

"CHILD-LIKE EYE"

As you grow older
Your energy solidifies like
Iridescent kids' clay disclosed to the air;
Made solid, a clay-like corpse.
You become tired,
Indifferent, passive
. . . Comfortable. Saying,
"Well, what can you do!"
As the Poet grows, that same energy
Becomes Zen. Flexing elastic like
Breath stretching air. Becoming
At-peace, unattached. Saying,
"Job well done!" at day's end
Knowing the job is not done.
But I'm still shooting-sparks
In the dark, a disentangled ball of burning yarn,
La Resistance till the end; a maverick mutineer.
Saying, "There's always something
You can do!" - like learn to play
Drums on fruit cake tins, my teenage ascendancy,
Using pencils for sticks, that temporary snare
Never made it to New Years. Courier and Ives'
Ideal winter home trashed to the
Sound of a Black Flag beat.
My dad was a rebel like that in a
Plaid jacket lounge band, twice-divorced,
Three sons. I'm the one he tutored
With out being there. My father
Hit the bottle and the bottle
Hit back and I battle with
his genes from a distance.
He up and ran, kept on running
For ten years till the Leukemia ran faster,
Beat his time and caught him, Gotcha!.

His face, emaciated, gone to sleep.
"Well, what can you do!"
There's always something I can do . . .
Got to keep my child-like eye!

- Michael Amado