

Paul Fuller

BEAUTIFUL, TERRIBLE.

Looking back in time,
At ourselves as we were, I smile.
All things seemed so unsure.

Just another boy and another girl,
Bashing their heads against the future.

And though life has a way
Of becoming convoluted and distracting,
When I take the time to discern
Each linear cause of action,
I see that all the roads of my mind
Lead back to that driveway.

I'd never compare, nor forget
Those days spent in the tanglewood.
But, I've also come to see,
That to deify the events of the past
Is to belittle those of the present.

We mustn't lament at the unreplicable nature of the past.
But rejoice in its sheer existence.

My oldest, truest friend,
An image of you in conjured
By the myriad color of the trees, in the crisp, cool air.
For even through so many fences walls and wires,
I can feel the pull of autumn.

The sweet and musky leaves,
The pungent smoke of fires,
In this, the mating season of nostalgia.

I am taken back to my roots.

But time can be neither denied or ignored.
And we have undoubtedly grown up, away, and apart.
Not really sure who the other is anymore.
But we know who we were,
And perhaps that enough.

Living as we do, our lives have become distant circles.
But perhaps they'll met again,

Through the currents of the fates.

I cannot tell who, or where I'll be tomorrow,
Next week, or ten years from now.
Neither can I change what was or will be.
(For) Only the individual moment is truly ours to behold.

Things never really end up how you'd think.
Long years of failure and fruitless effort,
Punctuated with paroxysms of contentedness.
It never really seems to balance out in the moment.

But looking back, in the end,
If you look gently enough you'll see,
The gossamer threads that hold all things together.

The ironic, terrible, beautiful forces,
Of serendipity.

FRAGILE CASTLE

In times of stillness,
In times of silence in the dark,
I see the palace of my nostalgia.

The unkempt and sunburnt lawn,
Creased cigarette butts, and erratically parked cars.
Our shelter from the storms of awkwardness and angst.

Yet someone else lives there now.

Often times I dream that I sneak in, in the night,
And cautiously, quietly, I tiptoe Searching.
Where is everybody?

And though all appears to be as it once was/
Strange people now control their order.
And yet they fail to understand the meaning
Of the weighted impressions in the linoleum,
And the knife marks in the countertop.

Ironic, or perhaps sad, how what we once thought
To be the worst days of our lives, now seem like the best.

For there is no entertainment I would not forsake,

To see one more re-run on that dusty tv.
No comforts I would not trade,
To once more lay upon that warped couch, the color of dried blood.
No music I would not mute,
To hear nothing but the cracking plastic of her water bottle
On a warm summer night.

Funny how time sorts things.

Elbow on sink, and knuckles on chin, I sit.
I stare deeply into the streaked mirror of my cell.
I stare deeply into my reflection.
And I try to discern how who I once was,
Could possibly translate into who I am now.

It never fits.
It never fits.

Nostalgia,
A sharp word, a pre-requisite for melon coly.
For things always appear much more attractive
In the slimming, ambient light of the past tense.

But still, I believe there are small chances,
Subtle signs to be read in moments of quiet contemplation,
That can lead us back to that place.

Small tears in the fabric of destiny,
That allow us to reach through and bring some of it back with us.
To knead it into the clay of the day present.

And though it cannot overcome,
It cannot completely smooth out, the jagged barbs of reality.
But it can with the right light, make them a little more becoming,
As we mold and shape this abstract life.

A small victory I suppose, but a victory nonetheless.
And though some say it folly,
I like to believe that somewhere, amongst complex algorithms.
Hidden in the matrixes of time and quantum complexities
Far beyond my understanding.
That small pocket of time is forever replayed,
Every second of every day, lived over and over again.

If not only through our memory,
If not only in our dreams.