**

To be with her, I died one day  
    —Alone, buried my Soul  
—Surrendered Singularity  
    For her Normality

Soul's lost Passion signals the end:  
    Individuality—  
Exchanged for Mediocrity  
    Lost in Obscurity.

(In Conformity—hides Safety.)

Cosmos Clouds

**A BEACON BE**

The shifting tides of cumulus waves failed to dim the radiant glow;  
Cerelescent backdrop reflecting luminous majestic aura  
Pristine light illuminating brightly effervescent presence;  
Sharply focusing vision's sight—once dark and narrow.  
The pure white light descending from beyond astral apogee  
Bathed my essence sublime, piercing deeply within  
Skiving age-worn, time-infused systems entrapping my mind;  
    Long since shrouding my Soul in darkened depression  
    deep;  
    (Encased in sightless wandering—aimless drifting  
    aqueous flux—  
    Lost in the settling dust of the mindless herd.)

The Song of Light echoed loudly within soundless cerebral chambers  
Cleansing mired thoughts of murky self estrangement  
And separateness, long-learned through lifetime anointed.  
Fear and darkness once plagued my weary Soul,  
Replaced now eternally by the serene prismatic power of the  
    Light,  
Engulfing my Soul with the potency of new-found perspective:  
    No longer alone seeking identity through separate means  
    Effacing others to maintain and fortify such a flimsy  
    façade.

Drawn now nearer the simple truth revealed in blinding intensity  
No longer an alien unit caught midstream in a fruitless search  
    But rather an inherent component of the Universal  
    Brotherhood.

As One, not separate, the Love (the bond that binds together  
Brother/Sister souls incarnate as myriad elements of One,  
    To learn anew the hard lesson deprived of quondam  
    knowledge)  
The slow process of consciousness evolvment to love  
The darkness lit by solitary few to bear the torch  
Awashed in and absorbed by the omnipresent Light.

Can so few lead so many who lack the vision sublime?  
Who, caught up in mindless struggle of daily meager existence

## Cosmos Clouds

Blind to the power of Love of the Light beyond their sight  
Within their grasp—if only to reach.

Freed of shackles—the scars still stain my form—  
Free to the Astral spheres beyond the celestial orbs  
Contained no longer to space and time.

Transforming planes through diverse modes of existence  
Experiencing at once the past, present and future  
Within a moment—a moment spent in eternity.

Aye! But I am the lesser for not having shared  
And through these meager words impart a shred of lucency  
Through which, perhaps, a bit of darkness dissolved.

### **PURLOINED PROMISES**

Purloined Promises shape a stolen life  
—Bears no consequence  
Ransomed love Births life-long misery  
—Bereft of Innocence

False happiness soon turns bitter  
Sorrow breeds contempt  
Love ruthlessly sacrificed—price of pride  
No one long stands exempt.

### **CRUX DEFINED**

The depth of darkness which my Soul  
Plunged into the night  
The shadow of gloom, obscured the light;  
Loneliness, again, is all I know.

I sought the living in this nocturnal vast,  
Downward my melancholy flight;  
The faceless throng I probed without sight  
Plagued once more: horrors of the past.

Upward-turning, I glimpsed the stars,  
Dazzling heaven's expanse,

## Cosmos Clouds

Radiating brilliance beckons me where I canst;  
Each step I venture, cripples resistance's hold.

One star above, more brilliant than all,  
Toward it I guide my course  
    Tempo quickening, yet wary my step—  
Time enough to greet the dawn.

### **ASTRAL FLIGHT**

From the top of the mountain, removed from the city,  
Where the air is thin and cold, burning my lungs,  
The stillness of quiet echoed through my mind;  
The whisper of leaves and grass  
Caused by a soft, stirring breeze  
Lay softly on my ears and focused my being.  
At once without, yet within, a fragment—the sun;  
And whilst I experienced the whisper,  
The sun shone brighter, but no warmer;  
Within the glow, my Soul rejoiced,  
Singing songs of eons past and future;  
Freed of time and space, I soared the ether.  
Imagined myself in another age—and was there;  
Imagined myself in another space—and was there;  
    Imagery? Nay, but reality.  
The cosmos blended, constricting in increasing velocity:  
The song of ancient muses filled my spirit  
As my Soul merged in cosmic unity.

My Soul and I in astral flight  
Viewed the passing pastoral pageant below  
And marveled at the sight.  
The pain; the love; the misery; the happiness;  
Perfectly balanced, each a part of the whole.  
And all, all that was, is, will be: perfect harmony  
    Bonded in Love.

**PHANTASY SOUL-FLIGHT**

Along the surface the dust filled winds stir Earth's meager offering,  
As the lifeless mass sways to and fro in rhythmic cadence,  
Scattered few, remnants of past libertine dreams—  
Wearily stand watch in hopeless vigilance,  
Mindless as one to the luminous distant horizon;  
Within the diffidence emerged my soul in flight.  
The expanse of the stars captured my wandering gaze,  
The hue of the horizon crept nearer as I marveled—the sight.  
The orbal aura pulsed my very being as I soared past,  
Stimulating such sensual solutions, exceeding expectations.  
In quivering exaltation I set my course to the edge of the  
universe,  
For time thwarts my increscent vision no more.  
In pursuit, I converged upon the limit of eternity  
Cautioned no more by mortal fear,  
With celestial celerity I approached the timeless curve—  
Through the mist I plunged, in cosmos harmony.

I

Having slipped once more into the dismal abyss  
Of fear, ignorance and microscopic perspective,  
And having suffered years, nay, eons of pain,  
The time has come  
To take up once again my Phantasy Soul Flight.  
When at last I knew my soul-twin,  
Unable to cope,  
I fled and hid in fear.

Swept by the tide of eternity in perfect tonal harmony  
We spanned the time and space of all that is, was, to be;  
The peace and joy of experiencing oneness,  
So engulfed my Soul and me  
That I lost my identity in the love of One—  
Freedom at last, through surrender.

Mergence dimmed, our souls now separate,  
I once again experience the illusion of time.  
My soul-twin gone—another dimension.  
Left alone, but not lonely.

## Cosmos Clouds

The instant gone,  
But forever etched in ether.

### II

At the base of the mountain, on the way up,  
In the stillness of nature, experiencing it all,  
The sun shining bright in a cloudless sky,  
In a burst of light my Soul came I.  
United as One, my Soul and I,  
Two souls as One, in perfect harmony.

We soared together in cosmic bliss  
Vibrations attuned as One;  
To the stars and beyond, to the edge of the universe,  
In a twinkling of a moment we are there.  
At once we are there and here and there:  
One with the cosmos, if only fleetingly.

In that moment of cosmic unity,  
The moment merged in time past, to come and present,  
My Soul and I reliving, experiencing anew  
All that was, all that is, all to be.

The moment passed, as it always does,  
Two souls united, now apart.  
We walked and conversed in mind as One  
And soon my Soul departed me  
For another time and space;  
To return again, I know not when.

### **MARBLED MEMORIES**

Marbled memories wither in time  
Leaves a lonely wintered heart  
What could have been is often mourned  
–Clouds this moment apart

Mocking echoes thunder in my mind  
–Contrast learned perception  
Wondering the present moment  
–The Past's Future's inception.

**JOURNEY**

I

My Soul bid I, accompany She to life in a region remote,  
We embarked together, my Soul and I to see what I could never  
see;  
At midday when the sun was at its zenith  
We commence our journey, setting our course toward the  
celestial orb;  
The intensity of the heat became unbearable to my mortal  
senses,  
And my Soul commanded me the sleep of the living dead.

II

I came to life, dwelling in a city renowned—  
Of such magnificence as never encountered by me;  
Stunned by its beauty, I could only stare in awe  
As I dumbly wandered the streets.  
Marveling: the perfect geometric harmony in evidence;  
City streets were spotlessly clean and adorned with luster;  
Prompted, I said, “Soul, can this be the City of God?”  
Pensively, with much reluctance, my Soul replied,  
“Search beyond thy vision farther to see  
Inhabitants of such perfect equality no difference exists;  
They live their lives knowing one another’s thoughts and deeds;  
No crime, nor evil can be;  
Change can’t be when same exists;  
This lifeless city, actually dead.”

III

As in a trance to the ether once more,  
With many stops we traveled the stars above,  
Learning and grappling with questions of yore,  
To my consternation the answers avoided my grasp;  
As my weary Soul patiently revealed the truth.  
“Soul,” said I, the hundredth time with no less enthusiasm,  
“I wish of love to know at last, before my journey end.”  
“The only energy,” said She, “to endure eternity.”

IV

The flame of the fire leapt high to the cloudless sky,

## Cosmos Clouds

My Soul, as my guide, encouraged me,  
Fearfully I approached the torrid threshold,  
Littered by numerous charred corpses,  
Swept by the passion of my yearning query—  
Into the blaze I sprang, heedless of the fervid torment.

### **TO NO AVAIL**

“This then,” I cried to no avail,  
From on high  
Atop  
A distant  
Gold-crested mountain ridge,  
“Is the wherefore of how, of when, or why?”  
(Or did I miss the essence of His message?)

The mighty struggle,  
Struggled so valiantly;  
For this dared  
Poseidon’s raging torrent?  
Fought Legion’s  
Legion gallantly;  
Did sacrifice it all in a hasty moment?

Alas! I wished, I swore, and in a panic  
Cursed what I had strived so hard to accomplish.  
Too simple, too easy; more I had expected,  
For it was only love, yea Love, that I had discovered.

### **DEFINING MOMENTS**

Defining moments  
–Hidden through the course of life  
Define the mode  
That determines our course in life

To know the moment  
That defines the course of our life  
To seize at once  
A chance, yeah, to define our life

## Cosmos Clouds

Chance, quickly lost  
Leaves us in mediocrity  
Unless...by chance  
Another moment appears.

### **IMAGINE ME**

Imagine me when she disclosed  
Her secret rendezvous  
For I had thought—envisioned that:  
‘Tis I the one for you!

Hear the Voice of Reality  
My Soul cried out to me  
When will I learn the awful truth  
--Those hard lessons of life?

### **FRIEND**

My Soul, O Soul! Where hast thou gone?  
Timeless vacuum haunts my every step;  
Lost in this haze, aimlessly I drift  
Without purpose in life, my direction wanting.

Arduous tutor, yet your patience with me unyielding  
As you strive to teach me lofty worthiness;  
But stubborn are the carnal ways of man.

Reluctantly I await the light you promised me,  
Constancy learned, now put to practice;  
With undying faithfulness I muse your return.

My Soul, O Soul! For joy I sing of thee.



Reluctantly, my Soul returned this dawn,  
From its myriad journey of distant spheres;  
Imagine my joy!

## Cosmos Clouds

Hand in hand he guides me through the day,  
To comfort my sorrows, share in my happiness;  
Lend me a hand as I surely must stumble,  
Love as no other love I've had.  
As the day draws to a close, though I delay as I must,  
To share once more in being together;  
Departed, alone, I struggle the night,  
Ponder the encounter, in hope of recurrence.

### DESERT WANDERINGS

i

O Soul, my Soul! Birthright born of a Father's kiss: the Breath of  
Life;  
'Lorn, lost lonely.

Wayward in a land—Yea! A proud sea land, Sentry o' the Great  
Gulf (that troubled gulf now afflicting Abram's heirs, later  
lost in a blood-red pool of petropugnacity);  
Cowering in the shadow of the crumbling near-built tower, under  
the darkness of the shadowed light they cast circular charts;  
Stellar positions relieve the guilt of sin—or reduce virtues  
vitality;  
Alas! Amid a people given to such convictions my Soul's  
mournful cry reaches celestial's ear and back to mine inner  
own,  
“Free me from this darkness of error to the Light of recognition!”  
“I am, I am! I am He who leads you out of Chaldees' land;  
I am calling you to better things...Yea! Move along.”  
Along the path of Faith, Move along!

ii

Knight Errant's return to God from mortal fascination  
Merely reflects the history of all humanity: of the world itself.  
Sing now my Minstrel's simple song: cheerfully carol witty  
wonderments;  
Marvel Playwright's ancient drama modern, the Bard's clever  
verse notwithstanding;  
Or prefer perchance, to peruse the tomes of history—reliving past  
in present day?

## Cosmos Clouds

Soul! O Soul! Cast aside your frivolities and climb Jacob's ladder  
rung by rung, higher, ever higher, 'til soon heaven's  
misbound gate emerging dimly dazes blind the Seeker  
(Disrupting Innocents' rising descending ascent back to their  
heavenly homeland)  
Move along.

Mirrored Soul strives at leveling out His Image poorly and seeks  
further on this wellspring futilely;  
Soul in Likeness, Soul in One. Move along.

Millions of years—Aye, eons of desert wanderings—  
Suffering the parched, dry, dusty sands of self-made time  
Often rising and falling joined by brother souls and sister souls  
—accompanied always, by hosts of curious angels—  
While all along guided by tireless Providence out of the samara of  
worldly ways (or my poor perception thereof);  
Passing through this spiraling ring-maze of time, leave behind  
the pain and suffering.  
O Soul! My Soul, grasp this moment in timelessness—yesterday,  
today, tomorrow!  
Converge as One and join the Mystical Body of Christ nearing  
maturity.  
Yeah! Move along.

Departure's pathos plagues my desert wandering  
Echoing through my ever-new upward movement;  
From the letter to the Spirit—  
Yeah! Move along.

Enveloping pressure; that haste inexorably pressing on through  
all that it passing through  
These replayed passions of the macrocosmic adventure;  
My lonely consuming longing to pierce through the image to the  
real is nearly drowned by the tide of the mounting state of  
being seized by the pull and allurements of grace;  
Producing prayerful insight that this endless path in the desert is  
no one else but Christ, the Way.  
That is my Soul Mentor's existence—and mine Originally to  
come;  
O Soul! Move along.

## Cosmos Clouds

### I

On account of certain hidden, mystical reasons I am drawn to  
this desert wandering;  
Like the children of Abraham led out of Egypt, I traverse this  
earthly milieu;  
Making my way through the desert with its fiery serpents and  
scorpions guarding thirsty ground, ground hoarding  
precious little water where there is none.  
Led from the darkness of error to the light of recognition,  
Changing from earthly converse to a spiritual Way of Life.

Come! Come, I say, out of Egypt-land to solitude.

Exodus to that state of life in which by peace and quiet  
Become practiced in the divine laws and imbued with heavenly  
thoughts.  
Yeah! Guided by light, hasten Soul across Jordan to the  
Promised Land;  
Through the fiery grace of baptism to a life according to the  
Word.  
Move along.

Passing through Paradise to that river which makes glad the City  
of God  
My Soul takes unto itself the covenanted heritage.

Don't delay! Or act slowly or lazily but with haste and urgency  
For to go across everything is to fulfill everything that is  
commanded.  
Having put aside all arrogance and arrayed myself with the  
humility of Christ  
I might deserve to complete this pledge of beatitude;  
But even having fulfilled this,  
Forever strive to cross over the things which follow:  
That I might hunger and thirst for righteousness, mourn in this  
world, remain meek that I may reign peacemaker and thus,  
become able to hear the name, "sons of God."  
Lo! Move along.

Make haste, O Soul, to cross over the burden of persecution by  
the power of patient perseverance,  
These things which belong to the glory of virtue.  
Move along.

## Cosmos Clouds

Muse, I wonder, how much repose is found in this Way of  
Wisdom?  
Light of Logos, with its immeasurable flow of grace, my Soul  
thirsts to drink in your Sweetness.

O Soul, tarry not in hiding, but cast aside your neglectfulness and  
clothe yourself in Christ-light.

Thus armed in and with the Spirit take up your desert journey.  
Fear not, O Soul, the desert's loneliness.  
Do not let the solitude of the desert frighten you;  
Share with His other knights the bread of angels.

In a spiritual and elevated sense and understanding follow  
And know that there is more truth in the things that are unseen  
than in the things that are seen,  
For the invisible and spiritual things are closer to God.

Embrace, O Soul, this understanding and follow!  
This is the Way of understanding the truth by which you come to  
God.

Hear! Hear O Soul, the Logos through the window of  
contemplation.

Demonstrating the height of its stature, that while resting on it,  
calls it forth to come outside;  
And, outside of the senses of the body, to be no more in the flesh,  
So that it might deserve to hear the words, "You are in the  
Spirit."  
For the Logos would not otherwise call me next to itself unless it  
were joined to my Soul and we became One Spirit with  
Itself.  
Nor would It call my Soul beautiful unless It saw its Image being  
renewed in me every day,  
Unless It saw that my Soul was capable of the Holy Spirit which  
descended in the form of a dove,  
It would not call my Soul, "My dove."  
Move along.

## II

Whether under the influence of wise counsel or faulting foolish  
advice,

## Cosmos Clouds

The soul has exercise of freedom of choice and the option of  
moving in whatever direction it wants,  
Always, of its own accord.

The forces of karma and destiny shudder and quake in fear lest a  
soul wields the awesome power of its free will.  
Remember Soul, God, our Father, employs the care of angels  
against the snares of demons and against those soulless  
Watchers who seduce men into sin.

O Soul, is this not enough?

The only begotten Son himself, the very Son of God is here!  
He himself defends, he himself carefully tends, he himself draws  
us to himself;  
Through the force and power of the Spirit he “draws all things to  
Myself.”  
See, my Soul, how he not only invites the willing, but draws all.  
Yeah! In speedy swiftness,  
Move along.

Leave the dead to bury their own, but you, you my Soul, follow  
me.  
The management of salvation is not left to chance, the Father is  
not neglectful;  
He himself, not only calls us forth, but also draws us.  
My Soul, O Soul, not only invited by God, but also forced to  
salvation.  
Yeah! Move along.

Consider then, Soul, by what great hope you have been called  
when surrounded by flesh said,  
“Thou didst clothe me with skin and flesh and knit me together  
with bones and sinews.”  
Then, were you describing your own fate,  
Called into that hope from which you fell.

Through the trespass of Israel salvation has come to me.

Dare I say something more mystical?  
In the place of angels who fell, I rise, and in rising will the  
Mystery be entrusted to me.

## Cosmos Clouds

O Soul, the light of the world—you in his place have become Son  
of the Morning;  
And I, of the Seed will be reckoned among the stars of heaven.  
Aye, move along.

### III

O Soul! “My Soul has wandered much.” Through certain stopping  
places, by certain paths,  
My Soul takes its departure from the Egypt of this life and  
wanders the desert so long.

Aye! These things I remember as I pour out my soul,  
Through this timeless, woeful wandering, heavily burdened with  
groaning and sorrow,

Understand what the wanderings of the soul are  
Before it becomes dull, obscured by continued, seemingly  
endless wandering.

Only when my Soul has returned to its repose—its home in  
paradise—

Only then will my Soul be taught more fully and understand  
more deeply the reason for my desert wandering.

Of this Mystery the Prophet said, “Return, O my Soul, to your  
rest; for Yahweh has dealt bountifully with you.”

Meanwhile, O Soul, journey along your way past your stopping  
places (doubtlessly provided for the sake of some benefit)

Where are you going through this desert, O Soul, in your timeless  
wandering?

Did Moses know, himself, where he was going?

Aye, Moses was led by a pillar of fire by night and a cloud by day  
As you, my Soul, are privileged to be guided by the fire of the  
Holy Spirit.

Ascend, O my Soul, and follow the way of grace.

Aye, move along.

Through this wandering journey, O my Soul, stop and rest in My  
mansion—in one of the Father’s many mansions—

And grow more and more illumined

‘Til soon accustomed to bear the brilliance of the true majesty  
that awaits you, O my Soul!

First though, we must wander through the desert and gain  
experience in the commandments of Yahweh.

## Cosmos Clouds

Test, my God, the fiber of my soul, test my faith by bitter-sweet  
temptation;  
And when my Soul has conquered one temptation, serve another  
Then another until the faith of my Soul is proven in it,  
To proceed to another and another, an endless passing as it were  
from one stopping place to the next.

So, my Soul, fulfill that which was written, “They will go from  
virtue to virtue.”

Ascending, always ascending, to the final, indeed to the highest  
level of virtue;  
Thence, my Soul, cross over the river of God into possession of  
the promised inheritance.  
Yeah! But first the journey.  
Move along.

### IV

Having left the safety of my Father’s citadel, that wondrous park  
now lost-hidden east of Venus,  
Carried aloft in ages past by a glorious host of Cherubim,  
My Soul readies myself for the first stage of soul-progress.  
Closely watching, ever mindful of lurking highwaymen, prowling  
predators, fear-inspiring gangs and soul thieves,  
We guard ourselves well.

Dwelling now in tents, the mast pole struck as we ready to move  
along;  
Prepared: always prepared for battle,  
Armed in contemplation and well-stocked in light.

A fear-filled flight south of Fortitude in the face of overwhelming  
odds  
Swiftly flee utter desecration awaiting the unwary,  
Quickly now, strike the tents and load the caravan  
Post the rear-guard and depart the camp  
Not a moment to spare nor a soldier to waste.  
In quick succession we’ve fled the enemy.  
Without folly;  
Without loss.

Quick! To the West!

## Cosmos Clouds

To the West we hurry.  
Through speedy action we've trapped the would-be attackers  
against the cliffs with no escape  
And smote the enemy after fiercely fighting shortly, emerging  
victorious.  
Celebrations. Festive, joyous, rollicking celebrations greet the  
dawn.  
Mine enemy-attackers no more harass my movements  
Nor steal my precious supplies; nor trouble my exposed, often  
vulnerable flanks.

Knight to dawn: it's time to travel on  
Having proved myself strong, daring, courageous and bold in  
battle  
Organized, fleet and cunning in flight.  
Time to travel on; The low-lying place beckons, challenges.  
Time to move along.

For little is proven in prosperity, only in adversity are honors and  
glories won,  
Virtue gained only by struggle and hard work;  
It is the fierce fire of the annealing kiln that tempers strong the  
steel and burns away the sludge.

And so my Soul is cast into the Styx and carried to those in the  
depths of the low places,  
Not to stay, but to overcome and gain victory there.

Camped now at Bitter Waters for a brief respite  
Recalling that the time of progress is a time of dangers.

Where were you, O Soul, when they tried a "dry path through the  
middle of the sea?"  
"Were you with my servant, when encamped in the wilderness of  
Sin?"  
"I Am gave answers?"

And when in Temptation did you recognize the visions?  
Not seldom does the angel of iniquity change itself into an angel  
of light.  
Discern with care and know thy vision  
And act cautiously.  
Utilize, O my Soul, the gift called 'discernment of spirits.'

## Cosmos Clouds

And so my Soul set out from the wilderness and encamped now  
at Health,  
Who, when at Health having grown in the discernment of  
heavenly things sings out  
“Bless Yahweh, O my Soul, and all that is within me, bless his  
holy name.”

“Who heals,” it is written, “all your diseases, who redeems your  
life from the Pit.”  
For my Soul does suffer from greed, indeed the worst;  
And also pride, anger, boasting, fearfulness, inconstancy, weak  
heartedness and the like;  
“When, O Lord Jesus, will you heal my soul from all these  
diseases?”  
So that I too, can make my dwelling place in Health.

Following Health, my Soul becomes blessed with hard work;  
For I might take up my labors with delight and not unwillingly.

“You shall eat the fruit of the labor of your hands; you shall be  
happy, and it shall be well with you.”

After this, my Soul reached Praise of Judgment.  
It is right that my Soul becomes worthy of praise which judges  
rightly and discerns rightly,  
That is, which “judges all things spiritually, but is itself judged by  
no one.”

Proceed, O Soul, to that certain mountainous place in the desert  
Where, after I have become of praiseworthy judgment and begun  
to have right judgment, that is, when given the law by God,  
Begun to be capable of the divine secrets and celestial visions.

From there my Soul ‘comes to the monuments of concupiscence.’  
Where all avidity is extinguished and the flesh no longer desires  
against the spirit.  
Put to death by the death of Christ.

To the perfect courtyards.

Examine more carefully now, O my Wayfarer, what the order of  
perfection is:

## Cosmos Clouds

After you have buried and handed over to death the  
concupiscence of the flesh you will come to beatitude.  
For blessed is the soul which is no longer driven on by the vices  
of the flesh.

After this, a stop is made in Visible Temptation.

What is this! That even where my Soul is making marvelous  
progress temptations are still not taken away from me?

Thus reveals that temptations serve my Soul as a kind of guard or  
protective wall,  
The soul, unless it is tempered by constant temptations  
immediately goes soft and comes apart.

“And to keep me from being elated by the abundance of  
revelations, a thorn was given me in the flesh, a messenger  
of Satan, to harass me.”

O my Soul, then comes to Rapture,  
Struck with astonishment in admiration of great and marvelous  
wonderments.

Where then, my Soul encounters the new Death.  
When I, “die with Christ and are buried with Christ so that I may  
also live with him.”

Yeah! Move along.

## V

For when my Soul has made its way through all these virtues and  
risen to the height of perfection,

I am already passing through and separating from this world.

As it is written of Enoch,

“And he was not to be found, for God took him.”

In no worldly act, in no carnal thing, in no vain conversation am  
I found.

For God has carried my Soul across these things and made me to  
live in the land of virtues.

And finally, the last stopping place is in Western Moab by the  
Jordan,

For this whole course is made for this reason, and run for this  
reason:

To come to the river of God.

## Cosmos Clouds

That I, my Soul, may get very close to the flowing wisdom,  
And be washed in the waters of divine knowledge;  
So that, purified through all this, might deserve to enter the  
promised land.

Aye! Come along.

### VI

For my Soul to get through to these things, I need divine mercy,  
So that I might perhaps, be able, once I have seen the beauty of  
the Logos, to be ignited with a salutary love for him;  
And that he himself, might deign to love a soul of this kind whom  
he has seen to have a longing for him.

“I am the Way.”

I am the way. On this, one must take nothing along, neither  
wallet, nor coat;  
One must travel without even a staff and not have shoes on one’s  
feet.  
For this road has itself the power to supply for all the needs of  
the journey.  
Move along.

Blamelessly does that person walk who “forgets what lies behind  
and strains forward to what lies ahead.  
Who does not look back, who does not turn aside to the right or  
to the left,  
Who does not get lost, does not stand still, does not waste time,”  
But travels on, straining toward the goal.

To seek Jesus is to seek the Logos and wisdom and righteousness  
and truth and the power of God.  
And all of which is Christ.

I put my Soul in your hands forever;  
I make you its guardian, protector and guide.  
Yeah! Move along.

### VII

The just person praises God constantly.  
Sinners, however, praise and confess God only when they receive  
something good from God.

## Cosmos Clouds

“Every day I will bless thee.”

Even in dangers and temptations, he says, I will bless you;  
This means without ceasing.

I am indebted to you for all things;  
That you made me when I was nothing,  
That you made me as I am.  
That you maintain in being what has come to be  
That you care for me each day, both in general and in particular,  
both in secret and openly,  
Even if I do not know it.

But it is not for this reason alone that it is fitting to sing his  
praise without ceasing,  
But also because of the greatness of his glory, because of his  
incorruptible being,  
And that is why I owe Him praise and blessing  
And never ending thanksgiving and adoration, and conscientious  
service.  
Praise be to God!  
Move along.

### **ALL IN AWE**

In this age of electronic marvel and technology,  
My Soul cries out in anguish,  
Identity lost in the mass of humanity,  
For, “Who am I,” troubles no computer, notwithstanding,  
“Your number please, we need to have your number.”

I am, I know, the trees, the sky above, the stars,  
The earth below shudders in rhythm with my emotions,  
Celestial orbs circle the heavens, subject to my whims,  
These and all of creation insignificant to ‘I’  
For they converge each moment with purpose,  
Die and nourish the instant forthcoming;  
I emerge eternally, and they be forgotten,  
Lest I in some distant era bring to life the memory.

Cosmos Clouds

**ELECT—FORGOTTEN**

I never heard a single word  
    Voiced by the Voice of God  
There are some, those holier than I  
    His lofty voice has found  
    —And uttered truths, profound

Elect of His was not His wish  
    —Alas, I'm not chosen!  
Suffer a fate of those of late  
    The freezing of the sun  
    —Melting of Polaris

Left to wander a silent life  
    Wonder oft the meaning  
What does it mean to Save your Soul?  
    Forgotten by His Call  
    —So long Jim, from Yahweh.

**SILENTLY SUFFERING**

He was silently suffering  
    Thursday, alone again  
Surrounded as he was by friends  
    Who knew nothing of him;  
Later, life quickly fled from him  
    And freed his errant Soul

**WINTER SONG**

I was roused from sleep one winter morn  
By the song of the snow as it softly fell.  
In a flash of light, at once I was reborn,  
Was it a minute, an hour? I could not tell.  
Rising, the melody compelling me onward  
Out into the snow I journeyed aimlessly,  
Caught in the rapture of the song of nature,  
We sang together in love and harmony.

Soon the birds and beasts joined in and round  
The music grew louder and echoed afresh;  
The trees and plants came alive at the sound

## Cosmos Clouds

And sang with us our song of love and happiness.  
The snow fell harder the louder we sang,  
'Til soon the earth was enshrined in white,  
The tempo of our song increased and changed,  
Until nothing existed except for the Song and Light.

### **IMAGINED HE, REALITY**

Imagined he, Reality  
Far differently from life  
Which only she could comprehend  
--Though she was not his wife

A gentle Soul of no renown  
Aficionado of beauty  
Wonders mysteries of nature  
Hears harmony in sound

Nature destroys her oddities  
Establishes Sameness  
Heaven collects their snippets  
Glories in Otherness

While he in ethereality  
Lives in an adventure  
Sailing the surface of his mind  
Searching cosmic center.

### **FORFEITS HEAVEN**

Dark and ominous storm clouds  
Invade hot summer sky  
Threatens tranquil peaceful Evening  
—Life-giving Rain tonight

Love lived within Security  
Provides a safe haven  
—Free Spirit Independently  
Calmly forfeits heaven  
—Conscious Insanity.

Cosmos Clouds

**A SOUL OF SINGULAR RENOWN**

A Soul of singular renown  
    Ventured into the world  
The Spirit in who was found  
    All that time endured

The Light of hope in who He spoke  
    A new Millennium  
Free the lost—of the holocaust  
    —Renewed Elysium.

**ETHEREAL ETERNITY**

An ethereal eternity:  
    Living life—Lost in love;  
Love: Life's elusive Reality  
    Mental mirage—enough?

An ethereal eternity:  
    Living life in a Dream  
Dreaming Life's Reality  
    —Theology's tragic Theme.

**CONVERSATION WITH MYSELF**

I

For some time I've been staring at space in a trance  
And having memories of people asking questions, receiving no  
    response,  
It's not that I intend to be impolite or ignore these good people,  
My thoughts have carried my being to another plane,  
Where I can unravel the mystery and share with the sages  
Age-old wisdom, and shed some light on my life.

The common man is the same as I—and I, he;  
The genius no better, the beggar no worse;  
The enlightened no wiser, the lunatic no more foolish;  
To remember this always in fellowship of love.

## Cosmos Clouds

### II

“I am,” said I, but no one listened, as they kept on talking,  
And in due time I can completely disengage from the  
    conversation;  
It becomes more interesting to talk to my Soul—less frustrating.

### III

Fortunately the pain has subsided, the hurt no longer serious;  
But in its wake, my heart—a stone-like weight in my chest.

You came to me in my hour of need  
But in truth, you’ve been with me always;  
My wounds you healed, love and tenderness your salve,  
The fracture bonded, your strong right arm my support;  
Skillfully, the shattered dreams renewed;  
The guide of love replaces the hold of despair.  
The song is new, of old, to thee I sing in praise,  
My life I live with you ‘til comes the day  
We plant this vessel and unite in symphony forever.

### IV

I gave of myself to a mortal, not too long ago,  
And in the process of giving, lost my identity:  
Became a mere extension of this person;  
Though in the beginning I gave and sacrificed out of love,  
It wasn’t long before I had nothing left to give of myself;  
After much sadness, bitterness and animosity I withdrew,  
Alone now, we strengthened, my Soul and I.  
‘Til I had something to give, but no one to give it to.

My Soul and I will share this life together  
It matters not that we be alone.

### V

I’ve dreamed of being a bird, free to fly the skies;  
And oft the bee, to sleep the winter through;  
In truth, I’m these and more.

For God’s creation in these and I to be and was,  
Just as notes and scores and instruments be song,  
So too, birds and trees and Earth be me:  
As motion moves, creation converges in me.

## Cosmos Clouds

Stars in heaven above chart their course to me,  
For I and they are One, and I the greater.

As plants germinate, grow, procreate and die,  
So too, must all that is in the cosmos but I;  
For in the universe converging, emerge I eternally.

### **SILENTLY PROTESTING LOUDLY**

Silently, protesting loudly  
A lonely Voice calls out  
–Out of the darkness of my Mind  
A speechless, secret shout

In the Silence of my Mind  
I often pondered Why:  
Sought to understand the Mind of God  
–Watch my Soul slowly die.

### **TO LIVE IN ETHER**

To live in Ether is to Live  
–Reality aside  
Succumb to society's norms  
–To Daily die inside

Still, I refuse to acquiesce  
–Continue in ethereal dreams  
Reject Culture notwithstanding  
And all her lethal schemes.

### **SOUL EXPLOITED**

Into this world was thrown  
A Soul of singular renown  
A Soul who did not pursue  
Manipulate, harm or abuse

Such a wonder is unheard of  
That needs recognition  
Misunderstood and mistreated  
–Falls prey: exploitation.

**BETRAYED AGAIN**

Betrayed again by mescal Dreams  
Dreaming fantasy lies  
Trapped between my Mind and Heart  
Where Reality dies

Indulge in mental imaginings  
Soul's actuality  
Carefully thought-out Reasonings  
Spiritual casualty—  
Psychic fatality:  
A Soul's lost Personality.

**THAT MOMENT OF ADVERSITY**

That moment of adversity  
Thrust by the hand of Thor  
To test our character  
—Fortuitous opportunity

Juncture of cosmic clarity  
In that instant defined  
Fated propitiaty  
An inner insight—so sublime.

Look to heaven with a cursed vow  
To learn a truth—blind until now.

**SOAR WITH ME**

Once again the day draws to an end  
Leaving behind in its wake, respite  
From the mundane activities that fill my time.  
Faced with unfulfilled fantasies, denying me sleep,  
My body crawling, craving in neglected desire  
'Til soon the impending dawn  
Relieves the night, to start anew  
The worn and monotonous schedule  
Approached with the zeal of a zombie.

## Cosmos Clouds

The lethargic, repetitious rhythm, seemingly endless, unbroken,  
'Cept in the Vision, visited in unpredictable times upon my mind,  
When my Soul caught up in accord with yours  
Does sing the Song of Love  
In harmony with Nature  
In unison with the celestial tempo.

Alas! My Soul cried out in vain,  
To rid these shackles that bind;  
Perverse in pleasure and wicked in will  
To shed this shroud, this cell of mine.

Soaring the astral plane above, below,  
In freedom, freer than the birds in flight,  
Transverse the boundaries of space and time  
And pierce the age-old wisdom of Sage and Seer.

“Soar with me in cosmic bliss,” bid my Soul of I,  
And I bid her;  
Though I joined in flight  
She could not.  
Our souls vibrated and oscillated as One,  
But she of a different plane that I,  
Could not share in Astral Flight.

Returned I then to present plane, reluctantly.  
Could I but stand the pain of separation  
Would this instant forego this earthly vessel  
And join my Soul in astral flight.  
Our twin souls must strive for Unity  
However hopeless the cause may seem  
For if not now: Surely, then.

### **VIEW FROM ON HIGH**

“Come to the top of the mountain,” my Soul entreated me,  
“And tell me of what you see.”  
From the view of the peak I described what I saw:  
Of the city lights and traffic patterns my discourse was eloquent,  
Majestic structures and concrete ribbons, people busily about;  
Asphalt islands and smokestacks reaching the clouds,  
Of these and more I rambled on into the night.

## Cosmos Clouds

Out of breath and quite pleased with myself,  
I paused and reflected in silence.

“You spoke very well of the mighty works of man,” my Soul  
began,  
“But what of trees, and grass, and wheat,  
The roll of the land and clear blue streams;  
Animals too numerous to call by name; crawling insects, birds  
and fish?  
Gaze once more o’er the landscape and raise your vision above  
the horizon,  
Astral lights never failing, the cosmos beckons us daily;  
Can you hear the celestial song?”

### **DELICIOUS EXTRAORDINARY**

Delicious Extraordinary  
From life’s humdrum existence  
Exists in her sensually exquisite  
Kiss—there is no resistance.

Resist the tempting Kiss of fate?  
Alas! My Soul cries out in vain  
Pause at such a moment as this  
—Watch as Fate fades into mundane.

### **BIO-CHRONICLE**

For fifty nights—star hidden Sky:  
Lost lunar lights below—  
Forgotten; paths of days gone by  
Converge within my Soul

Dark hidden corners of my mind  
Hidden from others’ sight—  
Protest a penury Today  
—A Soul’s secret delight.

### **ERE TIME BEGAN ITS MEASURE**

Ere Time began its measure, afore the universe was organized  
—In a flashing instant that signaled the end of Chaos—  
The One I dare care Father anointed me among the select.

## Cosmos Clouds

I am different than you and others I have seen:  
Another raging torrent courses through my veins,  
Though you probably cannot fathom its chasm.

Oh, I know you blood-lust never miss an opportunity  
To strike and plunder and rob and curse and ridicule;  
But I, in strength of knowledge that having been known,  
Need not fear the trifling of merely mortal men.

'Tis but the test of time that I—and others—must endure.

For I, and some, (those elect of yore) having been called  
Are drawn to Him that I know now as Father,  
Who authored the laws of the universe.

Blessed, O Father, who created all, all that is the Cosmos.  
In so humble a soul as I, His kindly loving Spirit pulsates,  
And I, I only need to calm and quell my rising ego,  
Allow the gentle, loving Spirit to manifest, and  
Radiate from the fiercely burning ember brightly.

I know; you the strength and beauty born of the land  
The marvelous product the product produced;  
You, who are the favorite sons of those terra fortunas,  
Sense the gentle, loving kindly spirit within me,  
And think in your arrogance, a weakness am I;  
To exploit, abuse, and misuse; to manipulate, use and  
confuse;  
The advantage you see as yours and eagerly, hungrily  
anticipate,  
To salivate upon my soul's consumption.

Wash away that vile taste within your mouth  
Aye, you soulless Earth!  
And beg your shaman's cure for the wretched aching in  
your belly.

For me, I spurn your pitiful, hoarded, momentary treasures,  
Those you've labored so hard to greedily accumulate!  
Mine, of course, are born of another time and place  
A time beyond your complex-simple comprehension:  
A place unknown to you.

## Cosmos Clouds

When the day arrives, beyond the measure of time,  
I—and others—will be there with Him glorified,  
Not I, of course, but Christ within me—  
Changed within the twinkling of the last, lone cosmic star.

### **I PONDERED TIME**

I pondered Time and burnt my Mind  
One gray December morn  
To grasp the Truth in Us divine—  
Risk Orthodoxic scorn—

The Spirit moves in all that lives  
—Life is boldly proclaimed  
In all of us the Spark of Life  
—So Yahweh thus, is Named.

### **MESCALINE REALITY**

His mescaline reality  
Soon warps his point of view  
Their masculine reality  
—Elysianal milieu

A Soul too good to be concerned—  
Merely sojourns through life  
Living: his actuality  
—Or our Insanity:  
Establishes reality.

### **LIFE IS PRECIOUS**

Life is precious—a special gift  
The Spirit breathes each breath  
The breath of life in all of life  
Transcends the fear of death

—A Unique manifestation.  
In each and all that lives  
The soul, the birds, the bugs and plants  
The Spirit gladly gives.

Cosmos Clouds

**ENRAPTURED**

The magical melody  
Of her seemingly whispered voice  
Perfectly enraptured me.

Deep, intense azure eyes  
Gaze intently and mesmerize  
Sealing my helpless destiny.

The siren's song within my mind  
Sang in my ears deafeningly  
—Stood I staring, stupidly.

Smiling at my silliness  
She pressed the moment mercilessly  
While I stammered helplessly.

Now perfectly content  
Wordlessly, feeling less foolish  
Sat, extending the instant.

The small, still voice of my heart  
Tearfully pled with rationale  
Who would keep us apart.

I reached for her hesitantly  
Though she faded from my sight  
—Illusionary insight.

Through time my mind replays  
The hopelessness, repeatedly  
Increasing my insanity.

Forevermore cursed with  
Desperate, unrequited love  
—Is life's cruel fate whereof.

**DARK LONELY SOJOURN**

Soul's dark, lonely Sojourn through life  
Journeyed within the mind—

## Cosmos Clouds

Who can know the tribulations  
Or what the Soul may find?

For the Soul to discover Self  
Is a lonely Journey  
Which must be undertaken alone  
—To the utmost degree.

### **EXPECTATION**

Expectation-like a cancer Grows  
—Demands Conformity  
Determines how one should act--  
Spoils Spontaneity

Is Slave to Cause and Effect  
—Her preconceived Notion  
Individuality—Dies;  
—All Motion thus frozen:  
—Slave to Perfection—Slays Ideals.

### **CHASE FOR TECHNOLOGY**

Life-long chase for Technology  
—Replaces Theology  
Another god we can define  
—New Academia

Replace Intelligencia  
—Ivory Towers of Babel  
Rites rewritten accommodate  
Our new-found Religion.

### **SOCIOPATHY**

Sociopath slays his victims  
—Savors his evil Way  
A level of insanity  
Few are apt to display

## Cosmos Clouds

Born Spiritually Wicked:  
His inherent sickness—  
Yeah! Whose Responsibility  
For one with no Conscience?

### **HOW GREAT IS YOUR LOVE**

O my Lord God, how great is Your Love!  
You, who gifted the tongue of the wise  
Those, who speak so of your demise;  
Or deny ever that You exist above,  
And yet, Your Love for them ne'er dies.

I can but marvel Your Mystery  
O glorious, Holy One on High!  
Hear! My poor Soul inside  
The thundering; roaring; the very  
Quiet of my Lord's Spirit sigh.

I heard the quiet—amidst the din  
I saw too, the wind in my ear  
(Though the day was calm and clear)  
And lo! I heard the Spirit within,  
I praise you, O Lord God, now and here.

My Soul sings now praises to You  
My Lord God, my Father to whom I call;  
I surrender my self, my Soul;  
For I now belong to You, the One Who  
And in Whose Presence, draws all.

### **MET WITHERING WINTRY WINDS**

I met withering wintry winds  
The day after the night  
She spoke of love, loss—her sorrow  
Just before taking flight

Alone, at last, free of shackles  
Her psycho-weaponry  
Breathe the air and smell the roses  
Atoned—Ordinary.

Cosmos Clouds

**HIS FUTILE SEARCH FOR MAMMON**

His futile search for Mammon  
—Intellectual Famine  
Results in lost Identity  
—Wandering Soul Errant

Society steals inner Essence  
For Hollow Promises  
Sweet Dreams turned to ugly nightmares  
Ruined Innocent wishes  
—Lifetime lost in frivolity.

**AT ONE TIME**

Into the dark bowels of earth I dived  
Foreswore the light that blinds the Vision  
Shed at last those chains monotonous:  
The daily grind, the routine rut.

Long ago when I was foolish  
Did bind my heart with another;  
Too soon the brunt of reality  
Crushed our youthful fantasy.

Then another, I struggled the path of life  
Not yet ready to weather the night.

And now a third of life is wasted  
Though time enough to recover;  
But first to discover within  
Before I challenge that without.

**WINTRY WEATHER**

Wintry weather—whether or not  
Snowed filled skies—icy ground  
Cold wind blowing chills to the bone  
Frigid formality

## Cosmos Clouds

Songs being sung across the land  
–Mostly, electronically  
Our new Technical deity—  
Hot tea for me—and you?

### **SUDDENLY, HE SLOWLY EMERGED**

Suddenly, he slowly emerged  
From his bleak, fog-bound hell  
Haze of orthodoxy lifted  
–In the Dark which we dwell

The Spirit Light against the night  
Pierced the blind of his mind  
Inner turmoil exchanged for peace  
–Soul's ore newly refined.

### **SWEPT ALONG IN THE RAGING TORRENT**

Swept along in the raging Torrent  
As Life quickly cascades—  
Casting aside on the riverside  
Those failed Experiment

Stop the train he loudly cried  
–Whispered against the wind  
Jumping, he left the mob behind  
Society—rescind.

### **SINGULARLY ALONE**

Twisted Thinking—defines a Man  
–His Imbecility  
Born of intra-inane logic  
–Mere Commonality

His departure from their norm  
A peculiarity—  
Now universally condemned  
–Demands Conformity

**ONE MOMENTOUS MOMENT**

One Momentous Moment occurred  
–When I least expected  
Today: a rare Opportunity  
Sadly, was rejected

Distractedly, time dulls motion  
–Mind focused on Mundane  
Days rapidly slip to ages  
–Genius for the Insane.

**NATURE SEEKS TO DESTROY**

Nature, in her way, seeks to destroy  
Individuality  
The blond turned brown, the genius scorned  
Way of obscurity

A thousand thousand are the same  
Seek to obliterate  
The one who dares to stand alone  
They cannot tolerate.

**TO KNOW THE MYSTERY OF LIFE**

The Spirit to my Soul imparts  
A daily Wonderment  
To know Mystery of Life starts  
With my Abandonment

Forego foolish folklore of yore  
Free my Soul from torment  
Release Chains of Orthodoxy  
Extend aggrandizement.

Cosmos Clouds

**SUNDAY SOLICITUDE**

To ponder Life, the Spirit's Gift  
Sunday solicitude—  
Mindless chants, empty rhetoric  
—Hypnotic Interlude

Magik Maudlins tout and hustle  
Hyper-hyperbole  
Proffer exaggerated claims  
Under the guise of holy

That insults our intelligence  
—Religion's Argosy  
Prayers for sale—Feel-good Ministry  
—Holy Hypocrisy.

**WHY MUST THE GOOD BE SADDLED**

Why the good must be saddled with  
Those narcissistic few, who  
Through manipulation, and little else  
Bury Soul's intensity

Can a Soul be so easily dismissed?  
With a mere sentiment  
By those who in their heart believe  
—They, the chosen element.

**LATE AUGUST WINTER'S NIGHT**

In late August a Winter's Night  
Soothes a Sonora Heat—  
Scattering desert Life  
Forcing a quick retreat

Life, even if secretly observed  
Struggles daily alone  
Oft pretending community  
—Singularly unknown.

**WONDERING, WANDERED AIMLESSLY**

Wondering, I wandered aimlessly  
Seeking, stumbled on life's lonely lane  
—As trees add ring upon ring—endlessly  
Without a goal—without destination.

A Soul Errant who fears consistency  
Varies and alters life's pathway  
'Til soon, too soon his course dims faintly  
In darkness, directions faded away.

O Soul! Sing to self a melody  
A mournful dirge for to celebrate  
Life's sadness—sing, oh sing ceaselessly  
'Til at last we two shall liberate.

**ONE FINALITY**

Too late one night, he realized  
Essence of Reality  
In a hazy, misty stupor  
The One Finality

The Brotherhood of Man escapes  
One in all—All in One  
Incomprehensible it seems  
To them—or anyone.

**GRAVESITE**

Winter's snow in the light of day  
Spoils a Sunday drive  
The motorcade that led the way  
Stopped—offered me a ride

The drive we took to the grave that day  
The final trip in life  
Ethereal dreams they buried that day  
His Soul now turned to ice.

**ICY FLURRIES**

Icy flurries meet Dawning light  
    This morning gray defined  
A Wintered heart no longer mourns  
    Summer night's Fatality

Who? The owl mocks in contempt—  
    Echoes deaden in my mind  
Absorbed in its Mortality  
    —Could not fully Comprehend.

## Cosmos Clouds

BALLAD OF WEDDING  
BELLE

## Cosmos Clouds

## **The Ballad of Wedding Belle**

(With apologies to O. W.)

I

He did not wear his football shirt  
    Exchanged for a suit of black,  
Nor did he wear his baseball cap  
    Or shoes from high school track;  
The aisle led a man with dread  
    To do his final act.

His last act in a suit of black  
    Down the aisle he trod  
To meet his fate with the one he loved  
    In front of us and God;  
He slowly walked and did not talk  
    As if to the firing squad.

With snail-like pace the aisle he trod  
    Not looking left or right  
The zombie-stare of those who bear  
    A frightening, shocking plight;  
With mournful eyes, we watched her prize  
    His face a ghostly white.

In our minds we could not find  
    The reason for his dread  
It wasn't long, his smile was gone  
    A funeral face instead  
The aisle he walked the listless walk  
    March of the living dead.



Yet each wife kills the things he loves  
    In jealousy and fear  
Some do it with a bitter look  
    Others with a cutting word,  
Seductress with a single kiss  
    Shrews on an open bier.

## Cosmos Clouds

Forget about your football games  
Friday nights at the bar  
Shooting pool or tossing darts  
Drinking from a mason jar  
'Cause each wife kills the things he loves  
It's her price for the altar.

His precious freedom he forfeit,  
For his trip up the aisle  
His friends and buddies left behind  
He thought for a while;  
Yet each wife kills the things he loves  
Anything and all worthwhile.

## II

In breezy ways of bachelor days  
His life was simpler then  
Dreaming dreams of carefree living  
Strictly adventuresome  
When charge of life did not prevail  
On the consciousness of men.

His time was free and often spent  
Pursuing winsome ends  
Without a thought for no one else  
Careless of his few friends  
But the time will come (and has indeed)  
Dark clouds they have portend.

His days and nights of airy life  
Now are nearly over  
When oft he cared of only self  
No thoughts for another  
These days and nights are soon to end  
With his newfound lover.

It was not long before she moved  
To claim her precious prize  
To tame a bronc of his wild ways  
Corral his wandering eyes—

## Cosmos Clouds

Soon betrayed by hormonal drive  
He willingly complies.



Yet each wife kills the things he loves  
Often with a vengeance  
And left behind—unspoken yet  
Her promise of romance  
Forgotten, whispered promises  
That put him in a trance.

Raging hormones drove him to act  
And left him in a daze  
Through days and nights to her delight  
She led him through her maze  
Told what to think and what to say  
'Til soon he's lost his ways.

His friends no longer recognize  
What he has since become  
Gone are his boyish, playful ways  
Now that he's under her thumb  
Yet each wife kills the things he loves  
'Til soon he's growing numb.

### III

He shuffles up the wedding aisle  
As if the March of Dead  
And passes by without a glance  
Just looking straight ahead  
Only looking to the one he loves  
Unto her marriage bed.

The promise of her marriage bed  
Seduced him to her way  
Overcame his anxiety  
Induced him for to stay;  
Stay with her and forego his life  
Caught by the bird of prey.

## Cosmos Clouds

Into her web he strayed that day  
    Not knowing her outcome  
Lured by her sweet whispers of love  
    The proffered, juicy plum—  
Might well have been the very fruit  
    Eve offered up to Adam.

He blindly, gladly took the bait  
    She dangled before his eyes—  
Unblinking eyes stare straight ahead  
    While up the aisle he tries  
To rationalize her promises  
    Not knowing they are lies.



Sometimes unintentionally  
    Others: deliberately  
Yet each wife kills the things he loves  
    For fear and jealousy;  
A jealousy he fails to see—  
    He goes unwittingly.

Up the aisle of love he trudges  
    To meet his gruesome fate  
Left behind are his life treasures  
    To keep his wedding date  
Yet each wife kills the things he loves  
    Competing with her mate.

The nagging starts when he gets home  
    Continues all his life  
Telling him what and where and how  
    He needs to spend his life;  
On looking back he rues the day  
    He took her for his wife.

## IV

His funeral parade winds its way  
    Slowly in his mind's eye  
The walking dead no longer tread  
    On life's blissful highway

Cosmos Clouds

Opting instead for the altar  
Wishing only to die.

His dying wish before her kiss  
But death eludes him there  
So he vows to love and cherish  
To hold her up to where  
Her pedestal above his head  
Reaches rarified air.

The vows exchanged on that day  
For her, him, she will claim  
And he, he gets to worship her  
And call her by his name  
Their pact is made, the deed was done  
The two as one became.

The death of him the birth of them  
The two became as one  
With a Judas kiss upon his lips  
His fate was sealed and done  
The final act with a band of gold  
She laid to rest his fun.



Yet each wife kills the things he loves  
For whispered promises—  
Her promises so soon forgot  
During life's daily stress;  
Sweet taste of love quickly sours  
And turns to bitterness.

Love is so oft confused with lust  
Especially late in life  
When after all those toiling years  
He begins to feel the strife—  
Realizes his previous pleasures  
Soon perish in her fire.

A ravenous fire that soon consumes  
Former joys that he had  
Sacrificed for the altar walk

## Cosmos Clouds

When he was just a lad;  
Yet each wife kills the things he loves  
–Good quickly turning bad.

### V

And so it is the time was his  
A chance for him to flee  
Take his flight in dead of night  
Rare opportunity;  
He could not leave the one he loved  
Trapped by his loyalty.

Instead he tread the altar aisle  
To face his dreaded fate  
Destined it seems to tragedy—  
Trudges to meet his mate  
The one he chose to share his vows:  
She wouldn't like him late.

The bride in white and me in black  
Before the Man we stand  
To say our vows "To thee I wed,"  
Promise to be her man;  
Retread the aisle in wedding style  
The terrible deed is done.

The Wedding Belle has cast her spell  
Her magical mystique  
Has worked its wonder on her man  
The strong grown strangely weak  
Prepared him well for his private hell  
Words only he could speak.



Yet each wife kills the things he loves  
And thinks to win his heart  
Eliminate with words of hate  
His treasured words of art  
She could not see that so by doing  
She's turned to stone his heart.

## Cosmos Clouds

The parasite blinded with spite  
    Slowly kills off her host  
'Cause each wife kills the things he loves  
    And creates in him a ghost  
Emotionless, without a kiss  
    Made good her lofty boast,

"What good is man who cannot stand  
    And walk the ways of his wife  
To do her will and pay the bill  
    No matter what the price."  
Yet each wife kills the things he loves  
    Ultimately, takes his life.

## VI

The poet's place has been erased  
    No longer for the living  
With a flourish, leaf of hemlock  
    He brought to end the giving  
The endless giving of all he had  
    —Giving without receiving.

And so he trod the walk to God  
    Down that lonesome aisle  
To face the fate that could not wait  
    The sentence from his trial  
The test in life he failed at last  
    He ended it in style.

The song was sung the bells were rung  
    The end was finally over  
The Wedding Belle had sound her knell  
    Lost her precious lover  
Before the priest they signed the sheets  
    Now, no longer together.

Who can know the way it will go  
    With this ring I thee wed;  
The end is here, his biggest fear  
    Much more than death he dread

Cosmos Clouds

To die this way on his wedding day  
    Much more than blood he bled.



Yet each wife kills the things he loves  
    'Til finally it kills him  
A few escape the deadly fate  
    Not so lucky, Jim  
Stayed to the end—the bitter end  
    That finally did him in.

His friends are gone who tried to help  
    But help was not for him  
And now he lies in lonely plot  
    Nearby to Jefferson,  
A country place away from here  
    Where angels sing their hymn.

Yet each wife kills the things he loves  
    In jealousy and fear  
Some do it with a bitter look  
    Others with a cutting word,  
Seductress with a single kiss  
    Shrews on an open bier.

Cosmos Clouds

# I, PETER

A Musical

## Cosmos Clouds

## Cosmos Clouds

### **I, Peter**

#### **A Musical**

This musical centers on Peter and his friends before, during and after the Easter event.

#### Scene Schedule

##### Act I

1. Upper Room
2. Garden
3. Courtyard
4. Upper Room

##### Act II

1. Burial Garden
2. Upper Room
3. Burial Garden
4. Upper Room

#### Musical Numbers

##### Act I

1. Opening Chorus I  
Troupe
2. Duet: *Me and My Friend*—My Very Best Friend  
Peter and Mary Magdalene
3. Lament: *There's a Kingdom Coming*  
Peter
4. Chorus II  
Troupe
5. Dance—Betrayal  
Dance Troupe
6. Recitative: *Judas Kiss*  
Mary Magdalene
7. Dance—Arrest  
Dance Troupe
8. Chorus: *Judas Kiss*  
Chorus
9. Solo: *Denial*  
Peter

## Cosmos Clouds

### 10. Funeral Dirge: *Where Has My Best Friend Gone* Peter

#### Act II

1. Solo: *Lost Love*  
Mary Magdalene
2. Duet: *Where Has My Best Friend Gone?*  
Peter, John
3. *He Lives*  
Mary Magdalene
4. Chorus III  
Troupe
5. Duet: *Oh, How I Love You*  
Peter, Mary Magdalene
6. Finale:  
Chorus

#### Cast:

Peter  
Mary Magdalene  
John  
James  
Andrew  
Thomas  
Miriam  
Salome  
Other Disciples (7)  
Troupe  
First Man  
Second Man  
Third Man  
Fourth Man  
Fifth Man  
Gardner

### **Act 1**

1-Upper Room -Last Supper

#### Background

Centered about the Seder meal. Yahshua (Jesus), though present, is not a part of the play. He is only referred to and his presence is

## Cosmos Clouds

suggested. The meal has just finished, the disciples are milling around.

Mood is excited expectation.

Chorus I

The kingdom is coming,  
The kingdom is coming  
Let all good men rejoice!

Away with the Romans,  
Away with the Romans  
Let all God's men be free!

The kingdom is coming,  
The kingdom is coming  
Let all good men rejoice!

Away with the Romans,  
Away with the Romans  
Let all God's men be free!

(Andrew, James and John casually walk to center stage separating from the others who are still at the table; some eating others standing and talking in small groups.)

James:

Since I am the oldest, I should sit on the right-hand of our coming king. That would be most fitting.

Andrew:

But James, everybody knows that my brother Peter is his most trusted...

John:

Not so quick, Andrew.

Andrew:

## Cosmos Clouds

It's true, John.

John:

Do you think the coming kingdom will be as great as during Solomon's realm? Even though the temple's bigger now, from what I've heard, it's not as grand as in the old days.

James:

Yeah, me on the right and John on the left. Andrew, you and Peter can be right behind us. When it comes time for judging the tribes...

Andrew:

Now wait a minute. I was there in the beginning, long before either one of you. I think that Peter should be on the right hand and I should be on the left. 'Cause right after I joined up, I went and got Peter before you guys even knew who Yahshua was.

James:

If we're going to put the favorite on the right hand, then it should be John. Even though he's the youngest, everybody knows he's Yahshua's favorite. Then I can be on the left.

Andrew:

Who said John's his favorite? And what's that got to do with you being on the left hand?

John:

Maybe it would be best if Peter were on the right hand. We all look up to Peter.

James:

No it wouldn't, John. You are always too quick to give in.

Peter

Cosmos Clouds

(Walking over):

What's John giving into now?

John

Let's ask Peter, Peter will know what to do.

Andrew:

Peter! James is saying that he and John should be seated on the right and left hand of Yahshua when the kingdom comes. I was telling them...

Peter:

Not you too? Yahshua said that whoever is going to be the greatest among us, let him be as the youngest.

James:

That would be John.

Andrew:

He also said that whoever would be chief, he should serve us.

John:

Yahshua said that he was here to serve us. And, we would be appointed to the kingdom.

Peter:  
(Pointing)

You see, even now he washes our feet.

James:

Where we would sit on twelve thrones and judge the tribes of Israel.

Andrew:

Cosmos Clouds

And feast at his table.

James:

I hope it's better than the feast we had tonight.

John:

What did Yahshua mean when he said that somebody is going to double-cross him tonight?

James:

He said somebody was going to hand him over.

John:

You mean like what Joseph's brothers did when they sold him to the Ishmaelites?

Andrew:

He said it would be someone who was at the table.

Peter:

There are only the twelve of us, Miriam, his mother, Salome and the Magdalene; only his closest and best friends.

James:

Then there is Joseph of Arimathea and Nichodemus.

Andrew:

He did say it though.

John:

Who is he suppose to hand him over to?

James:

## Cosmos Clouds

Sometimes it's hard to understand what he's talking about.

Peter:  
(Boasting)

It won't be me. I'm with Yahshua to the very end. I'd die for him. I'd fight the entire Roman legion if I had to. Heck, I would even go to prison if need be. They're not going to stop us from setting up the kingdom.

John:

Peter, I don't think there is going to be any need for fighting. You're always so quick to jump into the fray—even when you don't know what's going on.

James

Yeah, remember that time on the Sea of Galilee when you thought you could walk on water? That was pretty funny watching you helplessly flounder until Yahshua rescued you.

Peter

Yeah, but there for a few minutes; before I lost my nerve...

Andrew:

About those swords; he said that if we didn't have a sword, we ought sell our coat and buy one. Maybe we should ask Judas to buy us some swords, since he has all the money.

Peter:

I've got my sword.

John:

Maybe...

Thomas:  
(Waking over)

## Cosmos Clouds

(Animatedly)

I remember when Yahshua said, “The Father’s kingdom is like a person who wanted to kill someone powerful. While still at home he drew his sword and thrust it into the wall to find out whether his hand would go in.”

Andrew:

And then he killed the powerful one. Yahshua said he came not to bring peace, but a sword.

John:

Oh Thomas, that seems to be a metaphor, not to be taken too literally. I don’t think he ever intended us to fight anybody—much less, kill them.

Thomas:

He also said he came to cast fire upon the earth.

Andrew:

To set son against his father, daughter against her mother.

Thomas:

These are hard things to understand.

John:

What of love? I think he was talking about a spiritual awakening—a sense of separating the mundane from the sublime. Often we get so caught up in the ordinary things in life that we lose sight that this life is merely transitory; we are only pilgrims travelling in a strange land.

Thomas:

That may be; yes, this is after all an illusion.

James:

Cosmos Clouds

(Turning to Peter)

He also said you'd deny him.

Peter:

I would never deny Yahshua; he's my best friend.

John:

Deny him. I wonder how? What does this mean?

James:

Three times, no less.

Peter:

Well, that's just a lie.

Andrew:

Maybe a misunderstanding. Sometimes he says things that are hard to understand. Remember when he cursed the fig tree the other day?

James:

He was hungry and there was no fruit on the tree.

Thomas:

Maybe that's because it's not the season for figs.

Andrew:

We heard him curse the fig tree. He said, "May no one ever eat fruit from you again." And the next day when we came back from Bethany it was withered. Very strange.

John:

Especially since he always talks of love.

Cosmos Clouds

Peter:

Jeremiah said there would be no grapes on the vine; no figs on the tree and that their leaves would wither. “What I have given them will be taken from them.”

Thomas:

Could Jeremiah have been talking of Yahshua?

James:  
(Turning to Peter)

He also said that Satan was going to sift you like wheat, Peter. I wonder what he meant by that?

(Judas rushes off stage from the other group of disciples)

Andrew:  
(Turning to where Judas ran off)

I wonder where Judas is going in such a hurry.

James:  
(Chuckling)

Off to turn a shekel, no doubt.

John:

James!

James:

Well, you know how he is, John.

Andrew:

Maybe he’s going to get the swords. Let’s go see what’s going on.

(Andrew, James, Thomas and John return back to the other disciples, who then leave the stage as Peter begins singing.)

Cosmos Clouds

Song: *Me and My Friend*—My Very Best Friend

(Peter, singing)

Oh, since you came that fateful day  
And called my name to follow you  
I quickly dropped what I was doing  
Forever, I will follow you.

Me and my friend  
My very best friend  
In all I do, in all I say  
Oh! Yahshua,  
You are my very best friend.

I left my friends to follow you  
All my fishing, my livelihood  
I left behind all that I knew  
My family, my everything.

Me and my friend  
My very best friend  
In all I do in all I say  
Oh! Yahshua,  
You are my very best friend.

(Mary Magdalene, entering, singing)

Yes, you are all that I could want  
Oh, Yahshua, my only love  
You rescued me when no one cared  
And from my loss, with you was spared.

Peter and Mary Magdalene singing:

Me and my friend  
My very best friend  
In all we do in all we say  
Oh! Yahshua,  
You are my very best friend.

We traveled along dusty roads

## Cosmos Clouds

While you taught us of love and life  
You gave to us loftier codes  
By which to conduct our way of life.

Me and my friend  
My very best friend  
In all we do in all we say  
Oh! Yahshua,  
You are my very best friend.

Mary Magdalene:

In all I do in all I say  
Oh! Yahshua,  
You are my very best friend.

(Exit Peter and Mary Magdalene)

2-Garden

Sleeping

Night time; the disciples are sleeping. Peter, John and James stand up and walk from the other sleeping disciples to center stage.

(Peter, John and James walking to center stage)

James:

What's he doing, John? Can you see what's going on?

John:

He's praying again.

Peter:

He's been over there praying all night. He's already had to wake us up twice. I wonder what's going on. I feel bad that he has to keep waking us up. I wish I could stay awake.

James:

## Cosmos Clouds

I don't understand what this has to do with the kingdom.

John:

I'm not sure this has anything to do with it. Look (Pointing), James and Peter, it looks like ... could it be he's sweating blood?

James:

Earlier we were having a feast and planning the coming kingdom and now he's agonizing over something. I wonder what it could be?

John:

Well you know he's always going off by himself to pray, often during the night and every morning that I can remember. Think how many times we've seen this. Though this seems somehow, different.

Peter:

But he's never looked like this before.

John:

True, I'll give you that. Remember how he told us about spending forty days and nights in the desert without eating? He's just like the Baptizer, without the rabble rousing—though, even that was nothing like the zealots running around Jerusalem now. One of these days they are going to push the Roman government too far.

James

(Turning, looking at the other disciples):

They're still sleeping.

Peter:

Let's not bother them.

James:

Cosmos Clouds

I'm not sure I can stay awake much longer.

Peter:

I wish I knew what's going on.

John  
(Pointing):

Look!

James:

What's he doing?

John:

It looks like he's fallen down on his face.

Peter:

Let's go see.

John  
(Grabbing Peter's arm):

No Peter, he said to stay here and leave him alone to pray.

Peter:

I just feel like we should be doing something instead of just standing around. I feel so helpless.

Song: There's a Kingdom Coming

Peter (Singing—Lament):

Tell me sirs, if you know, there's a kingdom  
coming  
Would you tell, do you know, there's a kingdom  
coming?

## Cosmos Clouds

Tonight's dark, tomorrow's dream, stars are all  
a-hidden  
A winsome wind shifts the clouds, air's become  
a-chilling.

Where's the joy, there should be joy  
When he sets up the kingdom  
Look at us, our joy's turned sad  
Seems we've lost what little we had.

Tell me sirs, if you know, there's a kingdom  
coming  
Would you tell, do you know, there's a kingdom  
coming?  
Left our all, don't you know, to follow his vision  
Dreams have come, now's the time to set up his  
kingdom.

Where's the joy, there should be joy  
When he sets up the kingdom  
Look at us, our joy's turned sad  
Seems we've lost what little we had.

Dare to say, this I know, there's no kingdom  
coming  
What went wrong, did we fail—setting up the  
kingdom?  
We're no match, yet he said, we should all keep  
trying  
The kingdom, we wonder, where's the coming  
kingdom?

Where's the joy, there should be joy  
When he sets up the kingdom  
Look at us, our joy's turned sad  
Seems we've lost what little we had.

Tell me sirs, if you know, there's a kingdom  
coming  
Would you tell, do you know, there's a kingdom  
coming?

Where's the joy, there should be joy

Cosmos Clouds

When he sets up the kingdom  
Look at us, our joy's turned sad  
Seems we've lost what little we had.

(After a moment)

James  
(Pointing):

Look! There's a crowd coming.

Chorus II

Chorus (singing)

Our Roman realm is here,  
Our Roman realm is here,  
Let the rebels be hanged.

With ruthless abandon  
The rebels we'll hang 'em  
Sing ye men: hail Caesar!

Our Roman realm is here,  
Our Roman realm is here,  
Sing ye me: Hail Caesar!

With ruthless abandon  
The rebels we'll hang 'em  
All ye men: hail Caesar!

Background

Enter a crowd (the dancers). A lively discussion ensues about the arrest of Yahshua.

Exit disciples.

(From the crowd)

First voice:

Where's he at?

Cosmos Clouds

Second voice:

He's got to be here somewhere. This is where Judas said he'd be.

First voice:

I don't see him.

Third voice:

What's he look like?

Second voice:

I don't know. Where's Judas?

First voice:

You said he'd be here.

Third voice:

I don't see him; where is he?

Second voice:

Over there! There, he is.

Troupe:

Dance—Betrayal.

Song: *Judas Kiss*

Mary Magdalene  
(Entering—dancers freeze)

Recitative: *Judas Kiss*  
Mary Magdalene, singing:

A Judas kiss upon his lips  
Betrays a faithful friend  
Tarnished silver will never buy  
Respectability.

## Cosmos Clouds

Chorus:

So in the end, what good's a friend  
When our nation's life is at stake  
The loss of one the gain of some  
The worldly way: to give and take.

Recitative:

Mary Magdalene:

Your Judas kiss upon his lips  
Blackens your name forever  
It is indeed a cowardly deed  
To deceive a friend's endeavor.

Chorus:

So in the end, what good's a friend  
When our nation's life is at stake  
The loss of one the gain of some  
The worldly way: to give and take.

Mary Magdalene rushes off stage.

Dance—Arrest

Dance routine. The dance needs to interpret the betrayal and arrest of Yahshua. Also, interprets the incident of cutting off the servant's ear and subsequent healing.

3-Courtyard -Denial

Background

Sitting around a fire warming themselves are a group of people including Peter, a young girl and some of the Pharisees' men. Discussion centers about the arrest and trial of Yahshua.

First man:

Well, they finally got the rebel.

Second man:

I hope they stone him tonight.

## Cosmos Clouds

First man:

Ain't likely. It'll probably be in the morning.

Third man:

They have to hurry because of the coming Passover. I overheard Caiaphas say that they can maneuver Pilot into crucifying him and that way the blame will be on the Romans and not the Pharisees and the mob will be none the wiser.

Second man:

That would be clever. But how are they going to get the Romans to go along with that? I mean, he hasn't broken any of their laws.

Third man:

That Caiaphas, he's a crafty one; I'm sure he'll think of something.

First man:

I think they should round up the whole bunch of them. Stone them all—all of the rebels.

Second man:

How many are there?

First man:

I heard there's twenty or thirty of them still running around the city, though most of them are probably in hiding—like the cowardly dogs they are. They call themselves, 'Followers of the Way.' (Laughing) The Way! I barely make enough to feed my family and they're running around proclaiming wandering around the countryside, The Way.

Third man:

I think they are part of the Sicarri terrorists.

## Cosmos Clouds

First man:

From what I've heard, they are more like those low-class Zealots from Galilee. The Sicarri are too urbane for the likes of them.

Third man

They could be part of the secret assassins hiding out in the city.

First man

What's the difference. Scicarri; zealots, secret assassins; they're all the same. Just a bunch of trouble-makers. Why don't they go out and get real jobs, do something useful with their lives.

Third man

Whoever they are, when we find them we're going to hang them all from the nearest tree.

Second man:

We'll never find them in this crowd that's here for the feast. There must be a multitude from all over the country.

Third man:

Someone said there are over three hundred fifty thousand pilgrims in the city this year.

Second man:

That's nearly ten times as many people who live here.

Third man:

Ever since the Hasmoneans usurped the position of the High Priest a couple hundred years ago, there has been nothing but trouble between the Yeshuv and the Romans.

Maiden  
(Pointing to Peter):

Cosmos Clouds

This man was also with him.

First man  
(Standing):

What do you say? Were you with him?

Peter  
(Glaring at the maiden):

Woman, I don't know who you are talking about. I've just come down for the Pascal feast, that's all. (Turning to First man) Can you trust the witness of a woman? You know it would never stand up in court.

Third man:

Yeah. Everybody and their cousins are here for the feast. The city is packed with people. They'll never find them.

Second man:

Maybe they should let that old fox Herod take care of him. He'd know what to do with him. (Laughing) Look what he did to the Baptizer.

Third man:

That was grotesque; serving up the Baptizer's head on a platter to his daughter. There's nothing he would stop at to satisfy his lust for her; or anyone, for that matter, relatives or not.

Second man:  
(Laughing)

I wonder what he'd do with this traitor, what's his name, Yahshua? Him and all his bunch. I heard someone once say that he claimed to be a descendent of King David. They'll say anything to get people to follow along.

First man:

Cosmos Clouds

That'll get Herod going. Another threat to his reign.

Third man:

There's no telling what he'd do in his blood lust.

Second man.

Why didn't Herod arrest him like he did the Baptizer?

First man:

He calls himself a Nazarene Jew; they're all the same.

Third man:

I heard he was one of those Essenes from Qumrum.

Enter Fourth man.

First man:

(Turning to the Fourth man)

Weren't you at the garden tonight?

Fourth man:

Yeah. (Turning and pointing to Peter) Hey, you were there too. You're one of them. I saw you cut the ear off Caiaphas' servant.

Peter:

Man, I don't know what you're talking about. I don't even have a sword.

Maiden:

He sure looks like one of them.

Peter:

(Standing)

Cosmos Clouds

They're all just a bunch of kooks from the north country. I hope they get them all.

Fourth man:  
(Staring at Peter)

It's hard to see in this light, but you sure look like the guy I saw tonight.

Peter  
(Crouching back down by the fire):

I don't even know what you are talking about. I'm a man of the law of Moses.

Fifth man:  
(Entering)

We'll never have another leader like Moses. He'd know what to do.

Second man

I wonder if they are still at Caiaphas' house? I think I'll go have a look.

(Exit Second man)

Fifth man:

I hope they get this over quickly. It'll soon be morning.

First man:

They'll need to hurry. We're running out of time.

Third man:

I heard this rebel thinks he's Judas of Gamala or something. Remember Judas?

First man:

Cosmos Clouds

That was a long time ago. Must be fifteen, twenty years by now.

Third man

Up in Galilee, wasn't it?

Fifth man:

They're always having political strikes, riots and local rebellions.  
You know those Galileans, they're a lawless bunch.

Fourth man:  
(Pointing to Peter)

I know it's him. I can smell a Galilean a mile a way.

Peter:  
(Rising, angrily)

Man, you don't know what you are saying. (Adamantly) I don't know him! I don't know who you are talking about. I'm only a fisherman come down for Pesach.

A silent pause ensues. The stage darkens. All exit the stage except Peter. In the distance a cock is crowing.

Peter:  
(Looking off to the sound of the cock crowing)

Oh my lord, what have I done?

Song: *Denial*

Peter (singing):

What have I done to my best friend?  
Oh my God! My very best friend.  
Who can help me, is there no one,  
Can anyone out there help me?

Chorus:

You had your chance to be a man  
But took a coward's way out  
You had your chance to be a friend  
It's loyalty, what it's all about.

## Cosmos Clouds

Peter:

What can I do, now that it's done  
Can I undo what I have done?  
Help me, can anyone help me  
What will I do now that he's gone?

Chorus:

You had your chance to be a man  
But took a coward's way out  
You had your chance to be a friend  
It's loyalty, what it's all about.

Peter:

So now I know what I can do  
I'll rescue him (pause) that's what I'll do  
I'll right the wrong, I'll make it right  
We will be friends again tonight.

Chorus:

You had your chance to be a man  
But took a coward's way out  
You had your chance to be a friend  
It's loyalty, what it's all about.

Peter:

Too many of them and only me  
There is nothing that I can do  
Tonight I lost my only friend  
Yes, I lost my very best friend.

Chorus:

You had your chance to be a man  
But took a coward's way out  
You had your chance to be a friend  
It's loyalty, what it's all about.

Exit Peter.

## Cosmos Clouds

4-Upper Room –Crucifixion  
Background

The disciples are gathered in the Upper Room.

Andrew:

I wonder what's going on.

Thomas:

What's going on is now that he's dead they are probably looking for us. I say we should go that we may die with him.

John:

Do you think he's really dead?

James:

What about the kingdom?

Thomas:

The kingdom is probably dead too. If we're not going to join him, we might just as well go home.

John:  
(Praying)  
Recitative

Oh Lord!  
Speedily cause the branch of David, your servant, to  
sprout  
and let his horn be exalted by your salvation;  
because daily do we wait for your salvation.

Thomas:

I'm not sure praying for the kingdom is going to help right now,  
John.

James:

## Cosmos Clouds

Just yesterday we were having a feast and planning the kingdom.

John:

Are you sure he's dead? It's so hard to believe.

Thomas:

Oh, he's dead all right. You saw and heard the crowd. The Pharisees had them whipped up to a fever pitch. The Romans had no other choice. What else could they do?

Andrew:

But what was his crime? He didn't do anything illegal.

John:

He only taught, The Way.

Thomas:

Precisely! That's the point. The Pharisees need somebody for a scapegoat. For example, I heard Gamaliel say that it was Joseph Caiaphas who installed the vendors in the temple. So it would only make sense that he would retaliate when Yahshua ran them off.

James:

That, plus he proclaimed the coming kingdom.

Thomas:

Right you are. Then, with the new order here in Israel Caiaphas stood to lose all his power since everybody knows that Pilate's protecting him.

John:

But Yahshua has the authority to teach and elucidate the Law of Moses.

## Cosmos Clouds

Thomas:

That's right John. Don't you see how that threatens Joseph Caiaphas, the high priest? By all rights of his office, he should be the one expounding on the law, not some itinerant rabbi.

Andrew:

Where does that leave us?

James:

I don't know about you, but I am thinking we should go back to Galilee. Get away from this craziness. Jerusalem is a crazy place. I say we go back to the country.

John:

We can't leave until after the Passover.

Andrew:

I'm not going anywhere, not just yet. I wonder where Peter is?

James:

After what he did, he's probably in Samaria by now.

Thomas:

More than likely hiding across the river.

Andrew:

You can't blame him, besides, I didn't see any of you sticking up for Yahshua after they arrested him.

Thomas:

We all ran like scared sheep; like a bunch of women. Where are the women, anyway?

Cosmos Clouds

John:

Mary and his mother were with Joseph of Arimathea, the last I saw.

Thomas:

Along with Nicodemus, I'm sure.

James:

They'll probably spend the night with him. The Pharisees wouldn't dare bother Joseph. He has too much influence.

John:

It's so hard to believe.

Thomas:

We'll just have to get used to it.

John:

After three years, only three short years, he's gone. What are we going to do?

Thomas:

More than likely, there's a bounty on our heads. We'll probably have to lay low, leave Jerusalem as soon as possible.

John:

Well I'm not going, not until I am absolutely sure.

Andrew:

I'm not going anywhere without Peter.

Thomas:

Cosmos Clouds

I think Peter's gone. We can't count on him. Yahshua's gone and now Peter's run off.

John:

Maybe he's not gone.

Enter Mary Magdalene. The disciples rush over to her.

John:

It's true, isn't it? He's gone.

Mary Magdalene:

He's gone.

Andrew:

Have you seen Peter?

Mary Magdalene:

He's downstairs. He should be up shortly. He's very depressed right now.

Andrew:

Should I go get him?

John:

He's just embarrassed, that's all.

Thomas:

He should be.

Mary Magdalene:

They reported the western candle in the sanctuary menorah won't burn. Every time they light it, it goes out. Some are saying it's the departure of the Shechina Glory.

Cosmos Clouds

Thomas:  
(Whistling)

Wow! That's something.

John:

Could it be...

Enter Peter.

Andrew:

Am I glad to see you. Are you ok?

Peter:

He's gone.

Mary Magdalene  
(Goes over and hugs Peter):

It's ok. We'll find a way to get through this somehow. Nobody blames you.

Peter:  
(Pacing)

I should have done something. I could have if I'd of known what was going on. I should have known something was up at the garden last night. If only I could have done something, none of this would ever have happened. I would have done something—if I had known.

Thomas:

There is nothing any of us could have done. There's just too many of them.

Peter:

Judas hanged himself.

Cosmos Clouds

John:

No! That's awful. How could he? Are you sure?

Peter:

They said he took the silver back and threw it at the Pharisees. Then he went out and hanged himself. I saw him myself. What's the world coming to?

Thomas:

It's blood money. They can't keep it.

Peter:

Where did they bury Yahshua?

Mary Magdalene:

Joseph put him in his own sepulcher—the one he just bought not long ago in the garden. The Pharisees had the Roman's roll a huge stone across the entrance. How are we to prepare his body with the burial spices and herbs before we wrap the shroud tomorrow?

Thomas:

They're probably afraid somebody is going to steal his body.

Andrew:

What about his ossuary?

Mary Magdalene:

Yes, what are we to do for an ossuary?

Thomas:

It's Preparation Day now that it's sundown; we've got two more days before we can do anything.

Cosmos Clouds

Peter:  
(Pacing and wringing his hands)

Yahshua's gone.

Song: *Where Has My Yahshua Gone*

Peter: (singing)

Oh where has my Yahshua gone?  
Has Sheol yet claimed another soul,  
Oh where's my friend, my very best friend  
Our kingdom has come to an end.

(Joined by Mary Magdalene, James and John)

Where will we go, what will we do  
Now that our lord has gone away  
We have nothing, forsook it all  
Nowhere to go, nowhere to stay.

Peter:

Oh where has my Yahshua gone?  
Has Sheol yet claimed another soul,  
Oh where's my friend, my very best friend  
Our kingdom has come to an end.

(With Mary Magdalene, James and John)

What will we do now that he's gone  
We have no one—no where to go  
He was our hope our only hope  
We're all alone, so all alone.

Oh where has my Yahshua gone?  
Has Sheol yet claimed another soul,  
Oh where's my friend, my very best friend  
Our kingdom has come to an end.

Curtain.

Cosmos Clouds

- **Break**

**Act 2**

1-Burial Garden –Mary  
Background

The second act opens with Mary Magdalene and Miriam, James mother, Salome and Thomas rushing to the tomb at dawn.

Enter Mary Magdalene, Thomas and Miriam, the mother of James, and Salome.

Mary Magdalene:

How are we ever going to get the stone rolled away from the tomb? Why did they have to roll that huge stone in front of the doorway?

Thomas:

Maybe those Roman soldiers who are guarding the grave will help us?

Mary Magdalene:

I don't think so. I sure wish we had some help.

Miriam:

We should have brought more of the disciples with us.

Thomas:

Too bad they were so sleepy.

Mary Magdalene:

It's been three days now. I wonder if it is too late to apply the burial spices. We should have done it the first day.

Miriam:

Things happened so quickly, we didn't have a chance to do anything before sundown.

Cosmos Clouds

Thomas:

If it weren't for Joseph, they probably would have left Yahshua for the dogs and buzzards.

Miriam:

I would not have been able to bear that.

Salome:

Yes, we must do something to thank Joseph.

Miriam:

Well, he won't take anything, I've already tried.

Mary Magdalene:

We'll just have to think of something.

Salome:

It's so hard to see in the dawning light. Are you sure we are in the right place?

Thomas:

Mary, are you sure this is the right place?

Mary Magdalene:

Yes, yes, this is the way Joseph came.

Miriam:

It is so early in the morning. Do you think anybody is up and around who can help us?

Mary Magdalene:

We can only hope. What are we ever going to do?

Cosmos Clouds

Thomas:

I'll go see if I can find somebody.

Exit Thomas.

Song: *Lost Love*

Mary (singing)

Life should not be like this  
Life should not be so hard  
If you were only here  
Yahshua, I miss you.

In death we learn of life  
And all that is precious to us  
I love you, oh so much,  
Oh Yahshua, love of my life.

Why did you have to go  
You were my only hope  
Where are you now, my love  
How am I going to cope?

In death we learn of life  
And all that is precious to us  
I love you, oh so much,  
Oh Yahshua, love of my life.

Now you are gone away,  
In Abraham's bosom  
There is so much to say  
No time now—I've lost him.

In death we learn of life  
And all that is precious to us  
I love you, oh so much,  
Oh Yahshua, love of my life.

Oh Yahshua, my lord,  
Where, oh where have you gone  
It's the end of my world

Cosmos Clouds

I feel so all alone.

In death we learn of life  
And all that is precious to us  
I love you, oh so much,  
Oh Yahshua, love of my life.

Background

After the song, Mary and Miriam encounter the gardener.

Enter Gardner.

Miriam:

(Startled, as she encounters the gardener):

Oh! Dear me. I'm sorry. I didn't see you.

Mary Magdalene:

Who are you? Are you the gardener?

Gardener:

I am here to watch over the grave. Are those burial spices you have?

Mary Magdalene:

Yes, indeed. We have come to tend to my friend's burial as is the custom.

Miriam:

But they have rolled a huge stone over to block the entrance.

Salome:

And Petronius is supposed to be guarding it with his squad of soldiers.

Gardener:

What are you going to do?

Cosmos Clouds

Miriam:

I don't know. We shall think of something. Perhaps you can help us.

Gardener:

Perhaps. In what way?

Mary Magdalene:

The stone of course. We shall need some help in moving the stone.

Miriam:

It is such a large stone.

Mary Magdalene:

I wish Thomas would have stayed instead of running off to find somebody. Maybe the four of us could have moved it.

Gardner:

Maybe Thomas will find someone to help you.

Mary Magdalene:  
(Looking past him)

The stone! The stone has been moved away. Did you move the stone away?

Gardener:

No. That's a very big stone. I didn't move it.

Salome:

Where is Petronius?

Miriam:

Cosmos Clouds

It must have been a miracle.

Mary Magdalene:

Did the soldiers move the stone? Maybe the soldiers moved the stone. But where is Petronius? Where is Yahshua?

Gardener:

Aren't you accustomed to miracles?

Miriam:

Yes we are. Yahshua had a mysterious, often miraculous, way about him.

Gardener:

Well, he's not here.

Mary Magdalene:

What have you done with Yahshua? Have you taken him away?

Gardener:

No, I haven't taken him anywhere.

Mary Magdalene  
(Grabbing Miriam's arm and rushing off stage):

Come, we must tell Peter and the disciples.

2-Upper Room –  
Background

The disciples are gathered around. There is a hushed pallor over the room. A quiet discussion can be heard. The table has been set for a meal, though it is apparent that nobody is eating.

James:

## Cosmos Clouds

What about the kingdom? What's going to become of the kingdom?

Thomas:

I'm afraid the kingdom is dead; dead like Yahshua.

Peter:

If only I would have done something. I should have known he was talking about Judas. I should have kept Judas from betraying him. If only that soldier hadn't of grabbed my sword...

John:

Remember, he said there is no need for fighting. After all, he healed his ear after you cut it off.

Andrew:

Peter, there were too many of them. You know there was nothing we could do.

Thomas:

Except run like sheep.

James:

It's been three days now. (Looking around the table) I wish I felt like eating. Look at all of this food. What are we going to do?

Peter:

Maybe we should go back to Galilee where it might be safer.

Andrew:

We could always go back to fishing. James, do you think that we could get on with your dad's crew until we get back on our feet?

James:

## Cosmos Clouds

I'm sure he would, you know how hard it is to find good men.

John:

I don't think we should be in such a hurry to leave.

Peter:

Well, I don't know about that. I heard that they are looking for us.

Thomas:

Give them a few more days and they will tire of looking for us. Once the feast is over and people start going home, the Pharisees will turn their focus on Theudas or Jonanthen the refugee.

James:

Maybe even that murdering Barabbas that Pilate set free.

Andrew:

Since Judas had all of our money, what are we going to do for money? We are going to need money before we can do anything.

Thomas:

I know somebody who might help us out. Perhaps I should go talk to Gamaliel. Andrew, do you want to go with me?

Andrew:

No, I am going to wait here. What about Nicodemus?

Thomas:

Nicodemus is with Joseph of Arimathea. Caiaphas can't control everybody in the Sanhedrin.

Exit Thomas.

John:

## Cosmos Clouds

I'm sure everything will work out, somehow.

Peter:

That's why I was thinking of going back to Galilee. It wouldn't take long to put together some money if we could catch on fishing somewhere, hopefully, with Zebedee.

Andrew:

Peter, you always were the best fisherman. You're right that it probably wouldn't take you long.

John:

I wish Yahshua were here.

Peter:

It's going to be hard for us, now that he's gone. Andrew, maybe you should...

Enter Mary Magdalene and Miriam.

Mary Magdalene:  
(Excitedly)

He's not there! The tomb is empty. The tomb. It's empty!

James:

How can that be?

Andrew:

Are you sure? Did you go to the right sepulcher?

Mary Magdalene:

Yes, yes. He's not there.

Peter:

Cosmos Clouds

(As he rushes off, followed by John)

I'm going to see for myself.

Andrew:

Where are they going in such a hurry?

James:

Looks like they're headed for the burial garden.

3-Burial Garden –John & Peter

Background

Enter Peter and John who rush to the burial site. John stops short. Peter rushes forward, observes the burial cloths and face linen. John joins Peter in song, *Where Has My Best Friend gone?*

Enter John, followed by Peter.

John:

(Pointing, as he rushes over)

Look over there where he was lain.

Peter:

Wait for me. Wait for me.

John:

(Stopping in front of the tomb doorway)

Should we go in?

Peter:

(Rushing past John)

He's not here. The linen wrapping is still here but he's not here.

John:

## Cosmos Clouds

Look! (Pointing and going inside) The face cloth is over there.  
See how it is neatly folded.

Peter:

What can it mean? Is this the right place?

John:

This is all very confusing; but yes, look at the burial cloths.

Song: *Where Has My Best Friend Gone?*

Peter (singing):

Where, oh where has my best friend gone?  
Has Sheol yet claimed another soul,  
Oh, my friend, my very best friend  
Our kingdom has come to an end.

(Joined by John)

Where will we go, what will we do  
Now that our lord has gone away  
We have nothing, forsook it all  
Nowhere to go, nowhere to stay.

Peter:

Where, oh where has my best friend gone?  
Has Sheol yet claimed another soul,  
Oh, my friend, my very best friend  
Our kingdom has come to an end.

(With John)

What will we do now that he's gone  
We have no one—no where to go  
He was our hope our only hope  
We're all alone, so all alone.

Where, oh where has my best friend gone?  
Has Sheol yet claimed another soul,

Cosmos Clouds

Oh, my friend, my very best friend  
Our kingdom has come to an end.

Peter:

Let's go tell the other disciples what we have seen.

Exit Peter and John.

Enter Mary Magdalene; the Gardener enters the tomb.

Mary Magdalene: (Weeping)

Oh no, I've missed them; Peter and John are gone. What am I going to do?

Gardner:

I see you've come back. Why are you weeping?

Mary Magdalene:

He's not here. My very best friend; my lord is gone. They have taken him away. Tell me, sir, why are you just standing there? Have you done something with him?

Gardener:

I have done nothing with him. But you must not weep for him.

Mary Magdalene:

Not weep! First they brutally beat him. Then they kill him in the most gruesome fashion and now I can't find his body to administer the burial ritual. All I want to do is the right thing. And you tell me not to weep?

Gardener:

Mary!

Mary Magdalene:  
(Turning and looking up, taking a couple of tentative steps)

Cosmos Clouds

Oh my God!

Exit Gardener

Song: *He Lives*

Mary Magdalene (singing):

You said that death could never win  
That Sheol could not hold your soul  
Little did I know back then  
The many miracles you told.

Chorus:

He is risen! He lives.  
Let all good men rejoice

Alleluia, he lives  
Sing, lift as one your voice:  
Alleluia, he lives!

Mary Magdalene:

My faith briefly faltered  
The night they rolled the stone  
I could not bear to look  
To see you all alone.

Chorus:

He is risen! He lives.  
Let all good men rejoice  
Alleluia, he lives  
Sing, lift as one your voice:  
Alleluia, he lives!

Mary Magdalene:

I confess on that day  
I gave up hope for you,  
After what they had done

Cosmos Clouds

And what they put you through.

Chorus:

He is risen! He lives.  
Let all good men rejoice  
Alleluia, he lives  
Sing, lift as one your voice:  
Alleluia, he lives!

Mary Magdalene:

My soul sings out to you  
That we be together  
Now that you live—we are,  
Today and forever.

Chorus:

He is risen! He lives.  
Let all good men rejoice  
Alleluia, he lives  
Sing, lift as one your voice:  
Alleluia, he lives!

Exit Mary Magdalene.

4-The Upper Room  
Background

The disciples are gathered in the Upper Room.

Andrew:

I wonder what is taking them so long.

James:

I'm sure that they will be by any moment now. It's still early.

Thomas:

Maybe they've been arrested.

Cosmos Clouds

James:

I don't know. It's not likely the Pharisees are going to do anything now, much less the Romans.

Andrew:

Why would anybody take Yahshua's body?

Thomas:

To discredit us. That, or maybe they want to accuse us of taking his body to start rumors.

Andrew:

What kind of rumors?

James:

Rumors that he isn't dead.

Thomas:

But we know he is dead.

James:

You know Caiaphas. He's a crafty one.

Thomas:

Well, we know you can't believe everything you hear. You should know that.

James:

We'll have to be careful, that's all. We can't afford to have any rumors going around, not now, not when things seem to have calmed down.

Andrew:

Cosmos Clouds

Maybe Peter will know what to do.

James:

Let's wait and see.

Enter John and Peter.

Peter:  
(very agitated)

He's not there. He's...gone.

James:

What do you mean, he's gone?

John:

He is not there in the tomb.

Thomas:

Not in the tomb! Do you suppose that somebody's taken his body? We were just talking about that.

Peter:

I don't think so. The burial linen was still there. Strange, but it wasn't even unwrapped.

Andrew:

Not unwrapped? That is very strange. Are you sure?

John:

Besides that, look! (Shows the face cloth.) The face cloth was off to the side and oddly enough, it was folded. It's almost as if somebody is trying to tell us something.

Thomas:

## Cosmos Clouds

This is strange, very strange indeed. Are you sure that nobody took him away? Maybe they are trying to trick us. What about the centurian, Petronius?

Andrew:

That's always a possibility considering what we've seen in the past three days.

Thomas:

Maybe it was a hallucination. Not everybody is a friend of Caiaphas. So I'll just go check with Gamaliel and see if he knows anything.

Exit Thomas.

Peter:

He should have stayed here with us.

James:

Ah, let him go. You know you can't tell Thomas anything. He has to find out everything for himself—usually, the hard way. It would sure make his life easier if for once, he would just take our word for something.

John:

Let's not be too hard on him, it's simply that he cares.

Enter Mary Magdalene (rushing in excitedly).

Mary Magdalene:

He's not dead!

Peter:

What?

Andrew

Cosmos Clouds

What do you mean he's not dead. Of course he's dead.

John:

How do you know?

Peter:

What do you mean?

Mary Magdalene:

I spoke with him.

Together:

He's not dead?

Mary Magdalene:  
(Excitedly)

No, he lives! He lives!

Chorus III  
Chorus:

He lives! He lives!  
Let all good men rejoice.

He is risen, rejoice!  
He is risen, rejoice!  
Sing, with the angels in heaven  
Lift up your voices believing,

He lives! He lives!  
Let all good men rejoice.

Song: *Oh, How I Love You*

Peter and Mary Magdalene: (Singing)

You are my one, one and only

## Cosmos Clouds

My one and everything  
Truly now, you are my best friend  
My one and everything.

I love you  
Oh, how I love you so  
I love you  
Sing, to let the world know

I'll be with you now and always  
Truly you are my best friend  
No one can separate us now  
Today, until the end.

I love you  
Oh, how I love you so  
I love you  
Sing, to let the world know

I think of you both night and day  
Consumed by your love  
I cannot think of you enough  
Consumed by your love

I love you  
Oh, how I love you so  
I love you  
Sing, to let the world know

Finale:

Chorus:

He lives so that we can live too  
He loves us in all that we do  
The world will know us by our love  
He lives so that we can love you.

He lives so that we can live too  
He loves us in all that we do  
The world will know us by our love  
He lives so that we can love you.

**Curtain.**