

He traces the window Pain  
full of thoughts, fraughts, and broken dreams

She searches for Meaning  
less one bottle of wine, and much less time

They meet on the battlefield, ready for War  
fare skinned and ready, she arrives

She is looking for a Man  
kind and gentle

He is looking for a Girl  
friend or foe

They talk but share nothing More  
over coffee and cigarettes

She expects a MAN, a King  
pinned on the walls of great buildings

He expects a WOMAN, a Lady  
bird who soars high and sings to angels

She meets a broken Toy  
man of a thousand small cuts

He meets a drunken Fool  
proof that nature never loses

They dare not stray into no man's Land  
locked in their bunkers, they lob shells

They strike, and collide, and battle, and fight, and duel, and skirmish  
They bleed, they grieve, they mourn, they ache, they weep, they suffer

Somewhere in the middle, they dream together of houses  
With broken window panes and empty hallways  
Waiting for someone... anyone

To fill it with laughter and lunatics

life is hard for an insomniac  
i wink at the moon  
the moon winks back

i'm free of the people and their awful scowls  
now they're in bed  
it's just me and the owls

wandering the streets i look right i look left  
a fox passes quickly  
i must have acquiesced

looking up i notice the creature  
a small dot pointing north  
the great celestial teacher

to think tomorrow this street will be packed  
my life is devoid  
of human contact

i have the night i have the trees  
but they cannot hear  
this common man's pleas

i feel so at peace i fell so alive  
will i be alone  
when i turn ninety-five

the streetlamps hum their quiet yellow song  
moths circle close  
even they still belong

i want to run back to the park to my home  
to close my eyes  
but for this damned syndrome

i feel this time cannot help out  
for just one nights sleep  
i'd be a christian devout

still i stay i don't dream about leaving  
just a while longer  
it's a fine night to have an evening

Wilhelm is the Wizard of Waterdeep  
He cannot forget, nor can he sleep

Imagine the world in which Wilhelm survives  
Full of wizards, ogres, and thieves with big knives

People come from miles around  
To hear of tales of the creatures Wilhelm has downed

The children sit and ask him to tell  
Of the dragon that fought strong but in the end fell

Wilhelm tells the kids of the dragon  
Who he met on the road, devouring a covered wagon

“I shouted get back foul beast”  
“That’s when he looked up and the eating then ceased”

“He turned to me with one big smile”  
“And tried to turn me into one big rubble pile”

The kids would shout out and reenact the fight  
Of Wilhelm the Wizard of Waterdeep and the Dragon Zetite

Back and forth, the children would go  
Before Wilhelm would fell the monster and end the show

Wilhelm would look on at the mockingbirds  
But cannot forget the dragon's last words

“You have killed me at last, Wizard, oh my”  
“But you cannot forget the final blink of my eye”

Wilhelm will fight back the tears in his eyes  
As a young child asks him of his battle with Enothize

The Wizard Enothize was Wilhelm’s rival  
Who killed men with no chance of survival

Their battle was legendary, lasting for years  
It ended like most do with broken dreams and tears

Wilhelm caught the Wizard in the night  
He woke Enothize with a strong blue light

His staff was pointed at the Wizards' head  
With one false move, he would surely be dead

Enothize knew he had been beat  
But fought back with one quick feat

“You will kill me, old man, that is for sure”  
“But can you live with yourself, killing a man so premature”

“It is true I have killed men that were just going along”  
“But who are you to judge right from wrong”

One big flash and the wizard was gone  
But when Wilhelm leaves, the memories of the death come along

Of course, this is not the story Wilhelm tells the young child  
Instead, he regales him with a fake tale of exile

He has defeated dragons and wizards alike  
But he dreams to know what forgetting feels like

How far does rain fall?  
How quickly does it hit the ground?

Age holds no prejudice  
Age holds no hate  
I must make way for tomorrow  
As it may be too late

How far does rain fall?  
How much does it affect the Earth?

It's such a beautiful day, yet  
The moon sheds no light  
It's such a beautiful day, yet  
I lie awake all night

How far does rain fall?  
How much does it impact the ground?

I must run backward  
Yet those aren't the rules of the game  
I must run forwards  
Yet the future holds nothing but blame

How far does rain fall?  
How much do I yearn for the sun?

I must search for a new world  
I am consumed with fear  
I haven't found the answer yet  
The end is far too near

How far does rain fall?  
Am I just one big ticking clock?

How far does rain fall?  
How much does my umbrella block?

Wilhelm the Wizard of Waterdeep  
Could not talk, nor could he sleep

He wanted something not to steep  
For one good talk and a peaceful night's sleep

His life was hard, he lost many a wife  
If you cannot talk, you live a half-life

'Please say you love me just one time'  
Women would shout then step back in line

He would cry and whimper and moan all the while  
But not a peep escaped beyond his sorrowful smile

Alone once again Wilhelm would walk  
To forests deep, just him and his hawk

One night, deep in the forest  
He met a small man, one Edward Morris

Hello! the man said with a subtle small smile  
I can solve all your problems if you give me a while

Wilhelm nodded, he didn't know why  
This man seemed off, though only knee high

He could see that he looked like a common hell-raiser  
Having no voice makes one a good judge of character

The man was hiding something that much he could see  
But this small man could make him who he wants to be

Deep in thought Wilhelm looked to the sky  
Clouds covered the moon the sky would soon cry

With no help above Wilhelm looked down  
To the worms in the dirt to the bugs on the ground

They squiggled and squirmed but gave no advice  
For it was not them that lived a half-life

With nothing to do he made his own choice  
It was time now to let free his voice

Looking back to the man ready to nod  
Wilhelm was stopped by something quite odd

The hawk he held right on his shoulder  
Cried, 'Beware the truth that has been not told sir'

Heeding his warning the Wizard looked up  
And Morris stood taller than any grown pup

His smile grew wide, far wider than right  
His shadow stretched long in the moon-splitting night

The air turned sour, the forest grew still  
The worms ceased their squirming against their will

Where once stood Morris, so crooked and level  
There now stood the horned and waiting Red Devil

'Alas' he said 'your hawk is quite right'  
But can I not tempt you with speech and a long restful night

Wilhelm stood still and drew in a breath  
The kind one might take at the doorstep of death

He looked to his hawk with feathers aflare  
Then back to the Devil with fire in his stare

The forest held vigil, no cricket, no breeze  
Even the branches bent down to their knees

His chest rose once then rose once more  
As if weighing Heaven against some big chore

No one knows what happened that night  
Some say talk, some say fight

Wilhelm the Wizard of Waterdeep  
Could not talk, nor could he sleep

But one thing is true that is for certain  
Now Wilhelm can talk...  
but only to sheep.o

I sit in the dark without any light  
I'm cold  
And scared  
It's such a dark night

There are noises in the shadows that fill me with fright  
I'm cold  
And scared  
It's such a dark night

I look out, but your view is beyond my sight  
I'm cold  
And scared  
It's such a dark night

I'm waiting for something to come out and bite  
I'm cold  
And scared  
It's such a dark night

But then I see you, and the shadows disappear  
I'm warm  
And safe  
I feel you so near

You light flashes on me, you hold me so dear  
I'm warm  
And safe  
I feel you so near

I've known you forever; it's been such a good year  
I'm warm  
And safe  
I feel you so near

Alas, I have lost you, the light has gone out  
I'm cold  
And scared  
I need a strong knight

To his right to his left  
To his left and to his right  
These men will surely die tonight

To his right to his left  
To his left and to his right  
These elephants will not return

To his right to his left  
To his left and to his right  
The mountains surround them

To his right to his left  
To his left and to his right  
Who is he to condemn these men

To his right to his left  
To his left and to his right  
Let loose the wheel of time

To his right to his left  
To his left and to his right  
Let slip the dogs of war

To his right to his left  
To his left and to his right  
Hannibal has crossed the Alps

*Uncomfortable Comfortability or Eleanor*

*I was born sometime in October;  
my mother says it was raining that day.*

That was twenty-two years ago.  
She and I met today.  
It's been twenty minutes,  
and I've seen my own shoe laces more than her face.  
She is nervously fidgeting with her necklace,  
I would notice if I looked up,  
but I didn't so I don't.  
She makes me comfortable,  
and I her.  
So we sit together,  
in our uncomfortable comfortability.

That was twenty-three years ago.  
She is mad at me today,  
for one thing or another.  
I can't remember the one thing I did to the other  
so I can't call her back.  
She calls me first and reminds me of the one thing,  
so I apologize for the other.  
Then she yells at me,  
and I smile.  
She is my best friend  
and I hers.  
In this,  
we both play our parts.

That was twenty-six years ago.  
She told me she was pregnant yesterday,  
I asked how she knew,  
she told me, she just did.  
My son will be born sometime in October,  
I wonder if it will rain that day.  
She was my first time,  
and I hers.  
We will get married before the baby is born.

That was twenty-seven years ago.

*Uncomfortable Comfortability or Eleanor*

We lost our first son today,  
I think he would have had my eyes and her nose.  
We are getting married tomorrow,  
she doesn't want to walk the aisle anymore,  
I don't want to stand at the altar.  
But she has me,  
and I her.  
So,  
she buys me shoes without laces,  
and I buy her a necklace without a chain,  
and we get married.  
Alone together,  
at city hall.

That was thirty years ago.  
Our first son was born today.  
I was right,  
he has my eyes and her nose.  
We are big together in this small room,  
the three of us.  
Our son has me,  
and I her.  
He will grow to be strong,  
I will make it true.  
He will grow to be kind,  
She will make it so.  
Together,  
we stare at him and,  
are scared and happy and nervous and alone and together.

That was forty-eight years ago.  
Our son went off to college today.  
We drove together,  
the three of us.  
Like that first day in the hospital,  
and she thought about the son we lost,  
and I about the son we were losing.  
And we cried,  
until we laughed.  
And we said goodbye,

*Uncomfortable Comfortability or Eleanor*

but not forever,  
for she has me,  
and I her.  
So we danced together,  
in our sadness.

That was fifty-three years ago.  
We had our anniversary today,  
in uncomfortable comfortability.  
Two children at the beginning of it all,  
again.  
We wonder together what the next thirty years will hold,  
we laugh together about what the previous held.  
It is going to be hard growing old,  
and staying young.  
But she will have me  
and I her.  
And together we will fill it with laughter,  
again.

That was fifty-eight years ago.  
Her mother died today.  
She was old,  
it didn't hurt any less.  
She felt like my mother,  
in the end.  
And I remembered her fondly.  
She is an orphan now,  
in her sixties.  
Joining me in my orphan-hood.  
A paradox we will laugh about,  
but not today.  
Today is a sad day.  
But she has me,  
and I her,  
and tomorrow we will laugh again,  
and maybe the day after that, cry.

That was seventy-eight years ago.  
Eleanor died today,

*Uncomfortable Comfortability or Eleanor*

somewhere in October.  
My mother was wrong,  
the skies are clear.  
She was buried next to her father,  
and mine,  
she wanted it that way.  
I said goodbye the only way I knew how,  
in uncomfortable comfortability.  
My son watched,  
now I have him,  
and he me.

That was eighty-five years ago.  
I am a grandfather today.  
Our son had a daughter,  
and I,  
a miracle.  
She has her father's eyes and her grandmother's nose.  
I miss my Eleanor today,  
but I hold our granddaughter.  
And I remember her,  
and our Son remembers her,  
and someday so will our granddaughter.  
For she has me,  
I her,  
and together,  
Eleanor.