

# **Cerulean Odyssey**

*epic sketches  
of a long distance voyager*

*Gerrit Verstraete*

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*by Gerrit Verstraete*

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## 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, when as a young boy, I worked together with my boss Gord Spiering, on a bread route, delivering pastries, pies, cookies, buns and bread, to rural communities around Wallaceburg, Ontario. My journal was a thick and heavy sales book with endless blank pages. Gord had given an extra copy he kept in the delivery truck. The journal was stolen from me two years later while delivering bread one Saturday. The journal was never found and hence became known in my memory as ‘the lost journal’.” ( September 7, 1962. Gord Spiering died April 2007. )*

### 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 shores of union bay  
critter café my chilling destination  
hulks of rusted red  
weathered white beached cadaver  
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 disorder  
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  
telemann 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*

## Notes to Cerulean Odyssey:

- No. 21,27,32,38, 39, 40, 45-47, 52-54, 59-61, 67-70, 74-77, 81-83, 90-94, 99-102, 106-108, 112-114, 119-121, 125-127, 131-133, 136-138, 141-143, 146-148, 151-153, 156-158, 160-162, 164-170, 192-196 are composite verses created from fragments of newspaper headlines to demonstrate and capture a fragmented world of confusing voices – in reconstructionist prose, ( primary source: the *National Post* newspaper )
- No.171-191, 197-200: After 6 months of reconstructionist work, I returned to the spontaneous writing that marked the beginning of *Cerulean Odyssey*, and thus aim to bring the epic to an end.
- style & grammar: proper names do not start with a capital letter
- No.84,85: a paraphrase of “*Song of Solomon*” chapter 7:1-9, May 6, 1997
- No.109,110: from “Journey to the centre of the soul,” by Gerrit Verstraete, March 1993
- No.115: a paraphrase for Cerulean’s mystical city based on a description of Gondolin from “*The Book of Lost Tales*,” by J.R.R.Tolkien (1892-1973), Houghton Mifflin Company, Boston USA, 1984, p.157-160
- No.117: lines 1 – 7, in memory of Garth LaBelle. He was a friend who took his own life on February 22, 2005, on the snowy top of Mt.Arrowsmith on Vancouver Island.
- Length of *Cerulean Odyssey* epic: approx. 3540 lines
- No.115, 197-199: Actual description of visions of “the city.”
- No.187, lines 5-8: in memory of my artist friend Myfanwy Pavelic.

**Gerrit V.L.Verstraete**, OACA, BFA, was born in 1945. He began his fine art studies as a child in the Netherlands, his country of birth. After completing high school in Wallaceburg, Ontario, he enrolled in 1964 at the *Ontario College of Art & Design* in Toronto. He graduated with honours in 1968, and is an *Associate* of the *Ontario College of Art & Design (AOCA)*. He also holds a Bachelor of Fine Art Degree from the *British Columbia Open University*. In 1968, he founded and owned a design studio that soon grew into a nationally accredited advertising agency. During the late sixties he began to develop his writing skills in addition to his visual arts talents. In 1993, he and Alice and their six children moved to Gabriola Island, British Columbia. There he built the family home including a spacious studio. Today he spends full time drawing, painting and writing in his *Masterpeace Fine Art Studio*. Gerrit Verstraete is the founder of the *Drawing Society of Canada*, featured in the online “*Gallery of Canadian Drawing Masters*,” and adjunct faculty member of the *European Academy for Culture and Arts*. He is known as one of Canada’s foremost figurative artists. His work can be viewed online at [www.gverstraete.com](http://www.gverstraete.com).