

Hello, and I am so honored you are looking into some of my poems. Since some editors consider blog poetry “published” and will not consider them for their magazines and journals, hence, I have included some poems I am not soliciting for publication, print or online. There are twenty-one pages and I hope these poems represent my world view and faith in *Yeshua*.

I have written secular and sacred (most Christian) poems for over 50 years—both free and metric verse. The two volumes on my site are not included herein. You are most welcome to comment on my blog.

This one reflected my confession of faith:

2-18-78

A childhood Bible fossilized
in a cinder-block bookcase
between *The Whole Earth Catalogue*,
Man's Search for Meaning, and a razored-out book
camouflaging an herbal stash.

“To believe or not believe”—
the question percolating for months.

This evening I drive to Chapel Hill,
streetlights dopplering by the open window.
A thought blazes through thin spaces on 421N:
“Are you going to accept Jesus as the Son of God, or not?”

My voice yells out the window “Yes—yes!”

The next night a dream surfaced:
I grasp at a slick, stainless-steel dome,
while above layers of propellers
on the same axis rest motionless

as I slide into a huge vat of gritty crankcase oil.
Spectators above cannot reach my oily hand
and I sink deeper into quickoil

until

I know I am safe in Father's hands
as oil turns into warm water. I float,
a buoy, in the womb of God.

This one is ancient! and BC (Before Christ), before 2-18-78:

Black and White

The screen explodes like flash bulbs
In a burnt-out room.

A somersaulting astronaut severed
from ancient space walk
orbits through galactic dust,
past dying suns and methane moons—

a fossil jettisoned on solar winds

until *Red Eye Cinema* shuts its lid.
The National Anthem, then a static Amen.

A big toe pushes the knob.

A test pattern contracts to a bright dot,
dims to a speck, shrinks into nothingness.

The black Cyclops winks at the viewer.

This too, BC, During my UNCW undergrad years, as a philosophy major:

Split Night

Streetlights glare through blinds—
branding the wall with blazon bars.

Poetry: *cattails cry dewdrops down whiskered stems—*
Feathery clouds nestle duck-egg-blue skies—
are starched capitals in spilt alphabet soup.

Heidegger's House of Language: rubble.
Metaphysics nests in the loft,
droppings splatter on the desk.
Hope sinks into the blotter.

No more jet hair tickling my nose.
No more strawberry kisses.
Five cans of Colt 45 guns the evening down.

In icy waters, hope clings to threads of light.
The waterbed is frozen—sleet sheets
are walls of ice.

Clamping a raw pillow
numb all over,

I fall through the sheer bed
into a crevasse of sheet sides
narrowing into a vast abyss.

(AD), This is a true account with some poetical license, and some years later, she was sadly murdered in Fayetteville NC:

Cool Spring Street

Between rig rushes, dark figures feasted on her.
First light. She meandered home to her canvas cot
and snored in a dank living room. At noon

I see a bikini blanketing her scrawny shape.
Her head skews toward her left inner arm—
a purple mouth drains into a pillowcase.
She dreams of fishhooks swirling
in crystalline currents on mirror pools.
Skin is ghostly sheen.

What power will give life to her drying bones?
Who will transfigure her marrow,
string sinews from joint to joint,
grow flesh on her skeletal frame,
swaddle her with healthy skin?

Who will open her tomb and
breathe spirit back into her soul?

Post hurricane in Fla as we flew o visit relatives there:

Five Miles Up

A hurricane blasts shingles and roofs into grotesque piles.
At an airport four states north,
its spinning hem whips gusts at takeoff.

Ascending at thirty degrees, the wings abruptly tilt
and one nauseated man bangs, a pin ball
against the aisle seats, toward the lavatory.
My eyelids squeeze into slits.
In the pitch of mind Dread whispers

“Wind shear.”

A soul prays boldly
and with great purity
at five miles above.

A jet is aluminum foil.
A windy grip can tear
With serrated edge
and
 fling
 it
 towards
 the
 pitiless
 ground.

It is clear
how thin everything is

even a prayer.

As most poets do at some time or another, reflect on the poetical process and poetry in general as a craft. I do delve into the mental realm of ideas and concepts.

Summa Stipula

“I can write no more. I have seen things that make my writings like straw.”

—St. Thomas Aquinas, quoted in 1273, who authored twenty volumes and *Summa Theologica*, 3,020 pages, unfinished.

Poems are words made of straw,

Feed to chew over and over, cud for the soul

while dreams of alfalfa and clover fields

bloom and swell in green seas

always beyond,

always beyond

our straw.

This is in *Witless* on my blog:

White Out

How icicles and blustering snow
thaw creative dopamine and flow
through synaptic sludge!
My chilled fingers type as power lines
sag with icy plaque, a telephone pole's
woody tibia fractures.

The birdbath—dense as asteroid ice.

Peering over my screen,
sleet scratches the picture window
as I sip microwaved tea

but in keying the poem's climax,

it vanishes, AutoSave off (naturally)

as a blackout ends this very last li

I have a good 100 or so metric poems, so the remainder of this sampler includes formal poems.

Bankruptcy

My life is great and complete
In a suburb's elite:
With two-car garage, new roof,
And kitchen sink, germproof.

My body is firm and trim
From training at a gym.
With veggies and fruit at meals,
(I can perform cartwheels!)

I'm blessed with a thoughtful wife
And free of any strife.
With my savings in the bank,
I have hard work to thank.

"Life is good." "Life is a beach!"
I think I'll eat a peach,
And click on with my remote
And on the couch I'll bloat.

I'm bored. I need a new house
(Of course it's for my spouse).
So rest, and eat, be merry;
I earned prosperity.

A distant voice whispers deep:
"Tonight's your final sleep.
Your soul shall return to me
Without your treasury."

The quest is most human and easy to discuss in classes, but the questions become visceral when tragedy and trauma strike.

Quiddity

“What can I know? What ought I do? What may I hope?”
From quarks to quasars we wonder and quest.
The climb uphill quells by life’s inexorable slope;
Whether glutting thirst or at grief’s arrest.

The questions can’t be quashed or placed in quarantine.
They flow beneath the breastbone and sea foam;
They whisper from each quake and from each wringing dream.
They are the cosmic signs showing our home.

Through life’s quirks and quandaries and luminosities,
They rise under the pillow on the bed,
To quash easy solutions that lure and appease—
And flare across the ceiling overhead.

I wrote a few on this fascinating classic of literature:

The Myth Of The Cave (Abridged)

Prisoners of darkness, with shaded eyes,
Though rayed with sun from noonday light—
Without the Spirit’s lamp, to verify,
They view the world as ebonite.

The book referenced is a classic, often quoted, and inspired this poem:

Mysterium Tremendum

—Rudolf Otto, central concept in his *The Idea of the Holy*

I pondered the ocean's expanse
And slipped into a dreamy trance.
The mammoth storm front drowned the sun;
Light sank into oblivion.

Two miles up the dark clouds came
As lightning pierced with white-hot flame.
I pondered well mortality,
Beneath the storm's ferocity.

But here is calm. I lay, looked deep
At stars so wide, so far, so steep
Their hidden planets spin, revolve.
I felt my bookish mind dissolve.

Our solar home? A cobalt spot
In orbit round a white-hot dot.
Between the stars, the coldest space
Fills me with dread and chills my face.

I lay awestruck in awesome stare,
Eternity gave awful glare.
Submerged beneath colossal night,
I seem a ghost clothed in moonlight

As stars waltz round in gay ballet.
My veiny hands, uplifted, pray
Despite the timeless void and death,
The Holy One gives living breath.

This is my one and only lyric to a song I rough drafted and Guy Keplin polished. You have not hear of it, nor had anyone else.

Abba's Anthem

This rabbi was the strangest man. He hardly wrote a line.
He spoke on hills, near streams, in ports with words of great design.

He asked, "What profit can you gain to covet selfish goals?
What way of life can people claim who march with leather souls?"

He rubbed his spit on man's blind eyes and said to wash them free.
The man rejoiced as night turned bright; the others would not see.

Arrested by a mob's blood lust, accused by men in the dark,
He was tried—a wretched fish thrown into a sea of sharks.

Some ponder now that ancient site, long after statues dull—
They raised him up, those men of might, to die upon a skull.

This Teacher's words, alive today, speak out from hearts and shelves.
The crime his judges had to slay? He made them see themselves.

Having retired after decades in substance abuse and mental health, and perusing news headlines and TV news, I know how frail and fragile human existence is. Split-seconds change routine into horror. Faith responds.

Darkness Bright

. . . God, you make my darkness bright.

—Psalm 18:29

For countless kids who live behind domestic bars,
Caged behind hurt and shadowed fears, parental blame;
Their tiny hearts, exposed to thunder from the heights,
Are struck with bolts—singeing their souls with volts of shame.

They search for him or her or them or it, to heal
Their hearts' abyss through things which numb, like pills or lust...
Such empty quests are caged by pain in noonday nights—
Who can release such souls, shamed by dread and distrust?

“The spirit of the Lord has come, anointed Me
To liberate captives, and set prisoners free.”*
For you with wounded hearts, hiding in fear and shame,
Open your arms: let Him become your deepest liberty.

*Luke 4:18-19

The enemy covets anonymity:

Delusional Disorder

“Medication needed— ‘they’ don’t exist.”

“Delusions of persecution” (they say.)

“Commit to a psych ward if they persist.”

We know that ‘they’ are spiritual beings—

Powers of light and dark forces exist.

We know this by faith, and not by seeing.

It’s not about *Haldol* or *Mellaril*

That squelch beliefs of invisible things—

(The cause, they believe, is quashed by a pill.)

Believe what they will. Those powers surround

Our lives and our loves. With unshackled minds,

We know the Light drives dark things underground.

More on this theme:

Eastertide

In Flanders Fields those rows—Auschwitz ditch graves—
Gulag mounds below snow—lost souls heaved in caves—
MRSA steals a child—one too many pills—
A bullet rips through flesh—hypothermic chill—

The end? Such spearing grief—the bare seat and bed—
The memories that haunt—the future, all dread?
There is one hope for all—everlasting spring—
The balm from Death's cruel sting—the eternal King.

From Roman nails and wood—from limestone-sculpt tomb—
The Holy One rose up—to open spring bloom—
Death forever vanquished—past the sky's blue sea—
He holds the key to life—for eternity—

Holy is He *

How can human minds begin
To know this attribute?
How can mortal voice come close
When speech is choked and mute?

How can one read and narrate
His might and splendor?
Allusion? Hyperbole?
Simile? Metaphor?

The ocean shore? The blizzard blast?
Lightning flash? Mountain peak?
The natural world evokes awe—
Any poet can speak.

But what of the Holy One?
Transcendently opposite;
Pure, perfect, and pristine.
Immortal. Infinite.

So, this mortal stops and sighs.
This poem too must cease.

I shut my eyes. Take a breath—
My silence seeks His peace.

*Psalm 99

Self-evident and hence, the title:

Immaculate Conception

Ponder the miraculous laws of gravity,
Bending space-time's invisible mesh—
Then in each December's lyrical Advent,
Hold memory clear and fresh
How eons ago, the Father of lights
Illumined a maiden. A greater miracle:
The Word became flesh. (John 1:14)

In the Twinkling of an Eye

—1 Cor. 15+

When cheeks sag and wrinkles furrow faces,
When knees twinge and stomachs stretch and swell,
Or grief stabs and time no way erases,
We lose count of all hellos and farewells.

Grim as this is, a million souls graying,
Eating and drinking, buying and selling,
Healing and killing, owing and paying—
Death ends their day with no foretelling.

This ancient man peeked into worlds unknown.
In or out of body, he never knew;
Heard unspeakable words, the Spirit sown
About life to come. He gave this preview:

“Rising incorruptible, the body
Shall crest in glory and cosmic power.
Soaring imperishable,” spirit free,
Splashing within luminescent showers.

“Behold, I tell you a mystery:
We shall all be changed with the trumpet’s blast,
As immortality ends history
And death is swallowed up in victory.”

Morning Star

First Cause breathed all worlds into being
(As orbiting lenses bring tiny spirals into seeing),
And shaped symmetry and tones to butterfly wings;
Poured living water from cloud-capped springs.

He sent a shimmering being one night
To grimy herders, soul-stricken with fright,
*About a birth this day in the city of David **
Hidden among sheep and lambs, goats and kids.
A Deliverer swaddled in a feeding-box bed;
a Hebrew infant resting his dear sweet head.
Above, an assembly chanted with single accord
*Glory to the Holy One, the highest Lord. **

Swiftly the sky turned dark, spotted with stars,
But one streamed ahead, from heights so far.
The herders left all and trekked to that beam...
Lost in the spectacle they had just seen:

A mystery so deep, so impossible to grasp;
A mystery so beautiful, so impossibly vast.

*Luke 2:11,14

Redeeming the Lost

Sing out my soul, celebrate! Easter's eternal feast.
The Son of Man, Son of God, routed the serpent beast.
Sing out my soul, reverberate! That death and the grave
Vanish like haze this morning: He rose and called to save
All souls: so, luxuriate: the lost, the last, the least!

And lastly:

Then I Saw A Lamb . . .

—Rev. 5:6

*There is the Lamb of God**—succient
Theology: unbounded might

Yet tranquil as a browsing sheep.
From rapturous, mystical height

He lived among fickle humans,
Wholly as shepherd and a lamb.

From Galilee to Pilate's scorn
He never fell for Satan's sham.

Both God and fleece in human skin—
The Lamb was stretched wide as sheep's hide.

He died to topple death and sin,
And rose to shepherd at our side.

*John 1:29, 36

