

Poems and Stories

Thursday, January 16, 2014

It's a new day for poems and stories, and maybe a song or two. Who knows where this new chapter will lead?

Of course, not a poem, story, or song in sight yet. But who cares? As long as I'm writing something!

THE ADVENTURES OF TOM IN NEVER-ALWAYS LAND

Wrestle with the Monster

Tom's felt lost and alone. His tiny arteries couldn't hold the massive fluids of misery flowing through them. With no direction home or purpose to drive him, he sat, stolid and solid, in his bathtub home, waiting for the resurrection.

Suddenly, the good angel, Bartholomewette descended from heaven. Her balmy, bath voice soothed his jagged jaw.

"My darling, Tom," she cooed, "wading a celestial hand over his flaccid brain. "Do not despair, my young flaccid. An elective erectile resurrection is in sight. I know the cure for you. Fluids can be purchased at your local pharmacy." She handed him a roll of toilet paper. "Write down this prescription immediately. Use hand lotion. Then run along, my laddie. Get thee to a pharmacy!" And the cute angel Bartholomewette whisked herself through the window, across the roof and hopped a space shuttle to Mars.

Tom lay in his tub, baffled but hopeful. He rose, tied a towel round his waist, slipped into slippers, and headed for the local CVS-DDT Pharmacy.

Walking through its pearl-lined doorway, carrying his recently printed 3D gun, he met the angel's nephew, Mighty Clerk, Less Lee Bartholomew.

"My quiet pumpkin and young wire," the Mighty Less greeted him, "What the holey hell are you doing here?"

"I'm here to collect my walnuts, Tom answered. "And you'd better give them to me immediately or I'll shoot you with my printed gun."

"Hmm, technology wins every time," Less Lee stuttered. "Please, don't shoot." He arm shot up to the resurrection shelf. There he found a large jar of the needed (Resurrection) pills. "Take these. The substances are hidden in this giant bottle. Do not open. Swallow the entire bottle in one gulp, and you'll be quickly and easily cured."

"But, swallowing an entire bottle will kill me."

"Precisely."

"I don't want to die."

"Without death, one cannot be resurrected."

"Ah, how wise you are. You are really Morely (More Lee) than Leslie (Less Lee)."

Tom grabbed the bottle, swallowed it, and dropped dead.

Sirens wailed. The Resurrection brigade ambulance rushed to the pharmacy door.

"Which graveyard do you prefer?" asked the kindly attendant in the white suit and black hat.

"We don't do resurrections. Less Lee apologized. "Take him across the bridge to Bergen County. Let New Jersey do the job."

Friday, January 17, 2014

The "Too Good" Headache

Tom's morning blaster was a rolling headache pounder. Stretching misery descended upon his skull through metamorphic heaven-crushing and earth-besplattering Niceness, coupled with a desire to please. Added significant sniffles and a tendency to crush and destroy completed the effort.

No rolling dopamine, serotonin or tryptophan.

Yet this poetic tendency dribbled into distraction.

Tom dropped the whole thing and went about his business.

This was really a “too good” headache. Everything was going well. A very good day in the stock market. He was feeling very satisfied. There was today nothing that he had to do. Free! He could do whatever he wanted, and this included nothing.

And the “too good” headache descended.

(Could this be found in the knees/leg ache, too?)

Saturday, January 18, 2014

Playing the Millionaire Game

Tom felt enslaved by this useless desire to become a millionaire. And why? To fill the deep emptiness he felt, the purposeless and undefined existence, the cloud of aimlessness, lack of clarity hovering overhead, the amorphous shape of his present life.

All goals seemed empty and useless. The former joys and fulfillment through writing, music, folk dance, even business and travel, and study, all dissipated and washed away in a sea of so-called success. Or was it something beyond success, something different and until this day, unknown to him? Something new, vital and frightening? He didn't know.

Nevertheless, a black cloud descended upon him each morning. And now, it took the shape of an unhealthy desire to become a millionaire for “no apparent reason” other than, “I've never been there or done that” and “it might be fun.”

Yes, there was love, dynamism and wonder in becoming an artist, in playing glorious violin, and sounding like the stars-gods on stage who created such magnificence. He had then heroes to guide him, artistic accomplishments to aim for, celestial goals to guide him. And ultimately, to be respected and admired by others, the audience of so-called future parents of his life.

But somehow now, all these old purposes and goals had dribbled away. He was left with the emptiness of mere millionairehood to reach for an achieve. And, if ever reached, what then? He couldn't think of a thing.

Of course, what did he attain when reaching artistic maturity, giving concerts, playing gorgeous violin to adoring crowds? Yes, they loved it, and he loved playing.

Was becoming a millionaire and playing the money game before others similar to giving a concert? Would others admire his finances, respect his stock market trading skills, and enjoy his money just the way they enjoyed his music?

Was it only a matter of pleasing others, receiving their approval? There was indeed a good-in-itself, beauty-in-itself in creating music. Writing and art, too. But money making? Trading stocks? Was this not a vile trait, dirty, misleading, and awful? Dwelling only in means to an end. What would mother say?

The Backwards Slider

“Meaning will always dribble away,” said Tom Prendergast as he sat on his toad stool knitting a Swiss cap.