

That P-I-E Truck

I didn't know his name,
Or who he was,
Or why ...
Especially why ...
Why was he sitting in that chair?
Across the room?
Silent ...
staring at me - or so I assumed.
He said nothing that I recall.

I know my mom was there,
somewhere,
But I don't see her
In my memory of that scene,
Just him ...
In an overstuffed chair,
Khaki, head to toe ...
And me, on the floor,
Wearing god-knows-what.

I think there was a carpet.
'Tho it doesn't matter.
He'd brought me a toy P-I-E truck
– metal, with rubber wheels,
Oh, how it could roll!

Knowing what I do now,
I wonder how he felt.

Me, his only son,
Tho I didn't know it at the time,
Him, my dad –
Home, the end of a war.

Did he know ...
That I'd grow up
And one day,
Come home from my own?

IS MÓR AN PEACA

If it was good, he sought to destroy it.
If it helped the weak,
 fed the hungry,
 lifted the poor,
 taught our children,
 protected our planet,
he did all he could
to defile and despoil it.
Such was his distaste for all that was good in our lives.

Yet, we enshrined this evil.
 Welcomed it into our homes.
 Our highest court - empowered it,
 embraced and ennobled it,
 while those who swore to walk erect,
 speak the truth,
 stand their ground,
bent down,
bowed ...
and, on bended knee,
did his bidding.

Thus, we find ourselves,
 the pariah of the world.

Our Thousand Points of Light
 now the muzzle flashes
 of guns in the hands of ICE,
 an untethered Gestapo
 amok in our modern American state.

Is mór an peaca orainn go léir.

IS MÓR AN PEACA

Edgar Allen Poe

There we were ...

Nicola, in England,
Nils, in Denmark,
Susanne, of Germany, but living in Spain.
Another from Spokane,
Me, in Texas,
Most in North Carolina.
One, sitting in her car,
Parked god-knows-where.

Reading Poe.

Edgar Allen Poe.
Round- robin poetry.
Taking turns.
Most I'd never heard.
But some, like The Raven,
Or Annabel Lee -
Very familiar to me.

It was all so serene ... this early saturday morn

Which began in continuation from the night before ...
text threads of discrimination,
A separate one of rape –
How to deal with
The anger,
The disappointment
The pain
How to move forward –
in a world full of hate.

Yet, by 9am, there we were ...

Straddling continents
Time zones
Cultures and more =
Agreed, 'tho not saying it,
This made life worth living for.

15 Minutes

They said I could have 15 minutes
That's a long time
Too long really
To say what I have to say.

I once wrote a history of the world
hand written
not on loose leaf
in one of those pocket pads
Six pages long
it was all I had

I've written songs and plays
The first that I remember
in 1972
a group of friends
in a living room
when the Brit paratroopers broke in
I never finished it...
it didn't have an end
he's still sitting there
unable to walk without a cane..

He traced his family back 200 years
caretakers of a cemetery
in the Irish Owen Peninsula

That really is the story, isn't it.
He would
This would
without end
amen.

And They said I had 15 minutes...

8:40am October 11, 2016