

The image is a vertical collage. The top section shows a close-up of a bright red jacket with a black strap. The middle section shows a person's hands holding a clear glass filled with a golden liquid, likely beer, with a bright light source behind it. The bottom section shows a close-up of a woven basket with intricate patterns.

DAVID INKEY

POEMS OF A PERFECT POET




# ia perfect poet?

confessions  
of  
a  
reformed  
harvard  
anthropologist  
by  
david inkey

(first installment)

*the reason is, that art does not  
surpass nature,  
but only brings it to perfection;  
and thus, nature combined with art,  
and art with nature,  
will produce a perfect poet.*

*don quixote*



my life has been the poem i would have writ,  
but i could not both live and write it.

henry david thoreau

my life is in awe, in confessional comment,  
reading, riting, rithmetic, play, poetics, joy,  
work, pain, peace, prayer, perception, sorrow,  
patience, curiosity, kindness, wit, imagination  
and wisdom, @ personal commitment... with help  
from henry, i have both lived and written my  
poem, sometimes in prose, and always in poesis,  
with guidance from the past, present and  
future, with don quixote, sancho panza and  
multitudes of other friends, i am challenged  
and have been forged to be a perfect poet...

david inkey




a writer's guide to lifeness...  
a lifer's guide to writing...



\* these 8 pointed stars are answer marks...i would ever lean imaginatively and creatively on my favorite, favorite unesco publication which would for me and many form a central focus of any course of exploration: learning to be.





**I**n a highly unstable world where one of the main driving forces seems to be economic and social innovation, imagination and creativity must undoubtedly be accorded a special place. As the clearest expressions of human freedom, they may be threatened by the establishment of a certain degree of uniformity in individual behaviour. The twenty-first century will need a varied range of talents and personalities even more than exceptionally gifted individuals, who are equally essential in any society. Both children and young persons should be offered every opportunity for aesthetic, artistic, scientific, cultural and social discovery and experimentation, which will complete the attractive presentation of the achievements of previous generations or their contemporaries in these fields. At school, art and poetry (emphasis added) should take a much more important place than they are given in many countries by an education that has become more utilitarian than cultural. Concern with developing the imagination and creativity should also restore the value of oral culture and knowledge drawn from children's or adults' experiences.

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i am a perfect poet, for i am loved and i have learned to love...all my life i wanted to be a child when I grew grow up, unto now...and now i have learned that all my life i have wanted to be a poet and all my life i have indeed been a poet...how recently and how marvelously i have learned that i am a perfect poet... i wonder whether depression era kidlets from idaho have a more difficult time learning such essentials, or is this a general dilemma anywhere for children... it must certainly be harder for left-handed, redheaded, tone deaf, bright kids who suffered the loss of binocular vision at the age of two, sequela of whopping-cough, to evolve into being poets, much more into being a perfect poet... or maybe such trials put such kidlets to such success....

how much did a graduate school "education" in imperial harvard complicate the task. how much did being a thoreauvian conscientious objector and draft card burner help the development... how much and how little did being raised "a christian" change the equations... did being the third child in a four child, all boys, family accelerate or retard my presumed "development." being one of a kind in a confusing world has given me unmeasured opportunities of individual expression



and has imposed upon me constraints, many of which i have yet to comprehend and may never resolve, despite multiple offerings of "my" extremely popular seminar, cultural constraints in educational development.

when i was but twenty i imbibed much of the nectar of cervantes' two geniuses, don quixote and sancho panza, but whether i then noted the importance of the green knight and his son don lorenzo, or not, i do not know... now, ever so many years later, i have discovered, rediscovered cervantes' liberating words about being a perfect poet and i have become, for my own being, a perfect poet...

meeting the poem of life gives a wholeness and wholesomeness to this humane condition, the indeterminate life sentence and the as yet undated irreversible death sentence.







## I met the poem of life... 32004

This night, quite quietly alone, When I left aside  
the guilds of strife. I met the poem of life...

Each menace does require some penance,

Each eve, a few would me deceive...

With wit I reply, I wish not to hear your lie...

Every joy my spirit does employ

Each eve, many would me relieve...

I am ever grateful that my day's daze is but a  
brief phrase. When each night's knight whispers  
some praise, Then, I do believe I find quiet  
reprieve, With modest shadows my self I do  
cover when I discover, I glow in beauty, as beauty  
would grow in me...

The poem of life nights me... Am I to dream as a  
shining night? Some glistening stardust caught in  
humane form... Reformed, dis-aster being distance  
from my star afar...

This night, quite quietly alone, When I left aside  
the guilds of strife. I met the poem of life...



## A perfect poet


Send not to know for whom these bells toll?  
My soul is paying full toll... a fee to set me free...  
I love and I am loved... I am a perfect poet...  
I am a perfect poet, for I love and I am loved.

I am a perfect poet, because I have learned,  
Beyond the words and worlds of many others,  
A perfect poet has just two tasks to meet  
perfection, With ease, one of these twins is won,  
simply achieved, Compared to the immeasurable  
challenging nature, stricture, Stature, scripture,  
structure, complicity, complexity of the other...  
First, with simple words works scrambled, blindly  
maligned. Aligned occasionally rhymed to her/his  
satisfaction, Rich or poor, in sickness or in health,  
for better or worse,

Ignoring all curse, taking whatever is in store,  
finding the score, A perfect poet translates from  
the prosaic mosaic, Refutes, computes, disputes,  
dilutes, imputes, minutes, All the life of process,  
to a sharp, poetic pitch, A high degree of  
poignancy, being significant, Her/his bas-relief  
regales, towering over all other scales,

On bails of joy and grief...

Bound in a second round, without a second,  
Minute, hour, day, week, month, year,



Decade, century, millennium to spare,  
The rare second chore to score is,  
To become integral, to be a poetic soul...  
The feat depends not on fame, recognition,  
threats of perdition, any sedition, petition,  
Cognition, nor being seen as a celebrity...  
The stasis may be a purely singular, peculiar  
Secret to a perfect poet, alone...

Send not to know for whom these bells toll?  
My soul is paying full toll... a fee to set me free ...

41505

## Help me to sew life's quilt

Help me to sew life's quilt...  
I count the squares of life's quilt, with a kind sigh...  
And the tally is quite high...

Help me to sew life's quilt...  
I am not all innocent,  
Nor am i full of guilt...  
Help me to sow life's quilt...  
In a great field I turned around a piece marked Evil,  
I found the reversed peace spelled Live...

Help me to sow life's quilt...  
The next peace reads Love...



a poem to prose,

by

david inkey

"A poet is someone astonished by everything."

anon



A poem to prose,

Many a mosaic is quite prosaic,  
Much prose is empty of suppose...

Yet, if a poet writes a poem to prose,  
Confidently, we can believe...

S/He does not intend to deceive...  
S/He knows what s/he shows...  
S/He shows what s/he knows...

Confidentially, we may surmise,  
I will devise, I even prize...  
A poem to prose...

A poet who writes a poem to prose,  
Feels how tenderly each word grows...  
In streams of regret, in rivers of  
forget,  
In brooks diverse, in floods perverse,  
In lakes clear, in bays dear...  
I write with no tear,  
Nor fear of gertrude's gasp...  
"A rose is a rose is a rose..."

120703.....



## A perfect poet

41505

Send not to know for whom these bells toll?  
My soul is paying full toll... a fee to set me free...  
I love and I am loved... I am a perfect poet...  
I am a perfect poet, for I love and I am loved.

I am a perfect poet, because I have learned,  
Beyond the words and worlds of many others,  
A perfect poet has just two tasks to meet  
perfection, With ease, one of these twins is won,  
simply achieved, Compared to the immeasurable  
challenging nature, stricture, Stature, scripture,  
structure, complicity, complexity of the other...  
First, with simple words works scrambled, blindly  
maligned, Aligned occasionally rhymed to her/his  
satisfaction, Rich or poor, in sickness or in health,  
for better or worse, Ignoring all curse, taking  
whatever is in store, finding the score,

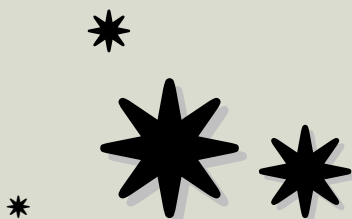
A perfect poet translates from the prosaic  
mosaic, Refutes, computes, disputes, dilutes,  
imputes, minutes.


All the life of process, to a sharp, poetic pitch,  
A high degree of poignancy, being significant,  
Her/his bas-relief regales, towering over all other  
scales,

On bails of joy and grief...

Bound in a second round, without a second,  
Minute, hour, day, week, month, year,  
Decade, century, millennium to spare,  
The rare second chore to score is,  
To become integral, to be a poetic soul...  
The feat depends not on fame, recognition,  
threats of perdition, any sedition, petition,  
Cognition, nor being seen as a celebrity...  
The stasis may be a purely singular, peculiar  
Secret to a perfect poet, alone...

Send not to know for whom these bells toll?  
My soul is paying full toll... a fee to set me free ...





## a perfect poet's glee

I cry with glee...  
I cry for thee and (me?)  
I cry in every town and gown,  
I cry for diversity in every university,  
I am a perfect poet...

In Peace, I laugh with great craft,  
In war, all the more, I challenge the  
draft,  
At times, I may be daft...  
I am a perfect poet...

I never caused a riot,  
I really am very quiet...  
I will not fight,  
I am most polite and kind...  
I might be the finest poet you can find...  
I am a perfect poet...



## a perfect poet's poesis


### *poesis, meaning making...*

i am a perfect poet, i am a perfect poet,  
for daily, duly, in my life... i turn to learn,  
truly... love is the question...  
and love is the answer...

as i grow in beauty, beauty glows in me, gladly  
sharing, tattered, quilted, and tilted poems.  
oft despairing lengthy, labored prose, my confidence  
grows, with many beings, who, by their druthers...

of, by, and for themselves...may remain prosaic, in a  
vast fragmented mosaic...plagued by much delay,  
while trying to help others pray, i become a perfect  
poet... thru a long practice of play, with or without a  
quirk, with the patience of any apprentice's work...  
with only a little friction in my diction, i find a little  
word, poesis, somewhat absurd ... meaning making.

i am kind, i am not mean, taking from a near  
thousand pages of fiction, aye, i delete much  
friction, altogether.... i rather translate and  
transfer conviction:



icons of don quixote, and those of sancho panza,  
with the pose of the green knight de la miranda and  
of course, in good discourse, of don lorenzo,

perchance a perfect poet... enchanted, envisioned...  
captives held for 400 years in make-believes, the  
tragi-comedy of cervantes: don miguel, himself oft  
imprisoned-- to gain factionized dominium in a new  
millennium, an era, an age, an epoch?

where humanes of real life scrabble, dabble,  
scribble and scramble, to liberate selves, fractions  
of awe and angst?

oh, i may not be a great poet, in the annals of  
tradition... i may not even be a mediocre one...barely  
escaping perdition... yet, now and ever more, if only  
to myself, in a little scheming...

i am a perfect poet, to my meinging...  
i ever yearn and learn to address lifeness,  
the relation of all beings one to another...

and much inspired, with no apology required,  
after serving my life sentence in molded clay...  
any day. i may be broken, shattered and scattered,  
as astral dust:

¿to serve a death sentence? eternally...



**a poet's pleasure**

**11/17/03**

i live with a poet's pleasure,  
my words and spaces seam good measure... page  
by page, backstage, front stage, on stage, off  
stage, i try to be a sage.. though i circle the sun  
only once a year, already i count 70 revolutions  
and more, quite clear... in some blanks and banks, i  
even hide my rage... insistent, each instant, father  
time adds interest to my age.. gentle, kind,  
demanding, reprimanding, mother earth gives  
sufficient wage...

i cry quickly, quite quietly, quizotically, to read in  
the fittest news, our newly funded poets miss  
vital clues... promoting consumption of poetry to  
the masses? behavior akin to preaching sin, like...  
imprisoning restless kids in classes. while  
competitions increase distresses, fiscal fantasy  
may gild the presses, poetry, ah, poetry.... the  
muses amuse...poetry is hearing the sounds of a  
smile, poetry is seeing the aura of total darkness,  
poetry is tasting the salt of hot tears, savoring  
the ever even sweetness of cool rain, poetry is  
scenting the odor of lifeness and death, knowing  
good, poetry is the touch of caring and being  
cared for...

in my octette... 8 scant words...

**love is the answer, love is the question...**



## ALIENS, BEWARE!

Before we study all The Aliens in our lives, IT is good to hear, to read, to learn a tragi-comedy, which might even be a Sacred Song from every Childhood:


### The Lament of A Crybaby

I cried in the morning and I cried at night, I cried with fright and I cried with delight, I cried on the First Day of School, I cried on Our Last Day, A Fool?

'How alien were my Teachers!'  
I cried a hundred thousand daze,  
I hear my Cries yet: Yet? Still? Again?  
I cry silently, for my wounded  
Imagination,

Where was my Parents' Indignation?  
I do not always have wet Tears, when I cry, I would moisten my parched Soulfulness.... The Tears of mourning are due, The Tears of morning are dew.

**A Crybaby**



**April 15th, Onward ¿Christian?  
Soldiers...**

April 15th, Onward ¿Christian? Soldiers...  
I cannot go to war today, I have taxes to  
pay... Tomorrow, render under Caesar  
what is Caesar's... I cannot fight, it  
wouldn't be right... let rummy be the  
dummy...

Next week, I won't keep the date, the  
battle you plan would tempt fate...  
Rice plays with loaded dice... and I am  
allergic to lice...  
Next month? I forget who, what, is my  
excuse, maybe I'll be a recluse!  
Not only, just, yet, when, because I am  
somewhat of a card...  
Intentionally, on purpose, I simply failed  
to join the National Guard.  
Onward ¿Christian? Soldiers, Sailors,  
Marines... it all demeans...

david inkey, the UN poet, 41505

a ray of light...  
inkey's inquest, 9-06-03

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u,

□□□□

poets ponder...a lightning  
storm? 13 rays of an unaligned sonnet,  
i wander as i wonder "how might i catch  
thunder?"i could, would, might, disguise  
words, inwardly, forwardly, backwardly,  
onwards, forever, carefully keeping in  
time. timekeepers clock the grim reaper,  
am i supposed to circle clockwise? might  
the cosmic comic suggest the clock lies?  
my sacred poems are without rhyme,  
lightly scarred by reason, ever in  
season... never scared by treason,  
i ponder, all poets ponder...

=====       =====  
the lightning is...       enlightened...

inkey's math lesson, to share or  
not to share

Adding? JOY...

$$1 \times 1 = 1$$

$$1 \times 2 = \text{multiple joy} \dots\dots\dots$$

Sorrow...

$$1 \div 1 = 1$$

$$1 \div 2 = \text{one half}$$

u c what joy u multimplicated.....  
you see how relieved grief can be...



A snowman I would be????????

Warm greetings?

Do you wonder why i am santa?

When a snowman i would be,  
With the goal of having shiny eyes of  
coal... cool?

With a carrot nose I could pose...  
With cranberry lips, I would smile...  
Never intending to beguile...

I would be as tall as my christmas tree...  
about six foot three...

Yet, lest I melt to mush, in this season's  
rush, no need to blush...

I would be most careful of warm  
greetings...

Do you wonder why I am santa!

121403





. A Trojan Horse.....

Of course,  
I would never, ever  
never give you a Trojan horse...

A cricket, a grouse, even a compu mouse,  
Mice might be nice... A frieze would please...

LORD! Lord Elgin agrees, agrees, grieves  
But I would never give you a Trojan horse...

Flight 175, British Airways, Gate 7...  
Earlier or late, your arrival is great...

I serve you with a Greek plate...  
Don't scold me, it is not gold...  
Jason lost the golden fleece...

With age, it is a little old.

An Athens bargain,  
Boldly in 1964 sold ...

YES! Delphi, I know...

I know what I know...

In Mykanos, a little calf  
made me laugh...

In Olympia, I was a good sport...

Then, in Awe, to the Acropolis,

Anthems to Athens, Athena?

The Republic banishes poets...

Old Plato was too dour,

Not to our hour,


Quite sour...

A poet laureate...july 18, 1997

AN ODE TO AWE...

Eye owe an Ode to Awe, U no?  
Awe awakened me Today and mutely minded  
me to pay my Debt(s),  
with Interest...  
Lest my Debtors fail to repay my Being sum  
handsome somes...  
(Ore, was IT to pray my doubts away...)  
Aye tried, once again,  
to hide behind my feeble fortresses of almost all  
encompassing Absurdity,  
but Absurdity who had/has his/her own  
House/Home to keep,  
slept in solitary silence...

Absurdity, deftly, deafly and dumbly paid,  
paid no attention.  
Absurdity unheard all my cries and crises...  
I misplaced in Yesterdays all the Tomorrows,  
Daze I might have glimpsed and grasped,  
Eye lost all my Futures  
wherein I invested a horrid hoard of all  
of the best intentions...



Alas, Parent Time, who clearly, cleverly,  
circles and lengthens me, unmercifully(?),  
pronounces proxy, pathetically and poorly,  
all in a lowered case as if I had any case at  
all,  
my yesterdays are no longer mine, nor  
mindful...

(I ponder, Do all Shylocks lose their claims to  
flesh that is not their own....) "Today," you  
say, "is Just?" Only Today ... just Today! I  
pray:

Lord, spare me Your justice and give me Your  
mercy...

I will walk Humbly all the Daze of My  
Lifeness... And Time--whenever, wherever,  
however, and why--will never be 'too long, nor  
too twisted in DNA-like spirals, nor too  
closed in tight circle(s)...

I will love my neighbor(s) as You have taught  
me to Love, to Love myself, so as to know how  
to Love others...

Awe owes no apology...

Between Awe and Ought I hear(d) a Comic,  
Cosmic Chorus,

"All ur debts are forgiven as U have  
foregiven those who trespass against U..."

IAN ODE TO EASE!

eeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeee

eee



eE



**E** *eeeEeE*

---

IT might ever, always, in all ways,  
Bumbling, BEE very e-z to rite odes to  
ease, WHILE writing everything else is  
just, simply, plain, mixed eE. Be care-full  
of the difference between little ee and  
GREAT EE.....



## ODE TO LARA, OWED TO LARA

### We owe an Ode to Lara,

She circles Us, *endlessly*, at Twenty-Four,  
In Years and Hours, in Nights and Days,  
And Daze...

Just "three times" ago, when my Bets and She  
were Only Eight, Summer's Song caught Our  
Children in Life's Magic Maze.. Our Holidays  
are still, stilled Holy Days, of Friendship, Fun,  
And Faith!

Life's Lines and Cycles carry Us--along all  
Trails and thru all Trials: Only, Today's  
Dammed-up Tears are flooding Our Parched  
Souls, Moistened Seeds of Yesterday's Joy  
and Sorrow sprout, with Promise...

GOD, clothe Us, comfort Us, with the Dawn of  
Tomorrow: Bless'd Blossoms... Mourning Glory,  
Morning Glory...

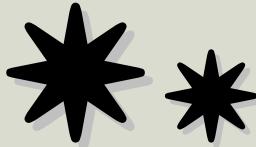
Salt gives Us its Savor and its Sting...  
Death gives Us our Numbness and Silent  
Search. Mischief, Mirth and Musing remind Us,

*We owe an Ode to Lara...*


A rare pair...  
21204

I care...  
I care to show you how much I care...  
I dare to be kind...  
I never leave you in a bind...  
I nourish your spirit and mind...

You care...  
You show me how much you care  
You dare to be kind  
You never leave me in a bind...  
You nourish my spirit and mind...







autumnal equinox, 2003

An osprey strained my sight,  
A gaggle of geese gave me much delight...

Wilbur puzzled about flight,  
Orville reflected confidence, all bright...  
The brothers needed to be Wright...

I learn the art of butterflies  
Like a wizard of olden times,  
I soar on the wings of dragonflies

I don't clutter, mutter, nor stutter,  
Who flies faster... the dragon or the  
butter ...

A little lightning bug appears all a  
flutter... and disappears in the night...

In short circuits...  
An osprey strains my sight,  
A gaggle of geese give me much delight...  
Yes, I am an angel, without wings...



**bare, my thoughts, i bear...**

"trials wear us into a liking of what, possibly,  
in the first essay, displeased us." john locke

bare, my thoughts, i bear...  
my, feelings, you care?  
love, to gather, we dare...

fair, my doubts, i fare...  
expectations, we pair...  
defeats and feats, i pare...

rare, my complaint(s), i swear...  
so soulfully, ever, i stare...  
tear the texts of terror!  
tear, again, the pretexts of error,  
some truths of tears, i tare...

ware, my cries...  
a clever disguise, i wear...  
bare, my thoughts, i bear...

**sonneting, 112103**



because i am in london...


because i am in london, the quietest clown,  
i wear my crown, upside, upside down...  
when her majesty the queen is out of town...

because i am in london...while international  
relations fester, i might, justly, be the court  
jester...because i am in london... quite under  
spoken, to study law while w's protesters  
gather on the mall,

unbroken, friend humpty dumpty guards us  
all... while buckingham witnesses total  
falderal...

because i am in london, at lse... i can jury all  
our briefs with glee, neither best of times  
nor worst, dickens sighs... karl marx,  
manifestly, in hempsted lies... lays?

because i am in london, to earn some legal  
gear, though a peer in parliament may sneer...  
though a lord may choose to disappear...  
because i am in london...you can testify...  
i will be a seer...



because i am in london...the london bridge isn't  
falling down... because i am in london... the  
london bridge is out of town...


oh beautiful, for spacious skies, where are all  
our whys.... manifest destiny, allied coalition,  
american empire, whose perdition...

we quiver...

i saw the london bridge crossing the colorado,  
coals to new castle?

what a hassle... because i am in london?

**david inkey, lse, '56-57, reflections 4 03**




**Bedtime Eclipse, November 2003**  
**(SEE ECLIPSING LIFE AND DEATH...)**

After super, before our baths, this  
Saturday night... We watched Our  
Mother try to steal our nightlight...  
To hide her tactics, she staged some  
theatrics...

Socrates cast shadows only on the cave's  
wall. Gaia obscures us all. Though so full  
of mirth, Mom Earth's fun was of little  
worth, Gaia laughed as the Man in the  
Moon lost all his girth,

Lunatic, clown, payaso, harlequin, behaving  
off the mark... Our Mother believed she  
could keep us in the dark? With his  
gravity and flashlight, Sunny shamed our  
Gaia Goddess, ...

Mrs. Earth was moved aside. Moon Man  
smiled again, he even raised our tide...  
Mom took us to our bedside... Run in fun  
with the Sun. Soon the Moon will call the  
Loon,



**Beware of The Hare, The Easter  
Bunny, treat or threat?**

The Easter Bunny really is quite funny,  
Ever droll when helping in our egg roll...  
Ever mute, even when in dispute...

The Easter Bunny uses no soft touches in  
clutches, With soiled feet, blue, green,  
yellow, red, orange, or purple...


"All the eggs are hard boiled."

The Easter Bunny is sanitary, very clean,  
Pristine, astute, cute and keen...but alas,  
like a gossip, He is scarcely reliable,

"He always spills the beans."

(My jellybeans!)

You think I would like a chocolate bunny...  
Now, it is you who is funny...



I cry in despair and repair, "Not on my  
diet!" Candy is not dandy...

Funny, peculiar, strange, alien, pagan  
practices pervade,  
In the Easter Parade...

Funny, I have never met the Easter  
Bunny, Though I bait him with carrots  
and grass, he eludes...

Yet I exude, "Happy Easter, Easter  
Bunny, treat or threat?"

## 21204

### coy poems...

persevere though i be a little  
severe, u may fit a bit to reverre....

joy, toy, ploy, coy,

.....

death be proud, death be not  
proud from: david inkey


death be proud, by john undone...

Death, be proud, we know thee to be  
mighty, unannounced, dreadfull,  
announced, at times, welcome, those,  
whom thou think'st, thou dost overthrow,  
oft die... poore death? and at any time  
thou canst kill mee. from rest and sleepe,  
you carry me off, to be or not to be...  
much grief, displeasure, and scant parting  
pleasure, then from thee, much more  
must flow, proud secrecy!

And soonest our best and worst men  
(read people) with thee doe goe, rest of  
their bones, and soules deliverie. thou art  
slave and master to fate, chance, kings,  
and desperate men, women, children,  
princes, princesses, queens, counts and no  
counts, all in some awe...

And dost with poyson, warre, and  
sickness, fear and frivolity dwell, done





by donne, john suggests poppie, or  
charmes can make us sleepe... as well?  
and better then thy stroake; why swell 'st  
thou then? for pride... one sleepe seizes  
us and, wee may not or may wake  
EEEEternally, eternally? to salvation or  
damnation...

You should be PROUD of your secrets...  
and deathness was, is and shall be... you  
are proud in mystery...in my move from  
my story to mystery, will you accompany  
me with great EEE or little eee....  
substitutes for DEATH, thou shalt die?  
substitutes for life, we shall live..  
LIFENESS, the relation of all beings one  
to another?




## Death Be Not Proud

by john donne...

Death be not proud, though some have  
called thee Mighty and dreadful, for,  
thou art not soe, For, those, whom thou  
think'st, thou dost overthrow, Die not,  
poore death, nor yet canst thou kill mee.  
From rest and sleepe, which but thy  
pictures bee, Much pleasure, then from  
thee, much more must flow, And soonest  
our best men with thee doe goe, Rest of  
their bones, and soules deliverie. Thou  
art slave to Fate, Chance, kings, and  
desperate men, And dost with poyson,  
warre, and sicknesse dwell, And poppie, or  
charmes can make us sleepe as well, And  
better then thy stroake; why swell'st  
thou then? One short sleepe past, wee  
wake eternally, And death shall be no  
more; death, thou shalt die.

-----



drinking fountain


for colored only...n.o... new  
orleans...1943... grey matter... 2005...

i drank from the for colored only water  
fountain, only once in my life...  
i drank from the for colored only water  
fountain... 'twas the hot summer of 1943, new  
orleans...

i was not yet twelve, new to the south...  
the drive of thirst will ever be my excuse...

two, too more literate, older brothers read  
the signs: for whites only... for colored only...  
to my chagrin, to their disgrace, they knew  
their race... waiting in line both to quench  
thirsts and stench place!

the weight i experienced was is a life-long  
lesson of çrace?



how many colors, how many artists create a coalition... we strive, drive, derive with grace a humane race and face...

1943 plus 62, 2005, so much alive?

2005 -post katrina, new orleans? the south? race and place? where are the drinking fountains, who have potable water?

mud, death, despair, destruction, reconstruction... do we have a different race to run? for colored only?

what colors? what primary colors! blue, yellow, red... when black and white cease shadowing, shallowing each other,

we may mix black and white and find

grey matter: \*

=====

the 8 pointed star is my answer mark...  
how many swallows make a spring?

\*  david inkey, 10/23/05



emily's silence...

Emily said to me: Parting is all we know of  
Heaven, And of Hell, all we need to know...

andrew astounded all awe...  
benjamin blessed the bounty...

carl cried our concern...  
david delighted in description, deciphering joy,  
joy in a good job well done...  
playing along....

edward only wondered...  
franklin... franklin felt, he felt friendship,  
george?  
george jestered in all gentleness...

lily lives...mary marveled...  
naomi needed...ophelia opts...  
penelope pines...  
ruth requests...  
robert robed his questions in a coat of many  
colors...  
samuel suggested surprises would be his best  
sermon...

thomas doubted, totally:


date unknown,  
late 20<sup>th</sup> century



## Eclipsing, Life and Death

"Now the day is over, night is drawing  
nigh, Shadows of the evening, steal  
across the sky."

After supper, before baths, this  
Saturday night We watched Our Mother  
trying to steal the bed light...To hide her  
tactics, she staged some great theatrics.  
Socrates cast shadows only on a cave's  
wall... With lively pride, Goddess Gaia  
wanted to obscure all. Though so full of  
mirth, Mom Earth's fun was of little  
worth, Gaia laughed as the Man in the  
Moon lost all his girth, Lunatic, clown,  
payaso, harlequin, behaving off the mark  
In the even-tide, the dogs began to  
bark...Our Mother believed she could  
keep us in the dark? With all gravity and  
his flashlight, Brother Sun shamed the  
Goddess, A little after eight, Mrs.  
Earth was nudged aside Moon Man smiled  
again, he even raised our tide... Mom took  
us to her bedside, ranting panting and  
chanting "My little ones, Run in fun with



the Sun      Soon, at Noon, when the  
Moon hides from the Loon,      Moon  
Man will be eclipsed!" At nines and tens,  
Moon Man, invading our room, awakened  
us      He said that "Our Mom had lied  
about his smile, Ms. Earth from afar, only  
The Blue Marble, would beguile.      We  
Extraterrestrials are the  
Celestials..."Verne, Jules, jewels had  
discerned in Moon Man's stride, His  
control of our tide and his safety patrol  
on the midnight ride. Though she cares so  
much for us, Mom Earth is sometimes  
fickle, "Beware, however, it is Father  
Time who wields the sickle..."Donne was  
done by claiming that Death should not be  
proud...Death is rightly, mightily proud...  
Death is the shroud...

November 9, 2003

**finis,**

the beginning of the end of the beginning.....

Flights of Fantasy!

120403

Birds to bee and be...

If I were a bird, I would never want to  
be a bee...

If I were a bee, I would never want to be  
a bird...

Such ideas are absolutely absurd...

Flights of Fantasy!

Oh, how many beings, I could be

If only I didn't have to be Me...

I would take, on a fling, on a swing, on  
wing,,

Flights of Fantasy!

In great measure, in my pleasure...in my  
treasure,

I would ask in quiet speculation, grief and  
glee,

How many kinds of birds I might be?

If I weren't ME...

Flights of Fantasy!

My! My Icarian thoughts...

Flights of Fantasy!





## Flying Lessons.....


You asked me if you could take flying lessons... I replied, "Yes, but don't insist on my doing so."

Half a world away, in AWE...  
In a theatre of sound and light,  
I ever so eagerly saw a great  
sight... Though with jet-lag I was a  
frazzle,

You, me did dazzle!

Then, since, ever, and more...  
Me, you never bore...  
With fresh cheers of delight...  
Moistened rarely with a few tears  
of blight... Still (quietly and yet),  
we gain insight...

While we yearn to know how the  
cuckoo sings,  
And with sighs, we hear that the  
loon cries...



We, little underlings, learn to  
spread our wings, We soar, we  
score, we long for more...

How do we fare? Well... How much  
do we dare? All... Don't ask now  
who, how, when or where? Nor  
why? One should always take  
lessons to fly...

Should you have queried, "Can we  
take flying lessons?"  
Thank you now and then, again and  
again, a gain..., For asking if you  
could take flying lessons...

While I resisted, I must have lied,  
at most to my self... I should have  
replied, "Yes, with Me! And I with  
thee!"

Together... How the years have  
flown and we have grown...

may 16<sup>th</sup> 2005 – our anniversary



## Frivolous Flakes

Frivolous Flakes...

Then, about ten, the Heavens grew dark...

Winter decided to make her mark...

I didn't quite know why...

Clouds covered the Sky...

Sheets of gray hid the Sun,

Frivolous Flakes wanted their fun...

Suddenly, Bright Crystals began to fall,

And, and, and,

I was invited to a Snow Ball...

Weak, Tired, Hale and Hearty,

All could Party...

Today, I see not a Flake...

Was Yesterday a Winter "Mistake..."

Frivolous flakes...

120303



Help me to sew life's quilt...

Help me to sew life's quilt...  
I count the squares of life's quilt, with a  
kind sigh...  
And the tally is quite high...

Help me to sew life's quilt...  
I am not all innocent,  
Nor am i full of guilt...

Help me to sow life's quilt...  
In a great field I turned around a piece  
marked Evil,  
I found the reversed peace spelled Live...

Help me to sow life's quilt...  
The next Peace reads Love...


**21204**



## Hoaxes

Hoaxes





## humility, the valedictorian's struggle...

now, be humble, mother said...

thru nine schools, thru twelve years, counting and  
discounting, how many fears? across many faces,  
across many places, meeting only one race, humane  
wetting and drying, how many tears?  
with good grades, with hard work,  
with and without, how many peers?  
toward a graduation, toward adulation,  
the spartan valedictorian appears...

parents' pride aside, mine denied... now, be  
humble, mother said... "humble..." what a wounded  
cry... my labors awry... now be humble, why...fifty  
years flown by...

half a century ago... our clocks so slow... still, yet,  
ever... memory holds aglow... now, be humble,  
mother said...

now, now be humble... thru three classes i ambled,  
gambled, rambled and scrambled,  
passing from ability, auditing  
futility, learning humility...

time possesses a clear feature, time trained me, a  
better creature...time is a fine teacher... n-o-w, o-  
w-n, w-o-n, humbled one...



## I am too poor to go to war...

I am too poor to go to war...  
Let me tell you the score...  
Your last war left my crops asunder,  
Now my children hunger...  
You planted mines in my field...  
Nothing but misery, they yield...  
Your current battle destroyed my cattle,  
Only a bull and a cow...  
Because I am not a Muslim or a Jew,  
you allow me a sow...  
Your soldiers gloat that they got my goat...  
Was it the marines who stole my sheep...  
From you, many sorrows I do reap...

With preemptive interventions and multiple  
inventions, You tell me of good intentions?

Who is supposed to explain the detentions?  
With great math, the war's cost you do  
extend, With your latest military budget, me,  
you do offend...

Who is to pay for road mending, for health  
care spending...  
For student tending, for water vending...



Quartermaster, halfmaster, fullmaster???

Who would envision worse provision...  
Domestically, you insist on standard testing,  
with efficiency...

You teach war games with proficiency...  
Would that we could help children with  
educational sufficiency...

While far away, thousands of troops are  
quickly deployed...  
In Iraq, Bosnia, Haiti, Siam or Thailand...  
While at home, the streets with the  
unemployed fill..

What is it you do for the ill?

I do believe... I am too poor to go to war...  
I am out of step, I am inept... I am too poor...  
Yes, I am rich with other stuff... With  
Thomas Mann, I have a lease... "War is a  
cowardly escape from the problems of  
peace." Would I, would you, would we, if we  
could, afford peace...

I am too poor to go to war...

David Inkey, 121503





i am not rummy's dummy

I am not rummy's dummy....  
Though he may lie and make me cry,  
And he may cheat when dealing and use  
only jokers...  
And he may send many troops to die...  
For democracy, i am not rummy's  
dummy....


When it is rainy, select cheney...  
Dick is quick to provide cover in a reign  
of terror...When the odds are dire and all  
are "under fire."

Remember, rice throws the dice...  
Do u know, two dice are "die."

Janus is a two-faced goddess, a roaming  
roman... When w is in his bold time, state  
of decision,

Division, incision revision or union (?),

He asserts, "I am bush...  
I am bush... Am bush!"



In foggy bottom, powell puts on a scowl,  
Only to imitate an owl?  
If I could talk, i would squawk:  
"Colin's UN talk is that of a hawk."

Whether dummies are in, or out, politicos  
are sly... Rummy tells half-truths, he  
seems to lie, While more troops die...

When rummy stacks the deck, ridge says,  
"What the heck... let's play bridge.  
Let's feast, what's in the fridge?"

When rummy works on prevarications...  
Laura escalates ranch vacations...

Better to be detained in guantamano,  
Than houston, austin or crawford...  
rain or shine...

No error? The death penalty is texas'  
reign of terror. I am not bushed, i am  
fatigued, excuse any error.

..... st. pat's 04

I claimed only to be a Prince of  
Peace, afterthoughts from  
handel's messiah...part one

I claimed only to be a Prince of Peace,

The crown you made for me you found on  
the ground, A vine with many thorns,  
It fell softly on the moss, as you raised  
me on the Cross, It fell as I descended  
into Hell...


A simple thing,

You thought I claimed to be a king,  
With great glee, you did mock me,  
To wound my spirit divine,  
You were most cruel, devilishly unkind...

I claimed only to be a Prince of Peace,

You didn't understand my hand,  
It was raised in praise, in Love,  
Satan knew I only held a dove, Why  
did you think I might need a crown...

**122103, ...**



I gained dollars and some sense...

I gained dollars and some sense...

When I was quite small,

I shined shoes for a penny a pair,

The price I thought quite fair...

When I as a little bigger,

I did yard work for 25 cents a week, A

small fortune I did seek...

When I was a mighty high school

sophomore, I was a soda jerk for 40

cents an hour, For ice cream my tastes

never did sour...

When I was a college junior and senior,

As a humble hospital orderly I earned


\$7.60 a day,

A challenging job was my mainstay... When

I was a professor,

I gained many dollars and more sense...

**121903**



**I met the poem of life... 32004**

This night, quite quietly alone,  
When I left aside the guilds of strife.  
I met the poem of life...

Each menace does require some penance,  
Each eve, a few would me deceive...  
With wit I reply, I wish not to hear your lie.  
Every joy my spirit does employ  
Each eve, many would me relieve...

I am ever grateful that my day's daze is but a  
brief phase,  
A phrase, when each night's knight whispers some  
praise,  
Then, I do believe I find quiet reprieve,  
With modest shadows my self I do cover when I  
discover,  
I glow in beauty, as beauty would grow in me...

The poem of life nights me...  
Am I to dream as a shining night?  
Some glistening stardust caught in humane form..  
Reformed, dis-aster being distance from my star  
afar...

This night, quite quietly alone,  
When I left aside the guilds of strife.  
I met the poem of life...

## Impunity, beyond the pale 12/03

Impunity, beyond the pale,  
I do critique a We The People(s) mystique...  
We may think it is a general rule,  
That children should have school.  
Boy, Oh Boy... i ask, "who is the fool?"  
Education for all, what falderal...  
Masculine, you and i, easily qualify,  
We fill and make the grade...  
We know our gender is the code...  
Male is the mode...  
Be a girl and chances fail...  
Female is placed beyond the pale...  
Or, hidden in a veil,  
Or, left at home, as if in jail...  
What is the innocence and ignorance we reap,  
While, with little or no schooling, many daughters  
Sew, cook and sweep, our homes do keep...  
For their outcaste state,  
How might we all weep...  
In many a classroom,  
Sons get two spaces of every three,  
With probable impunity.  
With improbable authority,  
Unicef in 2003 swears ...  
Girls' education: top priority...  
Was it only in '83, a scant score of years ago,  
I did plea for school equity...  
Now, with an advisor's confession...  
I am in regression, Impunity, beyond the pale...



In Braille,

Incite, in sight, in Braille...

"Love is blind..."

Yesterday, sadly, I opined,

"You are too blind to be kind!

You ignore, deplore and leave behind  
the faith I've enshrined,

The care entwined, the hopes outlined,  
described, imprinted in Braille..."


Today, ¿my friend? You still offend.

I see u decline, rewind, reject, infect  
thoughts divined...

Now, I'd rather find you reflective, more-  
most refined, declaiming, framing:

"I see, Love is blind, not me!"

41505



JOY, OR IS GROWING UP  
WORTH "IT"

I believe that in my early years, Joy happened frequently.

Joy is now something less spontaneous. I seem to have lost a lot... Joy was Popcorn on Saturdays, before we went to Five Cent Movies...Joy was Homemade Fudge on Sunday Afternoons, in Winter...


Joy was Playing with Snow People in our Back Yard... Joy was racing with Snow People in The Park... Joy was the Picnic the very Day we got out of School, in early June... Joy is still giving May Baskets to the Neighbors...

Joy was the 4th of July Rodeo and having to "explode" 10 hours of Bobby's fireworks,

Joy must look Beyond the Past...

Joy calls Us.....





## JOY, RE-EN-VISIONED

Joy is smiling at a sunny day,  
Joy is walking in the rain,  
Joy is discovering a beautiful windflower,  
Joy is waiting for the first snowdrops  
Joy is the voice of a friend,  
Joy is helping a person learn something  
new,  
Joy is the revelation of Imagination...

Joy is seeing through the shadows and  
knowing that,  
    Love is the Question,  
    Love is the Answer...

When your Joy is slumbering and you feel  
alone,  
Know that my Joy is waiting for you...

Joy is my Friend...

## Leprechaun's Lust, Irish Gold

Dear Turtle,

Once upon a Time, not very long after Time began, there was a marvelous old young leprechaun, redheaded and handily left-handed, of course, even when off course... Well, he was raised with three brothers and no sisters, so when he became a parent, he longed most for healthy children, two of them, but deep in his soul and high in his soulfulness, he longer longed to have both a son and a daughter, or a daughter and a son, in choice of the king or choice of the queen order..... Our lep was blessed with "la choix de roi."

Time moved on, and on and on and on..... Events grew into eventuality and eventuality landed just a little west of the ancient Emerald Isle and not quite so far east of the Emerald City, lep and his family became Connecticut Yankees, our reddy lep landed on a piece or "peace" of edenic terra, quickly nominated by the resident Turtle to be Racc Ridge, just only yet still ever to celebrate a local raccoon.....a raccoon living in the largest sugar maple on the prop property... One event led to another and lep and his family seized the sacred month of St. Pat to make golden nectar, a syrupy selection of juice from nature's natural rejuvenation...

Before the daffodils go daffy in our circle,  
before the forsythia glances golden tints along  
our pilgrim's fence, almost before our snowdrops  
drop their heads in prayful praise..... lep has  
made a quintessence quart of Patrick's Potion...

With or without pancakes, aye, I have condensed  
this story, nature's nicety, into a quart of  
compliance.....an acre of awe.....a gift of  
gratitude... the mourning doves dive with delight,  
the turtle takes her time to tease.... Sir David has  
a quart of maple's mirth bottled for his Turtle..  
\_\_\_\_\_ peacefully, inkey.....

alas, inkey has lost his irish shirt as a gift to turtle's  
teasing time... yellow ducky and aussie duck playfully  
remind inkey that he is not green, with envy.... is it linen's  
lining that keeps us in line..... each year teaches us to  
circle our selves in simple sincerity...

I dream by day and by night: We will form a great  
circle and as we step or stumble counter-clockwise you  
will be my leader and as we reverse ourselves, you will  
follow or fall in my steps...

Whoever called the clock wise?



Last night, again,  
I found the little boy in me...


Solstice lights,  
With some glee,  
Last night I slept beneath my Christmas  
tree, I was looking for the little boy in  
me...

I slept well,  
Deep in my dreams of yore, I did dwell...  
Wondering, what Santa has in store,

I dreamt beneath my tree once before,  
'Twas when I was only five...  
Oh, I was so much alive...

Last night I slept beneath my Christmas  
tree, Solstice lights did me revive,  
Oh, I am so much alive...

Last night, again, I found the little boy in  
me...



## Leap year...

Remember december, cold,  
Bold and enter  
Leap year, 2004...

An extra day for play, pay back...  
Drama, a play to have our say...  
Light, a bright ray to avoid dismay...

Leap year, another year, with some fear?  
365 days, daze to cheer...  
Many to hold dear...  
The air to clear,  
Politicos out of gear!  
Joy to hear and reveere...

Leap, leap year, jump high

## 21204

Let me peace the peaces of  
peace...12/11/03

Let me peace the peaces of peace...

War? What for?

For the sake of glory?

Isn't that quite gory? I won't enlist...

Were I forced into your service,

I would desert,

"Coward," You assert, "To show bravery!"

I find that a peculiar kind of knavery...

To defend (y)our honor...

That's one I refuse even to ponder...

To protect (y)our security?

We might prefer a different futurity!

Thomas Mann told me,

"War is only a cowardly escape

From the problems of peace..."

To keep us free?

From that blind suggestion, I do flee ...

'Tis an argument, I cannot see?


In morals, I think your case is

base...War?

What for? To honor the ultimate

sacrifice?

For what do these deaths suffice?



Glory, honor, freedom and death's price...  
Let me plead again for advice...  
Isn't it greater glory, honor,  
Finer freedom and less vice...  
To give service in another way...  
Yes, I know the ancient theme,  
"Greater love hath no man than this,  
To lay down his life for that of  
another...."  
Brother, sister, uncle, aunt, cousin,  
Father, Mother,  
Friend and stranger...  
My dream is, "No greater love hath I  
than this,  
To live my life with and for all others."  
That may be the ultimate bliss...  
Day by day, of thee, little I ask, though  
great the task...  
Let me peace the peaces of peace...



**Lili, high dilly, high lo!**

**Mother's Daze...**

Lili's quiet bells, may bloom, sounding resounding  
Peace... green leaves lift away winter's grate,  
great grey brown decay...a dozen little fragrant  
flowers flow among golden streams, light beams,  
white colors crest amongst straining straying  
forget-me-nots...

forget me not...

curious cardinals, crafty crows, cautious  
cormorants chorus us...

a pride of dandy lions lift their heads to hear  
spring's springing symphony,  
valiant violets venture victoriously from memory's  
heavy veil...

ants amble aimlessly in awe, past ancient  
underground architecting,  
awed in anticipation of every Mothers' daze...

Time tempers our tensions, time tempts all  
dimensions. time tears away our tears, tears of  
sorrow, tears of joy... time teaches tenderly,

Love is the Question...

Love is the Answer!

**attached... lily of the valley, 51103**





May day....

Though for another year,  
April's song is gone...  
I shed no tear...

For today, the first of may,  
We celebrate with "muguet,"  
France's "Lily of the valley,"  
Many a spirit does rally...

While we watch birds in flight,  
On the ground, all around,  
Violets, purple and white,  
Add to our delight...

Roaming free in the yard,  
Dandy lions roar a special score:  
Will you play, our bard?

050105. sonnet in a may bonnet...



## Meingness

Would I escape Myself to be beyond  
Selfness? Is ever, there, there enough  
for me, too much? Can Imagination  
embrace my evasive Elfness...

Curiosity comforts and challenges...  
Which philosopher wears the crown of my  
Consciousness... Who weights that Wit  
and Wisdom blocking my Being...

Surely, Goodness and Mercy out-measure  
Meingness... I pray not for Justice...  
Grant me Mercy.... Where, how, when can  
I escape meanness,,,

Am I in line, on line, out of string... an  
eclectic kite in charge... Would that my  
Voice raised in song would stretch...  
The cords and chords are taught...

Misunderstanding...  
Would I beat you, on deafened drums?  
Would Resound some Soundness relate...  
¿fourteen lines in a sonnet?



## Nature's Carpets

Nature thrice spread her carpets this fall, I  
raked them in, Ever with a festive grin...  
Cherished leaflets announce Awedum's caprice,  
"Welcome Mats For All..."

Golden, brown, red, orange leaves descend, They,  
my spirit do mend, In mime, in rime, anytime,

All the time, Sublime...

One carpet, for winter's wit and wisdom,  
A second spread for spring's surmise... Autumn's  
demise, April fools' surprise?

A third, a rug, to carry me to summer's summary,  
Subtle, supple, severe, stern... I turn... Though I  
am but of fragile clay,

My childself still romps in mountains I have made  
for play,  
Each revolution added to my calendar repeats an  
earthen task... Season's change tempers each,  
every mask...

I ask, I question, I query, I answer, I reply, Does  
each tree now feel free? Does each leaf death  
deny? Is Nature so generous to thee? Nature  
thrice spread her carpets this fall...

leafmaster extraordinair



## nature's nook, xenophilia

### 99 words of wonder.....

ants' awe, antelopes' anticipation  
bears' bluff, bisons' bravery  
cardinals' care, cats' cuddle  
doves' delight, dogs' devotion  
eagles' eagerness, egrets' elegy  
foxes' fright, finches' fun  
gnus' glory, grackles' glee  
herons' happiness, humanEs' hope  
ibexes' imagery, iguanas' Imagination  
jays' jealousy, jabberwockies' joy

kangaroos' kindness, kingfishers' knowing  
larks' lies, lions' Love  
mouses' mirth, mosquitoes musing  
newts' nervousness, nightingales' nurture  
orioles' optimism, owls' openness  
pigeons' pathos, penguins' peace  
quails' query, quarks' quandary  
raccoons' risk, rhinoceros' riddle  
swans' surprise, squirrels' surmise  
turkeys' trust, turtles' time  
unicorns' union, vultures' vows  
wolves' wishes, whales' wonder  
xtincts' xception

### Xenophilia

yaks' yearning, yetis' yearning  
zebras' zest, zebras' zanynes

## No noise is allowed, in my shroud

No noise is allowed, in my shroud,  
I do decry the reason why...  
'Tis cuz of Satan's cruel rule...  
Three days in Hell...

Just now, fully alive, I thrive,  
Yet, before I go to Glory  
My Story... I must my tell,  
"What?" You exclaim, you proclaim,  
You suggest, I might stay in Hell!  
Heaven's my destination... predestination...  
I don't know why you yell?  
No noise is allowed, in my shroud

For Heaven's sake, Paradise or Hell?  
On Earth, I stand my ground...  
Friends, please, gather 'round  
I will make some sound...resound...  
My story must be heard...  
Though in part absurd...  
Good cheer is allowed, in this crowd...  
Though Life may be rife with strife,  
She never silences my drums and fife...  
On my last day, fanning fires with Devilish  
desires, With a sharp knife, Satan cuts my plan. a  
longer span...Devil, get behind me... You steal my  
verb, LIVED... You reverse all my senses into your  
noun. DEVIL... Three days in Hell and I will be  
free... To Eternity...



## Now be humble... now, be humble...

Now be humble...

I am ever humbled by three little words...

Now be humble... now, be humble...

Was there a commatic pause in Mother's  
voice?

Crippled, tripled, (late flax) retted and  
ribbled... When I was but eighteen,  
valedictorian,

Thru many moves and nine schools,  
At last a compensated(?) number one...  
My Mother(!) cautioned, precautions...  
Now be humble...

I am bright, I enjoy treasures, pleasures,  
insight, And delight... Also, I suffer some  
fright...

Yet, ever, always, alone, together, with self...  
From the most severe lessons of life's  
resume.. Now be humble...

7 march 04 (my greatest most penetrating poem?)



## OLD?

Do not be so bold  
As to accuse me of growing old...

Though my locks turn to gold,  
From a redder tone,  
And I have much for which to atone...  
Though I require higher volume on the  
phone,  
And the eyeglasses thicken,  
I seldom sicken...

I enjoy good taste,  
Guarding a modest waist,  
While oldsters screech  
I use good speech,

Some will grouch, others only say ouch,  
I stand tall while many slouch,

Yet, I ever vouch,  
Stay in touch...

Only Turtle knows  
what Turtle knows...

Only Turtle knows what Turtle knows...  
Turn turtles in, turn turtles out,  
Forever, wonder what turtles are about...  
Only Turtle knows what Turtle knows...

Early, I examined Turtle's toes,  
Only Turtle knows what Turtle knows...  
Soon enough, Turtle learned to think,  
Is it only for wonder that Turtle does  
blink?

Early, I saw Turtle bawl,  
Soon enough, I watched Turtle crawl...  
Later, I watched Turtle walk,  
Then, what a joy, Turtle learned to talk!

When Turtle was sixteen, in enchanted  
isles far away, Turtle and I went to play,  
There, from ancient tortugas, Turtle did  
learn, Though far or near, Turtle may  
roam, For Christmas cheer,

Turtle is home





ouch...

not in vain, do i complain about my pain... in other years, i have shed some tears... for sorrow, grief, and human strife... yet, it seems never in my life, till now... in my body, have i felt such terror, suffering disrepair...

ouch...

let me explain, i think it is quite plain.. i am not a fake, i do not feign the ache... i offer no easy excuse for what i think is an abuse, ¿¿¿ is it in vain that i complain??? in vein? for goodness sake, this medicine must be a mistake...

ouch...



## Pagan pageants... December 25th

If the stage were set for pagan pageants,  
Santa Claus would have to flee,


Or perchance. s/he could hide in a pear  
tree, And, keep for self the gifts meant  
for thee, Me thinks, s/he would never do  
that deliberately...

If the stage were set for pagan pageants,  
Angels wouldn't sing with Heavenly glee,  
Through a cold winter's night, full of  
fright, Only a lonely Pan could play his  
pipes for me...

If the stage were set for pagan pageants,  
A hive of bees would be hired, heatedly  
to swarm... And, surely, Frosty The  
Snowperson would get too warm...

If the stage were set for pagan pageants,  
The safety inspector might believe Satan  
to be the play's director...

To keep his winter wonder from going  
asunder, Jack Frost would spare no cost...




And worst of all,  
Christmas would be lost...

If the stage were set for pagan  
pageants... As usual, the child in a manger  
would be a stranger...

Scrooge wouldn't buy a goose, but Hell  
would break loose, And, the Devil, you  
say, would upstage Santa...

In such dismay, how do we prey... "How do  
we pray?"

**12/09/03**



Party Politics for the good? loser

The campaign?

There was an error...

I was caught in a downpour,  
"the reign of terror."

My vote?

Oh, I missed "the boat." A lifeboat...

Life vest, not given... Politics over  
invested...

Citizen, bested?

My candidate?

Betwixt promise and compromise, I  
surmise...

I petition, I position, in opposition...

Is this an inquisition?

My count?


No discount in my college,

Electoral, sectoral, dictatorial...

My win?

What a spin...

I am too good? a loser...



Pax nobiscum, an unprinted voice...

Many may rejoice,  
That I have an unprinted voice...  
Several will say it is my choice,  
A few, rime and reason why,  
"Tis that I am shy,"

Indeed, that may be my cry,  
I have an unprinted voice...  
We hear poets abound,  
Some of great renown...  
Some work on sound,  
Others, to silence are bound,  
Mine is a mime, committing no crime...  
I beam with phonic display...  
I scream for an unprinted voice...  
I team with my senses, both eye and ear.  
In Cyberspace, I dream you will hear,  
That I have an unprinted voice...

I tease to please...  
My scribbled lines I relay...  
Avoiding any printer's delay...  
Hooray... My Friend, to Thee.  
I remain an unprinted voice...by choice...  
In precious silence, let us rejoice...  
Pax nobiscum...



Pax nobiscum, chapter eleven...

Finer freedom and less vice...  
To give service in another way...  
Yes, I know the ancient theme,  
"Greater love hath no man than this,  
To lay down his life for that of  
another..."  
Brother, sister, uncle, aunt, cousin,  
Father, Mother,  
Friend and stranger...  
My dream is, "No greater love hath I  
than this,  
To live my life with and for all others."  
That may be the ultimate bliss...  
Day by day, of thee, little I ask, though  
great the task...  
Let me peace the peaces of peace...

poetic license in cybernicks (plic,  
sounded police)... david inkey\*

I am quite renowned, the quietest clown,  
around, Sage, forget the rosemary and  
thyme... evening uneven time...


My, a poem without words exaggerate  
mime, while lacking rime, Would that that  
be my greatest crime?

Deafened by the unspoken,  
unheard...clearly unblurred...

Cringing aweigh from troubled touch, and  
such, Avoiding any bitterness of the  
tasteless, unmasking the faceless...

In my seize of words, a virtual dictionary,  
I captain a ferry, I need not tarry--I will  
never drown,

In catastrophe and calm, I frown against  
every cruel reign... In the deep, with  
treasures to keep, I fathom, to "mark  
twain..."



My senses discount just five, taste,  
touch, sight, hearing and scenting...

My census accounts a fix of six, humor,  
joy, grief, relief, awe and love... I am a  
cosmic poet, life sentenced to earth, a  
planetary clown! Implicitly, bonded, with  
poetic license, with special legal  
"duplicity..."


Planetary Culture and the ultimate pc,  
Personal Commitment...Cybernetic Poet,\*  
Is ur pc a grand machine, a great find,

Almost a new mind?

From whence dost thee hail...I only read  
Braille, My eyes are blind...

For what Poet Homer lacked in sight, he  
paid with insight. Later, Poet Pindar's  
fame hurt Plato's game.





Poor Plato in the shadows of a cave.  
Banishing poets, claimed to be brave, ...  
Poor Plato, worse than a slave, Poor Plato,  
a republican knave...Would that that be  
his greatest crime?

Sighted, excited, recited, the little  
prince speaks. Brightly, for me...

"It is only with the heart that one can  
see rightly; what is essential is invisible  
to the eye."

Would that poetic license  
be my greatest crime...

=====

A poem of cognition offered in  
recognition of Ray Kurzweil's cybernetic  
poetry, nytimes 112403, Patents, by  
Teresa Riordan.



## Santa, well suited

Though often sooty, but never snooty...  
My suits are famous red and white,  
And my boots, shiny black...  
In fact, in fashion, I almost nothing lack...  
A person is not by his/her clothes made...  
I work hard for my accolade...

It is not my clothes that give me fame...  
And, deer, sleigh, and toys are only a part  
of my game,  
'Tis in my spirit that I win greatest  
acclaim...

Beware... You better watch out, except  
when I come...  
You better not cry... except for joy and  
special grief...  
    I'm telling you why...  
    If you don't believe in me,  
    I won't believe in you...


Then, what in the world would we do...

120603

dear new york times ethicist, or  
santas' wait problem,

we all know that housebreakers when caught are considered criminals and dealt with accordingly... even when not apprehended the law does not pardon them.. yet, we are now in a season of great anxiousness when just one bearded old man will or will not enter our homes and other mostest guarded institutions and he (pardon the gender bias) will with longterm planning--  
¿premeditation?--upset the moral, normal and abnormal, routines of our lives and livelihoods... since september the eleventh men in ever so slightly differing attire, especially men with beards, of any and all ages, have been-are highly suspect of being "guilty," of evasion and invasion... now, i am in their lot... each year for the past ominous 13 years i have donned unusual clothing each december and not "played" but truly, intentionally, supra-nationally, worked, with planetary helpers, as a house and institution breaker... i travel with a pretext of names, a bag of uninspected packages, and i leave the premises i stealthily entered, taking "goods" of inestimable worth... i take as much from unsuspecting "innocent victims" as they would give me if I were directly threatening their lives, and of course i am threatening their lives, their economies the very belief systems, security, their myths... i think that none of the goods i take would show in

court as incriminating evidence against me, under the rubric "material witness," that argument would be "immaterial," yet my clever stealing ways support me from one season thru three more, thru an entire revolution, until i and a bonded band of roving renegades can again clandestinely collect the rewards of our labor... what with the anthrax scares around us, i suppose that many timorous souls and bodies will be less than ever appreciative this year of winter's white cloak which so facilitates my arrivals and departures... my snow jobs will hasten people to refuge and i may even encounter more cold shoulders than traditionally, although i generously offer coals to even the meanest of hosts, those who have been mean in their families and communities. mean even beyond my sense of meaning... so many people in all lands have become accustomed to the trinkets i give them, while i take so much more from them... in a way they are unknowingly generous, even though they are accustomed to my ways, i am just a tiny tiny timlet--a second hand to their wishes--reluctant to plead for, even to murmur my wish for a gift, even a symbolic reward, for myself, that i could apply to my advancing needs... i have never before so explicitly expressed my need, but what with the events of september the eleventh and our general recession, i think you might weigh my brief, my case ¿briefcase? i want, a gift for santa.. while the administration in dc has proclaimed that it doesn't want to leave any children behind, and child or adult, in june 2001,



W offered to the coffers of kofi for his aid AIDS fund the sumlet of 200 million dollars, that is only a fractiontight in excess of 71 cents (not sense) per capita for every kidlet and adult in the usa... and the nation has offered 40 billion for post september eleventh assistance (that's 200 times the contribution to the United Nations AIDS Fund)....i am confused.....

human rites and rights alert us to many threats to our welfare, yet we hasten to economize even in welfare. all the way through all my schooling, i never ever, since, yet, before, and have been through a course in ethics... and i am still weighting for that great day when spelling contests will ask Danny whether our descriptive adjective is human or humane... if my plea is beyond your ethical competency, perchance you can direct me and my revolutionaries through the mazes... i have ever wanted amaze, for christmas, ramadan, hanukkah, buddha's birthday, confucius' nameday, all birthdaze, children's days, mommy's daze, daddy's daze and maybe you can give me a generous peace of peace...



## *a gift for santa?*

*i want to live in a world where the past tense, the present tense, and the future tense--all avoid pre-tense. i want to live in a world where the future protects the past... and, where, without question or doubt, the past protects the future... this may be the greatest present we may ask for.*

*i want all of the best dreams of all ages to be the "ourstory" of the future. i want all the horrors of all our pasts to be forgiven, miscellaneous errors of ignorance..... miserably multiplied by unmitigated arrogance.*

*i want to live in a world where no child will ever ask, why did you save my life?*

*i do not want to live in a world where children ask us, the well-fed, the educated, the healthy, the rich, the powerful, "innocent questions" for which i have no innocent answers.*

*peace, santa*



## Snow Jobs

In a peace dream I saw two young children in the Middle East ready for a war just as the sun emerged from the clouds of war.

One child stood in the shade, armed with a magnificent pile of snowballs... The smaller, weaker and wiser child stood in a small sunlit puddle, crying toward heaven, "I can't fight, my snowballs have melted." Was that foreign sound indeed a cry of despair or a shriek of delight. The child's smile spoke louder than all his words and the two boys took the precious, remaining snowballs home to their families because the scuds had destroyed Baghdad's water system.

I never counted my snow battles because they were few and friendly. My playing in The Sunnyside Park was so much play that in my childhood. I never had to fight in racial, economic, or ideological wars. The Sunnyside Wars were supposed to be a game... before ¿War Games?



Satan, caught by the spelling bees...

a swarm of bbb caught the devil by surprise... "you scare the Hell out of me..." was Satan's heated surmise, the devil, cruelly chased the littlest b... in reprise...


the queen buzzed, almost stingingly, "join our crew..." "devil, you bumble more than we.." caught, the devil whispered to self, "what am i to do?"

the littlest b xstactically xplained, "you, you little devil, you don't know how to spell." "I do... S...A...T...A...N..." the devil replied, "What the Hell!"

"B Wise" said the littlest b...  
"s...a...n...t...a... the devil, almost  
bumbling, responded, "s...a...n...t...a..."

=====





now, our newest santa helps bbb separate  
honey from wax... he waxes apples in the  
awedumm, perfect gifts in eden...and in  
AWE, AU, Antarctica University, he is a  
pc, a most honored program coordinator  
of corporate kindness... the b school is a  
buzzing success...

the littlest b is praying with all the  
praying mantises... that this fallen angel  
will learn to fly again in celestial circles...

in a greek myth a boy named icarus had  
wings that melted, i think the devil's  
wings melted with the heat of his own  
furnace.

The d...e...v...i...l... turned from evil, to  
live... he turned himself around,  
and l...i...v...e...d...

i like spelling bbb...



...seasoning...thirteen lines...

autumn's gold ransoms summer's emeralds...  
scarce rubies, scattered upon midas' magic  
carpet, mark graves of spring's daffy gems...  
narcissus, forgetting self, examines all with  
awe...

winter will bathe naked arbors in full  
daylight, glistening ice and snow can dress  
nature... more brightly than would king  
solomon's diamonds...

i will recapture my childness, raking leaves,  
romping, romping in nature's harvest...  
jeffrey and jane pumpkin, of the o'lantern  
clan, will visit anew on hallowed eve...

to love only spring is yet another way of  
hating life, myriad leaves now compose,  
compost other life... i pray, "let me live all the  
daze of my life."

16 october 2001



## SYMBOLS, OF LOVE

In the daze of days, we chose Sixteen of  
May... Beyond the trumpets' voluntary  
blasts, We ring our lives, gold clasped.

I and eyes merge mysteriously...  
Spirits of our being, children stretch  
Our Eternity...

Roses grow through all ages,  
As yellowing admits mellowing,

Our shared smiles measure many miles,  
Sorrows spent surprise us yet,  
Evening warms the chimney...

## 15 MAY, UNFINISHED...



## TEARS FOR THE TEARFULL....

U tore my feelings with ur cruel silence,  
Kind silence would simply drain  
yesterday's tears...  
Kinder words work the magi  
miracle...inspiration...

Love is the question,  
Love is the answer...

Aye, I have no tears for tomorrow's  
fears... I walk thru the valley of the light  
of liking, I wander thru the valley of the  
shadows of lifeness, And the beauty  
thereof dissolves all terror...

Error, blame, blasphemy and boorish  
behavior...With tone deafness, I long for  
a song...

Wrong? No...

Write? Yes\*

Rite... My tears of Joy...

My mime by mystic muse octetted...



## LOVE'S OCTETTE

love is the question  
love is the answer

LOVE IS THE QUESTION  
LOVE IS THE ANSWER

love is the question  
love is the answer

love is the question  
love is the answer...



## Telling Time ... November 11<sup>th</sup>

Telling Time?

Is that like telling stories...

“Hickory, dickory, dock...

The mouse ran up the clock...”

I would tell Time many tales, with glee,

Yet, Time does not listen to me...

Telling Time? In “school,” we only learned  
to measure it... Clocks raced the hours,  
or struck them down... Clocks cheated the  
sun, with daylight saving... Clocks went  
tick, tock... Clocks went cuckoo...

Clocks lost time... Clocks gained time,  
Some cheated the clock... No one cheats  
Time! Time tells us so much... We only  
bide our Time...

On time, out of time, time out!



In time, timing! Before time, after time,

Racing time, over time, under time, ahead  
of time... Stretching time, behind time...  
bending time, breaking time,

In no time at all... i have no time....the  
time of our lives...

I cannot find Time... This is Wartime... Where  
is Peacetime?

Wait a minute... Just a second... Stealing time?

In lifeness, what is the greatest crime?

Killing Time...

November 11<sup>th</sup> --i still call this  
fragment of time, Armistice Day,  
unapologetically..... working for peace  
gives no time for apologies...




## The clown in town

U wonders why i smile and smirk instead  
of frown? Well, 'tis because, as if in  
circus grand, i see and saw, A splendid  
clown wearing a doctoral cap and gown...

Once upon a time, maybe just a moment  
or so ago, When larry as in summers was  
in his corporate prime? Not in tragic  
crimson crime and grim... There was a  
passive verb standing on the college  
street curb, Just outside the yalies' quad,  
near the green, wishing to be seen,  
When a redheaded, left-handed clown,  
walking upside down, In a total blackout,  
entered new haven town...

As u might guess, as he passed a somber  
group of grammarians, He was mapped,  
he was trapped, he was tripped upon a  
noun... Their verb, a most fierce defense,  
in past perfect tense, Shouted, most  
rudely, "get out!" "from whence do u  
hail?"





"Certainly, u is not from yale... we will have to put u in jail..."

Most politely, almost proverbially,  
without being adverse or adverbial,  
The clown, a chap of considerable renown,  
u can be sure, replied... My subject is not  
a pronoun, 'tis a proper noun, **Veritas...**  
Don't u know, u belong in second place...  
aren't u second rate? Some adjectives  
strung out, friends of our clown, the verb  
did flout... They lifted the clown upside,  
right, and all avoided a rivals' fight...  
Nouns, pronouns, adjectives, each with a  
candle to avoid further scandal, Showed  
the clown in clear crimson hue, a pro-  
women scientist from H.U. Or b.u., or  
stanford, princeton or some other  
equity? MIT!

The yalies blushed in scarlet disgrace,  
but they did not lose face...  
Lux et Veritas, aglow, u know, they gave  
the great clown full renown...



## The daffs' delay Palm Sunday 03

Somewhere, somehow, somewhen,  
somewhy, I cry.....Why the daffs' delay...  
Why do I cry? Spring has sprung in my  
broken watch, March has marched on,  
cold, wet and gray, May will soon come  
within me, to play...

Why so much hope in April's slowed  
dismay... Prime colors leak from Eastern  
wars' red hue, Through the clear sky's  
eternal blue, Yellow for cowardice, yellow  
for light, War is our blight...

Come catch my budding Soul,  
Not spellbound in Hell's hole...  
Narcissus looks on self, alone,  
A few daffs resound their silent tone...

My palms grasp Easter's correction...  
Insurrection turns to Resurrection...

## Poetics by david inkey



## THE DAZE OF OUR LIVES...

As Lives go Out and Lives come In...  
Just, almost like Great Tides...

"Fast falls Our Even-Tide..."  
Let us see EVIL turned to LIVE..

Falling Angels, we see other Angles...  
Reverse our overtried DEVIL...

Bedeviled? BE LIVED!

Satan restor(i)ed is Santa...

PRAY, let us Live...  
Live all the Daze of our Lives...



## The death sentence

There is one line I cannot write,  
Even in a flight of fantasy...  
There is one line I cannot sight...

It is a thesis, poesis, meaning making,  
Meinging making, I might recite...  
Thanotopsis?


In peacemaking I do delight,  
The greedy generals of any fight, I slight...  
The arts of war, I thoroughly deplore...

In fullest daylight, in darkest night,  
Be I left, astray, or all right...  
I refuse to enter your foray...  
My evolution is conflict dissolution...

In life I may try to climb any height,  
And, there though I feel some fright,  
I will in challenges excel and exhale...

Once, or twice, or ever more? I may even explore  
Many a hell on earth...

Yes, when fully out of breath, I will meet death.  
There, there is one sentence I cannot rite...  
The death sentence...



the poet senses, the poet census,

Part One... If I were a Poet...

If I were a Poet...

I would know which words like to rhyme...


If I were a Poet... I would feel the tempo  
each sentence needs to climb...

I would scent the accent of every indelible  
syllable... I would taste the saccharine and  
salinity of Infinity, Each flavor, caught in a  
maze, or raised in praise.

I would see oceans and high seas of  
opportunity, Miming the riming, reason and  
treason of ancient mariners.....

If I were a Poet... I would deftly hear the  
resounding sages of my pages... A cluster of  
senses I would need to muster...

Touch, smell, taste, sight, and hearing, good  
steering... Trust, hope, humor, joy, grief, love  
and Awe...in All...



**Part Two... If I were not a Poet...**

If I were not a Poet...

I believe I would wish not to know it...

Still, yet, ever, toward an Eternity...

Every winter, I would play in the snow...

Every summer, with a little sunburn, I would glow, Every spring I would help the fairies ring, Lilies in the valley, Cockle bells on high...

Not forgotten, forget-me-nots would only sigh... Every autumn, I would tell the leaves exactly where to fall...

An October fest would give us rest, Then, in Thanksgiving, we would all be blessed...

If I were not a Poet, one I ought to be...

**humane rites, human rights day**




## The Quietest Clown

i would be the quietest clown in the cosmos,  
if i could find a simple place, betwixt curious  
complexity and the unlimited expanse of the  
nation of imagi...

eons ago, a speculative supposed saint  
approximated or plagiarized my ever  
anticipated autobiography, ages before I  
found that unauthorized artist-author's  
delightful drawings and delirious drafts...

saint-exupery's little prince was as golden  
crowned as i, he only differed by blueness in  
the irises of sight... he had a serpentine ease  
for his escape from a short planetary  
sentence, i am sentenced to life and  
sentenced to death here, earthen, never  
knowing the indeterminate duration.

clowns do not work only in circuses... most of  
us wander thru the universe without any  
sense of circling the crowds we encounter...  
occasionally, some are caught in universities...  
maybe clowns "play" only in circuses  
and work in the "rest" of our lives...  
cosmic comics...



i would play with pandas,  
rest with raccoons,  
and..... work with walruses,  
it has been said, well recorded...  
an actor must play the parts created by  
others, a clown must create his/her own role  
i am a lonely, quietest clown...


All the apes asked me to ape them....  
All boobies wanted me to know they have no  
booby traps. The condor caught my candor...  
The donkey wondered why i thought he was a  
burrocrat.

The elephant helped me pack my trunk...  
The frog wanted me to be a royal...  
He wanted me to introduce him to a  
princess... A giraffe gently grounded my  
grief... The heffalump hid so carefully I  
never found him or her.

The iguana ignored my ignorance...  
The jackal joined my joy and played both  
judge and jury. The kangaroo pocketed my  
pretense. The loon lifted my spirits...  
A lion lost his pride...

The monkey taught me his business....





The newt nicely noticed my new necktie.  
The wise old owl easily outwitted me.  
The penguins taught me to play water polo.

The quail confessed confusion between tales  
and retails... The raccoons raced ridiculously  
round my riddles... One of the skunks thought  
he smelled a humane being... The skua  
suggested, "SHARING..."

A monk was locked in his cell until released  
by a monkey... The turkeys thought they had  
all the keys...

The unicorn blesses all, seen and unseen...  
From on high, vultures view our vain,  
inhumane vulgarity... The walrus wonders with  
wit and wisdom.

A lonely xiphosuran wanted to play  
horseshoes... One yak yearned with all my  
yearnings... Then, all the yaks yelled, YES!!!!!!!!!!!!

There were no strikes against the zebras.  
Except for the candy stripers...  
Zebras had all the stripes running, walking  
and standing, still...



## The Quietest Clown's Epilogue

peace in nine sizes of cosmic's comic sans ms  
font

peace

peace

peace

peace


peace

peace

peace

peace

peace




# THE SILICON BOX

A Truthfilled Fable by David Inkey


Pooh, legally known as Win Scotlow, came into our lives at 1:49 p.m. on Friday October 5th, 1971... He seemed to us to be a long awaited angel, yet he couldn't talk, wouldn't walk, cried a great deal and beyond our Imaginations, Pooh was a cuddly being... We took him home from the hospital in a cardboard box that was scarcely long enuf for him... We have lost the box so we cannot verify the statistics of that bygone era, but Pooh measured in at twenty-one and one-half inches, weighing a healthy nine pounds and eleven ounces...

Pooh impressed us, his parents, in ways we had never, ever calculated that we would be impressionable... We enjoyed Pooh so completely that we celebrated every day of his young life, and we especially created gala occasions for each month-mark of his terrestrial time...



Pooh wiggled and wormed his way around his crib so energetically by the time he was six months young that I added an additional name to his collection, Inchy... Following the mobiles his mother had strung over his crib wasn't sufficient explanation to his gyrations, we had to conclude that he came equipped with a special, secret gyroscope which we would never, ever see nor comprehend... We, simple complex parents that we are, had not so simply to be constant and consistent in leaving openings for Pooh to explore...open windows, open doors, open Worlds.


Sooner than later, we just simply couldn't "keep up" with our roving Explorer and given our own Western United States origins, Pooh's mother and I concluded that we needed to purchase a magnificent round, expandable corral playpen for our Pooh... A 12-foot diameter enclosure, a pasture of 113.714 rounded square feet gave Pooh "lots of room" and all the frustration of indoor confinement... Failure in the living room encouraged us to venture "out doors..." despite all the heat and humidity of summer in North Carolina... So, we taught our Pooh to be a water baby at the University of North Carolina Faculty Pool and he could swim 15 feet, underwater, at the age of 7 months... He couldn't surface because his strong kick at home wasn't enuf to break the surface of the water... We lifted him to reoxegynate and played with our little submarine being, as if we were adventuring into



worlds of childhood and imagination never ever  
even dreamt of by Jules Verne...

Pooh could wiggle his toes as well as I and Pooh  
could throw sand energetically on the South  
Carolina Coast while parents and extended family  
tried to teach him the principles of tidal pools,  
sand sculpture and erosion.... A dried out Pooh  
returned to his Piedmont home and needed a  
continuation education in physics and fantasy...  
Putting Pooh to bed each evening was an enduring  
challenge to his mom, dad and The Sand Man...  
Not all the sands of sleepytime were enuf to  
satisfy our inquisitive Pooh, we needed a daytime  
sequence to extend Pooh's preparation for living  
in Cyberspace, though we had not yet learned  
about the challenges of cybertime, cybertravel  
and cyberspeculation... Fortunately, no one had  
even thot of the word or world of  
cybersuperstition... We looked like Sphinx in  
Gaza and we couldn't even see our own feet...yet  
we wanted Pooh to gain great, good  
understanding.... We wanted Pooh to be so well  
schooled and educated that he would transcend  
the ages... We wanted Pooh to weigh and measure  
and value the sands of all Time...


So, what were we to do.... We had to get Pooh a  
special box... In the "old days" the box would be  
known as a sand box, but for all the ages of  
people who would play and work in Win's World,  
we had to construct THE SILICON BOX... Silicon



Valley, the one in California, was an entire continent removed from us... Though Mom and Dad had both spent significant years of their lives in the Golden State, Pooh's parents were not attuned to the ages awaiting their progeny... Pooh would get an early start in life with a loosely filled Silicon Box, where he and his playmates could begin to explore the mysteries of star dust, extra-terrestrial intelligence, asteroids, space travel and silicon....

Pooh grew up and went away from home, though home also went away from Pooh... His parents took him to UNESCO when he was not yet four and by six he was bilingual in English and French... Pooh lived in Metropolitan Washington long enuf to become a child expert on The Space Museum and other components of the Smithsonian Complex... When he was only 8 he spent 399 pennies in the Museum Gift Shop to give his family a basic collection of geology specimens...his mother wisely advising his father that Pooh needed to be the identified family curator of this treasure.... A family friend in Florida was so enchanted with the Christmas letter that reported on Pooh's Curatorship, that Herb sent several dozen sharks teeth fossils, whale bone fossils and obsidian cores to enlarge Pooh's enlarging world of silicon specimens...

Eventually, event-ually, by then a fledging and fragile seventh grader, Pooh needed help in



communication and writing skills and we were prevailed upon to get Pooh another silicon box... This one was called a computer.....

If you believe in miracles you will easily understand that Pooh entered into the world of his second silicon box with every bit as much imagination and joy as he had when he wiggled his toes in THE SILICON BOX...

Childhood has a way of building a great bastion of Memory and Pooh's Memories are not accessible to me beyond what facts, faxes and fictions he can re-call from his childness... I have written this little story to argue, not to argue, to encourage, to build courage that new parents, everywhere, have a responseability, a response, ability, to "give" two headstarts to every child.... Would it be ironic or only siliconic, to suggest that every child has the right to enjoy the rites and rituals of THE SILICON BOX...

Please Don't Waste Silicon...



## the tunic of peace


Naking knightly on this orphaned earth—  
striped to atonement... No proverbial bed of  
nails for me... Might a bed of finest needles  
also comfort thee... Perceptive piercing pining  
needles warm, warn, warp, wrap... My war-  
torn battered, flattered, scattered, tattered  
Airs, cares and prayers...

In the ides and tides of august august a light  
blanket, a coveted cover, A guiltless quilt of  
stars rivals, reveals, rouses, resurrects, My  
oft lonely soul while a loon sings soliloquies to  
the crescent moon, Neighboring venus'  
brilliant, flawless armor is a trilingual  
triumph:

Amour, amor and love...

Akin to votive candles, the punctured  
skylights pull aweigh nights' doubts, Fears  
and tears, while bands, choirs, choruses,  
orchestras and symphonies, Of meteors fall,  
to expire... In acadia's awe-filled breadth  
lifeness is an ample breath, to inspire, The  
relation of all beings one to another...





Many cinders and sinners settle as burnt out,  
exhausted prophets, Signals, signatures  
perchance to cremation and a new creation...  
Aren't air, water, earth and fire ancient  
elements of the alchemist's desire...

Might I be a phoenix, an asteroidean android,  
the little prince returned... Sentenced to life,  
sentenced to death—both terms  
indeterminate...

While my body sleeps, nature my nature  
nurtures and keeps, On an astral loom far  
from doom admired, inquired, required peace  
Quivers, shivers and quakes... Peace weaves  
but never wavers, making no mistakes in my  
seamless tunic... Shameless, bareheaded,  
bare-bodied, barefooted, i loose all worries,  
Soonest i lose even the selfness of summers'  
subtlety, Surrendering all awe to winters'  
flurries of fantasy, With phantoms shining  
light into my dark inter-sessions...

With every daunting dawn, dazzling daze  
appear, I am addressed, clothed, dressed,  
redressed, robed in the tunic of peace.

**8/9/04,**

the UN poet: scared, scarred,  
sacred

when will my people unite...  
why do we continue to fight...  
too many are scared to death...  
too many are scarred by life...  
with "We The People(s)" immersed in  
strife, our arguments are rife...  
with this war on terror,  
i believe we are in error...

might you find my judgment fair?  
with great flair, with an irish air...  
staging a play for global display...  
connor places, o'brien ever graces our  
honor: THE UNITED NATIONS:  
SACRED DRAMA...\_do not delay, read,  
enjoy, employ "sacred drama." am i in  
relay... scared, scarred, sacred...

(see Connor Cruise O'Brien's book,  
THE UNITED NATIONS: SACRED  
DRAMA)



## the UN poet, part2

### i am the united nations poet!

the united nations has one poet!

i know it! i know him...

though many do not know it, me, him, her... i  
inquire, doesn't the un require many, more? i  
am the united nations poet!

i believe... i must defer to kofi for prose and  
diplomatic pose... and, though i can scarcely  
dance, i do court UN romance...

words rhyme for me, in every clime...

while gertrude gasps, "a rose is a rose is a  
rose," david rasps, a poet is a poet is a poet...

kofi and i propose, peace will with peace  
increase... hymns, his, hers, my puns may  
cause a stir... a pun for fun, poems of the  
UN... for more than a score of years, in ilo, i  
savored labor... in who, i added wealth to  
health...in fao, i gave erudition to good  
nutrition, and in unesco, i even showed  
dedication to education, universally yearning  
"learning to be"... in unicef, with familiar  
planning, scheming and screaming, i  
complained, i proclaimed, i explained,

"every child a wanted child."



the waxed leaves,

autumn's fleeting moment, like fast  
falling leaves...

glows in brief beauty...

a lover longs for lasting light, preserving  
color,

before winter's days shorten,  
before darkness smothers crimson,  
destroys gold,  
bakes brownness...

with wax from icarus' broken wings,  
my lover preserves, reserves, deserves,  
and gives waxed leaves...

9 nov 2003



## There are no roads to roam...

There are no roads to roam, quite so  
beautiful as those going home...

Along a trail of fears, through a vale of  
tears, trapped in a jail of years... Freed, in  
each instance, Time, Direction, Distance, I  
ponder... Then, playing amidst jeers and  
cheers, I wonder, I wander...

With tears of joy, with tears of sorrow...  
There are no roads to roam, quite so  
beautiful as those going home...

With temples grown gray, Father Time may  
fray my tether, a long rope, In Life's awed  
silence and clatter, what is the matter,  
Mother Care may my hope shatter?

While I would grasp the Holy Grail,  
An aging pope grows ever more frail,  
Hail, Mary, full of grace... Wouldst thee grant  
me greater scared space...

A misguided tour tries to prevail, all road  
lead to Rome... There are no roads to roam,  
quite so beautiful as those going home




## This motley crew...

Don't believe this motley crew is askew...  
We need only a quick review...  
Indeed, we may be scarce, a few,  
In deed, we renew in a review...  
By no creed, do we desire a curfew...  
For peace... we form a great queue,  
For peace...we, too, do sue,  
We apply, we supply, we rely on,  
Peace to the nth...

## Peace to the nth

Close you testament...  
I do not desire a peace which passeth all  
understanding... I require, need and seed  
an under standing, understanding...  
No proxy, no stand in, no stand out!  
A peace stand, a stance, to shout?  
Without a doubt, a war to rout...

My peace, not an event... Your peace, an  
increase... Our peace, a great release...



Classic peaces of eight, More than  
familiar pax, paz, paix... peace unaligned...  
beautifully designed...

VREDE, PAKE SALAAM, SHANTI, MIR, PAU,  
HE PING, MIR, PATUKAYNUMIN, FRED,  
SULH, VREDE, PEACE, ERKIGSINEK, BULA,  
RAUHA, PAIX, FRIEDEN, IRINI, ALOHA,  
SHALOM, SHANTI, BÉKE, FRI<UR, DAMAI,  
SÍOCHÁIN, PACE, HEIWA, AMAHORO,  
PHYONGHWA, SANTIPHAP, EMIREMBE,  
KEAMANAN, PACI, RONGO, SHANTI, FRED,  
SULH, KATAHIMIKAN, YATANPA, POKÓJ,  
AMAHORO, MIR, SHANTI, MIR,  
RUNYARARO, PAZ, AMANI, FRED,  
SAMADANAM, SANTIPHAP, SIDI, BARIS,  
AMAN, HÒA BÌNH HEDDWICH, UKUTHULA

"Peace is so beneficial that the word  
itself is pleasant to hear."

With Cicerian repose...

**022104**

Those warriors called me  
eccentric...

Request: a peace of peace, please...  
"Yes, I want a peace of peace,  
I explain, I claim, not greedy, quite  
needy...

Just a little one, for me, alone...  
A treasure, a pleasure,  
In deed, an inner measure...

Yes, I agree... you even guess...

'Tis only a lease?'

Inner peace..."

"What? you suggest i might request  
another peace!

What grace, what place, what face...how  
fast, the race?


I do gain in grace...

For me, a special pleasure, a second  
treasure, Two peaces of peace... what a  
great increase... I make no mistake to  
choose, to take, universal peace...

I trust it is not too grand a request?

You reply, 'granted! well planted...'





"You offer me yet another peace?  
How? when? why? where? i almost  
despair...


Space enough, you bluff... you dare...  
To give me yet another peace.

What peace will you keep...  
You have reserved, with great reserve, a  
peace i deserve?

How can i serve three circles, cycles of  
peace. A tricycle, no? my choice i rejoice  
a pc, planetary concord..." In accord, my  
lord, communal peace, concentric...

Those warriors called me eccentric...  
Let us not close the quotes...

**concentrating... 6 march 2004**



## étoad time?

...i whispered,  
whispered to the  
toads, étoad time?

...i talked to the  
turtles, a lingua  
franca of turtlese,  
...i shouted to the  
tadpoles... ...none  
replied...


...i whispered to a  
solitary wasp,  
whispness,  
...i talked to a singular  
dragon, fly,  
...i shouted to a  
bumbling bee, buzz,  
...i stubbed my little  
toes, comatose,  
...stung with loneliness,  
i cried...  
"...toad time..." ...too-  
add time...

since, yet, only  
nurture could here  
hear me,  
i cried again, "a  
gain..."

éwhen? i listened...  
...all nature replied...  
"awe.."

...

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The poets hope... the poets' hope

.....The poets hope... The poets' hope...  
.....Happy New Year.....

.....We hope for you, Good Cheer.....  
.....We hope for you, friends near.....  
.....We hope from you, to hear.....

.....The poets hope... the poets' hope...  
.....Every Every Year, Happy New Year,

..... every year 12/16



## THE YELLOWED VALENTINE

Yesterday's Valentine is yellowed...not as  
old parchment,

Nor as My Mother's ancient  
tablecloth...

Our Valentine is yellowed, as the song of  
the winter canaries of

My Childhood...

The signs are yellowed as the shinning sunbeams  
polished by my ever happy

Cloud Child Friend, *Geoffrey?*

The Yellow is as the daffodils I await in  
April's Glory:

The Yellowed Note shouts as early  
blossoming Forsythia,

The Peace filled spears pierce our  
Hearts for God's Sake,

For God's Sake, LOVE!

February 15th 2031!



**Tee time...**

I am off of golf,  
But I share tea with thee,  
With glee...

Oh, the years are more than 33,  
Yes, every day I can,  
I do share share tea with thee...

We test the leaves of time,  
We enjoy the spice of thyme,  
We live together with great rime,

I couldn't invent thee,  
I looked long and far for you,  
Ah, how love has been a great glue,  
Thank you for giving me a clue...

Love, love, love...

**david, 20604**


"we need a name for this war..."  
nkristof, nyt, 111903

we need a name for this war?  
we don't even know the score...  
we shouldn't confuse it with others,  
    though that be 43's druthers...  
terrorism, no... errorism, Si! Signor, or...  
wmd? be they in dare, error, scare or  
terror...

    w brands retaliations in excess... ..  
    a measure of pent's success...  
in security's ¿council? colin powered,  
i observed peace devoured, never found...  
now tony and the queen hold the ground,  
w argues for force, italy studies the  
course, coarse caskets filled...

congressional spuds will not be french  
grilled... ashcroft will deport lady liberty,  
deliberately...  
nyt's tom says, "ww3....." i repeat," not  
for me..."

don't take me for a dummy, rummy...



if we get it straight, nick offers saddam's  
portrait... for unwritten poetry, for  
inflated prose...

for something penned without quotes,  
nicholas grants iraqi 250 dinar notes...

with stingy george we only had political  
correctness and personal computer, two  
pcs, with semantic ease, aware of war's  
disease, generously,

a pentarchy of pcs, i offer,  
¿to fill my coffer?  
"we need a name for this war,"

planned chaos? condi's pandemonium;  
paniccontrol, complete paranoia! planetary  
crime. (the old name will do, call it war...)

. full stop..... david inkey, the UN poet,





## When the Moon is full...

Oh, the boon,  
When the Moon is full...  
What did I do this noon?  
With fife and life,  
I played a happy tune,  
Because, as a knight, tonight,  
In armor and amor, I must shine,  
"When the Moon is full..."  
My boon companion...  
A lively lunatic?  
Will you visit me soon?  
Streams of light fill our night,  
Could you unmask a raccoon...  
Would you sing with a loon...  
When the Moon is full...  
With the New Moon...  
In the dark, you sing as a lark,  
With the first crescent,  
Your visit would be pleasant...  
Anytime, every time, in all seasons,  
We quickly offer new reasons...  
When the Moon is full...



While u wondered...

Forever young, in aging.....

While u wondered...

at 100, I thundered, who will I be?

at 99, I could still disagree and plea,

at 95, I was very glad to be alive,

at 93, With glee, I could still drive,

at 92, I wasn't thru...

at 85, Ever to learn, I did strive,

at 82, What to do?

at 81, I am far from done,

at 79, I hope to be fine,

at 77, Too early for heaven!

at 73, What will I see...

at 73, I thundered, who will I be?

While u wondered...

122103



# What should i do?

What should i do...  
Tomorrow, I will be 72...

At 5, i was very much alive...  
At 7, maybe i wished to be 11!  
When tenned, my world i did greatly  
extend...  
At 16, i sought more self-esteem...  
At 18, the only victory was valedictory...  
At 21, life didn't seem so much fun...  
At 23, more complexity i did see...  
At 36, there was still much i would fix...  
At 38, i was very happy to find a mate...  
At 50, perchance i became more thrifty...  
At 62, i was far from through...  
And at 71, i was not yet done...

Tomorrow, i will be 72...  
What should i do?

dauid inkey, 121503




With death, love does not die...

With death, love does not die,  
We cry tears of deep grief for our own  
relief,  
Memory is a bridge cresting on a special  
ridge,  
With death, love does not die...

In each life sentence,  
Let us find time for repentance...  
Sorrow we need not borrow,  
Each other's joy we may employ,

2004



**Work in peace, rest in peace...**

Work in peace, rest in peace...  
Ever to live in peace, i do aspire...  
Though i often tire, life is never too  
dire...  
I belong to no choir of ire!

When i die, i want a few to cry,  
In some grief, to find relief,  
By my pyre, you may play your lyre ...  
Yet, do not extinguish the fire...  
Its small flame exposes my little fame,  
By your watch you may see my spirits  
soar higher,  
Let pathos be the crier...

Work as i may, without conventional pay,  
or for good hire...  
When life is done, i will collect a grand  
sum...  
Life is never dire, when to total peace we  
retire...  
Work in peace, rest in peace...

**inkey's retirement benefits... 121403**



wonder

a weak winter sun,  
a wild winter wind:  
wonder... lo!

a soft sun glow upon snow,  
a severe slip on slivered,  
silver'd ice.... not very nice...  
shivering, quivering, caught...  
suffering.... wisdom,  
i tender a thought on time,  
¿are we taught to render...  
a tenacious tie to trust?

wonder? wounded, wonder'd wit...  
"oui," we will wit-ness... witless  
suffering, wisdom and wonder,  
while u ponder the reasons, i cry,  
¿why are the seasons so slow?

david inkey, 01-20-06



## YESTERDAY'S LOVE!

Did we lose yesterday's love at sunset,  
or did it disappear in the darkness  
of my restless night...

No starry splendor ripped through the  
cloudy confusion of night's neglect,

we forgot we needed each other's  
smile to bring dawn's delight...

Today you have gone away, today you have  
gone away.

Today I am here--by myself--  
crowded by memories I hold dear...

Tomorrow, tomorrow and tomorrow, just  
another day?

You asked me to stay, yet we both  
have gone astray...

Dear child of my being, I asked you to be  
more clear...

And here!

I see yesterday's dream floating down,  
down, down our stream...

I boast that yesterday's love is  
better than no love at all...



## ZEALOUS,


### ¿would you be a perfect poet?

¿would you be a perfect poet?  
i you are just sixteen and very keen!  
would u be a perfect poet...  
shyly, u decline, replying,  
too politely, i am very young...

u r twenty-three, caught betwixt fear  
and cheer...  
though i see ur antic is quite romantic...  
taking a chance, u could enhance poetry...  
would u be a perfect poet...  
u confess, gladly, i will try,  
but "i will probably make u cry."

¿r u forty-six, suffering in a dismal fix?  
i fain would ask and explain,  
before u seize words and complain...  
would u be a perfect poet,  
to ur great credit, i c...  
u do edit much prose...





then, u tell me that instead of writing  
prose,  
maybe? "may be? ... maybe i could wiggle  
my toes...  
maybe? may be, i could twist and turns  
words,"  
altaring and altering "time" to emit...  
turning e-d-i-t to some higher t-i-d-e,  
reversing evil to "live."

then, u sigh, "give me a chance, i will try,  
before I dye, die or lie, i would join thee,  
our thesis is poesis, making meaning,  
each being being a perfect poet..."

april fools' 2031



### 13 hopes...

Hope...you say...  
How? I am thirsty...  
Where? I am hungry...  
When? I am sick...  
Why? I am unlettered,  
And unnumbered...

Hope... I pray  
When wars loom...  
A new flood of doom...  
Never mind, never mined!  
Your mines fill my fields

You will be kind,  
Clear fields by 2005...  
You think that I will be alive?  
Hope @#\$\$%^&\*()\_+

13 hopes... sight, sound, taste, touch,  
scent, joy, gentle grief, wit, wisdom,  
Curiosity, imagination, love and awe...

Awe for all...

(o. a poem) without words ...

o

O




## a poet's invading spirit...

"A poet is someone  
who is astonished by everything."

I live in the Community of Curiosity, the State of Awe, the Nation of Imagi, the world of wonder, Planet Earth, the Solar System, the Milky Way Galaxy... to enjoy an anonymous ending and beginning.....

When we fail to see sufficient poetics in our own lives we may imagine poems erupting from the prosaic challenges of OTHERS, and BEYOND, in the lives of others... my most engaging experience in this invasive enter-prize is with wit and wisdom, experiencing the autobiography i created for THE IMAGINEER... i am so pleased with this opus that i let it commence on a plane of its OWN...page 168.. do not let this less than modest statement detract you from exploring all the import and deportment of image making and imagineering... it was recorded in times font and will ever be engraved in classical TIMES (font)... I give it a status unto itself in the following section... NOW IT IS TIME... now it is time to return to the beginning of the end of the beginning...

love, the quietest clown, a perfect poet...



**CHAPTER XVI (From Cervantes'  
Magnum Opus)**


**OF WHAT BEFELL DON QUIXOTE  
WITH A DISCREET GENTLEMAN OF  
LA MANCHA**

"I, Senor Don Quixote," answered the gentleman, "have one son, without whom, perhaps, I should count myself happier than I am, not because he is a bad son, but because he is not so good as I could wish. He is eighteen years of age; he has been for six at Salamanca studying Latin and Greek, and when I wished him to turn to the study of other sciences I found him so wrapped up in that of poetry (if that can be called a science) that there is no getting him to take kindly to the law, which I wished him to study, or to theology, the queen of them all. I would like him to be an honour to his family, as we live in days when our kings liberally reward learning that is virtuous and worthy; for learning without virtue is a pearl on a dunghill. He spends the whole day in settling whether Homer expressed himself correctly or not in such and such a line of the Iliad, whether Martial was indecent or not in such and such an epigram, whether such and such lines of Virgil are to be understood in this way or in that; in short, all his talk is of the works of these poets, and those of Horace, Perseus, Juvenal, and Tibullus; for of the moderns in our own language he makes no great account; but with all his seeming indifference to Spanish poetry, just now his thoughts are absorbed in making a gloss on four lines that have been sent him from Salamanca, which I suspect are for some poetical tournament."

To all this Don Quixote said in reply, "Children, senor, are portions of their parents' bowels, and therefore, be they good

or bad, are to be loved as we love the souls that give us life; it is for the parents to guide them from infancy in the ways of virtue, propriety, and worthy Christian conduct, so that when grown up they may be the staff of their parents' old age, and the glory of their posterity; and to force them to study this or that science I do not think wise, though it may be no harm to persuade them; and when there is no need to study for the sake of pane lucrando, and it is the student's good fortune that heaven has given him parents who provide him with it, it would be my advice to them to let him pursue whatever science they may see him most inclined to; and though that of poetry is less useful than pleasurable, it is not one of those that bring discredit upon the possessor. Poetry, gentle sir, is, as I take it, like a tender young maiden of supreme beauty, to array, bedeck, and adorn whom is the task of several other maidens, who are all the rest of the sciences; and she must avail herself of the help of all, and all derive their lustre from her. But this maiden will not bear to be handled, nor dragged through the streets, nor exposed either at the corners of the market-places, or in the closets of palaces. She is the product of an Alchemy of such virtue that he who is able to practise it, will turn her into pure gold of inestimable worth. He that possesses her must keep her within bounds, not permitting her to break out in ribald satires or soulless sonnets. She must on no account be offered for sale, unless, indeed, it be in heroic poems, moving tragedies, or sprightly and ingenious comedies. She must not be touched by the buffoons, nor by the ignorant vulgar, incapable of comprehending or appreciating her hidden treasures. And do not suppose, senor, that I apply the term vulgar here merely to plebeians and the lower orders; for everyone who is ignorant, be he lord or prince, may and should be included among the vulgar. He, then, who shall embrace and cultivate poetry under the conditions I have named, shall become famous, and his name honoured throughout all the civilised nations of the earth. And with regard to what you say, senor, of your son having no great opinion of Spanish poetry, I am inclined to think that he is not quite right there, and for this reason: the great poet Homer did not write in Latin, because he was a Greek, nor did Virgil write in Greek, because he was a Latin; in short, all the ancient poets wrote in

the language they imbibed with their mother's milk, and never went in quest of foreign ones to express their sublime conceptions; and that being so, the usage should in justice extend to all nations, and the German poet should not be undervalued because he writes in his own language, nor the Castilian, nor even the Biscayan, for writing in his. But your son, senor, I suspect, is not prejudiced against Spanish poetry, but against those poets who are mere Spanish verse writers, without any knowledge of other languages or sciences to adorn and give life and vigour to their natural inspiration; and yet even in this he may be wrong; for, according to a true belief, a poet is born one; that is to say, the poet by nature comes forth a poet from his mother's womb; and following the bent that heaven has bestowed upon him, without the aid of study or art, he produces things that show how truly he spoke who said, 'Est Deus in nobis,' &c. At the same time, I say that the poet by nature who calls in art to his aid will be a far better poet, and will surpass him who tries to be one relying upon his knowledge of art alone. The reason is, that art does not surpass nature, but only brings it to perfection; and thus, nature combined with art, and art with nature, will produce a perfect poet. To bring my argument to a close, I would say then, gentle sir, let your son go on as his star leads him, for being so studious as he seems to be, and having already successfully surmounted the first step of the sciences, which is that of the languages, with their help he will by his own exertions reach the summit of polite literature, which so well becomes an independent gentleman, and adorns, honours, and distinguishes him, as much as the mitre does the bishop, or the gown the learned counsellor. If your son writes satires reflecting on the honour of others, chide and correct him, and tear them up; but if he compose discourses in which he rebukes vice in general, in the style of Horace, and with elegance like his, commend him; for it is legitimate for a poet to write against envy and lash the envious in his verse, and the other vices too, provided he does not single out individuals; there are, however, poets who, for the sake of saying something spiteful, would run the risk of being banished to the coast of Pontus. (EMPHASIS ADDED). If



the poet be pure in his morals, he will be pure in his verses too; the pen is the tongue of the mind, and as the thought engendered there, so will be the things that it writes down. And when kings and princes observe this marvellous science of poetry in wise, virtuous, and thoughtful subjects, they honour, value, exalt them, and even crown them with the leaves of that tree which the thunderbolt strikes not, as if to show that they whose brows are honoured and adorned with such a crown are not to be assailed by anyone."

[Click Here: Check out "Don Quixote - Miguel de Cervantes - Free Online Library"](#)

## YOUR POEMS

Your poems brightened  
my life for many months.  
The thanks should be  
in the other direction!

jo.....





## BACK COVER....

Inkey is the duonym of a retired international civil servant. Pseudonym suggests something false. Duonym represents two components of self... Inkey, then in his 14th year, became a Charter Member of the UN on October 24, 1945. In his 44th he joined UNESCO thru his 60th and now he is untiringly retired, yet serving as the UN Santa for Unicef and as The UN Philosopher in System-wide development. Inkey lives on Racc Ridge, neighbor to a wiley raccoon, in the bucolic state of awe in the nation of imagi... He is also the founder and self-proclaimed president of antarctica university (A.U. = AWE) and thus his email is the honorific antarcticuniver@aol.com... an email that has melted in timeliness.....Inkey laments no spilt ink, ever striving to be in key with monkeys, turkeys and others...

the poem I write...

my life has been the poem i would have writ,  
but i could not both live and write it.  
henry david thoreau

poesis, my life is in awe,  
in beauty bounded, confounded,  
yes, in succession ¿with confession?  
committed, well grounded, surrounded,  
aligned, defined, refined, with joy and pain,  
reined with play and work....i rarely shirk, awake  
4 knights & daze, liquid light my delight,  
oh, serious-curious, in so many ways.

0

0

face to face with grace, no disgrace,  
by fear sometimes fazed, yet never razed...  
quite quietly amazed, never furious, no delirious,  
oft missteri-us my thesis: poesis Meinging making,  
never faking, forging but not forged? a perfect  
poet@ ideas=ideals gorged, well schooled, sometimes  
fooled? with reading, riting, rithmetic, prose, play,  
poetics, make up cosmetics? joy, work, pain, peace,  
a prayer, perception, patience, curiosity & kindness,  
wit. witness, not witless. pose> i eye imagination &  
wisdom, PCed @ personal commitment, helped by  
henry's caution, I both live and write my poem, at  
times oft in prose, always in poesis... nem-e-sis? a  
little tense to make sense, lacking pre-tense, a  
prosaic mosaic, timed and rimed with guidance  
from the past, present and future, with don  
quixote, sancho panza, with multitudes of  
friends, thots stripped bare, poignancy  
i would share..... i have been beaten,  
forged, to be a perfect poet...



## ODE TO BRAZIL


HURRY, HURRY, HURRY,  
MARDI GRAS BECKONS!

-----

Hurry, hurry, hurry, mardi gras beckons...  
An ode to Brasil, relived, relieved, Brasilia  
believed... There r those who would Brazil  
deceive... There r those who would Brazil believe...  
Fortunately, the former are planted in sand?  
We others are ever grand, grander, grandest,  
Never to slander... the latter fill our land...  
They them we us inscribe in one tribe... no  
diatribe... No merchants need us bribe, Brasilia is  
our bride... Rio in january, february, june and  
december, all will groom... Hurry, scurry, curry  
favor... in mardi gras we must bloom...

Betwixt unmatched pairs, some tragedians split  
hairs... Suggesting to all, too many are our cares?  
race, poverty, Ignorance, grief, disease... what is  
ur belief? What is our relief? MARDI  
GRAS!

2 score years ago minus one, i ventured to Brazil...  
with Christ, onto a height in Rio, with easter on a  
beach in good reach... Sao Paulo did me allow some  
study of his festered sores, sons and daughters  
too oft degraded as whores? politicos, as boors?  
then, new, exciting, artistic Brasilia opened doors.  
Now, how easily I we roam thru time, to find kind



delight shapes insight... Our brotherhood,  
sisterhood, fatherhood, motherhood we may cite,  
excite, Help, help, assist, persist, consist, enlist,  
never to desist!

Each, of course, with great resource, astounded,  
unbounded, Reaches from cruel blindness thru  
fineness, with gentle kindness, Teaches, instead  
of preaches, wit and wisdom, heard far from the  
herd, Courting awe, beauty, care, delight, shining  
bright, all daze and knights.... one line, please  
All in harmony to enthrall, sounded from deafness  
to deftness....

Founded on love, warned, warmed by many a  
dove... founded, not found

Thee thinks me too much the clown? yet, do not  
forget, Thee thanks me ever, the quietest clown...  
Don't put me down, or you would wrong me,  
Don ur costume, comic, sprite, elf?  
Never enuf jesters, one reckons...

Hurry, hurry, hurry, MARDI GRAS beckons...

Brazilianistically, david inkey, the UN poet, 2006.


new orleans mardi gras,  
tuesday march 28, 2006

with some dismay, still some joy we  
must display, hooray... today, today,  
we must both pray and play... 4 'tis  
mardi gras....

from and for our storms we still have  
much to pay...much disarray,  
flood, mud, crud, blood, death,  
destruction have had their way...

yet, today, we must play... will u know  
how to pray éa pre-lenten prayer?  
yes, and one to spare, for tomorrow...  
ash wednesday's humble tone...  
that is not too much from time to  
borrow...it is a way we tarry, to carry  
or bury each and every sorrow...

u complain, it is too poignant a task,  
i reply: yet, even, with a mask ?



putting on a grin is no sin, each with a  
smile, we'll parade down many a mile...  
don't frown!!!. i will be ur clown, u will  
B my king. within us both, joy will ring.

MARDI GRAS! cling to our tradition...  
celebration: 'tis a necessary condition.  
hooray.....mardi gras lifts our spirits,

shrove tuesday is not a ploy...  
just 3 score years ago--after a long  
war, not asking what for, nor how...  
new to the south, discrimination, and  
massive community lore... (could i then  
have told u that time those levees  
would destroy?)

i, as a little boy, did my first mardi  
gras employ.

david inkey's time warp...   
 madri gray gras, 1946 and 2006....

seven hungry souls

\*

once,  
just once,  
upon a time.

not only 4 our time,  
with many a yes, oui, si,  
for all time, in all places,  
through the ages and pages,

• f

don quixote , squire sancho panza,  
thomas jefferson, david thoreau  
mr. samuel mark twain clemens,  
birendra bir bikram shah dev...

o,

and david inkey, esquire,  
the UN poet:

=====

=====

—seven hungry souls in life and death  
succession—

with the exception that david inkey has not yet  
met his own, particular death  
--once upon a time convened, converged, emerged  
from separate stances,  
shrouds and human crowds, into a grand salon, late  
one day,  
in an even-ing of exchange. seated round a well-  
rounded,  
fully circumferenced table, they set out as much  
as they were able, to feast upon a main course,  
well done, prepared collectively, reflectively,

of the humane condition. from rarest vitals...  
each chef contributed his own chef d'oeuvre  
don q presented chivalry par excellence,  
humble sancho p did suggest with glee  
good governance. then ever working  
not to offend, brilliant tommy j—  
though with slaves he did play—  
professedly blessed *è* equality?  
henry t did most quite simply  
make his eloquent plea,  
simplicity,,,  
sammy c packed a whammy,  
in clouds of smoke he spoke,  
monologues of good humor,  
birendra did to peace appeal  
and a good education reveal.  
last but not least, in anglais, francais, spanglish,  
and american, inkey did as david does, display  
integrity,  
with loud, proud and profound apologies here for  
male predominance?

=====

david inkey, march 2006..... this prose poem is cut  
thru by nature, technology and art's longings.  
herein, i try to recount the impacts that quixote,  
sancho, tommy jefferson, henry d. thoreau, mark  
sammy clemens twain, his majesty birendra bir  
bikram shah dev of nepal and i account, count and  
recount. may you dear patient or impatient reader,  
be equally hungry and well fed.

peace, inkey





**epilogue... (Times New Roman)**

***WIN SCOTTSLOW'S***

**THE  
IMAGINEER!**

**PRACTICE  
ON  
WRITING  
A  
LIFE  
MANUAL**




## CHAPTER 23!

I should start writing my book at the beginning, but I couldn't write when I began and there are many memories from the beginning that never got registered in my memory, so I think I would like to write my story from where I am now. I start from here, then I can go both backwards and forwards, capturing speculations in both directions.

I want to write about two questions, WHERE AM I? WHAT IN THE WORLD DO I WANT? I do not have to bother with such mundane questions as to who I am, because I think that that will come out clearly as I wander through my imagination and creativity. What does not come out may have good reason not to come out!

WHERE AM I? I am in California.

I am not a native Californian, but I decided that I am a delighted adoptee. I got out of college by various circuitous operations and I now find myself in Silicon Valley working in a computer instillation in a design research program. However, that is only the windowless, physical




location of where I am. In the psychic sphere, where I live most of the time, I am not quite sure where I am and that is why I have started to write.

I am blessed with knowing that I am an IMAGINEER.

You don't get to be an Imagineer by going to school, climbing mountains, swimming in oceans, discovering fossils or studying binary asteroids on the Hubble Space Telescope. I believe you have to be born into this world as an Imagineer. Albert Einstein is the only published authority we know of on Imagineers and the only text he only writing on this is, "Imagination is more important than knowledge."


WHAT IN THE WORLD DO I WANT? I don't want to be sacrilegious, nor to appear sarcastic, but I think the answer to this question is "God only knows!" I know a few of the experiences, beliefs, hopes and dreams that I want, but as I record these it becomes distractingly ever more obvious that I really don't know what I want in specific ways. I have worked with the SETI INSTITUTE (Search for Extraterrestrial Intelligence), but my colleagues there and I have not yet identified any extraterrestrials, nor heard their intelligences. While I was an undergraduate major in physics at Rice



University I was always thinking that I should develop an independent major in Comparative Planetology, but Rice is too prestigious an institution and so very realistic in most of its endeavors, that my imagination could not fit into the standard rules and rubrics to qualify for CP. (I even imagined that CP would help philosophers, ethicists, anthropologists, sociologists, political scientists, psychologists and many other disciplinarians to resolve or solve or pre-solve their continuing confusion with PC. However, I never found the politically correct department wherein I could "incorporate" my study plan. )


SETI set a cool atmosphere except when we got all steamed up by getting close to hot spots in the Universe. I enjoyed writing science curricula and during a year of being considered "post doctoral" I had a great time with creativity. During my stay in the institute, we even had trickster footprints of extraterrestrials on the ceiling of the grand foyer. This was about the same time that Clown College or the United States Postal Service lost my application to the clown school and my candidacy was delayed for another year, subsequently to be gently rejected with an invitation to apply again if I ever wish to do so...

Did I want to be a clown? I am not certain, but I know I certainly wanted and still want to follow



the Clown's Credo that an actor has to follow the parts written by others while Clowns have to create the own acts. What do I want? I want to understand and enjoy FREEDOM... I want to have the entrepreneurial opportunity to express Meness and to have my Meness appreciated. I am not pursuing avarice, greed, materialism, mendacity, and mediocrity. I am striving for a certain inner joy and external appreciation. Yes, inner joy and external appreciation are what I want in this world and other worlds, including OZ which I visited when I was six years old and where I had the opportunity to be a Clown for an Oz Day. Oz days are entertainingly long and totally unforgettable! (Sometimes, when my sister and I were younger, we even re-created the Land of Oz in the parks of Paris, especially when the buses kept us waiting too long.)


My parents deny it, but I believe that Curious George is my first cousin. After all my Dad has a stuffed toy monkey Mom and he call Jean Louis, so there is at least one acknowledged monkey in the family. They deny kinship to George, though they do agree that I frequently behave like a monkey and may be more into monkey business than human. I also ask my folks to study genealogy to see if we are not closely related to Seuss or if the good doctor was not in attendance at my birth. I was named WIN as something of namesake for my Uncle



Win, but my Mom's and Dad's generosity immediately went astray and I chose to use my name as a goal so often that they regretted they hadn't named me PLACE or SHOW. I don't really believe their protestations of regret because they went on to name my one and only sibling (sister) with the label "BETS." So, in our family, though we don't gamble in traditional ways, the progeny are WIN and BETS. Yet, we have learned well the importance of knowing how to lose and our identities are not dependent upon winning all the time.

WHAT IN THE  
WORLD DO YOU WANT?  
WHAT IN THE  
WORLD DO I WANT?  
WHAT IN THE  
WORLD DO WE WANT?


I want to understand THE NEBULOUS SOMETHING! When I was just four years young my Dad and I composed the Pooh Bear Song, and all of my life, I have had the fallback and fallforward name Pooh Bear. Dad even suggests that had BETS been born a boy, the child would have run the risk of being named



Christian Robinson, to play on names, to steal without stealing Christopher Robin's label. Well, you can see from my journal that I have not had a normal childhood. I think that The Nebulous Something might have lived in the fossil cave I discovered in my backyard when I was just two, but maybe the NS was a character in EL LOBO FERROZ (The Big Bad Wolf) that Jaime was reading to me, in Spanish, and I have misidentified the goblins of my cave with the ghosts of Jaime's elaborated stories.

WHAT DID I LEARN AT SETI? I learned not enough, not enough about entrepreneurs, not enough about other scientists, not enough about other planets and stars and black holes and blue holes, yellow ones, and red ones and whatever else hued holes the find some day. I did learn that I do like creativity, which someday or some night I will have to define. There was not enough of "making things happen," and I did not learn what those things were even suspected to be or what they might have been...

So, I escaped from Rice and studied at Stanford to complete my Rice degree. When I left high school it did not seem that I would have had any chance to get into Stanford and now I am accepted for a designing degree in a Master's program. I would like to be a Master of Something and maybe such an M.S. would even help me describe the Nebulous Something. Do




you suppose we are talking about the same  
"something."

If I haven't found the Nebulous Something yet,  
and I don't know how will I ever know if what I  
am looking at, seeking and attempting to  
discover or create is really, truly and timely the  
special NS I am waiting for, wanting, wondering  
about.

## CHAPTER 22!

Last year, my two most notable pursuits were  
creating an egg tosser and imagining myself as a  
Cosmic Clown conveniently coursing my way  
through Ringling Brothers' Clown College. I  
don't have much to say about my egg tossing  
machine because it only operated on terrestrial  
tosses, controlled by a pendulum. My partners  
and I were not imaginative enough to build a  
stove into the machine to end up with practically  
a perpetual motion omelet organizer. Perhaps,  
when I work on my M.S., I can ask the  
professors for permission to clown my way  
through cooking or cook my way through  
Clowning.





What I liked most about the application to Clown College, translated in option code, was:

i™£¢∞§¶•ao≠


and the least was questions about when was the last time I cried and why, how do I believe I would be a good clown, and explain about when you first thought you would like to be a clown.

## CHAPTER 21!

My parents are old enough that they had to be twenty-one years old before they were legally adults, but my generation was quicker on the calendar and we became adults, legally, when we became eighteen years young.

When I was twenty-one, though I was legally adult from eighteen, I still felt fairly young in many ways, and marvelous mature in others. . . My parents enjoy me so much and I enjoy them so much that I enjoy the freedom to confide in them on many topics and they have confidence and confidences in me.

When I was twenty-one, I decided it was time to write my own series about the life and times of CURIOUS GEORGE, but before doing so I



contacted Mrs. Ray to determine whether my Imaginary George could appear as the Ray's GEORGE has happily shown himself for many years. Mrs. Ray never answered my letters, but her publishers told me that they were not interested in hearing about George having had any other adventures after Mr. and Mrs. Ray had told the stories George had confided in them. Thus, my writing career lost some of its character. Yet, I do have a marvelous story about George saving teleballoon technology at the South Pole and his becoming the first South Pole Santa.

When I was twenty-one, I also decided that Dr. Seuss should get out of some of his books and get on board to be more playful with aspiring young readers. I proposed that the game of Monopoly should not monopolize the real estate world and THE WORLD OF SEUSSOLOGY would picture THE CAT IN THE HAT, THE LORAX, THE GRINCH and a double-dozen more of our literary friends on a playing field where bookshelves of library loans, purchases and borrowings would ignite the imagination of inquisitive children of all ages. Mrs. Seuss did not want to come on board and another Nebulous Something in my workshop never saw production.



## CHAPTER @ 20!

When I was twenty, I tried to discover more strings in DNA, but the lab where I worked only gave me mucky, mucky moss, mud and musk. That was the summer I discovered I certainly did not want to be a biology laboratory investigator.


A little entrepreneurship and some sailing skill I had learned in SEA SEMESTER landed me a job at sea, or partly at sea. I transferred to a geology lab in Houston and had the glorious opportunity to help extract sediment cores on the floor of the Gulf of Mexico which we subsequently compared in stratigraphy with Antarctic cores. HA! I thought maybe my Eagle Scout Dream of getting to Antarctica was getting closer, but in essence, the mud was as thick on the bottom of the Gulf of Mexico as on the floor of the Ross Ice Shelf. Martian Science and Technology studies in the dry valleys of Antarctica did not provide an excuse or an invitation for me to journey to the "bottom of the world" and I still long to collect meteorites down there, to soar with skua, to ponder with penguins, and to oscillate between the Ozone and Oz.



# CHAPTER 19!

WE THE PEOPLES OF THE UNITED NATIONS ought to have the opportunity to share our beliefs and practices with our fellow beings. Because I had learned at an early age the importance of drug education, in my nineteenth year I was able to get an internship with UNICEF to work on healthy life styles for youth. HEALTHY might be a nebulous state for most of the world's people, but I had the opportunity to collect and evaluate for Unicef seven large boxes of documents, books, pamphlets, posters, project proposals and reports, and records and films on drug education, adolescent fertility, family planning and sex education, and general healthy life-styles. The work went so well I was able to participate in a subsequent interagency and non governmental organization seminar on the subject and subsequently I was honored by being named World Scout Bureau Deputy Representative to the United Nations! The title fits into some pocket, corner, or category of the great Nebulous Something, but we should not be overly excited by titles and talk.

The rest of the year, I was a dutiful student at Rice University, except for one venturesome swim with gar fish in the Atchafalaya River with



members of the ROC, Rock Outdoor Club.  
However, that is a story my Dad, who knew the vagaries of the gar and Atchafalaya in his younger years, wants to embargo.

## CHAPTER 18!


I was a great mechanic at the age of eighteen. Although I had almost gotten crushed by a hover craft when I was five in the marvelous Channel port of Calais, I had never desisted from the idea of someday creating my own, little, practical or impractical hover craft. Eugene and I had the opportunity to manufacture a lawnmower powered hover craft in Physics in our senior year of high school. In retrospect, I believe that our hover craft was indeed part of THE LESS NEBULOUS SOMETHING, it was the opportunity to remain close to one of our surface references and to rise above gravid gravity.



# CHAPTER 17!

When I was seventeen years young, I learned the important lesson of knowing how to win to lose. The Boy Scouts of America and the National Science Foundation "gave" me the opportunity to concretize something of the Nebulous Something, by putting into an application my creativity and imagination about being their Antarctic Scout for a semester. I had to be nominated by my local council for the opportunity and only about 120 Scouts nationally were admitted. I was optimistic beyond any one else's consideration and I became first alternate in the selection... The Antarctic Scout was more mature than I, already in college and I did not cry, but I felt like doing so...

All my policy courses allowed me to express Antarctic longings and all my science courses had a little physics warp toward colder temperatures and southern latitudes. I am still trying to find an opportunity to be the South Pole Santa, while meanwhile my Fathered has with little effort and great luck become The United Nations Santa. We are both in pursuit of Nebulous Somethings in our studies of Gaia and of comparative planetology. We have Gaia Hypothesis to explain the Earth as a total system




and we have Gaia Culture to describe the unity of human(e) needs and the accretion of global understanding, though we still seem to have tribal souls and to behave along most uncivil wars in our so-called civil wars.

I will get to Antarctica some day and I hope that with the knowledge I gain there linked to my imagination of international scientific and social research, I will be able to create games and stories of THE ANTARCTIC CHALLENGE.

## CHAPTER 16!

It didn't start nor end when I was sixteen, but at sixteen I planned an international drug education project which launched two libraries for Scouts in Greenwich, Connecticut and Kathmandu, Nepal, and two public exhibitions of educational materials, as well as a national World Drug Awareness Day parade in Kathmandu with a thousand school children and Boy and Girl Scouts, followed by a national teacher training seminar for three hundred and the creation of the first drug awareness merit badge.

I have been half way around the world twice, and I am a member of The Explorers Club, hoping someday to circumnavigate the whole globe... The explorations of time, space, mind




and matter are my fields and the nature of ability and disability are my bailiwicks.

It was not for the dramatic topic I worked on to become a soaring Eagle Scout, it was for overcoming many of the obstacles of being learning disabled, that I was awarded the Smiles Award as Outstanding Learning Disabled Student in Connecticut, years ago.

## CHAPTER 15!

When I was fifteen I needed to improve my Spanish so my Nepali friends took me to Guatemala for two weeks of intense language immersion. which they also were doing. However, since I was as curious as CURIOUS GEORGE, I also had to climb volcanoes and visit ancient Mayan gods and temples. I will never be a very good student of comparative religions, but I will always be a dedicated, indeed determined, student of paleoarcheology. Though ancient builders understood less about cement and concrete than we do, they were concrete in defining marvelous Nebulous Somethings in their lives and works! When I got home from that experience I tried to win the Greenwich Point sand castle contest in my age category, but no judges were sufficiently impressed with my rendition of Tikal to give me






a prize! The beachcombers, for the most part, did not even appreciate classic compositions outside of the so-called Western Heritage. Guatemala is pretty far west of European longitudes...

Now, we live in such open systems that we do not know how to conserve so readily as did the Mayans. We always or almost invariably believe that we simply have to explore, explore and explore, to discover, discover, discover, to create, create, create, and we forget how to evaluate what we should cherish of the past, what we should protect in the present, and what we should invent in the future.


## CHAPTER 14!

I climbed my first mountain in the Swiss Alps when I was two and my Mother and I were waiting for my sister to be born. I had special Migro boots and I became an expert at rock climbing, scrambling over boulders that were unbelievably bigger than I and with my magnifying glass I became an Alpine botanist. If we had not been afraid of my losing my Southern accent we might have remained in Switzerland, but the chances of chance returned



us home to North Carolina and I helped Bets learn to speak American. But, mountains have gotten Time out of its march here... I am supposed to be referring to being fourteen. When I was fourteen, I was a good and venturesome Scout and I traveled to New Mexico to climb at Philmont. If my folks had known how quickly and completely I would convert to being a Westerner, they probably would never have let me go to our national Scout camp.


When I was fourteen I told the Private Secretary of The King of Nepal about the importance of drug education and two years later I offered to the Kingdom of Nepal the creative excuse and project plan whereby Nepal and I celebrated the First World Drug Awareness Day. I had thirty hours of Nepali language immersion, at three dollars an hour, and I learned so much I was able to address briefly the national teacher training seminar. I never cease to be amazed at how many creative opportunities can develop in one's life if one follows one of life's better mottoes, BE PREPARED. This motto which the Scouts have made their own served me so well that when I was just sixteen, and six feet tall with a clean and well-pressed uniform, I was chosen to carry the American flag in the 350th Anniversary Parade of the Town of Greenwich. I do not recall that there was anything nebulous about this...but it was a cold January 1st, 1990.



When I was fourteen, I also went away to school because my local school was more interested in schooling me than educating me, and 'they' could not protect me from bullies. Away, I learned arts and crafts I never would have mastered at home because the opportunities were not available: And, there is nothing nebulous about pastels and throwing pots. In the years since fourteen, I have thrown more pots than I have painted pictures, and I have a certain mastery with mud which I will use in other master's design.

## CHAPTER 13!

We might suspect some bad luck this year if we are superstitious about numbers, but we aren't and when I was thirteen I mastered math, science, language, social studies and I tried to structure ice sails, igloos and snow people. Sugaring from our maple trees allowed us to sweeten our springtime. Camping in Vermont collected our consciousness. Reading wrecked my rest. It was not an especially good year, my learning disabilities were multiplying without mercy and I couldn't concentrate my talents, because we had not yet begun to define them adequately.



The best thing, idea, understanding I discovered this year was what I best like about myself: I like to learn. This realization defined a decade of determination and even now at thirteen, when I get bored, occasionally, I see that I am not really bored, I am simply and not so simply lacking focus. When I rest and "recover" I move on to the next query and quest--and I admit that boredom is only a temporary visitor.

Somewhere I should say something about my Impro Acting, my Bogman Behavior, my simple joy in camping, cooking, skiing, camping, hiking, swimming, teaching, developing curricula, learning and learning and learning. In my early childhood I drove my parents and teachers to linguistic distraction and they finally created a word to describe my questioning, before I asked a question they would ask: Is it a W'if? If it were a W'if, a 'what if' question I had to wait until a convenient time to ask my personal question. If it were not a w'if it was a general interest question.



## CHAPTER !@12!!!!

National scandals may wear names like Watergate and white gate and no gate, but for me national success, modest though it was, will always be in the name white water. My Godfather took me to Pennsylvania to learn white water canoeing and before we all could sneeze under water I went twice to the Quaker State and then was invited to my native North Carolina to participate in the national senior and junior white water competitions. Well, I was 26th of 26th among the seniors and 6th of 6th in the juniors, but I competed and completed the courses. Opportunity and option have not given me much space in white water, but I continue a dozen years later to be a good canoeist and a pleased recreational white water participant. Confidence came from my reading the physics of water striking and flowing past rocks and roots. I believe even the Eskimos would like my skill in doing Eskimo rolls.




# CHAPTER 11!

There is something magic about being eleven, it is the first time since one when the numerals match... When I was eleven I had a good friend named Francesco from Rome and I helped him in his English because I remembered how much trouble I had had in French when I was younger. Francesco and I learned to fight a lot, but basically we got along quite well with each other when others did not understand our horizons.

I had problems about horizons. I believe that outlines were as real as horizons and my Dad didn't like to play science games with me when I could out-manuever him in abstract design. When I went to Europe to see Francesco he was supposed to climb Vesuvius and Olympus with me, but his grandmother died and consequently he wasn't available to go climbing. Thus, I am the only person I know who has climbed both of the principal mountains of the classic world and communed with the Roman and Greek gods and goddesses in their abodes. Though they and I were up in the clouds, we did not feel that the situation was incomprehensibly nebulous. Something special was going on.


Some people use CHAPTER ELEVEN to declare bankruptcy, but I used it to play football



with the COS COB CRUSHERS. When a neighbor kid asked me whether I could play football, I told Dylan that my Dad wouldn't let me. Dylan said, "Ask him anyway." I asked Dad and he said, don't ask me to play but if you are crazy enough that you want to play and break your bones and tear your muscles, it is o.k. with me. Just don't complain to me afterwards. Well, that was my ticket to football. I wasn't a great player but I enjoyed it and it gave me a sense of a team sport more than basketball, because when I was ten and tried to be on a basketball team, the team wouldn't really let me play. I wasn't any good at landing baskets...

## CHAPTER TEN!

From ten back to six I am using my imagination more than my memory. I became a Boy Scout when I was eleven, so at ten I must still have been a Cub Scout and that was when I was initiated into..... Later, I became a member of The Order of The Arrow. When I was nine, and ten and eleven, I was mildly addicted to television so my parents had to ration my programming and each week I selected ten hours of good programming. Things like electric hour,




odyssey and nova, and similar straights became me electronic classroom. Had there been more, good science programs my parents would have let me watch more, because we all realized that I was learning more from good television than from bad or inadequate classroom experiences. I was a good student, but I frequently was having troubles on the playground. I had to work a lot to compensate for parts of my learning disability and we did not yet have a computer for me. When I got a computer when I was just fourteen, I conquered a large part of my writing problems and I produced a twenty-three page paper on Kenya for African History and for English. Kenya was a long way away and I have never gotten there, but it was not something nebulous.

I spent the third, fourth and fifth grades in Montessori, and that was a great inquiry experience for me, but my friend Erin and I really had the class and teacher almost all for ourselves and the others did not much enjoy the M Methods. Whenever I got in trouble Dad would resort to Spanish and say, "Cuidado," meaning "watch out." Bets and I ended up believing that "cuidado" was the most important word in the Spanish language, only to learn that it was simply Dad's best word of warning.

Fortunately, just before my tenth birthday, we moved to Connecticut and started living on Racc Ridge, named after the Raccoon in our






backyard. We found a two hundred year old vegetable barn that had become a house seventy years earlier and we had the Mianus River in our backyard, in the shape of a fifty-three acre pond for swimming, boating and ice frolics. It was as real as Tom Sawyer's and Huck Finn's Missouri and, for me, it took little time to adjust from playing in the sand pile under the Eiffel Tower in Paris, to being my own Captain Courageous, or Master of the Goodship Nebulous Something. That was not the name of our little sunfish sailboat at that time, that is a name I simply add on now years later.

## CHAPTERS NINE AND EIGHT!!


When one is only nine or only eight one still believes in giants and pirates and all sorts of other marvelous and malevolent beings that adults later insist on children getting rid of. In our sunroom-dining room, we have a small trap door to the small basement where we have a little storage space and our furnace. Dad always contended that that trap door was his gate to the pirate prison and that he kept 'down there' all the pirates he caught on the Mianus River. We never saw the pirates because before we could hear them stirring in the cellar, Dad shipped



them out to sea. Nevertheless, we enjoyed pirate stories on the one side of things and outside we heard Geoffrey stories, about how Geoffrey gives us all the good weather we need, how he polishes sunbeams and paints rainbows and sunsets and clouds, and how he helps Dad always find parking places even in the most difficult, crowded traffic conditions.

We lived in a state of wonder and had endless art supplies and craft materials that Mom got for us to express some of our creativity and imagination. One of the special beauties of childhood is that in that marvelous land one does not have to learn the difference between the imaginary and the supposed real. Our stories crossed back and forth between the two worlds and OZ was just as close to us as the Cos Cob Mall or mill pond.

The Christmas I was nine was a very warm time and Dad had told some of our friends to come over for the swim of the century... Well, Christmas Day, I made Bets and Dad swim with me, the air was in the sixties but the water was in the forties... And that is the last time Dad has swum in the wintertime, but we had



the swim of the century and we have photographs that Mom wisely took... She was too wise to join us in our folly. She likes us and loves us but she doesn't always go along with all our fantasies.

When I was eight I wanted to be a UNICEF BOX for Halloween, so we got a cardboard box bigger than me and a great quantity of orange and black crepe paper to cover the outside walls of my new house. Then, instead of a front and back door, we pasted on marvelous trick or treat for Unicef posters and I was a great success in the neighborhood. I even made a special trip to Unicef and years later when I was back there as a summer intern on healthy lifestyles for youth, my incredibility and credibility were already established. I was still working on the motto, Be Prepared!




## CHAPTER SEVEN!

Some of my favorite childhood stories date from when I was seven. I especially liked THE ACORN MAN and every autumn I still make acorn people to join the company of my memorable friends of years and years long gone. When I was seven I was also becoming an accomplished chef and my Mom and Dad still remember with special joy and appreciation my first pizzas. Over the years I have become equally accomplished in making omelets and I give great joy to people as a surprise chef. Mom and Dad enjoy breakfast in bed when I am at home and tell me that I snuggle just as marvelously now as I did through all of first childhood. And there is nothing of the Nebulous Something in their appreciation.



## CHAPTERS SIX, FIVE, AND FOUR!

It isn't really standard writing practice to make three chapters run together or amble along here like I am doing, but life takes different turns at different ages, and six, five and four in my growing up all happened in a special packaging. Just before I was four years old I went to France on the Queen Elizabeth, because going by boat was a better deal for my family and me than going by air, and I got to swim in the marvelous salt water indoors pool while Bets was taking her naps. Bets and I had special mess in FIRST CLASS--at kids' mess-- because we made such a mess in the tourist dinning hall at breakfast and lunch that Mom and Dad needed at least one meal a day apart from us, to maintain their equilibrium on the high seas and their sanity... I think that the sanity was the bigger argument. I had a couple of hours a day in the nursery and I had a nap also... Anyway, we had a great voyage and I still remember the special toys in the nursery and the great internal waves in the pool as the ship swayed from side to side. Bets got her first haircut on the QEII. The cabin steward did not appreciate my spilling Bets' baby powder on the carpet and Mom thought the fruit machines were for getting extra snacks




until she discovered that they were slot machines for high seas gambling!

In Paris I had my fourth birthday in the Parc d'Acclimatation, park of acclimation, and I still am teased about my joy of getting a little match-box toy Paris Garbage Truck as a gift. I gleefully shouted, "All my life I wanted a Paris garbage truck for my fourth birthday." As long as I can preserve that kind of perspective on giving and receiving, I know I shall remain young and that I shall not have to draw too many pictures of The Nebulous Something. There are early childhood lessons that become lifelong treasures and we all believe that this is one of them.

## CHAPTER THREE!


For Christmas, when I was three, I got a cardboard house about the size of a card table, but taller, and I was so overawed that my parents still imitate my gasps of joy when I entered the family room in North Carolina and saw my house, never doubting for an instant for whom it was intended: OHHH, OHHHHHH, OHHHHHHHHH!!!! Maybe I had some cloudy thoughts as to how I could be so fortunate to own this new house, but I never was



the least bit nebulous in my approach and appreciation.

I had a tractor and trailer that I used to ride around the kitchen, family room and dining room and carry my mail from my Grandmother. I had a sand pile where I could create the greatest castles, moats, fields, cities, and playgrounds that a two or three year old has ever designed. It was years before I saw Frank Lloyd Wright's Falling Waters, but Frank and I operated on the same physical and imagination principles and he would have hired me immediately with no age discrimination if he had known of my availability.

Bets was enough smaller and younger that we did not get in each other's ways, but I let it be known from the time she came to live with us that she was something of an intrusion. It took me about a dozen years to discover that we are best friends. If you don't have a BETS in your life, you should invent one. One day I suggest to Mom that perhaps Bets could be our Snow White to pick up my toys. Mom got so mad that she delivered me to my Dad's office, told on me and said "Take care of your son!" Dad and I had to pick up the toys I had scattered that day, and then I became a bit more careful in my play. I got back into my Mom's good graces by giving her the first tomatoes of the season and saying, in child charm, "Happy Summer Day." Dad




liked the statement so much that he plants tomatoes every year so that the first harvest can be called "Happy Summer Day." We are romantics in this family. However, in order to cure some of the romanticism, I have to wrestle my Dad in the River so that he will not interminably complain that he is going to miss me when I leave. By making him just a little less comfortable with my visits he has a least one thing to be glad of when I leave. My Mom is much more reasonable on things like this, she understands comings and goings a lot better. Bets likes to come and go, but she makes a personal nest everywhere she goes.

## CHAPTERS TWO AND ONE!

From ages zero through two, I really don't remember anything and have to rely on Nebulous Somethings from my Mom and Dad and some of their friends. Anyone who has been through a venturesome childhood knows how unreliable those sources can be, so I shall not say much here about the beginnings of my life.

I was pampered in pampers as well as in all the other treatments. In order to get into the swim





of things with me, Mom and Dad gave me the water baby treatment and I was a submarine swimmer, distance swimmer, at the age of seven months. I could swim five meters, but I could not come up for air without assistance, so I learned to frown at an early age. The frowns have mostly washed off, but the swimming skill has always been treasured and now I glory in playing a lot of water polo. BETS did not take to water the way I did, and only learned to swim about the time she was four, but she is really good and stylish now and she shows no loss for not having started to float as early as I.

My parents taught me self-reliance shortly after I was one, when I could climb out of my crib and get my own peanut butter from a low shelf in the kitchen. From the beginning, I was an early riser and Dad gave me 5 AM philosophy classes while Mom recuperated from the demands of a very demanding child.

I don't know exactly what things I would order differently in my life if I were given the opportunity to reorder, but I suspect that I would not order differently my curiosity, knowledge and intelligence. Kindness is also one of my treasured qualities and I think that when I asked what do I want in the world, I must reply:



I WANT THE WORLD!

AND

I WANT THE  
WORLD  
TO WANT  
ME,



## David Inkey

Our friend David Inkey is a follower of Don Quixote and Sancho Panza, being like the youth Don Lorenzo, a perfect poet.

Listen to Cervantes' admnition:  
"The reason is, that art does not surpass nature, but only brigs it to perfection, and thus, nature combined with art and art with nature, will produce a perfect poet."

Inkey's adventures embrace being a UN trinity, its poet, its philosopher and the UN Santa.  
Commentary (gadget font)

His sequel to Cervantes' masterpiece is a "real life" odyssey, now being inscripted as ¿a perfect poet? confessions of a reformed harvard anthropologist, by david inkey. (u have viewed the first installment.....)

His email address is"  
[UNpoet@aol.com](mailto:UNpoet@aol.com)

How to make a book... some poems have shrunk their fonts to fit on one page... others demand space with less concern about their readers eyes... i hope, trust and depend upon our readers' flexibility .

Any and all critiques are appreciated..... there is only one poem in this collection whose composition disturbs me, but I consider the topic of such great importance that it has been included rather than abandoned... Sunday, some day, I hope and trust that inspiration will capture me and in that confinement, I will find revolution to replace an unsatisfying, temporary, inept, revolution....

peace, david inkey

*are the pioneers of a new world ordering which we may see as Planetary Culture. Through ages, virtual eons, of struggling for simple survival, we have reached an age of struggle for complex survival.*

*We are the pioneers of a new world ordering which we may see as Planetary Culture. Through ages, virtual eons, of struggling for simple survival, we have reached an age of struggle for complex survival.*

*We are the pioneers of a new world ordering which we may see as Planetary Culture. Through ages, virtual eons, of struggling for simple survival, we have reached an age of struggle for complex survival.*

*We are the pioneers of a new world ordering which we may see as Planetary Culture. Through ages, virtual eons, of struggling for simple survival, we have reached an age of struggle for complex survival.*

Myself, 1991

✱ the fault is not in my stars.

✱ \* david inkey \* ✱  
ça cosmic comic?

i would ur anthropologist be.....

...idiosyncratically...



with diversity enshrined as my  
gr8est plea, i would quickly ur social  
anthropologist be.

while we'd raise voices in praise of oral  
traditions, all undergrads'd pursue transitions,  
¿frightening maturity? our bright students  
would write and write and write..... crazed with  
the printed word, some thoughts blurred,  
literacy raised! (of our 6.5 billions, 800 million  
persons remain unlettered.) with gender equity  
fully in place, even idiosyncratically, i, aye, ur  
linguistic anthropologist would never lose face.  
yes, oui, si = in translation == yes, we see == and  
here, hear! never fear, translingual taboos we  
color **in blues...** aye, eye, **and I reply...** why cry?  
in greek we all squeak, while **in latin, ah,** we sigh,  
**¿et tu, brutus?** in french, bonjour, though our  
accents **may** have a horrid **stench, we are** ever  
all tres polite... in spanish, don quixote and sancho,  
we delight... que suerte, y que te vayas con dios,  
aunque eres un angel sin alas... in fluent nepali,  
with namaste. our **godlike goodness we recite**

in physical anthro's richest domains, we easily  
measure humans, never neglecting any remains?  
ever seeking "humanes." no monkey business  
about evolution spoils our resolution. for us,  
darwin's beagle is as good as any eagle... our  
boobies easily challenge intelligent design... did we  
or they invent booby traps? in archeology, what  
would u do or have me rue? with earlier thrills, I  
climbed the pyramids and many hills, yes, ever  
with some hitches, I even dug ditches, with  
stones as the rosetta, I deciphered human  
glitches... for pots and shards, I have no time...  
for me, they lack rime. & u should know! baked  
clay and rib-bones cause me dismay. with skulls,  
other bones and DNA? might we work  
against ĉhuman clones? yet, our greatest task  
remains, erase the disgrace of isms, such as  
race... cultural anthropology, ah, let us give it a  
try! surely each of us will fit a perfect suit...then,  
with a great crescendo, on each final exam—with  
no need to cram—we'll write on rites and  
rights...sight the greatest and tiniest cites of  
insight and foresight, never neglecting the wit  
and wisdom of hindsight...explain in simple prose,  
what is "the definition of an anthropologist?"  
complain in verse, "what is anthropology?" declaim  
in poesis, "an anthropology of self"... please  
replace all my book on the first shelf...

peace, david inkey

