



MISCHIEF
Jeremy Litster

TABLE OF CONTENTS:

| | |
|---------------------------|----|
| TABLE OF CONTENTS: | 2 |
| AUTHOR'S FOREWORD | 4 |
| MUSEUM | 5 |
| LEAVETAKING | 7 |
| ASH TOWNS | 11 |
| PREDICTIONS | 13 |
| ANYTIME | 14 |
| DISPLACEMENT | 15 |
| INRAILED AND DESANE | 16 |
| MIRROR | 17 |
| ON WIT | 18 |
| VEIL OF TIME | 19 |
| BROKEN TRAIN | 20 |
| THE WILL OF UNITY | 21 |
| AFTER THE TRAIN STATION | 27 |
| SLOW SPRING | 29 |
| THE ENDING | 30 |
| TEMPORAL | 31 |
| WATER | 32 |
| LAST CHAPTER | 33 |
| CRESCENT MOON ISLAND | 34 |
| WHO PRAYED FOR SNOW? | 36 |
| WHEN IT SNOWS IN MARCH | 37 |
| ON THE SHELVES OF HISTORY | 38 |
| STEPS INTO THE BLACK | 39 |
| CONTEMPLATING SHADOWS | 40 |
| DESTIGMATIZE THE SEASONS! | 41 |
| IN THIS DESERT | 42 |
| CABINS | 43 |
| DIE DREI FRAGEZEICHEN | 44 |

| | |
|--|-----------|
| THE UNCERTAINTY PRINCIPLE | 45 |
| I WISH TO JOIN THE CIRCUS | 46 |
| BEYOND WORDS | 48 |
| DON'T CALL ME DIFFICULT | 49 |
| ONE CHANCE IN A COSMOS | 50 |
| NEW MEDIUMS | 51 |
| SHARPENING THE AX | 52 |
| THE WICKLEWIGS | 53 |
| A JUDGMENT RENDERED | 55 |
| GROW: THE BLACKOUT | 56 |
| THE WANNABE JUNGLE | 58 |
| ANGEL'S ROAD | 59 |
| AFTER WE SAVED THE WORLD | 60 |
| MEATBALL | 61 |
| HEROISM | 62 |
| FLICKER | 64 |
| STREETLIGHTS, PROUD AND BRILLIANT | 65 |
| RIVAL AND FRIEND | 66 |
| CHESS BOARD | 68 |
| YOU'RE ON MY SIDE | 69 |
| REVERSE COURSE | 70 |
| DANCE IN THE SKY | 71 |

AUTHOR'S FOREWORD

Welcome to Mischief,
You poetry reading nut!
Come with me and together we'll sift
Through things on mountains and in ruts

I urge you to read this all in one sitting
Though that might be hard for some
I assure you, you'll feel like quitting
You'll likely think some of this is dumb

But please, give it a chance
I doubt you'll hate EVERY poem, but it's possible.
Only a few are about romance,
Some of them don't even rhyme.

This WHOLE book is, I guess
Is about the nonlinear journey
From despair and hopelessness
To joy and being free

Mostly, this is just me trying to get a grip on reality.
Please learn from my occasional wit, sir.
Sincerely,
Jeremy Litster

MUSEUM

Let your eyes yet be filled with a childlike wonder
Don't let innocence be torn asunder
Existential wisdom and religious despair
Ask the right questions
Let your chest be filled with love for things that are best
See the future and past as you see the rest
Our pains are just how we repair
Ask for help to to ask the right questions

Life is a museum of oddities.
Every day you think that normal is achieved
Until the next strange thing happens.
And you are reminded that nothing makes sense.
You are reminded that entropy reigns supreme.
You are reminded you took clean drinking water for granted.
And remember how strange it is
That you can take it for granted in the first place.
Why avoid the bizarre, the unusual, the quantifiably insane
When it finds you either way?
They can lead you to the better path
You never would have taken.
Rather admire the oddities, as artifacts in a museum.

Yet life is a museum of order
Rigid stories of brick and of mortar
Oppositions so clear and well defined
Light to the dark as the sight to the blind
Life has rules sometimes, and it hardly knows
Don't count on it, but be glad when it shows
Logic and reason win out in the end
Ignoring emotions that but pretend
But don't hide them yet, they're a part of us

We see life as day and dying as dusk
The universe always has a rhythm
So let us all sing our praise and our hymn
We fly close to death, we wrestle and dive
Yet our human instinct tells us to live

Happy birthday to the number seventeen
Humans can make a joke out of anything

It's no wonder, really.
If we didn't, we'd go insane
We need life to have healing
And life is what causes the pain.

LEAVETAKING

When first we left home
We had felt all alone
Without our true loves
And the dances we'd known
With bravery, boldness
And riches foretold
We left our homeland
In pursuit of gold
At once set our sails
To our king gave all hails
Hoped not to meet pirates
Or deadly betrayals

Aboard this vessel
We call our friendship
We wonder how we grew
On no finer ship
With no finer crew

The captain a lord
With his lady on board
He knows she's a beauty
The envy, adored
His biceps are thick
And so is his BRAIN
He easily flares up
Like a candle's wick
His lady's a beauty, still unmatched
That's right, there's none above
And she reminds us
How we miss our true loves

Aboard this vessel
We call our friendship
We wonder how we grew
On no finer ship
With no finer crew

The first mate is crazy
Who hasn't a wife
Best friends with the captain
And has been for life
With eye patch and parrot
He'll munch on a carrot
He'll tell you a joke
And ask you not to share it
He talks to himself
Or a fruit on a shelf
But we all can trust him
He'd never rebel

Aboard this vessel
We call our friendship
We wonder how we grew
On no finer ship (no finer ship!)
With no finer crew

Our cook is the captain
Of his own domain
You mess with his cooking
You get to know pain
He keeps us all fed
While he's starving instead
He has a huge heart
Not a brain in his head

The rest of us are just
The crew that's on board
We are nothing special
We ask no reward
Adventure's enough
And when the seas are rough
The boat may be torn
But it's sailors are tough

We left all our homes
Feeling ill and alone
But we've found our crew
And now we have been shown
That friends can be family
Family closer still
When all on board a ship
And all at the sea's will

When first we left home
We had felt all alone
Without our true loves
And the dances we'd known
With bravery, boldness
And riches foretold
We left our homeland
In pursuit of gold
At once set our sails
To our king gave all hails
Hoped not to meet pirates
Or deadly betrayals

Aboard this vessel
We call our friendship
We wonder how we grew

On no finer ship
With no finer crew

Aboard this vessel
We call our friendship
We wonder how we grew
On no finer ship
With no finer crew

ASH TOWNS

Last Tuesday I met the Macedonians
They showed us how to use the wheel
Tap dancing with a top hat
For the emperor I thought was real
Six walls and a ceiling
With only a single door
I don't know how to use it
Guess I'll escape through the floor
Ash Towns, smoldering ruin
People inside asking me how I'm doin'
Ignoring the fire because of the rain
Kiss from the sky, I'm going insane
I asked the Axis how she knew
it was true
The Axis said it's all to do with you
The way you talk and the way you cry
The way you sing and the way you try
The way it all reminds you of your home all around
With the one from the Ash Town
I just heard a knock on the door
Put on my tie and opened it up
This guy told me he's the future
Or the past, whichever you like
I'll be here tomorrow
You'll be there today
(Yup de do woah no)
All my songs are aglow
With the embers that turned the town to ash
Go outside and roll in the grass
Ash Towns, smoldering ruin
People around asking me how I'm doin'
Ignoring the fire because of the rain

Kiss from the sky, washing down the drain
I asked the Axis what she knew
It was true
The Axis said it's all to do with you
The Axis spins you into memory
Rotation creation alteration of who to be
The way it all reminds you of your home all around
With the one from the Ash Town
That'll have to get through me
The song deserves only the best.
(Bee da dum bop)
The emperor met the future
He wrote a song trying to put it away
(Gotta take care of yourself)
I'm here to stay
I asked the Axis who what where and why she knew
The emperor running the world
The Axis running him too
Rotation creation alteration of what to do
The way it all reminds you of your home all around
With the one from the Ash Town
The Axis asked me my favorite sound

PREDICTIONS

Why should the future be so depressing?

The future is entirely undefined.

As such, we ought to expect good things to come of it,
just as much as bad things.

Some people call me a naive optimist
for saying things like that.

They call me completely unrealistic.

But answer me this, dear cynic, dear pessimist:

is it more realistic to expect
a perfectly unpredictable conglomeration of sheer horror
and true bliss in equal proportion,
or to expect a perfectly predictable mass
of only darkness and pain?

It might make me insane,

but I take comfort in the fact that we are completely helpless
to stop the raging tide of time.

It's much better than if we humans were in control.

ANYTIME

Let the skies bring forth their hail
Let the skies bring forth their snow
Let the skies bring forth the dark and light
Let the skies bring forth their rain

Let the winds bring forth their chill
Let the winds bring forth their storm
Let the winds bring forth the scent of flowers
Let the winds bring forth their calm

Let the plains bring forth their grain
Let the orchards bring forth their fruit
Let the plants bring forth all their wonders
Let the vineyards bring forth their grapes

Let the human person bring forth their war
Let the human person bring forth their cruelty
Let the human person bring forth what is toxic and pure
Let the human person bring forth their reality

DISPLACEMENT

I'm not sure I can trust myself anymore
I've been wrong more than I thought I could
I've never struggled this much before
What if I've always been bad instead of good?
I've had confidence in operating reality
Now that they tell me that I've failed
What if I've been blind and now I see
What if nothing I knew I'd truly nailed?

How can I let myself stay alone?
I need divine help more
Than I've ever before known
I've never struggled this way before

How can I inflict myself
Upon those I love?

I am displaced.

INRAILED AND DESANE

Entropy is what we've come to expect
Exponential, as the case may be
Sense is increasingly inept
It's in debt to its inverse
Who can't be repaid
History is inrailed
And I am desane

MIRROR

I gave you another compliment
You blushed
You weren't expecting it as truth
Aw shucks
Why can't you see yourself
The way you are?
A beauty I would have wished to imagine
Straight from your eyes to your heart.
So look in the mirror
Look
Look
Look at it
Don't shrink away.
The minute you do,
You listen to the lie
The minute you do,
You start to die
Look, never flinching
Believe me when I say
Everything about you is
Exactly the way
I wish for God to have made you
Even with your mascara-tear-stains
I still think you're gorgeous
I just wish you could see it in the mirror
So I'll try to help you win your war

ON WIT

The joke ought to come from the wit
There is nothing inherently humorous
About a great many things
When did sin become comedy?
So the joke ought to come from the wit.

VEIL OF TIME

I often think of years gone by
Feel fire in my veins remembering
Whosoever or whatsoever I danced with
One year ago today

Five hundred eighty four trillion miles
To the same place as before
Yet my spirit has traveled further
Than the Earth could ever dream

So when the clock looks back to me
Its cold, hard, smooth, transparent face
And its hand reaches forth to steal my breath
I welcome it to set me free

Return, return, oh memory of fun
Begone, begone, oh anniversary of grief
When this veil is lifted from my eyes
And past, present, and future become as one

BROKEN TRAIN

I wish I could stay
But I gotta hop on this old train
I cannot remain
Please hold on to my name

You want to come with me?
Can't let you come with me.
You'll just have to miss me.
Please please come with me!

I would think you
Wouldn't want to handle
This old broken train
Anymore
But you do.
I should think you
Wouldn't want to go through
One more change in pace
From place to place
With not much grace.
You could move so much faster
In the fast lane
Than on this old broken train.

So sit back and just relax
Watch wild sunflowers by the track.

THE WILL OF UNITY

To the lads I knew in youth
To the girls I wanted true
To the heart of times we're through
To all those, I raise my glass to you.

To the eldest of us, the Tiger
To you I leave my sugar
You refused it when I knew you
For the sole reason
That you were dared by her
Now to Europe you've turned
Leaving the Misspelled Name behind
But the Misspelled Name left, too
And promised to return to you
You were only feigning your treason.

To the strongest of us, the Wrestler
To you I leave my sarcasm
It was one thing we shared
Only one, but one still the same
That silent, silent River, you test her
Now I almost forget your grin
I remember when you were broken
But the pain of fracture left, too
And you made us laugh that day
You insisted on being kept ignorant.

To the youngest of us, the Gold and Green
To you I leave my trunk
You were my brother in agoraphobia
Now the small space is surely yours
The night of neon I remember

When our one common laugh was born
We always wanted to squeeze into a space
But the space left, too
And now I wish we had taken the joke
As far as it rightfully deserved.

To the sharpest of us, the Orchid
To you I leave my endurance
You are a remnant of what once made
The glowing strand of technicolor lights
One of the few that remain in glorious winter
Let the memory live when it might've died
And your innocence was intact
But the winter left, too
You've taken it with you
To make your new city bright.

To the most persuasive of us, the Defender
To you I leave my card deck
You might have been a sister to another
But you will forever be unlike the other
Your companionship to all is sure
Trying to play the middle ground
But you had to take your brother's side
But the brother left, too
Now you shift into perplexing beauty
The doubts of your tribe to incur.

To the most generous of us, the Meadow
To you I leave my thanks
You'd known your sister in ways
I never had the chance to show
You lifted my spirit unlike you know
Brought me hope and warmth and love

You love the stories we know
But the storytellers left, too
Now we have Graham Bell to thank
For how four hours go.

To the prettiest of us all, the Spirit
I leave my confidence
You know how, but you refuse
You're terrified, and that is time's shame
I wish I could have seen you all
But for now, Broadway will suffice
Attraction will always baffle both of us
But the attraction left, too
And while it was there
You became the great comforter.

To the most profound of us all, the Misspelled Name
To you I leave my luck
I have no use for luck
And I'm not sure you do, either
But I'd like you to have it just the same
If luck is real, you deserve it
Your wisdom called you away
But the comfort left, too
Now the Tiger feels his heart
Wishing to be a conquistador.

To the quietest of us all, the River
To you I leave my amplitude
I was always too loud
I always thought you weren't loud enough
The Wrestler always tried to give to her
Simple, private, quiet, never boasting
If I had my way, I'd secure your fate

But the security left, too
And now you're a mystic
As mysterious as the faraway celestial spheres.

To the darkest of us all, the Questioner
To you I leave my anxiety
At this time, you seem fated
To repeat the pains I'd already seen once
The irony of being the Neon City's sister
You have been the subject of teasing
Soon that teasing will be torture
But the humor left, too
I hope your embarrassed laughter
Continues in spite of fate.

To the brightest of us, the Neon City
To you I leave my scriptures
You turned from selfishness to peace
Fate turned you from peace to envy
And You turned from envy to self pity
You hid your vanity under self improvement
You hid your desire to impress
But the flashiness left, too
It boarded a subway of words and insults
The subway born from Envy.

To the smartest of us all, the Pianist
To you I leave my empathy
Not for others to use on you
But for you to see through others
For all your brilliance you still are blind
You fail to see through the eyes of others
When you're finding success yourself
But the success left, too

And you refused to be made whole
Even when others fate was given to you.

To the gladdest of us all, the Envy
To you I leave my hope
I've felt your power and your shame
I wish you the best, I wish you peace
From your curse, let you be free
But let it serve you well, first
I wish you to find your dreams
But the dreams left, too
I hope you find them again
I wish you to melt just the way you wish.

There was something special here
We brought forth friendships and rivalries
Jokes and laughter always held dear
“I'd do it again,” and the Pianist agrees.

We were there, oh we were there
More than many more we saw
We were there, we were there
United by trust and love and awe.

When last you truly met,
You wore your masks and danced
Before that, you cheered
And rolled down that hill
Now the stands of lights have been undone
Winter is over
But not before bringing forth
Her warmth and her chill.

When next we meet,

We might all be departed
I wish that for our efforts
Our friendship will be
How we are rewarded.

AFTER THE TRAIN STATION

The young man watches his mother's father
The young man can see past mortality
Everyone else saw him as a bother
As a simple, cruel abnormality

When the family complains about his hands
The young man won't hear a word against him
When the family believes him damned
The young man wants to recompense him

The old man waits for the train to arrive
He doesn't want to go
His destination is a place he cannot thrive
Though he hardly thrived at home

He sees another old man waiting
With contentedness in his countenance
His family behind him restraining
Their tears are for what fate grants

The train arrives at three past eight
Two soldiers come to force him to board
The other man will not fight fate
But the first refuses to let go of his sword

But boarding the train is not a choice
The old man shoves off the soldiers
An angry grunt his only noise
And the world passes by in cold blurs

After the old man left, only one mourned
Though the young man heard his family complain

The young man missed his grandfather, scorned
He wants to loose his mother's father's chains

The young man exemplified the mercy of God
He worked to bring his vision to Earth
His vision of the same man, but unflawed
One who truly met his holy worth

The name of the old man was redeemed
Though many struggled to believe
His purity, by many, was dreamed
Their aching memories' pain to relieve.

SLOW SPRING

The fade to warmth is slow
That is how it ought to be
Any other way and the streets would flood
Though it's still odd
To walk down the street
And wonder if I ought to wear my hood
It's getting warmer
Ever so slowly
The temperature rising with my mood

I breathe in the air
It's cool, not still cold
The streets have melted snow turned to mud
The snowdrifts are tall
As much as they've melted
And everything seems to be as it should
The mountains around me
Angels of brilliant white
This city, with which my love has been imbued

THE ENDING

The worst depiction of the end of the world
The worst fiction of human suffering and cruelty
Would fall in love if they saw the magnitude
Of the end of the world in this, our Reality
And when the imagined world speaks to Reality,
Reality would laugh in his face.

Any *depiction* of cruelty is unworthy
To even gaze upon the *true* apocalypse
He looks pathetic beside her
And she is proud to mock him.

And still

The most glorious of heroes in our stories
The greatest, most riotous victory in our minds
Would stutter in his love for the truth
The brilliant light of true human love
And when the imagined world speaks to her,
She would smile and show love in her eyes
Any *depiction* of kindness is unworthy
To even gaze upon the *true* brilliance of it
She looks so gorgeous beside him
And she loves him anyway.

TEMPORAL

Units of time are how we see color
Without it we'd be lost and confused
And even with it we're trapped in wonder
Still, time allows us power to choose

There's never enough, or too much
Never any in just the right amount
Time moves faster with age or some such
It takes time to see time in a way we can count

I can't wait for the day we don't need it
And yet it's the force that makes me wait
My spirit is captive, it's time you freed it
Captive in time, the temporality I hate

WATER

I hope you take this for how I meant it
I don't know how often I'll do this
But this is a love poem
One of mine on a very short list:
Speak, melt my heart
Turn me to water,
They didn't believe
When I told them I caught her
I'd go on about your face
But that'd be too cliché
Everything's been said
What else could I say?

I felt like a wanderer
Blinded by mist
She's so far away
I can only give her words
Have I expected too much?
Still I want her today.

LAST CHAPTER

Death is respectable, not intimidating
Being born by itself is a death sentence.
But even the righteous soldier
Imprisoned by wicked legions
Fated to be hung at sunrise
Has some short time to bring forth some good
Before his inevitable demise.
The time between our birth and death
Is just as short as the time
Between midnight and dawn,
And we are all as soldiers.

CRESCENT MOON ISLAND

Only six alive know
The whole of that voyage
The voyage to
Crescent Moon Island

A windstorm, firestorm, tempest
Summoned by sorcery
The voyage to
Crescent Moon Island

The wicked brought to Justice
By the sword of father and son
The voyage to
Crescent Moon Island

A brilliant light
Cast by one made of the dark
The voyage to
Crescent Moon Island

The desperate prayers
Of an antisocial bird
The voyage to
Crescent Moon Island

The warrior, the cat, and the masked one
The homesick, the dead, the triumphant
The voyage to
Crescent Moon Island

The infernal screeching
Of a raven-feathered demon

The voyage to
Crescent Moon Island

The leader, our bridle
Who led us to glory
The voyage to
Crescent Moon Island

The towers, the wars,
The spirits, the Gods,
The scheming, the plots,
The jokes, the laughter,
The heroes, the villains,
The time spent on shores,
The times collecting treasure,
The gifts from the Gods,
The relics of ourselves,
The hand-tailored quests,
The love for my friends.
Now the voyage is over.
Only living in memories
Of the six alive who know
The whole of that voyage:
The voyage to
Crescent Moon Island.

WHO PRAYED FOR SNOW?

I heard someone ask “who prayed for snow?”
They asked it as if, as though
The one who prayed had cursed the land.
Myself, I don’t blame the weather on their hands.
I trust in the hand that made this sky
To give us what we need when we cry.

WHEN IT SNOWS IN MARCH

When it snows in March,
It reminds me of home.
When the weather isn't on a yo-yo,
It feels so unnatural to my touch.

I've been speaking of death;
Death's been speaking of me.
It's not making its round to me quite yet,
But it's passing close by.
Soon I'll watch it visit my oldest living ancestor
That my children will not meet
When all their cousins have.
I see so much of myself in it;
So much of it in myself,
Perhaps death is passing by me after all.
To take that part out of me,
So it's not quite like my own death.

It's not really quite snow,
It's somewhere between snow and hail.
So it's not quite like snow in March at home,
But it's close.

ON THE SHELVES OF HISTORY

I want to write something
That means something
To someone else.
So many things
Mean so much to me
It would be wasteful
If I didn't give back.
Yet nobody
Seems to care
About my work.
I must not compare
Myself to the greats,
But I would do much
To see my works
Set beside theirs
On the shelves of history.

STEPS INTO THE BLACK

You asked me to take a step into the black
You asked me to refrain from despair
You asked me to refrain from attack
You asked me to act without knowing the outcome

I don't know why it scares me now
It's never scared me before
I've walked grinning and blindly in the past
But now that I have to, I've never been scared more

I guess it's because I have things that I love
And I'm scared I'll have to give them up
I had that before, and I knew it was true
And they slipped away then just as much

You asked me to take a step into the black
You asked me to refrain from despair
You asked me to refrain from attack
You asked me to act without knowing the outcome

CONTEMPLATING SHADOWS

I took a walk with the sunset at my back
Little pebbles here and there
No bigger than a millimeter
Casting shadows a handspan long
Something so small, yet casting
Shade for a village of ants
Protection from the desert heat
My own shadow was something small, indeed

Then night fell, and the world fell
Into the cool shadow of the westward mountains
I went to see my associate at a concert
Even the shadow cast by the nine foot grand piano
Could fit inside the shadow of this man
Perhaps even the shadows of those westward mountains
Were smaller than his.

What is mine next to that?

DESTIGMATIZE THE SEASONS!

Don't act so surprised
It's just snow

"But it's April,
Snow should be over!"

Why?
Who said that?
Why should snow be restricted to winter?
Let it snow in July.
Let it be hot in January.

Don't question the weather
Or assume it shouldn't be the way it is
It just is!
So go build a snowman in July,
Or take a sunlit stroll in January.

IN THIS DESERT

In this desert, I'm told
There's an old dusty road
Upon it there are sights to behold

With a cyan tow truck
Red-brown with rust
It's tires deflated and sagging

With an Aztec restaurant
Made of roughly-cut stone
I've never once visited

With a row of wickedly gnarled trees
As though struck by lightning
Though with none of the firescar

And the dust from this road
Now stains my hands and raincoat
So now I feel at home in this wilderness

I may be from the wet plains
Where rain is abundant
And trees grow free
But I'm glad I came to this desert
Even for so short a time
I shall return,
When my work is done

CABINS

In a tall pine forest
Seven dwarves built seven cabins.
They weren't the seven dwarves we know,
But there were indeed seven of them.
They built their cabins in a special place,
Far enough from the sea to not see it,
But close enough to it to feel
The residue of its salty winds.
The cabins were made of dense pine wood,
In a ring around the top of a hill,
Through the woods and down.
Moss capped boulders serve as our thrones.
At dusk and dawn, the air turns damp.
I smelled it on my way today
As I passed by the little castle coffee shop.
Something in the air pulled me back in time.
I don't know why it should remind me so;
This town is nothing like that forest-
It's a metropolis by comparison.
And yet I feel like I'm standing on that hill.
The seven dwarves are splitting up, now
I wonder what might happen to those cabins
Well, that's none of my business,
but I still wonder

DIE DREI FRAGEZEICHEN

For my most memorable four years
We had a legendary teacher of German
All that's left is nostalgic tears
And a homemade movie made by class and clan

Our year was more fluent, to prove this
Our teacher made an assignment
Our assignment was to make a movie
Of Die Drei Fragezeichen Kids.

We forged, indeed, the most memorable of places
It was absurdity in the highest degree
Making rats with human faces
And that's more than poetic imagery.

THE UNCERTAINTY PRINCIPLE

There's a rule in physics
Called the uncertainty principle.

The more you know about the speed of a particle
The less you know about its position and direction
And Vice Versa

Is it also a law
That the more I love my own work,
The less I know the true quality?

I WISH TO JOIN THE CIRCUS

I went to see the circus today,
There were wonders to behold
I took some time to meet the performers
After the show, and learn their names

There's a man named Mystery
Who walks a tightrope
The rope is made of information
And he balances upon it perfectly

There's a man named Romance
Who draws caricatures
Filling yours and others cheeks
With a wholesome, heartfelt blush

There's a woman named Action
Who is a contortionist
She'll twist the view at just the right angle
At just the right time, for a sense of wonder

There's a woman named Style
Who sells cotton candy
A thousand different colors
Flavors attuned to your taste

There's a man named Ambience
Who plays all the music
He makes it all that much better
Through artistry in sound

There's a man named Plot
Who announces the acts

You can tell he helps put things together
But he's not the man in charge

There's a woman named Comedy
Who's an organizer of sorts
She helps manage crowds
Managing their expectations

There's a woman named Realism
Who tames the animals
She has a kindness in discipline
And the animals need her

There's a woman named Reference
Who sits in the audience
She's just there to get a reading
On how the audience responds to the act

There's a woman named Theme
Who's the manager of them all
She tells each and every one
Where they need to be to make the show

They're all so magnificent
I doubt I could ever take part
I hope I can keep admiring them
Even if I have to do so from afar

BEYOND WORDS

I've spent my life trying to get reality into a box
Using words and tunes and drawings
But it's beyond words-

I should have realized that the only box
That can hold all of reality
Is reality itself.

DON'T CALL ME DIFFICULT

Don't you call me difficult
Don't assume the worst in me
Reality is choosing to revolt
Interpersonality is not yet free.
I refuse to speak a word against him
Though I believe I have cause.
Fifty minutes, twenty times, and the pain therein
For a few patronizing moments of applause.

I don't think I'm at fault
But I don't know if that's just
Some arrogance in my heart-vault
If it is, then I must
Correct myself and my lie detection
But my hatred for you shatters that mirror
The one I would have used for introspection
Don't call ME difficult, and never come near.

ONE CHANCE IN A COSMOS

Years of silence
Fifteen artists
In as many countries

United by force
Found each other
By astronomical chance

In one week
Become closer friends
Than most people ever have

Constant shared admiration
Immediate inside jokes
And after five days

It's all over
They blinked and it's over
It'll never happen again

They saved moments
Ingrained in their memories
One chance in a cosmos

NEW MEDIUMS

I guess this is my new medium
Nobody cares about my old one
Well, that's not strictly true, some
Say they care a great deal, that's it's fun
But people seem to care about
My work in this new medium
It's different, sure, like a breakout
I just hope people don't think it's dumb.

SHARPENING THE AX

Why is the dim light so blinding?
Why is the distant noise so loud?
Why does it take so little to get inside my head?
My maturity continuously rewinding,
And for that I'm supposed to be proud?
I'm a coward, a wretch, housed in forever-dread.

Oh, I'm a tiny little thing.
Looks like I've cut off my wings.
And the window's open wide,
Letting background noise inside.

Oh, I wish I could go deaf!
Or perhaps, if I'm lucky, go blind!
I'd be dead to the world,
My potential neatly furled,
Finally my life would stop getting behind.

The light is getting dimmer...
The noise is dying down...
I'm coming out of my state of panic...
My body, now with motivation is brimming...
My head's above the water in which I nearly drowned.
I've won before, I can win again. Sick.

THE WICKLEWIGS

My friend, in a stupor
Inquired of the Wicklewigs
If the Whiffin was a droop or
Whether it be a fickle fig.

“I see a tangerine outside
Your right ear,”
The Wicklewigs said, snide,
“You people don’t know how to hear!”

My friend answered them, with,
“But that’s not a fault of ours,”
He said, “It’s for time and the Dwiths!
They’re all up there in the tower!”

And the Wicklewigs chuckle-laughed,
“You’re a funny little thing, aren’t you?”
They said, “Of course it’s your fault, you dafty-daft!
You should have CHOSEN to see your shoe!”

The Wicklewigs went on with,
“We know what you should do, yessir!
We’ve never heard of time or the Dwiths!
You have a great imagination, for sure!”

“Wicklewigs, no,” my friend replies,
“Please try to understand their power!”
The Wicklewigs laugh, squinting their eyes,
“You say they live in some tower?”

My friend’s little smile fell,
“You don’t believe they exist?”

The Wicklewigs said, “Well,
We haven't seen it, it'll cease and desist.”

Shame, what a shame,
We never knew the nature of the Whiffin.
Whether it was a droop or the same.
Answers outside of lifetimes are but a chagrin.

A JUDGMENT RENDERED

I was recently
Set free
From being judged by the jury
I chose

On the counsel
Sat the gavel itself
It's trying to send my hands down as well
If they're in the wrong pose

Oh, the worst
Yet to come, around the bend, words
Are difficult at best so first-
Wait, it's already over?

GROW: THE BLACKOUT

Introduc:

I was working

After a few failed attempts,

Time agreed to speak

On schedule, I left

We began asking:

Was our will loving reverence?

I like to talk.

I wanted dances,

And to play for the dance,

And then say hello.

He wanted

Four travels

And to see the City

And teach.

They are quiet places.

I quit my first something

And thought I didn't have an hour to write.

Then I took voice and passion.

Ask dumb questions

Or ask nothing.

The world doesn't know

How to thank you for YOUR might

Sometimes I arrange a star out of days

Impossible, according to young people at school

I think that it is.

Arriving as a solo blue singer
May be the dance now.

I don't scream.
I see the team as a person
Who's trying to work.

13 million independent decades
Have found ways to help
Past decades label stories

All peace found a story
Of diamond healing.

Burn the mentality
When it is a user
Of useless information.

Shake the night to realize
That everything is theater

Cknowledgements:
I thank great music.

THE WANNABE JUNGLE

Walk through, walk through, the wannabe jungle
Bright colors make me ever so humble
Oh, it rained all the day long, wet the soil
'Tis true, 'tis true, the wannabe wildlands
I'll describe the sights and smells, with mild stance
And try to say why the land is my foil
This was my hometown, my childhood to be
The air so damp, it's hard to breathe or see
But to most it's vulnerable, forlorn
It's an acquired taste, but once you're hooked
The smell, the same effect as an old book
Read, re-read, re-re-read; comfort reborn!
Said by them of old, better told than shown,
No one's told any story but their own.

The canopy, so gloriously green
Bids the summer heat to linger on Earth
Vibrancy of colors, always so sheen
Calling of birds, and sounds still never heard
Sky of blue, laced with clouds of white, laced with
Shadows of gray, laced with sunset's shade pink
Don't know what street to take, how 'bout the fifth?
Doubt it'll restart raining, now it's jinxed.
The yellow-white street lights reflect in pools
From glorious rain earlier today
The pools turn golden, now streets of gold. Cool
Mist hangs the air to kill humidity.
Said by them of old, better told than shown,
No one's told any story but their own.

ANGEL'S ROAD

There came an intersection in time:
The road ahead stands straight and dark,
Paved with perfect black squares of security,
And to my left, another road:
Winding and treacherous,
Paved with golden cobblestones.
At the street corner, on either side of the golden road
Are two statues of angels:
One slender, short haired, with an angular grin,
The other holding a rose in both hands, kind faced,
Both bidding me to wander the golden road...

AFTER WE SAVED THE WORLD

I will give you my contact to call me
We will see each other again
We'll be sure, not so sure,
Because time can obscure
But I hope I'll remember you, my friend.

After we saved the world from some darkness
Found a family in this strange world
It's the end, what an end
To our journey, my friends
We will not meet again in this lifetime.

MEATBALL

I'm a gigantic, irritable meatball.

“Useless meatball, powerless meatball,
Why don't you hide in the corner?”

I'm already there.

“Stupid meatball, unwanted meatball,
Why don't you roll down the darkness?”

I already am.

“Thank you for telling me what's inside you.

I miss you, and I will until you come back.

I love you, never forget that.”

Are you pulling me up?

I love you too.

HEROISM

First, an introduction of characters
Breathe into them their life and their powers
Show them a problem, offer a challenge
The solution should force each one to change
“Heroes on deadline, fly swiftly for me”
Cries their patron, the Will of Unity
Lasting traces of memories, hinting
Of greater purpose, this, the beginning
More to come, contingent upon success
The first heroes, have to each do their best
Untying secrets, planting Chekhov's Guns
And comic relief, jokes, gags, even puns
Losses foreshadowing more loss to come
One story ends, but the rest have begun

Second, mysteries coming into understanding
Older heroes return, new ones are made
Enemies coming into focus, and what they're demanding
Heroes combine, the whole world in their shade

Then, at the verge of unity, prejudice cheats
Healing rifts torn apart once more, but our heroes remain
Isolation and companionship are prophesied
Return to ancient lands, barely outwit the opponent
Destruction follows, and the heroes get sent below

Fourth, a journey through the abyss
Sent to wander the hellish landscape
Where past consequences rise from fire
To give them the perspective of their flaws
The unmemorable mistakes they made
That lead to agony, cursed by those they dismissed

Until they learn to find a spark of hope.
Those they thought were enemies fight on their side
Until they can emerge, some small victory...
Meanwhile, instability fights unity on the surface of the world
Heroes forced to face the tragedies of love
Vows made and strained
So close to a final triumph
Yet on the verge of defeat.

Fifth, and last, the end
Victory won through their risks
Glory to heroes.

FLICKER

Flicker, lights flicker.

The city light grows bigger and bigger.

The city grows older, and tricks her, yes, tricks her.

STREETLIGHTS, PROUD AND BRILLIANT

Streetlights, proud and brilliant
Line up in rear view mirrors.
You wouldn't see if one went dark
In their darkness wrapped your fears.
So to are human souls lit with
A glorious bright parade.
How often do we notice
When one begins to fade?
A blade driv'n through a family,
An unborn child lost.
How can one cope with trauma
When one can't compute the cost?
Hearken to the ageless wisdom
In the imaginations of a child:
Let agony stay her time of rent,
Then let your soul run wild.

RIVAL AND FRIEND

When once we met so long ago
Though chance, through friends then mutual
I saw you not, had my eyes closed.
Glory be to an old rival
And an even older friend!

When first we saw what was to see
Forced friends through sheer proximity
In written works from you and me.
Glory be to an old rival
And an even older friend!

Though when your love I'd start to know
I realized and cried alone
Was forced to live in your shadow.
Glory be to an old rival
And an even older friend!

Soon it was made so very clear
Undoubtedly you were revered
You clearly were the victor here.
Glory be to an old rival
And an even older friend!

We reconciled our differences
Found common ground, or so she says
Compared to you, I'm always less.
Glory be to an old rival
And an even older friend!

Eventually I overcame jealousy
Undid my spells of secrecy

Though I still view you reverently.
Glory be to an old rival
And an even older friend!

Now I see you, your hair is groomed
In suit and tie, across the room
So give your speech, and leave so soon
Glory be to an old rival.
And an even older friend!

Remembering you now, my friend
Wonder if I'll see you again
Three stories end, and one begins.
Glory be to an old rival
And an even older friend!

CHESS BOARD

Two friends playing chess
And talking of love
It's not the same kind of chessboard,
All the squares are at different heights.
The friend playing white
Has the other on the run
Until he realizes something
That they both overlooked
He points it out.
It turned out, his opponent
Had already won.

YOU'RE ON MY SIDE

I always thought it was unrealistic
When characters found allies
In the person you thought
Was least likely to join you

Until I thought and then it clicked
It happens in our family ties
It happens with ones you fought
Unlikely allies are real, just follow through

I say it's unlikely because of how time ticks
Some others fail, though they've tried.
Where some misjudge, you have not!
This is my thanks, I hope it'll do.

REVERSE COURSE

Welcome, all imperfect people!
Humble yourselves and accept help
Climb out of hell, I'll throw down a rope
It'll sting a bit, you might just yelp.

You may think it's pathetic,
But for THIS course, it's par
Since things tend to be
Whatever it is that they are.

DANCE IN THE SKY

I dreamt of a rainstorm
Each droplet, a light
When the wickedest visions
Sheathed blades from their fight
In the house of ancestors
They left me alone
To be with my anchor,
The heart I call home

Lovely and quiet,
I gazed at the face
Of one who convinced me
To stay in this place
In the memory of raindrops
Distorted by time
I'll sing still my song
Of Ash Towns, sublime

Silently waiting
Fate does her job fating
Dreaming lips kissed while I slept
Sometimes I wish that forever
Dissolved into weather
I'd dance in the sky as it wept

You understood that I
Would miss rain to death
You gave us some space
So that I could repent
Of the distance I let rule
The actions in hand
I couldn't have done more,

So please understand

Will of Unity

Cremated to dust

Preserved in the tomb of

The loneliest stuff

As I wonder aloud

“Is our fate the same?

Did Fate fate us two, too, to

Destruction and pain?”

Somehow I believe

There will be some relief

From torment that life has assured

Sometimes I swear I have visions

Of kind, real intentions

Contingent on choosing right words

Museums closing

And Streetlights are dimming

But we can still sit on the steps

Listen to wonderful music

And magical stage tricks

All of it makes me perplexed

Silently waiting

Fate does her job fating

Dreaming lips kissed while I slept

Sometimes I wish that forever

Dissolved into weather

I'd dance in the sky as it wept