

just outside

a rickety chair rests on a rickety porch where
a rickety man writes with less reason than rhyme

for so little i'm aware i'm a writer
passing touched and untouched
seamlessly passing so much

flowing undefined as water
refracting each scene
adverse to being seen

unwet, content and intent
to peer through rippled reflections

truth's remnants scattered
through the prism of perception

reformed, recolored, retextured
ultimately, recalled in a blotted scene
reliving one of Monet's canvassed dreams

truth...beauty, can we tell them apart
would we even recognize them in the dark

perhaps in the dark
far from light's candid glare
where waves upon waves of colors collide
mixing and muting with waves yet to rise

only there where they break
where moments collapse
a wavering heart aches for certainty
before they finally lapse

before they're lost to the tide
long before senses linger and lie

and try to make sense
if only they could sense
the subtle unseen rhythms
falling just outside and
just out of reach

just inside

endless enduring vibrations
amplify through generations

sounding and resounding
resonating in the heart

swelling in the soul
and echoed in our dreams

falling through shadows
with barely a breath, choking
for air with eyes held open

feeling around
for firm familiar ground

something in the muck
not too soft nor hard
not too bitter nor sweet
not too hidden, just
something within reach

and still i'm a writer
looking for stars from beneath
the mottled light of muted streets

standing just out of view
basking in the shade
intent on resolving every
moment before it fades

peering too hard
and seeing so little
some of what i am
much more of what i'm not

absorbing each scene
lost in words and dreams
confronting demons and gods
most i can't tell between

and still i'm a writer
passing quietly behind
the smoky glass and mirrors
along the foggy fringes
of what's always, willingly
just outside of reach

and just inside

a fire burns bright behind brittle walls
smoking and choking the inside out
and tempting the outside in.