

Poetry Series

James Daniel Gabriel
- poems -

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James Daniel Gabriel(December 1978)

A Goodness Grows

These are my roses, I grew them myself
I pruned them, I watered and
then left them to grow.

Returning twice daily
to feed and encourage
with whispers as kisses
before leaving them alone.

The secret to 'Rosa's
each Nurseryman knows is
to look for the Nodes
and direct them along.

As much as the water
it takes circulation
a sunny situation
and space to grow on...

Strapped tight to my mast
like a plow to the ass,
my little ship sinking
as blades into dirt.

Old growth dropped and turned
from cold seasons we've learned
the same water for drinking
these times bring the hurt.

Its noon at the grower's
I'm again pruning roses
some old wood is falling
some stick to my shirt.

Sixteenth of September
a time to remember.
There is time to grow freely
and time to convert.

'...and Jane came...' ***
back from her lunch with a smile.
It looked like advice from the sun,
since he was refusing to shine.

***excerpt
'Famous Blue Raincoat',
Leonard Cohen

James Daniel Gabriel

Adirondack Blue Jeans

I'm desperate now and loathing needs.
I'm counting mine instead of sheep.
I've been up all night, staring at a map of Clinton.

Green Light, down on William Street
Now turned red, Instead of Sleeping
In all these thoughts you seem like one in a million.

Well, I guess you are so special,
After all.

I would walk six miles,
Sleep on your porch,
Trespassing Rules I would ignore
To toss pebbles at your window once again.

I would throw stones.
I would throw it all away again.

James Daniel Gabriel

Alcohol And Guilt

All the Bud Lights are extinguished, and nothing
Remains but the dark stale after taste of the wasted time.
Missed opportunities. Time spent just getting wasted.
What is so high, I am not sure in the low tide washed away.

In wine, they have said there is truth- inhibitions relinquished
With such careless oblivion. Without a cluelessness. Not even a word,
I would like to hear a lot less of the facts about myself, however.

Guilt that showers, tomorrow hanging over as it drapes
like the leaves of a wilted Viburnum.
Almost raining, nearly thirsty.
Dehydration of a listless sobriety to come.
Just not now-

Tell myself not next time, make a vow, take a bow-
Exit stage left toward the only thing that remains-
More guilt and the promise that "next time" I will be more reserved-
Very possible now that I am all out of my reserves.

Damn! The crowd just encourages the continuance of my own self destruction.
Talk of next time- the life of the party is as cold as death warmed over.
The only one this drunk, perhaps- the only one with a damn to give anyway.
Convictions so weak that it wouldn't matter either way.

High tolerance, low self esteem and a never ending saga to be anything but
myself.
How odd that others prefer me this way, when I can't say I like the me in any of
this.
Who am I to judge myself, to "raise my finger." Out of my head.
I must have been solo. So very low.

At the very least people can always count on me,
with all my fingers and toes,
as this little piggy went to the package store.
That little piggy got fried.
Those little piggys get roasted and beefy-
This little piggy goes on a beer run.
We, we, we are all the way home.

Click those heels and get on back to the cans ass,
There is no place like home as long as I am inebriated: but,
Oh Golly! There should be some place like home.

What an arbitrary little cycle I am riding straight into my grave.
There isn't really even a rhythm to this awakening after all.
Probably ought to pass this out.
Dear friends, and always relatives...

James Daniel Gabriel

All The World Is A Swag

I laugh in the face of a clown who does not perform for me
Individually

I notice his hiss and his makeup and the way
His new car salesman smell is kind of familiar

The guitars are loud in the middle of somewhere
The stars are bright and lower now that I am on their level
The voices are like pine needles in the middle of nowhere
What the hell are all these people doing on my lawn

I cry with the puppets that do not dance for me
Specifically
I underestimated the importance of piss and strings and such
The clown just laughs and laughs

The drums beat just resonates in the middle of something
The grass is always greener where the most cows so sparsely shat
The rhythm is like swaying trees in the middle of nowhere
Who cares if you're around to hear them when they fall

They will rise again.
What about you

Will you rise again?

James Daniel Gabriel

Anchored

4: 00 and what to say.
All is well that is well
That ends well
It all ends well
It just doesn't make the news at 4am

Parasites abounding
A world so wrapped around the finger of praise
Blood sweet enough to dine upon
Ticks and tocks and hands and fingers of time.

4: 02 now and what to yell
All is well that's deep and wide
that's a well
A fountains just a well
It all ends well
It just isn't news to me

Drought tolerant
A world dying in spite of its survival
Tears deeply you can drown within
Ticks and leeches and probing hands of time.

4: 05 staring into my shadow
4: 15 burning my eyes with the moon
Lunar Popsicle by 4: 30
Why should this be news to you at 6: 40.
Its all gonna end well

Hope you've made your marks

Its deep and wide. Hope you carved your marks...

Hope you learned to swim.
"I feel this coming over like a storm again "
Hope you've seen the weather
It isn't news to me.
It just isn't my news.

Back to you.

James Daniel Gabriel

At Bat

It can't be my turn to appreciate again.
I just started taking all this silence
For granted.
Shortlived nights of restlessness
Abandonment
Complexities
Return like stray cats to the windowsill-
And here is where I sat once
In comfort.
And there is why I sit again
Alone.
And where are there you're welcomes
Here.

James Daniel Gabriel

Auto. Motif.

I want to drip,
before I drop,
into a cup well on it's way to empty.
I rise to the top of the Pot.

My poetic sense of resillience has nothing to do
with the outcome of things,
the horizons do not become lush with chance and ease,
as I go about the path and make my shortcuts.

My mothers voice can still break me over the telephone...

Everything about me says champion,
nothing around me reflects any victory.

As for this I am among the best.
Audiences by the scores encircle me and I begin to play.
This is the well from whence my confidence came,
while I draw circles on the pail as white as a 'spirit' would be-
if only I had more white chalk.

This blue little soul is me,
there is the hole in the bucket.

Drip,
Drop,
Done.

Better drunk than wasted.
I guess!
(That much I can assure you of.)

James Daniel Gabriel

Being Attractive

Never allow another,
being 'realistic, '
to suggest that which you imagine,
your dreams,
are not possibilities.

As though you are not a Being
capable of being
More.

I should dispel this ill willed logic so that
your Being
may realize with mathematical certainty,
You can be all that you can Be.
You will be all that you will Be.
above all, You will Be More than you are right now,
in either regard,
even if you die,
while finishing this sentence.

Each moment passes to become one moment More.
Experience anything beyond this moment,
sensually, spiritually, soulfully-
it expounds the moment so that each moment
turns to breath, but,
not only breath;
It transcends time
to become life.

Life is just like home,
it is where
and what
'you make it.'

What ever have you made in this life
without visualization?

What have you created
that you have not believed in
without evidence or reference?

You are a human Being-
and always Being More.
As a consequence, but seldom as an intention,

You are living out either dreams
or expectations as that one
Being.

Subconscious, Breathing is a function of Being.

Breathing is a life,
a home,
a heart rate that touches
The Lives,
the homes,
the hearts of so many More Beings.

Be conscious of how you are Being More right now.

If yesterday was less than today,
but tomorrow is More,
let no one tell you that you are not the
'you' of your dreams,

With your first breath,
given to you as a chance,
you created the life
of the dreams
you believed were possible,
They are already More
than you imagined at birth,
so much More.

So Dream More.

You are compelled by the Gods,
by the Universe,
through the forces of time and the space
which you occupy
to do such, and so much
More. Yet,

Since you remain susceptible to opinion,
allow me to interject that no one
is more 'realistic' than this-
You will succeed when you simply
do your math.

(And when you finish...
do some More.)

James Daniel Gabriel

Bitter X-Ian

Looks like an altar, but sleeps like a pew.
Snore thru the things that you hold on to.
Give it to us, Lord, we'll sell it for you.
For thirty. Dirty. Pieces.

We slaughtered our lambs to paint our doors.
We all play a part in this Holy War.
If death passes over tomorrow we want more.
Than thirty. Dirty. Pieces.

No one's climbing the trees these days.
The fields don't flood. Bushes don't blaze.
The water doesn't part but its bottled and dated.
Vintage. Jesus.

Drink from your glass at the same time as me.
Two straws and a walk up a hill for a fee.
Pay your disciples, good work isn't free.
It takes. Thirty. Dirty. Pieces.

It looks like a wolf but squeals like a sheep.
It says that eternity doesn't come cheap.
Reach in your pockets, be sure to dig deep.
For thirty. Dirty. Pieces.

Once I was found but now I'm amazed.
I saw a light, but that was just a phase.
I've been in the wild now, for forty long days.
And thirty. Dirty. Pieces.

James Daniel Gabriel

Building Green Houses

Each Rose has her thorns.
This plastic, his staples.
It is hurtful to be pricked,
but much worse with the tetanus.

Your tools are kept simple,
to ply and to pry.
Your strokes, fundamental
in front of your retinas.

Its fall, and now time
to repair the Green Houses.
All of the gardens, maintained
as their needs.

Use your time wisely,
complete your tasks daily,
always move forward,
and along the way-
pull some weeds.

James Daniel Gabriel

Chameleon

This was my tail, no happy ending I assure you.
First the loss then the regeneration.
I am not sure of the identity,
As for the crisis I assume you know it is
Being dealt with as a failure.
I ran From where I started to get there
In the first place, as for it being
A waste of time, I claim all liability for personal damages.
I like to ignore things and change color.
Peripheral, therein lies the chaos.
I do not always want to change, it's just Natural to adapt.
(Natural like 1st Nature or subconscious, not "natural"\Like organic eggs.)
Soon, another Chapter will begin and my saga will Again wag behind me
As I become A part of the path.
I am bold. I am transparent, (kind of) . I am Lizard.

James Daniel Gabriel

Christ's Child

Promise you won't ruin my crucifixion.
On my ability Honestly to listen. In
Hands stretched out to your messiah much ashamed and full of guilt
Is there enough healing to go around for all my friends?

I gave into the pressure but you compromised the fall.
Cushioned me and took
away the practicality of applying patience.
Arms opened and receiving from a savior
Look toward your maker. I
Is there enough redemption to trickle down thru me?

James Daniel Gabriel

Daphne

Do not bring your watering can near Daphne,
she is young and not ready to bloom.
Her appetite small,
in the cool of the fall.
Her pretty faces hidden,
beneath thick waxy leaves.

When she wakes, one pure white!
Innocent, angelic and pale.
Then, one face she blushes
all where the white merges Pink-
Purple, Ambitious, Female.

She has alter egos for each of these cultures.
Thinly laced at the tips of their leaves.
Their properites the same,
the slight changing of names-
Slender stalked beauties
dormant and free.

James Daniel Gabriel

Dearest Sanity

My Dearest Sanity
I've got a little with you,
I've got a whole lot alone, some now.
You've got a lot of nerve
If you're on my back riding it out

Yesterday there was nothing
Today there's nothing else
As for tomorrow, I haven't
Heard a thing
But I'm sure there's
Nothing left

I want to say
This word of thanks
My Dearest Sani-Tease
For all I could be grateful for
I've begged and scabbed my knees

Tonight I'll take you with me
Last night you vowed to leave
Tomorrow night is a bright new day
With no good sense or reprieve.

James Daniel Gabriel

Discovering You

You grew on my horizon like a wildflower.
As a forest fire worth of light-
Without burning my yard.
You became vivid, like a black dot
Centered in an infinite gaze.
Like a Spiral's depth of momentum,
Within an ever blowing of my mind.

I have listened to you for years.
It always seemed essential.
A universe like a party line-
The last two chatting after midnight.
Despite all those connections
Drifting away sometimes.

You bloomed in my sunrise
Like a Surprise Lilly, Naked Lady,
Such a Meteor fireworks display of sevens
Without bursting all my stars.
You became whole like a passing second,
Suspended on an endless line...
Like a tribal dance void of beginning
Within and always beating in my soul.

I have heard this pulse for ages.
It never seemed to lose importance.
A lifetime just to pay attention
The last two chasing heavens.
Despite all the communications.
Drifting all the way sometimes.

James Daniel Gabriel

Drafting Revision 719

All matter is made of moving energy.

Forever, standing still-

I should be going somewhere.

Black collar, Blue jeans, White lines that are merging on a dimming horizon.

Keep moving- everyone elsewhere is doing it.

All this matters-That is always massive.

For, Everyone lying down there-

I am under standing.

Yellow moon, Grey hair, Blue eyes has a case of the "mean reds."

Get going-Don't miss your bus!

All that matter and all this mass.

Forever, so elementary.

James Daniel Gabriel

Emergency Response 9.11.1

I will lay this slaughter down.
I will continue with you now more than ever.
Upon pillows that have become precious altars,
I will need a way,
and find you,
I will.

I will bear this star studded cross of many colors
above the fruited plains.
I will tell it on the mountains,
In the highrise,
echoing from stone and steel,
that there is nothing Holy about War.

I will not die,
for you have not.
I will Imagine,
not asking what my country will do about it.
I will have a dream,
in nights of sleepless vulnerability,
I will rise! and...

I will never let your candle die.

It is at that expense that my hatred is humbled,
in prayers,
at his feet,
where,

I Will Lay This Slaughter Down.

James Daniel Gabriel

Evolution In The Grove

If you awaken behind the mirror,
you find me behind you there,
Turn around to share with me the steps I took to get there.

This shadow has ever been stalking me.
Timing me like a patient scavenger
positioned on my own shoulder.
Praising in my every stumble,
rejoicing in my feeble mortality.

From two I allowed that I be outnumbered.

Repent just means cast a different lot into the circle.
Your pentence while you slept has
separated. awakening.

When you jump out of your looking glass,
better look behind yourself.
Better dropp some breadcrumbs,
better pray for the absence of birds,
Better get Better,
better get yourself home.

Don't you leave me in your dream.

There is always a shadow here.
Buzzard, resting on my own damned finger.
Leeches in the Earth's bloodstream,
Ticks and Tocks and Hands on my own damned fingertips
Timing Me.
Point Plotting this stumle on atleast 10 dimentions
into this one short, feeble mortality.

From two I am outnumbered, no more.

You can have something from nothing,
you just have to wake me up first.

Fingernails

Dont bore me if I'm paying attention,
and if I'm paying anything you could show me a little more respect.
I am not so entertained with tales of theatrics and ultra-violence
as the others who contend to pay the check.

I love the way you pass your insecurities to me as
though they are my faults.
Is it my fault because I can take a little blame,
or because I can handle it all?

You can play by useless rules,
be adored by cliché fools,
but do you define your role all by yourself?

You can be all tough and 'grown'
until its time to piss and moan
about how no one ever seems to help.

James Daniel Gabriel

From Labor Ready Paper

The more I learn the less it matters. I'm
Sure I can't take any of that with me When I go.
Softly. Good morning. Restless,
Maintain.

I am in my time all that becomes Of a champion in my heart.

enced.

Potential personified and Walking within the parameters of that
Projection of destiny, safely, never Challenging that.
Never leave, not these Walls,
never fight, only anticipate and Avoid.
Never risk defeat to leave this-
Free to be a prized fighter for my faith
And fortune.

Not today, as Morning has hatched the fact that the more I learn the less it
matters.

Calm down. Cool off.

Collect myself- I could be worth money in good condition

You never know.

Value can be a disturbing dose

Of reality meets sentiment.

James Daniel Gabriel

Homeless One And Too

"Homeless"

No. order here.

Conflict driven.

Intuition for the

Purpose of defiance.

Ridicule and redundancy,

Hold the respect.

And a small fry.

"Homeless, Part Too"

"This is mine."

"Nothing is mine, " I replied.

"do as I say, " I think.

"my house, my way."

"your world, my prison."

I believe I remember the arrangement.

"Believe as I do."

"I don't believe in anything."

Despite us both.

"You need help."

"you're not helping." I know this.

And you do to.

James Daniel Gabriel

Hopeless Revisited

Cycled Circumstance.
Love is an asinine addiction.
Spend all that time... looking.
Ears perked. Eyes glassed with
The drunken glaze of anticipation.
Searching... under rocks,
Overseas, in bars and at red lights.
Seeking.., under the influence,
Over and over, in friends and at
The expense of humiliation.
Found, lost, found, "we're just dating."
On and over, back again to prospective.
And at the end of my days I should
Hope I know what for.
Until then, my futile frequent fantasy
Is as constantly discomforting as
Chronic constipation.
Grinding teeth, eyes squinted in
Concentration-
Pushing...out...a...little...
Need...
For love.

James Daniel Gabriel

Horus

There is a shadow crouching just behind me
In a well conditioned soldiers stance
There is a conflict deep within me
Feeding on the pound of flesh I paid to just repent

I get inspired and I understand these are not just lyrics
I get on my high horse and want to annihilate all their little temples
And altars
Precious lambs
And altars
Traitors, concubines, leeches, daughters
don't play inside the path of your own bandwagons

There is a white dot at the center of my vision
It's a well conditioned warriors response
To a conflict started way before me
Thirsty for the tears of flesh I shaved away for tithes

I first prayed and underwent the impositions of being a poet
I jumped on my machine gun post and watched the natives go to mass
And their altars
Precious sheep
All those altars
Preachers, masons, widows, slaughtered
Don't tempt the Gods when you serve the propaganda

First comes the cut
Then the scab
Then the itch
Then the scar
Then the itch
Then the understanding
You have to die a thousand deaths-
before you see your energy never dies.

Its up to you
Its Heaven
Now the itch
Its all come down to you

In purgatorial never mind
It itches
Now the understanding
You have to take your time to die enough
since you were never mortal..

James Daniel Gabriel

In Orbit

You tampered with and without discretion. You licked the fist that feeds
You with intent to paralyze. Invasive and with a mother snakes
never mind for that which comes after the initial feeding.

You became the first to suggest we sacrifice.
I began.

At first the thoughts tickled my suspicion.
I gave In to opinion and was shunned.
You took for granted and were given a parade.
I wear a crown of railroad ties for every fatal compromise.

You gave up my position to the hounds. Laid me down among the thistles.
Broke me as the branches on my path of breadcrumbs.
You start to dream of a trip home without me.
I look back as I'm praying for no birds.

You are now my new something else to cater to.
I love the meticulous attention to the preservation of your vessel.
So much more beauty is found as you are only breathing in.
You have my permission to have my way with you.
I start under now.

Now...You Begin Again.

You could use me erratically in a night like this for months. You could suggest or
compromise my Transcendence.
You could command I cross your fingers for you as you make loving promises
until shortly after sunrise.
Contradiction is a fragrance I wear all the time.

It cannot be my turn to appreciate again. Not now.
You sedate the long term effects of abuse by teaching me patience.
Surgical dissolution of the pain by only, while not merely,
dragging it out for days without end...

And a world with no beginning would have an abundance of forgiveness-
In relation to the thought that we never should have started.
Never should have now.

Peel me from your lens and by all means take back your scalpel.
This is your for granted. You are now my new addiction I must cater to.

James Daniel Gabriel

Inquiring Hands

Suspicion is a finger too short to reach the itch.

Ambition, burning.

Motivation, reaching.

Desire in perfect and steady aim-
honing in on all that discomfort.

All of these needs are in tact,

usually at this time it is advised to find a unillateral medium-
an impervious, limitless one.

What will happen otherwise,

What will the itch do if left unattended?

Have you ever waited?

It Maddens...

James Daniel Gabriel

Inside The House Of Bread

Everyone has a table inside the house of bread
Pouring in into the chairs the fish have come to roost
Its already started to happen inside the house of bread
Feasting and Forever enough to go around the table.

And I keep to myself in the age of all this water
We can share an ocean but don't drink from my open well
I wont mind sharing in the house of bread
Everyone at the table deserves to be fed

James Daniel Gabriel

Josephs Son

My cross of many colors,
To match my fathers coat.
Wear it on my back to bear
This weathered heavy load.

My crown of mainly confidence
Is mostly black and blue.
My broken home, my father known as
No carpenter for sure.

My crucifix is merely cold,
Too much the bastard son.
Cast a stone, at last I'm grown
A cross still hanging on.

James Daniel Gabriel

Laboured

We all have a reason well all have a rhythm we all have a monogamous
Seed to reward. We all have enough but we all have desire. We all have a
timeline theology inspired.

We all have a bust and we all have a bend. We all have a statue on which to
depend. We all have a polygamists inner desire. We all have to feed before we
have to retire.

Witches have covens and Moses a sword. Preachers have voices and deacons a
word. Jesus had a cross and we all have to share. Joseph had Judah and we all
have to profit.

You all have this new golden apple from me. We all have a sound we must hold
and set free.

Ants have a purpose and bees have the stinger. Mother nature has limits and
Uncle Sam has his finger.

We all have to point while we all have to judge. We all have our jurors concerned
with the lingering.

Doubt. Vulnerable. Open up the eye.

Doubt. Venerable. Prying at the eye again.

We all have a blanket we all have a dream we all have a well into wish and to
seem. We all have a monotheistic release. We all have an end into wish and to
cease.

We all have enough but we all have desire. We all have a deadline we have come
down to the wire.

We all have a story and we have to depend. We all have a sculpture to mold and
to bend.

We all have a bigamists narrow opinions. We all have to slave to the feeding of
minions.

Pagans have symbols and Satan has tubes. Prophets have to your new points of
view. Mary had a lamb and we all have to sacrifice. Democritus had to die at the
wealth of his parasites. You all have a purpose I suggest you have appetites.

Cows have the herd and the pigs have the sty. We all have an itch in the back of
our eye. Father time has a plan and we all have a hand. We all have a clock we
have nothing to end.

Doubt Me. Vulnerable. Careful not to scratch the eye.

Doubted. Ventricle. Beating and prying at the very eye again.
I again.

James Daniel Gabriel

Letter To Little Feather

I thought that it might help to write you a letter.
I have thought of pretending, that I could say all these things,
Or anything at all, and risk the possibility that you
May find the humanity to care.
You make me think in a way that does not allow time
For breath between thoughts.
It rambles. It whines. It chances. It fails.
It wins.
You are it, and I am hiding.
Just like you always said that I would.
As for chances,
What if this is mine?
This time, mine?
What if?

What would ending be like?
This just goes on.
Did you know that?
This burns.
Did you ask?
This leaps.
Did you look before you pushed me?
I left, at least-
You right,
Yet you still smother my little flame.

It does hurt.
I'm not strong enough not to call this pain.
I'm not healing enough,
to pretend or imply,
That this doesn't bleed for hours at a time.
In public, In private,
In my dreams, In the beginning,
And what would it feel like to end this, really?

I know, you would agree,
I have been a little distant since I left you.
I don't talk about my feelings much these days, eh?
I'm never around.

Its almost like I am not a part of our relationship at all, now,
Since I left?

You must have the same complaints now, don't you?
Surely, you must recognize a few from the list above.
I can be so insensitive when I bleed like this.
I hate to write it all down, spell it out for you,
But I feel so inspired since you fist raped my emotions.
What can I do but bleed out loud,
In louder.

Hey, I just wanted you to know that I am still weak,
Like you said.
Need is a four letter word,
And sticks and stones and words choke me right to the marrow.
In case you wonder, It is often difficult to be me.
I wanted it to be mine,
Until I wanted it,
Worse still,
I needed it.
I lived for it.
I am continuing to die since I started living.
It's a disease.
Its empty.
It's a thousand things I am finding
It is so hard to say.
Especially when it is so hard to tell sometimes.

It's more like a fable never allowed to be told,
But I made wishes for it.
In wells, at altars,
Looking at Santa, Whispering to stars,
I gave it time, and I gave it thought,
And then,
I gave it to you.

You took, and easily by your nature
So sincerely for granted.
I knew you wouldn't be there when I fell,
So it is not meant as a surprise,
Just an understatement.
I almost hated myself,

Learning how to love from you, in
This bitter experience.

Thank you for the better experiences.
You may not need to hear all this,
An ego so frail as mine,
As you have-
But I needed to drop this
Line to let you know that I hope I never heal.
I need to have this scar, to write this wound,
For me, for
You do not deserve it.

Take care.
Go (fly a kite by) yourself.
Say hello to your mother.
Smooches.

James Daniel Gabriel

Letters To Mother, September

I may have spoken hastily at our last meeting, but I left those harsh words at the table to die. Instead, all is spoiled and it all burns the oil, the groceries, the bridges and inside the minds. I did not ask for any help in letting things get carried away in the morning, so I will not ask for postmen to carry my letter. If not for, or in, the man I am, at least admire the character.

For one so invincible, such a staple and provider she gets insecure at the hiss of a spider. Along came her son as he sat down beside her, she wept at herself for his thoughts that divide her. In all that she's raised and in all that he's been, she sees her reflection in his blue eyes again. In nothing she gave him and all that he's known she hates such a seed and the way that it's grown.

She calls him a sponge and she tells him to leave her. She thinks he's dependent and that he don't believe her. No longer a boy, not enough of a man either. She's rooting against him with all that she can water. The days have grown shorter and so have the tempers. Earlier comes the colder gray days of September. In nothing she planted, did the seasons surrender. A perennial's childhood relived and remembered.

And now, comes the harvest of all that we
Put down, into the ground
To become what
Ever we thought it would be.

And then goes, another shedding of leaves
Down, into the sound
Of the path that
We have now under our feet.

All along...

I'd like to assure you, I didn't consult anyone. My spouse and myself do not spend time questioning everyone. This isn't a war and there isn't another one, Its all just the same as the passing of other ones. I won't ask for concern or even forgiveness. I knew what I was before surrendering to vengeance. I will not point fingers at the gain of pretentious Expected replies or some form of exodus.

I hope that in time we can all grow together. In sun or in shade but in all types of weather. I pray that the seasons will bring some forever to the thoughtless

remarks that we carve into letters. I guess that I'm leaving, a part of me
questions, Any man can be Satan but only one man was Jesus? I'll carry this
cross like I carried my thesis, one set of footprints in one earth beneath us.

And now, comes the reaping of all that we
Sewed down, so down
Into the world, what
Ever we saw it to be.

And now, goes, another passing of trees
Down, into the falling
Of all the shadows
We have grown into the seeds.

And on...
I

James Daniel Gabriel

Memoirs Of A Breeze

Noteworthy. Simply such sensitivity forth,
speaking in relation to my arms reaction,
to the touch of your fingertip against my own knuckle.
Subtle, like a tickle,
supplemented by a whisper pulsing simultaneously
on
cold...warm...cold...warm...cold
lips,
building toward enigmatic climax,
constructed to contract a release designed to resemble
aaahhhh...a sigh.

It teaches and confuses,
chills and thaws,
then scars from the point
known and labled, henceforth
as 'initial contact.'

A breath and a tremor,
cycled...
aaahhh....
Noteworthy.

James Daniel Gabriel

Monkey On A Chair: Hypnosis

There's a monkey on the back
Of a chair in a corner
Where I like to sit for days.
Right there by the window
In the back of my mind.

James Daniel Gabriel

Movie Premier

If this is all there is to this- stop myself.
I feel so filthy and lied to.
Like a young girl who realizes she has
Compromised her innocence
For a tickle.

James Daniel Gabriel

My Favorite Color

My favorite color is transparent.
It's the only color they left out of my box,
but I use it mostly to color outside the lines.
It is the only color that allows the same
depth perception everytime.

My favorite color is transparent
because I need no light to see it.
I fear it not in darkness, for both
dark and light can be it.

My favorite color is transparent,
for that is the truest shade of love
since when you have it,
everyone can see it,
yet if you do not have it,
everyone can see through you
to the place where it can be attained
or is promised to another,
and is clearly
another love.

Transparent is the shade of mascara
that gives a woman back the miles
of experience she hides
beneath darker hues and
seasonal tones of
a consensus glamour.

Transparent is the color
of the shallow reflection
each man carves away
shaving age always searching
beneath an ever greying mask
that hides a boy
not yet forgotten
but missing just the same.

Transparent is the color of the glaze

in a child's gaze.
Pupils expanding and shrinking
around principles,
filling in the blanks of a world
full of question marks,
possibilities and
stories to show and tell
and live.

My favorite color is transparent,
because that is the entire spectrum
of the air, the water,
and the sunlight that circulates
sustaining me with all there is to be.

Transparent is the color
of a mother's tears,
which for years perpetuated me,
clearly to be a better person sincerely.

My favorite color is transparent,
like a rhythm that moves,
that no one sees in order to feel,
but moves again in order to see
the feeling more clearly
as a pulse you need not acknowledge
to dance and hum along to.

My favorite color is transparent.
It carries a linguistic implication
that it transcends an apparent 'obvious'
to a plateau where all is seen,
as all that was seen,
or will be seen,
without ever anyone seeing it
as being,
clearly this man's favorite color.

James Daniel Gabriel

On Purpose

Live as though it is your choice, not your obligation-
But be obliged to live.
Responsibility for the soul you embody is given
To you for a small time and,
As a gift not a consequence.
Circumstances merely define your potential.
Realize that adversity creates nothing more than the opportunity for greatness.
While we all are given the same world,
We have the same rewards and the same penalties.
In all this every dream is attainable even if only in your dreams.
Each of us must aspire in order to achieve,
And it takes a conscious choice to do either.
Make mistakes, but do not be made from one.
Take chances, but give them just as well.
In this, truth and fortune are the fruits of wisdom-
For nothing has ever been gained that was not lost to someone before you.
Believe, as you will one day lose it too.

James Daniel Gabriel

Oxygen And Tonic

What if it was
About flowers and
All that wonderful
Creation.
Blue skies, smiles and
Cirrus circulation.
Systems of
A sunshine simulation.
Photo, synthesized and disco pulsation.

James Daniel Gabriel

Past Your Eyes, Duh.

Pasturized.

There was a cow in the middle of Boston. Someone called his name.

That is not important for now,

Damn why cant I remember his face.

So he's standing there in Philly,

Cold as begeesus in the middle of July.

Or was it Boston?

So he goes...

Right...

He looks around and around

then he goes to me...

He says...

"I don't get it."

James Daniel Gabriel

Re Tale

I would love to just be paid for what has been rendered.
I need you not to emphasize so much.
Allow me some more time, from the arsenal of moments you waste.
Pretend I'm not so intrusive as to end this suspicion with a question.
Grin and bury it, all conclusive has come to an end.
Repulsion has become a pungent odor as the villagers become livid
With a taste for what I'm looking for.
Convulsing in brave attempts to sober up the natives
Before leaving thru the door.

James Daniel Gabriel

Rearview Clinton, Stop In Norwich

Break. Fast. First light and the 9 mile hike.
Empty stomach. No time to think on this...
Anytime...soon...nodding...fade.
No time...soon...survive.
Out of time for anything pampering...fulfilling...
Just Break Fast.

Give. Without.
Fatigue of dawn and the rising of the sun.130 miles.
The fifteen year old Saab. The twenty six year old savior of no man.
Empty pockets, no one to lean on in this...
Any one carrying anyone lately? Pressing...
Fleeing.....

Just. About.
No one left... I'm exactly right. Survive.
No one to give a chance and the will to make
My own. Almost...about...but all
Out of out to give. Pressing...
On...Breaking...Fast.

James Daniel Gabriel

She Praises Me Like Money

If I don't want this bad
Enough can I convince you
Not to happen.. could you
Believe despite my compelling nature
I am wiped out from all this talk.
If I don't use you enough will you go away?
If I need you less than you pretend am I at
Fault. Could, I have the rest of the blame now?
I am so ashamed of the other me.
Why can't you find this obvious or at the very least disgustipating?
What is so special about me? ...

James Daniel Gabriel

Soul Sufficiency

As a soldier displaying casualties
for accolades and fame
I put my own thoughts out there
to immortalize my name.

I chainsmoke all my lovers
to feed addictions
As for experience
I prefer to roll my own.

Yet, somewhere
in these words
something appeases me,
Tickles me,
keeps me prattling on.

I need a little bit of pure distraction.
Inside my own agoraphobic stench.
I want to clone within the lights refraction.
Let my verses turn into the wrench.

As a troubled whore,
restorting to naming her bullets
I am determined to call
a few shots of my own.

I am simple in the way
this soft suggestion
seduces me to aim toward
the center
of what lies beneath the bone.

What I really need is inspiration.
I love the way your eyes still search
the sky.
I would love to love
without the inclination
I am being obliged
to whisper some goodbye.

Your life has taken years to mold
and use you.
I'd like to take a moment to be briefed.
At that point,
I'd be delighted to excuse you.
More or less, I should have half
of what I need.

I have freebased all my friends
to feed addictions.
Packaged, I sell each
in these small lines.

Distributing emotions
without my weak convictions,
I am smothering so much
to be confined
to it.

I need to know
without the implications.
I adore the people,
as long as they've condensed.

Suckling bruises for the inflammation.
Swollen knowing often
what it has meant
to them.

James Daniel Gabriel

The Hallway

I need the object of my focus
A small amount more courage
Will carry me thru the door.
I need to fulfill my purpose
A little less inquisition please
Just release to me, what I came for.

I'm begging you for my own meaning
Longing for those sweet opinions
You one fist fed to me.
I'm pleading for a theme here
Just please tell me,
What did I come for?

I'm conflicting all your intentions
By lying innocent
I'm compromised. The dissention
Is like lying in a sense.
Just give me what I'm bleeding for
Explain what all this needing is for
A small amount more courage
And I will inquire beyond the door.
For what I came for.

James Daniel Gabriel

The Proof Of Infinity

For this experiment in blank verse, you will need a rectangular piece of paper.
Fold this paper in half, so that the seem is long.
Match your corners perfectly, and do not be sloppy or half-hearted.
Symmetry is vital to this lesson,
Yet you should always chose to do it perfectly if it is perfectly up to your choice.

Now folded, with outside corners flawlessly aligned,
Pull a finger down the seem, pressing firmly,
until the crease is crisp as the edges.

Now Imagine this paper is clean.

Lick the paper down the seem.
Turn the pamphlet inside out.
Lick the seem down again.

Remember this paper is clean.

Tear the paper down the seem.
You should have two mirrored halves.
These are no longer pieces of paper.
See them as lines, as what you have.

Now lay one atop the other.
Allow neither to overlap, and what do you see.
One line, like a minus.

Rotate the top line until it forms a cross.
Symmetrical, like a plus.

Lay them beside each other with a space in between them,
Both perpendicular to you, parallel to each other.
Equals again.

You have now proven all that you need to know of time, space and community.
Use this new force within you responsibly.

James Daniel Gabriel

Vibrations

I saw the son of my father as being vivid,
like the omnipotence of the shadow on the sheetrock.

Nothing about this man did he find perfect.
Mon Impotence, Ubiquitous, Holy.
Who speaks like February is August, anyway?

It is dark here beneath a pale and coarse
blanket we call a temple for security reasons.
Heavy filled with feathers,
down...
mockeries and struts.
All for show.

Might as well go back South in a good magazine.
Here in the grave,
down beneath the church gave
by the goose.

James Daniel Gabriel

When The Revolution Comes

Days have me outnumbered here
inside a box of Would.
Alone I make my rainbows,
plus I dance on them for good.
Patient as a blue moon still
envisioned and cliché-
A fibonacci staircase
cycling in a box of days.
I leave you now this letter,
lest, I should write you a book.
In a place I am sure you'll notice,
that, yet, they will overlook.
So should you find yourself one day
beside a box of wood-
Perhaps instead inside you'll dance
on rainbows made for good.

James Daniel Gabriel

Why

Any day that ends in 'y', surely begins with 'why not? '-
and why?

Why...

Should it matter that you make a sound
If no one is there to break your fall.
What were you doing in the forest alone?

When are you going to get some independence?
If no one is being you while you're pretending,
Who are you to say I can count on you?

Where were you misled?
If no one forced you to follow,
How can you be lost?

Don't ask me.

James Daniel Gabriel

Youre Hired

Picture me. patch workaholic silkened.
Skilled in the subtlety of subliminal subtleties.
Communication bridges employment gaps.
Frame it. Hold it. Flash. Snap. Shoot!
Bang. Picture me.
Patch employ me a quilt.
Resume my position.
References inevitable.
Upon Questioning.

James Daniel Gabriel