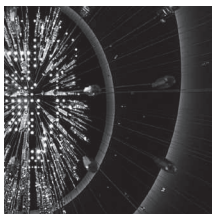


Visions of Ideals



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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from the outside of the outdated machine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

Curses and Cures

Curses and cures can look alike
like twins
when desire strikes
only one wins