

Cerulean Odyssey

epic sketches of a long distance voyager
by Gerrit Verstraete

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The poetry of Gerrit Verstraete

During the late sixties, Gerrit Verstraete began to develop his writing skills in addition to his fine art talents. Poetry was the thing he wrote most. Gerrit's mother Cornelia (born Cornelia van Dam in 1918) was a writer of children's stories when Gerrit was very young. She was also a teacher. She used to read her stories to her grade school class in a small school in a picturesque Dutch village near the city of Zwolle. "Regrettably," says Gerrit, "when my mother died in 1987, any whereabouts of her stories, both published and unpublished, disappeared as well." Gerrit Verstraete's poetry has appeared in a number of publications including, *Coach House Press, Quarry Magazine, the Poetry Institute of Canada*, as well as a private publishing of a selection of 30 of his poems, titled, "Mid-Seventies Crisis." In 1998, he began work on an epic poem titled, "In Search of the City," a lengthy poem totaling to date some 27 writings, each dealing with his own personal spiritual journey as husband, father, artist, and poet. Portions of this epic poem have been read at poetry readings on Vancouver Island, British Columbia. In 2005, he completed his 200 verse (he calls them "sketches") epic "Cerulean Odyssey."

Introduction: who is Cerulean?

Cerulean is a person who undertakes a long journey in search of a place he has never seen but longs for in his heart. For as long as he can remember, he has enjoyed travel, especially long distance driving. He was especially drawn to specific places along his travels. These were places that for unknown reasons stirred Cerulean deep in his soul. It gave him a passion and reason to return as often as he could to those same places. Some accused him of not being a real adventurer, and he should travel different roads as often as he could. Instead, Cerulean drove the same distances again and again. Only he knew that when a certain turn in the road would bring him to that view, that special place, it would bring tears to his eyes as he caught a glimpse of what he was looking for. These long distance voyages took a decisive turn when Cerulean began driving across Canada from east to west and back again. To this day he knows exactly the places where he had to stop to control the tears that flowed from deep wells of emotion. It has been many times he has traveled across Canada, and always in search of what he spoke of as "the city not built with human hands," a place of peace and fulfillment.

I am Cerulean, a name that means "sky blue."

Cerulean is a bright colour, a kind of typical Canadian sky that can capture the human spirit and send it on fanciful flights of hopes and dreams.

During the early sixties, I began to develop my writing skills in addition to my fine art while a student at the *Ontario College of Art & Design* in Toronto. Dr. Remkes Kooistra, who was pastor of the church I attended as a student, began encouraging me to write poetry. He arranged to have one of my earliest poems published in 1964. On a cool wintry day in December, 1967, he married Alice and I. The church was filled with friends, family and all my long-haired art college friends.

Poetry was the art form that began my creative journey as early as 1960. My mother Cornelia (born Cornelia van Dam in 1918) was a writer of children's stories when I was very young. She was also a teacher. She used to read her stories to her class in a small school in S'Herensbroek, a picturesque Dutch village near the city of Zwolle. Regrettably, when my mother died in 1987, any whereabouts of her stories, both published and unpublished, disappeared as well. My poetry has appeared in a number of publications including, *Coach House Press*, *Quarry Magazine*, the *Poetry Institute of Canada*, as well as a private publishing of a selection of 30 of my poems, titled, "*Mid-Seventies Crisis*."

In 1998, I began work on a lengthy poem titled, "*In Search of the City*," totaling some 27 writings, each dealing with my own personal spiritual journey as husband, father, artist, and poet. Portions of this epic poem have been read at poetry readings on Vancouver Island, British Columbia.

It was one such cerulean skies, in the Fall of 2004, that prompted me to begin writing the epic *Cerulean Odyssey*, in the form of sketches, as a narrative of thoughts and feelings of a journey towards that mysterious place I longed for so much.

The *Reader's Digest Great Encyclopedic Dictionary* of 1966, defines *epic* as a "long, formal, narrative poem in elevated style, having as its subject heroic exploits and achievements or grandiose events." *Cerulean Odyssey* is definitely long, but I exchanged formality for informality. The epic is a narrative poem but more abstract expressionist than elevated in style. Heroic exploits, achievements and grandiose events are an overstatement. However, finding the "city" is no small event. It is the substance of my entire life's journey.

Cerulean Odyssey has two principal sources for imagery used in writing the epic's two hundred sketches or stanzas. One source is the natural surroundings of my home and life on the west coast of Canada, specifically the majesty of Vancouver Island. The other source is the barrage of daily newspaper headlines over a period of nine months.

My method of writing *Cerulean Odyssey* is spontaneous. I began each sketch with a thorough soaking in my surroundings, starting with early morning ferry trips from Gabriola Island to Nanaimo, often the first ferry off the island at 5:45 am. Not only that, I'd be in the lineup by 5:00 am to begin the task of waking my sleepy thoughts. After coffee in town and some time of sketching coffee shop people, I got in my van and usually headed "up island" for a long drive. I have driven every paved road and a few infamous unpaved logging roads as well on Vancouver Island, again and again, year after year. Each drive birthed a myriad of impressions. I wrote these down and they became my poetry. The images often appear as metaphors with strong mythical intent reflecting the deepest emotions of my soul and feelings in my body.

Newspapers are the printed voice of our unsettled modern times. I decided to take complete editions of daily newspapers, and deconstruct every headline into fragments of sentences and words, only to reconstruct them again into abstract poetry. Composite verses created from fragments of newspaper headlines were intended to demonstrate and capture a fragmented world of confusing voices in a reconstructionist prose. After six months of reconstructionist work, I returned to the spontaneous writing that marked the beginning of *Cerulean Odyssey*, to bring the epic to an end.

Cerulean Odyssey was written from November 7, 2004 to July 31, 2005, a period of nine months. Writing the epic caused both joy and pain, but throughout it all, it has reinforced my personal faith in the fact that the city of God is real and the ultimate destiny of my human journey.

Some special notes accompanying *Cerulean Odyssey* are at the end of the epic, on page 95.

Gerrit Verstraete, Gabriola Island, July 31, 2005

Cerulean Odyssey

“Writing has been my other passion since I first began the lost journal of my bread route years. The year was 1960, and I was fifteen years old. Every week I faithfully wrote my daily impressions as a young boy when I worked on a bread route, delivering pastries, pies, cookies, buns and bread, to rural communities around Wallaceburg, Ontario, together with my boss, Gord Spiering. My journal was a heavy sales book with endless blank pages Gord had given me. He didn’t need the extra book. The journal was stolen from me two years later.” (September 7, 1962)

1

I came walking on daytime’s wake
a pigment dry palette of dreams
filled my pockets with hope
digitally mastered visions of glory
fuel for the broken fires of passion
each step of the journey a trial
each path a temptation to believe
tomorrow will be the end of today
where strangers I have met
on the road to distant vanishing points
in step with eternal drums
dogs who beg for mercy crumbs
from the master’s table
for those who find the empty stable
I am Cerulean
the long distance voyager

2

robed in sky blue fusion fabric
patterned after ancient promises
steeped in salt flats time trials
to set new records for obedience
speed the nemesis of costly delay
all for a search without ending
a city a gate a massive pearl
wisdom not her only treasure
lost in the turmoil of rhetoric
and endless spiral speculation
I took a turn to the narrow left
and hid my face in the borrowed cleft
for fear of judgment’s bloody arm
to raise my banner of alarm
I am Cerulean

the long distance voyager

3

only I know the forest highways
oceans running long beach shores
snow capped mountain hideaways
among the thickets of sleepless nights
stone fences closing war torn borders
to the eyes of media madness
who cannot close the credibility gap
between their surgically guarded ears
and fumes that fill reality playgrounds
bursting veins with profitable intentions
spilling children's crying laughter
among medicated claims of peace hereafter
I know the headlines are for eating
the taxman's trade for cheating
I am Cerulean
the long distance voyager

4

meadows green with limestone caverns
rivers stocked with seamless flowers
valleys cut by deep dish pizza
fountains fill the blackened void
fragments of imagination
comfort words in bits and bytes
nighttime memory analysis
of what I thought I could see
beyond flesh and bone and mortar
casino lights with smoking embers
easy picking on empty heart strings
wishful thinking on eagles' wings
only to hear a pounding hollow echo
let it go let the whole thing go
I am Cerulean
the long distance voyager

5

morning soon with cobalt sunrise
scarlet banners in the sea
pockets of fog hang in the balance
weights and counterweights prepare
to launch another day of searching

shark infested mine fields await
truth contested answers sadly
alone on the road to jericho
few to hold my blistered hands
in the company of angels wishing
litanies of theosophical litigation play
the fine art of heaven's delay
fire and brimstone lovers leap
no will to climb the canyon steep
I am Cerulean
the long distance voyager

6

ready for the fight
laden beast of burden light
guide me through the slippery night
from this no man island home
oasis of bipolar green
fed by desert venom stream
on highwires of opinion
leaving arts creative kin
drybed intelligence has been
known to catch the ferry late
artificial armour of resolve
soft underbelly convictions
dissolve

7

wasted wormwood weldwood years
accusing fingers of suspicion
lawless hands admission
grow-op shameless exhibition
cold the beaches brickyard stare
as forest giants dare
to cut the timber weeping
urban fight with rural weapons
packed in peace at last
redeem her noble past
overload a memory with compassion
for the children of her dreams
acres of wishful thinking
never end it seems
I leave to catch the seven twenty
up the river diesel steams
my soul the pen of a ready writer

on a moon of full beams

8

I search and rescue run
concrete shoes my nemesis
rhythms of a broken highway
through crowded forest streets
in an age of deliverance
cloudscapes beckon warily
longships on sky lakes
to escape the winding shores
sunrise sunsets pardon
crimes of passion thinking
touch alone my arrowsmith
robed in virgin white
restless fog and pale visions
light the valley of tears

9

sometimes I see her near
sometimes I feel her clear
deep inside my heart ache
rest a while
my smouldering embers
on her moss green shoulders
the city dwelling surely
not that far away
I hear a distant drum beat rushing
bloodlines flowing rapids grand
in veins of buttermilk rejection breast
I began my epic journey
orange crate my early bed
shelter from pagan bombs
glass walls my domain
dot com a public address
do not forsake me lord

10

unfamiliar signposts ridicule
discipline lists to do
sandy rivers without bottom
water falls in endless pain
healed by some times laughter
her medicine forgiving

creation as she groans
longing for my footsteps
forward backward forward
three ahead
two behind
one more step for mankind

11

humble alpine meadows
cold snowpack coming
warning of long sleepless nights
if I tarry aimless hope
afraid of morning
be bold be strong
and be transparent
cry the voices in my head
pack my back with cream filled donuts
six pack coffee carry out
slow the rushing memories
affections cold and grey
rain begins a timeless chorus
galleries of disappointment
greet me at the door

12

I have a voice
crying in the broken wilderness
charred remains of ancient cultures
crowd the twisted highway
without reservations
smoke drifts down lazy
words seldom heard anymore
call the forest to attention
north bound slow
south bound speeding
through the cemetery of peace
among shattered tombstones
yesteryear now rests in pieces
buried in the ruins of children
their voice maternal whisper
ears to hear more fears
my cry a pounding rhythm

13

bayside rumours of war
and flowers blossoming thirst
for sacrificial blood
cut my weeping heart out
ensure another flawless sunrise
confusion moments of despair
deceived beyond deception
their laboured cry heard no more
my voice remains
slower traffic keep right
my fist a burning piston
line upon line
precept upon precept

14

skies clear the flotsam rainclouds
suns shine on golden rivers
flooded roadways stagger forward
too much gain
after so much pain
justice limits speed at eighty
curtains of spray chase my tires
can anyone hear my song
of desolate seclusion
sanctuary studio walls witness
a lament for what went wrong
do not beat the eardrum primal
close the door to tears
tombs of unknown children
guardians of more broken dreams

15

the wind has fallen asleep
fanny bay comox valley green
redemption mountains
like a steel collar
on my brain
wood fires sweet aroma
put the burden down
to hold the hand of forgiveness
on a diamond ready gown
her with many crowns
gifts from heaven's giver
father of the fatherless to all
who hear my voice mail call

come home to love's oasis
in the valley of dry bones
turn around my dearest friend
do not look back
next week another leg of journey
on wounded knee I bow

16

you make my heart sing
truck stop chorus on a weary road
birds that pray for laughter
chatter well into the night
your peace child offers gently
to hold my horn of plenty
sometimes empty rivers well spring flow
and lay my head to rest
on your love eternal breast
drink deep the sounds of grace
I hold your candle burning
in the night time of my fears
to dream a while before the morning
to resume my long distance kingdom voyage
of these anointed chosen years

17

the narrow path took a sudden turn
I pushed the main sail west
where tiny tugs push giant timbers
portside down shivering rivers
to the end of broken islands
and ravens who fall asleep
no more stealing noon day's sun
havoc on the steel grey highway
I asked where to my friend
listen to the voice I pondered
every thought I overheard
across a midnight madness ocean
do not pay till two thousand five
among the smouldering fires
of rusted vacant castles
beached below a popular tide
of sentimental sediment
a land far away but not forgotten

18

red and white blue brickyard
mason masterpiece in gold
spires bold and towers clapping
to a moon swept melody above
tiny dots in tiny places
windmill arms are waving
watery graves say hello
to friend and stranger wandering
cloudy motives squandering
on orange day parades
the ripped off royal banner
every man's soiled linen cover
red light sin of the fathers
mothers cry for daughters lost
my home and land of natives
took my childhood away

19

stand up I push some reason
speak the voice of knowledge soon
wisdom cries in pain
for the ears of man are suffering
silence drives his soul insane
paint the gesture gently
or scratch the surface mean
secret streams of unknown lovers
writing dusty letters in the sands
of time worn airborne trials
hastily drawn across a window
to hide the gossip eyes that stare
for want of intelligent care
pollute the shallow pools of laughter
the trough lies naked bare
I am only passing through I beckon
reckon hands might hold my voice
interrupt the bar code worship
tempting endless feast of fools

20

second hand books in second hand stores
recycled commentary on ages past
dead to weary travelers
who need to know what lies ahead
on the sweating stars in their bed

leave the portholes open
winds of doctrine blowing through
cleanse the green paved pastures
prepare a table in the wilderness
spirit river flowing mercy
feet that dance in tidal pools
harvest endless nights of joy
listen carefully to the evening minstrel
a song to carry me through
before I turn back again
to push the main sail east

21

but what to say and when to say it
grade skips rarely occur without a fight
as perils to workplace madness
demand complete coverage
redesigned and rediscovered
breaking ground fears retribution
what to watch who will listen
justice needs a bigger role to see
what lurks in lockers
and those who get away with murder
heed the doomsday cry
blind eyes may do more good
but deaf ears cause lasting damage
gifts neglected lessons learned
pushing for expansion
one end zone tackle at a time
I mean business to chase a point
drive the rainbow home

22

snow threatened to steal my time
from a slate grey dawning sky
pressing home the weary thought
I do not deserve to dream
nickel smokestacks pierce the clouds
fuming sulphur into heaven
a voice whispers from the gate
each day my journey must begin
by looking close within
amidst steel cement foundations
where silence is shattered
by mindless moronic chatter

cell phones pushing to impress
those who think they are important

23

look within said the voice
dig beneath the concrete of each day
rivers of disappointment flow
orchards of dashed hope grow
envy the outdoor painter
conversion leisure ways
en plein air isolation studio
bitter thoughts
and bitter words
burn coffee on an open fire
on the shoes of union bay
critter café my chilling destination
hulks of rusted red
weathered white beached cadavre
once a haven for my sorrow
no longer refuge for tomorrow
beyond the edge of safety
crushing shells in fanny bundles
the oyster bar is open
but my mind is closed
at least to more grim prospects
of open pit excavating
all for everyone to see
how stubborn I can be

24

once the earth was pure and white
washed each day in northern light
hopes and dreams stocked the streams
rivers flowed in milk and honey
then I found the halls of mammon might
took a turn into the night
tears and fears moored at piers
stagger home to silken money
worth is tied to war and wage
assets conquer every page
a resumé enlightened
time to hit the sawdust trail
for once
a care not frightened

25

so what is my response
Cerulean comments on the matter
put on the armour of god
stand above the endless patter
temptation feet that batter
shores of rocky confidence
hills that climb above delusion
to see the city of my father
revelation each a story
open windows filled with glory
arctic tundra waste
city pavement haste
drunks who stagger nowhere man
nostalgia brick laid castles
turrets tower high in vain
broadcast beams of terror
every step a pain
the anxious journey aims for peace
joy my love's companion
lovers for a thirsty soul

26

pick up a surgeon's pace
to cut away the broken barriers
strewn across this harried race
write my letters in the sand
prophetic runes wind swept dunes
quiet waters in green pastures
one hundred mile houses rest
in the valley of death and shadows
hoping spring will come early
and stretch the way of truth and light
through this wandering wintry night
a storm of epic condemnation
mere fodder left behind
in yesterday's contemplation
start the timeless engines
rev combustion chambers high
blow the dust of daily grind
down my convertible top
a day's wake for tomorrow

27

but what to say and when to say it
as close friends linger despite disputes
to divide dinner discussions
about energized relationships
preparing to make their voices heard
with high hopes for a new generation
leaves scores trapped
worth less than money
born of poverty
and a new language in the air
autonomy the only loser
in an anything but silent passing
through the city
looking for the right price
paid in full view of sleepwalking
to mediocrity
midnight oil sleeps well
like a fighter on the ropes
integrity critical to success
ready to choose my own destiny
of a long distance voyage
this present download
a mere pittance compared to eternity

28

before the rushing englishman's river
falls between walls of silent thunder
hiding in the bowels of time
trading a servant dressed as king
for a serpent dressed to kill
just in time for a bethlehem walk
man made portals beckon loud
pay to see the human shroud
bells and whistles clamour
the train tracks me mad for passion
I stop short the christmas ration
peace on earth and good fill to man
turn ahead at errington way
minutes more to searing silence
sentinels of solitude my only guide
I drink to the edge of the river

29

she was waiting for me ready
pull the snowy blanket away

lie with me between sheets of music
chorus choir of angels pray
to hear what she had to say
I stood and trembled gently
the forest swallowed all my tears
fears abandon advancing years
green white spreadsheet sanctuary
empty trails for absent feet
fields of grace to harvest steady
go the flakes of rain that matter
to the thirsty ground below
she took my hand

30

have I not loved you from eternal
never to betray hope's resolve
nor left you on the pack ice
among the desert thorn untold
she asked when I did not answer
my gate is always open
between the hours of night and day
lines of intercourse communion
cross my heart strings play
a symphony of secure assurance
I heard her say
until at last my thoughts were quiet
the only sound of falling snow
on my fevered brow lay burning
beyond the threshold of pain
temple tithes of inner yearning
much to lose and much to gain

31

I need a revelation stream
of steady confirmation vision
in the valley far and wide
white crested meadows climb the slopes
pale mist mountain hiding glimpses
of celestial reunion parody
if ever I will find my name
carved in a new foundation stone
her words affection's banquet serve
to protect and proclaim in tandem
my journey's wandering ministry

to the multitudes of fear
and crowded noon hour devotions
catch my strained emotions

32

but what to say and when to say it
can I dismantle my rebellion
a force from above to show solidarity
to the point of being willing to die
but that's not very popular
I know I must never give in
to the grey area of challenged process
fallout and chill not justified by facts
fear does not reflect reality
yet the constant acoustic echo
finds a memorial traumatized
ejected misery factor
struggles to read and write
and mother won't let go so easily
revolting tumult romance
amidst heavy loads of longing
trapped in the cross fire
of a difficult balancing act
mutual obligation a traditional symbol
for spirit soul and body

33

freedom has its limits
in games people play past competition
I can't be right all the time
even if the debt is black and white
memories of a now distant era
winners of the week
losers of the weekend
my audience a roadshow resembling circus
outlook shifts from dark to darker
my voice a go between wish list
scoring a long shot offering
setting sail on a sea of moral lapses
looking for a parade of fire eaters
living off the avails of others
life characteristically difficult to comprehend
inequality at the root of violence
a kingdom right side up
a world that's upside down

in a battle of olympian proportions
for Cerulean
the long distance voyager

34

a lavender lagoon lapsed silent
night of holy nights
sleep in a carpeted hollow
under the tree of network knowledge
rest my rain stained footsteps
mossy ferns my welcome pillow
tea for two just out of reach
for the stars of a maiden's voyage
comfort longing by my side
close my eyes of heavy warning
gather judgment trails of smoke and fire
vapours slow to rise or fall
above a laughing courthouse
powdered wigs on polished thrones
blind walls around a common sense
afraid to govern rightly
for fear of losing bounty's wage
of rebellion and death
arrogance to rule above the maker
they shall judge no more
each to his own folly flattered
she dances for the cancerous lore
of vagabond persuasion

35

I found a cave mouth gaping sadly
bowels smelled of turpentine
hide in the crevices of precious pity
wrote the sign on doorway posts
come and stay your prayer a while
no one to see your naked terror
groping thigh and shallow breast
arched back and aching belly
tempered steel toed tremors
tempting thoughts of occupants
just in time to read the warning
label intercourse a mockery
passion fruit of tasteless travesty

missionary dreams of legacy
lost in timeless everglades

36

I stirred the dreaded hours of night
relief a promise of the dawn
high density colour panorama
images on a solitary silverpoint wave
up and down the side of benson
I turned my back on the cave
sunlight kissed my frozen lips
just one more glance over my shoulder
fleeting finger beckoned still
last chance saloon hours to closing
one more cup of tears for the road
goodbye my deficiency syndrome
I'll have her any way I want
a parade of hopeful photographs
dying gasp of lusting deep within
to offer silent harbour safety
to the unforgiving bitter spice
of masks to cover lies
that anger is worth keeping

37

I awoke with sudden shudder
a tree fell on the shivering moon
only three o'clock and counting
dare I close my eyes again
my bed behind a glittering waterfall
curtains drawn for privacy plain
to see the city's landscape fever
rushing over a staggering cliff
but not that place of mercy in my dreams
a quest for solid conviction
a city to be seen from faith afar
I hold her hand more tightly
get up she whispered carefully
my frame rose erect from the hollow

38

but what to say and when to say it
when the race to shocking rescue waits
for victims who fall for budget cuts

and bills to curb a good night's sleep
seethe as a tyrant languishes writing
tips for a stressful time of year
from a tiny hole in the ground
ethics get a voice of sovereignty
there is a lot of pressure
to pretend we live on mars
the biggest worry to stop
martyrs for thrusting spotlight causes
over the top of revolution observers
impartiality must be preserved
with a chastened crackdown on peace deals

39

some scramble for additional armour
margins of error less than the blink of an eye
a dangerous world stands battle damaged
yet signs of hope survive the issues
decades of renewal ready to make the cut
nowhere to go except to a wasted concert
of buffalo and suicide plots
drug deals outside my supper window
as a new season begins to look grim
for the stranger in paradise
his left eye drier than his right
with a sprinkle of unfortunate events
and a return to exploring basics
crying softly in the night
give these kingdom prospects a glance
gifts from the logical to divine

40

go ahead make a commitment
to graduates who've been there and done that
handmade templates provide the answers
for better or for worse
trying to hit a homerun every time
thinking about the future
on both sides of the crusade
the average discovery a distant rainbow
escalating history of potential
where reality central ends
eternal vision born at last
a new realm of probability
to find the right balance

for every long distance voyager

41

and then I came upon the plains
of abraham faith in crisis
wide open fields of horizontal
wings to beat a distant drum
sheets of gold and yellow ochre
slipped from morning's breast
waking mountains in the distance
boardwalk seaside solitude
too early to stagger work and dreams
forbidden plateau no menace
a kingdom quiet still at rest
codex rex valleys sleeping
schooner cove lodgers need their coffee
and a breakfast feast in bed
shadow ridges offer answers
questioning days that lay ahead

42

radials for all seasons sing
in monotone acrylic scale
left or right or straight ahead
one hundred miles per hour
merge up the road in metres
pavement ribbons cut in black and white
visions limit children crossing
trail rides on an ocean route
boats and barges still lie weeping
for a nighttime peace instead
where will the journey end up island
cape scott my weekend bed
traveling salesman in my head
a map erased instead

43

keep my thoughts from wandering
focus hard on softened sand
stones to build a monumental cairn
ambition signs a paycheque
fame a bayside banner blowing
always new days dawning
idea streams through alpine meadows

rugged peaks of creativity
page after page of prophecy
build the hungry soul within
spirit man and spirit woman
ends of time begin
with lineups at the counter
double double here to go
reflections on my eyebrows
safety helmets always know
what is worth protecting

44

another angel warning heeds
careful when I slumber
sudden turns cry vengeance
for the logging roads that raped
the clear cut forest bare
unexpected visitors come calling
give us room and board demand
entertainment after fashion
statements of regret
pomp and circumstance do clamour
look at me and my own stead
straighten crooked level hill
soften rough road riders
destined for insiders
who keep their voices still

45

but what to say and when to say it
we will always be friends
no point in waiting for clown tears
and a boy who predicts victory
convinced he can bring resolution
no longer to be treated as a novelty
I suddenly eye a fast track
for security squeezed by the challenger
as forecasters increase torture
yer bargain for a light term
a deep seated belief they can do it
blunt personality for an empty voice
the world regains consciousness
out of touch for not embracing spirit
only symbolic celebration décor
on rampant materialism trees

to rebuild an optimistic coalition
of debt and profit

46

voices in the press blame morals
the finger that pulls the trigger
of estrogen and testosterone
claiming holiday music
makes minorities feel uncomfortable
defining life as going wireless
no need for fair play validation
abandoned landmarks of faith
which is why he had to go
trying to hide in plain sight
colours that change depleted talent
season gifts suitable for framing
taking the guesswork out of buying salvation
resurrection kits for holy day hangovers
sour notes close the gap on life
battles shaping up
a time of joy suffers discount

47

mere bumps on the road ahead
willing to share the risk
the surprise to violate improvement
balanced view with a bit of spice
but when a good location goes bad
it's important to know your foe
a hardball game when they turn off the lights
viewers sweating fear of revival
to initiate a slow lingering death
yet a kingdom's tarnished image
will rise again
pressing hard to burnish capacity in doubt
costly service ends
a new plan sets the stage for a clash
between night and day
I am Cerulean
the long distance voyager

48

once there were so many glimpses
now the river seems so dry

when I came upon an alpine clearing
inside the mountain's welcome thigh
pearl gate silvery pale lay open
last stand in northern arctic sky
bitter cold invitation
fights with the sun for attention
I aim straight for your silence
suspended low between
somewhere and nowhere
heaven high and earth below
hungry for eternal light
will I ever reach you
through the wandering wadi wide

49

anger's cave a widening chasm
room to doubt your hospitality
refuge for a searching eye
of that watchman in the sky
I first saw you many moons ago
when the forbidden plateau
lay virgin on the snow pack
arrowsmith beneath a blanket white
you were fading out of sight
I caught you staring blindly
a glimpse beyond the glacier portal
steps unknown to every mortal
past the hidden charms of fantasy
born on flights of ecstasy

50

spinal touch of shiver slow
white secrets in the classroom
adolescent sins of doctrine
curiosity aglow
just a look is criminal
beyond the veil of prudence
trapped in creedal rhetoric
dungeons for my questioning
feelings as I grow
blinded by a broadside faith
wounding my emotions
never to see the light of day
until age thirty six again
I was born to freedom

51

flying high and flying low
take out slow for on the go
love and laughter brimming
thoughts of passion swimming
each new view a revelation
to drown the voice of accusation
I have seen the stairs of heaven
I have kissed an angel's face
tongues unknown encourage
keep my bloodline going
pumping hard for climax season
of wanting more the only reason
pushing hard a path to trust again
past the glimpses of where I've been

52

but what to say and when to say it
tsunami glimpse of walls of water
fallout waves of tragedy
shallow slip tremors
the planet is vibrating
oceans harbour waves of judgment
for an earth that quakes
with greed from the other side
of boxing days week of sales
that throw me through a window
to the year of sport
with dangled bodies of the curious
drawn to beaches of death
and the crumbling seat of power

53

but I've heard it before
even before I saw anything
of the alleged threats of shoppers
who filled the spruced-up malls
on the plains of abraham
only six fighters survived the query
opposition sees little hope
for an orange tide of strong signals
that believers live longer than unbelievers
church is good for body and soul

secret spirit spared the noose
continued imprisonment justified
by the right stuff
of moralists and problem solvers

54

online extras for yesterday's man
where are the headlines of hope
front page lessons for tomorrow
before the next wave hits
and we fail to check our ego at the door
terms of resurrection nearly complete
for the forgotten memories
of glimpses I once wanted
to put out of my futile mind
I am feeling much better
I am not alone in this strange fiction
where authenticity is overrated
and cultural lessons for losers
worry an honour of a lifetime
hard decisions for those who choose
time to build a vision

55

why an angry ambush waits
I cannot find alone
what it is I am looking for
except to pray with conviction slow
for a fellow traveler
to fill the empty passenger seat
no more frozen statues
in the frostbitten crevices
of promise and deliverance
white footprints in the dusty snow
under layers deep
below grey tapestry weather
but when I take the exit to my interior
hidden in a summit cloak
that shields my fear and trembling
will she be there to hold

56

paraklete parishioner she
mountain man alternative

to help me climb the western slope
of her sun dried face
elevated ceiling high above
doubt and perspiration
wishful thinking lamentation
fragile thoughts impart
wandering minstrel melodies
for my aching breaking heart
fields of stone lie shattered
beneath the hammer of his words
paper mills in alberni's valley
billow clouds of pillar grandeur
ascending aspiration
to reach beyond my grasp

57

must I choose eternal
twilight hope or sun up warning
watch your step with courage
let emotions river flow
even when the fool sits barking
coughing genitals to show
spreading micro organism hatred
conscience seared to go
damn his cursed indifference
while he fills his gutter appetite
with his neighbour's suffering
command to love him stead
of heaping ashes on his head
focus focus focus
back on track where I must go

58

sutton mount lay basking
virgin sheers of unspoiled care
inviting me and my companion
into cathedral groves of passion
for the soul that lingers longing
daylight hours of spirit tremors
between a sunrise and a sunset
washed in blood soaked testament
holding high a banner laughing
joy unspeakable foretold
if I could only see the distance
between a now and then

nowhere to hide from assumption
faith the better road to try
voices on a troubled treadmill
windmills wave the answers high

59

but what to say and when to say it
white washed sepulchers gladly offer
tagging walls graffiti spread
newsbreaks empty on a harlot bed
pay attention and double up
for a key moment for the west
opportunity knocks for lost battles
wired differently to a trial of lies
as disaster struck mad
we were caught in yet another lie
legislated extinction for those who pray
cease to exist for those who play
cutting apron strings into the equation
the best way to help
is to hit the beach with poor boys
and ride the waves of grief
with uncollected horrors

60

paradise lost comment the dead
no one spared the embarrassing profile
no reason to rush home
and come to the rescue of capital suggestions
restraint for absurd hatefulness
plays politics with disaster
stop withdrawal outside the station
fears of violence meet for peace
comeback destiny long locked out
for others who do the dirty work
at the wrong moment
brutality from the lip
counts the improbable at the worst time
a language of winning troubles
clean shadows on a perfect note
try to get back my gold coloured glasses

61

less sheep more wolves

down in the trenches
tough days exit on a sour note
forced to sit out the month ahead
and leave the power of everyday activities
to the bandleader
who played and lived to his own beat
I must confess
remembering all those cryptic crosswords
is pushing the limit
of my winter of discontent
and lament for a mentor
seismic shifts of floundering bubbles
crude behaviour a fresh market
that could have used some guidance
to dismiss the fear of running bulls
as culture clings to advisors
who weigh in with arithmetic

62

once again my heartbeat sounded
din and clamor of a coffee shop
cell phones ring incessant
much is said much forgotten
burn my fuel north bound slow
winding blinding road
ocean right and mountains left
vacant trawlers haunting
frozen water stretch
beyond tall white gloved trees
probing topaz yellow skies
white brushstrokes on titanium canvas
dark blue forest tunnels sudden
cut the view of light

63

can she be that radiant greeting
wishing more than now and then
to meet her frequent flyer visions
none too soon I dare hope
breathless beauty snow queen royal
staggering manner power grand
stunning bride in virgin diamonds
clefts of endless majesty
cliffs of thermal current dreams
morning star of healing

above the clouds of holy feeling
enter in your welcome womb
deep inside your halls of laughter
secure embrace of empty tomb

64

across the counter staring
into a coffee cold alone
forgotten by her ex companion husband
ugly sister of the royal snow
rejected by a sordid boon to be
victim of a painful accusation
lips a frozen smile withheld
thoughts too troubled for communion
body wasted lay in time
no one to touch her bosom
breasts too dry for tears
fear of empty children passing
take the hour one day back
crying heart streams dashing
nothing for her soul to bare

65

hold my train the bride invited
stoop no more to drown in sin
I watched the curtain heavy rising
acts of mercy love begin
proscenium arch of triumph over
fettters storm unbound
rising from the ashes
a spirit of heaviness has found
garments of adoration gentle
around her shoulders bound
is this the way of truthful wisdom
a choice for all to make
spirit soul and body wholeness
for eternal solace sake

66

I stopped to catch my bearings
silent ice the holy city cries
blankets solid snow compassion
not a sound is heard beyond
ancient forest cracking thunder

snap the lords of winter bright
moon of little comfort warming
fires fight a weary mind
consuming thoughts of lost forgotten
quicken by en plain air days
driving all four distant corners
drawing paint on paper dreams escape
new ideas sound so right
steady goes the stream of hopefuls
take a bite of beef on rye
lunch in a seasoned comox valley
a visit from the king tonight

67

but what to say and when to say it
mandate challenge holding breath
accept our violent youth
in a decisive moderate peace
living in the shadows fabric
of good for nothing art
a twelve billion mainstream sex
blooms in the feature desert
targeted operatives make extensive use
of physical vulnerabilities
found at a deportation station
on the list for security cameras
too constraining on the courts
a little support not hate propaganda
at least for a short period of time
discount factors to pay less
for offensive slogans

68

subject to honesty tests harmful
consequences lack of information
common but treatable excess
a healthy immune system
more pain on the way
reverberations still being felt
good news when we got the call
action a first priority
yet survivors struggle with their ghosts
controllers battle first wave death
oceans struck dumb the aid scam
tension beefed up for bible documents

a man of ideas cannot be moderate
a fighting chance for reincarnation
we need to reform
our unseemly reality

69

we have to find a way unfamiliar
reports under discussion
a crucial test for seasonal dis order
defeat the old man of arrogance
and run for redemption
while reprieve slips through our hands
avenging last year's loss
main factor money still
accentuates the positives
of yielding season high bidding war
little competition for shock
it's all right here in post mortem
success does his lord's asking
looking for a home
to last forever
a final resting place
is not easily found

70

best pick trying patience
doubt on rising safety hands
a deep thirst for secure conscience
I know there is no death
for a sinking company of speculation
different disciplined diversified
infusion happy returns
cannot help helping ourselves
going for trust at the right time
insuring quality of life
a huge outlay for cleanup
for the sake of being a leader
settlement for early tragedy
expected to go public
it's time to change all that
we must dig a little deeper

71

depression diary entry

today I lost the snow leopard's prey
to fleeting thoughts of cliffside anger
too much hustle hurried
too much bustle buried
mirror highways glistening flood
white beady eyes probing
followed by red striped tears
new country wine on ice
a little mud on the tires
salt in my frozen face
where to find my solitude
when the road leads nowhere
waiting ever waiting
empty eyes look out the window

72

even glimpses hide
in random memory moments
pale green gentle light
of a single softness candle
reminds me of a night with her
planning dreaming scheming
next day's journey wandering
hoping for that elusive boarding call
city flights abounding try
to keep my heart from worrying
confident we will find tomorrow
life illusion no more
love conclusion secure
patient grace for generous sowing
fruit from hallowed trees
oaks of righteousness growing

73

stand when tempted falling
rise with tides of faithfulness
few a rock of refuge
many harbour lights of guilt
ashamed to call the doctor
who need my public fingerprint
my voice a furry slurry mess
silence a better companion
quiet wisdom will prevail

anger must die before sunset
unless I wish a night of pain
to kiss your breasts inviting
before I go insane
but wait a moment wary
who said you could speak
be gone you bitter wormwood biting
dogs of bashan stay away
rebuke the demon pipers calling
resist and all will flee away
to leave self and I contending
for the sunshine of today

74

but what to say and when to say it
insights from the country's best debate
refuse to classify recruitment
of faith in the marketplace
I cannot see them telling me
too old to watch a child grow up
where some see opportunity
pictured as completely unreliable
of a church become an art gallery
but who would want to come
to a place where so many died
and uncertainty rules the amateurs
who offer mixed ratings
whether worship will continue
or to let this mad situation continue
this lethal alliance of salt and water
to erode our monuments to society

75

we have the heart
but we cannot deliver it
getting in should be easier
but hope is another country
an unusual one to menacing leaders
who take cheap shots off the table
riding the gospel wave
what we do we take very seriously
to change the way we communicate
or to be left out in the cold
a battle for the birds of prey

during crucial moments
of bestowed gifts that bewilder
the embarrassing grassroots sting
we should know better by now
to make the effort of falling short

76

ever the traditions meet
grow with it or away from it
on the roadmap to peace
sharp turns lead to thin ice
and a gold landscape tarnished
with the best of intentions
building value on the phone
to those who hunger for performance
stirring the pot with inflation numbers
yet not a valid expense
to balance safety and growth
to have kids in canada
it's almost like being there
so why stress over deadlines
when the numbers always disagree

77

but the bruising may be undeserved
the world has promises to keep
yet news standards start to resemble
mental illness without reform
passion could be the motto
the future of voice
determination and commitment
cleaning our world
still the best solution for big dreams
and go the distance
beyond our expectations
bust the ring of passive confusion
set the record for milestones
on a red carpet of tomorrow

78

the search continues unrelenting
slow each day a road to find
repeated steps of twisting anguish
sometimes peace in softer kind

when ragged clouds still blanket
rain soaked fair wind valleys
cold fingers grasp a morning chill
island crowning island fill
pacific shores with questions
dull the pain of too much introspection
will the journey ever end
not until beginnings come around again
reborn to catch the children playing
free from consequences hand
I am Cerulean
the long distance voyager

79

sea of glass and silver mirrors
a table in the wilderness of night
banquets set in gold and granite
animated full cell antics
no one dies of thirst and hunger
erase mistakes at common will
once again I prosper smiling
thoughts of hidden portal streams
canvas of creative dreams
digital communion liturgy
appetizers for a beggar's feast
prelude to life's mainstream feature
my mind is full of escape
prison doors at last forced open
death row empty quiet still

80

sixty years of random travel
mud slide venom round every corner
days of wine and roses blossom
all my troubles seem so far away
love you sounding just like sorry
no one to fill my cup's desire
above the tide line paradox
the more I want affirming
the less I get concerning
what is real and what is fantasy
unsolicited compassion climbing
above a forest floor of just enough
bare essentials drawing

topographic landscape date
kinder words seem always late

81

but what to say and when to say it
when unlikely stars see little point
in paying attention to limitless havoc
warning it was tracking towards us
yet offering a good night's sleep
because someone would make the pain ok
are we really out of touch to ask
who cares about the issue
and to make a difference
goals and success must remain vague
but all lessons are hard to learn
every time justice seeks new laws
people get very tense
support for relief too controversial
as rival claims a lot of good people
report educators are about to change
busy lives radically

82

psychological warfare reported to be safe
allowing execution of people in the dark
in the care of solitude
brutal conditions for a getaway
when fears return to trapped citizens
scared of a real debate
with devastating sacrifices to promote a cause
for blowing smoke over status quo
by definition a rightward drift
raiders of credibility and courage
countering mumbo jumbo overkill
to win clearance to open ceasefire tombs
and make appeals for border defense
erase doubts without attempting a pledge
to stop attacks on medication
it's harder when you never played
making up for misses

83

call a vote for the almost famous
make their demons spitting mad

exhortations not enough
to sustain interest in madness
apology accepted breaks extended drought
everyone is having so much fun
we all deserve a prayer and certainty
I'm not saying we're unwilling
I just want to stir up controversy
and serve up reality and a cure
in a spirit that is honest and open
set for transformation
a call for easing discontent
for a people long on illusion
and a consistent record growth
of perils of procrastination
the toughest part is knowing
when to try a new strategy for life

84

I return to familiar faces
in deepened darkened fathom five
below a canopy of thalo green
again she met my cerulean glance
as I stood fixed in timeless time
and then I sang a song for her
in master words of old and new
how beautiful are your royal feet
like tidings of good news
the curves of your hips are like waving willows
in gestures of strength and motion
the work of the hands of an artist
with discipline and craftsmanship
your body is like the embrace of a friend
who never lacks generosity
your waist and abdomen are like a heap of wheat
fenced about with many flowers
both useful and delicate
your two breasts are like fawns
yes, graceful twins
your neck is white and smooth
like the texture of sculptured ivory

85

your eyes are clean and clear
like crystal reflecting pools
your shapely nose is bold

and discerning like carved alabaster
your head crowns you like heaven
and the flowing locks of
your head are like purple threads
kings are captivated and absorbed
in endless admiration
oh, how beautiful and delightful you are
my love with all your qualities
your breasts are like clusters of ripe fruit
to be held with tenderness
oh, may your breasts of affection
be poured out like milk of satisfaction
your stature is straight and tall
like a gently swaying palm tree
to climb its branches and touch your gentle nature
and the fragrance of your breath
like apples pleasing and reviving
your kisses like the best wine
smooth and sweet
and then you were gone again

86

glimpses of eternal
somewhere beyond the sun bow rain
rose coloured mass defiant
fuming mushroom mounds
arrows pierce the early side
of a dry blue morning
in the corridors of time
bound by talking rivers
aged timber in a coffee shop
young skin stretched tightly
on balsam wood frames
touch me with her youth
comfort the casual diner
with the sound of
yellow tinted wind chimes
to warm the day of promise

87

sunshine visits rare
not too friendly often.
acquainted with her distant kin
thunder rain falls pouring
sun rays sparse becoming

barren bar codes kiss
swipe the stripe alarming
one more time to miss
fading credit hopeful
vanguard marching eastward
celebrated hopeful stream
voices of a nightingale
and golden eagle
caress the traveler alone
wandering with cathedral giants
looking for a place called home

88

hungry protest of the artist
interrupted port place banners
manic merchandise for sale
by loud mouth radio jockeys
rattling bones at most
bleating sheep and
bellowing cows so empty
no more wool or milk
between new country charming
old rock of ages silk
witness daily news confirming
all's not well I think
with classic combo burgers
fries and summer salad days
trouble steeped in tea time banter
territories argue still
over bleached blond shorelines
hooded sweat shirts bill
my friend for the difference

89

daylight tremors hard to see
radiant laughter streaming
stairs to heaven gleaming
one more kick at the can
fruit filled beer pretending
quench my thirst unending
scam the blind defending
justice always fails
unless we will to venture
turning right instead of left
sinaic code contending

with supreme court judges jargon
take a bitter bite to fill
the void of crude oil spill
looking up I try to scramble
from the mire of mud below
hope my aim despite the weather
upward solid grow

90

but what to say and when to say it
is the way of the future on par
with a resounding success
of those who dared to believe
nothing can get in their way
unbelievable optimism
they always leave smiling
careful about their abilities
they keep trying
heated sessions mobilize
willing to sacrifice citizen's voices
ill fated players
going inside the expert game
it could have been worse
heart breaking carnage
sick but not dying
unforgettable when I see the slate
of a mission believed dead

91

courage amazing
votes a successful day of fear
peace doves refuse to fly
tsunami punishment
gives meaning to the sacrifice
in a sense casting lost cities
from a window ledge
two cheers for the abattoir gap
defining marriage democracy
a tragic end to long goodbyes
fair play for absent nations
silence freedom debate
just like magic
they live their ego lives
to tell a different story

enigma no longer known as wonder
waiting for an opening
with less than stellar results

92

split lip grand slam promise
the beginning of a good year
putting memories up for sale
take defeat with grace
no movement enters critical week
birds of a feather
they mean much more
all around hapless dominance
behaviour turns pathological
pessimistic about super grace
everyone has the same tarnished
theme song in their head
singing brave new world of tomorrow
to put things back in order
at home with a million dollar baby
traffic drummer establishment
cruellest season for winter

93

tough times for special care
avoiding icy bite of age old woes
drawing a rake
in the cold face of abuse
only myth so far a jewel in crowns
of surprise revival thorns
despite interest in disgruntled flow
of stimulating vigils
time for surplus giants
the nest big thing flexibility
trying to scare off growth
who needs risk of focus
circling the world for value
cash while not a king
close to an undervalued prince
a break through indulgence
faced tough choices
times of reckoning will come

94

someone with vision under pressure
risk of identity butting heads
with waves of luxury protocol
always visible for comparison
support for policy steadily increasing
leaving bail out options
little time to get their act together
what now

I have not received any offer
to charge your rudderless
and slipping deal leaks
it's only easier to claim expenses
where charity begins at home
mixed signals for the chronic needy
three good reasons not to let
doubt get under your skin

95

hair streamed raven black
eyes a pool of childlike wisdom
at last she smiled at me
safe to part her lips in laughter
orange stockings scarlet coat
tiny sneakers under hooded face
in a morning coffee shop
she was no more than four or five
innocent alive
stark contrast to my weeping
for the years lost to vain pursuit
empty dreams full of anger
residue of fragile castles
built on unforgiving sand
governments cannot deliver hope
peace a shallow grave
character prone to assassination
the little girl vanished
from my wanting wishful stare
wondering where the years have gone

96

concrete slabs of forbidden loans
highways through the desert mind
everyone is dressed to kill
in garments of virgin snow
thalo blue in blazing skies

teleman tempo rises upward
left at exit four to coombs
insurance claims another victim
when solace routine breaks free
for the first time in a decade
west again to roads remembered
gulf vista islands in the sun
above harvest heavy seas
and the naked thighs of arrowsmith
covered at last in moderation
left to flounder in temptation

97

pundits predictably pessimistic
cattle poke suspicious heads
has time come at last to skip about
like calves led from the stall
only to enter one more time
into fog bound clouds of prayer
my journey at last to end
at the visitor centre of a timberlodge
leave unanswered questions
to the next generation
tempest tossed on winds of change
market driven values
like a volcano born to slumber
suddenly erupts the pretense
of a glamour date with nature's fame
and leave my footprints glowing
on the pavement of success

98

focus clear on climax coming
deficiency a strategy to win
erectile statues to the warriors
who dare climb the cliffs of pain
fearing none but laughter
critics born on every whim
faith and love resigned to margins
sacrifice outside the camp complains
strangers in familiar ghettos
ridicule and isolation generous
just because I love my brother
who happens to be the king
I leave alberni's valley guessing

who is the alien in her midst
every frown a makeshift coffin
every smile a hope within
time to pack my pens and brushes
chapter verse compelled begin

99

but what to say and when to say it
eagles summon strength to deliver peace
opposition seizes opportunity for debate
on cusp of hard decisions
they will wear me down
they will break my heart
yet I am reassured the faithful are still in charge
despite frailty and honesty
barely able to speak at any rate
skeptics question outsourcing torture
revenge answers the door
in a suspected act of informed discovery
to wake up consequences of another death
while dozens of children looked on
with every right to refuse an option
they moved to give the original back
at the very least
there might me a temporary ceasefire

100

retaliate restored rusty rockets
accelerate a case of mistaken identity
demand lawmaking giants
monuments to man's technology
the moon fails to reach our crash site
too wary to negotiate difficult issues
and assemble the broken window
of civilized divorce
society just won't go away quietly
the cost of buying friends
too demanding for the market
still thinking about the children
on a par with civilized marriage
economics meets fuming resistance
when I see my own country suffering
grumbling exile on anyone
who will not end the darkness
of this insecure homecoming

101

no stopping this pantheon title
of injected steroids to save the world
tell all to prove they really are this good
the count a margin of victory
to drive a sleepy serenade
only to find a way to make me cry
and look at things I did not ask for
afraid to know about quiet sunshine
allegations of a sluggish start nonsense
my cup of eager mystique
has taken on a life of its own
shoddy defense delivers rough waters
but I keep the season alive
with creative dominance
to put me on top of the world
dual events send aftershocks
for a second time
collapse of weak foes first

102

let the backlash begin
I was a baby just years ago
a life poured over by two minded heroes
I aim to catch up with contenders
but it took a tragedy
to realize this place is home
remembering death at thirty six
fear of new rules seeks guidance
I have already felt the rival chill
forgiveness finds new tolerance
suspicions solve no issues
I favour awakening a giant's race
between arts and life
more conducive to the development
of full service rights
strings of recent interest only the beginning
squeezed between winter's rout and romp
it's going to convert to trust again

103

moments later outside shadows
I came upon abandoned caverns

stuck inside the walls of light
a ravenous ravine before me
divided by reason of faith and truth
valentine day massacre
of all hope to cross unhindered
pale blue a sky of distant
storm clouds gather speed
in the valley of dry bones
liquidators of deluxe productions
a continental breakfast for the mind
silhouette sentinels the towering trees
beckon span the great divide
as a rushing wind blows ill conceived
through my tested temple

104

must I stay on the side of regret
or climb to the other side of calamity
over enlisted men and women
in a rebellion war with anger
ghosts are born each day
among the fruit of forbidden peace
sing again the pleasures of love
in my bed of proper manners
too tired to dream of passion
making love to unbridled thoughts
hoping no one sees my prayer
deliverance just an easy answer
a chorus bids me come unhurried
it's not every day I brave the waves
outside the boat to step afraid before
the only choice a binding arbitration
black and white will fight no more
jump the cliff at any time I cry

105

boughs of laughter greet no landing
undergrowth a burning desert bush
of theological carnage crushing
papal bulls in burning rings of fire
doctrinal vice of pressured piety
beaten brows of solemn servitude
eternal warranty approved
with a stamp of weary works
darkness closes my unfinished chapter

doctors of divinity on duty
in a clinic of quiet despair
medication do's and don'ts procure
purgatory glimpses of my savings
just enough to pay for passage
through dim prospects of salvation
black books full of accusation
I can hear their voices clear

106

now's the time to say and place to say it
our country will lose ground
finished in a sidelined second place
last gasp exposed to the sun
pinpoints last ditch labour peace
artificial deadlines from beyond the grave
it will be tough most would like to skip
the cure to threatened species
aggressively defending mysterious groups
whose damage could be irreversible
a tactical mistake for activists
a lack of confidence for peace keepers
bags over heads of prisoners
big boat lobby a major overhaul
the report is false yet mobile
searching for a niche in process
while we play with fire
remember the toughest night of lies

107

attempts to forge a new consensus
show improvement for protest
bodies rest on a glacier flood
no red roses for a blue lady
shepherd girl told in a vision
future decisions a big cover up
second guessing eases pain's hold
that is out of this routine world
and mediators fail at love
when it rains it pours four strokes
time to split from season's pressure
a big gap between harmful and champ
a rant with a little red blood is good
yet I feel like I've got good control
going into the void of speculation

challenge the status quo
is better than nothing at all
where does the power come from

108

welcome pressure hits the magic bell
cult favourite sheds light on diversions
and we purposely avoid great beginnings
in a core garden of humanness
our best friends ripe for picking
forced to take over popularity
passion might just have to fall
hard work is paying off
a rogue fit faces difficult issues
everyone knows the message is way overdone
context proves a recipe for success
put a finger on the current crisis
lonely hearts of gold edges
a reflection of maturity
why handicap ourselves with changing structures
I do not see tight lipped cupid collapsing
but I know I am really in love
when my league of issues stages a revival

109

break on through to the other side
a perilous journey of doubt
to the centre of my soul
stops short of reaching a conclusion
all is lost in the bottomless ravine
stop the wound of mirrors
reflections of gain and pain
rejection galleries of sorrow
pride of life lust of flesh
self pushes hard against the spirit
accusing eyes of condemnation
cold anticipates the next mistake
close my eyes to pray
not a moment longer stay
climb the vision road to hide
break on through to the other side

110

grass of human trust does wither

flowers beauty temporal fades
fragrance dull a lover's sweet aroma
empty bank of silver tarnish
traditions of a naked prison
consider the alternatives
is it worth the painful price
heaven's silent choice is mine
all that is left is faith
encased in steel and concrete
looking for a key of hope
to unlock the river of assurance
freedom of my soul at peace
fuel for another world
it's all coming back
step by step ascending

111

emotional delight expectant
rays of light pierce the window
balm of gilead sublime
will to push determination
from the charcoal clouds
of love's extermination
hands that cling to passion's flight
above a canopy of fear
can it be at last
spring has come as winter passed
weary heart that slept alone
beside the comfort of a friend
deserted thoughts of guidance
I catch the sunlight blinking
up high on rainbow trends
suddenly I see forever
Cerulean's long distance voyage
possibility without ends

112

but what to say and when to say it
big scores leave response to expulsion
an offer of friendly reform
hope divides a closet treatment
of more time for discussion
I can choose to leave depravity
but can I kick the sinner out
we have lost our compass

evil dares speak its unacceptable name
cold blooded spree of fortune
a boon for investment heroes
in an ageing search for social forecast
whose procurement process is broken
with no plans to improve my case
trying to please almost everyone
trials of accused do not mean
our thinking has become an adversary
a deluge of qualified contributions

113

many maximize short sighted rules
policy pushes kids online
fleeing a devastating lack of users
voices approve pullout from the massacre
of another birth of plagues insurgent
for those who assassinate the family
let's take dignity for a ride
shedding light on the lost war of integrity
hostile reasons drag troubled choices
into the cesspool of disturbed threats
determined still I remain
choosing wisely a diet of running
from the dead locusts of failure
a grand illusion of its own making
some a slow in grasping
other show off their hopeless skills
have nots firmly fastened favour
to reconciliation's lockout

114

I said we were much further apart
offensive renaissance quashed
by aggression's place on the podium
back in a familiar spot on top
maybe it will sink in later
I am impressed by my skylight view
high above the bottomless ravine
terms of abandonment beat around the bush
building an uneasy alliance
to take my dreams outside the box
avoid the pressure cooker at my feet
past high flying inspections
aware of the overall streamlined picture

a future filled emboldened momentum
over soaring satisfaction sunrise
through the mist arose a vision

115

rolling pleasant hills
exceeding twilight ways
scan the rushing valley floor
a city found with little ease
deep among the stony beds
behind a curtain of noise
heavy growth of long tangled streams
were it not for want of freedom
the bubble would have burst
rough going echoes fearsome trees
countless stepping of sudden feet
warriors in blood and grizzly steel
groping for a place where light glimmers
mountains make a great circle
widening plains that lie below
upon a summit plateau centre
seven spirits seven lamps
moon watch catches new light morning
pools in rocky rivers glowing
at last my eyes uplifted see
a vision of the city of tomorrow
winding tear filled stairways
towers gates and ruby pearls
waterfalls of grace and flowers
hearts of granite oil
walls with names of millions
marble houses gardens bright
slender beauty fathoms
birds that sing in ancient tongues
rains of crystal palaces
drawn in platinum and gold
voices white as snow to hold
love without condition
absent sons perdition
leaves of healing music linger
at the footstool of a king
shimmering shadows in the wind
home among the giants

116

weary wormwood epic
slow to catch my breath above
clouds that hold no water
on the other side of my soul
I wish the vision had but stayed some longer
droning dialogue in my ear
a valley drenched in mill dew
city moments nearly lost
behind a shroud of after glory
cold shower stops the blood
could you not have stolen
one more night of flat line love
shivering shadows of your passion
cold fusion lips are sore
I long for more of what
longer days of singing sunshine
shorter nights of darkness dim
just to fight a fever

117

classic notes of discipline
scattered light fragmented airwaves
console no one but the crew
of an arrowsmith stage of comedy
hosting silent suicide friend
garth the raven nevermore
empty encore not forthcoming
make sure the concession stand stays open
candy coated program for the pain
infant adult antics
dogs that howl the moon of full
fleeting sleepless hours
too tired to hold my head awhile
let me rest in your breastplate
plant a seed in your womb
please give birth to my children
in paint and graphite gesture fill
my river of seclusion
when will the next vision spill

118

appointed times of purpose
neither circumstance or feeling heed

large and small do not matter
on a steady upward climb
grandfather clocks the mileage
o'r highways wide of yesterday
would that you were here tomorrow
today is lost to apathy
stir the fires with your members
touch my skin to stay awake
white the paper beckons
stark inviting abstract square
gold point mystery begins
little time to nurse the wounded
stand up honest once again
you're so beautiful beyond description
unlimited for words
inspiration every promise sunrise
rocks of ages spring

119

but what to say and when to say it
and the winner is withdrawal
a support in principle for the big break
a metropolis of worse relations
extracting value from opposite practise
no acting on a red carpet
dogs patrol the stars rock hard
no one to raise questions about risk
aggressive discussions produce extras
power brokers never receive the unshakeable
and disasters still get together
over a good scandal of abuse
both kinder to the divide of simulation
controversial defense removes
the public in a state of undress
a routine false alarm crossing
of conditional assault and reason
solid investment income

120

the offer has moved unrest closer
strong indications to date
violence fails to disarm the last stand
claiming itself at great risk
vigorous action to wipe out secret ingredients
culinary tricks for solar powered stages

an act against rebel structures
well wishers suffer silent march
fatality seeks a test inside each person
answers for the terminally ill
wayward shepherds trim the fat
ultimatum taste of freedom
well earned reproach is spreading
too nice for the sidelines
their own good deals in shortage
much needed tabs on terror
three cheers for renegade weapons
a host of other issues seek to please
pallid bureaucratic behaviour

121

final rock scores gentle praises
the world appears happy healthy for now
success has its act together
once hailed a silent pact
nothing to lose to the family jeered
circles around a falling star
the biggest win and worst beating
a big deal has lost the war
I get the sense post mortem sucks
independent spirits snub animated honours
vision was a daddy to them all
experience fighting competitive strategy
pessimism paid off limp luster
a good year for vulnerability
keys to the kingdom show
no signs of inflation check up
disquieting protection is adequate
new solutions for security

122

another day of random goal posts
harbour city sleeps alone
silver sky cracks grey beard morning
yellow streaks of daylight gold
my eyes point westbound lanes
double lines of amber
broken white restraint
to push the limit of seclusion
fog twisted sideline showcase

metal graveyard full
and the obsolete carnage continues
crying for a comfort lost
market plans publicity
and schemes abound
where there's smoke there is fire
no heat to be found
struggle past a halftime drum corps
what am I looking for

123

once to touch my father's ring
did he find the answer hiding
bound in volume books of leather
pages filled with graduated laughter
afraid to step outside the embrace
man and woman in one lifetime
containers fill the stage
storage stacks the hopefuls
native soil abandoned project
traded for a passion scream
newly planted corn stalks
tobacco fields tomatoes ripe
rooftop tragedies in winter
seven trees are born again
pentax moments pouring plenty
writing double space on white
treasures are for keeping
mindless games alive

124

round and round in circles
void the narrow grows
dare I write my own ticket
his hands to bless the work
every monday morning
short the distance fathoms
again again I try
next week a new beginning
this month's loss I cry
abstract sales to run the rapids
a blond at the coffee table
knows the reason why
she weighs heavy on my drawing
nearer still to one day be

creative bounty free
slowly turn my aching marrow
start a singing chapter new
lift the sanctioned house of orange
royal bloodline borrows
payment for the years of pain

125

have I said too much or not enough
in a very direct way it's futile
a model for action endorsed long ago
but how hard it is to carry refusal
walls falling on benevolent practice
domination has a shot unaccounted
flying debris dangerous fire
there are evil people
signs of bigger things to come
getting hold if my imagination
confidence tremendously perplexed
people who have lost radical freezing
criticism alleged over counterfeit
excellent and accessible
push for tougher therapy conventions
independence degenerates to slavery
showered with unacceptable information
tight lipped over future massacres

126

appropriate time for attack cancelled
reprisals certain to hurt promises
I must defend my honour
familiar spillage takes hard line
appeal last chance for democracy
sunday blessing reverts to questions
about connection's dissenting voice
between hate and terror
real cost must go further
ethics prove just the opposite
what they died for fails the public
driven out with time
deaf to messianic pitchforks
I drink my own exit
through a small hole in my heart
to update standards of injury
perfect exertion proves too much

spectators tell my wisdom story
in the summer of my success
costly but never out of it

127

it's time to raise my hope
and put my pain on ice
give quitting early that feels real
good reason to cheer the comeback race
concepts of dream catchers sacrifice
mysterious death for aggressive authority
mysterious life in convincing taboos
I'll drink to that right pact
opposition ramps up killing exchange
big time falters yet sees gold
pickings for value spur waves of plenty
simplicity follows in daring footsteps
dissenting minorities retreat little
concerned over spotlight benefits
the rush of hungry a warning bell
but glitter can be learned
bringing out the best discrimination
watching parental care go up in smoke
in the spirit of moderation

128

what is it I see beyond
eternal vistas without fear
soaring spirit free
bodies beautiful abound
blossoms blue sky high
violet valley fingers
between mountains of delight
stirring love of laughter
springtime silver shadows
the moon is kissing the sun
tension tantrums less suburban
seagulls waiting for a tidal feast
hopefuls dance on water
dreamboats at the corner
of truth and possibility
I am pressed for many a time
to find the answer to my question
turn the page and start anew

129

what is it I hear thereafter
pure sound in simple melody
unadulterated symphonies
wandering spellbound lyrics
I remember every kiss before
hours after I am past midnight
worship in a grand manner of voice
when I first discovered you
dreaming ever since tomorrow
of a greater revelation
real people in real time
on the other side of my horizon
names written on ancient stones
friends of elves and mortals
rebirth tender to my touch
nerves stretch to awaken
symptoms and realities
I long to come home to you

130

tidal pools change too often
traffic never ceases still
I hear the thundering hoof beats
stallion heart I cannot calm
will you ride with me forever
never touch the soiled ground again
spoiled emotions selfish rises
anger at the prospect of losing
too much time in an elevator
mechanical monsters of priority
eat away the silent solitude
shake the day before I swallow
and I fall for fear again
when you left me standing naked
exposed to the bitter elements
questioning soul I am
nowhere to run but forward
into the wind of necessary alteration
of the way I think

131

have I said too much or not enough
chasing ghosts my next passion

sex the final nail in a coffin
that has turned sour the cure
sometimes eloquent even in a war zone
victory made it farther than I did
having shown a willingness to move on
tearfully apologizing for an appeal
to move on from ugly issues
I must look both ways to elude analysis
or go down beyond recovery
openness and transparency
relatively weaker points in a fatal shooting
of tighter regulations
escape the best way to deal with worries
I must concentrate on swords
that cut both ways of support
to safeguard dismantled pledges

132

who will come to my rescue
as the world faces an economic melting process
potential drought of the common touch
friends more essential than ever
responsibility fine words of virtue
in a flawed age of consent
hardly holistic making things worse
survivors speak loudly in favour
of gender response to aggression
my father taught me well
I ponder merits of moving time around
for split personalities
looking for forgiveness clean
knowing how I feel about a rebound
feelings of being replaced
an epilogue for future questions
that face an uphill battle barely
edging out days full of controversy

133

can I trust my committed senses
make it hard for people to go to hell
personal contact is fulfilling
because the solution to violence is not easy
risking nervousness over issues
dazzling rebalancing acts
at key junctures where glass

is still unbreakable
my dreams may run afoul
visualize success where truth prevails
yet never forget my roots
I observe faith is running out
a strategy for a new tomorrow
truth rarely comes to light without opportunity
I have to change right down to the line
lose the handicap of indecision
before leaders decide to exit
and leave me standing on the short track

134

mountains shy of being naked
snow covers fall beside the bed
blue sky comfort offerings
blazing endless ceiling bright
after ocean storms of rain
every breath is a lifetime
my early morning coffee
reborn in the starting gate open
big blank canvas waiting
thoughts wide open to change
my spirit soars
with massive cliffs of cloudless riders
I am ready none too soon
come let us run together
night time shadows falling
forest voices calling
take aim my arrow confidence
break the rusty ball of chain and link
ships of fools will sink

135

hope hangs fear suspended
left to random reason flight
right to ceaseless majesty
winter ends her restless night
it's not so bad to change the habit
blackened tarnish crying white
welcome joy worth keeping
dawning grace abounds
pale and weeping
places left untouched by humour

tragedy a foreign affair
valleys swept by sunshine forges
no nicotine to spoil the rain
I set my course to wander freely
in the meadow of my forgiven dreams
she has opened distant chambers
travel light I ponder still
quicken flight I wonder fill
one more open road to follow
one more kiss of life to steal

136

have I said too much or not enough
haunted daily by red tape
boost productivity in rules
ready to sign the bill of death
just fade from views cut short
winter weary scribes still looking
for the last natural defense
I find myself still in limbo
tough crowds fight back allegations
ground game didn't stand a chance
buoyant exit with new strength
slam the war for extra cash
revamped reforms recall experience
each case a tragedy
a brief appearance hits unrest
everyone bleeds from their belly
the bile of threatened discontent
farmers plight and moratorium species
illicit documents catch of the day
one a palm sunday rest

137

I will not rush to start a strategy
rebels with a cause absolute
ill prepared for social studies
to show half ball cleavage
between pains of miscellaneous information
earnings on the world's sad side
steamrolled by undefeated terror
intervention throws in the towel
my old self dominates
laughter and forgetting
shine the spotlight on a sentimental stage

smoldering sadness in sharp contrast
to murderous greed of the human condition
renew the push for imposed control
a hit and miss affair
and no sign of imminent demise
of special treatment for giants
burning midnight oil of madness

138

press to justify approval
of missing options for a better deal
in optimism and confidence
warnings of turbulence and anxiety
rivals surge in online comfort
but allegiances of fear and guilt never die
counting down the hours
until the sun will shine no more
breaking vital bridgeheads
I am overcome by hot and not
to establish a keynote following
inconclusive born and bred
start spreading the news
will money speak of power no longer
I am ready to exercise my eyes
visions of war and digital retirement
victory puts a halt on suffering
and risks becoming predictable

139

rain beating rain
cold wet thoughts
early destination waiting
a friend dies slowly in the dark
sleep his only consolation
tin can alley values
around the corner from hope
fools who try to pass me
slow lanes just a mile ahead
sliding sideways
over ground control
a million footsteps till tomorrow
for some the journey's almost over
mine it seems will never end
save what is left
for circuit breakers in the snow

I am Cerulean
the long distance voyager

140

twisting parchment through the forest
mountains line a valley
in the centre of my heart
long beach beckons freely
I want her company
do not leave me travel all alone
burning fires
will it ever stop raining
pouring out for public view
frail appearances of private thought
deep in the crevices
of timeless abduction
stealing every hope of calm water
nearly sixty years an hour
cannot still the waves
show me once again
your breasts immortal
thighs of life beyond the grave
galleries of painted soulscapes
to stir the flames within

141

have I said too much or not enough
time has run out
for the great white waste of time
secret toxins fight
to keep the impossible alive
warriors of our time die from misuse
one hand on murder
a rip cord for more broken lives
disgraced measures offer deals
students question committee reliability
waiting to study peer reviews
truth the first victim
to get a crack at
green grass on the other side
I'll proudly try to keep my distance
despite concerns for her health
and the strong arm of problems
takes aim at promises
worthless worrying about death

and the conditions of survival

142

no human blessing reported
hidden talent of the outsider
shows signs of starvation
warned about improving gut feelings
unable to hear or speak
what value has my life
untwisting the charter of rights and freedoms
towards faith and violence
incubating the art of hatred
the real toll of tragic bargains
in our season of shame
a conspiracy of silence
obscures the abysmal level of reason
irrepressible haunting of liberty
cruelty tries to divert attention
to other unwanted camps
runaway weather shuts out fair status
of my never ending quest

143

there's talk of moving trying conditions
from the weekend battle
still fighting a final hour
sensation overloads
one mistake can kill me
as I squeeze an absurd middle class
for a new release of plundered prayer
don't ask me for another combat issue
it's alive this flight of tomorrow
facing allegations of a dual philosophy
top down and bottom up
and to know where I am headed
be prepared to barter hard
compromise no welcome standard
exposure must unite me
to the mission inside my head
that is my final answer
before I go to bed

144

suddenly I stop to listen

voices rich in hope
sunshine days of sorrow
goodbye gentle pope
I think I am ready
for a renaissance watershed
renewal of temporal services
to keep me company
on the road to recovery
coast to coast revival
stations of the cross
mute testimony
the cankerworm has had enough
plateau palisades
lofty language praise
here there and everywhere
an unexpected gift
sends me reeling

145

old roads pitted narrows
little space between night and day
drops the dungeon master
knees worn from worry faster
speed of light too slow
none to tie me down with sorrow
guilt left yesterday
spread my wings of bounty
aim beyond above
stepping stones through mountains
highways in the sky
staircase to the ocean
serenade of children's voices
embrace her warm sublime
deep the well of satisfaction
leave my plans behind
adventure of a lifetime
never more confined

146

have I said too much or not enough
champion of a scripted life
faith and human freedom
lead the night with three
to pose a threat to tomorrow
because my soul is upset

overwhelmed by thousands
who claim to be Jesus of our time
a feat of timing
for those who pressure for reform
I cried every day
for a personal connection
to the open door beyond the worst
no penalties for missed targets
waiting for corruption to be exposed
problems with accountability
reduce wait times
for intentions to promote hatred

147

I stand trial for night jumpers
potentially devastating benchmarks
trying to encourage others
I remain optimistic about the future
age discrimination an emergent treatment
therapy a ceremonial ride
I dream of lifting the veil
on the rebel years
without fear of repression
searching for a way to diagnose
a premature struggle
for holiness that can be lived
changing manufactured guilt
in equal measure of radiance
a plea bargain for reconciliation
the ultimate crack
in the quota monger's dam
myself included

148

in a world without gatekeepers
mourning dawns on guard
offenders hold back the opener
to get a grip on the prize
I will need some help
take a firm grasp of the road race
the future is now
and that's no joke
as newcomers muscle aside favourites
wonder boys to accomplish the impossible
the battle shapes up

for an assembly line to the world
out of bounds for migrants
more latitude for redemption
a conservative cause for debate
a powerful tool in negotiating
links to controversy
to unlock the true value of tenure

149

ragged riches cloud horizon
yellow pale the sun's first steps
cold fingers choke precarious
strangled promises of a better government
empty heartland tranquil
diazepam offers hollow bones of rapture
ascension mistress strikes me
with an open fist of comfort
days slip into weeks
one more try at planning
to choose left or right of centre
frozen campground mass complaint
not enough pleasure
only too much pain and dying
waterless wasteland pastures
empty shells stifle difficult decisions
drug the seniors till they cry
never ask the reason why

150

some look down at honesty
in this still life melodrama
choosing right the voiceless claims
bounty storehouse boundless
overflowing gates of generosity
fragrant life aroma
I look up to worth of many years
the gesture group lives again
stirring thoughts of revival
render silent night of accusation
life ends at sixty
prove them wrong I say
halfway there for starters
werther's originals to blame
for the lighter side of living
feeling less the stress of ageing

151

have I said too much or not enough
are there gaps in the magic
troubled polls shrug off demons
a marathon of hope as our next king
I am not ready to be an observer
and compromise safety
but what else can I do
with no warning history is armed
to rule in favour of evacuation
the village of the prosperous
when specialists left for a better life
yet not enough to freeze damages
perish or publish a vote for limelight tremors
stand up to people in power
resist the urge to kill our heroes
handy conscience for the nations
should I do the same to rejection
the jury is still out
on the new totumpole of common rights
a tragedy for any belief

152

no choice but stereotypical frenzy
secular similarities inverted
stick around for high treason
and a democratic deficit
in the state of freedom and engagement
with little progress in disentanglement
child soldiers a deadly fever
smouldering souls to awaken
rock bottom surprises
of a burnout more satisfying than death
bright spot's only victory
still tormenting my state of mind
with dark desires of diversion
from a heavenly medium of change
made to measure morning after
my brain tries to fill in the blanks
in the new millennium

153

imagination has complex ramifications

a new breed of mild concerns
relax the rules on productivity
I look for volume angles
to balance volatility and reputation
down the gauntlet of praise
some of the longest hours in peril
activists often tell me
climate will likely favour assistance
from a character easy to ignore
depression can be of great help
when avoiding clear decisions
hoping to make a timely comeback
with a better lot for confidence
when anything is possible
heartfelt whispers really no surprise
bombshells the genius of democracy
damn this cursed weather pattern
time to retreat to solitude
beside the silent falls of a river
in a forest dark and bright

154

clouds dawned at last refrain
stealing kisses on mount benson
blue sea skies drift westward
running from grey threats of rain
shades of green pale clear cut
quiet closeup moss prints
on ancient nurse logs
when fire opened yesterday's forest
to the wind of eternal change
one day I know the journey will be over
only to start again in birth
lifting hands long upward
hope renewed the promised gain
seventy times seven sevens
free from dying lust and living pain
a city bright in diamonds
I am Cerulean
the long distance voyager

155

rivers speak of children playing
mountains roar in primal chorus
treetops clap a round of cheer

windows whisper to my windsong
days of reckoning draw near
judgment for their deeds of darkness
bread of life for lovers
healing leaves for wounded spirits
balm of gilead in tears
death no more my master
laughter fills the aching years
visions bright to light the roadway
face to face she lingers weeping
home at last to pray

156

what to say and when to say it
in the shadows of a helping cure
all eyes on a moderate turnaround
differences come and go
to hold the key to long life
the effect of extraordinary thinking
determined not to break my faith
in the ruthless task
of charting a different course
high profile doors in hot pursuit
primitive similarities pay the price
for unloved and unwanted losers
just plain worn out trust
it is not possible to clone liberation
if she had come three days earlier
I wouldn't be so violent in my head

157

suspicious death amid distrust
of easy days and no alerts
to satisfy my appetite for corporate hunger
heroes with a hidden agenda
with worrying gaps in reassurances
to search for protection
from a crisis of blowing smoke
proof that I need touchy feelings
about blood money in our midst
concerns grow over a struggling response
with no time to escape self determination
it's time to vote for the little guy
style is the closest thing we have
to stars of influential innovation

yet plans for revival won't fly
default systems suffer crazy
no one is prepared to move beyond experience
but I have said that before

158

private progress is slowly made
signs of a flexible renaissance
in the middle of its own perfect storm
to satisfy demands on father time
and take the rough with the smooth
a collection of shrinking violets
add a new chapter to pressured talent
imagine loving my life
wanting to be the best in new thinking
routes unusual to the top
can planning still save the day
to get it right the first time
and unlock my search for expectation
the road has never been more competitive
mentors cost less than violence
opportunity too risky for the nimble
seduced by a high value affair
belief in God faces daily flat spots
some too big to fit correction

159

a beggars banquet menu
rock face furrows
bold type rhythms
under clear cerulean skies
campfire serenade in italics
my heart has its reasons
to cry at every sunset
rejection a low tide
high on recognition's summit
silver fingers caress
soul strings on notice
all's not fair in love and life
longing longing longing
to kill the demons of delusion
her masterworks dismiss
the error of being human
while a song skips aimlessly
in a forsaken food court

160

have I said too much or not enough
is the solution to make a deal
or break the silence of the body politic
let killing become politically correct
remove bibles to fight germs
caring about something and nothing
converts have become the talk of the town
surveillance a security threat
terror avoids detection
to cross the line of death rumors
with remote control senior's dust
fibre optics likely to pay the price
for desperately seeking psychics
inspiration is going to cost me more
do not be afraid of christ
he takes nothing away
a tour de force delivery
back to the promised land

161

a flood of stones
leaves many more homeless
a woman talibanned to death for loving
millions dead go unnoticed
while apologetic debate
is heard around the world
blackmail lies down with relativism
sympathy law a hypocrisy
barriers to shared needs cost lives
then and now
but I should have known
growing diversity will not answer the question
why a lingering death
for children who sleep peacefully
despite a declaration of red rising
royal wrecking ball
cool customers' final reward
to make more grand mistakes

162

disappointed gods think about tomorrow

to advance a different atmosphere
but I'm doing just fine
enjoying a renaissance of discovery
parody is all about nostalgia
a return to speculative horizons
I'll bring in the skilled professionals
to compensate me for the abuse
of significance of consumption
humor me as I play confidence
to harness my emotions
cracks in the workplace linger
substances to harm my health
initiation expected to decline
time wasted on mismanagement
education gets a taste of moral damage
marriage sapped by revaluation
I must adjust in leaps and bounds

163

looking up from a rain swept precipice
sudden death battle
fights for dominion
my mind a teeming forest of fear
have I indeed traveled too far
and said too much
along forbidden plateau valleys
wandering wayward escapades
self indulgent pastures
green only with envy
a spirit of error confusion
which is which
a king's domain or vain imagination
tranquilizer temptations
scotch and soda on the side
to doubt God is sin
to doubt self is humility
determined to press ahead
and squeeze honey from a rock

164

but what to say and when to say it
reports say the influx is fit to win
where negotiations for a bloodless plan
cling to myths of debate
treated like all the others

transfusion not required
confused tourists suspect
parasitic relationships
fears rise in local language
second step to the future
questions if you'll be my friend
the gap will correct itself
if it's exposed
change gears if willing
overarching desire for trouble
tight contests still waiting
a shrine to sacrifice reverberates
last numbers dwindle
in the giddy days
of a millennium dream

165

but it's just for one day
a cult of guilt
shame remonstrates far right
violence amid appointed suggestions
emergency relations have soured
I know this is a cliché
leaving people without programs
mortality has not yet caught up
to boost my spirit
with a coalition to build a freedom tower
a nightmare of intelligent design
supplanting missing ingredients
with pomp and spectacle
let us not kid ourselves
as we still turn white with fright
against all odds
unpredictability a safe wager
reprimanded for lifeless choking

166

let the war begin
I am going for broke
with the gorillas of a multi media age
retirement soon to end
chaos within parameters
chaired hearings are digitally created
some remain unaware
harmony doesn't make it so

risk of rising thirst for revenue
takes revenge on cash machines
piracy rhetoric a forum for free speech
pressured to clean up
the eastern skies of surprise
a flare incident everyone talked about
new episodes of fear
long shots to win heroes
who will take the final curtain call
promise or deliverance

167

must I back off a proposed revolution
because confidence deserves better
than foreign blood on a new crown
bringing peace and justice to regret
the nightmare expected to live longer
traditionalists slow but steady
work of a saint or media's kissing cousin
time to ice in a sea of blue
delays are hard paralysis in no danger
final blame a small party
who dedicate terms and conditions
leaving little wiggle room
not even a spot of red
where forces bear down on reason
weapons of choice a tagline
who will defend the threat
that injures hope of a city without blame
knife fight in a phone booth
manoeuvres in wake of a false story
as long as I choose retirement

168

brutally crushed worries
sympathetic resources in short supply
special needs caught in the middle
technology marks a day of catastrophe
I find remains of a conspiracy
drive by crime of free work
moved by fear of death
riches of human absurdity
another snout at the trough
muddled message of an honours gap
complexities of confidence

salt in my insurgent wound
the wrong way to help justice
no place for merit
in a red zone of disfigured times
execution keeps the scales of fitness trim
can't win 'em all say fruit stickers
but what happens when I dream

169

my world view regains some respect
memories discovered by association
redemption on a bronze stage
exclusive company for kingdom seekers
overdue showdown between hope and woe
short lived trials slumber
time for flawless qualifiers
to sweep through dominance
victory gets revenge caught on film
to watch death erupt in flames
adrenaline junkies premiere
the life of partisan basket cases
a fragile tale for a spin spin end
depletion protocol falls short of the mark
better late than never
beam me up for sterner measures

170

flashpoints repeatedly discredited
momentum expected to close the gap
health plans still too high
rebound brightens my slowdown
security now looks attractive
buzz principles feel good
what a tangled web of lessons
I have quickly woven
an age old appetite for quality
appreciation of strategic differences
flying high with reinforced vision
complex offerings take exotic turns
loyalty and reward
a match made in heaven
worthy causes worthy values
everything I expect and more
where the water is warm
I'll see you there

I am Cerulean
the long distance voyager

171

grey rain curtain of torrential tears
at last to open after many years
among stone fountain salmon
cedar palisade echoes clear
to wake from a lingering dream
somewhere on the road to heaven
a highway drifts to the ocean
rain forest birth delayed
until she came to get me
steady rhythm of a falling tree
breath of a western trillium
stretches tendons broken will
healing wind of spirit blows
open eyes to see the river
open ears to hear the master's voice
open mind to wisdom's choice

172

long legged clouds rush upwards
running naked through an urban plateau
days of harvest
crowns of white
on snow capped promises
my sketches of a long distance voyage
sometimes muddy
sometimes clear
faith to lay claim to a lifetime
of joy and peace unfurled
twelve stones
to repair a broken altar
gentle qualicum breeze
at the edge of a water down
with rest stop relics
yesterday's mourning memories
rooftop forests in endless terraced strata
things are looking up again

173

liquid golden footprints
streaming in her flaxen hair

beholding my conviction
stately pines a tribute bear
to the next exit on the weigh scale
solitude around a river bend
come for now is the time
of fluted figurines
floating in an amber alert
a time to worship meaning
heaven's only king
alone no more to wander
aimless objectives and
surrogate strategies
for a war torn spirit
a city so close I wonder
if it's been here all along
in ruins hidden fabric
long before foundations laid
a cornerstone of healing

174

streams of violet camouflage
tongues without interpretation
reefs of hidden sound bites
keep the thief at bay
side by side conditions
systematic cold ballet ice
long the time I spent waiting
every day catastrophies
child's play in the hands of god
enter in too oft denied
but for common loaf participation
hours of melancholy prayer
days of wine and boasting
winners in a vanity fair
my bags are fully packed
a ferry ride to repetition
monday morn a restless dream

175

she showed me glimpses daring
casual claims of baring marvel
at the alabaster skin
tight knit secret whispers
just when the sun kissed
arrowsmith between tears and laughter

volume one of metaphors
an open book divinely woven
to prime the bone white canvas
into skies cerulean blue
will she pose for me sustaining
gestures of eternal praise
breasts to nurse my thoughts of longing
thighs to kindle flames grown cold
put a spring into my steps
through the smoke of wood fires burning
this is the day that she has made
to will my choice of turning
neither left nor to the right
but straight ahead into the fight

176

murder she wrote in ink stained letters
I killed another night of blessed sleep
thoughts of anxious laughter
rivers rain on the roof above
my bed a storm tossed casualty
eyes with no closure
red numbers stare relentless
even prayer keeps me awake
cold arms reach for nowhere
hurry morning slow
electric storms of passion
symptoms reign supreme
my heart will soon be broken
my will to follow suit
get off this cursed island dream
and ride the rails to a city
built on faith and trust
check my baggage at the entrance
pre-paid wonder waits
for those who stir the fires

177

rooms of narrow minded parrots
argue with a tv screen
who will win this lonesome battle
ignorance and pride collide
weapons drawn in madness
justice fallacy at best

whip the crowds in anger
sucking on a weed of pain
clouds a blanket shivers
cerulean blue a mortal grey
suffer not the children weeping
I will paint them all alive
red and white and yellow heartbeats
kiss me quick before they die
in vain the clock strikes empty
stir me up my sweet companion
waste no more a dying slumber
morning came at last to cry
why to try my patience
with the eagles hope to fly
beyond the borders of despair
because you really care

178

rainbows struck the heavens sudden
pale no more the early light
colours rich in wisdom
a gift for every one alike
golden portal to a memory
kept silent for too long
where dreams are washed in blood
and bread lives forever
wine tipped brushes stroke
a slate of cold pressed paper
green the mountains whisper
ice the rivers warm
the pen of a ready writer
the tongue of a prophet's temper
they run to the stone walls
prejudice and fear surround
crush the weight of evidence
only truth will triumph
in the valley of decision

179

purge the excess from my mask
to breathe again unfettered
prune the waste not want not
to drink again the vine
cut the angry anger from my soul
kill the demons chatter

ready set the road resumes
to find my city's golden lover
venom spit from parting lips
damn be gone you fucking filth
hate them all a vomit
out you bastard derelict
leeches suck the river dry
useless ballast on a stormy day
void of intelligent substance
be gone you stinking cesspool
drive the axe deep inside my head
bleed the wound compressed
empty every waking thought
strike my heart with terror
end this night fast forward
to a dawn of peace at last

180

rise up my angel of the morning
once again this side of dawn
a fragrant gift for angry travelers
scents of life erase the pain
warm the heart of a master
blue jeans dressed in gentle green
eyes of windows open streams
laughter an oasis in my soul scape mind
as you kiss me with the balm of gilead
oils of sadness turn to gold
come and let your love continue
hand in hand along your royal highway
mystery aromas hide and play
daring life to move me faster
forward to the edge of broken time
wise of rights in peaceful footsteps
joy and power to discern
the motive of my heart confirm

181

I can taste the wasteland burning
years of tears and frightened dreams
sudden empty tremor nerve ends
sand the paper grades my thoughts
but you forgave my antic disposition
write no more a debt to pay
far you reached to dead man walking

a desert beach of two alone
endless miles of scattered pools
fountains in the rocks that bloomed
dark the clouds that ran for cover
at the sound of your abiding song
eagles bowed and orcas humbled
let this moment never end
wisdom walks on distant shorelines
deep demise of fools who thunder
empty words for empty lives
glasses full of blood stained history
toast a judgment of the age of reason
when the darkened doctrines fall
between the cracks of doom
never to assume forbidden passage
out of logic's deadly tomb
I greet you fair and morning womb

182

raise my glass in songs of silence
sleepy bones too tired to wake
even smallest grains of sand storms
the saturday market no escape
eyes that search my motives
I stand and draw the angels
chorus of an endless question
who is right side up and
who is upside down
ladders of acclaim lead nowhere
each summit but an empty hole
smoke promise of confusion
below the cauldron boils
in the circle of fireside chatter
up the volume of my pounding heart
fear waits in the next room's appointment
stalking imitation merchandise
tables of worthless gold

183

but what to say and when to say it
fools who wear their ignorance in pride
justice claims a hollow victory
in the case of marriage and identity theft
leaders fallen trees abound
no strength to stand in courage

among the forest noise of despair
clear cut the whole damned lot I say
resource is no more a value
that blowing sand in dying wells
rebirth the only hope for mankind
futile fossils of rebellion
smokehouse dungeons sacrifice
a sixty four bit miracle
to advance our cause for nothing
only to widen the great divide
between the rich in revelry
and poor with standby tickets

184

keep those cards and letters coming
mail delivery ended years ago
the first step towards my deliverance
as a search for the distant city
not built with human hands
took me ever deeper inside my soul
my mind an unwilling champion
my body protest a clanging gong
only when I met you by the river
swimming naked in the stream of thought
hope renewed with grace sufficient
you took my hands of trembling
to cast the lies into the furnace
of affliction but a price to pay
for terms of lapsed judgment
I climb into your canopy
above the giants in the grass
I see a land of milk and honey

185

take a fast track spirit of enticement
joy ride of a seamless fantasy
twin hulled steel of demon speed
skip like calves led from a stable
into the wake of ocean giant white
roar above the waves returning
pod of plodding killers streaming north
graceful death on a marine highway
cuts my time of travel minutes
hours no more of waiting fear
my friend a bright blue capsule

sleep quickens with a soulful sigh
cry me a river of compression
disks of turmoil on a premium space
slow a better way to travel
none to search a hurried race

186

I return to where I started
in the hope of finding out the way
was never hidden in the landscape
unless I chose to close my eyes and ears
temptress beckons night time terror
of a pounding frightened heart
never to again turn backward
gone so far to know too much
stressed by daily revelation
push the ruthless tyrant off a cliff
drown the fiery pit confusion
chain the angels of despair
left to wander waterless domain
kill no more the joy of theft
rampant riddles of the media
message blurred on frozen screens
hidden codes of phantom wishes
empty pockets of the unaware
plant my feet on slippery snow drifts
I will to plow the path ahead

187

yet another rest stop wind star
time for one more shoulder stare
lest I turn to salt a pillar
in the night time sunlight glare
my friend in brittle bones of anger
never will she draw again
closing chapters of a canvas
northern window pales a vision
apocalyptic yet divine
to the left the wheels of fortune stagger
right of passage hope to see
beyond the dust of stars have fallen
caravans of lovers madly
grasping for their beds of straw
one way streets to boiling lava
others wind cerulean blue

urim offers dying embers
thummim points a way that's true

188

I climbed a stairway to heaven
above concrete columns of glass and steel
just to see where I had traveled
what would be the road ahead
suddenly I knew the war was not over
amidst a grounded epic conflict
one giant spasm yet remained
shuddering boughs of thistles shivered
crowns of thorns upon their heads
a birth of catastrophic children
with magnetic stripes on plastic love cards
squandered goods on the stock exchange
who will weep for their anointing
to claw the tomb of an unknown child
while the moon gave up her yellow
for a blood red thirsty smile
for the camera searing scorching sun
of sam and all the other gargoyles

189

staring silent from a frozen tower
multi coloured money the only fuel
to warm the hands of disaster
raid my foreign aid with corruption
stagger not the prophet said
my knees have conspired to collapse
bells ring a sadly tolling tale
pundits pray for favourable weather
covering masks for a media profile
cowards on a rain swept hardwood floor
dance with me said beelzebub
count the stars of those who lost
and found no cure for summertime blues
only waiting wandering minstrels
a dirge with no strings to play

190

nightmare view from my rooftop pulpit
sleeping youth on threadbare benches
in the ballrooms of gross neglect

out of order out of order
moans the speaker of the house
my coins are stuck in a vending machine
I cannot bear to look another minute
hours upon a burning tarmac
flights to nowhere push for takeoff
answers lost to burning questions
why me oh lord why me
here's a hundred hours of fasting
pray my way too quick passed go

191

where are you now my friend by the river
do not leave my hands unwanted
dry my tears with your raven hair
the gate is closing slow to narrows
hurry while the light still shines below
our feet on raging roadways
flames that lick the forest floor
sweet no more the taste of honey
the city is my last domain
a refuge for every heartbeat longing
a shelter from the pouring pain
close my eyes to anxious waiting
only you I want to see again
in garments of praise for a spirit of heaviness
none too soon as daylight fades
the night too long for empty lovers
taking turns at cruel deception
while you and I run with the wind

192

lift the heavy curse of nature's rape
heal her bleeding wounded sisters
no match to give more aid to corruption
wireless demands cancel a deep coma
leaders mean well in rabid debt
empathy on the steps of a world stage
resolutions ravage gentle words
a gang of war dead sets back summer
green lights a recipe for grated nerves
history reveals mystery of real life targets
we think we've made the future
completely redesigned our mission
heart wrenching brain drain

probes my private life location
when I think about eternity and forever

193

desperate authorities a serious problem
with average confusion bar
a middle ground for admission standards
pressure blows a cold front balance
no special favours for aid and trade
en route to a quid pro quo summit
motivation wagers games or answers
the message meaning sure relief
life an awareness highway
with raised fists in the air
death a snap with charity chocolate
a new match no show for collaborators
poverty sucks for the new black
when money disappears in a time warp
stellar icon of a global exit
grabs a missing envoy of my soul

194

the burden of merit no lifesaver
a new form of informed registry
nothing more than colonial themes
for underlying attacks on everyone
justice gone mad
gomorrah for the mentally ill
the indecency of passion
a legacy that ignores care and outrage
odd bodies an unlikely cure
experimental life on its way out
candied men stay flawless
strong starts eye one of the best
one last ride without breaking
a high note for something to prove

195

every essential stage tells a story
my closest accomplishment demoralized
a genius for epic collapse
triumph holds off the charge
we mean business at the line
I gasp to ponder the penalty

victimized by weak rivals
winning gets the extra boot
to prevail slips in the standing
life lessons instill values of losing
when to hold them
chooses safety over thrills
heartache and loss of understanding
days of theatrical wonderland
emerging from a cryptic compulsion
to set apart with a sense of drama
something I love to have

196

irksome goodness so pure
it sounds like diet agent orange
cellular requiem for the critics
advisors ignore the big picture
decision making has lost its bloom
lack of direction isn't so bad
prospects of capacity imprisoned by popularity
creative ideas chase limited opportunity
visionaries under siege
ringside seats on a mandate trial
bite back with perceived allegiance
lucrative demographics of trust
completely mad rumours keep shining
time to take redemption's rally
at net seasonal value
but soon attention will shift again
to emerging trends in bollywood

197

and so my epic journey closes
the end of one beginning of another
deconstructed sketches add a spice
to pressure riddled values
homeward bound the flagship favours
winds of change from the west
no one cheers from screaming bleachers
no parade of welcome hands
manna sweet from the storehouse
fuel to fire beacons onward
I see the city bright and glowing
she is love eternal growing
light rain running tears of laughter

golden waves of sunlight hair
cobalt raven in the star filled sky
alabaster skin in woven moonbeams
eyes adrift in soul full shine
strength beyond my hope sublime

198

robed in sky blue fusion fabric
oceans running long beach shores
meadows green with limestone caverns
in the company of angels wishing
your peace child offers gently
to hold my horn of plenty
a lavender lagoon lapsed silent
sheets of spring and yellow ochre
slipped from her morning breast
waking mountains in the distance
my fears and fires now at rest
on virgin sheers of unspoiled care
patient grace for generous sowing
rise with the tides of faithfulness
sixty years and more of random travel
above a forest floor of just enough
beyond the valley of dry bones
I have not said too much nor too little

199

then I saw her clear at last a bride
mountain footsteps she touched gently
tears a river bright and long
glass of stone transparent
sun and moon kissed in the morning
baskets full of healing leaves
fruit for every multiplied season
water of life without cost
she offered light and music
cool shadows on an alizarin crimson bed
violet tempera in eggshell symmetry
distilled on white and golden canvas stretchers
paint me joy and peace she cried
between my breasts of longing
no more trees of anxious blossoms
I am lovesick for delight
how beautiful you are in sapphires
asleep I was when you woke my heart

200

hours turned to honeycomb of years
garden springs of diamond gates
cascading hair of sweet scented herbs
bathed in milk and wine
her eyes like doves turned to me
and then she spoke of distant pastures
this vision is not yet to be
time must return with patient provision
when I came walking on daytime's wake
write she said the epic of your forest odyssey
only to hear a pounding hollow echo
no longer chained to my feet
a will renewed to climb the canyons steep
a mind resolved calling deep to deep
a heart reborn reward to reap
I turned away and hid my odyssey tears
fears of years of endless burning sand
then I felt her beloved hand

*I am Cerulean
the long distance voyager*