

Out of My Head

Selected Writings from Way long ago to fairly recent

**Jay F. Smith
Christmas 2000**

A Christmas Wish

May little elves
dance on your stocking
To whistling tunes
from reindeer horns

May Christmas joys
come knocking
At your door
on Christmas morn'

The ABC's of a Murder

An Asthmatic
Blustering
Chicken Casually Collapsed Considerably
Dampening
Everyone's
Fantastically Festive
Gala Gathering
Henry, Having
Intense Imagination for
Justice
Knew it
Looked Like
Murder
Now, Newly
Official zed by the
Portly Prominent People, he
Quickly
Rounded-up
Several Slimy Suspects
Taking Them Tightly Tied Together To The
Unusually Undernourished
Victim
Where a Worn and Weary Workman
Xclaimed Xcitedly in
Yiddish, "Yam Yortle Yabbata!"
Zat Zolves Zat

Escape

Gleaming and ponderous
she sits.
A child of the earth bound by creation
itself
to the planet's fiery core.

A rumbling shudder
and she comes to life.
Heavily she rolls,
but faster, faster
the fevered pitch of her cry
increasing with her desire
Screaming her banshee wail
into the wind
she plunges into impossibility
Taking by force that which nature did
deny her

The wind resists this rape
with icy teeth and clawing hands
But the earth child has
planned too well and
resistance is for naught

Freely she races

Freely she flies

Free

A Morning in the Life

Happy dancing prancing feet
Around by morning bed
Kneading pleading demanding feet
Atop my sleepy head

The people on the radio
Have been talking for an hour
The expression pressed onto my face
Is best described as sour

The music from the garbage truck
Grinds out its familiar tune
The band starts out at seven o'clock
And often plays 'till noon

The cats are crying for some food
The clock shouts out, "YOUR LATE!!"
My mouth tastes bad, my hair's a mess
It's lucky I've no date

The shower is a welcome treat
The tangles finally tamed
The cats are fed, the place picked up
With no one hurt or maimed

The symphony outside the glass
Has faded to a drone
I've packed the bag of stuff I'll need
To make it back to home

I'd guess you'd call it a success
This morning that I've had
Especially since, compared to some
It wasn't all that bad

Dancing with the Universe

--

Balance is easy
when you can't/don't/won't feel the board
shaking

But if you won't/can't/don't
feel the board shaking...

... how do you know you're alive????

And what is balance anyway.
Do you need to control the
board
or
yourself
or ...

do you just
accept/embrace/believe
the
shaking

--

Once in a great while, a morning comes along which makes up for all the bad that happened the day before. Such is the power of a clear morning-blue sky, such is the honesty of freshly awakened grass and the "newness" of the morning air that I realize the world isn't treating me too badly and I really do want to go on with life. It's a good thing that "once in a while" comes along just when I need it.

--

Lost and flailing
not falling because that
implies a sense of definition and
orientation

Lost in the numbness of being
with no connection to the sensations of living

--

The Cats

-- Coco

Wide-eyed
adventure kitty
blue eyes shining with conquest
she boldly reaches new heights

Frantic eyed
demon kitty
blue eyes flashing wild in her
dark chocolate mask
a frenzy of activity with no direction

Dreamy eyed
pleasure kitty
blue eyes closed as the comb
through her long silky hair
brings out a raspy purr of contentment

-- Sam

Streak of black lightning
caught for a moment
to clean an offending paw

Furry black motion
as her frantic dance leads
from floor to counter to sofa and back

Rumbling black head
shoved nose first into my face
the center of attention is the only place worth sitting

Soft warm presence
curled against my leg
firmly establishing who owns whom

Ellen

Soft in the morning
when the velvet shroud of sleep
still cradles her gently
smiling features as she
walks through places I cannot see

Vibrant in the day
when all the energy of life around
her reflects in the sunlight gleam
of her eye and the movement
of her supple body

Warm in the night
when the sun bright energy of the day
burns to the quiet intensity of hearth glow
loving and vibrant she warms
my arms and my heart

Quiet in sleep
are my normally turbulent thoughts
as the soft rhythm of her heart and
the gentle touch of her hand say to me
"I am here and we are love."

Ending

I sit and look around this place
of laughter
love
and tears.
I find that I can see your face
in every picture
frame
and mirror.
I sit and listen as you speak
with words which come from lips
that not so very long ago
I had the right to kiss.
These rooms no longer welcome me
as they did before.
Belonging is now firmly locked
behind a cold
barred door.
It hurts too much to be here
an empty heartache pain
to know that even more so now
I'm a stranger once again.
You won't understand this.
You never did or will.
For you no longer love me
and
I love you
still.

Gigi

Gigi 1

you came and
you went

a veil of mist
a random breeze
a puff of fog
cool tile under bare feet

there was no
romance
but there could have been
friendship

I could have liked
knowing you
i wish i had done
better
more
enough

Take care if yourself

Gigi 2

If you could feel
everyone else like they
were a part of you then whenever
anyone
DIED
for no reason

It would feel like a part of you
went away
with nothing to replace it
no hope
no love
no new tooth or scab

just a
hole
of indeterminate size

I'm sorry Gigi

Extra
dancing without
touching
only the possibility
of touch

light
with a glare
gentle coolness
with a chill

New Years Night

I am
standing in the rain
I look up and it
seems
I should be getting
WETTER
than I appear
to be so
I look
down
and
notice
that

I AM

A Song

Sometimes when you wake up
and your life seems far away
and you don't know the face in the mirror
or how it got that way
and when you try to remember
the pain that always comes
is the pain of disappointment
as your broken heart it screams
it screams

-- refrain -- How did I ever
 think that I was strong
 enough to chase all those
 rainbows
 or tell right from wrong
 when I think of where I've come to
 it doesn't seem so far
 how far can you really go
 when you chase a star

Sometimes when I think on
the lives the loves I've had
I don't know whether to laugh or cry
or whether to get mad
because life is such a circle
no matter how strong your dreams
despair and pain are just ahead
as your broken heart it screams
it screams
---- refrain ----

And when I'm at my darkest
the gloom as black as night
there breaks through my darkling cloud
a tiny shaft of light
and it makes me see the changes
and it makes me see the pain
and it makes me take the fight back up
as my broken heart it sings
it sings

 how did I ever
 doubt that I was strong
 enough to chase any rainbow
 and tell right from wrong
 when I think of where I've come to
 and hope to go so far
 you can go forever
 when you chase a star

Springtime at the Mall

When I first saw the fragile wisps of soft color, they seemed to float gently over an unbroken blackness. As I gazed deeper the dim shapes of the trunks, which did indeed bind these cloud-beings to the earth, became visible.

This annoying intrusion of reality did little to diminish the wonder and magic of what I saw. So nearly did the cold fluorescence match the trunks to the ground that they could easily be ignored.

All that was left were the thin cloud-like forms of soft pink and white. Their color and substance seemed so delicate that the usual sounds from the busy stores and avenues seemed to hush for fear of breaking the spell which held the beautiful wraiths together.

I don't know how long I stood there, lost in wonder as they drifted gently over an ebony sea. The light from countless man-made stars washed over them, adding its glow to their special beauty.

Eventually this second sight gave way to my usual way of seeing and all around me were the countless blooms of the cherry blossoms on the trees of the mall parking lot. It was cold and late and I sighed as I walked towards home under the humming glow of the street lights.

Daystar Equinox

I live in the Pacific Northwest, in Seattle, Washington to be precise. Sunrise on the 21st began around 3am, the sound of the first birds greeting the faint lightening of the sky far in the northeast. It was still dark in every other direction. I could still faintly see the brightest stars left in the sky, Altair or Deneb perhaps. Of course it is often the case here in Seattle that you can only see the brightest of stars if any at all. The light in the northeast was really just a patch of sky that was not quite so dark. But the birds knew what was happening. It seemed that if I paid attention I could tell when the songs changed as different species woke up at different times to greet the day while the earlier ones went about the business of living it. The light grew and spread. I was surprised at its whiteness. I had always associated sunrise with yellows and orange with tinges of red and indeed it was this way close to the source. Above the horizon line it began to diffuse rapidly and by the time it was above the treetops it had taken on a pearly white essence, as though it came from moonlight or street lamps. Faint light was beginning to touch the other compass points now, except in the southwest, the direction of the ocean, It refused to lighten, reminiscent of the light swallowing way heavy storm clouds darken their horizon. The first object to show in the south were the slopes of Mt. Ranier, its snow covered face reflecting the light as we crawled at xxxxx mps toward the huge ball of nuclear fusion still waiting below the horizon. Around 4:30, even the stubbornly dark southeast sky had given way, faintly but obviously. The light in the northeast was so intense that the mountains, which still hid the sun, appeared etched in sharp two-dimensional contrast. The sky above the treetops had taken on a very slight pinkish hue and the bird chorus had lost some of its intensity as instinct began to urge them into other activities. By 4:55 the climax had been reached even though it was another 15 minutes before the star of the show put in its appearance, peeking over the Cascades with a slow, calculating shyness. The chorus of nature had turned to occasional solo performances. There was only one star visible in the sky and the sound of man dominated the equinox.

Encounters

i was walking back to work from the pier the other day after messing around by the water for lunch. A young boy stopped me and asked if I would buy a candy bar to provide money for finding lost children. I said no and he responded by calling me a racist. I said RACIST! WHERE THE HELL DID THAT COME FROM? I should have pursued it further. I sensed no anger from the boy, no emotion that would indicate he had any idea what the word meant. It just seemed to be something he felt he should call white people who said no to him. I wish i had asked him to trot a white guy out so i could have said no to him also. it would have been interesting to discover what word he would have come up with to call me then.

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A man came up to me on the street just now while I was reading a book newly bought. He was eager and friendly and earnest and wanted to know what i was reading because i seemed really into it. he read the cover and because he was black and dressed shabbily and there on the street i assumed he wouldn't understand the title and tried to simplify it for him. he ignored me and figured it out just fine without my help. there is an automatic prejudice in me that i really need to acknowledge and deal with. we discussed the UW and he seemed genuinely impressed and excited when I mentioned hoping to go to medical school. we shook hands, they seemed cool, dry and large. He had many small scars on his face. we ended the conversation with his asking for 40 cents and my saying no. we parted in the same friendly manner and he continued down the street to the next person.