

# **Visions of Ideals**



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Dedicated to Johanna, Joseph and Daniel,  
who never hesitated to lead the way.



## **Anew**

The weight will slowly leave your bones  
like a breeze blowing through an empty home  
and then the sunlight finds your skin  
renewing everything within

## The Return of Gratitude

Gratitude, a living return  
to the past  
– minutes ago or millennia –  
to what suddenly did *not* move fast  
*not* unnoticed and unfelt  
but to what indefinitely remained  
boundlessly beheld  
forever in the soul retained

while death kept moving ever faster

ten were saved but only one  
thanked the Master

## **In the Middle of Space and Time**

There are straight and crooked ladders to the universe  
to the cure and the curse  
there are strong and crumbling bridges  
to times that make sense  
to the victims and victors of circumstance  
to endless possibilities  
and feverish credibilities  
making you warm or cold

but there is only one story to be told

from beyond the submarine  
from the outside of the outdated machine  
about good people losing ground  
who have carried their chained ball around  
more than long enough  
about hurting hearts growing too tough  
to find their way home  
on the bridges and ladders

tell the one story that matters

## **All That Counts**

On the brink and only on the brink  
does the past become minute  
like the color of a car, the band on a cigar  
or a clock ticking in the dark  
and all that counts is tomorrow