

Three Poems by d.n. simmers

Being Free

*" One light dissolves into another, talking, making
itself free of my tongue -- Stephen Berg*

Putting a rock into the mouth, as an infant.
To feel the texture, gritty and the taste.
To cleaning a rock, later in life, so it can keep
from getting
thirsty

is a long line of things that must change along the
happy and sad way, through light mornings, dark
afternoons,
deep blackness, of night.

It is not easy to divide up, what will make the
mind let go. Not be chained to
the working world that can be dissolved
when working is not needed, anymore.

The paying of bills. Bringing up kids. Can take
over life and consume it., Then when over, some
have trouble, letting go. Lifting up a rock, again.
Just for fun.

What Remains

" *The pleasant past, a threatening doubt remains.*" -- John Wilmot (Earl of Rochester)

So do a fast forward and
there is a place which was trees
then a house, an apartment block of wood.

Later one made of steel and now is being tom
down to put an inner city garden back in.
Impossible? Is that such a surprise? Where cities
are going back to the woods.

Streets are being given back to forests. As they
cannot be looked after.
The cost of putting in a road is in the millions.
The old ones are abandoned and the bridges are
being to rot. The other ones
cannot be built. Cars are almost stalled in traffic.
Now
someone wants to give it all back to the
Bike. Now the battle is starting. Where it all
began, before.

Repeats

" *I have known many but few
Did more than repeat themselves.* " Robin Blaser

Someone wanted to make a million. He is buried
in a place, not remembered, by many.

Others came by. Thought about money and
decided life was more valued. They
came and went. Had some fun.

Others were into parties. They have remained
there on the street, where they threw up last.
Thirty years, later
they still hang out. And have their own language.

Others liked to travel, and have a suitcase, under
the bed. Take off when the moods come on. They
like to fly.

Letting the coffee cool, on the porch. That is
another story, waiting to be told.

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His work has appeared in *Nomad's Choir*,
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