

What A Life. . .

Tilting upward sharply, roar of turbines pushing  
toward an expansive sky, onward to terrain unique,  
imagination lifted, loaded with knee-bender nuts and guns.  
Go easy there friend, we scorn not their clan or clique;  
it is what is held in hand, they speak without also listening.  
From birth to old age, paths are always dangerous ones.

Concepts battle, humans bleed.

The Pres will often rail that he with evil circled lies,  
like satellites circle the earth, like a traffic circle,  
a vicious circle. Circle the wagons, ring an entire country founded  
by scrupulously faithful, one seeded fruits endowed with ordnance.  
Kinda' like a tail chasing dog-opposite a straight line.  
Why run, the earth is a sphere; walk east and change time.

Life is finding out what you already know.

Aberrant Check or Mate, now new chess set bishops are really Queens.  
Boy meets Boy seek mates competing with Queer Eye grooming Straights.  
Viewing our image from eyebrows to thighs, our reflection is backwards.  
Politically I'm not correct but then again brother, I work at it.  
Things are not as they appear, or otherwise.

If you know something, you can't learn anything.

They've strayed from Good Book days, when everyone would get stoned.  
Nippers stoned, harpies stoned, altered virgins and biddy bitches stoned.  
Blood and slaves and kin were within the sanctimonious and sacred ring;  
girlfriends could be bred if they limited it to the husband's bed.  
Now Bobby is laughing loud; too tired to strum, and too winded to sing.

The obvious always giggles.

Forward you Western warriors, time to mobilize your Tour,  
mount you're treaded juggernauts, put them to the spur!  
Desk jockey Pattons seeking Rommels, sortie in their SUVs;  
while I, disgruntled, wave white flag to wind and blindsight,  
"Objects in the mirror are a helluva lot closer than they appear."  
Pearl-handled revolvers are optional equipment-Sir!

Connected with yourself lately?

I'm eating full-grain bread along with a kosher pickle;  
cows now dine on blood and fat and horse and pig offed meat;  
poultry, bird, and chicken turd become their tasty treat.  
They no longer cast a melancholy bovine stare and Moo.  
Elsie lifts her wobbly head, utters a backward bawling low,  
"ooooM! I'm a cudding wilted whacko naught. I'm a Barmy Hogacycle."

Reality is a chancy thing.

From feeding lots, dung and urine  
as slimy hormonal goo are oozing out,  
into ponds and streams and creeks.  
Deformed testes found on Plains state fish; no wonder  
there are no raincoat clad, sidewalk flasher trout.

Here. . . is where you're at.

Hawks are those lusty daytime birds of prey,  
serendipity is singing its song  
to so many birds with only one wing.  
One-winged turkeys, chickens and arm-chair hawks.  
One-winged buzzards fly round in ever tightening circles of decay.

It's what you do, get the drift?

Chicken-hawks enjoy waging war in the dark,  
resembling feeding tail-up ducks minding  
other people's business to make a buck,  
flying in a one-winged circle to encircle the error.  
Generals love napalm, its all in the mind you know.

Check in your baggage, believe in yourself.

We were once babes sucking at the breast, until  
dewy diapers demanded Mom at once wetness eschew.  
Our innocent eyes wide and aglow, minds fixed with trust and belief,  
now we stand weighted down with struggle-scarred doubt. Oldsters  
and children never need ponder and think matters through.

As grass, all living lean the direction winds blow.  
The more things change, the more they remain the same.  
How beautiful, cosmos blooming in the fall.

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