

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.