

ECSTATIC BEAT

Poetry by Stevie Ray

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Preface

poetry is the nectar of the gods, the cup of creation, the depth of awareness, the speed of timeless nothingness...

for many of us, consciousness is expanding

and merging

and it's hard

painful

as the old trees are hit by lightning

and felled in the firestorm

language does not suffice

to express the vast expansion of the universe

so

we turn to drugs

or

we turn to poetry

i prefer poetry

i prefer a clear mind

and i love creating

it's a merging of the new awareness and the old art and craft of poetry

to keep us all sane

in this time of transition

Chapter 1 — Chaos

The Hope of Poetry

Most poems tell of ideals
Of hopes, of dreams, of love
This poem will stray
Just a bit

Blood dripping
Onto the congealing ooze
Left behind
By seven scores
Of maggots

An infant wallows
In the morass
That is her legacy
Life in her mother's chains

The heat blows too hot
Then it doesn't blow at all
Living in extremes
The heights of loss

Life is unrecognizable
Eons and light years
From the hope of poems
From the glory of life

Anatomy of a Terrorist

Insane tricklings
Of a mind, too long, alone
Drip, dripping
Cold drops falling to a steel sink

The water gathers
It pools as the blood
Feeding the thoughts
Of vengeance

Rational minds
In time rationalize
Irrational thoughts
Insanity's formation

Soaked in a dishrag
Left in the empty sink
Sopping up each drop
Cold and regular

Insane tricklings
Of a mind, too long, alone
Drip, dripping
In a world that's not his home

Black Days

Black, black, black, black
The only colors I see
Until I close my eyes
Replay that last interaction
 The final scene

Each day the bright reds
Of your crazed manias
Are harder to take

Each day the explosions
Fill me with such dread

Beetle crawling across the
 Moist red bricks
Red spider crawls across
 The knuckles of my clenched hand

Each day
 The separation grows
 The wounded widow flows
 The broken window shows
 The reds and blacks
 And grays

Too Cold

There was a chill in the air
That early September morning

Curtis increased his speed
Just a step
To keep pace with the blond

Tall and lean, dressed warmly
He imagined how it would be
He imagined his next kill

The randomness of it
And the sheer terror he saw
As the life followed the hope
Departing from cold eyes

Annie tried to shake the chill
She sped up a bit
She knew the feeling was irrational
That feeling of being too cold

As she turned the corner
She stole a glance at the man
She was somehow sure now
As the chill ran ever deeper

She prayed that someone would open a door
Any of the doors of the empty apartment buildings
As she felt the hope departing
As she felt the chill increasing

She took another turn
And gasped as she realized her error
The truck ahead blocked the alley
And while she was sure she could squeeze through
There was a chain link fence behind it
With barbed wire at the top

She screamed
As the knife went in
She felt even more chilled

Too cold

Not Shopping There No More

green twisted tendrils
rusty iron teeth
obscured by your suits
smooth, green, and pleasant

we are no longer fucking persuaded
by your promises, your mysteries, your smoothness
today begins the new rising
today begins the resistance

shiny spectacular disks
far too large to fly
we're not buying the lies
we're not fucking shopping there no more

blue light specials
filling the midnight skies
lulled our insecurity
but no fucking more

elixir of the silence
yellow, grey with chunks
we're not opening the fucking cans
we're not shopping there no more

fuck you, you panda fucking fuckers
you will not succeed in your plans
to create a more perfect race
we're not shopping there no more

we will not fucking surrender
we're closing all your fucking portals
blowing you into obsolescence
past and future are moot when you're dead

Chapter 2 — Hyperbole

More

He always wondered
From whence the quest, the need
The constant longing
The want of MORE
Derived

Even as a child
More fun, more sweets, more attention
He wanted, needed, HAD TO HAVE
More

The mystical longing
For the power and light
For the light and power
Seeking always more

The driving and constant rains
The stream of heavy drops
Of the passion invading his life
Was never enough

To dive in
Deeply and utterly
Into the abysmal darkness
Would that be enough?

Or would he still desire
Would he still feel the crazed and fiery
Deep and mysterious
Lust for more?

He stood at the precipice
Ready to dive into the fire
The bottom lost in the thick smoke
Prayed to an unknown presence

Memories flooded

Ecstasies
Miseries
Wantings
Screaming
Insanely following
The folly of the belief
That his need could be satiated
By mortal offerings

The choice made
He took a step
Into eternity
Satisfied at last

Dark Loss

The dark is blacker than black;
Eternity's lonesome waves -
Weep for your surrender - they
Beckon, plead, tempt, deceive;
Utterly devoid of love - my lover -
My lover has left - my lover -
Has joined the lost minions of despair.
Despair will be my new lover - as -
As I join with the blacker than black
Blackness - the blackness that is my -
My FOREVER lost SOUL.

I will meet you in the depths of eternity.
And there we shall die in utter peace.

Poetry

Words, though formless,
are formed in permanence

Words, though ethereal,
touch the reader

Words, though common,
are made uncommon

The poet weaves
the reader wears

The poet speaks
the hearer hears

The poet writes
the world is changed

Enlivened

enlivened in the freedom of your great love
given flight to soar amongst the angels
your fire burns me to the deepest core
all is destroyed
but our love

Changed

In but a blink of God's eye, all life was created
In but a blink of your eye, all life falls away
The endless empty dark chasm, the meaningless void
Opens in the instant of the life-changing blink

The blink that changes all we believe we know
The blink that ends the comfort of knowing
He will be there
Through easy days and hard nights
Through steps of fear and leaps of love
In a blink, all life comes crashing down

In one instant, he was here
Resting in the solace of comfort
In the next instant, in the next blink
He is no longer here, no longer there

No longer a source of strength and constancy
No longer a source of hope and wisdom
No longer a source of love and stability
No longer here, no longer there

In but a blink of God's eye, all was made

In but a blink of your eye, all life is changed

In this instant
And the next
All life is changed

Dark Stairway

Into the building
We climbed each dark stair
Releasing the sadness
The misery and despair

Far from the light
That shone through the door
With each step, the darkness
Grew truer and sure

At the top of the stairs
The landing was dim
We saw two green eyes
And knew it was him

The day had arrived
To make the last deal
We stood now before him
And before him, his meal

Lucid Existence

There are too many thoughts
The disquiet is disconcerting
Imprisoned by the tenacity
Of the fatal habits of pride

There are too many feelings
As I scream and fall to the floor
Writhing in the pain of loss
Blood trickles from my ears

There is too much heat
Potential growing, quiet knowing

Returning to the edge of passion
Hypnotized in the fiery dance

There is too much perfection
For two human minds to conceive
So, I close my eyes
Return to the lucid dream

Gates of Hell

Entering again this forest
Ancient chill filling the dawn
While just beneath the surface
Bubbling heat rages on

Child of endless wonder
Smothered by deception and pain
Sucking in warm putrid water
Misery strikes once again

Mumbling softly in the dim
Alone in the rising new smell
Welcome to the loss of your sanity
Nearing the rusted gates of hell

Chapter 3 — Parable

The Candle and the Moth

The candle sits in
the center of the broad
table.

She lights the flame,
smells the nagging sulfur.

A brief thought
passes undetected, singed
by the fire's tip.

Even in the daylight,
the moth somehow
feels the new flame.

Awakened from sleep,
he finds the shortest
path.

And just before he
finds the burning destiny,
she blows out the flame...

A Typical Day

Seeds of vast change
Swallowed in the hallowed hall
A typical summer day
A typical chair
A typical man
Atypical seeds
Sprouting forth

She sits on the floor
Coloring in the book from the corner store
Crayons of many hues
Tracing her finger over the pictures she has colored
She traces her finger over the page

A typical afternoon

He's rocking gently in his chair
Typing on his computer keyboard
The cat behind him on the floor is quiet
She seems a little hungry
He thinks it's a little early for that
Odd

He types some more on the keyboard
He rocks again gently in his chair
Vaguely hears the bird outside

From outside the window
The bird's eye view
He sees a third person in the room
He's lying on the couch
Reading a newspaper
With no words
Odd

He feels her gaze on his back
Quickly rotates in his chair
She's staring at the coloring book
Tracing circles on the blank page
The lines are following her finger
The spiral is falling into the floor
A typical summer day
Odd

He rocks back in his chair
Is surprised by the suddenness of the silence
Looks overhead
At the deep blue midday sky
There are no clouds
There are no circling, spiraling birds
There are no sounds at all
Odd

He rocks forward in his chair
Types a few more of these words on his keyboard
Hears the gurgling of the swirling lines

Under her swirling finger
Feels her sharp gaze on his back
He knows she is looking into the deepening spiral
Yet, he feels her sharp gaze
He read it in the newspaper
The newspaper with no words
He read it in his dreams
Tonight
Odd

He rocks back again in his chair
Sees the birds singing in the nearby tree
It looks like they are smiling and singing
But, there are no sounds
Odd

She is entranced in the deepening spirals
Wonders about the man on the couch
Finds his reflection in the spirals' light
He is working his muscles vigorously
He can't get up from the couch
The newspaper is on the floor
All the words have again vanished
The words melted into the rippling waves of the spiral
She reads them as they disappear into nothingness
They have no meaning
The couch is still holding him down
She thinks that's a little odd
Goes back to her coloring
A typical day

He watches her watching the man from outside
He realizes he can somehow see through the wall
He laughs at this unique moment
Then gasps when he realizes his laugh has no sound
He wonders why there is no sound outside the walls
Then realizes his hearing is still in the room
Is satisfied with this reasoning
Decides to take a short nap
Odd

The man on the couch is still struggling to get up

Flexing and relaxing and flexing some more
The couch refuses to release him
A typical room
A typical day

She is pulled from her trance by the sound
She thinks he called her name
But she doesn't remember what her name is
She finds her way back to the beautiful swirls
The colors are perfection
The hues are wonderful
This feels like home
She's staring at him again
Odd

He is awakened abruptly by the smell
Is instantly famished
He remembers his love for baked chicken
He realizes that this is not so typical a day
No one is cooking chicken
Odd

Traffic Jam

Stalled for a moment
No movement to be had
Traffic at a standstill
Might as well be glad

In time, people leave their cars
Begin to move around
Exchanging occasional glances
Sharing moments found

Minutes turn to hours
Impatience starts to bloom
Reminders of life of love
Let anger not consume

Morning Walk

He paused to marvel at all the blackbirds

that had gathered this chilly and early morning. Nick remembered the robin Julie had nursed back to life. She was so kind and compassionate and free. He recalled a life that was full of joy and hope; it had only lasted a season, a very brief season of the full depths of love.

Shaken to the core by the sound - Nick doubted for a moment that it was here and now - so often he was still haunted by the crack of the gun in the dark chasms of his memory of that morning in June, twelve months ago.

They had met online, a dating site of all places. Julie and Nick seemed destined to live a charmed and destined life together. But, it ended even more quickly than it had begun; that morning in June, Nick remembered, was chilly as well. Returning to the moment, the blackbirds flew chaotically away; they had been startled by the gunshot as well.

As Nick looked at his hand, he was startled to see the smoking gun. He shook his head briefly, gathered his composure, and replaced the gun in the pocket of his jacket. He was thankful for the chilly morning; it had allowed him to wear the jacket without worrying about standing out.

He turned once more, briefly, and looked at Jane, the blood spreading uniformly around her head. Nick grinned at the thought that the blood looked a bit like a halo. He sighed as he continued his morning walk - another relationship ended as quickly as it had begun.

Life of a Child

Riding in the balanced flow
Sustained in the fullness of living
Excess avoided in exposure complete

Daily taking as well as giving

All that was lacked was forgotten
Streams of dreams, sweet penny candy
Wrapped in rags of gold and pearls
Riding on unicorns and ponies, dandy

Enchanting and beautiful princess
Magical memories, gentle and mild
Perfection streaming from life's river
Perfect and wonderful joy of a child

2:50 A.M.

She came by unexpectedly
Made some banana creme pie
I watched as she worked
Performing the tasks with grace

We shared the pie
Shared an afternoon

It was difficult to let fall
The visions in my minds' eye
They gnawed at my thoughts
Vied for a place in line
And they won out
As I took my second slice

I saw her walking
2:30 A.M.
Wandering the streets
I kept driving
Hoped she hadn't recognized me
Found another
She probably knew
Small community
Strollers in the night
Satisfaction's vendors

I took another bite
Wondered if I could pay her

For the pie
For a blow job

I laughed at her joke
Pretended not to know
Just how far she had fallen
Pretended not to notice
The large bracelet on her ankle
Electronic
Installed by the state

Another bite of pie
Another shameful wish
Another vision, from the predatory eye

Looking
2:35 A.M.
After circling the block
For another chance

She took the rest of the pie with her
My fantasies left unfulfilled
I'd go for another drive
2:40 A.M.
Find one without a bracelet
Offer her forty bucks
Haggle
Protecting the value of my shame
Shunning the nagging visions
That would always return
Until I found another

2:45 A.M.
Time to go home
And sleep it off
Sleep it off

An Ode to True Love

we've both heard the reasons
why we can't be together
'if loving you is wrong...'

well... you know the rest
but you're all i ever think of
your warmth, your scent
your un-copy-able flavor
never imitated
none can satisfy my lust for you
but you

creamy, delectable
a dancing feast of bliss
warmed on the stove
or straight from the can
only your flavors
only your essence
will ever set me free

i know your secret
you're not really corn at all
you are the essence of the gods
my one and only soul's song
my heart's true flame

disguised in a cold metal can
you are not fooling me
i will never forget you
i will never grow weary
of my forever quest
to taste you again

return to the place you belong
replace these empty vessels
beets, yams, spinach
i'll send them away in a moment
when you return home

i know you feel as i do
we are destined to be rejoined
come home to me
sweet can of creamed corn

Chapter 4 — Subtlety

Quietly

Quietly, I sit and listen to the world.
Outside my open windows, many sounds
Bounce and flow. As I feel the slight breeze,
I hear the sounds of nature, and a waking world
of building activity.

There is the cry of a crow; he begs for the
Attention of all who will listen. Many crickets
Play their coordinated, yet random refrains.
Synchronicity of the great symphony.

A car drives by. And then another. Sounds
of humanity's creation mixing with the songbirds.
Sparrow sings his sweetest song. And another.
The closer I listen, the quieter I become; the stiller
I sit, the more sounds I hear. They are separate
and distinct. Yet, they all somehow match and
feel just right together.

In stillness - in the quiet...
The world sings...
To the real self...
The song of this moment is divine.

Remembering

There was a time
Not so very long ago
When he was happy
And life was kind

There was a time
When love was new
He remembers it fondly
He longs for his return

There was a time
When he healed the sick

He lived with purpose
Led others to peace

There was a time
Not so very long ago
When he was aware
Of Love's flowing perfection

He chokes back another tear
Breathes in, breathes out
Begs God for mercy
And pulls the trigger

Her Stories

No one thinks a thing about it

If you were to look into her eyes
You would see
Her compassion

If you were to stop and listen
She would recite for you
A new song

If you were to offer her a meal
She would offer
To share her story

But her story is fading
She has not retold it
In too many seasons

Passersby
Occasionally, risk a glance
Rarely, offer a word of kindness

As she pushes her shopping cart
Filled with her stories
Down the darkened alley

Summer's Beginning

It's early on a
day of vacation
 Mid-morning in the
rest of the world
 Numbers steadily
increasing
 Walking on the
boardwalk

 Behind me
the waves arrive
 Nourishing and
nourished on the sandy beach
 Summer's beginning
sun, sand, surf
 vacationers, walkers, joggers

It's early on this
day of vacation
 It's early on the
boardwalk

Serenity's Song

A calming moment
Sitting on a concrete bench
The stillness broken only
By the songs of the birds in the trees overhead

A place of great peace
Flowing from this willing heart
Forever beginning
In this instant of time

The birds' songs continue
As the beauty invades
Pervasively rippling
Serenity's quiet song

Asleep Again

As the crows bespoke their kindred song
Kindled hearts of forty-four lost crickets sang along
In merriment and twists of ubiquitous beginnings
The lass looked with awe at an expansive blue sky

Urging summer winds blew inexplicably cold
As gazelles and rhinoceroses grew increasingly old
Implacable mysteries of the darkest child
Tender and quite mild, yet rabidly wild

They looked with great awe at the gift in the crib
Loving mother and proud father of a perfect creature
Awake and then asleep again, encouraging their awe
Irrespectively irrelevant world still surrounds

A simple and humble sight to any happening by
Yet, brilliant and inspiring to the parents above
Warm in her blankets, closing her second eye
Asleep again, they shared a grateful sigh

Coffee

Momentary glances
At too many faces
Regretting lost chances
Drinking coffee alone

Imaginary dances
Love yet replaces
Present circumstances
Drinking coffee alone

Momentary glances
Hope briefly erases
Two minds' advances
Drinking coffee alone

Lifted

In the awkward moments

Of the silence following each conflict
The battlers' cry
Is lifted

In the pleasing moments
Of the recognition of the depths of another
The eagle's flight
Is lifted

In the burgeoning moments
Shared by new parents in joy
The hopeful infant
Is lifted

In the passing time
Of a life lived in search of fullness
The recognition of self
Is lifted

Chapter 5 — Beat

Urban Lullaby

Down the dark alley
A brown and black dog
Scrounges for his dinner
I watch, I listen, I remember

Up on the stoop
The man with the red hair
Going gray
Spits his tobacco
He doesn't say a word
Just watches me pass
As I watch him spit
He's from Alabama
Or maybe Georgia
Far from these city streets
I watch, I listen, I remember

Ford LTD
Passes on my left
As I continue my morning walk
Six eyes look at me from behind the not quite black windows
They seem sad
But, they are together
Families are like that
All the eyes the same color
The same shades
I watch, I listen, I remember

In the apartment above
Maybe on the third floor
(Does it really matter?)
The sound of reggae emanates
Something about tears
Something about being lost
Something about a man with red hair
Going grey
And a brown and black dog
Chasing a brown and black cat

Down a dark alley
I stop for a moment
Think about dancing
Decide against it
I watch, I listen, I remember

The LTD is back
I imagine it drove around the block
The windows are still dark
But they're rolled down
There's a reggae sound blasting
Two revolvers
And a nine millimeter
I guess they found me
I watch, I listen, I rememb...

Unwritten

Through the dirty windows
The sun, this morning, shone
Woke me from my slumber
To this new day, unknown

A song was in my mind
A gift from my last dream
I told myself to run
And write this wondrous theme

But, other thoughts distracted
They kept me from my chore
Song remains unwritten
For now and evermore

Henry O'Doole

Mister Henry O'Doole
Was a silly old fool;
He thought he was cool,
As he sat by the pool.

He set down his tea,
Whistling wistfully,

And looked up at me,
Saying “toodalie-dee”

Said I, “toodalie-dee?
Are you talking to me?”
He just stared at his tea
With a strange look of glee.

“Mister Henry O’Doole!
Do you think me a fool?
You said toodalie-dee;
Were you talking to me?”

Henry stood to his feet;
I stepped back in retreat,
Then he put on a smile,
Saying “woodalie-while.”

Said I “woodalie-while?
You stand there and smile?
Mister Henry O’Doole,
Do you think me a fool?”

He extended his arm;
He meant me no harm;
Mister Henry O’Doole,
Was himself but a fool.

But he had a warm heart,
And he taught me again,
That a fool’s just a fool,
But a friend is a friend.

One, Two, Three, Four

You heard a bell
You heard the clang
The rhythmic swells
The soul’s deep pang

A song of joy
The angels sang

Descriptive words
Another rang

Magical beats
Make the heart soar
Feeling alive
One, two, three, four

Coffeehouse

Warm and present aftertaste
Bitter and pure black heat
Feeling the drifting notes
Of a distant song's subtle beat

Soft and supple visions
Lover writes her prose
Connection growing stronger
My heart, it always knows

Finding the perfect groove
With my lover always near
Precious whispered words
That only we can hear

Living in the poem
Riding the beautiful wave
Stopping for some coffee
On the roads today we pave

Streets of Forever

Called to the streets
Enlivened in the sound
Of the beat
Endless
Rolling
Flowing
Each step in time

Wink at another walker
Brief caress of recognition

Walking on

Called to the streets
Look between the buildings
To the small sky
Stretching forever
Endless
Rolling
Flowing
Stretching forever...

Forever.

Ecstasy's Trance

delirious in the ecstasy
flowing in the beauty of
an everchanging song - of
an everchanging landscape.
she is alive in each
flowing and present
note. all who look
upon the elegance of
her forever flowing dance -
all who look -
are captivated in the
trance. we are, each
of us, enlivened. we
are enlivened in the
sharing - the timeless
sharing of art - the
glorious sharing of
one heart. one heart
sharing with another -
one heart - one heart
flowing in the greatness
of the holy dance -
the holy dance of art.

Jazz is Life

Strolling on the fresh beams of starshine

Rhythmic refractions synchronize with the next
Beat of the touching hearts
Sharing a listening
to the room filled in the
syncopated beats
(lost harmonies found again)

Writhing on the rising strands
No superfluous beats
No unintended chords
No notes lost
Flowing from player
to hearer

Beneath any known explanation
Jazz is alive
The music comes to life
Jazz is life

The Diner

The diner was open late that night
Waitress welcomed us with delight
Surprised were we to see such a sight
As a monkey, brown, with splotches, white

The monkey danced and chattered with glee
He ran on all fours, then two, then three
Giddiness bloomed as he said whee-hee
And wiggled his nose and slapped his knee

The diner was filled with hees and haws
With giggles, and laughs and great guffaws
We joined the monkey in silly fun
Throughout the diner all laughed, but one

The old grey man, in an old tattered suit
Nothing shone, not one or other boot
He sat in stillness, his face stone cold
Sadness abode, more than ever told

Purple

Dark rhythmic refrains
Move the song's flow
Karmic reflections' truth
Harvest what they sow

Purple is the color
Of a rising generation
People finding life
From every wounded nation

Songs from the songster
Rise from a million souls
Looking to perceive
Fullness rising whole

Pop's General Store

Back in the woods
'Bout a mile from the road
Quite a piece from the city
And even the closest town

A small sign was painted
With three simple words
Right next to the mailbox
"Pop's General Store"

Tobacco and gunpowder
Long underwear and short
Quite a selection
For a place so remote

Candy for a dime
In the old days was a penny
Sodas by the bottle
All ready to drink

Back in the woods
'Bout a mile from the road
Is Pop's General Store
A good place to go

Dance!

To wake each new morning
and dance the dance of holy love of God -
This is a sure way,
to real divine love and peace.

Desiring a dance of strength and fervor,
a dance of strength and fervor is achieved.
Desiring a closer dance of intimate praise,
the intimacy with God is surely received.

Let your cares drop to the floor;
Let yesterday remain there.
Dance the dance of holy love!
With wings, take to the air.

To wake each fresh dawning day,
to live where real Peace dwells,
Deep within the dancers' hearts.
as the tide, God's real love swells.

Sing a song of jubilant praise.
Let it flow from your deepest heart.
Dance forever the dance of love!
Now is the time to start.

Chapter 6 — Quandary

Black or White

No more grays
Give me black or white
Hot or cold
Dark or light

Lukewarm days
And mild nights
Medium haze
No wondrous sights

Strengthen my love
Or take her from me
Remove the doubt
Or let me flee

No more grays
Give me passion and peace
From hell's mediocrity
Grant me release

Dating a Woman on Probation

It started with a jello mold
At a cookout in summer
For a few not-so-close friends

Then I wrote her a poem
One I could never reveal
Not an uplifting poem
But one that spoke of her miseries
Trapped for a time
In servitude to substances
Mind-altering and mind-numbing

But that was then
And a few months later
She's a brand new person
At least to the casual observer

But in my observations
I'm not often casual
So I know better
But choose to set aside that knowledge
For the sake of the hope
Of another date

Our first date was a soup date
Split pea with ham
I ate most of it
Froze the remainder
She didn't have time that day
To sample our soup
The anklet she wore
Summoned her home
Still in servitude
No longer to substances
For the time being
But still in servitude
To a past she's still paying for

She brought her baby to the second date
A cute little guy
I spent more time with him than with her
As she baked cheesecake
That I didn't get to sample
The clock again
Not on our side
The curfew intruded
On what might have been

Maybe we'll have a little time
The third time around
But more likely
The past predicts the future
And I'll not sample her dishes
And she'll not sample mine
As I enter into her servitude
For the hope
Of one more date

Lost

Fate's violent collision
Nagging at the lost soul
He wanders the busy streets
Lost in his doubts

Disconnected, Connected

Alone yet again
Tempted by desire's traps
Disoriented in the dark night
Wondering and wandering
Pain manifests deep within
Boiling threat of loss rising
Disconnected words
Unconnected souls
Riding again alone
In the final dark night
And
It is finished

Shining in the night
Beam of light appears
Angels' precious song
Accompanies the radiant glow
Life manifests deep within
All is restored
Connected words
Connected souls
Riding forever together
In the dawning moment of love
And
It begins anew

Cold Winter Winds

cold winter winds
the ground is frozen
and so is the heart

a moment's reflection

thoughts arrive from within
and from without
and from that place that is neither

from above the clouds
the winds are given form
in the formless particles
too small to be seen

cold winter winds
from one lost for a time
wandering
disbelieving
swept away by the free moving air
swept away by a world in darkness

love will never wane
even amidst struggles
begging to be heard
while pushing away

nearly grown
but still a child
lost in selfsame shame
lost in memories of good and evil
lost in the darkness of the grudge
moved only slightly by the winds

cold winter winds
freeze the tears to the cheek
in acceptance
of creation

cold winter winds
forever touching the deep frozen chambers
of two hearts unwilling
to beat as one

Darkened Eyes

alone in this once darkened room
awaken the terror of gloom

salvation of one perfect child
peaceful and perfect and mild

gone in the blink of an eye
no clear apparent cause why

alone with his once darkened eyes
remembers the phoenix's rise

wonders the time he went wrong
looking for clues in a song

gone in the blink of an eye
heard in the sound of her sigh

Once a Poet

Once, she was a poet
Vibrant, flowing, stream
A wide river of flow
White water at the rocks

The great heights of joy
Soaring over snow-capped peaks
The lowest forms of misery
Valleys, oppressive with heat

Repulsed by the thought of life
Normal and peaceful and calm
The quiet to her was deafening
Afraid of the promptings of mind

Healing, one day, found her
Just after the bottomless pit
Was found to indeed have a bottom
She took a hiatus and sat

She woke from the horrific dream
Healed and at peace with herself
She wrote, that day, her last poem
Smiled through the ironies lost

Once, she was a poet
Today she is alive
A different sort of living
In love with all that's inside

Waiting

She wanted to believe
That everybody lied
She was still a prisoner
To so many old beliefs
Crafted from years of survival
She knew not the way out
A painful peril to watch

He wanted to set her free
But free she would not be
Until some mythical future
When the birds flew from a sunrise
Emblazoned with the Passion
Of a rising sun
Burning away the rising sin
That held her prisoner

She wanted to believe
That she knew the way
But the way was not her way
She enjoyed dreaming of it
But chose not to walk it
She chose the familiar pains
Of the old beliefs
That kept her wounded
For all the years of her life
And held her wounded
Still today

He watched as the distance
Failed to diminish
He watched as the days turned to seasons
The seasons to years
Forever was very far from today

And no one can wait forever

She wanted to believe
That she would one day heal
But as he watched
That day never arrived

He wanted to believe
In the beauty of destiny
But the days stretched on
Into the dim hell of forever

Distractions

I try and distract myself
Over and over
With an early morning bird's song
With a strong cup of coffee
With plans for a too busy day
I try and distract myself
But I keep thinking of the moments

You wore a plastic ring
On the third finger
Of your left hand
Not gold, not a traditional wedding band
And no engagement ring, no diamonds
I tossed the idea around my head for months
Of asking you just one simple question
Something like "do you feel it too?"
But you wore a ring

I sat near you at the bistro
About a year ago now
You kidded about going out
You and me and a few others from our little group
I was so close, so many times
To asking one simple question
"Do you feel it, too?"

I try and distract myself
But as read about Annie and Will

As I read about bar napkins
And mirrored walls
As I read about telling lines
Starry nights and first kisses
Distracting myself becomes
More difficult
More difficult

Whisper

wicked aftershocks
befall the quiet visitor
alive in the tempting
engrossed in the fire
celestial
virtuous
vicious
nimble

writhing in the mystery
tempted by the fall
taken in wholeness
taken true and all

a whisper in the dark
a voice of calming truce
awake another moment
these instants spent in you

Chapter 7 — Beauty

Magic Man

Take me to the magic man
Let me see his smiling face
The one that lives forever
And fills this mighty place

Take me to the majesty
Of a brilliant rainbow of light
Let's laugh and play together
Filled in its wondrous sight

Take me to the wizard
Let's live in the magic of now
The tickets are in my hand
Observe; I'll show you how

Take me to the magic man
Let's dance to his mystical song
Shimmy and sway all night
Believe this can't be wrong

Come and take my hand
Let's swim in the streams of great bliss
Join with me in this magical world
Beginning with a wonderful kiss

Stained Glass

Vibrant, voluptuous, such brilliance
in their hues

The artisans spending decades
improving the views

From the harsh wooden benches
brown, impersonal pews

Life shines through the windows
all revealing new

Colored by perspective
they walk each fateful day

Longing for each raindrop
tasted along the way

Finding what is sought
destiny's promised pay

Hues of beauty refracted
wondrous shining rays

Affirmation

I am created to be loved
I am intended to be me
I am blessed to be here
I am graced to be free

I am alive in beauty
I am flowing with joy
I am born in perfection
I am sibling to all

I am born of Divinity
In this moment rising now
Accompanied in Love
By angels from above

Flourishing

Ambient sounds
Of a life lived in small moments
Alive today
 In contentment

Random sights
Of a walker on the path
Enjoying today
 Flourishing

Pleasing perceptions
Creating wondrous mysteries to experience
Flying again
 Riding the rising winds' tides

Windows

Your profile
Great beauty
In your motions
In your hands
As the sun shines
Through your expansive windows
I see into the window of your soul
I am moved
By your great beauty

One Poem

your words sing in my deepest soul
in oneness, the words of one poem flow
all that is imagined and real
are in your words, your song, your holy dance

passion burns away the fears
leaves the pure and rising truths
standing naked in a forest destroyed
all that is left - you, me, and the poem

Inspiration's Gift

In just an instant
All that we thought we knew
Changed
With a single heartbeat
Shared in that instant
Following a gaze
Into the depths of infinity
Into the chasms of love

Unspeakable gift
We'd sought and prayed for

For what seemed an eternity
Hope had ebbed and flowed
Glowed and grown dim
But tonight
In a lasting gaze
In piece of paradise
In a wondrous space
The hope that dwindled
Leapt forth in gallant glory
In the instant
Our lips met
In the moment
Our hearts joined
In the brief encounter
Of the dawning bliss of renewal

A renewal of hope
A renewal of love
From an instant of passion
Inspiration's dawning gift

Chapter 8 — Light

Ecstasy's Gate

Brilliant morning, new and fresh
Blessings flow to they that wait
Patiently walking through calm and storm
Take this path; don't hesitate

Infinite grace is here for you
I've set the table; please don't be late
Let nothing stop your destined trek
Release your worries; let fear abate

Raise your sights and dry your eyes
The time is come to claim your fate
Come sit with me and sing a song
I'm waiting for you at ecstasy's gate

Implausible

To reach into the dark realms
And pull out the eternal wisdom
To step into the memories
Of the ancient builders of time

To read the hearts of passersby
And touch them with a kiss
To feel the colors and light
Harnessing and focusing bliss

To fly amongst the soaring hawks
And see all they can see
To sing the song of morning blooms
Tasting scents of perfect glee

These things, implausible, impossible, yes
And yet, it's what I do
Harnessing the mystical dreams
Remembered by the ancient few

Tomorrow and Today

Eyelids heavy
Time for sleep
Tomorrow will bring new poems

...

Newly awake
Time for life
Today will bring new poems

Bright

Pains
Aching
In my back
Spreading downward
To swollen ankles
To my more swollen feet
Pervading body and mind
Smothering the hope of my heart
Stealing the peace on my quiet soul
Until I look outside the bright window
And watch as the grand pine tree dances
With the constantly blowing wind
And the rays of the bright sun
On this bright day of hope
Flowing around me
Changing my thoughts
From my pain
Healing
Peace

Colors' Pique

fiery ribbons
fall from the sky
attracted by
the miniscule cracks

fire, light, glass

passion, knowing, grace
deeper, further, higher
bathe me in your hues

i am the voyeur
piquing
rising above
the highest peaks
peeking
stealing a glance
at your (im)perfection

rise with me
let all the passions flow
joyful, present, organic
white light, bending through the cracks
colors dancing in your aura's wonder
rise with me
let all our passions flow
alive, forever, orgasmic, true
rising
peeking
stealing a glance

the voyeur is fueled by the exhibition
the dancer finds joy in the light
we meld into eternity
drifting, loving, wondrous sight

New Chapter's Song

A bit unbelievable
The last chapter's end
Surprised by the suddenness
And the lack of my surprise

Solace in a cloudy day
The drama, an unwelcome guest
Believing in the power of choice
Choosing hope's pervasiveness

Surviving each bump of life

Coasting forever along
And writing a new verse
In this world's forever song

Chapter 9 — Shadow

Screaming

I stood
Screaming
Standing amongst a crowd
Of strangers

Just a few minutes ago
Though the memory
Was fading fast
I was sure
That just a few minutes ago
I was safe

But now
As I stand
Screaming
Unintelligible sounds
I could remember no words
Only the sound
Of a scream

All around me
On the crowded beach
There were people

But none of them
Did I know
None of them
Look even vaguely
Familiar

I screamed again
And a lady comes
She was beautiful
But still
I don't know her
So I screamed
The only sound
I knew

She asked me
Between screams
A question
I couldn't quite understand

I tried to listen
But she was drowned out
By the sounds
Of the screams

I concentrated
As best I could
She asked me
The tall woman (her name was Candice)
If I was lost

My response
Was another scream
And then
A nod

The people all around
Were watching
I wanted someone to help
But I am scared
So I scream
I scream

I don't remember
What happened next
But I do remember
The feeling of fright
Looming and large
As fresh today
As it was
Six decades ago

Whenever I hear
Whenever I see
A lost child
I remember

And inside
All I can do
Is scream

Last Meal

A life of rage and fury
It would surely end the next day
No more taste of blood
To the monstrous villain's dismay

So when it came the time to choose
The last meal that I would enjoy
I asked for a cut of rare steak
A treat for this grown lost boy

A salad, potatoes, and milk
Rounded out with the freshest of fruit
A meal for this man to remember
On a plate that's as dark as my suit

Never

Attractiveness of never
 spilled from the dark sky
 pale blue walls
 of a hallway that never ends...

Lost in the silence
 the soundless wails of death
 finality of life
 hoping for a healing of love...

Relieved and oppressed
 in the ancient wells of doom
 secretly wanting to die
 but for an ounce or two of spite...

A stranger in a familiar home
 crushed by the final nails
 palms red and dripping
 hands that reached out in vain...

Burnt in the angry swells
of responsible ebbs, needful flows
ocean of misery, horizons of strength
unable to find an instant's rest...

The silent screams continue
the voice can never speak
the horrid betrayer's presence
sweet song, love's last knell...

Attractiveness of never
attentiveness of loss
relentless quest for silence
sweet death will never come.

Hardened

Hardened by life's travails
She wonders why the path is rocky
Memories of the lessons
Litter the otherwise pristine way

Tempted by the burdens
Carried by sons and daughters
Forever she is bound
By her own apron strings

Woman of God's promise
Selfless until self was lost
Searching for purpose
On the back of a worn mule

Attached to the heartache
Unable to see the waiting knight
Drowned in a world's sorrows
Separate from heaven's delight

Vacant

Where was the joy?
Where were the smiles?

In an instant, I wept.
For a lifetime, I cried.

Those folks behind that window, lost and yet at rest, seemed to have a touch of the surreal, and a light mist of dread.

Where was it heading?
Where was the joy?
The train of dark memories,
On a track of dark fate.

The children sat on the laps of what appeared to be grandmothers, yet strangely, they bore no resemblance. Wondering after the truth, I looked into a few sets of eyes.

Where was the light?
These people were void.
Nothing seemed right.
Where was the light?

I noticed that the children looked, on the outside, quite normal, and yet, as surely as I tell these words, I knew there was something missing.

Where were they going?
These empty lost shells.
Where were their souls?
Was the train bound for hell?

Perpetual Gaze

Hauntingly, they all stared at me
As I trespassed into their comfortable domain
I was hypnotized by the lack of passion
A room full of empty chairs
Their vacant gaze sliced through me

Could they know what I was to do?
Was the fear I perceived really emanating?
Or was it, in truth, my fear of facing them?

At a loss for thoughts
I nearly forgot even to breathe
As they sucked the life from me

With the constant slicing of their looks
With the sting of their empty minds

Where had I come from?
What was my purpose in being here?
I thought for an instant to scream
Asked yet one more question
What was it to scream?

Like the blackness of the deepest void
Their dark eyes pulled from me
Every bit of life force
Every bit of breath
Every last thought

I thought I heard a sound as the darkness flooded
Then silence
Utter silence

Unstilled Mind

Insane meanderings
Always nagging at this unstilled mind
Crazed moments
In the closet of dark thoughts

So many moments
Leading up to this morning
So many plans
Leading to a lost destiny

The knife was my father's
Fitting, that he butchered his quarry with it
Today, this destined day
I would become the butcher

I took the knife from the drawer
Placed it on the counter
I stilled my thoughts
Put them back into the dark closet

These are the conversations

Of a darkened mind
Unexposed to light
These closet conversations won't occur

Rational and irrational
Sane and insane
Light and dark
Sheathed and unsheathed

The thoughts, the conversations with self
The words unsaid
The light unshining
In a darkened closet

I placed the knife back on the counter
I put the thoughts back
Into the dark closet
Of my dark mind

Chapter 10 — Enigma

Veil of Death

She had come back changed
There was something about her eyes
The green in them was glowing
Beyond any green most had seen
A bit like two emeralds, large, hard
Her eyes were heavy
With a gravitational field all their own
Anyone who saw them was changed

To hear her telling of the story
One had only to catch her and ask
She was quite easy to catch
Spent most every day in the diner
The days she wasn't working
She'd come in anyway and sip ice water
Some said that ice water ran through her veins

The veil of death had covered her
For more than fourteen minutes
And for most of the next few days
After her mysterious recovery
She told everyone who would listen
About the dim hallway with the light at the end

A few weeks later though
She got quiet
Pulled
Into the gravitational field of her own eyes

She died for a time and came back to life
Then one day she died again
And she died each and every day since

Winds of Change

swirling, twirling, twisting
the wind's song is beginning its fatal cry

how I long to hear the sand
as it crunches
under your feet
as you walk on

swirling, moving, roving
wind is whipping at my thoughts
tearing them from their brash safety
devouring each and every whisper

whispering winds' animation
given life in the songs that they sing
join the great heavenly chorus
the creator of everything

deeper, stronger, harsher
thoughts give life to words
awakening feelings blooming
alive in each moment of truth

great miseries before the altar
as the wind still sings its quiet song
inside and outside and through
tenaciously rowing along

swirling, twirling, twisting
caught in divinity's flow
alive in perfection's dark mystery
release and retell what you know

always, forever, and yesterday
blown from the heights of lost peace
wind's song is blowing in greatness
regain what you choose to release

in the instant between
that last stanza
and this
the heart finds
a moment's rest
breathing in
the fiery song

song of the wind is pervasive
passionately pulsing along
fire and rain and forgiveness
lost in the notes of their song

the bleakness of his weak shell
awakened in the rouse
hear the quiet refrain
acknowledge this moment to choose

twisted, swirled, and frozen
time, wind, emotions, change
rage has awakened new peace
the universe, now rearrange

perfection of language abounds
in the stillness of terrible refrains
greatness arrives in the silence
this song of the seasons of change

Black

In blackness
He rides the rising tides of evil
Devoid of all colors
But the color of colorlessness

Black moods, black magic
Bleak thoughts, black skies
Into the vacuous depth
Of the blackest night

Oh, ruler of blackness
Set my dark heart free
I long for the colors
That you have kept from me

In blackness
He is the ruling breath of evil
Devoid of all life
But the life that swims in the dark

Cold...
and black.

What it Seems

The elevator, stuck for an hour
The appetite, it wants to devour
A sweet, some tart, or even something sour
As the others on the lift look dour

I pet the furry cat by the wall
He looks up with eyes bright, but small
I wonder for a moment about all
The folks sitting down, standing tall

Thoughts drift to faraway places
Where only love shows on the faces
Bliss and joy chased by the sound
Of the crowds as they gather around

Awakened from this gentle dream
I hear the cat cry a small scream
Nothing is quite what it seems
When the elevator starts to careen

An instant of raw panic flows
As the speed of the box quickly grows
Who knows what this fall will bestow
Or where the elevator now goes

I feel the sandpaper of his tongue
I fall from the place of the dreams
My cat and I look at each other
And realize life's not what it seems

Habitually

These damned addictive habits
I pick up the phone
 Check for text messages
I just checked two minutes ago

I want to check again
Nothing matters more
It is my fix
Illusory connections
Leading nowhere
Calling me

I want some chocolate
There's some in the fridge
Dark, deep, rich
Inviting, calling

Last night, at the gym
I burned a thousand calories
Another new addiction

I'll bury my feelings in a poem
And switch on the TV
Check the phone for messages
Habitually entrenched
In a useless quest
For comfort

Dark Visitor

She sleeps soundly most nights
Has learned to tune out the darkness
Detaches from the horror
That visits in the dark

She dreams of honey and flowers
Dances the dance of the faeries
Floats among the puffiest clouds
Detached from the world below

Startled by the lack of breath
She tries to open her eyes
Sees only the utter darkness
Can't hear her own muffled screams

Drifting back to sleep
Or, she wonders, "Is this death?"

Falling back into the dim hallway
She walks on the way to her dreams

She sleeps soundly most nights
Her conscious mind is unaware of the evil
Blessedly kept safe from the horror
That visits her each night

Another Street

On another street
Out of sight
She wanders

She is the lost antelope
The herd has found new plains
The herd is finding new grasses

She is alone
Afraid yet contrite
Sad yet fulfilled
Wandering the streets
Grazing the plains

A shot rings out
She has fallen

And on another street
The woman stumbles
Struggles to her feet
Pushes her shopping cart

My List

When the days turn colder
And I'm feeling much older
When my list grows short
I'll make the time to rest

When the nights were longer
I felt much stronger
When my list was full

I found no call to rest

When the time fades away
In peace, I hope to stay
When my list runs out
Rest will surely come

When the days turn colder
And I'm feeling much older
The breaths will then cease
Now home, I'll find release

Shadows Embraced

Embracing the shadows
A walk in the dark
Whistling past the tombs
Trudging through the swamp

I watch the housefly
Colliding with the closed window
Seeking the light beyond
Trapped in my peaceful stronghold

Opening the windows
Opening all my doors
Breezes clear the fog
And the housefly escapes
Into the broadening blue of a clearing sky

A Real Fucker

So there was this guy I knew
Tom

Tom was a pretty good guy
At least to me
But to the ladies
He was a real fucker

He had this idea
That the whole world

Sorta turned
Around his very large head

Tom drove a Chevy
He rarely washed it
It smelled of smoke
Pall Malls, non-filtered

He went to the same haunts
Most every night
Gene's Place over on 7th
And the Mid-Town Pool Hall

Tom was pretty good at pool
Better than me
Until after about 10:00 that is
When the Gordon's would kick in

I never really understood
Why otherwise smart women
Capable and clever
Would fall for his shit

But they did
Over and over
And he'd take them to his ratty apartment
On 9th Street, above the liquor store
And he'd fuck em

And most every morning
Around 11:30
He'd call me
Friendly and cordial
And tell me of his adventures

I knew he exaggerated
But I also knew his stories were rooted in truth
Most every night
He'd find a new mark
Take her home, and fuck her

Tom was nice guy

But he a real fucker

I'm glad I knew him

It was fun to live vicariously

But even better

To learn by his example

Not to be a fucker

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