

A SKYSCRAPER

I am a skyscraper,
based on an elevator.

That's right.

The first floor – an elevator,
the second – an office, a restroom,
the third – a restroom, a restaurant,
the fourth – 2 offices, a restroom, a conference room,
so on, and so on, and so on,
infinitely soaring, through the stratosphere,
perfectly balanced, or so I appear.

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AS THE SONG GOES

As the song goes,
“your life is now,”
and if you believe it,
you must be a cow,
chewing your cud,
blinking your eyes,
and swishing your tail
to keep off the flies.
Listen, I'm complex;
I suspect you are too.
I've fears for the future,
and memories too true.
And though I do try
to live in the present,
I find myself haunted
by the past's effervescence,
the future's recollection
of what I thought I would do,
and my reasons for singing,
allegiance to singing,
and credence in singing
the blues.

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AMAZING

The whale swims
Out and about
Under his spout
His black skin
Glistening
Listen to him sing
Like Judy Collins would sing

In the end then
They come upon a medicine
That will cure all evils
Of mind and spirit
Body and intellect
Unique to men

The whale can plunge
To incredible depths
To escape harpoons
And anything left
On the surface

I won't hurt you
Leviathan
King
Though I can
Make a fortune
In your essences
Oh

Knot me a tale
A whale of a tale
Of things I didn't understand

Don't
Yet

ANOTHER POEM

Here I go again
filling up parchment
with nothing of substance
but dreams
of living on a continent
where I can pursue the option
of nuclear fission
the splitting from Adam
I get to *be* Adam
confront the serpent
keep my innocence
never have to write another poem.

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