

The Spiderweb Glistening in the Morning Sun

There's a spider web glistening in the morning sun.
It caught my eye spanning from red oak to white pine.
I'm ensnared by the silk of my mind;
Captured by the most nostalgic of arachnids:
My conscious.

My father darts into view,
Leading a two-man march into the forest.
A forest dotted by white pine and red oak.
A kingdom in our backyard.
An empire of jubilant freedom.
A realm of reality, hidden in fiction.
A place I could escape and be me.

The Sun's Battalion

Guided by starlight,
I trample this realm of impossible possibilities;
I eat figs with Dionysus in Athens;
I fly around on a Nimbus 2000;
I slay redwoods with Paul Bunyan;
And I sail the Mediterranean with Odysseus.

As the economic haze lifts
And I gaze into divine, forested lands;
I stand tall and proud
Against the tide of social manipulation.
I shall not be rocketed by the urge to follow.
I am the sun,
I lead the charge.
And as I leap secular waves
Bounding straight for the beast's heart,
I hope you'll join me.
Only together, can we slay the false king,
And conquer such impossible possibilities.

Are you listening?

Listen.

Listen carefully;

Sounds like cascading tides

Erupt into existence;

Followed by the guffaws and wails of time.

How the child ages, and dies;

Savor each sweet note,

Delicate accents shaded maroon,

And cerulean,

And a deep, vivifying green.

-Clasp such sounds-

Hold them tight to your ear;

Like a mother holds a babe to her breast.

Queer is the common,

 The same,

The epitome of reality.

Oddities captivated by a peculiar lack of patience.

Where is the audience?

Where are the cheers?

The boo's?

Why can't a serene tone be injected?

Always so drab, so serious;

How utterly lackluster.

Why aren't they listening to the symphony of the damned?

The ballad of the hopeful?

Why is the only question that can captivate such an audience.

How, I do not know.

It's as recurrent as the flu;

If only they'd realize listening is the cure.