

# The Woods



(A chapbook about a livestream)

# The Woods

(Oct 18 2024-April 21. 2025)

with love to all involved.

piano



Was a long visit wrong?

# Forced Branch

Please understand,  
This is a fictitious story.  
Mostly.

I never met him.  
This never happened.  
But is there some element of truth?

It began with a branch of thought.  
I trimmed it off.

Instead of throwing it away  
I put it in a vase of water.

It sprouted a few buds  
Which opened into a flower.

This delicate thing  
made of gauze and air.

I left it hanging.

And gave it for you to see.



# Watcher Of The Woods

Was this what I was waiting for  
Watcher in The Woods?

Why do I wait here  
Wondering if I should?

Not expecting anything....  
A quiet spot to rest a weary while  
Sit by the stream and weep away  
The pain wrought on by an hour

Women Waiting.  
Mark the time.  
Mark it well.

Whispers, Words, and Wanderings  
Ease the wild worried wind.  
Welcome us as we stood.  
A quiet vigil wondering  
What it is within.



# Halo

Pulse.

Sway.

Gotta look quickly.

Don't look away.

Like the heartbeat of the forest

But of light not of sound.

Quiet.

Listen.

Can you still hear it?

A looping repeat.

A still quiet bleat.

Insistent.

Persistent.

Do Not Delete.



# Spot #1

Is this a test of my cynicism?  
Or to put it another way....  
How gullible I am?

Or is it my addiction/affliction  
And whether I have a say?

Why am I always going in circles?  
Going round, round in my head?  
(Can't get you outa my mind)  
And really that is fine.  
But sometimes I dread.

I can see it.  
Don't you?

How stupid this is?  
rooted in cotton clouds  
somehow made my bed.

But this is me in Obscurity.  
buried in the noise.

And that is fine, don't you mind it.  
You'll find it when I'm dead...

# Wish On A Star

Can you wish on a shooting star in someone else's dream?  
Can you wish for a thing that isn't really scene?

I'm not standing there w/you  
but still under the same stars  
Under the same forces  
Venus, Jupiter, and Mars.

Star shine. Star bright.  
I wish I may.  
Perhaps I might?

But I don't want to steal away  
the things you wish  
the things you pray

This is your story.  
The one you told.  
I am just watching it unfold.

So if you find yourself walking in another's dream,  
Can you take it with you?  
Be apart of its teem?



# At the Gate

“ *Una veditimus// Una Decidimus//Aedificeumus//Dum illi Destrunct*”

There is no arc to the universe.  
In space the molecules stretch out too far.  
They are alone.

The universe is cold and indifferent.

If anything it arcs toward chaos  
It is a great gaping maw of entropy.

This is just physics.  
 $dG=dH-TdS$

Civilization has to fight against the chaos.  
Our constant is to fight against its pull.  
Violence is the pull.  
Hate the pull.

But now the vandals are at the gate.  
The irony of how they see themselves  
As liberators.

They are salivating to tear down the things we built.  
The things we guard.  
The things that are precious to me.

# Why do I Find Myself Watching These Woods?

There are many ways to answer the question.

On the surface it may seem just so

But deep below

It's hard to know.

I showed up seeking solace from a world that has gone mad.

I stayed because of some of the conversations that we had.

And the fantasy, yes, if I am being honest.

The way the mind begins to play;

The things that were written as I went about my day.

I am a refugee from a world that is too much

I wander, seeking meaning, words, and such.

I am here to be a part of

I am here to watch it unfold.

I bring a sense of humor and am surprisingly bold.

I am wrapped in a story, both mine and yours.

A story we are creating as it opens up new doors.

There is not one answer for the why of things that have been

But it's great to be included and looped in.

# Come, Come, Again

I am not as learn-ed as it seems.  
Just the odd bits.  
Stuck.  
In the furnace of my brain.

I don't know why it happens.  
The things I can recall.  
It's looking back and forward.  
Mystery in it all.

The things I touch.  
The things I hold.  
Brush up against.  
And am told.

Come again?  
Come, come, again.

Before it too is sold.

Come, again.  
Come.

I am growing old.

# Leave No Trace

The words appear.

Then erase.

Leave no trace.

Leave no trace.

The movement draws the eye.

Be quick before it dies.

Erase the lines from the picture.

Leave an ingredient out of the mixture.

Leave no face.

Leave no taste.

Tentative.

Transient.

A moment here.

A moment gone.

A thing of past

Watch it go.

It goes so fast.

Becomes a ghost.

Alas.

How long was it going to last?

What was it you were trying to say?

Nevermind. Words betray.

# The First Snow

You can smell it on your tongue  
Feel it in your nose  
When it's almost begun  
The anticipation grows

The forecast has been there for days  
Time enough to prepare  
Some dry kindling to start a flame  
And some dry wood for it to glow

I'll meet you by the fireside  
When the first white flakes do sow  
From pregnant skies overhead  
This is magic, Don'tcha know?

We'll drown our sarrows with a drank  
And we will mock god chair  
“Bon Hiver” to those who celebrate  
The end of yair grows nair

This love we burn just like a f'yre  
Will keep us warm this nougth  
Until the light returns again  
Still seeking what we sought



# A Problem of Communication

(What I remember of our conversation)

Are you ready for a party?

11/22 is a nice number.

(It starts w/ light behind the square)

This is way past my bedtime.

My family thinks I have lost it.

I have an exam tomorrow.

We fell off a bass boat into a stream!

We followed the Salmon Path!

Could he have known what he might catch?

And would he have just thrown it back?

Do y'think he meant midnight eastern or midnight central?

No midwesterner would ever give the time in Eastern!

Do you think they are fucking with us?

Maybe? Does it matter?

This is fun anyways.

Love you all.

(What is searched for in Sable in the mourning will be found)

Hey, the woods look rather lovely?

Lit up and branches white like ghosts.

Like dried bones

Did he mean mourning or morning?

Y'all!

(Let your prying eyes fall my friends)

Hey, weren't we sortof invited? I mean they rolled out a carpet.

Whatever it was we thought was going to happen,  
We almost missed the moment waiting for the next.

Almost missed its beauty for its anticipation.

# Dark Night

In the deep night  
Strain to see the light  
Looking for a sign of life  
Looking to know I am not alone

I am aware this was programmed and decided long ago  
But sometimes it seems you are speaking?  
What is it that we are seeking?

They would come at different places.  
Through the trees.  
Like buzzing bees.  
Fireflies.  
Headlights.  
Quick flashes in the dark night.

I would count them and wonder what you said.  
You're speaking a code I never understand.  
I try and break it before I make land.

Is it a mayday? Your ship's going down?  
All I can make out is a long whining sound.  
How I wish I knew you!  
How I wish you'd known!  
When it still mattered  
Before I lost in the drown.

Instead we are having such strange conversations.  
I of words and you of light.  
As I sit peering into your dark of night.





# An Erasure Poem

Moments Forgotten.  
Where hours/faces untold  
Traced the light of day.

How you do?

All strangers figure out.

Sometimes you want.

You need.

Start Counting.

Hide Consequences.  
Moments no one sees.

# One

I am me.  
You are me, and I am you.  
And together we are we?

One, do you see?  
This is mystery.

I feel this love from far away  
Watching the fire grow  
Spreading from each to each  
And this is how I know:

The meaning of this wicked life  
Comes not from a distant star,  
But is the heat we bring  
Between these sheets  
That kindles our very desire.

Loving you creates relief  
Creates the meaning  
Is the meaning of who we are.



# What Does This Mean?

Anyone know what this means?

No one?

Or

Maybe one?

May be.

But probably they are wrong  
And off hunting for their song

What is it that you see?

Is it a black box?  
To hide old socks and a drunken fox?

A treasure chest to hide the things you found  
And leave them for the rest?

To find the best?  
Or to take a test?

A TV screen?  
Turn it on.  
Turn it off.  
Creates a pretty scene.  
Whatever can it Mean?

There are things behind things  
And things in-between the deleted screens.

No one know anymore.  
No one knows anything.

Forgot how to sing.  
Forgot how to speak.  
Let go everything.

# Becoming

Perhaps I am becoming a part of these woods.

My words its voice.

My heartbeat in sync with its.

It is a strange place to be sure.

I hear the chattering of its birds.

The caw of the crow answered by the tweak of the jay.

An improvisation. Call and response.

It seems it is just so.

And I have lived here.

Been here all along.

A shadow thing.

With its silent song.

Yearning.

Watching.

Being Watched.

Not always sure I belonged.

But awkwardly I'll come along.

A window to a secret place.

Where time unwinds and does erase.

In a wonder undoes space.

I am here now.

And yet I am not.

A part of its web

This fragile thread

A part and yet apart.

It is enough to not understand.

Lay down and be absolved

Of all the things and paths of past.

Lay down and be dissolved

Into the woods at long last.

# The Solstice

The sun she don't leave us.  
We turn away from her.  
Turn away and sometimes see light's reflection.  
Find it on the moon.

Why we turn away?  
So very hard to say.  
(A matter of inertia, pulled by gravity?)  
But we return again soon,  
We always do.

We begin again.  
We get to try again and again.  
We get to try!

An endless cycle  
Chains us here.  
Chains us to our rebirth.  
One day, perhaps, we might escape it  
And be filled with mirth.

But until then we keep searching.  
Keep reaching for the warmth of stars.  
Lux Perpetua.  
Peace forevermore.

A little light.  
A little warmth.  
In a darkening world.

In our dark season  
Given up on all reason.

Burn your fire bright!  
Help each other make it through the longest night.

Bc the night might seem very long.  
But we turn away, turn away from wrong.  
We turn again.  
And the birds begin their song  
In the soft breaking of the dawn.



# The Woods

You came here thinking you would just throw down.  
But instead this is a project you don't understand.  
I hope you do not mind me spitting out ideas?  
Things get complicated when other things resound.

I want to shake the bed.  
Try and get you out of your head.  
But sometimes I think I am too loud.  
It isn't about me. I'm not proud.

It is the side path that you wonder  
Wherever does it go?  
And it is I who wander  
Try and keep you on your toes.

But if my suggestions get too onerous  
Kindly let them slide on by.

Not meaning to offend thus  
Only letting some things fly.



# Authenticate

You can't just show up here as yourself.  
That is the last thing anyone would expect you to do.

We expect you to be the riddle,  
An unsolvable enigma!  
The Persona.  
The thing you wrap around your person  
To protect your gentle bits.

This story that separates you from me.  
Spun around yourself.  
The chrysalis.  
Where tender things still grow.

Your heart.

So when you show up in this space,  
Your space.  
The one you created.  
Under your name  
And no one believes you?  
It was the best way to hide.  
Right in plain sight.

You were here all along.

I didn't mean to accuse you.  
In the end it does not matter.  
Whoever you are can belong.  
And logic puzzles are my undoing.  
Anytime I think I can play along.

In the end you did what I asked you to.  
It turns out the lights had frozen.  
(and I was wrong)

# Rules

I think I may be playing a game  
Where I don't know all the rules  
And I have no hope to tame  
While I am acting like a fool

And I can take all the blame  
Stuff it deep in my heart  
Written in words  
Echoing (thump....thump) in that dark

Sometimes I am inscrutable  
Even to myself  
Somethings are only refutable  
(When they're left lying on their shelf)

Things get lost in-between lines  
And all I seem to get lost in is time  
I'm the one owing the fines

# Fantasy No. 1

Fantasy is fine.  
When it's all stuck safely in your mind.  
And this thing that we are playin'  
Is just a dream in the breeze swayin'

I hope my muse hasn't been too abused  
By the silly little games I play  
While in the midst of such hard days

I hope there is no harm  
In being taken by such charm

I could write a novel in these  
Full of our poetry

A romance conducted just in verse  
Through a screen and not rehearsed

But I think we are both old enough to know  
Sometimes even tiny seeds grow  
And perhaps it would be a better way  
To go about our separate day

And yet I find I linger here  
Waiting for you words to appear

The truth cuts deep  
Even if it wasn't what you said.

Dreams are hard to interpret  
When you are lying in your bed.

I feel like you would convict me  
Of crimes I never quite fed.

# The Cabin

What happened in the woods  
In the tiny cabin  
The two of us  
The blizzard

And there was snow all around  
There was snow and each other  
And a blinding white  
And the wind and creak of pines

We are the only witness

No one will ever know  
What happened in the woods  
In the tiny cabin  
Snow all around

How we built a fire to keep us warm



# The Muse

I fill in the colors of your black and white outline  
Not caring if I stay between the lines  
It's the image of you but I know it's not you I am staring at  
But my reflection in a dirty puddle after it rains

I am the fragile green of new growth

How does it make you feel to be the object and not the observer?  
Does it make you itch?  
To be stared down so certain

And yet ever the poet  
Bold as you please  
Not about to back down  
You disarm me with a laugh

I know you  
Have known your echoing words  
Heard them in my heart all along

And I am you and you are me  
Alike in our differences  
Always moving forward



# A Ending of Sorts

What are the stars you are seeking?  
Up overhead are they speaking?  
Go outside, then, do your peeking.  
Tucked in my bed while I'm sleeping.

In letting go, What can be found?  
Stop walking over this well trodden ground.  
Feet in fresh snow hardly make a sound.  
Quietly go until you come round.

You come round.  
You come round right.  
Come round in the night.  
Echoing thoughts in your sight.  
Looking for a lonely light.

At the end is a beginning.  
Round, round we go. We're spinning.  
In the chaos Who knows what's winning.  
Soft when she goes. She is pinning.

Oh, She comes round. She is sighing.  
Don't make a noise in its dying.  
Open a door with some prying.  
If it gets stuck keep on trying.

(What's your interpretation? There is no explanation.  
Defy your own expectations. And Stand for the final Ovation)

I am alone it would seem in the gloaming.  
Where did you go in your roaming?  
Bury your feet six deep in the loaming?  
Which seeds will you plant in your combing?

Here for a time then get going.  
Don't worry so much about the knowing.  
And what it is left that you're owing.  
Grace, the final gift, is bestowing.

# A Moonlit Winter Morning

I swim in strong currents sometimes.  
Encouraged I try to define.  
This poem will have too many lines.  
A complex rhthymn hides broken rhymes.

Obscure the meaning lost in sound.  
Silence is leaning over snow covered ground.  
Pitch yourself out on a ledge  
Push yourself find your own edge.

Skating out on a silver pond.  
Moonlight grow the shadows long.  
In cold air my heart beats strong.  
(Exhilaration starts the throng)  
Before tired muscles, collapsing end the song.

What did I make?  
How much can I take?  
One piece of pie?  
A slice I'll have to try.

The scent of cold morning, awaken me.  
Frost on its tongue, where are you taken' me?  
Out in its dawn. It is unmaken' me.  
Won't be too long. You'll be forsaken me.

But I have been here before.  
This is nothing new.  
I know what's in store.  
And a shortcut or two.

I'll find my way back.  
Nothing left to hack  
Just a simple fact.  
Still left to unpack.



# Un Nom de Dieu

Let's not call this thing god?  
It's gotten overused.  
It's been a bit abused.  
So let's not call this thing god.

The magic of the light  
The things that I delight  
The clear brilliant sky  
The open road  
Listening to music  
On the way back home

The solemnity of death  
The holy hour  
Each breath further from the next  
My hand resting on your tiny frame  
You are not alone

Late at night  
A fitful sleep  
Awake I remember  
Flatline to heartbeat  
Jarring  
The serendipity of art  
Finding the exact moment  
It was meant to be received

You wrote this to find me here  
In the dark with no light  
What I hear I recognize  
And remember to keep moving forward

# Snowlight

Snowlight lead the way  
On this path I know by day  
Finding the night where it lay  
Soft crunch under my feet  
Ghostly shadows entreat  
Go where it ends  
Meeting my oldest friend

The sun just starting to rise  
Through a cloudy sky  
As I slowly open my eyes  
It's all around me here  
These things that I fear  
Whispers in the wind  
Confront my only sin

So I make way  
To have a say  
And if I sit very still  
I hear the lonesome trill  
The mourning bird song  
Telling me I belong  
To this haunted wood  
That has always stood

Here deep in the pine  
I feel the slowing of time  
Slowing my heartbeat  
And my wandering feet  
In the stillness there  
If I listen I might hear

My name?  
Can you remember my name?  
Is it still the same?  
The one I always claim.

# Seek

Seek,  
What you will never find  
You was always on my mind  
And I never knew the name  
But I missed you just the same

Find,  
Another way to go  
As the blood begins to flow  
You will never learn to grow  
When you're standing on your toes

Sold,  
Your divinity for a show  
And a pocket full of gold  
There was nothing left to hold  
As time starts to unfold

Grind,  
Down your bones to dust  
But never let it rust  
I don't know what to say  
You might get another day

Take,  
Away your noble birth  
I wonder what its worth?  
When there's nothing left to give  
Will they even let you live?

# Fleet

It was. And.  
Wasn't.

Was everything.  
And was nothing.

In between.

Words/Spaces.

Sounds/Silence.  
Murmurs.  
Forevermore/was Nevermore.

Lightning/ the thunder never came.

The look/ the blush.

And backward glances.

There will be no second chances.

Fleet.  
What is between the was and wasn't?  
Something?  
Vision.  
Forbidden.

Thoughts idle  
At the border between awake/asleep.

Where stranger/dreamers  
Meet.

# Untitled

I hope you find it  
The thing you are looking for  
I wish I could give it to you  
But I cannot  
You know I cannot

Not really

I could give you a moment  
But that is all I have to give

This seems a meager offering

I see you and your pain  
I see it in mine  
Although they are not the same



# This is Water

How could I say no to this?  
It is just like breathing  
My heart and its beating

I could no more refuse your kiss  
Then I could stop my heartbeat  
And I hate myself for it

This was not how this was supposed to go  
But I am lost to time and this moment

Leaning into it  
Needing it

I have never wanted so desperately  
And that makes me a little afraid  
What would I do for this?



# A thing I don't understand

Not the moon or the stars.  
Not Jupiter or Mars.  
And yet the arc is just right.  
And how she takes flight.

Maybe we are moving faster than I think.  
Hurtling toward chaos in a blink.  
But the timing is all wrong?  
Or maybe I lost the beat of this song?

Maybe the ground moves fast under my feet  
Especially when we are wrapped deep in our sleep.

Would you lasso the moon for me  
And keep her on a chain?  
Make her dance for me.  
I need you to explain.



# Winterstormwarning

Snowsoftensalltheedges.  
Itching for spring, but—  
Winter she is not done.  
Not yet.



# False Spring

Is this just a false spring?  
A little afraid to let my heart sing.  
The birds have not yet returned home.  
From where it is they often roam.

But we are almost free from our icy prison.  
Which keeps us here locked in our indecision.  
Kept us safe from the things out there  
Trapped us in our cozy lair.

It might be time to try again.  
But don't be surprised if snow flies again.  
And just know if white does sow.  
It won't last long enough to keep you low.



# On the Woman I Always Hear in the Recordings (e)

When I screamed “I love you”  
Maybe it didn’t mean what perhaps you thought?  
~~That I would fuck you with an abandon~~  
~~(Although if it can down to it I probably would?)~~

But rather:  
I love you.  
I love all of you.  
All of YOU. HERE.  
Sharing this space with me.

I love this.  
Every bit of this experience that I didn’t think I could have.  
Every bit of the Brooklyn sunset.  
Venus in her eyes.  
Every bite of the cold wind against my skin  
That could make me cry.

I love this world. This life. This being alive.  
Vibrant here against the brilliant sky.  
Your vibrancy/brilliance reminding me  
I am here/I am alive.

When I screamed I love you, I meant You, I meant US, I meant  
(gestures broadly)  
ALL. of US.

# Stream

What is it?

People arrive and either get it or don't.

Is something going to happen?

Why isn't anything happening?

This is boring.....

Look there's Sasquatch!

Do something.

Feed me now.

This has been going on since October?

5 months!

I don't get it, but I think I like it.

Nothing is happening and everything is happening all at once.

The passage of time.

Day to Night.

Repeat.

The changes of the light.

The change in the position of the sun.

Not a thing you notice day to day

But in five months it has moved from right to left.

As it climbs higher and higher every morning.

We are changing too.

# Legend

The one thing I wanted yet never seem to find.  
I am more myth now then sinew.  
The legend overgrown.  
The story has its own inertia.  
Set in motion a forever ago.

I am enwrapped and entwined.  
Sometimes I think I could escape it.  
Go to the woods and get lost in the brambles.  
Disappear from view but life is still a shambles.

A devil's bargain taken.  
I didn't understand its making.

Oh they all want me.  
Want to know.  
Share my bed for a night or two.  
A moment shared. Or just a few.

Nothing more.  
And I am left picking their things up off the floor.

All I ever wanted was a home.  
Someone to come back to when I roam.  
And I'm not so foolish to scorn all that life has given me.  
Precious and wild and god has been forgivin' me.

And yet.  
I sit here in the quiet mo(u)rrin.  
Sipping black  
And the cat's po(u)rrin.  
And I wonder what I am doing wrong.  
Why it is I never learned this particular song.

I pick over the broken chords  
and can only hum a chorus.  
Not knowing the words  
Which (in)form Us.



# CROWS

I will always think of you when I hear crows.  
Think of your woods where I belonged for a time.  
Kicked out of your Eden back to mine.  
Or what suffice to find.

What a strange thing this imbalance.  
I do not know if you ever thought of us.  
I know I sat long enough at the door to imagine  
You were a part of us.

But I am nothing.  
Not even a ghost to your shadow.  
You have more important things to do, don't you?

I will never be able to completely unravel  
The threads that pulled and wrapped my attention.  
What was you,  
What was someone else,  
What was my imagination,

And does it matter?

The crows follow me where I go  
And they always seem to know.



# The Big Red Book

What was written

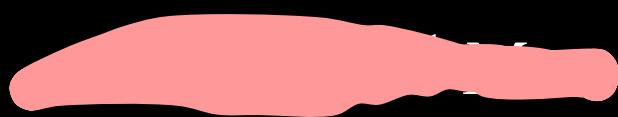
Shams/Rumi

Is

Virgil/Dante

Is

22/A million



Even as it is a beautiful fiction.  
This does not matter.  
This poetry,  
Pooling in the potholes and broken earth  
After the miser clouds let go.

Remember,  
Your soul is not limited like your body.  
Time is not linear.  
Place and distance are not obstacles.

Souls transcend.

We do not need to meet for this to be so.  
We do not even need to speak.  
Hush.

(It just is)

You will recognize it when you are ready.  
Even if you cannot form the words.

Revelation comes over time  
One sheet of paper.  
In-between the lines.

# Black Wing Sacrifice

Janus' two faced truth is  
both blessing and curse

I would drown in this sea of futility wave over wave  
For the gift of my two boys  
I would do anything  
Make that vow again and again

What was the bargain you made?  
Did you know the choice you were making?  
Would you change it?  
Knowing now that you can

Did you know how high, how far it would soar?  
As it sang a song that captured the world and made it a prison?

I drowned that bird every night just to stop its singing  
Drowned it in the red river's sweet stink  
A black winged sacrifice  
And it would be back in its cage every morning  
Waiting  
Still singing

Eventually I stopped trying to drown the bird.

I knew exactly what I was doing when I put it in its cage,  
Did you know what you were doing when you let it out?



# 'Til we meet again

The end had to come  
Eventually  
And I got the feeling  
It was time to take my leaving

Just as well  
You walked away  
Bc it was too hard for me  
To break my gaze

A little sad  
Yes, but knowing  
It's well part time to get going

And nothing is a real goodbye,  
Until we meet again.

# What if

What if?

This is all there ever was  
The trees  
The soft breeze  
The birdsong

And I thigh deep in the sing  
The shallow movement  
Cool in the high heat

Born only to love this thing  
Living in the green  
And the bright light  
Which softens into night

Open like a bloom  
A child of the womb  
Garden and delight

What if we were never expelled ?  
This was just a lie we were told  
So it could be rationed and sold to us  
Bit by tiny bit  
Until we were starved for it

The fooled us  
So they could rule us

But we are still here  
It never went away  
Just closed our eyes to the day

What if the knowledge that we sought  
Wasn't all there was?

What was beyond the word, before the word

What if it is still right in front us?  
To grasp to hold  
To heal us

What if it's been here all along?  
Just waiting for us to sing our song?

What if?  
This is all  
And it is enough..

