



"dark" - selected poetry by
william paul, planetshifter.com

1/1/22 - 1/12/24

dark contents:

The Rubble

God and Us

I'm not Really Here

Love in a chatroom

Smells of baking bread

Permaculture Allegiance

A million buzzing bulls

Game Theory

What to do when you retire

Pierced by Sunup

Wasted Water - Wasted Hearts

Haiku

sledding down the hills

love over the earth

safe passage

flow

she doesn't mean

carousel

what a woman is

whiskey for water - water for oil

that awkward anticipation phase

Moon Woman

Sun Woman

about money

give her a chance to miss you

I didn't get to...

think of the mountains

The boy with the unseen heart

The Rubble

A doll lies black and bruised

Her hands lost forever

Putin's pile crusade

Pulling people out of their faces

Eyes dusted gone with ash

Burned-out buildings scared like dead owls

Air raid sirens sing

The end zone song

A doll is dead

A man stares motionless

In his rubble grave

God and Us

black and white sister and brother

mud and water kat and mouse

black tie white shirt church and state

car and driver shower and soap

hamburger and fries kicker and tee

candy and tooth decay drummer and sticks

copier and copies rifle and shells

me and you.

I'm not Really Here

Up in Brooklyn, the remains of fire

On the Miracle Mile, dropping quarters

Sleeping under the over pass

I'm your ghost of a chance

Losing big in Vegas

Breaking rocks in SF

Loving your yurtfoot eyes

I'm the dark dance

Lost in LA

Zoo'd in Diego

Red necked in Houston

I'm the lance

Love in a chatroom

flip the switch

dial the number

jump the track

throw the ball

watch the screen

hear the news

sharpen the knife

slip on a dress

dig in the dirt

wash the dog

chase a buck

read her text

Smells of baking bread

And yesterday's perfume

Jelly toes

Coffee tongues

Visions of lime

Hands of rye

Permaculture Allegiance

A shout-out to the compost and landscapes of
Permaculture, to the folks who propagate
them; one people with the Great Spirit,
indivisible, with sustainability and green justice
for all.

A million buzzing bulls

Invade a million little screens

The tech rodeo stars

Have us chomping the bytes

A million tiny clowns in tiny wooden barrels

Free us with temporary glee

Until the next bull struts thru the gate

And into the ring

A sword in his heart

In a window of blood

Game Theory

Intuitives

Role Players

Manipulators

Influencers

Attackers

Participants

Sweepers

Slaves

What to do when you retire

Take the bike out of the garage

Clean the grill

Buy a ladder

Take a yoga class

Give stuff to charity

Go to church every Sunday

Check out the family photo albums

Add more friends to your Facebook account

Fix up the garage with a couch, fridge and a tv

Buy new golf clubs

Wear your pajamas to lunch

Take more vitamins

Buy that sports car

Marry your care provider

Take a Spanish class

Gamble on several sports teams

Use a CPap machine

Clean the Gutters

Clean the cars by hand

Give up email for texting

Breathe

Pierced by Sunup

Dreams coming to

Transform the day

Into night

When the ceiling disappears

And blackness is

Pierced by sunup

Wasted Water - Wasted Hearts

Forgetting and remembering

Rusty water slides and broken bubblers

Our wasted youth

remembering and forgetting

Bottled water and sunken sinks

Live toxic Mom and Dad

Forgetting and remembering

Cold showers and freezing rain

Capturing shuddering hearts

Mania Clings to his Soul

Like Oatmeal to Dry Skin

Dancing Down the Empty Lane of Lights

Haiku

sledding down the hills

saluting sunflowers

wadding in the ocean

waxing with the moon

remembering

remembering the earth

love over the earth

In a green and darkened forest years away

she waits with eyes wide open

like a lighthouse shining

a campfire lifting sparks to the heavens

the land and streams

cling to her body

like a child to her mother

I know this light

this love

brilliant like the Moon myth arching over the earth

safe passage

safe passage

safe harbor

red socks

red lips

green dreams

white lightning

Michelle

flow

Sometimes flow is silence

Sometimes flow is a look

Sometimes flow is a flower

Sometimes flow is a book

Flow is the same as love

hands and hearts

she doesn't mean

she doesn't mean what she said

she doesn't mean

she doesn't lead where she's led

she doesn't follow

she cannot lie like a man

she tells the truth

she doesn't command like a man

she doesn't shout

she doesn't speak like you read

she isn't from here

She grows like a tree

goes with the flow

I'm all the drama I need
I have myself to blame
you've seen me around
keeping my head down
hands in pockets
poems in cheek
trying to break-in
to re-write the script.

Carousel

from the soil of acquaintance
to the climbing wall of friendship
we have absorbed the steps
of infinite couth
into the red rose of attraction
the sea of tranquility
we sit on great stallions
of the whirlin' carousel

what a woman is

open

sensible

loving?

transparent

empathetic

thrifty?

sustainable

spiritual

honest?

poetic

grounded

educated?

visioning

mindful

organic?

whiskey for water - water for oil

whiskey for water

water for oil

you pour me out like a cheap suit

can you stand success

when you end up on the bottom?

breathe

you are trembling

the cab is waiting

the cowboys are all gone

whiskey for water

water for oil

5 am

that awkward anticipation phase

you put the keys in the cup by the door

like a good movie buff should

climbing across for texts

WhatsApp soul searcher

smells of maple syrup

red licorice and lucky charms

is that a badge you have on...

or awkward anticipation?

Moon Woman

her light

is like the dawn and dusk combined

her eyes chocolate brown eyes

wide open to see

her shoulders

creamy strong and shielding

lips pouted

a quiet smirky smile

her nose ready

for my smells

her hair falling

in her lair

Sun Woman

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Everything you just wrote is about money

Money is just part of God's plan

Bless you. It's an amazing dress.

give her a chance to miss you

she's hurting too

you never fired the clay pots

never plowed the back lot

she's texting you in her heart

now, it's empty like your cart

it's 5 o'clock

and you are both home locked

give her a chance to be empty

be the grand canyon

put down the reactives

and make some tea

I didn't get to...

Hold your hand on Main Street

Kiss you in the kitchen

Make love to you on the living room rug

Give you a man's opinion at the jewelers

Wait for you after work

Walk your dog

Help critique your gym poses

Open the red for dinner

Cook for you

Turn-off the TV when you fall asleep on my lap

Scrub your back in the tub

I didn't get to fall deeper in love with you.

think of the mountains

Trout jumping at flies

Classy waterfalls

Moonlight

Loon fed lakes

Soil tumbling over itself

Renew! Replace! Shine!

The boy with the unseen heart

"Can you see my heart?" he asks his teacher.

"No I can't," she said in a hurry to teach her syllabus.

"Can you see my heart?" he asks his friend.

"No I can't," he said in a hurry to play.

"Can you see my heart?" he asks his Dad.

"I see your efforts to love all you meet," he said.

"Can you see my heart?" he asks his Priest.

"Yes, but only as a symbol for love and caring."

The boy with the unseen heart finally sees his heart
in his spirited actions for his family and community.

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