

We are two.
 In the heat of an embrace
 We would become one,
 Fused, transcendent.
 But positives repel,
 Atoms fly away,
 Entropy is fate,
 Fission over fusion.
 You are one.
 I am one.

Wrong Number

The first line was Adam's, it seems to me.
 He said to God, "Eve is to blame, not me!"
 So now the straight and narrow is my goal;
 I'll have to toe the line to save my soul.
 Columbus used a line to search the stars
 And find the new world with his frightened tars.
 But while progress and industry are fine,
 The space 'tween good and evil's a fine line.
 Perhaps that garden was the place to dwell
 Without a line dividing Heav'n and Hell.

The First Lines

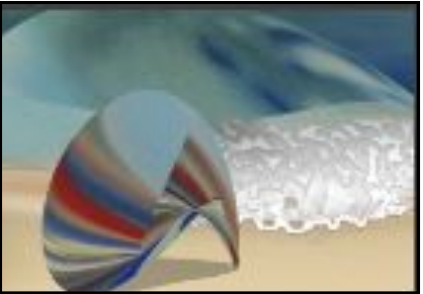
I listened in the schoolyard-he had a way with words.
 But then, it would seem, words had their way with him.
 The adage says that pens are mightier than swords,
 And to this shy young boy that truth was grim.
 Those sticks and stones, words easily tossed around,
 Found their way too quickly to his heart.
 He didn't know that it was a play ground-
 In life's indifference each must play a part.
 He didn't know that words should not convey
 The means to tear apart a fragile soul.
 He didn't know the price that he would pay
 For lacking courage to choose a new role.

School Days

It started innocently enough,
 A few nouns to sort out the stuff,
 And then some verbs to make things go.
 But then began this tale of woe
 As good and evil came to be;
 God never should have sown that tree.
 Imagination running wild
 Stole truth's beauty from the child.
 Words forsook their servant role,
 Became masters of the soul.
 Perhaps God would have kept us dumb
 If he had known what we'd become.

Verbal Abuse

Words Fail Me



Robert Graves Jr.

Don't Move Me

Don't move me.
 Leave me here in darkness;
 Hide me from seductive sun,
 Away from colors mocking black and white.
 Enfold me in the cool of reason,
 Bounded by this finite Earth,
 Safe from passion's burn.
 Don't move me.

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Origami Poetry Project™

Words Fail Me

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