

## 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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