

Summer Solstice Poem

Longest day of the year,
is in fact here.

Nobody knows
why the sun come up
the earth spin round
and humankind live and die
and some strive to fly.

The eagle's eye.

The eagle's high.

An empty mirror
reflects the void upon itself.

A poet who done cried
been reborn and many times
has died.

There is no god but man.

There are no chains
except the chains of guilt.

Why shackle us ourselves
in moody slumber?

Fractured filaments,
the broken strata
of where we once were once

will be again
glimpses of it
around the bend.

I don't fit in the pigeonhole
you pigeonhole you into.

Suburban not-so-wild flowers,
cultivated in hot houses,
I would love to taste your nectar.

Give me a taste!

This would be pleasing
to the gods.

I'll be doggoned

bow wow arf arf

my doggy is a smart doggy
he knows what's going on,
even if I am at a loss.

Moonlight beckons mysteries
a clue?

The sunlight
burn us all up.

Yesterday fades away

Tomorrow looms a dark chance
for new perspective.

Much can be said with a glance.

Write poems

no one gives a damn.

Love them,
they will not
believe you.

Hate them,
they will try
to kill you.

Blood is shed and will be shed.

Poor vain humanity
you spill your own blood
it flows in rivers
drops from the sky like rain.

Naught to do save nod and sigh.

The sun is a cruel master,
The heat makes the mind to blink.
The moon lures one to the brink,
keep going faster and faster.

Focused on that point of departure,
I have seen the way we put the world together,
but still have not learned
to manipulate those components.

Blast! Thunder! and Brimstone!
Humanity singing the blues.

I know that song.

The wells from which we draw that song.

Ha! The world yells
we fooled you once again!
Sometimes I cry
I cannot go on...
You will go on,
proceed another twisted mile,
give up not one gasp of breath,
go not gently to irrevocable death.
The longest day of the year.
This isn't really clear.
Hanging on by the seat of my pants.

D. A. Wilson