

Poems and Places

An Impermanent Path



a place of enforced solitude

a temporary surface
a washboard for a man's fortitude
a horizontal horizon drawn neatly
between the curve of the sea and the sky
two halves of a broken eggshell
brought together
to form a vista
to compel those eyes
toward a flat
featureless void
 a place where footfalls are silent
 transient
 quenched by inevitabilities
where priests and pagans
 and poets
traipse
in-between the flow and ebb
of a pitiless tide

The Naked King



Proleek Tomb

Four millennia has stripped more than
a pound of flesh from your bones
the naked king is exposed to all
 wanderers and weather
well-wishers and the wicked alike
bask in your ancient silhouette
 unmoved
by modernia
 unhindered
by the creep of crass chronologies
created by curious caretakers of faiths

The naked king reigns
the metaphoric monarch of imaginations
imagines all of us
our fleeting lives like dragonflies around
a stagnant pool
 still
as he has stayed and will stay
until the wanderers and weather
wear his form from bone to stone
from stone to memory
from memory to
 nothingness

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