

**“THE SOUL OF MAN” AND
OTHER LATE-LIFE OFFERINGS**

LIFE CYCLE

I value my life,
but don't remember my birth,
and won't remember my death,
yet both are crucial,
extant and extinct.

Life filled with days
each a lasting effect,
some good, some bad,
I own them all,
see my calendar as proof.
Most I remember, some I choose to forget
--others will remember them for me.

None can compare with my birthday,
a special day, indeed!
From not being to living,
a first breath, bath, and name,
the genesis of my belly button,
seeing, crying, eating for the first time.
What an important day
not to remember.

I won't remember dying either
however it may come,
my life erased in a micro-second,
no time to change or take another chance.
I won't remember becoming extinct.

Who cares?

UNSEEN MIRACLES

Miracles span generations;
my mother performed miracles after she died,
some were scholarly, a few pedantic,
others general but in a particular way,
all defied laws of physics.

They pierced stone, steel, and glass
from a world without light or darkness.
They see through my eyes, hear with my ears,
touch everything with love.

No hi-tech, psycho software,
no middlemen
except Bach and Mozart to cohere.
Only God is condemned to work alone,
for us there is the omniscience
of things unseen, otherwise
there is no point to make.

Miracles are not monolithic
anchors of our minds, or home grown.
Nothing is as hair raising as an unexpected miracle
That freezes all thoughts into ice like organ pipes,
until the vision materializes.
People don't make people better,
mother's miracles do!

ANATOMY OF A POEM

Inner sounds culled from life's silent essence
awake non-obvious events,
mimic art's imagination,
faux prompts, biases, laments.

Explore vagary, reality,
aware of metaphors
that solve nothing, cure less,
cast a net trapping insightful ethos.

Music needs sound, paintings color,
ideas crave reality,
language follows deafening silence,
all avoid calamity.

Words provoke inspiration,
the human condition of
unconscious composition,
proof of creation.

Privileges of our world
without which we are not home.
Silence the sounds yet unheard,
when ready they are a poem.

LOST HEROES

As trains leave stations,
ships sail, planes fly,
they pass a stationary motion
of transient sensations.

Today's idols *putch* past heroes,
soon supplanted by successors.
It's hard for heroes to survive aging dialects
of thesis, antithesis, and synthesis.
Wide gulfs separate yesterday's heroes from today,
As seen through makeshift glasses not scientific lens.
Once ravishing now ravished, captivating now captive,
they can't understand decay.

To bring them back dispels clarity between sleep and
waking,
they never said goodbyes,
how many memories can air hold
beyond a trace of wet eyes?

“Come back, you are here and now,” I said,
Spartans unburdened by old bones,
not knowing they are dead,
but for this poem's metaphoric zones,

TO WIT:

Hello, Gen. Washington, you won a war
against the only army you ever saw.
Today you'd face terrorists galore,
religious fanatics who thrive on gore.
Goodbye General, your horse, sword,
and 18th century corps.

Strut your stuff on the runway of time, Cleopatra,
a Greek, who came to Egypt's reign,
married her brothers, Caesar, and Antony in line,
the goddess Isis her claim to fame.

DISCRETE THOUGHTS

Lost the battle to Octavia's hasp,
was killed bitten by her own Asp.
The feminist of her day,
occupying Wall St. is not her forte'
So long Cleo, return to your crypt,
no place for you here or Egypt.

A supreme commander *Ike* was,
fought and won battles better than anybody does.
Brought back to point the way,
bewildered by wars of today,
no armies, *al Qaeda* and terrorists sneak,
strike and hide
from drones, missiles, and profiteering
of our side, patriots, allies, hard to find,
ten years here, ten years there, we try to unwind.
No victories, confusion reigns,
our soldiers leave broken and broke for their pains.

Heroine, Saint, then burned at the stake,
Joan of Arc ends the hundred year war for France.
Struck by visions from God,
she partied hard after a nine-day victory dance.
The martyr visits the 21st century,
views church/state politics of today,
prays for guidance from her deity,
has visions of joining the Tea Party,
or take another turn at the stake.

Honest Abe won't let southerners go
though he might reconsider AZ, Texas, and Idaho.
Served in the US House, tried for Senate, made it to Prez,
swearing all are equal, or so he says.
"No Comment," on women's right to choose,
smoking or booze.
Views Congress today and their avarice
toward a black President, but not his patronage.
Abe looks back at Ford's Theatre with solace.

Seeking virtue or anyone who found it,
the ethics of Socrates infused Western society.
His teacher, Aristotle and Plato, his student,
parsed his methods for ethics and integrity.
The father of cross-examining puts us on trial today,
seeking truth, keeping lies at bay.
Alas! Truth is nowhere to be found,
lies are the heretic of our time,
He resumes the stone-like stare of his bust of lime.

Guten Tag, Herr Doktor S. Schlomo Freud!*
Who extended Neurology to Psychiatry,
disciple of Shakespeare, Schopenhauer, and Nietzsche,
look into our collective mind
and tell us what you find.
Do we fornicate more than Twitter?
Will the unborn get the vote?
Is Congress the new OB/GYN pope?
Please don't pull your beard and scream,
just hit the couch and dream.

Lost heroes revisit the world of their birth,
peek at the cultural tsunami now on Earth,
rush past their era with the speed of fright.
All are immigrants today without insight,
no walls, or ID required to open a door,
just our memory, they need no more.
Now as home-grown Americans reclaim
their name and fame,
how they got here is not their shame
when judged by what they left behind,
that's how we should play the immigration game
everyday.

**Sigmund Schlomo Freud (actual name)*