

Ripped Messiah

By Richard Baldwin Cook

Easter reminds us we will stand again
Anastasia - dance card of the young
We wrinkled can't relate or recall when
with brawn we pulled up from the bottom rung

Enough we don't fall down. Now take your pills.
Live it all again? No fond desire.
But if the crucified on Calvary's Hill
An old dude, carpenter 'fore gospel fire

Made him shake his cane at the righteous swells
who killed him, leaving grandma, sad grandkids
weeping at his cross. Would sedate church bells
salute codger-messiah on the skids?

The Savior of the World he best be ripped
with tats, tall mohawk, ring in his big lips.

Big Eyes Small Hands

By Richard Baldwin Cook

With big eyes and small hands the open child
who sees all gently fondles to improve
what's seen as broken, injured, torn, defiled
those works of man and woman prove unmoved

The tiny form observes what others miss
or fail to hold or holding drop and break
the small being requires embraces, kiss
not to distract but for her nature's sake

Big eyes small hands gifts of indulgent fate
made to observe but not manipulate
child's costly wisdom from observance mate

with patient later grasping now must wait

The child is cared for not put to protect
sad larger beings their own share have wrecked

I Like The GPS

By Richard Baldwin Cook

I like the GPS recalculate
automatic the digital one eye
resets itself so guided won't be late
the mindlessly directed such as I

My own recalculations are a guess
a throw against uncertainties which come
like waves up on my beach and the piled mess
of projects plans proposals the sad sum

of efforts stalled forgotten botched mislaid
recalculations due when aged frames
no longer can support the vows we made
to self others to win at the great game

From birth to death one lesson muddles fate
your destination is . . . recalculate

