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Abundant Sparks
&
Personal Archeology
D.L. Lang

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Penguin's Prayer

Over caffeinated insomniacs, dreaming,
Dancing prayers, singing prophets,
Jiving on java, juice, and Jewish jams.
Surrounded by the soulful symphonies,
Shouting their joyful jubilation skyward,
Cheerfully chanting holy Hebrew haikus.
Voices unite these moonlighting weekend angels,
Ascending rhythms, rhymes, relaxing
Work week's woeful ways escaping,
Ecstasy's entrance in every breath,
Nourished by the notes, a comforting chorus,
The beat of bongos, poetic prayers,
United in friendship, happiness distilled,
Rising thoughts of infinite gratitude,
Pain dare not penetrate these happy holy hangovers,
Holding to these fleeting moments of heaven,
Abundant sparks, shimmering to the surface of our souls.

Mistranslations

Just west of the mini-mall.
Seeking wisdom. I am a Jew.
Brownies burning in the oven.
Outside, a kiosk.
In the river, rowers from the nearest educational palace.
No one sponsors my journey.

Drowsy brothers. Shady behavior.
Police stopping: cyclists. Everywhere bad news.
Drowning in Zydeco jams.
Wafting naturally.
I am not a Gemini.

Ma never signs. No documents on wide paper.
Drinking ale and Prozac,
he tumbles skillfully downward,
for a minute. Why can't mom kiss?
The polka is called "Titan."
Seeking wisdom in the dojo.

The Snarkadelic Word Smith Awaits The Penguin Whisperer

Standing in the dark haze of the alley way.
Every breath sends a chilly fog into the night.
The stars long since blotted out of the sky by
Manufactured neon bulbs flickering in their
Inconsistent rhythms like an erratic heartbeat
Spooked by unknown sounds and thoughts
Unchained in incessant regurgitation
Lying awake at midnight between consciousness and dreaming.

The mind rambles on like the city streets
Never failing in their constant symphony of horns
The cries of those wandering souls long since
Forgotten by the society that claims to care
The politicians, photo ops, guilt-driven good deeds,
The jaded jerks with their assumptions of panhandling no-goodniks,
Passing by in their 400-dollar suits and brightly shined shoes.
Never giving second thought to the down and out.

Sleep is a luxury in these days of twenty-four hour shifts.
Electric suns destroying rhythms here since before time.
Machines built without off buttons are clicking round the clock.
Coffee cups overflowing endless refills of a caffeinated generation.
Walking past art and beauty in a haste, a waste, laser focused
On problems man-made and trivial while eyes grow beet red dead tired
In a race to see what machinery will wear down its rusted elements
In a final cry of acquiescence, its bones and bolts no longer fit to serve.

Taxis screaming down the street in hurried impatience
As I glance towards the calm dance of a paper bag flying in the wind.
The ever present ticking of the silver encrusted pocket watch
Hanging from the stranger's trench coat, shakes me from my dream.
Here he has delivered in simple whisper the keys that unlock that next lexicon
Destined to pass from my weary fingers onto simple paper.
As if on immovable cue by some divine puppetry my reluctant muse, the penguin,
disappears into the night leaving this word smith waiting once again.

Color Nature

all along the black ribbon of highway
weaving through green hills taking in the orange poppies and yellow mustard are brown trees losing crispy
leaves beside green grass undaunted by the grey clouds and the translucent raindrops that splash on the red barn
as a lonesome white handkerchief dances with the sweet blue breeze.

Plowshares

I awoke this beautiful morning
to witness an amazing sight.
The nations have laid down their arms.
Their peoples will no longer fight.
The evil dictator tyrants died of heart attacks,
mysteriously overnight.

The swords have been beaten to plowshares.
The guns, museum pieces now.
The nukes have been dismantled.
The tanks have rusted down.

Estranged lovers and parents
with children long since left,
now embrace their differences,
and hold tight to each other's breast.

On this day no innocents died.
The children are all healthy.
On this day, no mothers cried.
With peace, we are all wealthy.

The doctors now have magic pills.
Cancer and AIDS—no more!
Starvation and homelessness
a thing of the past.
We each have more than we need.

Religions now work together in peace,
each praising God in their way.
Differences are accepted and celebrated.
Not a single mouth preaches hate.

No politicians are bought off,
They all improve the world.
Political parties have opened their eyes,
Shook hands on peaceful compromise.

No tornadoes strike the plains.
No tsunamis wreck the shores.
The earth no longer quakes.
The sunset and sunrise paint love in the sky.
And rainbows adorn the lakes.

Letting In The Light

When one is used to darkness,
The light becomes too bright.
Remember to flick the switch.
As we stumble in the wilderness of night.
In this divine game of hide and seek,
Focus on the love,
And everything will be all right.

Personal Archeology

Descended from nobles and kings,
A choice was made to part.
Choosing your own heart,
The realization that all you need,
Was there right from the start.
Amazing things happen when you let them.
Treasures of the past unlock the secrets of the future.
Oh, I have un-buried the dreams of the dead.
One religious zealot choose hate and wound up dead.
Oh but even he, was immortalized, dear Pushkin and Dumas.
A fiery young freed-woman stood up for her rights,
Persecuted by family, she refused to give up the fight.
Another such heroine defended her family's honor,
A Revolutionary War patriot, soldiers could not claim her stead.
A forward-thinking pacifist chose an intercontinental trek,
His spirit stands with in me, choose right, and not regret.
These are the spices seasoning our familial stew.
Some how the great Chef produced this hippie Jew.

Too Many Deeds Misaligned Our Creeds

I am not you nor are you me,
But our collective reactions affect everybody.
Don't heed the instructions of dystopian prophets.
Beat the mindset of your bootstraps,
To fall gently in the arms of God.
A horse on the side of the road,
In the land of no complaint,
Relinquishes control as the words of smoke arise,
Blending with voices of prayer,
So filled with love and warmth.
Curiosity renewed to stay in gray areas.
Actions solidify, this choice was made.

Rediscovery

Drawing is real meditation,
Muting the world in deepest concentration,
The mind in motion as a body reclines.
Primitive scrawl unlocks the doors.
Feet are a flame while head is in clouds.

Feelings so diverse,
Like ice cream and cemeteries
Can each one be absorbed for it's own sake?

When you walk without fear,
Then you are taking a leap of faith,
Divine banquets in sanctuaries,
For nothing.

Forever changed by inner peace,
You desire it again and again.
Each time reaching slightly closer,
And farther than you'd ever been.

Lose control to regain it again,
Why question the reason why a gift is given?
Draw me closer to you mighty ocean mama,
Let me sit in your presence unafraid felt anew.

How can a people wander 40 years
And find shelter from the pain?
Loosen the grip of the way you hold on.
What was manna and how did we lose it?
One looks to deeply to the past for answers.

When does the future become present?
Is the future a gift given too late?
I wish to subdivide the rhythms, but unity is fate.
Label all your rhymes, but community is fate.

My thoughts are at once collected on the beach.
The metal detectors beep with clarity.
To lose myself in nature's peace,
Where nothing can distract me,
My inner child doth relax.

No one can hurt me in this place--
My safe bubble of love.
Achieve nirvana in total solitude.

If there's no objection to the altitude,
Frequent fliers enjoy the ride.
Every cloud burst is new,
But sometimes a peaceful heart.
Is enough to get you through.

Year after year, the troubadours march high on holy hills,
Distilling wisdom to a single drop of dew.

This new dimension allows for exploration,
But you must move slow,

When knowledge is a racing competition.
You can only hold so much before the day is done.

Cease these synthetic divisions,
That we shackle ourselves to.
Reconnect individually with single souls,
Even as we splinter, we are one.

Raise me up when I am down,
Dissolve the barriers that block out love,
To evict my subtle frown.

Opposites can co-exist embracing everything to see.
Release me from the boulder that weighs me down.
Make me lighter than the smoke.

Enough time spent on the mountain,
Eventually the rocks will slide.
But sometimes after you've fallen,
All you want to do is climb.

Climb to remind yourself,
That some things still work.
What have we left without more without less.

Love remains when you put your ego in the toaster,
To see which parts are baked.
To survive is to have succeeded,
Though sometimes it is easier to remain in the wilderness,
Than to transform type A into plan B.

Inside the animation our feet are aflame,
Our heads in marshmallow clouds,
Visualizing dreams too big to see,
Until after the balloons have burst,
From our oft divided attention.
We never made it to our final destinations,
For each layover was a sight unseen.

Do not hang on too tight,
Or you will never go anywhere.
Sometimes you only exist alone forever,
Not all beach bums are poets,
But they exude simplicity.

Time can wait while you are fishing for your keys.
We all eventually pay the cigarette tax.
There is no escaping.
The deepest attention spares no interruption.
Is existence plural or singular?

If we are sparks,
We yearn for fires alive.
When the spark goes out,
It is not destroyed, merely unseen,
It needs to revisit what made it again.

Taking notes in the lecture halls of life,
Where even a pigeon is a teacher.
How tired can a man be to lay down his pen for life?

Work interchanged with fun.
Retain balance to the nth.

The high kings await a visit.
It costs nothing to see the divine.

Hike for hours at close distances.
A person out of space and out of time,
Does not incite the ripples.

To be seated and float through the air,
Unencumbered by unpleasant presence,
We cease to notice.

In huffs and puffs they pass us by,
Never pay us any mind,
But a mind is not fair currency.
Action and thoughts are aligned.

Don't urge a man until he is ready,
Then the outcome may surprise.
The unusual is subjective.
Respect is now synonymous with ignorance.
You must observe to be alive.

When is the last time,
You ever slowed down to see what needs to be seen
For the first time? Déjà-vu.

An essential part of discovery,
Is taking a journey of recovery,
I've been laying in the grass,
Just sitting on my ass.

The silence in the space between,
Dries the tears that I have seen.
Nature's sweet reminders reign,
Seeing God in all the petals,
Staring in awe at mountain sides,
It's a wonder why the mind divides.

Symbols have no judgment attached.
They're but patterns of creation.
Art achieved through living and giving.

Music fills the mind with stars,
Like life's eternal soundtrack,
It's all in the design.