

Poetry Series

**one who waits**  
**- poems -**

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## one who waits(256)

Wandering, wondering, looking and searching for answers. Although, I think I have the answer to the meaning of life. I would share it with you, but it's much more fun if you try to figure it out for yourself. Life is a journey my friend. Live.

To overcome an obstacle or an enemy. To dominate the impossible in your life.  
-Paul Simon

## ...Haiku For Who...

haiku and henna  
high art low brow sweet madness  
for you, just for you

one who waits

# 98542gnrevfdsa; Clkqwedllqwe49rjd

I am one thousand monkeys

I create this machine

The white walls fill black spots

I am Shakespeare

I am the this

And the that

Lkjwen vcpq; a9sdzhin; 32kjefscqblsjkax90io; 2rn4edwa; oiuhn519rhioebu;  
dqnskl

one who waits

# A Muse

You touched me once  
And many times since  
The thought of you lingers like that of a scent  
Can't quite place it  
But familiar still  
You will continue to haunt my thoughts forever  
Won't you  
Your presence  
Your absence  
Your voice

Contact is made

You bother me  
In a way I like to be bothered  
You disturb me  
To the point of madness  
Can I go public with my cry  
Obsession  
Stalker  
To laugh  
I was there and you were here  
Just missed you  
But I've missed you  
For so fucking long

one who waits

# A Muse No More

At once & for eternity  
You were my muse  
Different lines of time  
And shapes of worlds to come  
I must let you go  
Time moves on  
So shall I

So I say to you that nothing really matters  
And all you do is stand and cry\*\*

What the future brings I have no idea  
I can only hope that it finds you  
You have been searching  
Far and near  
I can only hope that you find you

If and when you do  
Please let me know  
But I cannot wait  
I'm done waiting

Here's the rub  
I figured out who I was  
Without you  
I moved on  
Then you tell me things  
You create spark where there is no flame  
You awaken the dreams of a thousand sleeping giants  
So I guess I owe you thanks for that  
But it's time to move on  
It could have been nice  
But don't do that to me  
I can't take it  
It could have been nice  
But I don't need it  
So it's time to move on

I bid you Peace

one who waits

# A Nice, Nice Time

Same sweet breath  
Soft lips  
Easy sweat  
Your scent unchanged  
After many generations  
Many miles  
Of life

Uneasy  
Almost queasy  
Feelings flooding  
Flashing back  
To a simpler  
More innocent time

Comfort now  
Inside  
Understanding the landing  
Of a gentler  
Sweeter ride

16 17 18 so long ago  
Never thought firsts would just be so  
Interesting to me  
He and she  
Had so many things  
So many years  
Such a nice, nice time.

one who waits

# A Note To A Client

Any word  
that you've heard  
or is it absurd  
to believe  
Is there anything to retrieve  
Or is this simply a reprieve  
Not meant to deceive  
Just say come on over  
Or just  
Move along  
Move along...

one who waits

# A Relative Explanation Of Existence

one who waits

# Another Day In The Life

I read the news today  
Oh boy  
This unlucky woman  
About a mile away  
And yes this news is rather sad  
Well, I just cannot laugh  
There was no photograph  
Another anonymous drive-on-by  
She was tending to her children's toys  
Police were summoned they arrived on high  
We've seen her face before  
Nobody is really certain; do we feel safe anymore...

one who waits

## Because...

You can do better than that...

Oh?

Sure. Why not?

Why not?

Why not? ! ?

Because...

I am boring

I bore me.

Me.

I bore myself

If there is anything more depressing than that

Please

Elaborate

Please

Enlighten me

one who waits

# Bending My Mind

Reality bending  
my mind  
neverending  
mending  
thoughts and ideas  
blending  
sight and sound  
always around  
nights and days  
unfound  
yet surround  
my every move  
in the very groove  
of our short lived  
confusing lives

one who waits

# Breaking The Fast

Gathering `round the place of feasting

Chatting

Laughing

Smiling

Eating

Planning our escape

My accomplice beside me

The sun rises

Shadows shrivel in their early morning stretch

one who waits

# Cheers!

Enough of the god sick wonderment  
Homesick madness  
Find your peace and leave me mine  
You'll find yours all in good time  
If an answer is what you seek  
As you stand your ground  
Then look to the sky  
The clouds  
The seas  
And hills  
The ants  
The birds  
The trees  
And life

My friend,  
The answer to life's great mystery isn't mysterious at all  
Life is for the living  
We are here to live  
Not to die  
So stop dying and start living

But before you do that, can you fetch us another couple of beers?  
Cheers!

one who waits

# Cry

When I laugh  
I hold back  
When I jump  
I don't leap  
When I love  
    When I love  
        When I love  
I wonder  
Wander  
Inside  
Around the side  
Sounds outside the door  
Inside my head  
The voices  
They're back  
This ain't no estimated prophet my brother  
  
one who waits

# Dangerous Glow

Did I try that hard to seduce  
Was it really in me to produce  
The patronus charm so effectively  
Respectfully  
Is it in me?

Difficulty lies  
In those sultry eyes  
Staring at me from within  
Saying you resist  
Yet  
You push it in

Although we met just 6 hours ago  
We found common ground  
And so  
Maybe we thought about different times  
And places  
The faces carrying traces  
Of journeys near and far  
We talked about space and stars

And there so it goes  
It happened  
Will it show  
As we pass each other  
Eyes meet  
Catch the street  
And avoid the dangerous glow

one who waits

# From Waters To Walden To Whitman

Hidden `neath the leaves river run  
Jackrabbit makes way thru undercutting brush  
A fallen summer  
A swollen rain  
The evening breathes in the night

Chilling winds cold rush winter in  
A mile of smiling farmers  
Catch a flame as it passes you by  
Leaving the soft open air waiting

Wonder why I wander by  
As the last light of day passes  
Moonlit sky darkened dirty gravel road  
Skip my feet along

one who waits

# Full Moon Monday

Ahh Dearest Monday...  
You're a Full Moon Day  
Not quite Sunday  
And certainly not Tuesday  
A not nearly enough used day  
Sometimes simply an excused day  
However,  
Monday old friend  
Time to get back to work again

one who waits

## Haiku 2

Hawaii time is  
The kind of time I'd like to  
Spend my time with you

one who waits

# Haiku For Me

Sitting sipping tea  
Tripping and ripping this way  
Trying to find me

one who waits

# I Come In Peace

I am an American

I'm a Christian

A Jew

A Muslim

A Buddhist

And Hindu

I am you

I am Iraqi, Swahili,

Indo-Chinese,

Pinoy, Ruskie.

Afghani,

Indian,

Pakistani

Down under and around these

Another beer please

I live in south London

And south Boston too

I am Lesotho

I am free yet enslaved

To the dreams of my fathers

And the antiquated hatred of my brothers

And sisters,

My mother is yours

Our sons are fore

This is the light

The way

We are one family and species and race

We bleed the same

We are born

We breathe

And we die  
In the same

Another day  
Another way  
But we live and die

So brother, let us live  
Let us breathe  
Let us fight the real fight  
To see the light  
Of love  
And peace  
And a safe sleeping night  
For our kids' kids' kids'

I am everyman  
And I am none  
I am you and I am no-one  
I am here to enlighten you  
And to give you peace  
If you want it  
And you need it  
So ask for it

I bid you Peace

-One Who Waits  
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one who waits

# Incarceration

Urination  
Masturbation  
Mass frustration  
Situation  
Feeling grim

Certification  
Clarification  
Penetration  
Walls within

A clerical error  
Is all that it takes  
To numb a mind beyond  
That shadow of a doubt  
Or reasonable doubt

Proclamation  
Characterization  
Fundamental preparation  
H  
Is all I know

Fermentation  
Intoxication  
Proliferation  
Abort a nation  
Spilling things we never see

Caucasian  
Afro Asian  
Interpretation  
Precipitation  
Elevation  
Declination  
Simple insertion  
Ascension

Bill it any way you wanna

It's still just a song for me

one who waits

# Invented

This little room  
This little room that I invented  
This little room that I invented to hide my feelings  
Feelings of guilt  
And fear  
And anger  
And loss  
This little room I invented  
It's here  
Next to me  
No one else knows  
Or sees  
Or understands  
This little room; invented  
It's where I go  
And  
It comes to me  
When I am in need  
This little room  
I've invented  
For me  
  
one who waits

# Is Not Lost

Although flattered that you called me  
An impediment to recovery  
I do not wish to be

Understanding my position  
I protest this imposition  
For my uncompromising  
Disposition  
Leads me to believe  
That we are forever never around  
Not knowing where it's found  
Yet always to be bound

To one another

So take this to heart  
Or take it not at all  
See it as art  
Or writing on the wall

I am here if you need me  
These words will indeed be  
Just simple praise of your affection

But to you I must mention  
Having sought your attention  
I am truly confused  
You see,  
I never meant to abuse you  
Yet I think I may have used you

How do you feel?  
How does it feel?  
How are you feeling?

You see,  
The intention  
Is not lost  
Upon me

one who waits

# Kaddish For Uncle Bob

I was 2

and Uncle Bob came to visit California.  
His fuzzy beard & crazy hair is what I remember.  
A faded photograph, younger days.  
We went to the beach and park.  
He smiled a lot.

I was 3

and I wanted to listen to \*Uncle Bob's Tape\*  
I still have that tape.  
It's now on my iPod...

Bob's Blues Motel

I was 15 in the summer of '86.  
Charles Lloyd was rolling heavy  
Roland Kirk was blowing wild  
Zulu had a picture of Rahsaan on the wall  
Was that REALLY 3 axes?  
Serenade for a couple of Cuckoos  
He turned me on to early Jethro Tull  
And Pink Floyd  
And Trane  
And Miles  
And Bird  
And Cannonball  
After all, my son's name is Julian

The Blues Mobile

I was 18 in the last fast summer of the 80's  
We got blessed again in the river where Granny was baptized  
We ate at Gene & Darlene's  
And Fred & Red's  
We drank bad whiskey from the trunk of Pat Randall's Cadillac  
We fished and swam in Shoal Creek  
And tripped the river walk  
We drove the old highway

Past gravestones centuries old  
Farms and trees and cliffs and streams  
Blur the glass as laughter and music  
Among other things  
Waft from windows rolled down

Through it all  
It was the Music  
Above all  
It was the Music  
The Muse  
The communication  
The groove  
Music is good for the soul  
Bob knew it and passed it along to everyone he met  
He spoke with music  
He lived by music  
And died with music in his heart  
Music is the path that leads us onward  
Music is Magic  
Music is Light  
Music is Life

Keep on Rockin' Uncle Bob

I bid you Peace

Uncle Bob  
8.5.1945 - 7.16.2008

one who waits

# Misinterpretation And Understanding Above Me

I come here finally to offend  
I will use these words unto the end  
For I live & breathe the real world  
One not found  
Yet always round  
For many a year  
Not 10000  
Or even a few  
I have not come here  
For you  
From the west  
I passover easterly resurrection  
Confounded direction  
Solstice spring  
Ever-living  
Always dying  
Staring at this composition  
Find a place of peace  
For my disposition

one who waits

# More

I need a drink  
It helps me to think  
About the happenings I missed  
When I blinked  
Away the hours  
Days  
And years  
Many tears  
Fears  
Cheering me on  
Got to do more  
Got to be more!

one who waits

# My Forever Neverland/Lust Sabbath

Charmed by the golden Bhudda body double

Licked by the calm streaming streetlight

Lying

Wandering

Wondering about the sickly faintly bothered rapture of swollen tongue

Fill my jellied bean with love

Lust

Sabbath

one who waits

# No So Much A Poem As Just Words...And A Question

What if one day you woke up and you knew that you could change the world  
You just have to convince all those around you that it is a good idea  
How does one go about doing this?

one who waits

# Of Christ And Cocaine

Steady the diet she goes  
Of Cocaine and Christ  
You are the greatest thing  
The greatest thing  
Since bread came sliced

Skipping over fantasy's slide  
Tripping beaming moonlit glide  
Suffering heavy fallen air  
I declare  
There's a man  
With a gun over there

There's someone else  
inside my head  
So instead...

Gathering the courage  
To rage  
And page the cute boy again  
I nod and smile  
He comes in  
We talk and flirt awhile

Upturned sheets  
Fairly weathered seats  
And a cat that does nothing  
Just rolls his eyes  
And licks his paws clean  
As I  
Fall back to dream

one who waits

# Of Weed And Wine

Of...

Weed and Wine

I feel fine

I don't need

Time

More or less

Distressed

Feeling blessed

In disguise

Demise

Despise

Further she flies

one who waits

# One Thousand Years...

I remember a time when we danced in the park  
high and weary but together we understood  
we saw each other naked in the sunrise  
and knew then that this was all too real  
helping you to your feet as we fell for each other  
hard long fall no escape for me for you  
you are why I'm here I am pleased to be your slave  
I do what you want & I do it  
but I'm here too so let me play & I will sing with you  
on days when we just sit and talk and hold Love

one who waits

# Pale Blue Sunset

at times when ocean breezes breathe  
the wave starts  
the sea speaks to me

underwater world  
above and beyond our reach  
sophistication  
concrete and steel  
soft sweet swirl  
blue green and teal

and here is the West

desert mountain city growl  
channel water makes way  
balance  
fish  
and fowl

cast upon beach sanding land  
walking with love hand in hand  
I find peace and solace finally at last  
for this shall be my home  
my future  
my past

one who waits

# Perhaps Today Is A Good Day To Die

If I die today

I die Happy

If I die today

I die Sad

If I die today

I die Lonely

If I die today

I die Upset

If I die today

I die Comfortable

If I die today

I die Without pain

If I die today

I die Without remorse

If I die today

I die with you

I die alone

I die

one who waits

# Post Loft Trauma

in a daze  
i find myself  
wandering  
the daytime  
i see no lite  
there are shadows  
my eyes are closed  
i can see  
i am not blind

one who waits

# Reasonable Seasoning

spring lit winters change  
conditions strange  
and unpredictable  
birds take flight  
what a sight  
to behold  
I'm told

Seasons bring new wave crash  
Rocks upon ocean rhythm splash  
It's a dash  
moon tug summer long reason  
to the staying out all night season

white cap moon glow  
autumn dawn so slow  
and Tuesday's not over yet  
my pet

windy wind breeze way  
never astray  
beach sand  
feather  
I simply adore  
this weather

one who waits

# Rock Bottom

Spiraling down  
Winding path  
Free and falling  
Stumbling  
Fumbling along in the darkness  
As I lose my keys  
My self  
My sight  
The light is gone

Hitting bottom  
Sinking ever lower  
It is from here  
That I pick myself up again  
And fly

one who waits

# Sedona Sojourn

Whether it was the pull of the full moon  
Or my racing heart beat as I scale the rocky climb  
The tingling sensation I felt may or may not have been the vortex  
Sure there were hallucinations,  
but those have now become daily occurrences.  
The orbs  
The orbs  
Daylight vibrations and waves of sound  
The landscape wasn't melting  
It's not the medicine that heals  
It's the energy

one who waits

# Simple Folk

We gaze in wide wonder,  
Eyes open & fluttering  
While we mere simple folk  
Contemplate what it is you beautiful people do  
Atop that great mountain of yours.  
Please, send us scraps, tidbits and more  
Oh great ones!  
Have sympathy on our poor souls.

one who waits

# Sleeping

I'd rather be sleeping  
It's what I should do  
I'd rather be sleeping  
Than be here with you

I'd rather be dancing  
In a circle of moons  
Instead of romancing  
And trying to swoon

I'd rather be sleeping

I'd rather be sleeping  
There's nothing at all  
I'd rather be sleeping  
Not take the fall

I'd rather be sleeping

We should go walking  
Familiar scene  
Continue talking  
It's bitter and mean

I'd rather be sleeping

We worry and try to get it all out  
We yell and we cry  
and we scream and we shout

I'd rather be sleeping

I'd rather be here than where I am now

I'd rather be sleeping  
It's what I should do  
I'd rather be sleeping  
Than be here with you

I'd rather be sleeping

one who waits

# Spirits - From Tales Of The Ancient Sea ~1679-1811

Raise a glass to those who come before  
They drank here  
From many a foreign shore  
They've remained in spirit  
And gather  
When someone needs a mate to split a pint or more  
  
one who waits

## Spring II

Perspiration  
Accumulation  
Equinox over there

Marine layers  
And baseball players  
Springtime is finally here

one who waits

# Springtime Meeting... Or... Damn, I Like Beer!

Ahhh! The words have been laid upon my feet  
So to you I say we shall finally meet  
When the sun has peaked  
And moon is rise  
Surely it is Springtime in mine eyes  
We raise our voices  
"Have no fear"  
We have many choices  
With all that beer  
So it is and without delay  
I'll see you on that very day

one who waits

# Stumbling Through It

might i have a word with you  
could i share some time with you  
would you have some love for me

do you crave life  
does it seek you out  
or do you stumble thru it

think about me when you dream  
it will help me sleep

one who waits

# Subtle, Supple, Seasonal Spray

Left Coast first-break Season rain  
Cold beer, Warmer air  
Lightening crackles in late summer afternoon  
Thunder rumbles overhead  
Rain, both light and heavy, splatters dirty windshields  
And the sunset on old blue

one who waits

# Sunlight Bright

Forever and ne'er  
shall I sleep  
if it was I what made you weep  
it was not intention  
O bride  
to take your pride  
or your innocence away

But come with me  
again  
sweet child  
we will find another day  
to play  
and shine  
for thou aren't truly mine

one who waits

## Talk To Me Goose...

I miss cool, overcast days  
Sweet drizzly rain  
Green hills, grasses and trees  
A tasty buzz and a cool breeze  
I miss Porter, Pinot and PDX  
But most of all I miss chatting with my dear friend.  
Now tell me, Kerri, where the hell have you been?  
Talk to me goose...

one who waits

# The Fix

Arms and bare skin  
Fingers interlace  
Hands to face  
A trace of strained pleasure  
Tangled treasure  
Simultaneous release  
And a crease in the forehead eyes  
Her eyes  
Twisted dark hair ringlets  
Fall upon me gently  
As the breeze carries me away

She is a fix  
Like heroin at night  
Addictive and addicting  
She fills a need  
I bleed  
Sickened  
Hurt  
Lost

Little by little  
Time stands still  
You may find yourself  
Rollin' down that hill  
It's ok friend, it's Ok  
We all find ourselves one day

one who waits

# Threshold

...raises his hand to query:

What if 6, really did turn out to be 9?

Where is my mind?

What's the frequency, Kenneth?

Where's the beef?

Where's the fucking money, Keith?

What if C-A-T really did spell dog?

I am but a bird on a log, agog.

one who waits

# Til The End

I remember your last breath  
I held you in my arms  
Your warm heart  
Your loving kiss  
Your eyes looked up to me  
I think you knew  
I hope you did  
This was the end  
To your pain  
To your ache  
But you were such a good  
Sweet thing  
Forever  
I will never forget you  
Its been a year  
Dear  
I still smell your fur  
I feel the licks and love you gave

I remember you sleeping on my pillow  
When I came home late at night  
You were always such a good girl  
You never complained  
Or snapped  
You would nap  
When you wanted  
You would run  
Undaunted  
Through fields of green  
Tall grasses and weeds  
You'd always come home at night  
Sit next to firelight  
On cool winter nights  
You made me laugh  
You made me smile  
You made me feel good  
More than once in awhile  
Nothing ever got you down  
You were always around

When I needed you

A true friend

My dear sweet Matisse

'Til the end

one who waits

# Used

I'm sorry that I used you  
I didn't know what else to do

one who waits

# Words Words Words

To be or not to be  
this isn't a question  
as I play at the words  
swimming in my head  
I often think about  
well...dead  
not death or dying  
but dead  
You know, like,  
nothing in my head  
I'm just bloody dead  
no air  
or words  
to breathe or taste  
I no longer have time to waste  
so as these letters form from head to fingertip  
am i really saying anything at all  
or are they just friggen words

-I talk ALOT, but I say very little...

one who waits

# Working It Out

Anywhere  
I seem to believe  
Is just an image  
A thing to retrieve  
Is it a memory  
Or is it a dream  
Forgive me if I don't offer to scream

one who waits

# Yeah, So?

Sticky Stones Rocky Bones  
Steps upon the wary  
Through feeble minds  
And darkened eyes  
I find nothing scary  
Yet I sometimes wonder about the days  
Whence we knew more pleasant ways  
People smiled and talked and walked  
And children screamed and played

one who waits