

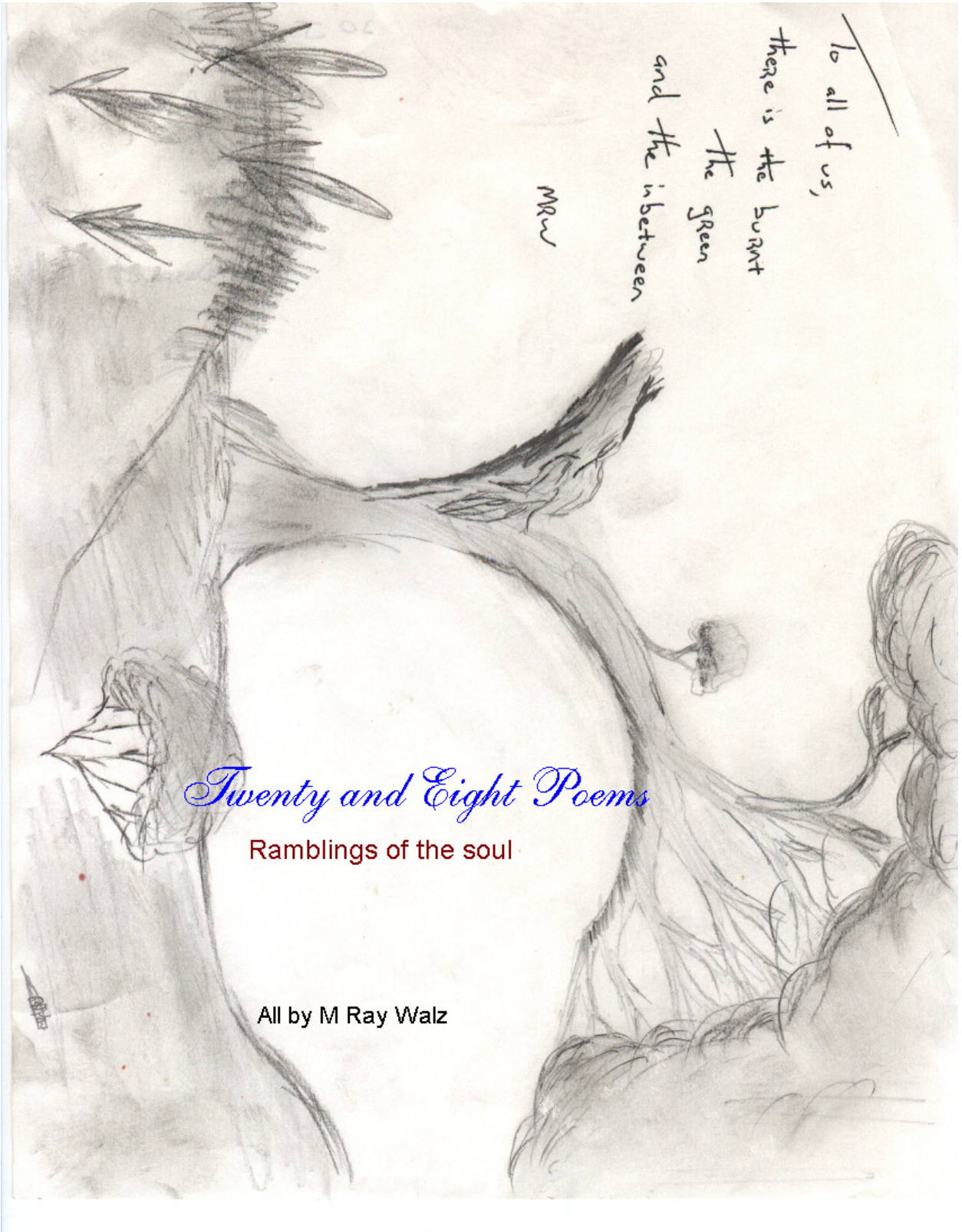
To all of us,  
there is the burnt  
the green  
and the inbetween

MRW

*Twenty and Eight Poems*

Ramblings of the soul

All by M Ray Walz



## *When I can ponder.* By MRW 11 August 1999

I want to slow time,  
 Yet find I'm bored when time is slow.  
 I must have something to do,  
 Yet would rather kick off my shoe.  
 Why should I slow time,  
 When I can't enjoy it?  
 For when time is slow,  
 I can ponder a rhyme.  
 I can ponder why.  
 I can ponder.  
 But all this thinking  
 Gets me to thinking  
 And I'd rather not.  
 Like the ancient saying:  
 Water never boils when you watch the pot.  
 But it boils over when I do not!  
 I wait impatiently...  
 Then curse cause time went too fast.  
 Why can I not enjoy the moment?  
 Why must I control time?  
 Why Am I never satisfied?  
 Once again I ponder why,  
 While I fail to watch the pot.  
 Time to go.  
 The pot boils over,  
 And my patience is brittle.  
 Where did the time go?  
 I have written so little,  
 Yet little I still know.

## *Saying nothing* (probably written in 1994, spring)

The Wind whistles in my ear  
 Words that are hard to hear.  
 It tells me of the past,  
 And warns me of the future.  
 Yet, it says nothing of you.  
 My feet are wet from the dew,  
 And I have weeds in my shoe.  
 Yet, I don't care,  
 Because I still have my hair.  
 And your colorful eyes  
 Hide no visible lies.  
 My Mind wanders to the eagles.  
 They have no care,  
 Soaring in the air,  
 It's no wonder they are  
 the keepers of our spirits.  
 Then I see your face in a cloud.  
 I hear your voice  
 Oh so clear and loud.  
 Yet it says nothing.  
 Just like the trees,  
 it says nothing.

(No title), MRW 31 October 1993

I brought the car to a stop,  
 and felt like I was on top  
 of the world, yet, I felt  
 like someone had just put  
 me under their belt.  
 It was peaceful on top of this hill.  
 I looked towards the full moon in East,  
 and wondered if I was the lest.  
 I looked to the West,  
 and felt the best.  
 The valley was calm, peaceful.  
 Nothing stirred below,  
 I felt alone, yet with everyone.  
 For I thought of what it might be like,  
 To be away from you.  
 We met at chance,  
 But I didn't know at first glance,  
 That you might be the one,  
 I looked at the river,  
 And felt, of the past, a shiver.  
 If only I had known  
 the future, you would not  
 have been alone.  
 I could have been there,  
 to protect like a bear.

*Endure the snows.* -MRW 18 June 1993

Summer comes and goes,  
 but I endure the snows.  
 Just to see it once again,  
 I hate the wait,  
 and drifts aren't great.  
 The sledding's fun  
 especially on a long run.  
 But I don't get to camp  
 and soon my lungs begin to cramp.  
 OH! They long for the night  
 air, it makes all right.  
 And the coyotes don't howl,  
 and where's that owl?  
 Already!? The snow is melting,  
 and the heat is sweltering.  
 AH! It feels so good to be  
 without a shirt, so free!  
 To watch the sunset,  
 to fish with just a net.  
 I can throw myself into our pond.  
 But, not for long...  
 It's getting cold  
 and the summer, old.  
 Where, oh WHERE?  
 Now it's just me  
 and a sleepy bear.  
 Not even a bee.  
 The summer comes and goes,  
 So I endure the snows...

# Here

13 February 1995 -MRW

Here I am.  
Even though in the midst  
of a psychological storm,

Here I am.

I have been here all along,  
though I stood alone.

I waited patiently for you,  
And made my feelings subdue.

Here I am.

I heard it said, "To love someone,  
Set them free."

So I let you be,  
Now I'm not me.

But, here I am.

Though the storm rages on,  
My emotions for you are strong.

Yet, I feel dead.  
So now, I go to bed.

Still, here I am.

## 5

A quick note on this poem. Don't take it literally, as with most of my works. The words are harsh, as is the whole overtone. I chose the phrase "Whiteman's Tyranny" because it brought forth vivid pictures of slavery, destruction, entrapment, trickery, and deceit. This is purely symbolic. I could have just left it at tyranny, but I needed something to better fit our "modern, high tech" times. That's also why I chose "Rat Race." It doesn't mean the "work nine to five to gain worldly possessions," however, that is the basic idea behind it. Again, just don't take it literally. It's about living, so just let it live. -MRW poem written 19 August 1994

### *In My Brain, On a Rack*

You've heard it before, and will again,  
"Savor every moment until the times end."  
"How?" I screamed into the night,  
and hoped my words took flight.  
The answer has come back  
little by little, and put in my brain, on a rack.  
Slowly I realize I'm getting all the pieces.  
Then one day, the last piece falls in place  
I stand back...and stare at the pieces on the rack.  
"Escape the rat race"  
IT YELLS.

But they've put me in school until my brain swells,  
and it overlaps the pieces in my brain on a rack.  
The pieces, they try to come back,  
and finally they push themselves into my ear.  
"Escape the rat race" I do hear,  
"I'm too busy!" I yell back,  
at the pieces that were on the rack.  
"I'm too busy with living under Whiteman's Tyranny!"  
But they've broken free,  
And I can't say that for me.  
It's not for me! This whiteman's tyranny!  
But now I have a job,  
Just so I don't have to rob.

Yes, You've heard it before,  
and it has knocked on my door,  
"Savor every moment and never run!"  
Oh, I would you see, if my life had ever begun.  
Yes, Yes...Yes, I heard it knock at my door.  
Just like before.  
And the answer you see,  
lives deep within me.  
The answer you see, is very old,  
But the answer has never been told.

"Escape the rat race!" The pieces whisper again.  
But I'm old and my life will soon end.  
"Escape the rat race!" they say.  
But whiteman's tyranny stands in my way.  
"Just be yourself," I say "And don't let those  
pieces just sit on a shelf."  
I'd escape the RAT RACE you see,  
If I didn't have people pushing me around  
and tearing my down.  
Yes, "savor every moment" I have heard,  
but I have yet to learn  
exactly how.

*Visions of Torment*

By MRW

Weird Words flutter around inside my head.  
Visions, nightmares torment me when I go to bed.  
Nothing can be said,  
Nothing can be done.  
I am the only one  
who knows why I see what I see  
And what battles have caused me to bleed.

Ghosts haunt me each night.  
My fears take flight.  
But no one can help fight,  
No one can cheer me on.  
Soon, my stress will be gone  
Revealing the true me.  
Someone the world just can't see.

As the war wages on, taking me along,  
I hear a strange new song.  
The song of an enemy,  
slowly, but surely stalking me.  
And I am the only one  
Who can fear, understand what I see-  
Fighting a war that can't be won.

The visions tear into me  
I awake into reality  
Trying to escape the horrors of dreams.  
The sun dances on the ceiling beams,  
Shining, glowing, giving safe light,  
Sealing up my nightmare good and tight.  
At least until night.

## Letters. -MRW December 1999

They're all in this drawer,  
I've read them several times before.  
The letters I have received,  
The one's I have not sent.  
Whether through the mail,  
Or delivered by a friend.  
They all have so much to say,  
Each in there own little way.  
A few from a penpal in third grade  
Talking of the science project he just made.  
A letter announcing a birth.  
And a few extras sent to show  
Just how fast little ones grow.  
A letter from a close friend  
Just to let me know he still does care.  
One or two just to say hello,  
And hope life treats you fair.  
But the most important one has not been sent.  
Postage on this one has yet to be spent.  
A letter for a friend who moved on,  
Yet left so much behind.  
Another to the lady who stole my heart,  
And kept a very large part.  
Letters to cousins, and brief acquaintances.  
Some written because I couldn't live,  
Some written from pure joy.  
But there is one unfinished letter,  
hiding at the bottom.  
And this one is the most important of all.  
This one is written to you.  
The words are not complete,  
Yet continually do pen and paper meet.  
Someday the letter shall end,  
With envelope sent, postage shall come due.  
But until then I just wanted to say,  
There's no way I could have written it without you.

*Threads...* 28 June 1997

I used to write words of power  
 Filled with meaning and parallel definition.  
 But now my body is sore...  
 My mind out of focus, scarred and out of tune;  
 As if an delicate, unused, unoiled machine  
 Abandoned on some foreign, rainy, sand dune...  
 Its only purpose fulfilled by gathering gritty dust.  
 Ironic, no, how my mind still tries to soar...  
 Out of dust?

Oh! But this is just another pour rhyme.  
 Another sentence structured in my canvas of time.  
 Yet, my canvas tares, pulls at my inner threads.  
 I uncontrollably must act to the effect of every stitch unraveling.  
 While always my theme, I write on a wasted ream.  
 And for These words, I oft bleed,  
 Each added like a string and bead.  
 Soon all will end.  
 My canvas I can, will mend.  
 But while trapped in this time,  
 I must search for the innately perfect rhyme.

*Beyond Rhyme.*

MRW- 27 October 2000

The bow glides across string.  
 Like water churning in stream.  
 Sound beyond mind, beyond dream.  
 More than sound, this thing.

Through endless spans of time,  
 Description by word.  
 Of, this is unheard.  
 One could write no such rhyme.

But what is heard?  
 Noise transcends to sound.  
 Sound to music which will abound.  
 Unleashed, it floats around,  
 Fly, graceful bird.

Soar into the heavens!  
 Past sight of my Eye!  
 Glide on wind without fear!  
 Carry song spiraling upward!  
 !INTO THE SKY!  
 !FLY!  
 ...for all to hear!

Linger on,  
 But not too long.  
 Soon you are gone.  
 And I am lost without song.

## 9

### *Visions in the Winds...*

I heard it said,  
That time is about dead.  
But uncertainty  
Overwhelms me.  
For this world spins on  
Like a never ending song.  
The winds still breathe hope,  
And visions dance  
Like puppets on a rope.  
But war throws it's lance,  
Making you and I wonder  
What lay ahead.  
Will time truly be dead?  
Oh, we can sit and ponder,  
Frightening ourself  
As death is taken from the shelf.

I heard it said  
That people can't survive.  
But I know it's a lie.  
For I'm not dead,  
And thoughts grow in my head.  
How high is the number  
That tells of my days.  
When will I blunder?  
But the wind blows high over ahead,  
and it says I'm not dead.  
For with it comes hope.  
And if I'm conscious  
Of the expression,  
The words form vision.  
With this view of life,  
I might still have strife,  
But I won't have to run and hide  
When times require that I survive.

### *Almost...*

28 May 2000

I almost remember your voice.  
Slowly forgetting is not by choice.  
I almost remember your smell.  
Recalling is a kin to walking through Hell.  
I almost remember your hair.  
In my fingers... it's almost there.  
I almost remember your skin.  
The memories are wearing thin.  
I almost remember your smile.  
Fading...I tried not to beguile.  
I almost remember how you feel.  
Pressed in my arms, oh so real.  
I try not to forget you.  
But almost remembering is the best I can do.

The following poems were all published in the NewsBetter. For anyone who knows of the infamous publication, the poems may make more sense. If you know nothing of The NewsBetter, then know this - it wasn't always serious...but it was of enlightenment! The following was the disclaimer, and after that are the poems I wrote for the NewsBetter.

This document has been rated

PU

Political Uncorrect

By MRW Programs Anonymous for the following reasons:

This document may contain unnecessary humor along with political uncorrectness. Also may contain misspelled words and/or incorrect use of cinnamons and their meanings. The page format may not be correctly aligned. Time warp theorems are always in effect except for when they are not. Point in case, next week. And laws of Physics do not always add up unless strenuous circumstances apply, causing needed force. Along with the mentioned, there is what is listed below, or the unmentioned.

--MRW Programs Anonymous

### *Summer*

in the summer, life returns.  
 only to die with the winter.  
 if only I knew why  
 people must live only to die.  
 sure. death is a must.  
 and so is rust.  
 the earth spins on, but it won't be long,  
 until it stops.  
 until the sun drops  
 never to return.  
 we look and find little,  
 we find little, so we look a lot.  
 but we never find what we must,  
 just a lost of rust.  
 OH! we come from dust, and die we must!

### *Beyond Mind's Seam*

I once dreamt a dream.  
 Of a land beyond my mind's seam.  
 It was a fine dream to dream, for...  
 People were laughing,  
 People were crying,  
 People were filled with sorrow,  
 But had no care of tomorrow.  
 People were filled with joy,  
 Like a kid with a new toy.  
 People were running.  
 People were standing still.  
 People were talking,  
 People were saying nill.  
 But most importantly,  
 People were living.

in the early evening,  
 at a wall, I did stare.  
 something stirred in the air.  
 STIR! That's a great idea!  
 I ran to the fridge  
 as fast as falling off London Bridge  
 the cool fridge air was nippy  
 as I poured out the Pepsi  
 into my glass  
 and over the ice.  
 (I pulled that one out of my a...butt)  
 next I stirred my Jack  
 and tilted my head back.  
 now airthing stirs in the some!  
 (This poem is kinda dumb!)

## Buckingham to Shakespeare

Since the beginning of time,  
 Mankind has tried to rhyme.  
 He even tried to make words sound the same.  
 Butt sewn hee gought board uf thu gaim,  
 Now, man makes funny phrases.  
 And looks at the stars as he gazes.  
 I know this all,  
 Because I am the modern Poetry historical.  
 of which I list in order, categorical.  
 It starts in the garden,  
 When Adam saw a woman, beg your pardon.  
 Then came the Duke of Buckingham,  
 Who made poetry a bloody mess,  
 And to that, I do attest!  
 Playing his part came Shakespeare.  
 A word thy gracious soul could thou not hear.  
 And then came Coors, with that nasty tasting beer.  
 But don't forget the future oh so near!  
 That Treck is our Final Frontier.

## *I'm not you!*

By MRW

If I were you,  
 And I were to look at me,  
 Then maybe I could see myself.  
 But since you aren't I,  
 And I aren't you,  
 Then the mirror,  
 will hafta' do.  
 But if I could be you,  
 Then a mirror would hold a different point of view.

Win 95

They say I should buy,  
But no one will tell why.  
Run it, I try,  
But my computer I fry.  
So why should I buy  
Windows 95.  
The name does not make me high,  
Buy rather my bill, I want to cry.  
Because I buy  
Windows 95  
A fix is near by.  
Notice, did I;  
you can find DOS  
In Windows 95  
So to all, goodbye!  
good buy?

Or maybe I should waits,  
I heard something from Gates.  
"a little fix,  
something on disk.  
I think I'll call this  
Windows 96!  
And if that don't fly  
Stick a needle in my eye.  
Windows 97 I'll try! "

Oh, don't be late,  
Run to the gate!  
For not long a wait,  
I can see from here,  
it's all too clear.  
One phrase among all,  
Standing proud and tall.  
This program lasts til the end,  
and say I my friend...

**DOS RULES!**

## Poetry Department of Revecanoes

With the bright snow that flies so white,  
 Comes a loud whisper in the night.  
 "Tonight is the night", it laughs  
 Then runs away like a heard of giraffes.  
 With a knock at my door,  
 I wonder what on Earth  
 Are these people here for.

The drifts gather in height,  
 All small mountains made of white.  
 The sun has drowned out the night,  
 But I feel better, even though so slight.  
 Til I remember the knock at my door,  
 sounding louder than before.  
 I took out the window and what do I see?  
 Someone lost in this white sea,  
 Staring back at me.  
 I see one, then two  
 Sitting in their department canoe.  
 A member of MAC Revenue,  
 Eating Elmer's Glue.

I close my eyes and wake from my sleep.

(Not Titled)

Time has not, nor will not separate us.  
 Distance neither, cause I can take a bus.  
 I am far from you,  
 Only when I stop thinking of you.  
 And that is so difficult to do.  
 I tried once, twice, or more,  
 But you keep knocking on my mind's door.  
 Mountains have put distance between us,  
 But only for a short time.  
 At Dawn we'll be together,  
 Your hand in mine,  
 Dining on each other's words,  
 Side by side we go through life,  
 Through good and through strife.  
 For you see,  
 We are connected mentally,  
 The way it must be.  
 - 5 Aug 1994, MRW

## The Trash Can and Me

As I sit here, bored as can be,  
 I notice a trash can staring back at me.  
 At first, I want to look away,  
 But it had something to say.  
 It's stare was not harsh, not impolite,  
 Just tired that others can't see the light.  
 "What Light?" I ask of the can.  
 "Are you as blind as a frying pan?"  
 And then I begin to see,  
 Why the trash can is staring at me.  
 At first, I thought I can't be right,  
 But I grokked it quite.  
 "Now do you see what's inside?"  
 Asked the trash can with pride.  
 "I understand I judged you wrong  
 For without your job, you'd be gone.  
 How Can I ever thank you enough  
 For being so tough?  
 I judged you by what I thought you did,  
 Not by what I know you to do.  
 Forgive me, kid,  
 For you've kept gum off my shoe!"  
 The trashcan beamed with glee,  
 For I was the first that was able to see  
 The Trashcan does so much for you and me,  
 Yet we pass it by,  
 Without so much as a Blink of an eye.  
 I bowed my head in shame,  
 I had disgraced the can's name.  
 I'll Never look at one the same,  
 Knowing the job they do  
 Does more than keep gum off my shoe.  
 How many others have I judged this way?  
 Condemning before anything they could say.  
 The trashcan deserves my respect,  
 And that it shall now get.  
 For I judged it by what I thought I knew,  
 Instead of the job it will always honorably do.  
 -Nov 1996, MRW

## Afternoons and Monkey Wrenches By MRW

as time goes by  
 we give life a good try  
 but as time wears on  
 we'd rather be gone  
 for work days are too long  
 and being a bum is wrong  
 so I stick my gum  
 under a park bench  
 and drink a little more rum  
 then throw another monkey wrench  
 into the gears of life!  
 (because the last line don't rhyme, I have strife!)

## Poetry and Other things like that!

I sat down one night,  
 To view TV alright.  
 But instead fell asleep.  
 A sleep so deep!  
 I was suddenly transformed,  
 And now shorter than beformed.  
 I tried standing up,  
 To get a drink from my cup,  
 But to no result,  
 I would have to catapult!  
 Looking around,  
 I noticed I was lying on the ground.  
 I looked at my hand,  
 But was greeted by the sand.  
 If only I could see what I be,  
 I might reverse this spell on me.  
 A curse to the end,  
 Too late, a shoe turned me into a sticky goo!  
 -Feb 1996, MRW

### Poetry

By MRW

"Ashes to ashes, dust to dust..."  
 The final recognition of the person is made,  
 and they are laid  
 into the ground,  
 there to rot, decompose,  
 and stay, year round.  
 The dirt and their coffin,  
 sealing and sound,  
 Made by the world a rockin'.  
 With the lid sealed tight,  
 the stay there, day and night.  
 But soon the bugs and worms creep in,  
 finding shelter within.  
 And above thy body without much soul,  
 The grass grows, hiding the fresh hole.  
 But before long,  
 the world doesn't care that your gone.  
 Except when reminded by a sad song.  
 And a note or two,  
 that was in the mail a little too long.

*I might not*

For my sister, Ann

Sitting here looking out my window,  
Thinking of what to do.  
Maybe go see the farm,  
Well, I might not.  
I think just stay at home,  
Talking on the phone.  
Naw, that numbs my arm  
So, I might not.  
Maybe go see a Movie  
A good one, something moving.  
That's not very fun,  
I guess I might not.  
Just go to bed,  
Dream the dreams in my head.  
I'm tired of being on the run,  
Then again, I might not.  
Spend time alone,  
No talking on the phone,  
Spend time here, relax.  
Stop grinding my ax.  
Just sit and learn,  
Put my candle on slow burn.  
That's what I'll do.  
Kick off my shoe.  
Well, then again...I might not.  
(thanks Ann, for the inspiration! MRW)

## Just not Today.

By MRW

Today is today, but tomorrow, that is another Today Tomorrow.

For if I lost to day, I'd have to live in tomorrow,

Or just be stuck in Yesterday's tomorrow,

But that is today, and I lost today

But was it tomorrow's yesterday?

Or yesterday's tomorrow?

OH! This riddle gives my heart sorrow

Maybe I can get the answer tomorrow!

I just made the poem up just now,

so if'n's it don't sound right

Don't call me too bright

Just say it sounds alright!

But don't belittle my heart

All filled with sorrow

I'm doing my part

To find today,

Let alone tomorrow!

I guess I should have looked Yesterday!

But that is another day

Or maybe another way

To get to tomorrow yesterday.

Or get to yesterday tomorrow.

Either way I end up with Today!

SO now that I've found today,

I'll just keep it until Tomorrow!

But tomorrow from yesterday?

Or tomorrow from today?

After all,

I have all three

And my heart is filled with glee!

*(no title) -March 1996-MRW*

What is this I see?  
 Oh can it be?  
 Yes, beyond belief,  
 It gives me grief!  
 It makes me tremble,  
 and feel squeezed at my temple!  
 My stomach starts to queeze,  
 and my lungs, wheeze.  
 My fingers begin to rust,  
 as I pull the keyboard from the dust.  
 I try to type,  
 But it don't understand all that hype.  
 Oh, what to do?  
 It's like gum under a shoe!  
 OH! WHAT TO DO?  
 There's no DOS or OS/2,  
 but graphics I do view!  
 Now it's gonna' be hard to hack,  
 For I'm sure they've given me a MAC!!!!  
 But the logo says "compaq",  
 Then I realize, this Jive  
 Is Windows '95!

**As.**

By MRW

As most sayings go,  
 This one, you might know.  
 As time ticks tocks,  
 Birds still fly in flocks.  
 As rain comes down,  
 It washes away the brown.  
 As the world spins on,  
 People sing the same song.  
 As the sun glows,  
 A new day grows.  
 And, for you and me,  
 That's the way it's gotta be,  
 Until we pass on,  
 To sing our new song.