

Questions Make Solutions

Gracie Mansion now points
inwardly successful to 9/11.
The hawks angle, streak into the park
from home across the street
deposed now, no solution
at home – welcome home?

My friend Jack III, asks
poetry to form and sweeten
solutions or not.

Questions mirror on human faces,
New Orleans lost in a storm,
wake up this morn, bugging
the system for solutions
out of this natural craziness.

Our public cries for
no more failures.
It's been a failing decade.
Where are our solutions?

Wake up poets with your rants!
What's the future?
A scrapbook of time floats
in surly aquatic mess
not wanted by
the shaken young mother.
She cries for two lost
children, half dipped
in poisoned water.

The Republic's morale
teeters from these salted
open wounds and
garbage ethics.

Poets, where are your
songs of sweet solutions?
We hear only delay
and postponements.
Where are your cries
for beginnings to question

whether or whether not?

Like a live oak tree
which sheds its teary leaves
upon these western hills,
our leaders must cry
but not fear,
begin setting matters right.

Poets round up
everyday metaphors
that define goals.
Every thought equals language
that is external and public
and it has motion,
it is its own mathematics.
Thoughts accurately represent
sequences of written symbols.

Force yourselves dear poets,
in rational thoughts
with systematic universal principles,
treat reason just as well
and lead today.

Civilization is becoming thinner,
human nature is violent,
our environment breaking
this uncertain moral makeover
prescribes more evil.

My dear poets, how are
you doing today?