

world
thru a
window

short poems about life

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Books by Michael R. Guerin:

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world thru a window (2017)

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“Relationship, surely, is the mirror in which you discover yourself. Without relationship you are not; to be is to be related; to be related is existence. And you exist only in relationship; otherwise, you do not exist, existence has no meaning. It is not because you think you are that you come into existence. You exist because you are related, and it is the lack of understanding of relationship that causes conflict.”

J. Krishnamurti

The Mirror of Relationship

ocean city 5:27 am

salty waves crash the beach.
in the moonlight seagulls
fly past like ufos.

to the left an unseen
dog barks at ghosts
and on my right two
old women walk side by
side, their conversation
an incomprehensible
yawn.

the sea sparkles like
diamonds while a buoy
drunkenly flashes red
as fishing boats sail out
to horizon's edge
an hour before
dawn.

from a train, anonymously

from the train it's all backyards
of ramshackle houses
edged in rusted chain-link
fencing or tumbled stone
walls. with dusk fast
approaching most lots
are abandoned, save
the occasional
threadbare couch
or truck set on blocks.
and as we roll slowly past
the lone traffic light
flashing in this
anonymous town
a gang of shirtless
boys pantomime
making funny faces
as we pass
before a derelict station
which time has forgotten
suddenly blocks them
from view.

beneath a winter's moon

you were unapproachable
so clearly out of my league
yet sweet and serene
as you strolled those crowded
halls from once upon a time
and looking back now it might
have been mid february or march
after my honorable discharge
when i ducked into tw's pub
on a random tuesday night
and there across the bar
with a flannel clad heavy-set
guy sporting a grease-stained
cat hydraulic hat you sat
sipping a beer looking like
you'd rather be anywhere
else than holding together
the severed threads of some
conversation better left
unsaid when our eyes met
and in their desolate depths
i realized how even beauty
queens can stumble like

an angel tumbled down
from the dizzied heights
of grace to land in this place
beneath a cold winter's moon.

a vacancy

his side of the closet
is vacant now
save for a handful of white
wire hangers left behind
too fragile and bent
to be useful again
and you don't know where he went
or where he ever really was even
when he laid beside you in a bed
that refuses to let go
of his scent
and as you take
another sip of coffee
by a frosted window pane
you realize just how
cold were the days
and how empty those nights
despite his constant
presence
in your life
as an early morning snow
begins to fall.

cruising mammoth road

i imagine every town
has that road you cruise
with your best friend
the tunes cranked
loud on the radio
heading to no-place
in particular as telephone
poles pass by your open
window mile after mile
and no other cars
or kids or cows are seen
for long stretches
at a time. for us

it was mammoth road
heading north long before
developers cut down
trees and planted houses
like corn in neat rows
where each one looks
just like the rest
except for maybe
the color of minivan

parked out front
or name painted black
on a white mailbox
by the road. but back

in the day it was ours
which we drove
and talked for hours
on end about girls
or plans for after high
school while the songs
kept rolling along
only now he's gone
and i've traveled
too far from home
to catch even a glimpse
of mammoth road
in my rearview mirror.

cherry blossoms

I

beneath a cherry
tree soft with early buds you
gave your love to me.

II

you cannot hurry
spring — cherry blossoms only
blossom when they're due.

III

as a crow cries out
one single blossom petal
reluctantly falls.

IV

a cherry blossom
lost on the breeze nestles a
moment at my feet.

V

cold nights naked trees —
only now is your absence
intolerable.

amy says

she likes winter
she says
when the air is so cold
you can see your breath
and walking on snow
crunches under your boots
like a million tiny
diamond crystals.
she likes bunnies too
who hide in their holes
under a blanket
of pure white snow
once the air turns so cold
you can see
your breath.

today the late june sun
warms her face
as she steps barefoot
across the driveway
on tippi toes
to watch this year's
family of baby bunnies

out from their holes
and eating clover
by the edge
of grass
and pavement.

lost southwest of cagliari

while absentmindedly
strolling the rocky
shore as salty waves
bathed my feet
i caught you unawares
sitting in a shaded
alcove of stones
wanting to be alone
as tears gracefully
rolled down both cheeks.
and for one heartbeat
or two i stood transfixed
unsure if i could pool
with you by way
of a steady shoulder
or comforting arm
wrapped securely
around your waist
as you cried for love
lost or simply misplaced.
and standing there
as the hot august sun
burned my face it seemed

the distance was far greater
than crossing a mere few
feet of sand stretched
out between us
so with a wistful glance
for a whole host
of what-might-have-beens
i left you lost
among the rocks
hoping that someday
one would come along
to finally set you free.

Just Like Amber

I remember you sitting
cross-legged in a white
low-cut cotton dress
speckled with tiny blue
flowers as the sweet sounds
of happy unseen children
playing someplace outside
drifted into your room
on gentle, cool summer
breezes. Maybe it's too

much to ask from time
for any one moment to
remain fixed and frozen
like a butterfly forever
suspended in golden
amber only surfacing
years later from some
subterranean tomb
to eventually emerge
into the light once
again. It's certainly true
that all of life seems

a perpetual letting go —
whether in grand funeral
procession style, or
more simply still, like each
dried autumn leaf that one
by one drops from its tree
to get lost with the rest
once the wind begins
to blow cold. So please

pardon the analogy
if I choose to treasure
this sole memory of mine
snatched from the stealthy
clutch of time like a shard
of amber kept securely
in pocket and held
in ready reserve just
for nights like these when
the moon hangs low in
the eastern sky casting
long shadows across
my mind at the end
of another day spent
alone in silent
separation.

the heron's cry (for iulia mitiashova)

somewhere beneath
the thick morning mist
and sailing calm blue waters
on lonesome lake
you can hear them clearly
but only if you listen
closely, leaning
into the wind
before the world of men
wakes another day
with its thundering sound
of naked triviality.

i don't know
where they'll fly
once the sun breaks high
above the tree-lined
horizon
burning away
the last traces of fog
and there's
no place left
for herons to hide.

to a lesser god

we drove along a nondescript
country lane
until the bus stopped
in a gravel parking lot
and we all got out
with cameras slung
around our necks
while the hot sardinian
sun beat us down
and scrambling up a rocky
path we passed an old
farmer plowing his plot
of land as it had
been done for centuries
the simple wooden wedge
cutting black soil
while he and his donkey
didn't bother
to look
as we made
our way over a low hill
to finally catch view
of clear blue

waves crashing against
the granite shore
and as our guide
led us further down
the route
we came to an ancient
rock wall and through
the narrow gate
was a field of boulders
scattered about clearly
unfit for farming
(or anything else)
and looking around
i spied small red
ceramic pots
with white rocks
holding their lids in place
and over the sound
of sea waves
doing their best
to erase all traces
of human history
she shared
how we were standing
in a late phoenician
cemetery where women

once sacrificed
their first born child
to some lesser known god
and how each pot
held the ashen remains
of their eternal
sacrifice
and maybe it was the heat
or the long walk
to that spot
but my head
began to swim with fear
and dread
as i wondered
how such a place
could ever exist
and how even
the gulls shied away
as if the ground
itself was so obviously
cursed
and yet here we
stood with cameras
at the ready
filled with idle curiosity
and gawking like school

children beneath
an unforgiving
summer
sun.

each thundering beat

she asked about loneliness
and what it was all supposed to mean
as if somehow this singular truth
of our existence held the key
to her freedom and by extension
(i suppose) for the rest
of humanity too.
but what words could i share
to alleviate her fear
as we sat there side by side
while ocean waves crashed against
the rocky shore just inches
below our naked feet
and a slowly setting sun
warmed our backs at the end
of a long sultry afternoon.

after some time and far out where sea
and sky inevitably meet
a slivered crescent moon
began it's climb into the evening sky
while i sat and wondered why
those incommunicable depths

which lie unplumbed within
are never enough most days
to fill us up with
all we ever really need
rather than this fruitless search
to mend a heart seemingly
forever torn in two
between each thundering
beat.

morning in santo tomás

my first thought
was that pigeons were back
for a morning stroll atop
the rusted roof

of this particular
shack and my need for sleep
such easy prey caught in their
domesticated talons.

but it was rain
instead, another deluge of more
wet on wet as thick drops
splashed with pregnant

possibilities shot
through this hot and humid air
hung like damp cheesecloth
without a breeze.

by noon the nuns
would return to clear away

the empty bottles of *cerveza*
and lug in fresh

cases, too, and
i wondered what their thoughts
might be once they surveyed
the scene of

another late night
lost here in purgatory (or so
it seemed) before my last day
and ready to

leave, yet still
hollow inside like holes in my
mosquito net which made me a
nightly feast for bugs.

word upon word

puff of breath.
energy and intention
suspended on the gossamer
threads of conversation.
modulation and tone.
thoughts honed
to a razor's edge
balanced on that fine
line of literal
and symbolic
meaning.

vibration and passion.
the ether moves between
us but can you feel
me from your side
of this great
divide? such dead
air brought to life
with fire which tugs
at the darkness,
word upon
word?

on elephant road

what hits you first is a liquid heat
which weighs palpably down
upon all your sensibilities
and next comes the crush
of strangers shouting
how they'll carry your bag
for only a few *taka* as they
push for position to close
the gap between you both
until my wife's uncle finally
arrives to part them like mooses
before a flooding red sea
and you're quickly whisked
to a waiting car outside
where another white-hot throng
shoulders forward despite
bamboo wielding policemen who
officially dole out punishment
with merciless precision
to force a narrow path so you
can finally pass through
the wrought-iron airport gates.
later in the day it's off

to the money-changer's
place on elephant road
where we're forced to hike
along a busy sidewalk strewn

with the small brown bodies
of huddled children no one
seems to notice or want
as they shiver in the shade
their tiny prone shapes just
so many speed-bumps to navigate
while we talk of time-zones
and jet-lag which seems
insanely at odds with the scene
and my arms aren't big enough
to corral them all in
and my hands aren't strong
enough to hold them all tightly
so i survey as many as i see
and wrap them with love
to place in a box and bury
in my heart while i walk
with the rest to mr. choudhury's
office where tea gets served
and exchange rates get fixed
as if those buzzing city streets

never really mattered, as if
nothing could be more normal
in all of this world until
it's time to hand over crisp cold
dollars for crumpled colored scraps
of paper littered with a language

i'll never understand and we
make our way once more
past those tiny angels lying
in dust by the side of some road
while tears find it impossible
to escape the rusted-shut
cages of these eyes.
back here we talk of love
as such a domesticated thing
like some cat lounging
in sunlight which streams
through the windows in one
of those brownstones lining beacon
street and which offers us such easy
comfort against the night
or serves as nothing more
than a personal rubber-stamp
of approval for our endless
trivial pursuits, the white noise

backdrop (if you will)
for such empty little lives
while elsewhere in this world
a flood of unwanted children
sleep side by side and unseen
by the dusty edge
of some congested
city street.

a riff for ames

she sang to me
(and to more than
only me)
her voice hitting notes
reserved for
gods
(or in dreams),
and those unrelenting
waves conjured
up phantoms
of things better off behind
closed doors
like some endlessly
rolling penny heard
yet left
unseen.

we never met
(of course) but had
she and i
bumped each other's way
across some back
alley or moonlit

street
her eyes would have caught
mine captive,
lost in pools
of liquid night
and forever
unable to say goodbye
or
(wanting to) escape
back to what i
always already
knew.

and if life
is like a pipe
then some puff
of soul
drifts on (how terribly
cliché)
within those vibes
which keep rolling along
criss-crossing
both ether and web —
but most days
that simple truth
isn't enough

to save
me from dying a hundred
times from dread
and sliding inexorably
back into
black.

checkout time

no one dreams when they're young
of being poor
or becoming a drunk
standing in the checkout line
fishing through a bag of pennies
and counting them out
one by one
for the young blonde girl
who looks nervously
my way as you ramble on
smelling of booze and cigarettes.
i'll admit to stepping back
and keeping some distance
as you lean in
proceeding to invite me
into your world
through incoherent words
thrown about between hacking
coughs and waiting on my
reply which remains stuck
in throat so all i can
offer in return
is non-judgmental

silence. and as you
stumble away raving about
the holiday i'm left wondering
how life turned out this way
for you (and more than you)
while the checkout girl
whispers an apology
that doesn't need
to come.

the morning after

shaft of moon-beam,
cold light striking
cold tile
floors swept clean
of history
(at least for now).
he sleeps, oblivious —
another lost night
in town
down at the bar
swapping stories piled
high like so many crushed
beer cans
stacked precariously
along a dull brass rail,
just another day
of broken
chances and wasted
dreams. your bruises
will heal
(on the surface,
at least)
as tomorrow's dawn

brings along
one more monotonous
apology
that always fills
your ears
the morning after.

another starry night

there's no way to know
for certain
what he saw
from that open window
one solitary night when he felt
moved enough to reach for his brushes
once again
so that this lone insight
could burst into life
through ten thousand swirls
and strokes of blue
upon blue punctuated
here and there with yellow
and white orbs of light
shining high
above some sleepy
town which only existed
in imagination.

face to face
with his stunning expression
of a deep longing
to live in a world that flows

and ebbs with the rhythm
and harmony of all that is good
and all that aspires to be
i'd like to think
that somewhere
his soul
can finally take rest
not so much in a fame
as fleeting as summer rain
but rather for doing his best
to convey a truth
deeper than words ever could
which resides far beyond
the dawning horizon.

colorful jim c

he talked about the ultimate color
to thread thru his window on a world

and maybe you remember the jester
who once stood on a stage so grand

but it seems now he's become electric
as his soul burns thru both of his hands

pulling truth from the depths of spirit
making it manifest boldly on canvas

and maybe it's all just to free him
but if you ask it's according to plan.

soliloquy

you don't have to pull
as these words bleed
out and spill
on the page
to soak them in meanings
i can't yet understand.
but if i asked for a hand
it might simply be this —
please don't judge
them too harshly
once the finish
has
dried.

on huron street

on some summer afternoons
i used to kneel as if in
prayer by an open bedroom
window with my gaze fixed
on nothing in particular
as random sounds floated
in aboard warm breezes —
a buzzing bee bumping
awkwardly into the screen
or an unseen boy shouting
curse words in the distance
and the occasional car
cruising down my lane
on its way to someplace
grander than huron street.

occasionally i would view
a friend biking past or
camped on his lawn calling
for a game of catch and yet
i remained rooted there
despite two painful knees —
glued to the floorboards

of my room as if waiting
for some sign or omen
from god or mother mary
that everything would turn
out just fine in the end
for a shy little boy
with a head full of worries
and heart forever worn
on his sleeves.

just a preference

i preferred climbing trees
to endless games
of tag or war
played with silver
toy guns reflecting glints
of scattered summer sunlight
on hazy afternoons —
sitting high up near
the top of some thin maple
or stately oak
and perhaps just a tiny bit
closer to god
as warm lazy breezes
swayed those branches
to and fro
and me right along
with them as i sat there
perfectly perched
and lost among the leaves
while boys far below
shouted out their nonsense
to an unseen audience
of one.

zazen

sunlight breaks above the trees.
a time to sit (for
only a moment).
still the flow of images —
breathe (your heart beats, your heart beats).

the old masters

he spoke of the old masters while
wind wildly whipped his silver hair

and i wondered what he found
so alluring in their choice of muted

tones, the cherubs with rosied
cheeks appearing chubby and much

too contented with themselves
or the world of men to be taken

seriously. maybe it was their study
of faces lost in reflection or serenely

composed, so many faces of those
long since passed whose stories

we will never know, anonymous
faces now immortalized on museum

walls which the masses pass by
without bothering to take note.

north slope of varnum hill

on many a lazy
summer evening we
took the short hike
up to varnum cemetery
and our favorite spot
on the hill's north slope
where cool green grass
beneath the vaulted
cathedral-like ceiling
of sugar maples
and soaring white oaks
made it the perfect place
for gazing up at those
few bright stars
able to peek through
shadowy leaves swaying
slowly in the breeze
and for long stretches
of time we remained
quietly lost
in each other's
thoughts.

at times i wondered
what any stray ghosts
might think had they
awoken from their graves
and bothered to stay
long enough to watch
us mimicking a sort
of silent repose
lying on the slope
or if we somehow
disturbed their peace
with our discussions
on ee cummings
or death as a new beginning
given the eternity
of our souls and so
late into the night
only a few feet above
their final resting place
and long after anyone
was left in the world
to care that they
were buried there.

of course we both
couldn't foresee

how ten years would pass
before your mom
laid you to rest
on that very spot of grass
when the wind blew cold
and no leaves remained
in the canopy above
saying how it felt right
without ever knowing
about our many nights
spent beneath the summer sky
on such hallowed ground
and where your granite
stone now marks the slow
passage of time like so
many others accumulating
dust while the essential
part of you flew
far away seeking
a firmer foundation to
resume the journey
all over again.

and it passed

she raised her head
like you raise a glass
to make a toast
and when our eyes met
in that specific second
i felt a dread
that grabs your bones
and shakes loose
every last shred
of artifice
until nothing false
can remain fixed
in place
your masks crashing
down around you
with a sound like
dirty dishes smashing
on an all-night
diner's tiled
floor. and maybe

now you're waiting
for a resolution

of some sort
or happy conclusion
as if she would
stand with arms
flung open to wrap
us both in a warm
embrace but why
does it only seem
to count when
there's this thing
to show or hold
rather than simply
letting it flow
like electric fire
which sparked to life
for some unknowable
reason in the blink
of an eye. and maybe

that's just how
it's supposed to play
itself out when
in a singular moment
frozen from the flow
of time two souls
connected across

a crowded bar
as she shone
with unpossessable
eternal light
burning brightly
through the darkness
one solitary night
in utrecht
and the choice
laid so graciously
at my feet
was for me
to let it pass.

a portrait of self?

it's not some photo pinned in a frame
that hangs by the door slowly collecting dust.
it's not found in memory from last we spoke
when you stormed out on us.

and not this face in the mirror
staring blankly
back at me.

lately it feels like swimming through
fog where all human senses are dulled.
striving to plumb subterranean motives
in the darkest depths of one.

despite all my searching it forever
eludes me piece by
subtle piece.

all in the cards

the weight of my world
was held in her delicate hands
as fate got shuffled
along with the deck
while she spoke in a language
easy to understand
despite coming from someplace
outside of time
and as i waited anxiously
cards began to spill out
haphazardly
landing on her table
with no apparent order
but she only smiled sweetly
and picked them up
one by one
to arrange in a pattern
that told a story
as if reading my mind
as if seeing my soul
with crystalline truth
exposing each facet
to the light of day

and when she was through
it was all i could do
to hold those pieces
together.

breathless

the soul of a flute
is found in notes
that float on a tempered breath
while the soul of a guitar
consists of finely tuned strings
which sing
when strummed
or picked
by two talented hands.
the soul of a song
i suppose
is best expressed by written
notes that scale
across a score when played
while the soul of a book
can be found
lying beneath those
printed words on the page
which are only
brought to life
in the blink of an eye
by a mind
eager to look

below the literal
surface of everyday things.
and what of a human soul?
if such truly does exist
then perhaps it can be felt
in moments
that make us
breathless.

it strikes a cord (for noémie lorzema)

the notes of her song
echo across
so much unfeeling air
between us
and maybe you'll
say it's just a vibration
of molecules
moving this way
or that
but what i feel
is some invisible finger plucking
silver strings
deep within stroking
cords lying dormant
from lack of use
perhaps
or simply forgotten
like some priceless
stradivarius cast aside
in the corner
collecting
dust.

...

as tears stream
down these stubbled grey
cheeks i recall
the words of my dad
who taught me
at an early age
that boys don't cry
as if somehow
our collective humanity
comes at a much
steeper
cost for
holding it all
within.

with the voice
of an angel
she finishes her song
which lifts me up
and what bubbles
to the surface
is a secret longing for a home
i've never seen
so far removed from
this place, and
if you'll kindly pardon

this momentary lapse
of weakness
don't take it personally
when i confess
(with abject humility)
how i'd rather be
planted there than
lost in this
space.

by a window, waiting

by a window —
she waits.
the sky slowly bleeds
from wine
to blackest ink.
lit by the cool
incandescent glow
of her phone —
she waits.
the city skyline
sparks to life
as apartment lights
flicker like
a swarm of fireflies
on a warm summer's night.
she turns
from the screen
and unfurls her thick
raven hair
which splashes on bare
pearl-white shoulders,
and with a long deep
sigh for another

sleepless night
she waits.

time zone

i catch the clock
on the wall mocking
me with each incessant
tickety tock
as the second hand
marches onward
step by determined step
and i do the mental
math to calculate
what time it must be
in your distant city
and imagine you walking
busy cobble-stoned streets
on your way
to some shop or café
sitting with unnamed
friends and sipping a drink
while i wait ever faithful
for a call or a text
that's sure to never
come.

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“Love is something that is new, fresh, alive. It has no yesterday and no tomorrow. It is beyond the turmoil of thought. It is only the innocent mind which knows what love is, and the innocent mind can live in the world which is not innocent. To find this extraordinary thing which man has sought endlessly through sacrifice, through worship, through relationship, through sex, through every form of pleasure and pain, is only possible when thought comes to understand itself and comes naturally to an end. Then love has no opposite, then love has no conflict.”

J Krishnamurti,
Freedom from the Known