

FORWARD

The writing of this book spans decades; through lonely times, times of profound love and affection, sad times, and times of great joy. Some of these emotions are well represented here, as are some times of silliness. I think we can all see ourselves in these pages, and perhaps see others in these pages as well.

The bits and pieces of Remo that fill these pages are haphazardly strewn and do not tell a carefully woven tale or paint a discernable picture. I will offer you this... I love words, and love to mold not only the phrases and thoughts they combine to build, but mold the words themselves. Mixing a Latin prefix with a Greek root and a slang suffix can be fun as long as the meaning can be understood in context. Kurt Vonnegut was a master; I am merely a neo-proto-padawan.

The art that accompanies my words is either by Frankie McCarthy, a local artist, or free downloadable art from the wonderful photographers at Pexels.com.

Not all the work included in this tome is beautiful. Some is harsh, some is simple, and some may be sad. But so is life. Like a Japanese garden that purposely builds in a defect, this work is strewn with imperfections that like a beloved teddy bear has a thrice-sewn ear and a worn-out nose with stitching apparent throughout. But it is your bear or your child's bear, or the bear of a stranger's child you see in the mall, and as you look upon it, you recognize that it symbolizes innocence and love, and it makes us smile... perhaps because we miss that innocence, or perhaps we don't know why we smile, but we do.

May the bits and pieces of you blend well with the bits and pieces of me in this book, and it is my hope you will find a smile, some joy, some memories, and some curiosity to sustain your journey through these pages.

THIS IS

A creation. Laid out, dark and foreboding.
A mark; placed within emptiness.
No longer empty, barren or pure.... There Exists.
Something to be investigated, something to learn.

A creation with form. Perceived, radiant and
compelling.
A thought; meaning where once was none.
An entity, graspable, tenable and identifiable... a
symbol.
Something to question, something that may be
understood.

A creation that endures. Existing and relinquishing
existence.
A word, laid gently to rest,
To be communicated, translated and passed on...
forever.
Something permanent, something that defines its
own reality.

This is.

Tomorrow's Yesterday

Tomorrow's Yesterday is winding down... again,
with everything to show for it in a pointed gesture.
Sometime and somewhere feel for a forever onward tailspin,
With *Never* among the luxuries to console.

Dreams fondle our reality with glimpses of fleeting fantasy.
Rivers of opportunity unfold before us,
Options left behind evaporate with every step.

Atop a near hill lies a two-car garage.
A large fallow field offers an enormous rosewood desk.
Around and up is wealth beyond compare, guarded by the
angry toll of loneliness.
And along another road espousal waits, with joy and love and
companionship.

Each path is paved with possibilities, cobbled with countless
opportunities.

Some are certain, some unsure and some are clearly laid.
For those who have auspicious goals, the preacher must be
paid.

But daring not to take a step and waiting for a clue,
Will cause each day to wind on down with nothing shed anew.

So cast your caution to the wind, with courage take a chance.
You'll find your dream, your wealth, your quest, a beautiful
romance.

Embark upon a voyage, for movement is the key,
The essence of a future dream, a new reality.

Before Tomorrow's Yesterday has made its final bow,
Release your fear and take one step, no better time than now.

CANDLELIGHT

Candlelight in a dark, dark room,
Canvas white in the starkness.
A dream awaits, glowing in the bare surroundings...
And the Canvas calls to it.

A brush, a gentle stroke, a splash of color,
Capturing an image, a patterned poem, a painted phrase.
Darkness recedes with each brushed caress and the starkness is Dreamlit.
The Canvas is vibrant, luminous, excandescent.

The room no longer dark,
By the light of a single candle.



OCEAN AND THE COASTAL LANDS

Crashing onto hot white sand, a salty wave appears,
To seek the warm sands of the beach, then dribble back like tears.
The tidal forces of romance had drawn my heart to yours,
And I, a swelling ocean wave, came dancing to your shores.

Approaching with a mighty surge, impassioned salty spray,
But then retreating with the wind, your love was kept at bay,
With every wave that reaches shore, a spurt of ecstasy,
Embracing sun warmed sandy dunes, my coastal destiny.

Every time the tide rolls in, I seek to win your heart,
You stroke my soul on golden sands, but with each tide I part.
The seaweed and the foamy surf dry up upon the shore,
Waves recede to gather strength, returning with a roar.

Our love will ebb and surge at times, but every seventh wave,
Will bring the softness of your smile, the tenderness I crave.
The surf sound sings a siren song, a whispered harmony,
That tells of white sand beaches, reaching for the sea.

One day we found beneath the waves, a treasure chest of love,
From watery depths we worked as one to bring it up above.
The chest we'd found was barnacled, encrusted, damp and old,
But when the padlocks were removed, its contents were pure gold.

The ocean and the coastal lands were lovers from that day,
Embracing one another, at capes and coves and quays.
You reach toward my horizon, and I reach to your shore,
The beach is where our hearts have found a love forever more.

SEAFARER'S MANTLE

I hasten afore thy spirit turns restless and thy quill is jettisoned,
Lest the passion grow fleeting and our marrow halved.
Damnably duty that doth betray passions depth.
Mind and body numbed and palsied by our world asunder.

Having met the enemy: the hours grew to days and became weeks.
As the calendar savaged my countenance, distance disquieted my vision.
Reverently returning, the adversaries of time and
Distance mostly vanquished, Peering beyond the yardarms,
Crying with the wind, uncertain what landfall will afford.

A hopeful climb to perching nest, seeking promontory,
Rainful wind slaps audacious brow,
Seeking glimmers through drizzled haze,
Between stinging pelts and harrowed hail,
Glimpse of green and hints of hills,
Reveals the longed-for coast and thoroughfare,
And beyond a hill, a house and a heart.

Amidst this yeoman's cry, desirous yearnings aspire welcome embrace.
Forward of the mizzen since early light, the mist hides green, not blue,
Anticipation and impatience become adrift
With anxious moments mounting blindly.

No bistoury or broad sword to wrest this wretched drape

In hopes that heart is yearning mine, this seafarer's mantle doth rejoin.
In port, the distance now but minutes, no promise is assured, no omen
is foretold. The sails dropped, the ship is berthed, upon the dock a
Visage spied, In frock and hood, upon the harbor dock,
It could, it might, perhaps it is.

With pounding heart, descending to the pier, through jostling crowds,
A few more steps as the clouds above suddenly open,
Spilling sunlight on a frock of silk, the hood thrown back to reveal
Curls of crimson locks, open arms, and a squeal of joy.
A broad smile cracks my cheeks, my tears are loosed, and life begins anew.

'TIL DEATH DO US PART

SHORT VERSION

You said and I said 'till death do us part,
But you're not the same person,
I promised my heart.
The death that we spoke of
Has killed our affection,
With sadness and fighting,
With pain and rejection.
The love we once shared
I'll remember forever,
But sadness prevails
With no joy whatsoever.
I no longer see
The one I first kissed,
The "you" that I loved
Has now ceased to exist.
No need for good-byes
Or pretended affections,
Without handshake or hug
We'll go separate directions



WE ARE TWO I'S

Tarnished planking. Barnacled grapes. The tenth of every breath.

Challenge the fever, its stake is not our spoils.

Harlequin harlots, Transient talcum. Wherefore the cellar door?

Beseeching rivalry, no plan survives spartan toils.

We are rushing, yes and you. Erstwhile jewels of future friends.

Stringent softness now oblique, taken ashore by wanton chance.

Strangle and struggle in the shadowed street. Strange you did not hear?

I am near, you are far. Heretofore, the poets dance.

We are two I's, this me and you. Seek to blend, spurn to bend.

Acquiescent reticence trials forevermore despite cherishing the essence.

The next is yet, but yet is still further. Peering. Squinting. Blind.

Challenged by the wings of time,

Our sullied souls are still searching for semblance.



THE EYES OF THE GODDESS

All of us are equal in the eyes of the Goddess.
We venerate her wisdom, but we do not have her eyes.
We see things as imperfect, finding faults that we despise,
Not learning from the consequence, that teach it is unwise.
We're trapped with all our biases; at best we compromise.



MIRROR

You do not need a mirror
to see things in reverse
We hang with those that
think like us which
makes the problem
worse.

We're so convinced of
our beliefs, no matter
how perverse.

So, research facts and
you may find the truth is
the reverse.

AWAKENING

Awakened on the steps of transcendent reality,
Grasping to reach the next plateau of sensibility.
Searching for purpose within space and time,
Layers of awareness and perception must be climbed.
Innumerable realities surround infinite dreams,
Some awkwardly bounding prohibitive schemes.
Benevolence censures a scripture that binds,
Encouraging curious, questioning minds.

Peeling away at a drab, thread worn skin,
Astonishing freedom prevails within.
Discard liturgy, scripture, faith, and compliance,
To find beautiful rapture in spiritual science.
To embrace this connection is a meaningful step,
Now look deep within where your spirit is kept.
Extinguishing ego, desire and fear,
There's a place beyond Silence when your mind has been cleared.

With this new insight we now must surmise,
We're linked to a Cosmos of infinite size.
With each nimble step, that connection increases,
To a greater awareness and the selflessness, it teaches.
The road to Nirvana is only a guide,
Subsequent footholds are found only inside.
The path to Enlightenment can answer life's call,
Epiphany and Illumination yield Oneness with All.

To shed all discernment, all concepts all thoughts,
Is the path to Awakening which cannot be taught.