

Date Palms
and
Arizona Skies

By
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Baghdad Palms

Baghdad palms ~ growing
in the Arizona desert.
Far from woe
blissfully ignorant of pain.

Noticed by the many
while lining freeway passes,
charming the few
when planted on private property.

Few know ~ fewer care;
from whence they came.
Their ancestors and kin at origin
know their roots.

Longing to be with their kindred
~ safe and secure
on the Arizona landscape
instead of feeling the pain.

War and deprivation ~ fearful of death
and sabotage ~ as a contrast ~ their relatives
live in peace and tranquility.
Oh Arizona!

The Beluga Three

The Beluga Three
beached upon a desert shore
amidst a village of trailers;
what poison do you spout?

Floating rumors of spite
as ugly as the mats you lay upon?
Or, blubbery gossip mills
as greasy as the oil you slather on?

A thousand pounds between you
self loathing and hate filling you.
Knowing your time is over ~ consequently
for others you spread your malicious lies.

Red Mountain

A crimson crest collides with urban sprawl.
An angry Red Mountain leads the attack
rallying its forces
defending its terrain.

Saguaros ~ as Special Forces
blockading the growth
stalling the transformation of nature
into instantaneous urban decay.

Not allowed to kill these wondrous beings
except ~ under cover of darkness
and always at great cost
the blight is a belated thing.

Burgundy boulders bolster the besieged.
Used as cataclysmic catapults
like poker-hot lava or fire and brimstone
a deterrence to corruption.

With an arsenal of weapons
at its beck and call
Red Mountain is well equipped
to maintain its archetypal magnificence.

Date Palms

Date palms delight
in being out of character.
Planted in sublime places
absorbing different values.

Residing in urban Phoenix
proudly displaying their colors.
Inhabiting Indio and glamorizing Palm Springs
tolerating the Tigris ~ who's at war with itself.

Adapting to various climes
does the glorious Date palm
across continents
and different climactic zones.

Adored by many peoples
but, remaining aloof
in iconoclastic rebellion
to the times we live in.

Arizona Skies

Flashes of gold
like eruptions of fire
appear on the far horizon
Arizona skies ~ what a feast!

Turning in the twilight
to rivers of lava
yet so cool ~ a contrast
of imagery to the senses.

Creating a channel of
cool aqua as the light fades
in a timely fashion
the lava disappears.

Replaced by the obsidian
skies of night
with stars like diamonds
interspersed with silence ~ as a backdrop.

Firestorm Lullaby

Just a place on the map

so it goes ...

Trafalmandoran's vocabulary ~ as a philosophy

Vonnegut talking ~ a ventriloquist's life.

Just a place in memory now

it always happens ...

burnt to a crisp ~ cinderblock soldiers

defeated in battle ~ elementary nature wins.

Just a place on paper

we always let him ...

fate has a way of settling the

imbalances forced upon nature by man.

Just a place in time

and we always will ...

memories stored up from a lifetime

remain as a lesson to soothe our souls.

Quotes courtesy of Kurt Vonnegut's "Slaughterhouse Five"

Just a \$154 too much!

Just a \$154 too much
Bush's war takes it all
"no medical for you"
says the Arab nazi.

Bombs to bomb Baghdad
just \$154 too much!
As he throws the peoples money
down the toilet.

Not a car bomb in sight
nor airplanes flown into buildings lately
just \$154 too much
we're too much of an inconvenience for them!

\$80 billion for zip codes
so every palm tree in Iraq
can have it's own address ~ and we're
just \$154 too much....

for medical coverage.

Memories of a Lifetime

Memories of a lifetime
stored in the secret places
of your heart ~ will comfort you
all the days of your life.

Keep these treasures safe
and solace will come to you.
May they bring you peace
all the days of your life.

Dedicated to Neil

Floating to Globe

Snow that glows as we
float to Globe
on tires dedicated to love
set for a lifetime.

On a day of gray mists
and ebony shadows
lending character to jagged crags and majestic peaks
our feet traverse this much loved road.

Past a hamlet leaving the impression of pre-historic Bedrock
snubbing this primitive place and
choosing Besh Ba Gowah instead ~ for entertainment
where the real savages are commemorated.

Besh Ba Gowah ~ comprised of clay
interspersed with boulders ~ a multi hued marvel
of turquoise, flamingo, cream and ivory;
ruins that mask dark secrets.

Destroyers of culture ~ killers of Ho Ho Cams
plagiarizing their style
taking credit for their accomplishments
and now being honored by the gilded ones.

Be that as it may ~ we don't care!
We're just two middle aged teenagers
having a good time enjoying the sun and each other
floating to Globe.

In the Path of the Superstitions

In the path of the Superstitions
love lingers
gazing in awe at this magnificent marvel
the variegated hues haunt ones soul.

Ever-changing from gold to pink to purple
depending upon moods of atmosphere
makes everything worthwhile
no matter what path is chosen.

In the past a search for Treasure
along the Apache Trail
contending with Indians
in a struggle for supremacy.

A future intertwined with mass housing
struggling against boring uniformity.
Instinctively saving the saguaros
and some open space for the wildlife.

Enjoy the present!
Savor the beauty in all its uniqueness
because this moment is short
in the path of the Superstitions.

Lost Tribe Found

A pillar of stone in Arizona
a pillar of salt in Arabia
half way around the world
a commonality of legends exists.

Ten tribes were lost ~ the ancestors stories got garbled.
Landing in the path of the Superstitions
the Pimas ~ one of the lost tribes
remembered what they could.

Passed down from one generation to another
Lot's wife and Noah's ark ~ became as one.
But the quintessential truth of humanity remained
~ ergo ~ treasures are replaceable ~ life is not.

Nogales

Nogales ~ a city at the end of an abandoned railway line
abridging an amorphous border
where people seek El Dorado. Gazing northward
with bitterness ~ as they lament their abandoned dreams.

Seeking to fulfill these fantasies
they wait in buildings that look like the caves of Afghanistan
or dilapidated hotels of sedentary lives
waiting for their chance in the Promised Land.

Where did all the Tacos Go?

Tacos are taboo in Nogales
nevertheless pizza is prevalent
tacos by way of Turin?
The new taco capital of the world?
Some bizarre form of cultural exchange?
Los tacos al fresco?
Que Paso?

2061

I will be looking at the souls on the dole
hopelessly standing in lines waiting for food ~ that is never
enough
corporate farms gave up years ago ~ not economically viable
and the family farm is gone.

The Pentagon ~ today announced a great victory
in its insurrection against the rubber trees in Brazil
10,000 human casualties ~ 50,000 trees destroyed
a great propaganda victory in its war with nature.

In the opines of mimes ~ who pass for humans in these times
die ~ one less mouth to feed; live ~ income generated
meeting need.

What else is there to sell
after all the factories were shipped overseas?

First the jobs went ~ no one sighed
then the education ~ no one cried
next the pensions ~ no one protested
since stupidity became the fashion.

Any enemy will do ~ the other peoples took the jobs
their economic victory ~ versus our military one.
Who really won?

Life's Little Treasures

Birds singing in spring
the foliage turning green
nests being built
life's cycle of renewal starts again.

Nestlings calling for their mothers
trees abloom in orange ~ pink or lilac
learning to fly ~ what a delight
the wheels of life keep turning.

Fledglings striking out on their own
leaves of green turning orange ~ yellow or red
getting ready to make the journey
revving up life's engine for its finest race.

Birds migrating south
the trees are bare and brown
navigating these skies by perfect instinct
ending the circle and coming full cycle.

Life's little treasures
are savored in times such as these.

Jacaranda Resurrection

Cool pink soothing the sky at dusk ~
like Pepto Bismol soothes hot chili peppers
~ the aftermath of a sizzling Mexican fiesta, bringing a sense
of relief
to the jangled nerves of commuters ~ who watch the sky.

Golden blooms of Palo Verde
intermingled with lilac blossoms of Jacaranda
represent the resurrection
of nature's life cycle.

The weary traveler gazing upon
this soothing sky and optimistic landscape
feels a sense of relief ~ cooling jarred nerves
like Pepto Bismol soothes hot chili peppers.

Portals

Stagnant pools of lime green sleaze
echo the emotions of some
who travel time portals of roads
their thought pollution as poisonous as the air surrounding
them.

Flowing streams of sapphire blue truth
elate the emotions of many
who travel rivers of roads
their buoyancy the remedy for thought pollution.

A cement lining holds shads of gray blasé
emptiness ~ a fathomless void for some
who float down time portals of rivers
their façade hiding their neutrality.

These moments in time
portals of river or road
are just temporary refuges ~ for gathering our thoughts
as we prepare to face life's challenges.

Cinco de Mayo

Cinco de Mayo fiesta
colors bright and vibrant
a celebration of life
for the new millennium.

Mariachis marching the traditional paces
while planning for a vibrant future.
Creating new traditions in the
wake of old ones.

Co-mingling the ideas of two cultures
to form one bond
forged in strength
never to be broken.

Ghosts

Is silence universal?
Or, is it just localized?
Living in a park where winter visitors reside
in the summer ~ it feels like the first.

But in reality ~ it is only the second
whence one is haunted by the
spirits ~ in this ghost town
their empty trailers but a façade for memories.

Wandering around these empty streets
one hears the echoes in the heart
because the ghosts are personalities
impersonated by façades.

Reminders of those no longer among the living
and those struck down by illness.
Hoping that ones companions
will return in the fall.

Nighttime wins over Darkness

Darkness reigns before
nighttime approaches
dispelling the totality of evil
lurking in the darkness.

Because nighttime is pure dark
unadulterated by any countering influences
working like a mop
cleaning away any evil from the night.

Darkness reigns where it has a
chance to grow.
Wars, famines, plagues and crime
just a sampling of the petrie dish of darkness.

Beware ~ lest darkness catch up to you.
Try to be concealed by nighttime
for darkness cannot reach you there.
Eventually nighttime in all its purity will win ~ cleansing away
the darkness.

Crystalline Monotones

Skies of spring ~ blue and green
enhancing the shadows
of modern architecture
bright white monotones of crystalline form.

But the freshness of spring
softens the landscape's design
bringing naturalness into focus
muting the tones of urbanesque.

Harsh lines and claustrophobic spaces
replaced by open landscapes and soft molding
exchanging tension with tranquility
a quiet moment in uncertain times.

Quintessential Hope

Hope is the quintessential truth to life.
Pardon? My pun of the Matrix!
Without hope ~ faith is not possible
and without faith ~ hope is impossible.

Love is necessary ~ to guide both
in this cruel and unfeeling world.
Without the one ~ there is no other
never can and never will be.

Faith will guide you to truth
because hope is already there
waiting for faith
to catch up to love.

The Man with One Hand

Beware of the man with one hand
if he calls you will bawl
if you're sick he's a dick
and he thinks he's cool but he's a fool.

Beware of the man with one hand
it's a trial when he speed dials
he's odd man out in the circle jerk so he pouts
and he thinks he's delightful but he's frightful.

Beware of the man with one hand
he takes Viagra but there is no Niagara
he blushes instead of gushes
so you must be wary he's not merry.

Idolatry

Do not spend your time
worshipping at Morris Fischbein's
temple of idolatry ...
I don't!

If you do ~ job security might
lead to your downfall.
Take advice proffered ~ but adhere to
the old Russian maxim ~ trust but verify.

Take the time to verify
use conventional and non-conventional resource guides
trust your instincts when one pooh pooh's the other
use that weapon ~ your conscience tells you true!

Life is too valuable ~ for you to become an endangered
species.
Medicos forget that sometimes ~ in their search
for wealth and security. But don't you ascribe to these
principles
lest something precious ~ your life or your lover's ~ be lost.

Ethnic Cleansing

Ethnic cleansing does not remove
the stigma of massacre,
nor remove color stains.

Blood is not removed by luminal
gray ash of cremation, can't be swept away
the Nazis tried;
instead got a trial at Nuremberg.

Religious fervor does not vacuum up
the remains of genocide.

Mopping up the decay of dead bodies
does not diminish the smell.
Shoveling dirt over carcasses
can't hide them.
Serbians tried,
instead got a trial at Nuremberg.

Ethnic cleansing does not
bleach out color
racial profiling is heinous
no matter the skin tone.

Makeup does not blot out famine.
Skin peels do not conceal lynch tactics,
Al Qaida is trying
but Chad and Sudan
will not conceal them.

Solar Coffee

Robin egg blue
sky at first light
like a rebirth of color
from the faded shade of a night landscape.

Transitioning from bleak to beautiful
its vibrancy like a kiss from the sun.
Whose loving embrace
awakens the ground like coffee does us.

Allowing all things to grow
soaking up the healing rays of the sun.
Creating a wondrous scenario of life
energized by solar coffee.