

SPACE ON A STONE

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“We are the music makers, and we are the dreamers
of the dreams”

- Arthur O'Shaughnessy

$$2\Delta x \Delta p \geq h$$

- The Uncertainty Principle

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STILL WATERS

An intruder in this tranquil morning
The seemingly diamond-tipped blades of the paddle
scar the fine glass surface of the water
Years of wonder materializing into tangible
experience.
My eyes open wide to absorb the view from this rung
of the ladder
I surrender my mind to the stimulus of my senses
With careful attention to the flawless blending of one
landscape into another, I peer directly into the souls
of the poets
In quiet amazement I consider the magnitude of
power which can be exerted with the softest touch
A comforting reminder
I will leave this place, but this place will remain
A nod and humble smile for the artists, who offer up
their own diverse, morphing landscapes for all to
tread upon and scar.

BETWEEN MIRACLES

Dangerous, the union of memory and fate
Nothing's changed but life itself
And time, with all it's weight.

The road has dead-ended
The well too shallow to sustain
The tangled cast of caricatures thirsting to remain

7:58 a.m. in the shadow of the tree of knowledge
Lamenting the loss of my god along the way
Somewhere to lay the blame between miracles
Someone to talk to when the devil won't stay.

Time is passing by
I don't remember blinking
Every song's a love song
When the river banks start sinking
And you're perched on a stone

Unlike a flash of darkness,
Failure is a journey
Travelled on the soles of soulless shoes
Muddied and bound
Around naked feet longing
For the touch of gentle ground.

Wisdom, I believe,
Springs from patience and understanding
But when the dog is foaming at the mouth
It is pitifully void, though still standing.

THE END OF THE BEGINNING

It was late afternoon
Could've been anywhere
I was nowhere near the place my feet touched the
ground
When the weight of the unknown knocks the mind
out of balance, the images the eyes see and the sounds
the ears hear have little to do with the world the mind
senses.
Reality is eclipsed by some irrational phantom fear
like the cold desert moon which denies the earth the
soothing warmth of the sun as it carelessly passes by.
I remember that afternoon when I finally felt the
warm breeze on my face.
Without warning, I emerged from the depths of my
volatile mindset and was standing firmly on the
ground again.
It was like watching the first drops of melt water roll
off a monolithic ice sheet after a long cold winter.
In the afterglow of the setting sun, with my weakened
shadow stretching down the road behind me,
I made my way home; for the first time.

THIS IS NOT A LOVE POEM

I don't know much about her.
Just enough to daily hijack my wandering mind.
I know she has eyes that dim the stars,
And a smile to scorch the sun.
Vague memories of the sweetest smelling air
Clinging desperately to her as she skimmed the
fringes of my wretched atmosphere.
Her words I can barely recall.
But the way they floated off her lips,
Well, you don't forget a thing like that.
And don't think me superficial when I say she has a
magnificent shape,
I'm a bit of an art buff you see.
But as much as I appreciate her profile,
And delight in it, I do,
I can't help but sit and wonder
About everything she keeps behind it.

This is not a love poem.
This is the age-old practice of turning ghosts into
heavenly angels,
Until one of them falls to earth.

NO AFTERGLOW

[Re-written song lyrics about a homeless man]

Lightning breathes a thunder
A wind on his back

The past his only shelter
Walls are torn and cracked

'I can't last through another'
He pleads to the sky

He's locked down in the gutter
Watching birds
As they fly, above

No afterglow
From a lone, broken soul

He lays there, cold and covered
In the rain, sick and tired

Desperately devoid of
A spark, to light the fire

Nights end, with the mourning
Of a prayer
With no reply, no

No afterglow

He lays there, cold and covered
In the dirt, far from home

No tears, no words of comfort
Just a space on a stone

For the name, unrecovered
Of the one
Who has died
Alone

THE LAST FEW

I just woke up out of a dead sleep, 3:27 a.m., convinced I was dying. I wasn't dying, but this was a big day. The big days seem to have that effect on me. I've learned I'm addicted to change, despite the overreactions change ignites in me.

That day wasn't the first big day, but it was the biggest up to that point. It was the day I traded home for anything else. On the surface, it seemed like a wild, chance opportunity. But sitting here now, I know it was as inevitable as the death that felt so impending.

So there I was and here I am, not dead, enjoying a smoothie after work because I don't drink coffee. I've found and left many things behind since then. I wouldn't say I'm a drifter, maybe a lazy hitchhiker, trapped in wide open spaces - Metaphorically speaking, of course. I mean, I have a job and a bed, just not in the metaphorical sense.

I try to take pleasure in the simple things. I'm listening to the summer weave in through the trees while scribbling down the last few pages of nonsense so I can close the book on some outdated promises. Shortly after I started to proofread, it got me wondering if it's the circumnavigation or the dying alone that's killing me. It's probably the lack of exercise.

I dug a garden to bury an iron ring. I still have an indent on my finger and no useful ideas. The ring didn't come from a person. I bought it with time and \$30,000. Other than a ring, I planted beans, carrots, herbs, tomatoes, leeks, and peppers. It's the shit I never planted that is really taking off though. That would be exciting if I hadn't spent three days digging and weeding the soil before planting the vegetables. I don't regret it; it's nice to start with a clean slate, but you have to wonder how much time was wasted in the cleansing process. Really, I was picking out blades of grass by the end just trying to get the whole mess perfectly lifeless. The stuff I pulled out probably would have died anyway, but the tiny things I never really saw made it through the carnage and got a chance to touch some sunlight. Whatever grows in there deserves to grow because it grew. The only thing stopping the native greenery from overtaking the whole thing is my excess time and energy. But that shouldn't be underestimated. My will may not be able to outlast the chaotic mess that is waiting to devour my creation, but as long as I can maintain my focus on the job at hand, it will have to wait. They come out of the ground pretty easily anyway. Maybe a more skillful gardener will take over when I'm gone. Probably won't stick around the city too much longer. There's not much for me here, and all the plants are dying.

So, I'm saving my money again, and working on ways to stop pissing my life away 15 months at a time. In doing so, I've come to a conclusion: Some days, you go digging in the archives to find where

you went wrong and realize you never got it right in the first place. On better days, you have more productive things to do.

I wish I hadn't had to buy that car.

THE NATURE OF ME

Like a leaf carried by the southerly winds
I am dropped here, at the centre of space and time
Alone
The sun reveals the many colors shrouded behind a
retreating fog
A stockpile of fuel behind the eyes drips steadily into
my consciousness
I wander with the innocence of a child
In search of a spark
To release the untapped warmth of the past held in
my mind's eye
Let the turbulent winds of the present
Feed the flames of inspiration
Transforming memory into power
And bringing to light
The nature of me
So that I may know.

POLITICS OF THE SOUL

The passage of time taught mankind that each person's earthly life is bound for extinction. What follows is probably the most frequent question ever posed, and the most futile. It is the threat of eternity which gives rise to the sometimes devastating, sometimes brilliant, politics of the soul.

I prayed for many things as a child. I remember the freeing feeling that came from putting my fate in the hands of something bigger - greater - than myself. The trouble is, I can't remember ever thanking that great power beyond shallow lip service. Most times, if I got what I prayed for, I forgot I had ever prayed for it in the first place. Who was I talking to? Did I know? Perhaps a fall from grace was inevitable. I knew the stories, I even enjoyed some of them. Were they only stories? If I believed them, did I understand their significance? The sun has slowly set on those days. There was no abrupt end to my faith, it just quietly dissolved away over the years. It wasn't some scientific revelation or a struggle with unresolved contradictions which changed my direction. I just stopped praying and nothing changed. In my time, with the mountain tops so crowded, the glow of a burning bush is no longer enough to light my way down here. I've traded the afterlife for a blank slate here and now. Still, it can be difficult to see the blinking moon, the rising sun, or the way faint starlight can bring complex elegance to a simple darkness, and believe there is no reason behind them.

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