

**“WHERE DO PRAYERS GO?”
AND OTHER OBFUSCATIONS**

LIFE THROUGH MY GLASSES



WHY ARE MANHOLE COVERS ROUND?

Why do we live two lives—one in concrete the other
in abstract?
Why do we dream different dreams on the same bed
at the same time?
Why does reality refuse to leave when I no longer believe in it?
Why do I agree with you when we are both wrong?
Why do I worry about old age when it doesn't last long?
Why were sins innocent once?
Why does talent hit a target others can't reach?
Why does genius hit one others can't see?
Why do I want to die peacefully asleep while driving,
not yelling and screaming like my passengers?
Why does life duped by hope dance happily into the arms
of death?
Why is childhood the paradise of life when we look backward?
Why are manhole covers round?
Now that is something serious to think about!

LIFE THROUGH MY GLASSES



A LONELY CHAIR

Always the butt, never the object
of whispers or shrieks, politics and dreams
among friends and lovers, or a family project.
Voices from above flow by my seams.
Overheard plans and schemes, good and bad,
money makers, heart breakers future and past,
some worked, some didn't, somebody happy,
somebody sad.
Intrigues, affairs, jealousies or angst--none that last.
Sitter's change, familiar voices come and go
like mosaics of spring, summer and fall,
each day new stories all heard from below,
told by fabulists slumping, squirming, sitting tall.
Posture and tales, one begets the other,
first time users signal dramas,
doting parents plop, elders ease down not to bother,
a lone sitter sighs, closes eyes to avoid traumas.
Who'da thought stage plays share a derriere?
A wooden frame drenched in fabric hears every day
of new emotions laid bare in this lonely chair,
ever-changing tales from a sale made on E-Bay!

IT'S NOT THE HEAT, IT'S THE HUMILITY

Stripped naked 'neath a furry robe
sweat makes life endurable
vanity the skin of soul is incurable
smarter for what passed, wiser for future's probe.
Reason limited, often misunderstood
today's confusion tomorrow's intuition
thoughts shadow feelings appear as fiction
masks secrets, shame and good.
Time devours gives nothing back
mistakes recur a dice game of life
inner theatres of dreams our nightlife.
Prayers hide waiting to bushwhack.
Turn back to God they say
his music inspires dwarfed by his spires.
Hear the lust for submission from his choirs
promising the nether-life every day.
This life of cracked glass never mends,
glimpse the world since creation not our trespass
view it from inside our hourglass.

*"Time devours
gives nothing back"*

FRACTURED PRISMS

Refracted lights allow us to see,
a spectrum that colors
self-righteousness with certainty.
So it is with moral conflicts,
that begin with certain clarity, but
belie the underside of destruction, and pity,
both last refuges of piety.
Since creativity, wars of certainty
ended in despoliation,
followed by a peaceful bereavement,
in generation after generation.

History records twenty-seven wars
since seventeen-hundred and seventy-six,
and twenty smaller conflicts in between.
Casualties were 3.2 million soldiers,
most of them unforeseen.
Over nine generations of young people lost forever
in the mad hypnotism reflected in war's prisms.

The spectrum of war colors was stained 'dread,'
in the fourth quarter of the Eighteenth Century,
when the Revolutionary and Indian Wars,
left forty-thousand dead.

The Nineteenth Century color was 'Vermillion,'
after the War of 1812, the Civil War; and
the Spanish-American War, cost us another million.

Victories attained in the Twentieth Century
were "Bloodstained."
WW I, WW II, Korea, Vietnam, the Persian Gulf,
and twenty-six other "minor" conflicts
cost the lives of over two-million more young conscripts.

continued on page 8

FRACTURED PRISMS *continued*

Now here we are at the twenty-first, a Century later,
sometimes the hated not the hater,
still fighting monsters, but
have we become one too?
Iraq, Afghanistan, this century's quid pro quo,
thousands of casualties to date
and eighty-nine years left to go!