Poem II

thanks for your gift, a view inside
a little deeper
closer to the core
primordial
where excitement and fear summersault
laughing and screaming
into the abyss
bright lights
a carnival
cotton candy and all the fixings
tilt a whirl
the house of mirrors
and a sea of endless faces and dog eared
closer to the core
a little deeper
laughing and screaming
where excitement and fear summersault
the thrill of mirrors
the thrill of mirrors
the thrill of mirrors
the thrill of mirrors
and a sea of endless faces and dog eared

Poem I

I am feeling a little unfocused
as the summer comes to an end and winds begin to build and turn
misdirected
as the darkness and cool evenings descend upon me
and though slumber calls me
I will not sleep
I am hungry
I am feeling a little unfocused
I am not hungry
I am feeling a little unfocused
I am not hungry
I am feeling a little unfocused

Poem III

another bike ride
brings me to the train station
again
lingering long enough
to see and feel the high speed Acela
fly by heading north
shaking the ground where I rest
and then the high speed Acela
flies by heading south
again shaking the ground where I rest
before climbing aboard my bike
sliding my feet into the cages
adjusting my grip

Shaking the ground
where I rest

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Cover photo by Mo Mancini

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