

Composed (as a final thought)
10. December, 2009

*for Marcelle
&
EDU 614*

Composed

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i.

Composing is a universal
act, acoustic, and the fact is, every creation is meant to arrive to its
destination, whether through hibernation, procrastination or
yesterday's exploration – the truth is, every word disappears.

He picks up a pen. She draws. They design. You, me,
us, & thus another library is born.
Every flashback is the soul being torn, the
beginning of a self, reborn, to what we once were & who we might be right
now...at this moment. New. Anew – getting through the
existential road blocks that arrives with our man-made clocks which
rally all our ticks and tocks within one lifetime: *all literature is, indeed, gossip.*

ii.

January is for making amends with December.
I look in the mirror and remember the
life of three hundred and sixty-five potentialities for
imagination to compose its intellectual rose onto hibernal skies.
As words are pushed, *incredibly loud and up close* before my eyes, I am a
neophyte in need of a textual disguise – of linguistics. I

Join the specifics, the heuristics of resolutions and
another year of solutions to *Carpe' Diem* while I can.
No. Yes. Perhaps. Could be. This time I'll be a man ---
the calendar scam of opportunities and subtle serenity.
u, like me, are simple with complexity, complex in
simplicity, seeking the way to, intrinsically, be free. Yes,
knowledge occurs through the roots of wisdom's tree,
and I'm posed, as a warrior, ready to take a stance.

iii.

Kentucky once knew my footprint
and I left a daily hint of my steps along the bluegrass –
this yankee-doodle, middle-child ass (oh,
he was young then, and flung his spirit to the moon as a
lunatic goon does towards a chalkboard – how he did hoard his
existence in the palm of his hand, holding lessons in his mind).
Early in his career, he didn't expect to find a
new day would come...the one with no answers.

He floated, like a feather, from the stars
and every Sneetch he taught learned they had hearts upon thars,
living a Louisvillian life, loving a villainous Louisville,
laughing a livable Splooieville, Kablooieville, of thunder.
Each and every day, now, he wonders/(wanders) about his
random coincidences, coincidental randomness.
Out! Out! Brief candle. Life is but a walking shadow.
No. No, *you poor player.* You must compose. You must learn more.

iv.

Kryptonite for composers? They call it GRAD SCHOOL
and when this is due and that is due, each of us become a fool, (no time for the
loo & man we've all had to pee). But see, the
last paper is due on Monday and
I'm about to have a cry day, cuz another
exam, they say, is Wednesday, and

My unit plan, oi vay, last Friday, so
ask me to compose next Sunday, when
the semester goes away. That's when I'll be ready to say,
hey, "my Blog is now a Zine," but now I am
insane, humane & all that remains, is to
s l e e p. Oh, God, I can't wait for sleep. *ZZZZZZZZZZ.*

v.

Man, she is a poet,
and she did, she supposes, know it. In the word canoe, she now
rows it, and with a vocabulary garden, she can grow it. So
love it. This music & this song, even if you wish to read it wrong. Cuz
everyone should know she's a king and quite right,
a'ight?! She now has poetic might for
harvesting her thoughts, so onward she goes, to compose and to write.

Today. Tomorrow. even Tonight – See, she was always meant to
kill the mike (with a sarcastic bite) and to
allow the muse's flow, come to it what might...ya know?
cuz she wrote a poem and a poem wrote her. A
zillion ovations from now on, happily every after.

vi.

Middle school, mental drool, composed where
adolescents get fooled into becoming – when
really, who ever actually becomes? We are the banned band of
yodeling, farting, believing, starting,
achieving, darting, navigating, charting,
needing, barking, gossiping, chirping,
nestling, burping, wanting, lurking,
eating, growing, crying, knowing,

Doodling, showing, kicking, throwing,
evolving, solving, chewing, doing,
shouting, pouting, pissing, and pooing kids.
Madness. Serenity. Chaos. Calm.
Oh, Siddhartha, lend us your “Om.”
Next year, it’s high school, composing more words. Until then, we
dance, as strange little turds, awkward, silly, middle school birds.

vii.

My mom taught me life is ironic.
Actually, with two sisters, it was always tamponic.
I’d leave the seat up. They’d set it down, as my
sisters put on make up in front of this brother, the clown.
As The World Turns in the so-call *Days of Our Lives*.

He needed *general hospitalization* as the soap got in his eyes.
Every morning, hair dryers – lip gloss in the mirror,
regularly being asked, “Do you think I have a big rear?”
Mom lit her True Blues while teaching me birds and bees,
and we went bra shopping on weekends...come on, girls...please.
No, there’s never a dull moment in what the middle brother sees.

viii.

Since the party is for Daisy
and I’m a thumbs-up-kind-of-guy, who
rallies about the Hamptons
as a crooked-eye, poetic Bry...
How do I feed the Gatsbys who

have lust for prestige and fame? How do I
entertain such classiness, when
really, I came from working class games?
Maybe I hold my breath and compose with a polar lunge,
aspiring to do as Cobain surely did, towards
Nirvana, in flannel, orange grunge, always becoming a crazy poetic sponge.

ix.

So, it comes to the last stanza
and it’s stanza number nine, and I’ve
realized we hitchhiked as composers for a very short time. (9th verse,
ahem, cough cough – another gestation’s curse). We’ve rehearsed ourselves as
healers, composers who’ve learned to give: And we each gave

birth to ideas and hope, through words we’ve actually lived.
Each of us are precious as we hang onto our luscious
rope, *pushing*, pulling, & believing in another Syracuse masquerade,
tapping the keyboard piano within this intellectual, spiritual parade.
Read...write...and always create, as you continue to put
all the love and hate into a *verbal blend* of
memories; the “*Morrell*” of this poem is to believe in your possibilities.

