MEDITATION AT STIRLING CASTLE

And Other Poems

Colin A. Ross, M.D.

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INTRODUCTION

This is my fourth volume of poetry along with *Adenocarcinoma and Other Poems* (1984), *Songs for Two Children* (2004), and *Shakespeare's Tragedies and Other Poems* (2015). Poems from the 1984 collection were published in *The Lancet* and *The Canadian Journal of Psychiatry*. As you will see, most of the poems are in rhyming couplets, usually with eight or ten syllables per line.

The poems in this volume span a range of different interests. The poem, The Trump Card, refers to my book by that name. The poem on the eyebeam refers to the opening section of T.S. Eliot's *Four Quartets* and to my work on human energy fields and what I call human ocular extramission in my scientific writings (see www.rossenergysystems.com). Other references in other poems should not be obscure so I haven't provided footnotes or references for them. Readers outside Canada might not know that a toonie is the two-dollar coin in Canada. I am Canadian by birth with Scottish ancestry, hence the topics of several of the poems. Rin Tin Tin was a German Shepherd star of a 1950's TV show and Tintin is a comic book character. Leopold Blood is the main Character in James Joyce's *Ulysses*. The cover photo depicts a Celtic cross on the Scottish island of Iona.

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Colin A. Ross, M.D.
May, 2019

MEDITATION AT STIRLING CASTLE

The world on its windy wet way whirls west
To east. Many men, martyred, gave their best
Blood, breath, and life at Stirling, Scot on Scot
Or Scot on Englishman, for faith they fought
Or gold but bled and died below stone walls
While queens and princes walked the Stirling halls.
They too would learn that human blood can spill
From veins of those who jealous nobles kill.
Great gowns and balls and feasts, laughter and song
Rang out at Stirling, melodic and strong
Like Scottish blood. Scots broke, defeated, bled
And lost control while rivers flowed blood red
By Stirling stones and Scot tartans were dead
That should have ruled but soon they rose instead
And Stirling heard the shout of Scottish men
Scots lasses loved on heath and in the glen
And all was good while the wet world whirled west
And the sun set but rose again, a guest
That shone on Stirling stone where men had fought,
For God. And a big beech tree stood and caught
The sun with chlorophyll today: I sat
Within its field of energy and knew that that
Was good, to be where Scottish blood had spilt.
Ross hunting plaid could make a Scottish kilt
For me and I could make a Scottish rhyme
To celebrate the stones I sit upon in time.
Here are earth, sun and a beech tree, its great
Thirst for water, sun and soil, and its fate
To watch these humans walk, talk, but not see
The living soul of Stirling’s living tree
That rings as loud as any church’s bell
Its leaves in Heaven and its roots in Hell
Rings out rings true and reaches for the soul
Of one who sits to try to make him whole.
I thank thee tree for thy great gift to me
To drink from thy wood cup and then to see

The wet world whirling west to east, to feast
On life like any bird or fish or beast
Would do to know these stones and those so old
Who lived at Skara Brae in that world cold
And damp and so windy. I stood on high
On Ben Nevis on snow and in the sky
And knew the earth, sun, sky and felt the thirst
Of legs for rest that said this climb was first
On their long list of walks and that was good
With them: they'd climb it faster if they could
Just short of sixty-five but still Scots strong
And still the singer of a Scottish song.

MEDITATION ON IONA

Scot sacred soil no man can make, just God
Who knows those buried in Iona's sod.
Leckie lucky with a wild wench I went
Where the Scottish daylight's last light is spent
Where St. Columbus trod and raised a roof
A spire of stone a rock that gave us proof
Of everlasting life where I will go
Again that much I pledge that much I know.

MICAELA ROSS PRAYER

Sad letters sent to dearest her who lives
Two miles, or less, from me – each letter gives
Tears back to me, unsent, silent, then every day
I write one more that will not find its way
To her. That silence loud, that loss so deep
Can't be forgotten, Lord, in death or sleep.
And so I pray that she not seal with hate
Her love for me under an iron plate
Inside her mind, a daughter lost to me
And to herself. I pray her soul's set free.

Composed July 5, 2005
American Airlines Flight 641
Dallas-Calgary

DOCTOR DAD

Here is my only Doctor Dad.
No girl would worry if she had
A doctor for her only dad.

I need not worry ‘cause he’s mine.
By day or night I feel just fine.
My doctor’s there come rain or shine.

When I got sick he cried and cried
He said he’d miss me if I died.
I know how my dad feels inside.

Leukemia is my disease.
It’s not like scrapes on shins or knees.
I asked it not to kill me, please.

Inside my blood there’s something wrong.
My medicine is very strong.
It makes me sick. The days are long.

These pills! They made my hair fall out.
Inside my mouth bad sores came out
And then I could not laugh or shout.

Here is my only Doctor Dad.
No girl would worry if she had
A doctor for her only dad.

I’m getting better every day.
I soon will run and jump and play
Like other kids who aren’t this way.

The hospital has been my home
For weeks and so I wrote a poem
For you to read at school or home.

Some kids get sick like me and die.

I don’t know how, I don’t know why.
I know the doctors try and try.

I’m sleeping better now at night.
I’m not so pale and thin and white.
Pretty soon I’ll be all right.

Here is my only Doctor Dad.
No girl would worry if she had
A doctor for her only dad.

At night before I go to sleep
I pray the Lord my soul to keep.
I need not cry, I need not weep;

I tell that to my Doctor Dad.
The nurses know I’m sometimes sad
Because I’m sick, and sometimes mad!

I often think of all the fun
I’ve had in summer air and sun,
Of games I played and lost or won.

I am a girl like other girls.
I like straight hair and hair in curls.
I like my classmates, boys and girls.

I like it when the air is still.
Because, you see, I’m very ill
I must not get a cold or chill.

Here is my only Doctor Dad.
No girl would worry if she had
A doctor for her only dad.

The kids in my class once came here
To bring me toys and Christmas cheer
But some of them would not come near.

Till I told them not to worry

Some kids seemed in quite a hurry.
They brought a bear, and boy it's furry!

Sometimes I get an I.V. in.
The doctor pokes it through my skin.
That's when my chemo will begin.

The nurses here are very good.
They treat me like all nurses should.
I'd take one home - I wish I could!

Here is my only Doctor Dad.
No girl would worry if she had
A doctor for her only dad.

I have a dog at home. He's black.
My friends all call him Whiskey Jack.
I can go riding on his back.

I have a room at home that's small
It has a bed but that's not all –
It has a phone for friends to call.

When I get home I'll have to rest.
The doctor says that would be best.
I'll have my dog for friend and guest.

My people friends will phone each day
And when I'm better we will play
And tease my good old Whiskey Jay.

My dad will come and talk to me
And let me sit upon his knee
And so will mom. You wait and see!

Here is my only Doctor Dad.
No girl would worry if she had
A doctor for her only dad.

FRAGMENTS FROM A PLAY

NARRATOR:

The bright daylight can dim the dark, but night
Is victor in a daily cosmic fight.
The dusk can close day's eye, can put a lid
On light, the sun, and life, all those now hid
Beneath a cloak that covers Mother Earth.
Before its end you'll see our play give birth
To death, blood and sorrow. Our spirit war
Will soon be done. Till then our tale has more
To tell than's known in Heaven and in Hell.
Those soldiers lose who play their game least well:
The dark, the light, the good, the bad will fight
To prove who's wrong, and who is good and right.

CONGREGANT:

Reverend, read
My mind, my soul
Then plant the seed
That makes men whole
The Word of Words
The Book of Books
The rule of thirds
The death of crooks
Upon a cross
Upon a hill
Was Heaven's loss.
Our God we kill.
We mourn His death
But then we sing
He gave His breath
He then took wing.
His spirit soared
His soul took flight
His side was gored
And that was right.

He spoke His Word
And gave us sight.
I have not heard
But hope I might.

It’s true my friend
His Word is good
And in the end
The cross was wood
It rots away
Yet still a rock
Supports the day.
Although a clock
Ticks out our time
We live on earth
We all must climb
From birth to death
That too high hill
That we call life.
We then fall ill
And end our life.
The soul lives on
As we get moved
If king or pawn
Our good is proved
Our death is mourned
By those behind
Let them be warned
That they are blind.

I see the light
That rises east
To kill the night
And slay the beast.
I seek a truth
That once was told
By one wise youth
Who yet was old.
He saved the world
His gift I’m told.

My soul is curled
And can't be cold
Beside His feet
I fear no harm
When near His seat
Beside His arm.

REVEREND:

The church was built upon a rock
And yet at times we must take stock
Our faith is sand, it shifts and flows
Whichever way the wind now blows
We seek a firmer ground to stand
Not fall from grace, from God be banned.
Who holds the key, who holds my heart?
The One who's been here from the start
Who built the world Who built the earth
In His great grasp we find our worth.
We call Him Lord, we call Him Ghost
The one we've lost we need the most
We lose the path we lose the Way
We wander lost by night and day.

CONGREGATION:

Amen.

REVEREND:

But then we see a star that's bright
That leads us in the Way that's right
It leads us to a manger good
All men would go there if they could
As women would and children too
To find a Word that's old but new
Writ in a book that all should read
In their worst hour of pain and need
That way their souls can all be freed.

CONGREGATION:

Amen.

REVEREND:

And now a passage from that Book
Let's find the page and take a look:
I seek an angel come to fight
To save my soul from dark and night
In these pages I found the Word
And now I share what I have heard
A song that's sung upon a hill
Where we are never sick or ill
A hill where a now risen King
Stands strong and many angels sing.

CONGREGATION:

Amen. Amen.

The Reverend picks up a Bible and is about to read from it. Then he puts the Bible down.

REVEREND:

Instead of reading let us sing
And let the good Word loudly ring.
Our minstrel brings his wood guitar
To help us find that holy star.

STICKS AND STONES, JONES

Well that's just silly, Willy.
You're not so fancy, Nancy
And I don't like your fart, Bart
You always take the piss, Chris
Why don't you take a hike, Mike
You're really bad in bed, Fred
You smell like you are dead, Ted
You're cruisin' for a bruisin', Susan
You ever gonna play, Mae?
Your plan will never fly, Sly
Your movie's sure to bomb, Tom
Your career is sure in peril, Meryl
Your acting isn't fab, Tab
You're gonna go to Hell, Mel
Your wife's a bloody cheater, Peter
You're just a droopy dick, Nick
Now you're pooping in a pan, Ann
I'm really not a fan, Stan
You think you are the boss, Ross?
You are downright scary, Mary
Well now you're ballin', Colin
You're sure a sight to see, Lee
I'd say you are a knave, Dave
Your brain on drugs is fryin', Brian
I'll see you in the gym, Jim
It's true that you are daffy, Taffy
See you in the lobby, Bobby
Well, well, well, well, Nel
Oh come on now gimme one, Simeon
You're talking nonsense bandrew, Andrew
Life has not been fair, Claire
My favorite fruit's banana, Dana
Don't live your life in fear, Keir
Just do what I say, Micae
Blimey you great bleedin' burk, Kirk
Your looks are just so so, Joe

You're just a slimy slob, Bob
Now that's a great choice, Joyce
You're gonna take the fall, Paul
Eat all that's on your plate, Nate
Hey, pass the salt, Walt
You'll never win that bet, Jeannette
Sure, blame it on the ref, Jeff
Give that door a jimmy, Jimmy
They like your style in France, Lance
You think you are the man, Dan
Don't be so damn choosy, Susie
See you on the ferry, Terry
You think that is the truth, Ruth?
Well holy shit and God damn, Sam
Now quit your swearin', Karen
And act your age, Paige
You're just a chicken head, Red
That's all I'm gonna take, Blake
How's your swingin' dick, Mick?
So that is where we're at, Pat
You're bad in bed I said, Ned
Your glass has got no stem, Clem
Your kind should be outlawed, Claude
You're just a country hick, Nick
They cut you from the chorus, Morris
I just don't give a damn, Pam
Your hair is pretty scary, Harry
You're one I wouldn't date, Kate
You really shouldn't gorge, George
You're the last one I would call, Saul
You are one sad mother, Brother
Your face is one big blister, Sister
I'd rather have another, Mother
Oh yeah you're really bad, Dad
With you I am completely done, Son
Just take me to the slaughter, Daughter
Or stick me with a knife, Wife
I'm done with sticks and stones, Bones
That's all I've got to say, Clay

INSULT AT A PUB

How now brown cow sweet sow
How then red hen and when?
Say what say why say where
And how and when it’s fair
To say is modern talk
But who will walk the walk
And put the thermos down?
Not you you sodden clown.

TWEEDLE DUMPTY DUMPTY DEE

Tweedle dumpty dumpty dee
Tried to piss but couldn’t pee
They put him in a pumpkin shell
And there they kept him very well
They took him down to town to see
A doctor who could set him free
There Cathy Catheter set him up
So he could catch it in a cup
And that is how his pee was cured
So then he went to Doctor Turd
Because his stool was stuck real fast
And only empty gas was passed
There Thumbkins Rectal saved the day
And now old Tweedle’s good to play.

A GAMBLER'S LAMENT

My guess is yes
My bet is set
My luck unstuck
I know although
I choose to lose
To win is sin
And so I go
Up down a clown
No end my friend
To this no bliss
Just debt I bet
And yet I bet
Not once a dunce
But twice then thrice
And so I go
I'm high I cry
I lose I choose
A curse that's worse
Than booze I lose
My mind I find
I need to bleed
To pay my way
To find my mind
You stole my soul
Bad luck don't fuck
With me – you'll see
I'm tough enough
I seek one streak
That's all, my fall
Is blocked, fate knocked
My sum will come
No dice can twice
Rob me you see.

CHRISTMAS CHEER

Never a Christmas with my folk and that’s no joke.
Now never a Christmas with a kid, and that’s no fib.
A divorce decree can sure reach far. No star
That shines can change the play, or so they say.
It’s writ for all to read and see and so for me
Never a Christmas with the dead, or me it’s said.

FREE VERSE

It’s free, but it ain’t worth nothin’

OK OK forgive me Father for I have sinned
Ain’t no difference between a stoned hippie at Woodstock
And Nijinsky – it’s art if I say it’s art
I should be able to get into the Bolshoi Ballet
Because who’s to say what’s art and what’s not?
Them Bolshoi snobs ain’t buyin’ it
But the CanLit boys are – we got them snookered
Hoowah

THE FLU VACCINE

My friend, trivalent flu vaccines exceed
EPA limits for mercury. Need
I say more? I mean per fluid ounce. So
Where did all the bright brain child flowers go?
Gone to graveyards every one. When will they
Ever learn? Never I think, soon I pray.

CARIN' ABOUT KAREN

Who's carin' about Karen? Why Colin
Knockin' on her door, who has come callin'.
Knock knock it's me a little tiny mouse
Nibbling nibbling at your Camembert house.
Little by little I just might get in
And when I do then I'll call it a win.

MEDITATION ON JESSICA LAKE

What year I went my mind cannot construct
My neurons broke a circuit and obstruct
My best recollection: I know the lake
Could read, could know, could register and take
My solar plexus message in then send
A recognition back so in the end
We knew that I was there and had spoken
And my spirit healed; it was not broken
Not in my mind nor in the world. The lake
Can know I'm there; for the western world's sake
I here speak out here tell a fact: the mind
Is not the brain. It is a field I find
That reaches out that touches and that knows
But not with human thought, a mind that flows
Through all things bright a-dazzle, dim that sings
The music of the spheres a mind that clings
On a granite rock to what natives knew
But few now think or say or live or do
A knowledge lost but found again each year
When I return, a visitor now near
The origin of life from water sprung
Or so wise natives think and say who sung
So long ago - they travel still a path
Of non-Euclidean and sacred math
Physics lost to people trapped in town
Who therefore can't bring any prana down.

THE HEALTH FOOD NUT

They’re riotin’ over biotin
They’re squealin’ about their healin’
They’re suppin’ on supplements
Sprinkled with condiments
Turmeric for the tummy
Recommended by mummy
She sure was a hippie
Her disc’s a bit slippy
Her eyelids are droopy
She has trouble with poopy
She maintains her intake
She attended a wake
For a dear old friend
Who died in the end
Her doctor made sure
To say there’s no cure
Our life ends in death
Death takes our last breath
So take my prescription
Don’t have a conniption
Drug makers make money
You think that is funny?
Now take this drug too
You’ll be good as new
Then my mummy said but
You’re a no health nut
Pills and pills for ills and ills
But nothing for health
Despite all your wealth
You dealers of drugs
Don’t give me no hugs
So here’s your prescription
And here’s my description
The drugs that you sell
Are all made in Hell

LINDSEY VONN TWEETER HATERS

She failed to medal on the slopes
She killed our country and our hopes
The President was sure let down
That’s why the haters have to frown
Because she failed to make her mark
Our Father made the heavens dark
Daddy lives in a big White House
He’ll tweet you down - click goes his mouse

OCD

I’m vacuuming my rug for Jesus
In hopes that my soul will come clean
I’m vacuuming my rug for Jesus
I think that you know what I mean
I’m vacuuming my rug for Jesus
In hopes that my soul will come clean
I’m vacuuming my rug for Jesus
I think that you know what I mean
I’m vacuuming my rug for Jesus
In hopes that my soul will come clean
I’m vacuuming my rug for Jesus
I think that you know what I mean

** sung to the tune of ‘How Much is That Doggy in the Window?’*

ARCHETYPAL COUNTRY AND WESTERN SONG

My momma don’t love me
My horse kicked ma butt
I’m drinkin’ bad whiskey
Here all alone
In a broken down bar
In old San Anton’

THE GUN PROBLEM IN AMERICA

Take two parts hate and add a gun
The cooking class is lots of fun
The kitchen flows with blood and guts
A recipe of stocks and butts
The math is clear the stats are done
The war on kids will soon be won
Gun sales are up and if you kill
A kid or too there's blood to spill
By quarts and quarts no need to fret
Where we got that there's more to get
A smoker smokes and kills his lung
A shooter shoots and then gets hung
The math is clear the stats are done
The war on kids will soon be won

SONG FOR A WOOD TICK

Hey little fella with cute little legs
I'll burn you with matches you are the dregs
Of God's great creation and of the Earth
I'm sorry that Mother ever gave birth

A PAIR A DOX

A pair a dox swam on the lake
Twelve loons called out from this I take
My Zen my creed my faith my lore
Yang and yin make an even score

THE LITTLE FLY

Little fly thy summer's play
My thoughtless hand hath brushed away.
True, Blake could twist his mind in knots
With convoluted simple thoughts
So then was he a fly or man?
Solve the riddle if you can.
Is God a man or just a fly
And does he care if humans die?

HYPOTHESIS: THE EXISTENCE OF SOUL IS AN EMPIRICAL PROBLEM

Scientists said that God is dead
I found out in a book I read
But if there is a soul or not
Is not a problem just in thought
It will be proven so I say
By science if I have my way
A scanner must be built it seems
Till then we only have our dreams
Some men have dreams of nothing there
And some have dreams where angels dare
To come to earth to wrestle men
And so I say and say again
If soul exists it can be scanned
So says the science I have planned.

ON SQUIRRELS

They zig they zag zig zag zig zee
Left right right left in front of me
Then stop then start then round a tree
Where none can know and none can see
Then up the trunk who would have thunk
A move that crooked but no clunk
Is heard no squirrel falls oh oh
Look out look up I'm going slow
They dart they dash they leap they play
Morning noon till the end of day
So quick so hard to catch yet death
Can catch the final squirrel breath
From them they can't compute a car
If it is close or it is far
What see they with a squirrel brain?
They zig they zag then zig again
I stop my car upon the street
I wait while watching zigging feet
Left right right left across the road
And back my car is cautious, slowed
Strategic squirrel moves so quick
To fool a car don't do the trick
They can't compute this kind of threat
Their minds our cars just cannot get
They run they zig until a tire
Catches a squirrel so I inquire
What don't they see what do they see?
A strange puzzle not solved by me.

THE TOP OF THE HILL

That is a place where spirits go
To watch the sunset then they know
That day is done and night is near
Their vision true and very clear
These spirits walked the earth one time
Captured here in word and in rhyme
My spirit walks with them the hill
The rock the lichen feather quill
Flies by on flying feathered wing
While songbirds fill the air and sing
A song that spirits heard and knew
Long years ago who now I rue
Their passing their forgotten tongue
Who now are old but once were young
Who walked the woods with bow and spear
Who are long gone but now are near
The village of the living sun
Is where those spirits live and run
Long miles and hours in search of game
Who have no body and no name
Pure spirit now thy cannot talk
For them I live and breathe and walk.

O CANADA

O Canada my home and patriot land
You gave me life as I well understand
Your lakes your granite rocks your sacred loon
Sing out an ancient holy northern tune
Your earth and your rivers all that I hold
In my heart, summers and your winter cold
Long years have I spent away and afar
Yet I’m guided still by the true north star.

CANADIAN CURRENCY CURRENTLY

Looney tunes our cold country sings
And thus our cash register rings
The toonie breathed and came to life
But then the penny took the knife
Canucks can slip slide down a hill
With not a one taking a spill
Their sport is good, their coin is weird
Out on the ice Canucks are feared.
That’s all there is to think or say
About our country by the way.

THE DEFINITION OF LIFE

On a rock by a waterfall I thought
Most men don’t think in the way that they ought
Life is biology or so they say
But I think that there is another way
If emitting EM radiation
Is the scientific definition
Of life then rock and water are alive
Toward that truth I think we all should strive.

ON FIRST READING GERARD MANLEY HOPKINS

Age sixteen, I first read his verse - his rhyme
Sprang out the page alive his words sublime
“The words do what they say,” is what I said
On reading those words that I had not read
Before – as later in Donne and reading
Eliot whose lines reveal his words’ meaning
In their rhythm read with muscle and brain
A music that does what its words explain
By doing not by saying – prose cannot
Capture a bird in flight its feathers free
Fall or gash gall gold vermilion see
And say and feel and know as his words can
The mind mind has mountains so said that man
Whose mind could fall far free falling far down
And for his words his mind has earned renown
While on a huge hill cragged and so steep
Truth stands said Donne and he that will reach her
About must and about must go teacher
He was with words with what his words could do
I saw and read and that was something new
For me a bird in flight might no must trust
The air its feathers and its feathers’ thrust
High there no care but flight and free falling
Then caught on a draft and then when calling
The windhover whirls wanting its wings to touch
To feel the sky – is that asking too much
From God or air or wing or for its song
Like Hopkins in Westminster now so long
To be sung heard not forgotten not dead
But living and be alive still and read?

WHITE RABBIT

If you go chasing rabbits, you will fall
Go ask Alice, when she is ten feet tall.
A hookah-smoking caterpillar sits
Upon a leaf and lounges and has fits
Of logic and proportion but mostly
Tells the Miller's tale and then just ghostly
Turns a whiter shade of pale while sixteen
Vestal virgins are leaving so we've seen
For the coast: if you give this man a ride
Sweet Emily will die. I sing inside
My mind my mind a thought thinker can scale
A thousand steps can climb yet it will pale
Compared to what those sixties poets sang
Ask not for whom their rolling bell once rang
It rang for me it rings still sings of things
A song that on an eagle's journey wings
The sweet smell of calyptus in the night
For eyes grown dim brings a kind of sight
Brings things a thinker thought so long ago
That swirl like smoke in songs in time that go
And come and come and go as all things do
I'd say that that at least I think is true.
That's why I made these rhymes to feed my head
To remember here what the dormouse said.

* references to sixties songs: White Rabbit, A Whiter Shade of Pale, Riders On the Storm, and Hotel California

LOVE SONG

Onesie, twosie, threesie, four
Now I open up the door.
I’m very young but somewhat old
What we do cannot be told.
The bar is raised, the bar is set
You are the best that I have met.

THE 2018 U.S. MID-TERM ELECTIONS

We got to vote, we got to choose
No chance to win, we only lose.
The choice is bad, for left and right
All bets are lost before the fight.
The outcome’s rigged for one and all.
The Boxer’s sick and soon will fall.

PREPARING FOR THE 2020 U.S. PRESIDENTIAL ELECTION

Impeach the bitch then show him who's his boss
We'll seal that bitch's fate and fall and loss.
We've got important work to plan and do
No time for real problems – what else is new?

GYM JOINTS YULE SEASON

It’s read and done and yet no one has won
The curse is worse that puts you in a hearse
From reading it I quit I quit I quit
Though flowers unfurl for Leopold Bloom
His stream is weak his prostate large and soon
My mind will go will flow will fail will set
No consciousness is what we earn and get
So flow on mind so go not slow but fast
And then I’m free and then I see at last
The dark the rest the peace of no more words
No pee no urgency and yes no words
Stream that my man if ancient writers can
An end to that is my mind’s verse’s plan.

THE TRUMP CARD

I played my hand, I laid my bet
The cards are down, the goal is met.
The book is done, the pages writ
Until I end, I will not quit
I'll write I'll quip I'll scratch and scribe
I raise my glass and now imbibe
But drink no wine, I drink just thought
That's all the drink this poet's got.

A CODE IN THE NODE

A code in the node is the mother load
Great Scott that snot I've got has caused a lot
Of loss at night I toss of sleep the boss
Of me I see on hand and knee my plea
Is made I played my part I stayed at home
No rest roams in this unforgiving gloam
My brain and that is my refrain my pain
My throat now wears a coat of snot I wrote
Or am or will but still that Sam I am
Resounds and zounds my brain cannot abstain
From such thinking eyes blinking nose sneezing
Great Zeus or Seuss is loose the golden goose
Has laid an egg I beg it stop I'm made
Of chill I'm ill no pill will kill it still
I wish it would or could it should of wood
My head is made no maid to make my bed
I lie alone a zone of ache I take a sip
Then slip in sleep but wake I quip I quit
My bed instead and walk and talk a sock
Around my throat that gets my goat good God
Enough I'm tough I'm strong I long for song
And sun for fun to run not done like this
I missed the mark so sang the lark my brain
Has heard and yet I gain no rest my best
Effort is foiled sheets soiled with sweat I get
No break just snot and sneeze no ease oh please
This cold is old be bold good sir I say
And kill this cold before the end of day.

RACIAL TENSION IN AMERICA

Their thinking sure is black and white
And that is why they always fight.

SURG ORIENTATION

The first day, Doc, you'll think it's all about
Lockers badges hand shakes now that you're out
Of medical school but soon you'll find, you'll learn,
How many hours you'll slave for what you earn
You're human trash - the cash will come later
As long as you don't become a traitor
Don't blow a whistle don't expose a crime
First year will be done and will end in time
Till then suck it up and, man, join the club
Protect yourself and, oh, now here's the rub
If we get exposed we will then get shut down
Then you'll have no spot – don't be a clown.
If anyone asks the cap is eighty
Just lie about the hundred and twenty
A paper trail is set in place, now gown
And scrub – never complain and do not frown.
Dismissed – be back, slides ready, at seven.
This hospital was not built in Heaven -
For you, three nights per week, no sleep, we say.
Navy Seals could call that a kind of play
'Cause their training torture lasts just a week
The real story here you must not ever speak.
In the last ten years our own ICU
Has treated three docs - but what can you do?
They crashed their cars after a shift – oh well
That's how the bones break down here in this Hell.

ANSWERING MACHINE MESSAGE

Good golly Miss Molly you sure rock and roll
And I'll take a toke of that weed that you stole
I'll shake it to the left and I'll shake it to the right
And then I'll put it in you with all of my might
Good golly Miss Molly can we get it on?
Let's do the hippy shake shakes from now until dawn
Good golly Miss Molly you've got a good house
I found you by clicking with my little mouse
I searched under hot dates I searched on the net
It said you're really a really good bet.
Good golly Miss Molly please give me a call
I'd like to rock with you till both of us fall.

THE WHISTLEBLOWER

The whistle blew and the system reacted:
“We pray the Church can get it redacted.
That bogus charge that outright lie that crime
Against Father and God. Out of the slime
It crawled that lie that sin that brings great shame
On the dark evil soul from which it came.”
But then thirty more came forward to tell
The same story same tale till silence fell
Upon the cloth upon the Church that paid
For the secrets it long had kept had made
Its doctrine and its truth. Then next the boss
Of some big firm got busted and the loss
Was felt by all who’d bought the rising stock
Despite rumors despite the frequent talk
At coffee break. Everyone who knew
Concluded there was nothing they could do
And yet they turned on the whistle blower
And dealt her blows that could not be lower.
Then the incest daughter spoke out and told
And then she got her thanks – out in the cold
The traitor was sent so no-one would tell
But her banned to the coldest kind of Hell.
Serial celebrity pedophile
Bad cop or king none of them reaches trial
It’s a tale as old as time and the feast
Continues not for Beauty but the Beast.

A KKK PRESS RELEASE

He’s black all right but he ain’t black enough
He’d get the noose instead he got the cuff
Because above the Mason-Dixon line
Some states are weak they think the cuff is fine
Though some are black as blackest driven snow
Some are brown or different shades we know
We do black face but we are color-blind
We’ll lynch ‘em all we really do not mind.

THE RHYTHM DOES WHAT THE WORDS SAY

The rhythm does what the words say and so
The rhythm falls balls bounce cats pounce and go
And skis slide on snow on slopes and turn
And turn again and make a hard quad burn
Too much snowplow can make a muscle tight
The run is down then down until the light
At the long tunnel’s end can burst can shine
The worst is done and now the lift is mine
And rest is too the wind whips the cold snow
And bites the face up up up up we go
Then off the lift till the hill gives its gift
Again and through the fog like logs legs shift
From right to left then left to right then jump
Because a mogul or a kind of snow bump
Brought air to skis that slid down hill no spill
Ensuing for prime powder skiers kill
But curse when heaven’s blue and no snow falls
Because the skiing then is poor and palls
Or when night falls and down the slopes all ski
Their last long run though then their legs are free.

WHEN SWALLOWS FLY

At dusk mosquitoes make their hated moves
And that the goodness of God never proves
But then on wings the swallows swoop and flit
From bug to bug and till dark comes don't quit
On the wind's whims they dart and dive and soar
And that is how we even up the score
As damasked dragonflies can too that catch
Those squitoes that then lose their final match
We thank God's creatures though we curse a few
And now I note I've told you what is true.

THE HIDDEN EYEBEAM

The hidden eyebeam crossed – the roses had
The look of roses that are looked at. Sad
As that may be no mind since then has told
The truth but if I can, may be so bold
I'd say that Eliot wrote disguised as verse
Some science in his language taught terse
And true and that is that the eye sends light
Into the world and that if I am right
Is as real as retinal reception
At least according to my conception.

ON FALSE MEMORIES AND REPRESSION THEORY

The false memory gang, good simple souls,
Have the death of me as one of their goals.
My patients' memories are false, they say.
They promise that soon they will save the day.
They've been at it now for twenty-five years;
I've thus been able to handle my fears.
They say that my theory is based on Freud
That's how with me those wizards have toyed.
They don't even know that Freud is their king
That to him they should bow, curtsy and sing.
Doctor Sigmund Freud's doctrine, repression,
Says what priests know when they take confession:
"The memories are false, they never took place,
The priesthood is safe, so thank you, Your Grace."
The gang's got it all backwards, they've got it wrong
Since Freud is the one who first sang their song.

THE NEXT POEM

Next one, next one what will it be about?
I am pretty sure you will soon find out.

THE SUBSEQUENT POEM

I just want to say my critics ain’t smart
All their words add up to only one fart.

RAIN, RAIN

Rain, rain, go away, come again some other day.
Rain falls mainly on the plain in Spain, so they say.
Texas tells a different tale on this wet day.
I do believe what our Texas weathermen say.
Here’s the forecast for this watery winter day:
Much rain will fall and lightning sure could strike, they say.

LASCIVIOUS CATULLUS

Gaius Catullus sure could twist a word
To make it naughty when that word was heard.
He wrote of one who could twist the ratio
Of spine to stomach – self-fellatio.
He wrote some poems about his lover lost
To him when on an ocean wave she tossed
Him out to be a bird floating for life
On a solitary sea, no lover and no wife.
One day when I was in medical school
I got to prove that I am not a fool.
The surgeon asked, ”The dimples of Venus
Are where?” That shrank the intern’s penis
But I rose up and proved myself the best.
“On the posterior iliac crest,”
I said. The surgeon asked me how I knew.
I’ve read Catullus, I said, which was true.

WHAT THE CAT FROM KATHMANDU CAN DO

It’s amazing who’s grazing on the grass
High up in that Nepalese mountain pass
And that the cat from Kathmandu can do
For you a deal to take you up and through
That pass to see what no one else has seen
A yeti – pal, he’ll pick your pocket clean.
In truth it is a kind of grazing goat
You’ll see no castle nor a mountain moat.

RIN TIN TIN AND TINTIN

Rin Tin Tin and Tintin went for a walk
They went round and round and around the block
They found their friend Tenley home in her house
She was quiet and little, Tenley the Mouse.
She nibbled on cheese she wiggled her nose
That's all that her Grandpa Colin now knows
He'll find out some more, he'll learn if he can
'Cause that's how it works with Colin, my man.
He's cool and collected, he's clever too
I'm only telling you that which is true.
Tintin said 'hi' and Rin Tin Tin said 'bark'
They made silly statements then made a smark
Then Tenley said fellas learn how to talk
Smark's not a word now look at the clock
If you two can't speak you'll just have to go
Because those are my rules as you well know.
Tintin said Tenley don't tell us goodbye
Because we both love you Tenley that's why.
Then Tenley said fellas Colin just said
He knows you from TV, a book he once read
And from his brain that remembers you both
And that we both love you really the moath.
Tenley has teeth but is missing a tooth
That's why she talks funny and that is the truth.

PROJECTIONS BY THE BRAINS OF SKEPTICS

They say our methods are based on rumor
And that they induce a cholic humor
Or worse and yet they project onto us
The things that for them are reason to fuss
They accuse us of what they themselves do
Believing what they believe to be true
Faith is their guide and in God they do trust
They break every rule whenever they must
Of logic, science and scholarly art
They pat their own backs for being so smart
The film they made on the surface of life
Is based on their own confusion and strife.

UPDATE FROM THE PRESS SECRETARY

Saint Nick said he’s busy fixing his hair
But soon he’ll be down quite soon he’ll be there
He’ll bring you great gifts if you’re not too lax
That really are bought by tithe and by tax.
It was Nick who kissed your good daddy’s wife
He’ll give you a gift of long-lasting life
As long as you vote for him and his kin
He’ll help to conquer the country and sin
His chauffeur’s bright nose is really quite red
From excess drinking I’ve heard it said
If you are for Heaven or destined for Hell
He knows all your secrets only too well
Don’t tell your mommy that He isn’t real
Or else in his sack your soul He might steal
We taught you believe the myth that He gave
All that you got that it’s He who can save
Your soul and your mommy all those you love.
He brings you His gifts from high up above.
Stockings are hung by the chimney with care
The children all know Nick really does care.

THE DEFINITION OF DISSOCIATION

In many minds the word's meaning is vague
Thus we have an intellectual plague
Of ill thought, and ill said words on the page
All characteristic of our dark age
As Pound once said at least I think he did.
From many the meaning is so well hid
That they don't believe in what it is not
That's what they bring, that's the best they have got
Most of my colleagues have nothing to say
Somnambulists during the night and day
I spoke of four meanings of this one word
I don't think my speech has been widely heard
A general systems meaning is one
It's disconnection; that meaning is done.
Two, a technical term in psychology.
I don't know the word's etymology.
Three, a phenomenological term
Defined in measures and solid and firm.
Finally, fourth, the word means a defense
On that the thinking is very immense
It fills up spaces between many ears
It's occupied minds for many long years.
If we stuck to meanings one two and three
We'd find our minds would finally be free
Of controversy confusion and pain.
We could then understand the human brain.

ON HERACLITUS

Opposites tight and tautly attuned hold truth
Together I read and learned in my youth
I never stepped in the same river twice
Having taken to heart good Greek advice.

ONE AND DONE

That’s one and done that’s the end of the book
Or so you might find upon a close look.

THE AUTHOR

Photo taken in Beaver Creek, Colorado, March 9, 2019

