

**Caveat: Poem**  
*Volume 1: Mostly in Korea*

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*general semiotics press*  
CRAIG, ALASKA

Caveat: Poem  
Volume One: Mostly in Korea

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The poems in this volume originally appeared online, in the daily weblog maintained by the author, in the years 2009 through 2018. All the poems are still available in roughly similar form, under the dates of their composition, at that blog: [caveatdumptruck.com](http://caveatdumptruck.com)

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Cover credit: author's photo of Goyang City, South Korea, as viewed looking east from the 10th floor of the Korean National Cancer Center, July, 2013.

*To my friend Bob Gehrenbeck, who suggested I could be a poet, and to  
my friend Curt Keum (금문찬), who made it possible.*



## **Foreword**

In 2016, I began writing a poem every day. Prior to that, and back to my adolescence, I had written poetry or short stories occasionally. Several factors induced new efforts at creative writing: in 2004 I had started a blog ([caveatdumptruck.com](http://caveatdumptruck.com)); in 2007 I moved to South Korea to teach English; a brush with cancer in 2013 rearranged my hopes and dreams.

A friend of mine had noticed a few of my poems on that daily blog, and had given me positive feedback. In particular, he liked my poems in the "nonnet" form, and so he off-handedly challenged me to write one every day. Or perhaps I challenged myself, while in conversation with him - I don't actually recall.

By the end of 2016 I was reliably publishing a "daily poem" on my blog, and I have done so ever since without fail.

Many of these poems aren't so great - when you hold yourself to such a pace of production, quality inevitably suffers. Most of them are quite short - I often will just slap together something I call a "pseudo-haiku" if time is short or I feel uninspired.

Over a long period, however, quality seems to emerge from the quantity. My first impulse was to try to put together a "selection" of these daily blog-poems for publication, but the more I thought about it, the more I reached the conclusion that in today's internet-mediated literary environment, this served no practical purpose. Given how the technology and publishing businesses are configured nowadays, nothing inhibits me from first publishing my "Collected Works" (as grandiose as that feels) and then only later publishing whatever selections or excerpts I might choose. In fact, all the poems here are already published, anyway - just in "blog" form. These are easily accessible at the URL [caveatpoem.com](http://caveatpoem.com).

These poems often reflect the experiences of my day-to-day existence. Through the first two years of my "daily poem" habit, I was living in South Korea and working as a teacher. Then I moved to rural Alaska, and so subsequent poems reflect that quite different lifestyle.

Throughout, my various interests emerge: philosophy, language, culture, Zen Buddhism, children's literature and myth. Observations of the natural world often predominate. My prior life as a student of Spanish Literature also shows up - a number of these poems are in Spanish. I only occasionally offer translations, and ask readers to bear with this linguistic eccentricity. Although my Korean fluency never equaled that of my Spanish, I have thrown in lines of Korean here and there, too - also with only haphazard translation.

This collection is titled "Caveat: Poem" after the typical heading used in my blog from its very start. All but the first thirty or so poems are from a daily poem-writing habit that

can be precisely dated to having begun on August 12, 2016. Those first 30 were still written in Korea, however, and published on my blog at their date of composition. I do have dozens of poems from before my time in Korea, but those are unnumbered and I'll have to decide whether to eventually publish them later.

For convenience, I have divided this collection into two volumes, based on my time living in Korea ("Volume 1: Mostly in Korea") and my time living in Alaska ("Volume 2: Mostly in Alaska"). Given that my daily poem-writing activity continues, I expect more volumes in the future.

In the blog, I have the habit of remarking on the intended genre of the poem afterward, and I have retained those remarks. Occasionally, these genre descriptions included other information about the context or background of the poem. Sometimes I have included these. However, where I feel they cross too far over into autobiography or aimless rambling, I have deleted them.

No doubt, sometimes the referents of these poems are obscure. However, maybe part of the pleasure in poetry is that when these referents do become detached, it leaves the readers free to create their own. I hope that for some readers, a few of these poems achieve that.

Craig, Alaska, February 2020



CAVEAT: POEM #1

2009-08-02

□

## Nostalgia in July

The sky was overpopulated by the wind.

I had no friends.

I struggled to carry a smile for strangers because  
happiness is the most important thing.

The green-laden branches of trees labored to lift the earth  
into the clouds.

The storm tore up its first draft in frustration.

So rain droplets scattered, like solitude in a crowded  
subway.

The dry spaces between the droplets shrank, afraid and  
consumed by the imperial splashes of water.

How trite. How tiny.

A twilight of car headlights lased the half-offered  
monsoon.

Triumph of gray, but it's only inside.

Golden, radiant joy of still being alive, if only I could  
convince myself.

Unjokingly, the rain comes (장난이 아니게 비가 오네요).

*– a free-form poem. This is labeled Poem #1 on my post-hoc numbering scheme – which is a somewhat arbitrary beginning, arrived at by working backwards from my strong, daily poem-writing habit at the end of the decade. There are poems written that predate this point in time – perhaps I'll give them negative numbers.*

**CAVEAT: POEM #2**

2010-03-08

□

**Ephemera**

There were many faces in the corridors.  
 I had given my seat to an old woman, on the bus, and so  
     I stood the whole way. It's odd, but there's no  
     discomfort in standing that way – voluntarily.  
     Swaying.

In the faces, then, I saw the resolve of each person, to  
     live each person's life. All separately.

On the sidewalk, there was a discarded cigarette, still  
     burning.

I felt despair. These feelings come and go.  
 Like this, the sun strikes out across the sky in the  
     morning.

I saw it glittering off the side of a glass building. A weird  
     angle.

I felt resolute. These feelings, too, come and go.

*– a free-form poem.***CAVEAT: POEM #3**

2010-09-23

□

**A Stone**

Just give me some thereness. The being in a some-where,  
     unMoving. Resting. Still.

A stone. A stone in a highly regular plane of sand, like a  
     zen garden.

*– a free-form poem.*

## CAVEAT: POEM #4

2011-02-22

□

**o beloved megalopolis**

나♥서울

subways  
 buses  
 walking crowds  
 uncountable kilometers of streets and the writhing  
     snakes of expressways  
 clogged with cars  
 strewn with neon  
 littered with convenience stores like breadcrumbs  
     leading to mountainside neighborhoods  
 the undergrounds spaces  
 exhale and seem to breathe  
 breath slightly sweet of kimchi and cheap perfume  
 bookstores  
 malls  
 walking crowds  
 of old men spitting  
 of old women selling hothouse lettuce and radishes and  
     garlic  
 of children  
 children playing  
 riding bikes and scooters  
 fashionable children  
 studious children walking alone at 10 o'clock at night  
     talking on cellphones  
 cellphones everywhere  
 smartphones with four bars everywhere  
 in vacant lots  
 in factories  
 in tunnels

on trains  
in subway restrooms  
talking crowds  
fashionable crowds talking on smartphones  
dramatically sighing businessmen  
drunk laborers  
old women yelling  
children gazing about happily  
japanese tourists milling  
foreigners stealthily alienated  
tall buildings  
short buildings  
the same buildings over and over  
marching across the landscape  
soldiers on leave  
shopping crowds  
young women arguing in cafes  
boys arguing on street corners  
old men arguing in bars  
teenagers arguing near schoolyards  
the megalopolis argues with itself cheerfully  
    lovingly  
    continuously  
    rhythmically  
the city is always there  
brand new  
unceasing  
evolving  
incomplete  
walking crowds  
dreaming crowds  
    dreaming dreams

– a free-form poem.

CAVEAT: POEM #5

2012-01-14

□

## the January afternoon

the sound of the wind  
in winter  
in the frozen leaves of the frozen trees  
is perfect

the buildings trace lavender-shaded  
straight lines against pales orange curls of sky  
near sunset  
nearby

there are boys practicing soccer  
on the dirt  
on the playground of Munhwa Elementary School  
and their breath  
snakes up in visible lines of white  
in the January afternoon

the setting sun reflects  
garishly off garish signs  
off a building across the street  
off in a separate place

again the sound of the wind  
in winter  
in the frozen leaves of the frozen trees  
is perfect

– a free-form poem.

**CAVEAT: POEM #6**

2012-10-11

□

the morning sky looked too cold, and dim white,  
my window's light like a fold  
of feeling, and it looked old.

– *an englyn penfyr.*

**CAVEAT: POEM #7**

2012-11-13

□

**The Main Cause of Poetry**

I think the sky is the main cause  
of poetry, because sometimes  
there is a color or a cloud  
and a picture would be useless.  
I see the sky that way today.  
And I see the leaves on the trees  
have so many colors that I  
decide to try to write this poem.

– *a free-form poem.*

CAVEAT: POEM #8

2013-05-05

□

## Sons and Daughters

The ephemerality of the world is just a stone wall.  
 There are blossoms on the trees along Gangseon-no.  
 The suburban pavement exhales.  
 The air reeks of density,  
 of garbage  
 of sand  
 of springtime  
 of buses.  
 There are little square patterns of bricks paving the  
 sidewalk.  
 I see a discarded umbrella, broken,  
 its ribs jutting among some weeds.  
 My students exist in a dream.  
 I have a couple hundred children,  
 my alternately charming or obstinate sons and  
 daughters  
 who then each disappear after a year or two.  
 My sons and daughters almost never say good-bye.  
 One day they are in class with me.  
 One day they are not.  
 No beginning.  
 No ceremony.  
 A month.  
 A year.

An infinite specificity lies behind this mystery.

– a free-form poem.

CAVEAT: POEM #9

2013-06-01

□

**Walking. Ant.**

my walking is like talking. stories told  
to the earth. old stories sing  
new from my footsteps. walking.

the ant pushes against stone with small feet.  
its silent creeping alone,  
until finally it finds home.

– *two englynion penfyr.*

**CAVEAT: POEM #10**

2013-06-09

□

**some puer tea**

he came to pull out some of the small silences  
that grew like weeds.  
instead he pushed some poetry into the small cracks  
in the pavement.  
the air had turned to summer and there were  
some bees; some birds.  
with something hidden behind his eyes he tasted the sky  
out his window.  
he laughed. he grimaced. he cried. he examined  
his black pencil.  
he decided to brew a small pot of puer tea;  
the water boiled.  
he spilled some consonants, some vowels. the poem (his  
life) started big;  
and ended small.  
just some tea in a cup like a shell cradling orange-brown  
water,  
somewhat bitter.

– a free-form poem.

**CAVEAT: POEM #13**

2013-06-23

□

**A Moment**

Clouds that parse the sky with their fractal, cold hands;  
 Trees held captive struggling against the strong earth,  
 Branches dividing, air is displaced with green thrusts:  
 only a moment.

*– a Sapphic stanza. This is an originally Greek poetic form that has a long history of adaptation in English, including efforts by Hardy, Kipling and Ginsberg. Something in the metrical pattern strikes me as reminiscent of Robinson Jeffers - a favorite poet of mine. I suppose given his background in classics, his poetry was full of such meters as these.*

**CAVEAT: POEM #12**

2013-07-17

□

**view of tanhyeon towers out a window at  
sunset**

tanhyeon, west beyond the beds: gold gestures  
 swept by the sun and the clouds, the window  
 enclosed all the silhouettes of dark trees,  
 buildings beetling against the sky.

*– a free-form poem. This was written while gazing out the west window of the 10th floor of the National Cancer Hospital (국립암센터, Goyang, South Korea), where I spent the entire month of July, 2013.*

**CAVEAT: POEM #13**  
2013-08-06

□

### **The thing about trees**

Here's the thing about trees: they are always trying to escape the groping gravity of the earth.

Look at them. They strain and push up toward the sky, in their slow-motion way. You can see, easily, how they are trying to escape. The leaves have no other purpose but to reach for the sky.

Sometimes, the trees even need to be tied down. You see how people have applied ropes or wooden structures to the trees, to keep them from flying away when unobserved.

You see, the trees know when we are watching, too. They know that if they succeed in escaping, they have to be careful not to get caught – no one will trust a tree, anymore, if people see one running off into the sky.

So the trees wait until no one is looking. Trees, as might be expected, are amazingly patient.

In the depth of the night, when no one is around to see or hear, a tree will succeed in escaping. The branches will finally reach and thrust with sufficient force to pull the roots free of the grasping, jealous earth, and they will rise rapidly into space, finally finding their freedom. All that is left is a small upturned mound of earth, puckered like a small wound, where the roots pulled out.

A strong wind can help, but if the weather is too stormy, the trees can be injured and then they will fall back to the brutish earth, broken and shattered.

Sometimes, after a storm, you can see the evidence of this – broken trees thrown over, as if by wind. What is not so clear to us watchers is that some of that violence is self-inflicted by the trees upon themselves, in their desperate efforts to escape the unkind earth.

– *a free-form poem.*

**CAVEAT: POEM #14**

2013-09-09



at the crest of jeongbal hill  
the trail levels off among pines  
i pause  
no one is around (but i feel  
the city's there trolling the sky  
just beyond the trees and rocks)  
a nearby magpie tilts her head  
whooshing her blue-green tail feather  
as if angry or confused  
while a brown cicada's husk  
falls discarded from above  
the air is heavy and flat  
michelle's ghost touches my cheek  
i look around unsurprised  
she asks if i'm not prepared  
to join her (sometimes she asks  
things like that or follows me  
as if no time had passed since)  
no, i explain, i have things  
various things still to do  
like a fish in a deep stream  
she moves away

– a free-form poem.

**CAVEAT: POEM #15**

2013-11-06

□

**Every Day**

All the clouds are new  
the trees all grow old.  
I will walk alone  
preferring it that way.

– *a quatrain with some kind of metrical constraint.*

**CAVEAT: POEM #16**

2013-11-24

□

**the silence that happens**

i want the silence that happens  
when it's still dark in the morning  
to take my hand and stay with me  
along through the day's winds and flights

– *a quatrain with some kind of metrical constraint (tetrameter?).*

CAVEAT: POEM #17

2013-12-24

□

## A Soteriology

*On the subject of grace*

Forty-eight years passed.  
Each had a Christmas.  
But they fell away.  
They left a raw taste.

An empty cup waited.  
There was no coffee.  
Just the cream stain showed.  
It made brown circles.

The dawn was coming.  
So I stepped outside.  
Rhythms painted my feet.  
The cold earth took them.

Now, small windows burn.  
The same sun returns.  
Old snow reflects fire.  
Later, night awaits.

Trees were desolate.  
Dark gray branches forked.  
Lavender clouds flew.  
Magpies scolded me.

Breath took the gold sky.  
The winter air curled.  
The ground was frozen.  
I found a brown leaf.

Someone picked it up.  
 We all want answers.  
 Nobody will say.  
 So give your own voice.

It's metaphysics.  
 Behold the universe.  
 Embed the subject.  
 The self makes the real.

Grace is an ether.  
 Grace is ungiven.  
 There is no giver.  
 It is yours. Take it.

*– a poem of quatrains with some kind of mysterious metrical constraint.*

**CAVEAT: POEM #18**

2014-03-02

□

**A Morning**

After 14 days of smog,  
 the sun hurled itself into  
 a sky purplish blue with spring.

I am not sleeping so well  
 there are unfulfilled novels  
 populating my dreams.

*– a free-form poem.*

**CAVEAT: POEM #19**

2014-04-14

**Spring Cherryblossoms at Night**

The almost-full, white moon sighs. Riotous,  
 ravenous green spring writhes,  
 a flock of white petals flies,  
 to resist it seems unwise.

– *an imperfect englyn unodl union.*

**CAVEAT: POEM #20**

2015-07-13

**July's weather**

first the streets were wet with rain and trees  
 were swinging, wind was taking fierce  
 liberties with scudding clouds  
 and broken umbrellas  
 but then the rain stopped  
 humid air calmed  
 cicadas  
 crafted  
 songs

– *a nonnet.*

**CAVEAT: POEM #21**

2015-11-02

□

**Dr Hubert On The Beach at Jeres**

He was lost, alone. His companions were dead.  
 Dr Hubert stood under Mahhalian skies.  
 The man's disconsolate face had turned to gray,  
 And the war, begun and just ended, like gold,  
 Seemed pointless. The billowing clouds threatened rain.  
 There was a ragged pine down the shore. A lie

Had started it all. It was pointless. A lie  
 had bloomed, flourished, been nurtured, and now was  
 dead.

Days before, with hope and optimism, the rain  
 had relented and the typically wan skies  
 had given way to bright explosions of gold  
 And crimson as the sun rose. Just now, a gray

Seagull spun, landed, stepped twice, and pecked at gray  
 bits of sand, searching for insects, that might lie  
 Beneath. Dr Hubert bent and picked up a spent gold  
 shell-casing from the sand. Memento of dead  
 Fellow fighters. He turned and peered at the skies  
 But his memory only showed him the rain

Of bullets that hours before, before the rain  
 Diligently washed the sour smell of gray  
 Gunpowder from the cold air, had filled the skies'  
 Dome with pain, useless suffering and death. That lie  
 Had been the false utopia promised by dead  
 Men. Earthly paradise had been a fool's gold.  
 Some of the birches on the hillside had gold  
 leaves, which hung like saddened children as the rain  
 started again finally, pelting the dead

vegetation. Their white bark, damp, looked like gray  
 Photographs. He felt tired, now. I want to lie  
 down," he muttered. "The Collective filled our skies

With hope for glory. Here in Jeres those skies  
 Instead have been destroyed." A pale egret, gold  
 beak flashing, lands down the beach. "Nature can't lie  
 To us, though. I will take solace in the rain."  
 Born among angels, having fared across gray  
 seas, the idealist peered from among the dead.

Under Mahhalian skies, driftwood damp and dead,  
 On gold sands lay. Dr Hubert faced the gray  
 Heavens and chose to lie down in the lucid rain.

*– a sestina in maybe some kind of loose hexameter. Jeres, Mahhal, is  
 a fictional place, and Dr Hubert is an imaginary being.*

**CAVEAT: POEM #22**

2015-11-16

□

*Prologue:*

*I was walking to work yesterday, and lo and behold, the long-lived vacant lot I go past every day was under construction. I was compelled to attempt a poem, which quickly got out of hand. I began with some metrical ambition, but I abandoned it soon enough – it's really become just some florid prose with line-breaks, I suppose.*

**An Elegy for the Vacant Lot on the Corner of  
Gobong-ro and Jungang-ro in Ilsan**

**i.**

While mud danced beneath the bulldozer's blades  
 Like a partly remembered stanza by Vicente Huidobro,  
 Or Wallace Stevens, and workmen yelled,  
 I recalled when I had first come to Ilsan,  
 There had been a real estate office in that empty space,  
 I think, where garish decor extolled  
 The virtues of Seoul's burgeoning exurban New Cities,  
 and  
 Yet pyrrhically represented only lowrise ambition,  
 And by shoddy construction presented  
 A forgettable counterexample to upward mobility, so  
 To see that tiny deserted square of land  
 Retaken by the hungry machines,  
 I felt a lamentation rise up inside me,  
 Like the regret one feels upon  
 Realizing that someone, who was once a friend  
 But is no longer a friend, has died.

**ii.**

Happy weeds, for many months, for many moons,  
 Flourished in that vacant lot I walk past  
 As I go to work in the afternoons  
 Past the corner of Gobong-ro at Jungang-ro,  
 Providing, for any attentive passers-by,  
 Compelling lessons in ecological succession, as  
 First grass loomed large like summer cornfields,  
 and then woody shrubs appeared while unhappy  
 Men crept out of sight among them late at night to vomit  
 During long, festive weekends, and finally  
 Trees grew tall like warriors amid the city's litter  
 And the buses recklessly zoomed past  
 Like ants bearing leaves for their queen.

**iii.**

So, seeing that, I felt sadness,  
 But then in that instant, some rain began,  
 Pulling down yellow and brown leaves from  
 The remaining trees,  
 Arriving gradually but as a comfort  
 Like an old Depeche Mode song,  
 Suggesting a generous ephemerality  
 Of the sort that autumn always brings.

*– a free-form poem. The vacant lot later became a Mormon Church, much to my bemused dismay.*

CAVEAT: POEM #23

2016-05-08

□

## Hypnagogia

The reek of butterflies and dust woke me  
from winter's complacent pessimism  
and showed with grave determination  
that true intentions are both made and found.

Uninteresting. I put my arm out  
to touch the bookshelf behind my pillow  
and unindexed archives of better sleep  
unfolded into gold and copper flags.

I counted seven breaths while I focused  
on disregarding things: body, pain, mind  
the myriad irrelevancies of being  
and that bit of twisted string, felt crouching  
in that spot on the shelf where I'd seen it;  
imagine it was another whole world.

*– a free-form poem, vaguely sonnetish but clearly uncommitted to  
rhyme or meter*

**CAVEAT: POEM #24**

2016-05-15

□

**Sunday**

looking now out the window,  
solid gray clouds, drawn just so -  
i lie down to read. let go of winter,  
wishing for rain, but no.

**Monday**

the puddle of water shines,  
the morning sun's brightness finds  
streaks of mud and small cracks; signs like a map's  
matching patchwork of lines.

– *two englynion unodl crwca.*

CAVEAT: POEM #25

2016-05-23

□

### **A flash of black**

I was walking. There was a whirr of wings.

A flash of black.

A raven spun and landed in front of me.

Some years ago I was in Japan, and I saw many ravens.

So ravens make me think about Japan in the Summer.

But also, I think about death.

Aren't there some traditional cultures that associate  
ravens with death?

I wonder about ravens. They are scavenger birds.

Carrion-seekers. They must know about death, after all.

That's why they tilt their heads like that.

People seem to know about death, too.

We are carrion-apes who know about death.

It's a matter of ecological competence.

Is that where clever consciousness comes from?

– *a free-form poem.*

**CAVEAT: POEM #26**

2016-06-02

□

**Just Infinite**

I didn't think the sky was so luminous  
 But as the night was just starting I saw  
 An unblackish sort of blue hanging there  
 Like a closing parenthesis in some  
 Overwrought fragment of prose, still starless.  
 I thought the buildings were holding it up  
 But if that was true it would be like glass,  
 Fragile and smooth, but unmoving and cold  
 Yet this dark sky's mood was warm and it spun  
 Above the buildings and trees, just infinite.

*– ten lines in some kind of pentameter.*

**CAVEAT: POEM #27**

2016-06-13

□

**Walking**

footsteps striding along like a song  
 one hears in one's own mind, for long  
 seconds, only to prolong  
 themselves among a throng,  
 each wants to belong  
 plunging headlong  
 never wrong,  
 lifelong,  
 strong.

*– a nonnet.*

**CAVEAT: POEM #28**

2016-07-09

□

**Fifth Season**

they say Korea has four seasons.  
 I think actually there are five:  
 in mid-summer, the sky hides;  
 and the pouring rain comes;  
 so I dodge rivers;  
 and more rain comes;  
 and humid,  
 sultry  
 air.

*– a nonnet.***CAVEAT: POEM #29**

2016-07-14

□

**Consciousness**

Speculating about my own mind:  
 moments of consciousness might be  
 like little fragments of light;  
 but no, that's wrong. Instead,  
 like so many beans,  
 we toss them up;  
 they begin  
 to fall  
 down.

*– a nonnet.*

**CAVEAT: POEM #30**

2016-08-08

**This House Opposes Summer**

I hate summer, because it's too hot.  
 The sun squashes me, like an ant.  
 The air seems thick, like asphalt.  
 I start missing winter.  
 I could stride quickly.  
 I could shiver.  
 "Ah! So cold,  
 like a  
 ghost."

*– a nonnet.***CAVEAT: POEM #31**

2016-08-10

**Blue Cicadas**

Blue  
 singing  
 cicadas  
 up in the trees  
 have explained to me  
 without using language  
 that summer is not so bad,  
 that it passes in a moment,  
 that the green, breeze-blown leaves caress them.

*– a reverse nonnet.*

**CAVEAT: POEM #32**

2016-08-12

□

Living is what we do till we die.  
We take on difficult questions,  
or we simply live each day.  
We love that children play.  
We can watch the rain.  
We can see trees.  
Then it ends.  
It's just  
luck.

– a nonnet.

**CAVEAT: POEM #33**

2016-08-13

□

The conversation began as most.  
I wanted to point some things out,  
observations and comments,  
some inconsistencies,  
in how we do things.  
I got angry.  
I ranted....  
Ah, why  
try?

– a nonnet.

**CAVEAT: POEM #34**

2016-08-14



Choosing what to eat is always hard.  
 Lately, sometimes I make oatmeal.  
 I chop up half an apple.  
 I add some cinnamon.  
 After I cook it,  
 it's difficult.  
 I need to  
 try to  
 eat.

– *a nonnet.***CAVEAT: POEM #35**

2016-08-15



Most people see maps as simply tools,  
 or at best, perhaps metaphors.  
 What if a map is not real?  
 What is it a map of?  
 Imagination's  
 distant spaces  
 manifest  
 and made  
 art.

– *a nonnet.*

**CAVEAT: POEM #36**

2016-08-16

□

I have been staying on this planet.  
The planet is sometimes called Earth.  
I just have a work visa.  
So, if I stop working  
I will have to leave.  
But departures  
are sometimes  
very  
sad.

– a nonnet.

**CAVEAT: POEM #37**

2016-08-17

□

Looking out the window of the train,  
the stretch of elevated track  
lends a feeling of flying,  
as if in slow motion,  
across cityscapes  
which seem almost  
infinite...  
full of  
souls.

– a nonnet.

**CAVEAT: POEM #38**

2016-08-18



Sometimes at day's end I'm exhausted.  
 I finish work and I walk home.  
 I feel like my mind is dust.  
 I can't even daydream.  
 I find some music.  
 I move one foot...  
 the other,  
 heavy  
 foot.

– *a nonnet.***CAVEAT: POEM #39**

2016-08-19



Ví que amaneció nublado  
 pero ya al mediodía  
 se había convertido  
 en día de calor.  
 Una cigarra  
 allá arriba  
 me cantó,  
 "Hola,  
 pues."

– *un noneto. My friend Bob suggested I translate this into English, but retaining the nonnet form. I took the challenge:*



I saw that the morning dawned cloudy  
 but by the middle of the day  
 the weather had changed so it  
 had become a hot day.  
 Then a cicada  
 somewhere up there  
 sang to me  
 "Hello,  
 there."

– *a nonnet. Translated from the Spanish.*

**CAVEAT: POEM #40**

2016-08-20



Some say the world is a living thing;  
 Or that it's a clockwork machine.  
 But I don't see it that way.  
 Instead, recursively,  
 the world gives a proof  
 of the theorem  
 that says that  
 we are  
 here.

– *a nonnet.*

**CAVEAT: POEM #41**

2016-08-20

□

Perhaps the ground has dried out too much.  
 The last rain was a while ago.  
 So the worm started a trip  
 across the vast sidewalk,  
 its goal uncertain.  
 The sun's so hot.  
 It wriggles;  
 going  
 east.

*– a nonnet.***CAVEAT: POEM #42**

2016-08-22

□

Small  
 ripples  
 propagate  
 across the brown,  
 cream-colored surface  
 of my morning's coffee,  
 put there by the blowing wind  
 exhaled by my electric fan  
 which perches in my window, bird-like.

*– a reverse nonnet.*

**CAVEAT: POEM #43**

2016-08-23

□

Maybe I am becoming a plant.  
Every Sunday I cut my hair.  
In the weird fluorescent light,  
today, in the bathroom,  
I looked at the floor.  
Surprisingly,  
the clippings  
looked like  
moss.

– a nonnet.

**CAVEAT: POEM #44**

2016-08-24

□

Some days feel like things are going well.  
Some days start well but end badly.  
Some days I dread but end great.  
Some days are smooth like glass.  
Some days are bumpy.  
Some days give joy.  
Some days don't.  
Some days  
suck.

– a nonnet.

**CAVEAT: POEM #45**

2016-08-25

□

Joy  
 is not  
 easily  
 correlated  
 with other events.  
 Instead, it arises,  
 as if spontaneously,  
 immanent to the warp and woof  
 of quotidian experience.

*– a reverse nonnet.***CAVEAT: POEM #46**

2016-08-26

□

That ineffable cobalt color  
 was painting the glowering clouds.  
 Conspiratorially,  
 the air whispered its plans  
 for inundation.  
 Then I felt it  
 on my cheek:  
 one cool  
 drop.

*– a nonnet.*

**CAVEAT: POEM #47**

2016-08-27

□

Fall  
can't come  
all at once.  
Fall must sneak in,  
catch us unawares  
with a yellow leaf here  
and a northerly breeze there.  
I smelled autumn's covert rustlings  
today: percepts tasting of woodsmoke.

– a reverse nonnet.

**CAVEAT: POEM #48**

2016-08-28

□

Some kids have a lot to say in class.  
Other students stare wordlessly.  
I want them to feel their worth,  
understand our topics,  
and become engaged.  
Mostly I fail.  
It is hard.  
They just  
sit.

– a nonnet.

**CAVEAT: POEM #49**

2016-08-29



Last night we got a refreshing rain.  
 so my coworker turned to me  
 and wanted to know what kind  
 of idiom we use  
 to express that breath  
 of cool pleasure  
 in English.  
 "I don't  
 know."

*– a nonnet.***CAVEAT: POEM #50**

2016-08-30



Automobiles are a kind of theme  
 that were roaring through my childhood.  
 My father grew up with cars.  
 My youngest memories  
 thrum with the noises  
 emerging from  
 my father's  
 Model  
 A.

*– a nonnet.*

**CAVEAT: POEM #51**

2016-08-31

□

I want to discuss these rice-eating rules,  
 since, for me, rice is a problem.  
 Pieces get lost in my mouth,  
 dodging my broken tongue.  
 Sometimes I will choke.  
 Porridge can work.  
 Starvation  
 also  
 works.

– a nonnet. This poem is a "response" to Jeong Ho-seung's poem  
 "Rules for eating rice" (정호승, "밥 먹는 법").

**CAVEAT: POEM #52**

2016-09-01

□

Otorhinolaryngologists'  
 polysyllabifications  
 obfuscatorially  
 institutionalize  
 impenetrable  
 medicalized  
 colloquies.  
 Doctors  
 talk.

– a nonnet of nine words.

**CAVEAT: POEM #53**

2016-09-02



Korean ghosts are thick on the ground:  
 everyone's ancestors cluster  
 round each monument or tree.  
 There are some migrants, too:  
 shades that have followed  
 a sorry soul's  
 displacements:  
 Michelle's  
 ghost.

*– a nonnet.***CAVEAT: POEM #54**

2016-09-03



Time  
 is not  
 exactly  
 a progression  
 of simple events.  
 Rather, it loops and whirls,  
 perhaps like a falling leaf  
 caught up in a vortex of wind  
 skittering across our grassy minds.

*– a reverse nonnet.*

**CAVEAT: POEM #55**

2016-09-04

□

I was walking to the hospital  
the other day and wondering  
how to make some poetry  
on a late summer day.  
I heard some crickets.  
My conclusion:  
like those bugs,  
I can  
speak.

– a nonnet.

**CAVEAT: POEM #56**

2016-09-05

□

While  
the sun  
was glaring,  
a cloud drifted  
meditatively  
across a hazy sky,  
but the cloud failed to commit  
to any kind of rainmaking.  
It felt no inclination for mud.

– a reverse nonnet.

**CAVEAT: POEM #57**

2016-09-06



Grasping the atmosphere like despair,  
 the humidity guards the dusk.  
 The equinox approaches.  
 A hazy twilight hangs.  
 My expectation  
 helps me walk home,  
 awaiting  
 longer  
 nights.

*– a nonnet.***CAVEAT: POEM #58**

2016-09-07



A new rain of unfortunate ants  
 has arrived, my fellow workers!  
 Let's welcome them to our dark  
 yet thriving, cold abode!  
 Let's show them the walls!  
 Let's move this dirt!  
 Let's begin  
 to eat(,  
 ants!

*– a nonnet.*

**CAVEAT: POEM #59**

2016-09-08

□

In my most advanced Tuesday cohort  
there is a student named David.  
I think he's full of anger.  
When he gets a low score  
his face scrunches up,  
he shouts at me,  
he hits desks,  
he cries,  
"No."

– a nonnet.

**CAVEAT: POEM #60**

2016-09-09

□

I was gazing up at the green trees,  
meandering to work one day,  
and that Lou Reed song came on.  
"What makes a perfect day?"  
I wondered and thought:  
"Not much more than  
quite simply  
saying  
so."

– a nonnet.

**CAVEAT: POEM #61**

2016-09-10



North of the Ten Freeway at Rosemead,  
 a place redolent of regrets,  
 honeysuckle and asphalt,  
 I received some treatments  
 which electrified  
 the aches and pains  
 which haunted  
 my lost  
 mind.

*– a nonnet.***CAVEAT: POEM #62**

2016-09-11



I had never intended to age.  
 Yet each year slyly captures me.  
 It tends to be annoying.  
 Nevertheless, I cope.  
 The main thing: just breathe.  
 If you do that,  
 you can live  
 till next  
 year.

*– a nonnet.*

**CAVEAT: POEM #63**

2016-09-12

□

I had let my nonnet-writing slide  
 during the last several days,  
 but I wrote this here nonnet  
 during a break at work,  
 just now, to have one  
 which I could post  
 on my blog.  
 It's not  
 good.

– *a nonnet.***CAVEAT: POEM #64**

2016-09-13

□

Recently I read the tide's turning  
 among linguists, who now reject  
 Chomskyan orthodoxy.  
 That linguist's ideas  
 about how words work  
 always seemed wrong.  
 I think words'  
 syntax  
 drifts.

– *a nonnet.*

**CAVEAT: POEM #65**

2016-09-14

□

No  
 lo sé.  
 De veras,  
 no sé porque  
 no sé, tampoco.  
 Sin embargo, puedo  
 imaginar razones  
 porque no sé. Por ejemplo:  
 penas epistemológicas.

– *un noneto en revés. Below, a properly-formed translation into English:*

□

I  
 don't know.  
 Truthfully  
 I don't know why  
 I don't know, either.  
 Nevertheless, I can  
 imagine some reasons  
 why I don't know. For example:  
 epistemological troubles.

– *a nonnet.*

**CAVEAT: POEM #66**

2016-09-15

□

The biggest holiday of the year  
 in Korea is called Chusok.  
 This year it's a bit early.  
 "Korean Thanksgiving"  
 celebrates harvests  
 and ancestors,  
 so people  
 travel  
 home.

*– a nonnet.***CAVEAT: POEM #67**

2016-09-16

□

I was struck with a weird nostalgia  
 as I walked toward Jeongbal hill.  
 I sat on a bench and watched  
 the people going by.  
 The overcast sky  
 seemed to convey  
 a kind of  
 empty  
 pain.

*– a nonnet.*

**CAVEAT: POEM #68**

2016-09-17



I'm not a hero like Gilgamesh.  
 Not once did I battle monsters,  
 although sometimes I have died,  
 journeying like a ghost  
 through the underworld  
 like Enkidu,  
 that loyal,  
 friendlike  
 dog.

*– a nonnet.***CAVEAT: POEM #69**

2016-09-18



I looked up at the sky forelornly.  
 It was supposed to rain today.  
 There were only a few clouds.  
 I felt a slight breeze blow.  
 A magpie strode past,  
 head cocked down.  
 Just a flash:  
 some blue;  
 black.

*– a nonnet.*

**CAVEAT: POEM #70**

2016-09-19

□

So.

One day,

Beowulf

decided that

he should probably

just give up on monsters.

He moved down to Italy,

and rented a Tuscan villa.

Still, some nights, he awoke from bad dreams.

*– a reverse nonnet.***CAVEAT: POEM #71**

2016-09-20

□

There is a song about Bob Dylan.

Its title is "Diamonds and Rust."

Joan Baez wrote the lyrics

and sang the moody song.

The MP3 track

plays on my phone.

I watch clouds

shaped like

sighs.

*– a nonnet.*

**CAVEAT: POEM #72**

2016-09-21

□

Death.

"Oh my.

That's not good."

She made a face.

"But it's upside down."

I pointed at the card.

"True," she admitted, smiling.

The Tarot card looked so scary.

"It means you should be dead. But you're not."

*– a reverse nonnet.***CAVEAT: POEM #73**

2016-09-22

□

"Wait,"

I say

to myself.

"Buy it later."

I'm out of butter.

So for a day or two,

my oatmeal has no butter.

I don't know why I do this thing:

my system of small asceticisms.

*– a reverse nonnet.*

**CAVEAT: POEM #74**

2016-09-23

□

Today in an email someone asked,  
"How do you get from A to B?"  
He meant emotionally.  
I think there's no movement.  
You just teleport,  
like first dying,  
then coming  
back to  
life.

– *a nonnet.*

**CAVEAT: POEM #75**

2016-09-24

□

I know when I walk to work each day  
the best route is based on timing.  
The intersections are slow  
if you miss the signals.  
The first light I meet,  
exiting my  
apartment,  
sets my  
path.

– *a nonnet.*

**CAVEAT: POEM #76**

2016-09-25

□

It might be impossible to see  
 the world as if it were a song.  
 Nevertheless, strings of words  
 mark out our daily world,  
 like viny hedges.  
 Ubiquitous,  
 poetry  
 can't be  
 seen.

*– a nonnet.***CAVEAT: POEM #77**

2016-09-26

□

The challenge in writing is to find,  
 like a big clump of pocket lint,  
 those specificities which  
 capture a reader's mind  
 so it's glad to fall,  
 a child laughing  
 and leaping  
 into  
 leaves.

*– a nonnet.*

**CAVEAT: POEM #78**

2016-09-27

□

I walked home amid a steady rain.  
 A strong scent littered the sidewalks:  
 dawn redwoods - in Linnaean,  
 called *Metasequoia*  
*glyptostroboidea*.  
 like Humboldt trees,  
 the smell takes  
 my mind  
 home.

*– a nonnet.***CAVEAT: POEM #79**

2016-09-28

□

Blink.  
 Sit up.  
 It's morning.  
 Now I'm awake.  
 The pain of sleep fades.  
 My body needs to move.  
 One shoulder resists movement.  
 I finally begin to rise.  
 The first thing is to make some coffee.

*– a reverse nonnet.*

**CAVEAT: POEM #80**

2016-09-29



This one tree that I frequently see  
 is always my first sign of fall.  
 Just a few leaves near the top  
 surrender to an urge  
 to paint themselves pink,  
 yellow, red and  
 some peach-tinged  
 thrusts of  
 gold.

*– a nonnet.***CAVEAT: POEM #81**

2016-09-30



Some landscapes of the Quattrocento  
 - those by Giorgione or Titian -  
 are conjured by autumn's light,  
 in the midafternoon,  
 when gazing at trees  
 incidental  
 to a vague  
 background  
 haze.

*– a nonnet.*

**CAVEAT: POEM #82**

2016-10-01

□

I was reviewing with a student  
 the list of vocabulary.  
 We saw the next word was "skill"  
 - "gisul" in Korean.  
 "Do you have a skill?"  
 I asked. He said,  
 "Just one skill:  
 I can  
 sleep."

– *a nonnet.***CAVEAT: POEM #83**

2016-10-02

□

How many scared feral cats there are  
 around the city of Goyang,  
 leaping among the shrubs?  
 Maybe not that many,  
 but it seems to me  
 they should be kings  
 here because  
 they are  
 cats.

– *a nonnet.*

**CAVEAT: POEM #84**

2016-10-03



They say Dangun's mother was a bear.  
 I guess she spent time in a cave.  
 There was a tiger there, too.  
 But he wasn't patient.  
 So he ran away.  
 The bear waited.  
 A long time.  
 At last.  
 Light.

*– a nonnet.***CAVEAT: POEM #85**

2016-10-04



I was walking home from work just now,  
 and someone's extremely small dog  
 ran at me, barking loudly.  
 I was startled and yelled,  
 which scared the people  
 whose dog it was.  
 My mood slipped,  
 wobbled,  
 crashed.

*– a nonnet.*

**CAVEAT: POEM #86**

2016-10-05

□

My tendency to procrastinate  
can serve me well in Korea,  
although sometimes it doesn't,  
and then I will end up  
feeling some regret,  
when suddenly  
I find out  
something's  
wrong.

– a nonnet.

**CAVEAT: POEM #87**

2016-10-06

□

The big typhoon failed to reach Seoul.  
We just had some overcast days.  
Down south, the storm struck Busan.  
The sea stole a few souls.  
Up here, the sky cleared  
to perfect blue.  
A cool breeze  
pulled down  
leaves.

– a nonnet.

**CAVEAT: POEM #88**

2016-10-07

□

Dream:

I lay

fearfully

- my mind empty -

under a table.

I was only a child.

Other children yelled at me.

I felt compelled to speak to them,

but no words came out - I'd become mute.

*- a reverse nonnet.***CAVEAT: POEM #89**

2016-10-08

□

Some

nonnet:

I wrote it

in an effort

to improve my skills,

capture the world I see,

increase my self discipline,

and express my shifting feelings

regarding the meaning of my life.

*- a reverse nonnet.*

**CAVEAT: POEM #90**

2016-10-09

□

**The open fields.**

"Hey.  
I'm through."  
His hands shook.  
"I don't get it."  
Cain was so angry.  
The Boss didn't listen.  
Instead, the Boss turned away.  
This just made Cain feel angrier.  
"Why am I submitting these reports?"

"Nice."  
He grinned.  
He looked up.  
The Boss was pleased.  
Abel thanked his Boss.  
"I worked so hard on that."  
"It shows. You did very well."  
Cain watched, beyond the cubicle.  
"This really isn't fair," he muttered.

"What?"  
"Please wait."  
The Boss paused.  
"OK. What now?"  
Cain said, "Can we talk?"  
The Boss shrugged. "Don't bother."  
"You know the problem," he said.  
"Your anger crouches, there. Own it."  
Cain was stricken, and he skulked away.

"Look.

Let's meet."

Cain gestured.

"Maybe later."

His brother nodded.

"I'll call you, when I'm done."

Later, he called his brother.

"How about we go for a walk?"

"Sounds good," the other said. "I'll be there."

The two took the El down to the end.

There were some open fields around.

They walked amid the rubble.

The older brother swung.

He hadn't planned to.

His anger won.

Cain saw blood.

He cried.

"Hell."

The next day, the Boss called Cain, at nine.

He answered his phone, feeling dread.

"Where's your brother?" the Man asked.

"How would I know?" Cain said.

The Boss was silent.

"It's not my job."

Cain went on.

"I mean."

"Right?"

Another call came, some hours later.

The police had found the body.

They added up two and two.

Cain was soon arrested.

The Boss was there too.

"Well that was dumb."

He shook his head.

"You blew it."  
 Cain stared.  
 Sighed.

A few years later, Cain was homeless.  
 His lawyer had gotten him off.  
 The trial was a circus.  
 It consumed his money.  
 But his guilt plagued him.  
 Cain crouched, sobbing.  
 "I'm stupid."  
 He spat.  
 "Why?"

*– four reverse nonnets and four regular nonnets, enchainé.*

**CAVEAT: POEM #91**

2016-10-10

□

cars  
 buildings  
 traffic lights  
 i see these things  
 government and hope  
 corruption and despair  
 these things are invisible  
 all of these are immanences  
 they emerge wholly formed from our minds

*– a reverse nonnet.*

**CAVEAT: POEM #92**

2016-10-11

□

Babbling silently at the heavens,  
 an orange half moon gave solace  
 to no one, not even me.  
 The evening was chilly.  
 I was not saddened.  
 Souls did not dance.  
 Liminal  
 lurkings  
 flowed.

– *a nonnet.***CAVEAT: POEM #93**

2016-10-12

□

START: I was walking and smelled woodsmoke.  
 That, and damp streets, brought memories:  
 high school and the Pacific  
 fog and walks and nights  
 at a computer  
 crafting programs  
 like mazes.  
 GOTO  
 START

– *a nonnet. The only nonnet ever written in BASIC pseudocode.*

**CAVEAT: POEM #94**  
2016-10-13

□

Id,  
ego -  
both divine -  
vagrant thoughts seek  
apotheosis,  
but meaning's in decline;  
instead we make apopheny.  
Behold the landscape: green blurs, black lines.

– *a reverse nonnet.*

**CAVEAT: POEM #95**  
2016-10-14

□

Rock!  
It hurts.  
It's moving.  
Is it gone now?  
No. Now it hurts more.  
It jumped into my shoe.  
I'll have to stop at that bench;  
sit down and try to fish it out.  
I've changed geologic history.

– *a reverse nonnet.*

**CAVEAT: POEM #96**

2016-10-15

□

These recent days of hazy weather  
 give midday sun a sunset feel,  
 so fall in Daehan Minguk  
 becomes, through memory,  
 pale Tenochtitlan  
 in mid Winter,  
 and the air  
 tastes like  
 gold.

*– a nonnet.***CAVEAT: POEM #97**

2016-10-16

□

As I do with regularity,  
 I rearranged my furniture  
 after getting home from work  
 yesterday afternoon.  
 I made piles of books.  
 The couch got turned.  
 Hordes of dust  
 bunnies  
 died.

*– a nonnet.*

**CAVEAT: POEM #98**

2016-10-17

□

Trees  
 announce  
 silhouettes  
 and glibly grope  
 the impatient sky,  
 meanwhile insisting that  
 the greedy earth release them  
 so that they can then levitate,  
 but gravity's passion is too strong.

– *a reverse nonnet.***CAVEAT: POEM #99**

2016-10-18

□

As a first step, they cut out my tongue.  
 They removed the tumor, of course.  
 Then they put my tongue back in.  
 Nerves and vessels were fixed:  
 pieces of my arm  
 were repurposed.  
 So that was  
 a hard  
 year.

– *a nonnet.*

**CAVEAT: POEM #100**

2016-10-19

□

A failure of communication  
 with a few of my coworkers  
 caused me to tell a student  
 with a confident voice  
 the exact wrong thing.  
 She cried, asking,  
 "Teacher, why  
 did you  
 lie?"

*– a nonnet.***CAVEAT: POEM #101**

2016-10-20

□

One day, an imaginary man  
 went to Duluth, seeking stories.  
 He stood on the mythic shore.  
 Gray-green waves gnawed the sand.  
 Some black flies spun doubts.  
 He built machines  
 with his words.  
 The lake  
 watched.

*– a nonnet.*

**CAVEAT: POEM #102**

2016-10-21

□

I saw a scary caterpillar  
 throbbing across the dull asphalt:  
 a green fragment of muscle,  
 alive like a zombie's,  
 step, step, step, step, step.  
 The little feet  
 writhe toward  
 waving  
 grass.

– a nonnet.

**CAVEAT: POEM #103**

2016-10-22

□

A strange madness took hold of his mind.  
 He believed he was made of glass.  
 "Please, do not touch me," he begged.  
 He made the best of it,  
 though, declaring that  
 transparency  
 was more pure;  
 the soul,  
 clear.

– a nonnet. This references a certain of Cervantes' *Novelas Ejemplares*, "El licenciado Vidriera," considered by some to be a kind of "first draft" of what later became *El Quijote*.

**CAVEAT: POEM #104**

2016-10-23

□

Nothing comes easily, you know.  
 Well, I admit, I can forget  
 this terrible frustration  
 sometimes. Nevertheless,  
 simple stuff feels like  
 trying to make  
 a new poem  
 out of  
 dirt.

*– a nonnet.***CAVEAT: POEM #105**

2016-10-24

□

Hi,  
 sad cat.  
 What is it?  
 Did you get lost?  
 ... looks like you're hungry.  
 I'm afraid to touch you.  
 You might carry some disease.  
 I saw you begging from those kids,  
 earlier. You seemed to be happy.

*– a reverse nonnet.*

**CAVEAT: POEM #106**

2016-10-25

□

Students congregate along damp streets  
like water droplets in a mist,  
a brownian shivering  
on Fall's first chill evening,  
their various worries  
floating on words  
across gaps  
between  
them

– a nonnet.

**CAVEAT: POEM #107**

2016-10-26

□

Let's imagine a dystopia:  
a strange future where things are weird.  
Unconsciousness is a crime  
punishable by death.  
The authorities  
dislike darkness.  
Don't get caught  
sleeping  
now.

– a nonnet.

**CAVEAT: POEM #108**

2016-10-27

□

Skulls  
and bones  
populate  
the imagery  
that drifts out, unsought,  
from those contemplations  
which accompany the fact  
that the dead cat I saw just now  
seemed to be merely in calm repose.

– a reverse nonnet.

**CAVEAT: POEM #109**

2016-10-28

□

Clouds  
pile up  
and they push  
against the vague,  
hazy horizons.  
A wind from the northwest  
grasps at the recumbent leaves  
so that they panic and protest,  
leaving them coldly disconsolate.

– a reverse nonnet.

**CAVEAT: POEM #110**

2016-10-29

□

A toddler child is staggering along  
 with his mother and grandmother.  
 The mom patters on with words  
 - typical mother-speak.  
 She points at some man,  
 says, "Bye-bye hae."\*  
 The boy smiles.  
 He says  
 "Ba!"

*– a nonnet. Linguistic note: the Korean language borrows from English the word "bye" (and "bye-bye"). It is pretty fully nativized in Korean, used as an informal farewell by many people, especially among friends. "Bye-bye hae [헤]" would mean "say bye-bye." Of course, in Korean pronunciation, "bye" is two full syllables, "ba-i" (and "bye-bye" is four), and that would break my poem, but anyway the vowel break is elided and diphthongized, so I'm going with the English pronunciation I guess.*

**CAVEAT: POEM #111**

2016-10-30

□

Did you see the city wherein hid  
 multitudes despairing, its grid  
 teeming under sky, across  
 arms of the sea? And... did  
 you see who controlled  
 that sea? - I saw  
 wherein lurked  
 swimming  
 fish.

– *a nonnet.*

**CAVEAT: POEM #112**

2016-10-31

□

"Boo,"  
 I said.  
 "I'm a ghost."  
 "You're not scary,"  
 my student complained.  
 "Aw, but really I'm dead,"  
 I cheerfully insisted.  
 "Why don't you believe your teacher?"  
 She wasn't buying it, however.

– *a reverse nonnet.*

**CAVEAT: POEM #113**

2016-11-01

□

Pain made signs using nerves and neurons.  
Then solitude replayed childhood  
and sadness wrought joy. But joy  
wrought sadness and childhood  
replayed solitude.  
Then neurons and  
nerves using  
signs made  
pain.

– a nonnet.

**CAVEAT: POEM #114**

2016-11-02

□

Cold is just a stillness of small things.  
The vibrating atoms dance less.  
The world's mind spins more slowly,  
as motes of matter pause.  
Nobody sees it happen.  
But it happens.  
Some frost forms.  
Leaves rot.  
Snow.

– a nonnet.

**CAVEAT: POEM #115**

2016-11-03

□

Don't imagine some hidden meaning.  
 Interpret these signs easily.  
 Those shadows in the corner,  
 the patterns in the dust,  
 the smooth, red apple  
 perched on a shelf  
 symbolize  
 nothing.  
 Dream.

*– a nonnet.***CAVEAT: POEM #116**

2016-11-04

□

Purge.  
 Remove.  
 Clarify.  
 Disassemble.  
 Sketch odd diagrams.  
 Display symbols in smoke.  
 Design eschatologies.  
 Retreat to a cave with shadows.  
 Then live as if all those things were true.

*– a reverse nonnet.*

**CAVEAT: POEM #117**

2016-11-05

□

Ninety-nine nonnets are sufficient  
 to show the possibilities  
 of the short poetic form.  
 Anyway, it's Fall now.  
 I have made enough  
 and I believe  
 I should stop.  
 I will  
 stop.

*– a nonnet. After this nonnet, I took a twenty-day-long break from poemifying each day. When I resumed, I resolved to not break again. As of early 2020, that is still the case.*

**CAVEAT: POEM #118**

2016-11-25

□

Dream feeling: being held down, like a moth,  
 pinned, rendered slothful. Look: brown,  
 piled leaves. So I wait. I frown.

*– an englyn penfyr.*

**CAVEAT: POEM #119**

2016-11-26

□

Poetry is about nothing except...  
 itself. Precepts be damned. No.  
 Things speak in their moment. No.

*– an englyn penfyr.*

**CAVEAT: POEM #120**

2016-11-28



Clustered red and brownish-gold - these last leaves  
fall; the world grieves, growing cold;  
then I begin to feel old.

– *an englyn penfyr*.

**CAVEAT: POEM #121**

2016-11-29



Three students said they hate me, just today.  
That's what they say, to feel free  
from the stresses of study.

Another student, leaving, left a note:  
"For years," she wrote. "Your teaching  
gave me a gift of meaning."

– *two englynion penfyr*.

**CAVEAT: POEM #122**

2016-11-30



I like to argue semantics, it is fun.  
The thoughts will run, do antics;  
then it all falls down like sticks.

– *an englyn penfyr*.

**CAVEAT: POEM #123**

2016-12-01

□

A box lies on the sidewalk. Wind, in gusts,  
sighs, grasps and thrusts, starts to talk.  
The box, deaf, can only balk.

– *an englyn penfyr.*

**CAVEAT: POEM #124**

2016-12-02

□

I had a student who said, "I like cats."  
Grinning, she sat, with tilted head.  
"I think they're cute," she added.

– *an englyn.*

**CAVEAT: POEM #125**

2016-12-02

□

I got home from work at last - feeling numb.  
There were some clouds amassed.  
The hazy sky, overcast,  
allowed the dull sunlight past.

– *an englyn unodl union.*

**CAVEAT: POEM #126**

2016-12-04



The tree was standing its ground; the wind blew.  
 Broken leaves flew around.  
 Branches wavered without sound.  
 It all seemed nothing profound.

– *an englyn unodl union.*

**CAVEAT: POEM #127**

2016-12-05



Winter is a guileless thing. December  
 can't remember thinking  
 about constraints: No inkling  
 of glad rain or birds that sing.

– *an englyn unodl union.*

**CAVEAT: POEM #128**

2016-12-06



A little fragment of art, seen walking:  
 a face talking, a part  
 of a skull - below, a heart.  
 Modern? Anyway, a start.

– *an englyn unodl union.*

**CAVEAT: POEM #129**

2016-12-07

□

The mirror was reticent. It refused  
to be confused, intent  
on atmospheric, my bent  
face, the missing hair, silent.

– *an englyn of indeterminate form.*

**CAVEAT: POEM #130**

2016-12-08

□

A conspiracy of ants debated,  
congregated, danced.  
Some crickets sang in a trance,  
but the sun spared not a glance.

The Californian earth cried, desperate  
for rain or wet, but sighed  
resigned to hot wind that dried  
the trees and grass. The hills died.

– *a pair of englyn unodl union, enchained.*

**CAVEAT: POEM #131**

2016-12-09



About the rains in Mahhal, you might say  
 most every day it falls;  
 Beneath the constant gray pall,  
 into your sad soul it crawls.

*– an englyn unodl union about a fictional place, written by a fictional person.*

**CAVEAT: POEM #132**

2016-12-10



"Give us the alligator!" they tell me.  
 I say, "Maybe later."  
 "Teacher, you mean dictator!"  
 Those kids, procrastinators!

*– an englyn unodl union.*

**CAVEAT: POEM #133**

2016-12-11



I grow weary of oatmeal:  
 its amorphousness, surreal,  
 brooding in its little bowl  
 its sole purpose, to congeal.

*– an englyn cyrch.*

**CAVEAT: POEM #134**

2016-12-12

□

Deciduous dawn redwoods  
shed their needles so they could  
make small piles on the sidewalks  
and blocks of my neighborhood.

– *an englyn cyrch.*

**CAVEAT: POEM #135**

2016-12-13

□

I worry about small things. Peace of mind  
is hard to find. Doubtings  
unfold, like coils or springs.  
A clockwork beetle grows wings.

– *an englyn unodl union.*

**CAVEAT: POEM #136**

2016-12-14

□

Dead leaves caught on a street grate  
trace an unspeakable fate  
on a moment so bitter  
the winter wind tastes like slate.

– *an englyn cyrch.*

**CAVEAT: POEM #137**

2016-12-15

□

The struggle with gravity,  
 with the strange concavity  
 of spacetime, is blamed on splines  
 and Einstein's depravity.

– *an englyn cyrch.*

**CAVEAT: POEM #138**

2016-12-16

□

They hate the establishment,  
 their vote's against government,  
 so a man whose soul's frozen  
 is chosen for president.

– *an englyn cyrch.*

**CAVEAT: POEM #139**

2016-12-17

□

Two AM, and I can't sleep -  
 Thinking stuff, and it feels deep.  
 But it's not - just wasting time.  
 The climb out is very steep.

– *an englyn cyrch.*

**CAVEAT: POEM #140**

2016-12-18

□

Try something. Open your head.  
Find some ghosts. Talk to the dead.  
Let apophenic meaning  
come screaming through what they said.

– *an englyn cyrch.*

**CAVEAT: POEM #141**

2016-12-19

□

For now, exquisite disgust  
sketches out my doubts and must  
indicate the neglect felt  
where I knelt in spinning dust.

– *an englyn cyrch.*

**CAVEAT: POEM #142**

2016-12-20

□

I excavated a hole  
pushing the earth, like a mole.  
And there I buried my brain.  
With rain, I might grow a soul.

– *an englyn cyrch.*

**CAVEAT: POEM #143**

2016-12-21



Two cats discussed solitude  
 across gulfs of feline mood.  
 The one suggested, "Look here,  
 without fear." The other mewed.

– *an englyn cyrch.*

**CAVEAT: POEM #144**

2016-12-22



The kids travel by rainbow,  
 hopping from desert to snow  
 interdimensionally.  
 Through alleys and clouds they go!

– *an englyn cyrch.*

**CAVEAT: POEM #145**

2016-12-23



That was a horrible day:  
 Students quit and went away.  
 The boss gave an angry rant,  
 and I can't think what to say.

– *an englyn cyrch.*

**CAVEAT: POEM #146**

2016-12-24

□

In cold wind, a few leaves swirled.  
Grey, inchoate gods unfurled  
their pale fingers, stale spirit,  
here at the end of the world.

– *an englyn cyrch.*

**CAVEAT: POEM #147**

2016-12-25

□

Maybe I don't like Christmas;  
it often seems to mean less  
to those who have known some loss:  
all the cheer's extraneous.

– *an englyn proest dalgron.*

**CAVEAT: POEM #148**

2016-12-26

□

These sacks of bones, meat and blood  
have a small fragment of cold,  
strange intellect, and thus should  
try to discover what's good.

– *an englyn proest dalgron.*

**CAVEAT: POEM #149**

2016-12-27

□

The cold air hung like a stone,  
 and its surface, not so thin,  
 demarcated a vague line  
 between the earth and the sun.

– *an englyn proest dalgron.*

**CAVEAT: POEM #150**

2016-12-28

□

The monkey, magnificent  
 with his rainbow-hued, bent  
 limbs, all bendy, at last sent, hurled along  
 headlong, by some student.

– *an englyn unodl crwca.*

**CAVEAT: POEM #151**

2016-12-29

□

He sat down with the grim gods  
 to play poker. He dealt cards,  
 spinning them out from his hands,  
 preparing his daring deeds.

– *an englyn proest dalgron.*

**CAVEAT: POEM #152**

2016-12-30

□

I walk home. The sun has gone,  
such that all that's left is then  
a kind of distillation  
of dusk, flavored by the moon.

– *an englyn proest dalgron.*

**CAVEAT: POEM #153**

2016-12-31

□

Due to the smog from Beijing,  
red stains the light in morning,  
as if the gods are burning - at least one -  
as if the sun's setting.

– *an englyn unodl crwca.*

**CAVEAT: POEM #154**

2017-01-01

□

On the first day of the year,  
I feel kinda sad. There are  
so many things that I care  
to achieve... yet I sit here.

– *an englyn proest dalgron.*

**CAVEAT: POEM #155**

2017-01-02

□

The teacher's droning was not  
comprehensible. Some scant  
words made sense. She passed a note.  
Faithless, time flowed like cement.

– *an englyn proest dalgron.*

**CAVEAT: POEM #156**

2017-01-03

□

The magpie cocked its head, then  
paused to watch a leaf, began  
to step into the strong sun -  
a blue, black and white machine.

– *an englyn proest dalgron.*

**CAVEAT: POEM #157**

2017-01-04

□

Do the things that make you glad  
despite the fact that you did  
things undeniably bad...  
you did them because you could.

– *an englyn proest dalgron.*

**CAVEAT: POEM #158**

2017-01-05

□

A semi-automatic  
 weapon, some semiotic  
 reasons, a panegyric to be said  
 to the dead. Terrific.

– *an englyn unodl crwca.*

**CAVEAT: POEM #159**

2017-01-06

□

He layered brick upon brick,  
 creating a kind of fake  
 mountain up which he might walk,  
 plotting God's death at its peak.

– *an englyn proest dalgron.*

**CAVEAT: POEM #160**

2017-01-07

□

I saw bits of wood arrayed  
 along the path's side, like dead  
 insects, or some bones, which could  
 come from some strange beast, though flawed.

– *an englyn proest dalgron.*

**CAVEAT: POEM #161**

2017-01-08

□

I saw a bug on the floor.  
 A cluster of dust or fur,  
 a small black machine or more,  
 weird, mysterious cypher.

– *an englyn proest dalgron.*

**CAVEAT: POEM #162**

2017-01-09

□

I saw, stranded there, a leaf,  
 caught like a weak man's hand, half  
 on and half off a bookshelf,  
 as he fell, slain by her laugh.

– *an englyn proest dalgron.*

**CAVEAT: POEM #163**

2017-01-10

□

The monkey met the raven  
 to talk about which option  
 they might choose to try to win  
 their war against the demon.

– *an englyn proest dalgron.*

**CAVEAT: POEM #164**

2017-01-11

□

The sentences formed and flowed,  
spilling forth, flowers in flood,  
but still no one understood  
the words - no real person could.

– *an englyn proest dalgron.*

**CAVEAT: POEM #165**

2017-01-12

□

I've seen my mortality, face forward  
squarely toward death's city,  
at least three times; self pity  
fell to something more witty.

– *an englyn unodl union.*

**CAVEAT: POEM #166**

2017-01-13

□

There fell just a bit of snow  
Filling each pointed shadow  
Of all the trees and poles, so, turning blue,  
my breath knew where to go.

– *an englyn unodl crwca.*

**CAVEAT: POEM #167**

2017-01-14

□

The ghost is in the machine:  
 it thinks it's in there alone  
 and so it resolves to run,  
 looping, as long as it can.

– *an englyn proest dalgron.*

**CAVEAT: POEM #168**

2017-01-15

□

You cannot escape the dust;  
 it marches through sunbeams, fast  
 settling on floors like ballast,  
 thus to sink life's ship at last.

– *an englyn proest dalgron.*

**CAVEAT: POEM #169**

2017-01-16

□

I'm just really exhausted  
 this Monday evening. I had  
 six classes. For each, I stood  
 and talked. The kids sat and stared.

– *an englyn proest dalgron.*

**CAVEAT: POEM #170**

2017-01-17

□

Just a ways down the shore there,  
the fell spirit of the air  
descended, and met the fair  
spirit of the deep water.

– *an englyn proest dalgron.*

**CAVEAT: POEM #171**

2017-01-18

□

I write this on a small scrap  
of paper, with a vague hope  
that the words might develop  
into a poem, then stop.

– *an englyn proest dalgron.*

**CAVEAT: POEM #172**

2017-01-19

□

The empty shell of the state, sold to fools;  
its roads, rules, and dire fate  
compiled for transition... wait...  
no... as of now, it's too late.

– *an englyn unodl union.*

**CAVEAT: POEM #173**

2017-01-20

□

I like snow in the winter,  
 but this dawn's fall seemed bitter,  
 like some song flung forth in fear  
 by a reluctant choir.

– *an englyn proest dalgron.*

**CAVEAT: POEM #174**

2017-01-21

□

It's so late... I stay awake.  
 Now and then, sleep fails to make  
 anything but a brief, fake appearance -  
 a short trance - no real break.

– *an englyn unodl crwca.*

**CAVEAT: POEM #175**

2017-01-22

□

The sun had forsaken all,  
 having slipped down a deep well.  
 There were bad fish in that pool  
 that had stolen the sun's soul.

– *an englyn proest dalgron.*

**CAVEAT: POEM #176**

2017-01-23

□

The monkey and the raven  
contrived a fine plot, and then,  
compelled by jealousy, ran  
to steal the other beasts' fun.

– *an englyn proest dalgron.*

**CAVEAT: POEM #177**

2017-01-24

□

The cold crawled along the ground,  
creeping across without sound,  
grasping at fragments it found, unfurling,  
swirling slow, round and round.

– *an englyn unodl crwca.*

**CAVEAT: POEM #178**

2017-01-25

□

The alligator was mad  
'cause the rainbow monkey said,  
"You're crazy and kinda bad!"  
So he bit him on the head.

– *an englyn proest dalgron.*

**CAVEAT: POEM #179**

2017-01-26

□

Instead of snow, we got rain.  
 The streets outside are now clean.  
 The old snow's cleared and undone,  
 Snowflakes reduced to a line.

– *an englyn proest dalgron.*

**CAVEAT: POEM #180**

2017-01-27

□

It was the near last twilight  
 of January. It let  
 fragments of cold and gold float  
 down, as if heaven forgot.

– *an englyn proest dalgron.*

**CAVEAT: POEM #181**

2017-01-28

□

I was finished with my brain.  
 It began to slow its spin  
 and spill out like a pale stain  
 from my skull into my phone.

– *an englyn proest dalgron.*

**CAVEAT: POEM #182**

2017-01-29

□

She gazes out from the past,  
a queen or goddess, now lost.  
Can we know better than dust  
whether she maybe was missed?

– *an englyn proest dalgron. This is about the Lady of Elche.*

**CAVEAT: POEM #183**

2017-01-30

□

Like wet sand stuck in my mouth  
the days bunch together with  
broken rhythms and uncouth  
echoes like stones off a path.

– *an englyn proest dalgron.*

**CAVEAT: POEM #184**

2017-01-31

□

The topology of clouds  
conveys their unlikely needs.  
Likewise, the feel of the words  
in my mouth is changing moods.

– *an englyn proest dalgron.*

**CAVEAT: POEM #185**

2017-02-01



Out between the apartments,  
 the kids spread their footprints  
 in the snow. At bat, he bunts;  
 the ball rolls; he slips; she taunts.

– *an englyn proest dalgron.*

**CAVEAT: POEM #186**

2017-02-02



We look for ways to resist  
 entropy. We feel we must,  
 or else we risk at last  
 our own being being lost.

– *an englyn proest dalgron.*

**CAVEAT: POEM #187**

2017-02-03



That book about Malcolm X,  
 which I liked so much, connects  
 with a thing I read that talks  
 about love, which our world lacks.

– *an englyn proest dalgron.*

**CAVEAT: POEM #188**

2017-02-04

□

The rampaging orange beast  
 made his attacks hard and fast.  
 Angry men used their dull host;  
 false minds triumphed at last.

– *an englyn proest dalgron.*

**CAVEAT: POEM #189**

2017-02-05

□

White, red, black, and pale: masses  
 plunging among the grasses.  
 Hooves pound. There are four horses. You see them?  
 Now watch them join forces.

– *an englyn unodl crwca.*

**CAVEAT: POEM #190**

2017-02-06

□

His oleaginousness  
 causes me to start to miss  
 the clarity of past gross  
 crimes done in name of the cross.

– *an englyn proest dalgron.*

**CAVEAT: POEM #191**

2017-02-07

□

To let them languish, and use  
 them for nothing? Thus I chose.  
 See, the saddest spoons are those  
 that sleep, unloved. Is it wise?

– *an englyn proest dalgron.*

**CAVEAT: POEM #192**

2017-02-08

□

On a long trip on a bus,  
 from Temuco's rainy moss  
 to Santiago's vast mess,  
 I read a small, torn book. Thus,

because of Neruda's songs  
 there took root a vague longing.  
 my inner poet grew wings.  
 Although maybe I am wrong,

since, in fact, I still long failed  
 at becoming more controlled  
 in habit, till I was told  
 perhaps this blog could be filled.

– *three englynion proest dalgron.*

**CAVEAT: POEM #193**

2017-02-09

□

The green gorillas will gasp  
and dance below clouds. A wisp  
of mist gropes the trees that grasp  
the hills. The cool air is crisp.

– *an englyn proest dalgron.*

**CAVEAT: POEM #194**

2017-02-10

□

Laser-focused, I stumble  
through my apathy, tremble,  
wishing I were more nimble,  
each step a kind of gamble.

– *an englyn proest dalgron.*

**CAVEAT: POEM #195**

2017-02-11

□

She'd heard the teacher's call, so she tried.  
Her pride before her fall -  
Orange letters - not so small -  
she wrote her word on the wall.

– *an englyn unodl union. This is about my student who said "no."*

**CAVEAT: POEM #196**

2017-02-12



On the shelf I found a book.  
 I pulled it down, took a look.  
 But sadly, the words shook: no meaning;  
 foaming gobbledygook.

– *an englyn unodl crwca.*

**CAVEAT: POEM #197**

2017-02-13



Weirdos are chanting by threes, and dancing,  
 Yelling at the pine trees.  
 From the north there wails a breeze,  
 So their madness starts to freeze.

– *an englyn unodl union.*

**CAVEAT: POEM #198**

2017-02-14



On that first day, just one step  
 starts the world's making. Top-  
 down it goes, never to stop,  
 quantum nodes placed on a map.

– *an englyn proest dalgron.*

**CAVEAT: POEM #199**

2017-02-15

□

I'm plummeting through life: down...  
Voices on all sides: a din...  
Days end; days begin: each dawn...  
Without purpose - but not done.

– *an englyn proest dalgron.*

**CAVEAT: POEM #200**

2017-02-16

□

The octopus was alive.  
But then it began to have  
problems in the soup. It strove  
to remember... what is love?

– *an englyn proest dalgron, referencing the Korean custom of eating raw octopus that's still wiggling.*

**CAVEAT: POEM #201**

2017-02-17

□

My friend, who is my reader, celebrates  
his birth date. He's older.  
Some old snow lurks like litter,  
here and there, on the corner.

– *an englyn unodl union.*

**CAVEAT: POEM #202**

2017-02-18



A series of explosions  
on philosophical moons  
changes orbits and begins  
to undo people's notions.

– *an englyn proest dalgron.*

**CAVEAT: POEM #203**

2017-02-19



Mostly I'm just drawing lines  
across a landscape of bones  
which rest beneath the dry rains  
of ash, covering my sins.

– *an englyn proest dalgron.*

**CAVEAT: POEM #204**

2017-02-20



"Why do you write in your mind,  
like some old bard?" asked my friend.  
"I'm preparing for the end  
of time, when the spaceships land."

– *an englyn proest dalgron.*

**CAVEAT: POEM #205**

2017-02-21

□

I got to heaven at last.  
Prices were high. The cars, fast.  
I looked around, aghast. Should I cry?  
Then I knelt down, downcast.

– *an englyn unodl crwca.*

**CAVEAT: POEM #206**

2017-02-22

□

One hundred and one poems  
drawn from the sea's foamy rims  
thrust into imagined homes  
lost among time's felled columns.

– *an englyn proest dalgron.*

**CAVEAT: POEM #207**

2017-02-23

□

The other day they forecast snow,  
but then instead it rained.  
I don't dislike a rainy day,  
but snowless, I was drained.

– *a quatrain in ballad meter.*

**CAVEAT: POEM #208**

2017-02-24



The ice, it dwells with arrogance  
 in shadows, never more  
 unknowable than when it melts,  
 to form a tiny shore.

– a quatrain in ballad meter.

**CAVEAT: POEM #209**

2017-02-25



"Its time now, look, that starship waits,"  
 the alligator said.  
 "Okay, let's travel to the stars."  
 The monkey bent his head.

The friends began their arduous trip;  
 the parsecs zoomed right by.  
 Their boredom grew unbearable,  
 and one began to cry.

"Oh, how can we survive so long?  
 I wish this trip would end."  
 The two of them, disconsolate...  
 The reptile ate his friend.

– an absurdist space opera in three quatrains using ballad meter.

**CAVEAT: POEM #210**

2017-02-26

□

My friend, he said, "It's no big deal,"  
to me, with wise élan.  
I went into my surgery.  
"Well, life is nothing, man."

*– a quatrain in ballad meter. The setting is an hour before my cancer surgery.*

**CAVEAT: POEM #211**

2017-02-27

□

Pues iba caminando yo,  
de paso raudo fui.  
Me devoró la oscuridad.  
Así permanecí.

*– un cuarteto en la métrica "ballad" del inglés. It's not so easy to write a poem in Spanish using this English metrical pattern. In particular, although Spanish possesses clear stressed and unstressed syllables, natural Spanish rhythms are strongly trochaic, so forcing it into an iambic line is quite awkward. I made an effort at translating it while preserving the meter:*

□

So I was setting out to walk,  
and stepping then quite fast.  
The darkness came and ate me up.  
And there I stayed at last.

*– a quatrain in ballad meter.*

**CAVEAT: POEM #212**

2017-02-28

□

We know that tigers have their stripes,  
which gives them perfect souls,  
and that their fur is beautiful,  
a glow like burning coals.

– a quatrain in ballad meter.

**CAVEAT: POEM #213**

2017-03-01

□

I had this dream about a bridge  
it's unforgettable.  
The bridge was shaped like dancing harps  
it seemed impossible.

– a quatrain in ballad meter.

**CAVEAT: POEM #214**

2017-03-02

□

I walk the streets to work each day  
 and there's a restaurant.  
 It uses wood to cook its food:  
 the smell - it tends to haunt.

Aromas paint the air with thoughts  
 and memories of youth;  
 the burning wood recalls to me  
 those camping trips: Duluth.

October in the northern woods  
 along Superior;  
 We drove and sang Bob Dylan songs  
 Or stopped there on the shore.

Eventually we'd find a camp,  
 where we could raise a tent.  
 We'd light a fire, or take a hike,  
 I guess it's time well spent.

So nowadays I miss my friends,  
 our lives each have their track,  
 but when I pass that eating place  
 the smells, they draw me back.

*– five quatrains in ballad meter.*

**CAVEAT: POEM #215**

2017-03-03



One foggy night I walked and met  
The Land Surveyor, K.  
He shared with me his boring hopes,  
his bureaucratic day.

– a quatrain in ballad meter

**CAVEAT: POEM #216**

2017-03-04



A place where you can see the sea  
among the grassy dunes:  
the wind is strong and claws the sand,  
the waves just hum their tunes.

– a quatrain in ballad meter.

**CAVEAT: POEM #217**

2017-03-05



"If you don't want to know the truth,"  
he said, his grin unkind,  
"You must imagine everything  
is only in your mind."

– a quatrain in ballad meter.

**CAVEAT: POEM #218**

2017-03-06

□

Her voice was just like silence, then -  
You couldn't hear a thing.  
Her shyness conquered all her thoughts,  
But inside, she could sing.

– a quatrain in ballad meter, about a student, Eunjae.

**CAVEAT: POEM #219**

2017-03-07

□

The cat was lurking in the path.  
A blueness dreamed the sky.  
Some leaves arranged the wind and sun.  
The moon can't tell me why.

– a quatrain in ballad meter.

**CAVEAT: POEM #220**

2017-03-08

□

I found out that my students lied.  
They said I didn't give  
a homework task to them last week.  
In fact, I really did.

– a quatrain in ballad meter, but the rhyme is defective – it's just  
assonance.

**CAVEAT: POEM #221**

2017-03-09



The alligator on the hill  
 was shot by arrows cruel.  
 The man was happy then to see  
 that hungry, bleeding fool.

The moon it glowed up in the sky  
 the ant he crawled below  
 the man's friends came to take the beast:  
 they took it to a show.

*– two quatrains in ballad meter. A picture came first – a doodle drawn during a slow moment at work, to entertain a child sitting next to me. Then I made the poem to go with the picture.*

**CAVEAT: POEM #222**

2017-03-10



The tears they flowed across her cheeks;  
 her friends could not be reached;  
 the judges ruled and set her fate:  
 the president, impeached.

*– a quatrain in ballad meter. This is in regards to the impeachment of South Korean President Park Geun-hye.*

**CAVEAT: POEM #223**

2017-03-11

□

The open sky consumed the air,  
and ancient leaves spun round.  
The ghosts attempted passing through,  
their feet became the ground.

– *a quatrain in ballad meter.*

**CAVEAT: POEM #224**

2017-03-12

□

The thing about most Sundays is  
that nothing gets begun.  
I barely ever finish things,  
cause 'nothing' can be fun.

– *a quatrain in ballad meter.*

**CAVEAT: POEM #225**

2017-03-13

□

In time, some questions coalesce,  
with answers no one knows.  
The pallid moon is marching high.  
The night's cold darkness glows.

– *a quatrain in ballad meter.*

**CAVEAT: POEM #226**

2017-03-14



It is some kind of giant house -  
 in Mexico, I guess.  
 In hills, a purple sun hangs low.  
 We all wear battle dress.

I bear a weapon in my hand.  
 We seek some evil man.  
 The air, it reeks of burning wood  
 and peaches from a can

I'm walking down long corridors.  
 I'm searching for my team.  
 A slowly ticking clock goes \*snap\*  
 I woke up from the dream.

– *three quatrains in ballad meter.*

**CAVEAT: POEM #227**

2017-03-15



Each Wednesday is speaking class  
 but how is this a thing?  
 The students sit and sometimes smile.  
 They don't say anything.

– *a quatrain in ballad meter.*

**CAVEAT: POEM #228**

2017-03-16

□

The animals were gathered there  
discussing their sad fate.  
They knew they were illusions all  
and conjured up too late.

– *a quatrain in ballad meter.*

**CAVEAT: POEM #229**

2017-03-17

□

Ponder the foolishness of faith  
in light of so much pain,  
and yet decide to still believe...  
inspired by the rain.

– *a quatrain in ballad meter.*

**CAVEAT: POEM #230**

2017-03-18

□

He lies awake, and counting sheep...  
those sheep are saying stuff:  
They're telling him about the fact  
that anger's not enough.

– *a quatrain in ballad meter.*

**CAVEAT: POEM #231**

2017-03-19



The clouds patrol the sky, adrift  
 Then aliens arrive  
 who scoop the clouds up like some bugs,  
 because they want them live.

– a quatrain in ballad meter.

**CAVEAT: POEM #232**

2017-03-20



You know that spring has now arrived:  
 the air, it makes you cry;  
 Korean spring's a lousy time;  
 the grayish, yellow sky.

– a quatrain in ballad meter.

**CAVEAT: POEM #233**

2017-03-21



A certain magic she had learned  
 allowed her some success:  
 some spirit of the rainbow, first...  
 a copper green headdress.

– a quatrain in ballad meter. This is about a character named Tlajaden within a certain mythologized history I'm creating for a city called Quelepa.

**CAVEAT: POEM #234**

2017-03-22

□

The ocean's arms can grasp the mind;  
recursively ingrain  
small chunks of memory and dreams  
into the seething brain.

– *a quatrain in ballad meter.*

**CAVEAT: POEM #235**

2017-03-23

□

Korea has these feral chairs:  
they rest beside the roads;  
they wait, unloved, unsat upon;  
they bear no human loads.

– *a quatrain in ballad meter.*

**CAVEAT: POEM #236**

2017-03-24

□

"My ego trumps my neighbor's needs,"  
the patriot believes,  
sincere, perhaps (in fact, malign)  
but to those ends, deceives.

– *a quatrain in ballad meter.*

**CAVEAT: POEM #237**

2017-03-25

□

I wonder why the monkeys fly  
 But fly they do each day.  
 My students throw them through the air  
 they like to laugh and play.

*– a quatrain in ballad meter, about some toy monkeys in my classroom.*

**CAVEAT: POEM #238**

2017-03-26

□

I waited for a poem to come,  
 but nothing ever came.  
 I wracked my brain and tapped my hands,  
 but what I wrote was lame.

*– a quatrain in ballad meter.*

**CAVEAT: POEM #239**

2017-03-27

□

A typical Korean rain  
 will smell just like sea's needs;  
 but spring we sometimes taste a storm  
 that reeks of desert's weeds.

*– a quatrain in ballad meter.*

**CAVEAT: POEM #240**

2017-03-28

□

The teachers bring doughnuts to work  
which makes me feel real sad.  
You see, I used to like such things...  
now, eating them is bad.

– a quatrain in ballad meter.

**CAVEAT: POEM #241**

2017-03-29

□

I had a dream in which I was  
about to be chased down.  
The trees raced past; I could not stop;  
I fled the dancing clown.

– a quatrain in ballad meter.

**CAVEAT: POEM #242**

2017-03-30

□

In melancholy, time goes slow.  
It's like a rocket ship:  
in freefall, after stage three drops...  
a parabolic trip.

– a quatrain in ballad meter.

**CAVEAT: POEM #243**

2017-03-31

□

Some pines that lurk along the path  
might make a plan to lift  
off Earth like dandelion seeds,  
but then the wind will shift.

– a quatrain in ballad meter.

**CAVEAT: POEM #244**

2017-04-01

□

The sofa doesn't just get used -  
it gets abused instead:  
all beaten down by laundry, junk,  
and output from my head.

– a quatrain in ballad meter.

**CAVEAT: POEM #245**

2017-04-02

□

Some people like to predict doom.  
They think there is no hope.  
But actually things aren't that bad.  
It's just... they tend to mope.

– a quatrain in ballad meter.

**CAVEAT: POEM #246**

2017-04-03

□

Imagination is no more  
than ways of seeing stuff  
as if you were a demiurge  
who's had it kind of rough.

– *a quatrain in ballad meter.*

**CAVEAT: POEM #247**

2017-04-04

□

The truth, enclosed in shells of myth,  
like stones unbreakable,  
we craft in order to survive,  
but sense, unknowable.

– *a quatrain in ballad meter.*

**CAVEAT: POEM #248**

2017-04-05

□

Just take a moment to reflect  
on what a monkey be:  
a human with a smaller brain,  
a spirit brutish, free.

– *a quatrain in ballad meter.*

**CAVEAT: POEM #249**

2017-04-06

**Things to Eat**

The hungry alligator sat.  
He looked at many things:  
a tree, a boy, a dog, a boat,  
a famished bat with wings.

"What shall I eat?" he wondered. "Boys.  
can be delicious, true....  
and dogs in boats have lousy taste,  
and trees are hard to chew."

– *two quatrains in ballad meter.*

**CAVEAT: POEM #250**

2017-04-07



The emperor stepped out one day  
to meet his citizens;  
they pointed and they laughed at him;  
he couldn't trust his friends.

– *a quatrain in ballad meter.*

**CAVEAT: POEM #251**

2017-04-08

□

Can madness be a game we play?  
At first we dance and shout.  
The moon might help us find a style;  
we'll let our crazies out.

– *a quatrain in ballad meter.*

**CAVEAT: POEM #252**

2017-04-09

□

The surreptitious movements made  
by mice in windblown leaves  
reveal the clockwork of the world  
to passing birds, like thieves.

– *a quatrain in ballad meter.*

**CAVEAT: POEM #253**

2017-04-10

□

Two stones sat down with plans to talk  
beside a path. The grass  
tried listening and bent its blades  
alert like kids in class.

– *a quatrain in ballad meter.*

**CAVEAT: POEM #254**

2017-04-11



The space just at the edges, where  
my vision shades to blue,  
there dwell the ghosts of angels, who  
attempt to speak what's true.

– a quatrain in ballad meter.

**CAVEAT: POEM #255**

2017-04-12



The trees are all in blossom now -  
it seems that spring's arrived.  
Each year the best I'll say for spring:  
"At least I have survived."

– a quatrain in ballad meter.

**CAVEAT: POEM #256**

2017-04-13



A moon's orangeness scaled the night  
and trailed the mere dark disks  
of recollected memories  
and contemplated risks.

– a quatrain in ballad meter.

**CAVEAT: POEM #257**

2017-04-14

□

By vortices we wend across  
the demon-strewn collage,  
with useless metaphors in hand,  
lamenting: c'est damage.

– a quatrain in ballad meter.

**CAVEAT: POEM #258**

2017-04-15

□

The language sings itself alone  
with writhing contours bared,  
emerges into empty rooms  
its inclinations shared.

– a quatrain in ballad meter.

**CAVEAT: POEM #259**

2017-04-16

□

A flowering, dystopian land  
is found at empire's edge:  
the north looks south; the south looks north;  
near Ilsan, there's time's ledge.

– a quatrain in ballad meter.

**CAVEAT: POEM #260**

2017-04-17



Con chupe de pescado, pues,  
 soñaba sin querer.  
 Al despertar, me estremecí  
 ¿cómo pude saber?

*– un cuarteto en la métrica "ballad" del inglés. This is my second attempt at a quatrain using English ballad meter, but in Spanish – for which ballad meter is quite awkward. Still, this more or less works, except how it reverts to trochees in the last line. Don't ask me what it means, exactly. A prose paraphrase: "about fish chowder, then / [I] dreamed without wanting to. / Upon waking up, I shivered / how could I know?"*

**CAVEAT: POEM #261**

2017-04-18



The future will be subject to  
 inspection here and now.  
 Please heed this declaration, kids -  
 this rule you must allow.

*– a quatrain in ballad meter.*

CAVEAT: POEM #262

2017-04-19

□

## Essay on Phenomenology

"Philosophical zombie" is  
a concept you may know.  
I'd like to now propose a twist  
to how those stories go.

Most typically these zombies are  
like strange automata.  
They act like people, react too -  
but it is just data.

So nothing's felt and nothing's hoped;  
there is no inner spark.  
These zombies might seem like humans,  
but their sad minds are dark.

Now here's the change I'd like to make:  
let's add a soul inside,  
but not connected to the flesh -  
it will only reside.

Like those sad paralytics who  
stare helpless and afraid,  
this second mind lacks any link,  
must wait for any aid.

So here's the first, with agency,  
the second with the why,  
together they must walk the earth,  
as we do, you and I.

– six quatrains in ballad meter.

**CAVEAT: POEM #263**

2017-04-20

□

The words just shivered on the page,  
The verbs in disrepair.  
The pronouns were disconsolate,  
The nouns limp with despair.

– a quatrain in ballad meter.

**CAVEAT: POEM #264**

2017-04-21

□

The cactuses have sown dissent  
debating cats at talks,  
whose doubts are drawn entangled from  
Schroedinger's litter box.

– a quatrain in ballad meter.

**CAVEAT: POEM #265**

2017-04-22

□

I start by looking for some words  
in space's vast darkness  
but finding none, I turn instead  
to my own brain's grim mess.

– a quatrain in ballad meter.

**CAVEAT: POEM #266**

2017-04-23

□

The dragons don't consider facts,  
the unicorns demur;  
those mythic beasts will never care  
because their hearts are pure.

– a quatrain in ballad meter.

**CAVEAT: POEM #267**

2017-04-24

□

Our world... she chants a magic-filled  
but apophenic song;  
in truth... it's arbitrariness  
that thrusts this orb along.

– a quatrain in ballad meter.

**CAVEAT: POEM #268**

2017-04-25

□

A dog will dream about his walks,  
and cats will dream in schemes,  
the trees will dream of growing tall,  
but stones... they have no dreams.

– a quatrain in ballad meter.

**CAVEAT: POEM #269**

2017-04-26



She wrote and asked about that stone:  
"So it's set in its ways?  
Perhaps a stone will dream its past -  
its former glory days?"

– a quatrain in ballad meter.

**CAVEAT: POEM #270**

2017-04-27



You get a little ways through spring,  
and then a strange day comes:  
the air blows chill, and tastes of fall,  
the fragile bloom succumbs.

– a quatrain in ballad meter.

**CAVEAT: POEM #271**

2017-04-28



A jar was falling: with a clank  
it plunged and hit the floor.  
I dodged it with a quick side step:  
unbroken... still I swore.

– a quatrain in ballad meter.

**CAVEAT: POEM #272**

2017-04-29

□

The ball lamented (so alone),  
abandoned by those kids,  
beset by weeds and springtime blooms:  
a sphere's life... on the skids.

– *a quatrain in ballad meter.*

**CAVEAT: POEM #273**

2017-04-30

□

Each passing face displays its own  
interiorities.  
One can imagine that inside  
are sad calamities.

– *a quatrain in ballad meter.*

**CAVEAT: POEM #274**

2017-05-01

□

My head is full of nonsense words.  
In fact, I like it so.  
They swirl around and cluster up,  
and spill out, fast and slow.

– *a quatrain in ballad meter.*

**CAVEAT: POEM #275**

2017-05-02



The sun has captured trees and bugs  
and set them all abuzz.  
The solstice looms and skies get wide,  
forget what winter was.

– a quatrain in ballad meter.

**CAVEAT: POEM #276**

2017-05-03



Today is Buddha's birthday, but  
I bet he doesn't care;  
and if he cared I think that then  
there'd be no Buddha there.

– a quatrain in ballad meter.

**CAVEAT: POEM #277**

2017-05-04



The ziggurats began to watch  
as humans dueled with saints  
and on clay tablets, scribes took notes  
about their blows and feints.

– a quatrain in ballad meter.

**CAVEAT: POEM #278**

2017-05-05

□

The clouds adopted purple robes,  
brought early summer's night,  
began to shred the stars' bright flesh,  
dispersed gems into white.

– *a quatrain in ballad meter.*

**CAVEAT: POEM #279**

2017-05-06

□

The bird shoves time out from its nest;  
it, stone-like, falls and sighs.  
Tic-toc, tic-toc - it spins and flaps,  
until at last it flies.

– *a quatrain in ballad meter.*

**CAVEAT: POEM #280**

2017-05-07

□

An incantory angel's wings,  
with luminescent plumes,  
descend upon your muse, like snow,  
disguise what she assumes.

– *a quatrain in ballad meter.*

**CAVEAT: POEM #281**

2017-05-08

□

Sometimes I try explaining things;  
I am misunderstood.  
I still digress and divagate  
my words a trackless wood.

– a quatrain in ballad meter.

**CAVEAT: POEM #282**

2017-05-09

□

The spirits bodied forth on walls,  
incarnate desires swarmed  
all into crevices and cracks  
with mutant, feral forms.

– a quatrain in ballad meter.

**CAVEAT: POEM #283**

2017-05-10

□

This speck of dust did not attempt  
to cross the gulf that yawned  
between my window's dirty sill  
and all the world beyond.

– a quatrain in ballad meter.

**CAVEAT: POEM #284**

2017-05-11

□

As hopes proclaim their roots and sprouts,  
each tendril rashly curled,  
the ordinary blooms of need  
unfold across the world.

– a quatrain in ballad meter.

**CAVEAT: POEM #285**

2017-05-12

□

The moon's dull disk, above, now seems  
unreasonably gold.  
The teeth of time's wheels make me feel  
unseasonably old.

– a quatrain in ballad meter.

**CAVEAT: POEM #286**

2017-05-13

□

If anything becomes like graves  
it might be buildings. They  
can stand for longer times than those  
who made them, grim and gray.

– a quatrain in ballad meter.

**CAVEAT: POEM #287**

2017-05-14



In times before our epoch's end  
when alligator songs  
were chanted in the swamps and groves,  
swarms rioted in throngs.

– a quatrain in ballad meter.

**CAVEAT: POEM #288**

2017-05-15



Some Mondays will refuse to be  
compliant with my hope  
that each new week begin with an  
ability to cope.

– a quatrain in ballad meter.

**CAVEAT: POEM #289**

2017-05-16



The rain presents some symbols to  
the streets with gentle strokes;  
the streets in turn reflect the signs  
that wind itself invokes.

– a quatrain in ballad meter.

**CAVEAT: POEM #290**

2017-05-17

□

"Teacher! Why do you know so much?"

"I guess I studied lots."

"But studying is not much fun."

"I've way too many thoughts."

– a quatrain in ballad meter.

**CAVEAT: POEM #291**

2017-05-18

□

One time, we drove to Winnipeg.

We argued about things.

The sun set over frozen fields;

a bird spun on its wings.

Michelle said she preferred Plato

She forcefully declared:

The essence that precedes language...

no category's spared.

I liked more Aristotle's views

a fluid take on stuff:

I felt thus that all meaning shifts,

Essences aren't enough.

We never did agree that day

our anger simmered slow

We stayed together three more years,

Before I had to go.

– four quatrains in ballad meter.

**CAVEAT: POEM #292**

2017-05-19

□

I would prefer to craft a text  
that comes out quite absurd  
but every time I start to write,  
there's meaning, word by word.

– a quatrain in ballad meter.

**CAVEAT: POEM #293**

2017-05-20

□

A certain type of air is more  
like motes of truth and doubt:  
it swirls in paths around each tree  
like hounds sent out to scout.

– a quatrain in ballad meter.

**CAVEAT: POEM #294**

2017-05-21

□

Words, decontextualized, seep  
across his consciousness  
till they begin to congeal and  
their meanings cause duress.

– a quatrain in ballad meter.

**CAVEAT: POEM #295**

2017-05-22

□

Is there a gothic style, in how  
we look at abstraction?  
Is there some kind of reader's gloom  
that gives a soul traction?

– *a quatrain in ballad meter.*

**CAVEAT: POEM #296**

2017-05-23

□

Parts of the world declaim to others  
by means of movements small  
and large, that spiral and conspire  
to etch scars on us all.

– *a quatrain in ballad meter.*

**CAVEAT: POEM #297**

2017-05-24



Three simple songs were sung among  
the faces going by.

I knew these songs in passing, then,  
though all the years did fly.

A song of patient worrying  
came first, a princess true.  
The second song had deep kindness,  
but understandings, few.

The third song had the boldest heart,  
but passions rather wild.  
These songs departed. But today,  
a song returned... and smiled.

*– three quatrains in ballad meter. This poem is not just a hallucination or metaphor, unlike as is the normal case with most of my poetry. Rather, it has a fairly important and specific subtext: I had had three sisters come through my classroom during my years in Korea up to this point; their surname was "Song."*

**CAVEAT: POEM #298**

2017-05-25



I didn't mean to keep writing  
these droll, clichéd quatrains,  
but time stole my initiative  
and now I'm lacking brains.

*– a quatrain in ballad meter.*

**CAVEAT: POEM #299**

2017-05-26

□

I stepped out today feeling rushed -  
forgot my metaphors.  
So things were dull, like dirt or jobs.  
My words waged pointless wars.

– a quatrain in ballad meter.

**CAVEAT: POEM #300**

2017-05-27

□

Most people seem alarmed to learn  
I rarely feel alone.  
They ask me why, insist I must  
spend time with those I've known.

– a quatrain in ballad meter.

**CAVEAT: POEM #301**

2017-05-28

□

Some leaves with flashing silver eyes  
begin to spin as wind  
attempts to steal from them their trust  
and leaving them chagrinned.

– a quatrain in ballad meter.

**CAVEAT: POEM #302**

2017-05-29



The fading sun made aimless grasps against  
the window such that glass became purple  
illumination without shape.

I bent over my book with my neck tensed  
because the tiny lamp's lighted circle  
denied me its narrow landscape.

*– a sestet with some kind of self-invented metrical constraint. This is the point in my "daily poem" project when I abandoned a commitment to long series of particular genres of poem. I wrote on my blog: "...I think I'm not going to weld myself to a specific form, for now. I thus will just call them poems, and we'll see what happens if I make one every day. I had been intending to change over to some continuing series of poems that were thematically (as opposed to structurally) unified, when I got to around 100 quatrains, but I didn't. So now I am dropping the quatrains, but I still don't have a theme worked out. So I'll just post whatever, I guess, for now. Or forever." Thus it turned out.*

**CAVEAT: POEM #303**

2017-05-30



The man's moped was his cathedral,  
where he could sit, watch people,  
make deliveries,  
or just smoke.

He had three smartphones -  
a kind of makeshift dashboard -  
attached at the front with bungee cords.

*– a poem with some self-invented syllable-count constraint.*

**CAVEAT: POEM #304**

2017-05-31

□

I don't like the sun  
it makes me feel tired

– *a free-form poem.*

**CAVEAT: POEM #305**

2017-06-01

□

The free spirits of mountains,  
of ephemeral cities  
lacking well-conceived futures,  
of unnamed rivers and lakes  
shimmering on horizons,  
of towers spiraling up,  
asymptotic to time's lines,  
these spirits will not speak, but  
loiter on the pale edges  
of maps, of dreams, of stories.

– *a poem with a seven-syllables-per-line constraint.*

**CAVEAT: POEM #306**

2017-06-02

□

By means of time small people take on weights  
they would not otherwise begin to bear  
and understanding each year's progress till  
at last the heaviest thing buries them.

– *a quatrain in blank verse (iambic pentameter).*

**CAVEAT: POEM #307**

2017-06-03



An algebraical theology  
perhaps makes possible reflective thoughts  
of strange and doubtful meanings all arrayed  
in rows of figures bending into night.

– a quatrain in low-quality blank verse (iambic pentameter).

**CAVEAT: POEM #308**

2017-06-04



An escalator carried me below,  
where I met ghosts who haunted subway trains;  
their writhing nothingnesses captured me  
and caused my eyes to droop in naked sleep.

– a quatrain in blank verse (iambic pentameter).

**CAVEAT: POEM #309**

2017-06-05



It's hard to know why he kept fighting them;  
they were just spinning windmills after all;  
but he announced they were demonic beasts,  
and battled them till they, bewildered, fled.

– a quatrain in blank verse (iambic pentameter).

**CAVEAT: POEM #310**

2017-06-06

□

The holiday fell like rain  
all around my Tuesday;  
I kept watch inside my brain,  
but everything was gray.

– a quatrain in ballad meter.

**CAVEAT: POEM #311**

2017-06-07

□

The corpses of long expectations dwelt  
against the broken earth like homeless men.  
Dark green mosses grew fierce among the stones  
but nothing moved; only falling raindrops.

– a quatrain in blank verse (iambic pentameter).

**CAVEAT: POEM #312**

2017-06-08

□

To find success, you might try just to change  
what that word means. It then will come quite fast.  
If we allow those other people rights  
to choose our goals, they choose our failure too.

– a quatrain in blank verse (iambic pentameter).

**CAVEAT: POEM #313**

2017-06-09

□

In summer's light  
concrete turns white;  
the city might  
fade into smoke.

Ants feel no mirth:  
the grains of earth  
have their own worth;  
trails turn baroque.

So as time goes,  
a full moon glows;  
a damp wind flows.  
Then the clouds broke.

– a Welsh form called *rhupunt*.

**CAVEAT: POEM #314**

2017-06-10

□

A strong wind had helped push away the smog  
but nevertheless moods were dark at work.  
I walked home under the peach colored moon  
and wondered what strange thing would happen next.

– a quatrain in blank verse (*iambic pentameter*).

**CAVEAT: POEM #315**

2017-06-11

□

So are we doomed? Do we plummet down, toward  
some kind of anodyne apocalypse?  
Or are we all just victims who a fate  
has blinded by perceptions hinting truths?

– a quatrain in blank verse (iambic pentameter).

**CAVEAT: POEM #316**

2017-06-12

□

So has the Linux O/S ever been  
included in a quatrain of blank verse?  
I wondered this as I ran some updates  
and wrote this stupid poem while at work.

– a quatrain in defective blank verse (iambic pentameter).

**CAVEAT: POEM #317**

2017-06-13

□

Kids:  
open  
young minds want  
to receive what  
they are taught but then  
they get pulled away by  
the pointless distractions that  
culture endlessly gives to them  
such that there's no room left for knowledge.

– a reverse nonnet.

**CAVEAT: POEM #318**

2017-06-14



A house of infinite extent unfolds  
 across the level plains of consciousness,  
 inhabited by many ghosts that drift  
 amid a bestiary rife with dreams.

– a quatrain in blank verse (iambic pentameter).

**CAVEAT: POEM #319**

2017-06-15



The sea was reaching long arms through the rifts  
 of green, wet valleys; grasping at the peaks  
 of mountains with her cloud-hands; fine-grained snow  
 was falling on the beach in steady clumps;  
 the eyes of all the world were blinking, each  
 a ghost that watched the other ghosts alone.

– a quatrain in blank verse (iambic pentameter). This is related to another poem I wrote long ago. In any event, the setting is Mahhalian.

**CAVEAT: POEM #320**

2017-06-16



The planet kept on spinning like a plate  
 that someone threw down on the floor, and still  
 it kept on spinning, rolling in a curve,  
 an aimless helix, then it flopped down, still.

– a quatrain in blank verse (iambic pentameter).

**CAVEAT: POEM #321**

2017-06-17

□

The architect denied the thing's  
existence. Then he said  
"The shapes create a volume which  
is only in your head."

– a quatrain in ballad meter.

**CAVEAT: POEM #322**

2017-06-18

□

I am not rational. I lack the type  
of psychiatric infrastructure that  
provides the kind of commonplace support  
that normal people seem to have in spades.

– a quatrain in blank verse (iambic pentameter).

**CAVEAT: POEM #323**

2017-06-19

□

She murdered monkeys by proxy  
by crafting tales of woe  
the monkeys didn't know their fate  
because she was a pro.

– a quatrain in ballad meter. It is about a certain student I had, who made up rather gruesome stories about my little toy monkeys that came with me to class.

**CAVEAT: POEM #324**

2017-06-20



This morning tasted just like cancer. Well,  
 you might just wonder: what does that taste like?  
 It tastes just like most other mornings do,  
 except your gut is filled with burning, fierce  
 desires to keep breathing and stay alive.

– *a quintain in an imperfect blank verse (iambic pentameter).*

**CAVEAT: POEM #325**

2017-06-21



The sky like tarnished silver overlooks  
 a world replete with immaterial  
 digressions which the philosophers speak,  
 until at last the night consumes it all.

– *a quatrain in an imperfect blank verse (iambic pentameter).*

**CAVEAT: POEM #326**

2017-06-22



I have this inventory: broken things,  
 non-functioning, old things - not problems, just  
 invitations to live more simply, so  
 my ancient television only asks  
 that I not watch it. How can I resist?

– *a quintain in blank verse (iambic pentameter).*

**CAVEAT: POEM #327**

2017-06-23

□

The cat was jumping in the shrubs and grass  
that occupied the edges of the path.  
No one was seeing it, which set it free,  
just like a tree that falls in the forest.

– a quatrain in an imperfect blank verse (iambic pentameter).

**CAVEAT: POEM #328**

2017-06-24

□

summer now the heat has come  
a bird ranting just outside

– a "zip" haiku.

**CAVEAT: POEM #329**

2017-06-25

□

The angel polychromatic will come  
down rainbows, seeking to convey the host,  
in all its numbers, under kingdoms dark,  
until they fecklessly arrive in Oz.

– a quatrain in blank verse (iambic pentameter).

**CAVEAT: POEM #330**

2017-06-26



A single line across a blank page makes  
 a line alone, which demarcates nothing  
 But many lines together start to form  
 a representation which shows the world.

– *a quatrain in an imperfect blank verse (iambic pentameter).*

**CAVEAT: POEM #331**

2017-06-27



There is a kind of microclimate  
 amid the dawn redwoods that grow  
 along the pedestrian  
 pathways I walk to work,  
 in the neighborhood,  
 amid apartments  
 and children.  
 The air:  
 cool.

– *a nonnet.*

**CAVEAT: POEM #332**

2017-06-28



I saw a solitude in startled stance  
 it stared at me across a gulf of space.  
 But nothing more occurred. Its silence forced  
 my devolution into emptiness.

– *a quatrain in blank verse (iambic pentameter).*

**CAVEAT: POEM #333**

2017-06-29

□

A tangled moon was weaving rough black cloth.  
The poets noted this, with their swift pens,  
but all their exploitations of the fact...  
they failed to yield a single line of verse.

– a quatrain in blank verse (iambic pentameter).

**CAVEAT: POEM #334**

2017-06-30

□

Representations will unfold.  
Then, mirroring moon's dusky gold,  
they hover with laconic tones  
until clouds can press them on stones.

– a quatrain in a faulty iambic tetrameter.

**CAVEAT: POEM #335**

2017-07-01

□

The people were distributing their souls  
across the city, traveling by train  
through tunnels and among the buildings strewn  
around the elevated tracks like toys.

– a quatrain in blank verse (iambic pentameter).

**CAVEAT: POEM #336**

2017-07-02



The rain arrived. Each year's monsoon  
 Begins about this time.  
 The sky becomes a vacant gray.  
 A gust finds some wind chime.

– a quatrain in ballad meter.

**CAVEAT: POEM #337**

2017-07-03



Arranging words like little particles  
 of light that bound through space like hunted prey  
 that hope to flee those ravenous weird beasts  
 imagined, I decide to take a break.

– a quatrain in blank verse (iambic pentameter).

**CAVEAT: POEM #338**

2017-07-04



The contrast medium went in  
 injected by the nurse.  
 The fluid flowed, wine-bright and hot,  
 into my veins, and worse.

– a quatrain in ballad meter.

**CAVEAT: POEM #339**

2017-07-05

□

inanimate things  
take on life when abandoned:  
a chair in the grass.

*– a pseudo-haiku. I prefer to call them "pseudo-haiku" rather than simply "haiku," because the genre called "haiku" has thematic requirements that I rarely concern myself with.*

**CAVEAT: POEM #340**

2017-07-06

□

It breaks my heart to have students so smart  
begin to show such weak but obstinate  
resistance: they've decided not to work  
and lost their interest in learning things.  
Perhaps instead I failed to reach their minds.

*– a quintain in blank verse (iambic pentameter).*

**CAVEAT: POEM #341**

2017-07-07

□

Collected colors, named and counted now,  
and various important types of lines,  
arrayed on screens or paper so that when  
it all is fit together, you see worlds.

*– a quatrain in blank verse (iambic pentameter).*

**CAVEAT: POEM #342**

2017-07-08



moss on dirt, under trees:  
 sudden greenness; summer rain  
 licks at the gray air.

– a *pseudo-haiku*.

**CAVEAT: POEM #343**

2017-07-09



The raindrops tried to take my window's screen...  
 a beachhead might be made, for further floods;  
 the other raindrops offered their applause  
 but gave them no material support.

– a *quatrain in blank verse (iambic pentameter)*.

**CAVEAT: POEM #344**

2017-07-10



Perhaps the trees were happy with the move.  
 The dirt was nice; the buildings gave them shade.  
 At first, the rain was beautiful, it seemed.  
 But winds appeared, and blew the young trees down.

– a *quatrain in blank verse (iambic pentameter)*.

**CAVEAT: POEM #345**

2017-07-11

□

When anger surges into that small spot  
below my chin, I stop to think that that's  
the locus, coincidentally where  
a cancer grew in my throat, so I ask,  
"Is that what happens when I swallow it?"

– a poem in blank verse (*iambic pentameter*).

**CAVEAT: POEM #346**

2017-07-12

□

To eat is not now any luxury:  
a dull task that's devoid of pleasure which  
I do because I must despite my lack  
of any sense of taste and aimless tongue.

– a quatrain in blank verse (*iambic pentameter*).

**CAVEAT: POEM #347**

2017-07-13



There's going down. There's going up. Which way  
 you choose to go depends on your desire.  
 Desire can lead, but those descents can stray:  
 long corridors with many doors require

decisions once again. It's better, then,  
 to walk the upward path. The clouds can serve  
 as steppingstones, and rainbows tell you when  
 to turn, and when to jump, and even swerve.

Well, all of this might seem fantastic news,  
 but there's a problem still. You don't yet know  
 where you might need to stop, and catch the views -  
 that mountain for example, with glaring snow:

it needs attention from the angels who  
 you hope might tell you plainly what is true.

– a sonnet in an imperfect iambic pentameter.

**CAVEAT: POEM #348**

2017-07-14



The animals were gathered to discuss  
 a plan to make the monkey their new king.  
 The simian was giving them a grin -  
 in fact, he felt an utter disregard.

– a quatrain in blank verse (iambic pentameter).

**CAVEAT: POEM #349**

2017-07-15

□

The monsoon brought clouds  
and rain. I ate some oatmeal  
from my small glass bowl.

– *a pseudo-haiku.*

**CAVEAT: POEM #350**

2017-07-16

□

On this map you see my dreams:  
look here at the X, it seems  
to mark my mind's random streams.

– *an englyn milwr.*

**CAVEAT: POEM #351**

2017-07-17

□

The two men fought in the wood.  
Winter's breath made clouds. They stood  
facing. The fight was no good.

A rose appeared in the snow.  
Then another drop fell, slow -  
from the wound his blood did flow.

He threw his knife to the ground  
and wobbled, spinning around.  
At last, he fell without a sound.

– *a concatenation of three englyn milwr, telling a little story.*

**CAVEAT: POEM #352**

2017-07-18



the trees hang, depressed.  
 traffic zooms through summer's heat  
 and humidity.

– *an englyn cil-dwrn.*

**CAVEAT: POEM #353**

2017-07-19



If I had said the rock was mystified  
 what would have been my meaning? Would a rock  
 have hoped to understand what I had said?  
 Or would the rock just lie there, doing zen?

– *a quatrain in blank verse (iambic pentameter).*

**CAVEAT: POEM #354**

2017-07-20



At work, I sometimes get so angry.  
 This tends to arise out of doubts:  
 the quality of my work.  
 Am I making progress?  
 Students fail to learn.  
 Colleagues don't care.  
 Kids complain.  
 I can't  
 help.

– *a nonnet.*

**CAVEAT: POEM #355**

2017-07-21

□

Apocalypses come and go  
like swathes of summer rain  
They sweep across the warm, damp streets  
and push leaves down the drain.

– *a quatrain in ballad meter.*

**CAVEAT: POEM #356**

2017-07-22

□

Some words come like air,  
others like sleep. Steam rises  
from July's pavement.

– *a pseudo-haiku.*

**CAVEAT: POEM #357**

2017-07-23

□

The clouds became a fortress hung  
against the rainy sky  
The buildings lurked beneath, alone  
like animals too shy.

– *a quatrain in ballad meter.*

**CAVEAT: POEM #358**

2017-07-24



The storm's bland aftermath dissolved and stained  
the air so that it tasted like burnt wire  
or moistened stones. At last, a lingering  
tomato-tinted twilight grasped the streets.

– a quatrain in blank verse (iambic pentameter).

**CAVEAT: POEM #359**

2017-07-25



Korea's been my home almost ten years  
and here I never drive a car. Yet still  
I dream the driving dreams: road trips of youth  
relived like films, a night or two each month.

– a quatrain in blank verse (iambic pentameter).

**CAVEAT: POEM #360**

2017-07-26



It's better to refuse an argument  
with shadows and shades. They can seem to lack  
originality and anyway  
they will agree with all your rhetoric.

– a quatrain in not-very-good blank verse (iambic pentameter).

**CAVEAT: POEM #361**

2017-07-27

□

A cup on the edge  
of the counter. I'll wash it  
later this evening.

– *a pseudo-haiku.*

**CAVEAT: POEM #362**

2017-07-28

□

Some clouds disputed with the ground and trees.  
The earth kept forcing its branches skyward;  
the sky in turn was throwing down droplets.  
My friend and I were waiting; so we talked.  
I sat and pulled out from my pocket, then,  
my smartphone, checking something. Suddenly  
a splash of rain struck the screen. Like magic,  
the dictionary app was opened. "Look,"  
my friend insisted, "there's your next poem."

– *a poem in an irregular pentameter.*

**CAVEAT: POEM #363**

2017-07-29

□

The weather is warm.  
People are screaming outside.  
Maybe they're happy.

– *a pseudo-haiku.*

**CAVEAT: POEM #364**

2017-07-30



I dreamed a place beside a blue pool:  
 stained like copper, bare stone shores.  
 How could I get there?  
 I drew maps.  
 Slept.

– *a nonnet. on a diet (every other line removed).*

**CAVEAT: POEM #365**

2017-07-31



I brought him home to wash him clean.  
 The Rainbow Monkey dries.  
 He's cleaner than he was before.  
 But still he's not so wise.

– *a quatrain in ballad meter.*

**CAVEAT: POEM #366**

2017-08-01



Far out in open country where dogs run,  
 and creatures fight each other with their sticks,  
 and piles of bones lie scattered here and there  
 beneath the trees... there I will take a rest.

– *a quatrain in blank verse (iambic pentameter).*

**CAVEAT: POEM #367**

2017-08-02

□

Pebbles on the curb;  
a cluster of grass. The sun  
seeks the cicadas.

– *a pseudo-haiku.*

**CAVEAT: POEM #368**

2017-08-03

□

A few tall trees were thrusting down  
their fists into the dampened earth  
while trying to reach heaven's crown,  
frustration foiling hope and worth.

And meanwhile buses crawled along  
recondite routes because ignoring  
the trees would keep them bold and strong  
and vegetation is quite boring.

A cat was watching, her tail twitching,  
as spirits started to emerge  
between the cracks, faces bewitching,  
suggesting some old hunter's urge.

In those slow buses, dull souls sat.  
The trees preferred that wise gray cat.

– *a sonnet in iambic tetrameter.*

**CAVEAT: POEM #369**

2017-08-04



I fall alone. I have blacked out.  
A darkness now envelopes me,  
reification both of doubt  
and also of uncertainty.

A dream begins to coalesce  
amid the bursting stars of aught:  
A bone, a wing, dark paths, endless  
images uncontrolled, unsought.

A meaning seeps out from between  
their jagged, concrete lines, unseen  
the tiny cracks that draw or trace  
upon knowledge's ediface.

I spin in space. I harbor fears.  
The moon is white. I taste my tears.

– a sonnet in iambic tetrameter.

**CAVEAT: POEM #370**

2017-08-05

□

"It's just like dust," she said without delay.  
 But no, it wasn't dust. It was more like  
 pale scatterings of quantum quarks at play  
 and then taking a rest - or gone on strike.

She found a bone - part of an angel's wing.  
 She wondered out loud, "How did this get here?"  
 It seemed like all was dead - yes, everything.  
 Her slow gaze swept around. She felt some fear.

So turning, she walked back to the strange gate.  
 She'd found it in her dream, and gone through quick.  
 But now she felt regret. It was too late.  
 The path was lengthening, the air grew thick.

If finally she made it back to home,  
 She'd never forget that dream's monochrome.

– *a sonnet in iambic pentameter.*

**CAVEAT: POEM #371**

2017-08-06

□

The heat is a stone.  
 It's heavy and pulls down clouds.  
 The monsoon drizzles.

– *a pseudo-haiku.*

**CAVEAT: POEM #372**

2017-08-07

□

Once time became an instrument  
 Diaphanous but real  
 Then aliens could play it well -  
 spun like a giant wheel.

– a quatrain in ballad meter.

**CAVEAT: POEM #373**

2017-08-08

□

A particle floats  
 suspended in the air. Dust.  
 The sun's beam shows me.

– a pseudo-haiku.

**CAVEAT: POEM #374**

2017-08-09

□

Today I walked more slowly than I do  
 more typically. I trudged instead of walked.  
 I can't say why this was. Perhaps I'm tired  
 from long hot days, or maybe full of angst.

– a quatrain in blank verse (iambic pentameter).

**CAVEAT: POEM #375**

2017-08-10

□

The plants put forth their fronds aggressively  
and trace their yearnings through the damp, still air.  
A dragonfly is spinning tales with bits  
of iridescent blues and greens and dreams.

– *a quatrain in blank verse (iambic pentameter).*

**CAVEAT: POEM #376**

2017-08-11

□

In small increments  
the night eats the moon. Seasons  
eat seasons, the same.

– *a pseudo-haiku.*

**CAVEAT: POEM #377**

2017-08-12

□

The floor announced itself as if alive.  
I found some stray vocabulary there,  
it lay in scattered piles, collectively  
devoid of use or meaning. I just sighed.

– *a quatrain in blank verse (iambic pentameter).*

**CAVEAT: POEM #378**

2017-08-13

□

Some stones suggested,  
take a moment. So I did.  
The summer went on.

– a *pseudo-haiku*.

**CAVEAT: POEM #379**

2017-08-14

□

The universe extends outward  
in spirals, cavities  
and loops of filamentation,  
vast pools of gravity.

– a *quatrain in ballad meter*.

**CAVEAT: POEM #380**

2017-08-15

□

He casts his dull cliches into the world  
like crumbs of bread dispensed to hungry birds  
but worse, these birds are mere robotic shades  
which cannot eat but only peck and strut.

– a *quatrain in blank verse (iambic pentameter)*.

**CAVEAT: POEM #381**

2017-08-16

□

The ghosts await you, clustered at the edge  
of what you know to be actually true.  
Then in between the bursts of summer's rain  
they peer at you, admonishing your mood.

– a quatrain in blank verse (iambic pentameter).

**CAVEAT: POEM #382**

2017-08-17

□

Obliviously walking roads  
in silent kingdoms trapped,  
he runs a hand against an edge  
to find what has been mapped.

– a quatrain in ballad meter.

**CAVEAT: POEM #383**

2017-08-18

□

The words themselves become angry balloons,  
and caricaturing the signs, begin  
assaulting fellow signifiers till  
at last from bloody carnage comes silence.

– a quatrain in blank verse (iambic pentameter).

**CAVEAT: POEM #384**

2017-08-19



Beside the window,  
 a single raindrop reaches  
 down and touches me.

– a *pseudo-haiku*.

**CAVEAT: POEM #385**

2017-08-20



"A stone - I shall become a stone," he said.  
 And soon enough, he dropped, bottomward. "There."  
 The stream's quick waters rushed around his shape.  
 He sighed. "In this way, I am truly free."

– a *quatrain in blank verse (iambic pentameter)*.

**CAVEAT: POEM #386**

2017-08-21



"Perhaps I'll be a floating leaf today,"  
 he mused, and threw himself into the brook.  
 He bobbed and drifted through the eddies, till  
 at last he washed onto a sandy beach.

– a *quatrain in blank verse (iambic pentameter)*.

**CAVEAT: POEM #387**

2017-08-22

□

How anyone can learn English  
I can't quite figure out.  
and I'm an English teacher, see -  
I shouldn't have a doubt.

– *a quatrain in ballad meter.*

**CAVEAT: POEM #388**

2017-08-23

□

Quick! I need some verse;  
it's almost midnight. A breeze  
ruffles some papers.

– *a pseudo-haiku.*

**CAVEAT: POEM #389**

2017-08-24

□

Let's pick some flowers. Then we'll contemplate  
how vibrant colors yield to deep despair  
and we'll decide, spontaneously, that  
there's nothing left to live for in this world.

– *a quatrain in blank verse (iambic pentameter).*

**CAVEAT: POEM #390**

2017-08-25



You grasp at meanings with mind's fingers spread  
 out wide like wind-blown nets to try to catch  
 the semiotic objects which you hope  
 to understand. In this you mostly fail.

– a quatrain in blank verse (iambic pentameter).

**CAVEAT: POEM #391**

2017-08-26



I slept and dreamed I took a trip.  
 I met a playful child.  
 He circled round just like a song,  
 recasting all as wild.

– a quatrain in ballad meter.

**CAVEAT: POEM #392**

2017-08-27



A fragment of air  
 stalked through my room. "Listen, please,"  
 it whispered hoarsely.

– a pseudo-haiku.

**CAVEAT: POEM #393**

2017-08-28

□

The rain came through fast.  
Is that the taste of autumn?  
A moment of cool.

– *a pseudo-haiku.*

**CAVEAT: POEM #394**

2017-08-29

□

Inscrutable, the god chose not to speak.  
Instead, he hovered, watching all the souls  
that sought him with their yearning eyes and hearts  
and failed to note his mediocrity.

– *a quatrain in blank verse (iambic pentameter).*

**CAVEAT: POEM #395**

2017-08-30

□

I stepped out, looking for the purple clouds.  
A giant head was floating just above;  
it sent out lines of force that underlay  
the shape of space and warp and woof of time.

– *a quatrain in blank verse (iambic pentameter).*

**CAVEAT: POEM #396**

2017-08-31

□

So, having issues that relate to guilt,  
 I thought I'd cope by setting sneaky traps.  
 The guilt would come, but guileless, gambol through,  
 when suddenly a guilt-trap would bite: snap!

– a quatrain in blank verse (iambic pentameter).

**CAVEAT: POEM #397**

2017-09-01

□

The sound of airplanes passing overhead  
 reminds me, passingly, of summers past,  
 when airplanes passed like youthful memories,  
 and mowed the air, and shortened history's arms.

– a quatrain in blank verse (iambic pentameter).

**CAVEAT: POEM #398**

2017-09-02

□

Just a metal box  
 hurtling along in the sky  
 among summer clouds.

– a pseudo-haiku.

**CAVEAT: POEM #399**

2017-09-03

□

The night is darker  
here under the world's round rim.  
I think I'll sleep well.

– a *pseudo-haiku*.

**CAVEAT: POEM #400**

2017-09-04

□

I saw the bright moon  
smiling down at the round earth.  
And it saw me too.

– a *pseudo-haiku*.

**CAVEAT: POEM #401**

2017-09-05

□

Impossible delusions flutter down  
like moths disturbed in sunbeams raking air  
and mornings then congeal to blobs of hope  
that can't be tasted absent time's consent.

– a *quatrain in blank verse (iambic pentameter)*.

**CAVEAT: POEM #402**

2017-09-06



A wallaby is nothing more than feet  
against the earth: aggressive pushing down  
transformed to forward motion but without  
the least conception as to reasons why.

– a quatrain in blank verse (iambic pentameter).

**CAVEAT: POEM #403**

2017-09-07



Did you perhaps think  
that rushing water could go  
anywhere but down?

– a pseudo-haiku.

**CAVEAT: POEM #404**

2017-09-08



Without those landmarks time can give,  
unmoored from daily grind,  
with ease I ceased to write my verse -  
no blog posts came to mind.

– a quatrain in ballad meter.

**CAVEAT: POEM #405**

2017-09-09

□

The spirit worshippers aligned themselves  
 against oppressive tendencies and sought  
 to bring about tectonic shifts among  
 the swaying trees of popular belief.

– a quatrain in blank verse (*iambic pentameter*).

**CAVEAT: POEM #406**

2017-09-10

□

An ancient blueness dwelt beneath the day;  
 and leaves were lifted to the sun and moon  
 without regard for what the earthlings say:  
 those moody trees might fly away so soon.

The cool green frog announced her patient tune;  
 a bird or ten sang songs in answer, then;  
 the stones partook with geologic swoon;  
 the clouds were only dreaming it again.

Some grasping stars told all the plants that when  
 they dared to push against the ground, arising  
 up heavenward like ghosts in unison;  
 they'd show the world their strength, uncompromising.

But plants are slow to act despite their needs.  
 And finally they only hum, just reeds.

– a sonnet in *iambic pentameter*.

**CAVEAT: POEM #407**

2017-09-11



I walked on highways made from earth and smoke,  
 Congealed by time's long thoughtful discourses:  
 A dreamlike, dark assemblage faintly seen,  
 Engravings wide inscribed on broken stones,  
 Tectonic disputations, spoken gaps  
 Between the layers stacked up deep in dreams,  
 Abstractions merely cast away by stars,  
 Untouchable lost ages all arrayed  
 Like heaven's bland mementoes filed away,  
 And sun-slaked silt that's filled up ancient seas;  
 Constraints all drawn like lines upon a map  
 To paint the present's smooth soliloquies.

– a poem in blank verse (iambic pentameter).

**CAVEAT: POEM #408**

2017-09-12



Somehow entropy  
 reverses and can become  
 a morality.

– a pseudo-haiku.

**CAVEAT: POEM #409**

2017-09-13

□

The central part of Brisbane seems to me  
not so unlike the kind of city found  
across America; not famous ones  
but rather boring cities full of cars  
and buses and historic buildings now  
just banks and farmers' kids who've fled their towns  
because the dust and sun no longer give  
them any hope - the city, though, is not  
so big, yet people don't know who you are.

– a poem in blank verse (iambic pentameter). I had traveled to  
Australia, and stayed overnight in Brisbane.

**CAVEAT: POEM #410**

2017-09-14

□

The little girl's black shirt said "optimist,"  
but she was frowning with the saddest face  
that one could possibly imagine. So...  
dad joked, but failed to get the least result.

– a poem in blank verse (iambic pentameter).

**CAVEAT: POEM #411**

2017-09-15

□

Nothing poetic  
happened today. The sun shone  
and a light breeze blew.

– a pseudo-haiku.

**CAVEAT: POEM #412**

2017-09-16

□

I like to see clouds.  
My window shows them to me.  
Outside, I look up.

– a *pseudo-haiku*.

**CAVEAT: POEM #413**

2017-09-17

□

Hey, grab those verbs and make it happen - now.  
Put nouns in too, to give it substance, please.  
Then decorate with some nice adjectives,  
and throw in function words as ornaments.

– a *quatrain in blank verse (iambic pentameter)*.

**CAVEAT: POEM #414**

2017-09-18

□

Well-formed clouds progress  
across the sky, pushed along  
by the autumn wind.

– a *pseudo-haiku*.

**CAVEAT: POEM #415**

2017-09-19

□

The woman sitting next to me at work  
is very sad these days. Her sister's life  
is running out because an alien  
has moved in. Cancer's staked a vicious claim.

I guess she's not so happy seeing me.  
She'll think, "But why was he preserved while mine  
will perish? Does my fate abhor what's fair?"  
I sit with awkward silence. What to say?

– *two quatrains in blank verse (iambic pentameter).*

**CAVEAT: POEM #416**

2017-09-20

□

I look down the street.  
I see the leaves of the trees  
are starting to change.

– *a pseudo-haiku.*

**CAVEAT: POEM #417**

2017-09-21



An unrequited love is best of all  
 because there are no compromises urged  
 because no complications will befall  
 because right from the start all hopes are purged.

Imagined generousities prevent  
 the flowering of jealousies unreal,  
 and finally the heart's desires are spent  
 in crafting verse the voice must not reveal.

Yet all along, new meanings can be made:  
 from castles, pure and abstract, words are flung  
 and later when those ramparts start to fade,  
 an apophenic anthem can be sung.

It's easy, then, to pine for that that's not;  
 and simple, too, to leave it: just a thought.

– *a sonnet in iambic pentameter.*

**CAVEAT: POEM #418**

2017-09-22



Some poetry flows;  
 some fails to flow. The night air  
 is cooler these days.

– *a pseudo-haiku.*

**CAVEAT: POEM #419**

2017-09-23

□

No tree avoids time;  
trees MAKE time. They push out leaves,  
bring the looming Fall.

– a *pseudo-haiku*.

**CAVEAT: POEM #420**

2017-09-24

□

I had a dream in which I saw  
a scary giant snake  
But then the snake got sleepy and  
thus failed to stay awake.

– a *quatrain in ballad meter*.

**CAVEAT: POEM #421**

2017-09-25

□

So let's not speak of cities' meanings till  
we understand their impositions, vast  
and artful, such that dreams are burned against  
the teeming complications landscapes have.

– a *quatrain in blank verse (iambic pentameter)*.

**CAVEAT: POEM #422**

2017-09-26

□

Es azul el cielo, pues...  
 pero no sin alegría.  
 Árboles prefieren gris,  
 porque promete la lluvia.

– *un poema en métrica romance.*

**CAVEAT: POEM #423**

2017-09-27

□

Solitude from crowds  
 is possible in cities.  
 I walk home at night.

– *a pseudo-haiku.*

**CAVEAT: POEM #424**

2017-09-28

□

Dragonflies practiced their patterns of purposeful  
 aimlessness – their goal:  
 challenging verdant ecologies through presentations of  
 striking blue.

– *a couplet of some kind of heptameter.*

**CAVEAT: POEM #425**

2017-09-29

□

Holding down ocean's perimeters, plunging beyond all  
the clouds' bounds,  
conjuring night's most unknowable faces and smiles, so  
the sun sets.

– *a couplet of some kind of heptameter.*

**CAVEAT: POEM #426**

2017-09-30

□

They saw bits of trash  
as they looked along sidewalks.  
No words could be found.

– *a pseudo-haiku.*

**CAVEAT: POEM #427**

2017-10-01

□

Sometimes with dreams, they approach unexpectedly,  
whiz by like fast cars  
passing on roads, then are gone through the night, and  
unseeable: blurred ghosts.

– *a couplet of some kind of heptameter.*

**CAVEAT: POEM #428**

2017-10-02

□

Time takes on odd shapes.  
 A rain clears from cooling air.  
 Summer yields to fall.

– a *pseudo-haiku*.

**CAVEAT: POEM #429**

2017-10-03

□

Here in the world, all the sky is afraid, and its gaze is  
 compelled – bent  
 down – so its motionless countenance glowers  
 horizonward, clouds gray.

– a *couplet of some kind of heptameter*.

**CAVEAT: POEM #430**

2017-10-04

□

Night demons eat words.  
 They gulp them down. Sunset comes.  
 The air becomes chill.

– a *pseudo-haiku*.

**CAVEAT: POEM #431**

2017-10-05

□

I had decided to wait. Through my window the rain  
swept dreams  
leaflike along damp sidewalks, gravity pulling the water  
down.

– a couplet of some kind of heptameter.

**CAVEAT: POEM #432**

2017-10-06

□

In Ilsan, Korea, one day,  
An alligator, tired of play,  
felt hungry, so he tried  
to bite some kid, who cried -  
the other kids all shouted, "Yay!"

– a limerick.

**CAVEAT: POEM #433**

2017-10-07

□

Clouds drift, torn, vast, broken and scattering; destitute  
gods look  
downward to see what, where, who, how, why. Answers  
can't be found.

– a couplet of some kind of heptameter.

**CAVEAT: POEM #434**

2017-10-08

□

And thus it happens now, today,  
vacation days are past;  
in fact, it's bland cliché to say,  
but time went really fast.

– a quatrain in ballad meter.

**CAVEAT: POEM #435**

2017-10-09

□

Magic machines lurk listless and grim in the clouds as if  
history  
writes conversations alone, disregarding the rainbows  
that follow.

– a couplet of some kind of heptameter.

**CAVEAT: POEM #436**

2017-10-10

□

There might be rain now.  
Do you have your umbrella?  
Then, an autumn rain.

– a pseudo-haiku.

**CAVEAT: POEM #437**

2017-10-11

□

I looked up. Birds were flying south. The clouds  
were heavy, moving north. They passed like trains.

– *a couplet in blank verse (iambic pentameter).*

**CAVEAT: POEM #438**

2017-10-12

□

Microwave something to eat and then sit down to see if  
the world spins;  
write a few sentences hoping the meanings emerge from  
my pen's end.

– *a couplet of some kind of heptameter.*

**CAVEAT: POEM #439**

2017-10-13

□

Ghosts dwell between things  
and gesture with puffs of air  
to show their regrets.

– *a pseudo-haiku.*

**CAVEAT: POEM #440**

2017-10-14



It's difficult to go on Saturdays.  
There's just one class: those girls who hate to work.

– *a couplet in blank verse (iambic pentameter).*

**CAVEAT: POEM #441**

2017-10-15



The universe is not so big these days,  
the fasteners have taken over all.  
The problem is the lack of paper, since  
the cellulose was used for paperclips.

– *a quatrain in blank verse (iambic pentameter). This references the "paperclip maximizer" thought experiment in moral philosophy.*

**CAVEAT: POEM #442**

2017-10-16



The sun was large, and alligators played  
beneath a random rainbow made of trash.

– *a couplet in blank verse (iambic pentameter). Like many of my poems, this one references and describes a student drawing.*

**CAVEAT: POEM #443**

2017-10-17

□

Lately the poems are not coming so easily. Epics and  
haikus are  
difficult; weather and sunsets and student behavior  
become tired.

– a couplet of some kind of heptameter.

**CAVEAT: POEM #444**

2017-10-18

□

Dawn comes later now  
But gray gives way to silver  
blue or pink or gold

– a pseudo-haiku.

**CAVEAT: POEM #445**

2017-10-19

□

He felt a gladness, digging deeper...  
his shovel bit the dirt;  
but then he found a skelegator  
that bit him, oh it hurt!

– a quatrain in ballad meter. This references a student drawing.

**CAVEAT: POEM #446**

2017-10-20



The lines project across the hollow gulfs  
that underlie imagination's flights.

– *a couplet in blank verse (iambic pentameter).*

**CAVEAT: POEM #447**

2017-10-21



There is no poem that can get you unstuck from the daily  
experience.  
Actually, stuckness can only be tackled by diligent  
disregard.

– *a free-form couplet.*

**CAVEAT: POEM #448**

2017-10-22



The people brought machines to bear -  
they sought to solve some things.  
Instead they found they should submit  
beneath their gadgets' wings.

– *a quatrain in ballad meter.*

**CAVEAT: POEM #449**

2017-10-23

□

"What is appropriate," she asked, "when all around us  
the world burns?"

"Well let's discuss the gold sky's hues, then, or instead,  
let's sing," I said.

– a couplet in some meter I can't figure out now.

**CAVEAT: POEM #450**

2017-10-24

□

The air had turned cold  
as I walked home. At last Fall  
falls down from heaven.

– a pseudo-haiku.

**CAVEAT: POEM #451**

2017-10-25

□

Even in Goyang,  
sometimes woodsmoke scents the air.  
It smells like camping.

– a pseudo-haiku.

**CAVEAT: POEM #452**

2017-10-26

□

I listen to the radio:  
it's Minnesota news.  
It tells me it will snow today.  
I miss that sort of muse.

– a quatrain in ballad meter.

**CAVEAT: POEM #453**

2017-10-27

□

The world is chopped in pieces, then,  
the gods' desires irrelevant.

– a couplet in an awkward iambic tetrameter.

**CAVEAT: POEM #454**

2017-10-28

□

I came home from work.  
My computer was broken.  
So I did not blog.

– a pseudo-haiku.

**CAVEAT: POEM #455**

2017-10-29

□

A terrible inertia settles in  
created by exhaustion, setbacks, sighs.

– a couplet in free verse (iambic pentameter).

**CAVEAT: POEM #456**

2017-10-30

□

신의 은총이 없었다면 저도 저렇게 되었을 것이다

My coworker was sad. Her sister died.  
The cancer had declared its wish at last.  
The funeral was all the way across  
vast Seoul. These Koreans mourn the dead  
as they live - with kimchi and alcohol.  
The grace of god descended, so we kept  
our silences while poking rice with spoons  
and fetching bits of food with chopstick-thrusts.  
Of course my own unlikely failed demise  
was apropos - but felt indulgent too.  
I spoke about it with reluctance till  
at last we drove back down the Han to home.  
The night was cold. It carved heavenly paths;  
expressways sought to give us maps of hope.

– a sonnetish poem in blank verse (iambic pentameter). The title is a Korean translation of the famous aphorism "There but for the grace of God, go I," which is a paraphrase of 1 Corinthians 15:10.

**CAVEAT: POEM #457**

2017-10-31

□

Skeletons, mummies,  
witches and ghosts. The fall night  
decorates the trees.

*– a pseudo-haiku.*

**CAVEAT: POEM #458**

2017-11-01

□

Beasts of the Earth, part-uncoiled from the sphere, rising  
up skyward,  
cruising alongside the edge of the sky, become platforms  
of gold stone.

*– a couplet in some meter I can't figure out now.*

## CAVEAT: POEM #459

2017-11-02

□

Kay turned, saying, "My birthday was Saturday. Were you aware?" Next to me, she pushed out from her desk, but not looking at me.

"I didn't know." Put my head down, sighed. So she said, "And my sister died early Sunday. She still knew – in her coma – her deathday shouldn't be shared with my birthday." Suddenly tears were appearing. "I didn't plan on this... why am I crying again?" I sat silent.

Gathering scattered cool remnants of calm, she returned to her work. Just an odd, errant outburst of emotion disturbing smooth water.

Coda.

I watched a small orangegold leaf twist, struggle, detach float and then hang, now suspended against a wide orangegray sky, held there in place by a wind that was blowing from somewhere quite far.

It was so strange. Maybe life's endless terminations grant sweeping perspective on things – if not hope – and so, pulling my eyes down and away from the spinning dead leaf, in the end I keep walking.

– a prose poem.

**CAVEAT: POEM #460**

2017-11-03

□

The wind grasped puddles  
left over from morning rain  
and the moon was full.

– a *pseudo-haiku*.

**CAVEAT: POEM #461**

2017-11-04

□

A flash of red there  
hovering amid yellows  
and greens and buildings.

– a *pseudo-haiku*.

**CAVEAT: POEM #462**

2017-11-05

□

A twilight settles like dust on sand,  
the sky consumed by lavender,  
the clouds slightly soft and vague,  
the roar of cars on streets  
imperceptible  
until you pay  
attention:  
zooming...  
hiss.

– a *nonnet*.

**CAVEAT: POEM #463**

2017-11-06

□

I can taste the salt  
the other tongue-senses lost...  
but still there is salt.

– a *pseudo-haiku*.

**CAVEAT: POEM #464**

2017-11-07

□

Only one student  
came last night to that bad class  
so it was less bad.

– a *pseudo-haiku*.

**CAVEAT: POEM #465**

2017-11-08

□

sun  
shining  
down on me  
through my window  
actually it's  
annoying me a lot  
so i think i'll pull my shade  
and get it out of my eyes now  
it's not that i don't like the sun  
but well sometimes it gets on my nerves

– a *reverse nonnet*.

**CAVEAT: POEM #466**

2017-11-09

□

**회식**

Everyone seated on cushions, around a long table for  
 late night eating and drinking, a constant slow patter  
 of talk in Korean that I can't quite understand: the  
 ubiquitous Korean group dinner.

I have decided to write down and publish this ode to the  
 hwö-sik.

What is an ode? You expect me to tell you about bouts of  
 fondness, share some congenial anecdote.

No. I just sit and absorb words.

– a prose poem.

**CAVEAT: POEM #467**

2017-11-10

□

Heavy air of a hospital room  
 I knew I was having a dream  
 Dim lights illuminated  
 A bed, a chair, blankets  
 I lay unmoving  
 Outside myself  
 I just watched  
 My heart  
 Stopped

– a nonnet.

**CAVEAT: POEM #468**

2017-11-11

□

passing buses wail  
a magpie glides to a branch  
atoms get slower

– *a pseudo-haiku.*

**CAVEAT: POEM #469**

2017-11-12

□

I needed to get out of my house.  
I walked around my neighborhood.  
I saw a lot of buildings.  
I saw a lot of cars.  
I looked at the trees.  
I stepped on leaves.  
I saw birds.  
I thought.  
I.

– *a nonnet.*

**CAVEAT: POEM #470**

2017-11-13

□

You.  
 You talked.  
 You explained.  
 You challenged me.  
 You gave me presents.  
 You said, "Don't ever change."  
 You lived, laughed, traveled, and cried.  
 You said, "You've changed." I had to leave.  
 You then made clear the world was not yours.

– a reverse nonnet.

**CAVEAT: POEM #471**

2017-11-14

□

A leaf tore loose and fluttered down.  
 A girl was walking slow.  
 She saw the leaf and stretched her hand.  
 She caught it like a pro.

– a quatrain in ballad meter

**CAVEAT: POEM #472**

2017-11-15

□

I heard that it snowed  
 from my students. But the ground  
 was snowless by noon.

– a pseudo-haiku.

**CAVEAT: POEM #473**

2017-11-16

□

long meetings eat time  
time gyres around like a top  
then time eats the sky

– *a pseudo-haiku.*

**CAVEAT: POEM #474**

2017-11-17

□

Solidly overcast sky pins people like butterflies, broken  
creatures who lack any purpose or meaning, and  
nothing is spoken.

– *a strange, free-form couplet (there is a metrical experiment going on but I can't quite figure it out).*

**CAVEAT: POEM #475**

2017-11-18

□

the high today was  
zero degrees. winter has  
arrived here early.

– *a pseudo-haiku.*

**CAVEAT: POEM #476**

2017-11-19



Red-robed rogues rumble reductive rhetoric rhotically.  
 Relatedly, robots rule regions, run rhinoceros races.

– *a free-form, hazardously alliterative couplet.*

**CAVEAT: POEM #477**

2017-11-20



Snow:  
 drifting  
 through the air  
 but not sticking  
 to anything, just  
 making big promises  
 and icy atmospherics  
 which no one can appreciate  
 because they don't like feeling so cold.

– *a reverse nonnet.*

**CAVEAT: POEM #478**

2017-11-21



What color is dawn?  
 How does it contrast with night?  
 Today, it is gray.

– *a pseudo-haiku.*

**CAVEAT: POEM #479**

2017-11-22

□

Words spill out like cars on a highway.  
They spin swirls, like oil on water.  
Rising up, they take on birds.  
They mumble to themselves.  
And problems emerge.  
Difficult words.  
Confusing.  
Gentle.  
Stop.

– *a nonnet.*

**CAVEAT: POEM #480**

2017-11-23

□

and she was sitting there, like happy,  
and, like, not a care in the world,  
and she goes, like, "whatever,"  
and she holds her hand out,  
and she's smiling, too,  
and I agree,  
and, well, see,  
and then,  
and...

– *a nonnet.*

**CAVEAT: POEM #481**

2017-11-24

□

The air was biting  
 the bones of trees. The winter  
 had come to freeze all.

– a *pseudo-haiku*.

**CAVEAT: POEM #482**

2017-11-25

□

My two plants don't do that much - the table  
 holds them, and their leaves just touch -  
 or somesuch.

– an *englyn cil-dwrn*.

**CAVEAT: POEM #483**

2017-11-26

□

light  
 reveals  
 what's hidden  
 among atoms  
 and up in the trees  
 tracing fractal motions  
 distorted undulations  
 aimless disquisitions of form  
 leaves, for example, caught in the wind.

– a *reverse nonnet*.

**CAVEAT: POEM #484**

2017-11-27

□

and now i have become dissatisfied  
with how i number all these little poems.  
perhaps a change could be created soon  
to leave it all confused, disjoint, and new.

*– a quatrain in blank verse (iambic pentameter). This is the point  
were I began my "universal numbering scheme" for my blog-poems,  
and retroactively attached numbers back to #1, which was a lot of  
work at the time. I suppose it could be said that this is when I finally  
made the commitment to write daily poems into the indefinite  
future.*

**CAVEAT: POEM #485**

2017-11-28

□

A poem is like a conversation where  
you hurl your words out slow and there's no end.

*– a couplet in blank verse (iambic pentameter).*

**CAVEAT: POEM #486**

2017-11-29

□

the hills are dull, like metal surfaces  
impossible to burnish, impossible.

*– a free-form couplet.*

**CAVEAT: POEM #487**

2017-11-30

□

The sky's fingers reach  
 down, grasping trees winter's stripped  
 to desolation.

– a *pseudo-haiku*.

**CAVEAT: POEM #488**

2017-12-01

□

with devastation the gods showed their wrath  
 till only dust remained, and drifted bits  
 of snow were heaped at time's old edges then.

– a *tercet in (almost) blank verse (iambic pentameter with an error)*.

**CAVEAT: POEM #489**

2017-12-02

□

Sometimes sleep comes but then leaves just as fast,  
 and I'm left with what night weaves...  
 the mind grieves.

– an *englyn cil-dwrn*.

**CAVEAT: POEM #490**

2017-12-03

□

Around me, the world unfurls itself.  
I watch with curiosity:  
Colors are bright and sublime,  
people speak streams of words,  
always new meanings.  
But when I eat,  
it's so sad:  
food is  
bland.

– *a nonnet.*

**CAVEAT: POEM #491**

2017-12-04

□

All-seeing: alligator hovering,  
like some god-like creator,  
but greater.

– *an englyn cil-dwrn. Like many of my poems, this one describes a student drawing.*

**CAVEAT: POEM #492**

2017-12-05

□

With my angry words deployed, and yelling,  
I ranted like some annoyed,  
mad android.

– *an englyn cil-dwrn.*

**CAVEAT: POEM #493**

2017-12-06

□

So I left my home to walk to work,  
saw wayward puffs of snow, spinning  
and dancing in the strong wind.  
A gray sky added rain.  
The rain turned to snow  
then turned to rain  
turned to snow  
turned to  
rain.

– *a nonnet.*

**CAVEAT: POEM #494**

2017-12-07

□

The moon is orange.  
Not quite full. Autumn waning...  
Frost lines the puddles.

– *a pseudo-haiku.*

**CAVEAT: POEM #495**

2017-12-08

□

sounds  
that fail  
to form words,  
but just spill out  
like torrential rain -  
at some moments quiet  
incoherent murmurings,  
but then drumming against the walls,  
aggressive, challenging all meanings

– *a reverse nonnet.*

**CAVEAT: POEM #496**

2017-12-09

□

What city is this?  
Chaos made of many streets.  
A strip of cold grass.

– *a pseudo-haiku.*

**CAVEAT: POEM #497**

2017-12-10

□

A bowl of noodles suggests stability.  
But it's not so stable. They get eaten.

– *a free-form couplet.*

**CAVEAT: POEM #498**

2017-12-11

□

No movement. No snow.  
Stars. Cold air. Bitter wind. Stones.  
Ice on the sidewalk.

– a *pseudo-haiku*.

**CAVEAT: POEM #499**

2017-12-12

□

Clouds of crystalline and silver  
breathe across the landscapes, crafting  
angels made of sunlight.

– a *free-form tercet*.

**CAVEAT: POEM #500**

2017-12-13

□

Try to dream a world? I can't.  
Nothing comes. A world is vast.

– a *free-form couplet*.

**CAVEAT: POEM #501**

2017-12-14

□

If you write down enough words, taking care  
to craft them, at last some verbs  
become birds.

– *an englyn cil-dwrn.*

**CAVEAT: POEM #502**

2017-12-15

□

Happiness an abstract yearning...  
wonder what it means.  
Then you know the world is turning,  
seeing how time's engine's burning,  
mood is caught, careens.

– *a quintain in a trochaic meter.*

**CAVEAT: POEM #503**

2017-12-16

□

Right on the edge of the night, the dawn stalks,  
perhaps turning time finite,  
the sky white.

– *an englyn cil-dwrn.*

**CAVEAT: POEM #504**

2017-12-17



Snow has fallen all around us.  
Humans make their patterns:  
Clear a path here, pile it slightly..  
whitish drapes in tatters.

– a quatrain in alternating trochaic lines of tetrameter and trimeter  
(I suppose this could be called a trochaic ballad meter?).

**CAVEAT: POEM #505**

2017-12-18



I have two neighbors, who both, it seems,  
like to make noise. One plays keyboard,  
repeating the same bland tune.  
The other cleans her floor  
with a rattling  
floor sweeper thing.  
Today, they  
were in  
sync.

– a nonnet.

**CAVEAT: POEM #506**

2017-12-19

□

"Nieve, pues, que caiga nieve..."  
El cielo siempre la nieve  
acá en Corea promete,  
mas las promesas carecen  
de sentido – no se atreve.

– *un poema en métrica romance.*

**CAVEAT: POEM #507**

2017-12-20

□

Now, I crave something,  
then I'll make it or buy it.  
I eat nostalgia.

– *a pseudo-haiku.*

**CAVEAT: POEM #508**

2017-12-21

□

I could sit and sip my tea from its cup  
trying to think or to see  
like a tree.

– *an englyn cil-dwrn.*

**CAVEAT: POEM #509**

2017-12-22

□

And then the day warmed –  
snow turned to slush and melted –  
Winter's first, springlike.

– a *pseudo-haiku*.

**CAVEAT: POEM #510**

2017-12-23

□

I said to them "Let's choose a song to do,  
that everyone agrees is fun to learn."  
They wasted over fifteen minutes while  
deciding what they thought would be the best,  
and then at last we started through the song...  
a hand shot up: "This song is boring! Stop!"

– a *sextet in blank verse (iambic pentameter)*.

**CAVEAT: POEM #511**

2017-12-24

□

Sun  
rises  
and slowly  
illuminates  
the snow-covered trees  
lurking on the hillsides  
until a lance of purple  
and gold reaches out to just touch  
the frosted edge of my window frame.

– *a reverse nonnet.*

**CAVEAT: POEM #512**

2017-12-25

□

Some coffee and bread –  
It's my simple morning meal.  
Outside, silver sky.

– *a pseudo-haiku.*

**CAVEAT: POEM #513**

2017-12-26

□

The gnawing cold was crawling through my clothes  
The sky was clear, a stroke of artist's blue.

– *a couplet in blank verse (iambic pentameter).*

**CAVEAT: POEM #514**

2017-12-27

□

Then, I took some words and placed them,  
 Face up, meanings showing.  
 Knowing what they meant, all humdrum,  
 Still you pondered, asking, why some  
 Words were missed: "It's snowing."

– *a quintain in a trochaic meter.*

**CAVEAT: POEM #515**

2017-12-27

□

I went to dinner  
 after work. Colleagues quitting,  
 others now starting.

– *a pseudo-haiku.*

**CAVEAT: POEM #516**

2017-12-29

□

Yesterday morning I rose, boiled water  
 for coffee, wrote some dull prose,  
 put on clothes.

– *an englyn cil-dwrn.*

**CAVEAT: POEM #517**

2017-12-30

□

Clouds crumble and fall  
dissolving into bland rain  
what kind of winter?

– *a pseudo-haiku.*

**CAVEAT: POEM #518**

2017-12-31

□

It's just another year end, no big deal.  
Still, you ask, what might portend,  
where paths wend.

– *an englyn cil-dwrn.*

**CAVEAT: POEM #519**

2018-01-01

□

Twice a year, now, I get checked for cancer;  
these dates with doctors, big machines and fate...  
small fears begin to worm into my mind:  
I can't retain a happy, easy mood.

– *a quatrain in pentameter (a trochaic line and 3 iambic lines).*

**CAVEAT: POEM #520**

2018-01-02

□

The doctor's office was still the same.  
"I don't see anything," he said,  
looking at the CT scan,  
and pushing on the mouse.  
I felt the tension  
rush out of me.  
I could breathe.  
He smiled.  
Good.

– *a nonnet.*

**CAVEAT: POEM #521**

2018-01-03

□

Chill night holds the trees  
taut to her body like ghosts  
refusing to die.

– *a pseudo-haiku.*

**CAVEAT: POEM #522**

2018-01-04

□

The conversation takes a wrong turn.  
The mood slips down into a mode  
of a defensive anger.  
Words then transform themselves  
into parries, thrusts.  
Whence this attack?  
Disturbing.  
Seething.  
Dark.

– *a nonnet.*

**CAVEAT: POEM #523**

2018-01-05

□

Of course the winter is cold, I might muse  
walking homeward from work.. old,  
not so bold.

– *an englyn cil-dwrn.*

**CAVEAT: POEM #524**

2018-01-06

□

Certain flaws of character  
tattooed on the skin of the soul  
and borne agonistically  
through the beautiful world  
without compromise or clarity.

– *a free-form poem.*

**CAVEAT: POEM #525**

2018-01-07



The snow doesn't come when it's forecast,  
instead it waits and just sneaks in  
at those unexpected times  
between the days and hours,  
at the welds of time.  
No one sees it:  
the sky fills...  
motes of  
white.

– *a nonnet.*

**CAVEAT: POEM #526**

2018-01-08



The snow stuck in spots,  
in weird patterns on sidewalks  
in patches near trees.

– *a pseudo-haiku.*

**CAVEAT: POEM #527**

2018-01-09

□

Just  
 Tuesday.  
 The long week  
 stretches ahead.  
 Though I like my work,  
 Sometimes I start feeling  
 stuck, frustrated, and doubtful,  
 about my actual teaching.  
 Wanting to be good isn't enough.

– *a reverse nonnet.*

**CAVEAT: POEM #528**

2018-01-10

□

The frigid air, a week before, had lurked  
 across America, but now, it seems,  
 it's slipped beyond the polar realms, and down  
 into the east of Asia where I am.

– *a quatrain in blank verse (iambic pentameter).*

**CAVEAT: POEM #529**

2018-01-11

□

Lift the pencil, write some lines,  
 Force the words all out.  
 Graphite glyphs as yearned for signs,  
 Making text that redefines  
 Facts as seeds of doubt.

– *a quintain in a trochaic meter.*

**CAVEAT: POEM #530**

2018-01-12

□

A dull piece of bread,  
 Some coffee with added milk,  
 Snow falling at dawn.

– *a pseudo-haiku.*

**CAVEAT: POEM #531**

2018-01-13

□

The day had started with snow, unfolding  
 like a monotone rainbow,  
 hours ago.

– *an englyn cil-dwrn.*

**CAVEAT: POEM #532**

2018-01-14

□

Gold bits spin beneath closed eyes  
Nothing but the night cares  
Moons and planets grasp dark skies  
Dead and broken leaves breathe sighs  
Nothing but the night cares

– *a quintain in a trochaic meter.*

**CAVEAT: POEM #533**

2018-01-15

□

Some lesson plans – despite hopes – seem to fail.  
Against this, the teacher mopes  
or just copes.

– *an englyn cil-dwrn.*

**CAVEAT: POEM #534**

2018-01-16

□

The sky was grayish  
with some tinges of yellow.  
The earth was made air.

– *a pseudo-haiku.*

**CAVEAT: POEM #535**

2018-01-17

□

The other day I woke. It was dark.  
 I made coffee. Sat for a while.  
 Light clarified my window.  
 So I stood to look out.  
 I saw clouds and sky.  
 Why does the sky  
 crack into  
 fragments?  
 Dawn.

– *a nonnet.***CAVEAT: POEM #536**

2018-01-18

□

The emperor doesn't care that he's naked.  
 He's like, check this shit out, man, and fuck you all.

– *a free-form couplet.***CAVEAT: POEM #537**

2018-01-19

□

Dreams unfurl like flags of symbols  
 each unknown in context:  
 first I saw the men make troubles,  
 then one man whose face resembles  
 world destroying vortex...

– *a quintain in a trochaic meter.*

**CAVEAT: POEM #538**

2018-01-20

□

Remember when to yawn seemed refreshing?  
Yawning now sucks: cancer-themed  
pain undreamed.

– *an englyn cil-dwrn.*

**CAVEAT: POEM #539**

2018-01-21

□

Age asserted pains and torments,  
Feelings drifted downward.  
Guillible neuronal contents  
Spun and spiralled, broke in segments,  
Grim-faced birds of doubt soared.

– *a quintain in a trochaic meter.*

**CAVEAT: POEM #540**

2018-01-22

□

no  
este  
cielo gris  
bien nublado  
y agonizante  
no nos muestra nada  
ninguna cara triste  
ni una palabra de odio  
sino que dios nos ha hablado así

– *un noneto en revés.*

**CAVEAT: POEM #541**

2018-01-23

□

The Martians came for lovely weather, then,  
 and put up houses on the tops of hills  
 to look out over earth's inhabitants.  
 They were in fact invading just for fun.

– a quatrain in blank verse (iambic pentameter).

**CAVEAT: POEM #542**

2018-01-24

□

Skies aglow with drops of Canaan,  
 cupric calm advancing,  
 broken blue and sun-filled heaven  
 frozen earth, all motion waning,  
 stones will stop their dancing.

– a quintain in a trochaic meter.

**CAVEAT: POEM #543**

2018-01-25

□

clear time tumbles down  
 spilling out onto the path  
 forming ice crystals

– a pseudo-haiku.

**CAVEAT: POEM #544**

2018-01-26

□

I have one hour till I have to go.  
 I'll make one more cup of coffee.  
 And think of something to write.  
 It's hard to imagine.  
 Meanwhile the sun slants.  
 Dust motes settle.  
 Motionless.  
 Static.  
 Still.

– *a nonnet.***CAVEAT: POEM #545**

2018-01-27

□

**December, 627 A.D.**

The Emperor Iraklios disliked  
 the foggy plains where Sumer once held sway.  
 He marched for Ctesiphon, but then turned back;  
 they'd cut the bridges, stopping any chance.  
 He'd made his point regardless: King of Kings  
 in Persia signed the treaty in the end.

– *a sextet in blank verse (iambic pentameter).*

**CAVEAT: POEM #546**

2018-01-28

□

isolation gives  
a needed rest. the sun shines  
but the air is cold.

– a *pseudo-haiku*.

**CAVEAT: POEM #547**

2018-01-29

□

In the monster's mind was pain, so it thrashed;  
it killed rather than complain –  
not quite sane.

– an *englyn cil-dwrn*.

**CAVEAT: POEM #548**

2018-01-30

□

a few snowflakes fell  
some fat ones drifting sideways  
children tasted them

– a *pseudo-haiku*.

**CAVEAT: POEM #549**

2018-01-31

□

Air and earth and latent meaning  
made of categories,  
skulking there behind the leaning  
sheets of stone just intervening –  
all important stories.

– *a quintain in a trochaic meter.*

**CAVEAT: POEM #550**

2018-02-01

□

dark path... I looked up  
the red moon staining old snow  
over in the east

– *a pseudo-haiku.*

**CAVEAT: POEM #551**

2018-02-02

□

that wild man enkidu in the fields  
galivanting and breaking things  
shaking his fist at the sun  
no one approved of this  
the woman shamhat  
went out to him  
there that's nice  
now he's  
tamed

– *a nonnet.*

**CAVEAT: POEM #552**

2018-02-03

□

Work to ignore the critic, just babbling...  
 but – like trees – eremitic...  
 dendritic.

– *an englyn cil-dwrn.*

**CAVEAT: POEM #553**

2018-02-04

□

The tower rose, all arabesque and white  
 a thrusting gesture at the patient skies.

– *a couplet in blank verse (iambic pentameter)*

**CAVEAT: POEM #554**

2018-02-05

□

Each day turns up one new card  
 this one tells me nothing  
 knowing meanings can be hard  
 emptiness puts me on guard  
 maybe it's just bluffing

– *a quintain in a trochaic meter.*

**CAVEAT: POEM #555**

2018-02-06

□

She said, "Spring will come."  
I said, "Yes, but it's okay.  
I don't mind the cold."

– *a pseudo-haiku.*

**CAVEAT: POEM #556**

2018-02-07

□

Clouds.  
Fiercely  
floating there  
in the epic  
unsupportable  
vastness of winter sky.  
Beyond them lies only space,  
and the occasional lost god,  
hoping to catch any errant prayers.

– *a reverse nonnet.*

**CAVEAT: POEM #557**

2018-02-08

□

This morning, waking up, inventing things:  
I crafted blooming consciousness from dust.

– *a couplet in blank verse (iambic pentameter).*

**CAVEAT: POEM #558**

2018-02-09

□

I unrolled the map and looked at it:  
 it showed my life's topographies  
 laid out like pointillist art  
 with little swirls and curves  
 demarcating space  
 and limning time  
 and at last  
 nothing  
 more.

– *a nonnet.***CAVEAT: POEM #559**

2018-02-10

□

the day was springlike  
 the air warmer; and so smog  
 made an appearance.

– *a pseudo-haiku.***CAVEAT: POEM #560**

2018-02-11

□

They worshipped trees ensconced in pyramids.  
 Above the trees the starry sky hung, cold.

– *a couplet in blank verse (iambic pentameter).*

**CAVEAT: POEM #561**

2018-02-12

□

The ancient man arose and climbed the hill,  
 the scent of eucalypts bestrode the breeze.  
 He brought his withered body like a weight  
 to be discarded once the gods were met.

– a quatrain in blank verse (iambic pentameter).

**CAVEAT: POEM #562**

2018-02-13

□

He climbed those many steps, and reached the top.  
 The tree was brandishing its branches high,  
 awaiting human sacrifice and blood,  
 at least as metaphor for tasting life.

– a quatrain in blank verse (iambic pentameter).

**CAVEAT: POEM #563**

2018-02-14

□

Walking down some piney ridgeline –  
 where is Gobong Mountain?  
 No one paused in dodging sunshine  
 nor remarked the landscape's incline...  
 no response was counted.

– a quintain in a trochaic meter.

**CAVEAT: POEM #564**

2018-02-15

□

I had a dream about a bed  
 it all developed in my head  
 I thought I might begin to rest  
 but then I woke; it wasn't best.

– a quatrain in iambic tetrameter.

**CAVEAT: POEM #565**

2018-02-16

□

Today was Lunar New Year's day. I sat  
 and contemplated those things never known.

– a couplet of iambic pentameter.

**CAVEAT: POEM #566**

2018-02-17

□

Words align like birds arrayed and  
 fanning out, just flying;  
 shifting metaphors... a brigand  
 stumbles, falls in forest quicksand:  
 thus my meaning failing.

– a quintain in a trochaic meter.

**CAVEAT: POEM #567**

2018-02-18

□

night consumed the air  
wreaking havoc among dust  
taking bites of clouds

– *a pseudo-haiku.*

**CAVEAT: POEM #568**

2018-02-19

□

The plain was littered with stunted trees.  
A faceless horizon swept out,  
distilling epics and dreams.  
The companion was gone,  
and so he just kept  
walking alone  
there under  
heaven's  
gaze.

– *a nonnet.*

**CAVEAT: POEM #569**

2018-02-20

□

The moon was an arc:  
narrow, upturned, welcoming  
heaven to the earth.

– *a pseudo-haiku.*

**CAVEAT: POEM #570**

2018-02-21

□

certain thoughts hove into focus  
 seeping in and dreaming  
 hypnagogical hypnosis  
 teasing tastes of blooming lotus  
 downward notions streaming

– *a quintain in a trochaic meter.*

**CAVEAT: POEM #571**

2018-02-22

□

late fragments of snow  
 or freezing rain pelt my face  
 but they're selling spring

– *a pseudo-haiku.*

**CAVEAT: POEM #572**

2018-02-23

□

Why harbor such bitterness, you might ask?  
 Disgruntlement is timeless...  
 I digress.

– *an englyn cil-dwrn.*

**CAVEAT: POEM #573**

2018-02-24

□

sometimes you feel like  
cleaning things out – it's a mess...  
you could blame the spring

– a *pseudo-haiku*.

**CAVEAT: POEM #574**

2018-02-25

□

The sky was greenish  
because the sun was setting  
and there were few clouds.

– a *pseudo-haiku*.

**CAVEAT: POEM #575**

2018-02-26

□

I put slices of bread on a plate.  
They're better if I heat them some.  
Coffee, just instant, is fine.  
There must be some water.  
It's pretty boring.  
But my taste buds  
were removed:  
food's not  
fun.

– a *nonnet*.

**CAVEAT: POEM #576**

2018-02-27



The brooding brain did not discuss its plans,  
Nor did the body act on brain's behalf.

– *a couplet of blank verse (iambic pentameter).*

**CAVEAT: POEM #577**

2018-02-28



Night was a blue and impossible arch that descended  
from heavenly  
spaces and darker than demonic hearts, and all rain-  
washed, untouchable.

– *a couplet of dactylic hexameter.*

**CAVEAT: POEM #578**

2018-03-01



every night we die;  
in the morning the world's new:  
just walking circles.

– *a pseudo-haiku.*

**CAVEAT: POEM #579**

2018-03-02

□

The sky was quite bright  
because of the moon. There was ice  
grasping the sidewalk.

– *a pseudo-haiku.*

**CAVEAT: POEM #580**

2018-03-03

□

Out from experience slowly we render the concepts by  
writing.  
Sometimes the poem appears in a billowing cloud like a  
sunset  
gathering empire of birds: just some random  
arrangement of dactyls.

– *a tercet of dactylic hexameter.*

**CAVEAT: POEM #581**

2018-03-04

□

The transformation into spring begun:  
cold raindrops – scattered pattern sketched and seen  
upon my window's wiry gridded screen,  
as if they're stranded insects in the sun.

– *a quatrain in iambic pentameter.*

**CAVEAT: POEM #582**

2018-03-05

□

well  
 sometimes  
 the many  
 diversified  
 spinning and whirling  
 motes of meaning begin  
 to gather and coalesce  
 into a knowable network  
 of nodes arrayed like drunk weavers' cloth

– *a reverse nonnet.*

**CAVEAT: POEM #583**

2018-03-06

□

Blue is the color of heaven's great kingdom, and  
 Blue can be seen as a manifestation, a  
 Blue and apparently vast inspiration, but  
 Blue in this country, well sometimes it's green.

– *a quatrain in dactylic tetrameter.*

**CAVEAT: POEM #584**

2018-03-07

□

luminosity  
 appears unbidden. the sky  
 invites reflection.

– *a pseudo-haiku.*

**CAVEAT: POEM #585**

2018-03-08

□

emerging from sleep  
fragments of anotherworld  
shatter against dawn

– *a pseudo-haiku.*

**CAVEAT: POEM #586**

2018-03-09

□

An overcast dawn asserted rights  
to pale entry through my window,  
and leaching out my room's warmth,  
grasped the edges of things  
until they were seen  
and knowable,  
stained with truth,  
silver,  
gray.

– *a nonnet.*

**CAVEAT: POEM #587**

2018-03-10

□

Despair instantiates an arrogance  
of sorts, a solipsistic mirroring  
that only can permit one type of cause.

– *a tercet of blank verse (iambic pentameter).*

**CAVEAT: POEM #588**

2018-03-11

□

yesterday's smog hung listless in my mind  
the gray atmosphere's kindness  
her caress.

– *an englyn cil-dwrn.*

**CAVEAT: POEM #589**

2018-03-12

□

"Hey kids! How are you?  
Did you all do your homework?"  
... faces showed no joy.

– *a pseudo-haiku.*

**CAVEAT: POEM #590**

2018-03-13

□

knowledge accretes to my soul like space dust  
so the mind is somewhat full  
but not dull

– *an englyn cil-dwrn.*

**CAVEAT: POEM #591**

2018-03-14

□

The arrow of time entrains the morning  
and some coffee and again  
I see rain.

– *an englyn cil-dwrn.*

**CAVEAT: POEM #592**

2018-03-15

□

When rain is forecast,  
the sun comes. When it says sun,  
clouds gather and brood.

– *a pseudo-haiku.*

**CAVEAT: POEM #593**

2018-03-16

□

Through the night's substance  
I tug against the cold air  
trying to find stars.

– *a pseudo-haiku.*

**CAVEAT: POEM #594**

2018-03-17

□

In fact I don't much like crowds, they press in...  
 I prefer to be with clouds –  
 unholy shrouds.

– *an englyn cil-dwrn.*

**CAVEAT: POEM #595**

2018-03-18

□

I'll write this "englyn penfyr" for Dylan:  
 may this young man know no fear,  
 may his wisdom grow each year.

– *an englyn penfyr. This englyn was written to commemorate my nephew's upcoming graduation from 8th grade.*

**CAVEAT: POEM #596**

2018-03-19

□

The sea rose up and swallowed the land  
 immersing the empty spaces  
 with a tide of blue pixels  
 seething around houses  
 always behind things  
 under features  
 pale blue dots  
 here there  
 here

– *a nonnet.*

**CAVEAT: POEM #597**

2018-03-20

□

And I awoke: the air was viscous dust,  
athwart my jaw reclined some ghosts who had  
a blurry taste, frustration edible.

– *a few lines of blank verse (iambic pentameter).*

**CAVEAT: POEM #598**

2018-03-21

□

The first day of spring  
delivered snow with the rain  
but the snow melted.

– *a pseudo-haiku.*

**CAVEAT: POEM #599**

2018-03-22

□

I got home feeling so very tired.  
I boiled some water to make tea.  
The tea bag hung in a glass.  
Hot water put off steam.  
Time gnawed the edges.  
In the water,  
tendrils of  
crimson  
fall.

– *a nonnet.*

**CAVEAT: POEM #600**

2018-03-23

□

my nam yu no  
 alligaytur  
 i want tu ete  
 a mungki, shur,  
 or stoodents, yum,  
 in ther nise haus  
 but meenwile tho  
 i lik the maus

*– a bredlik. This poem is in a completely new form, recently emergent from internet memedom, called "bredlik." In fact it's a pretty structured form, with requirements of rhyme, meter, theme and even a kind of anti-spelling convention. Linguists have been observing its development. The misspellings are not meant to seem illiterate or childish, rather, they in fact somewhat emulate the fluid orthographies of Middle English. I would add that the deliberate misspelling also successfully conveys the orality of the poem in the context of the overwhelmingly textual medium of internet-based forums and chats. So I decided to make my own, about my classroom's ubiquitous alligator character.*

**CAVEAT: POEM #601**

2018-03-24

□

the brownian drift  
 of the gray bubbles of smog  
 scale to atmosphere

*– a pseudo-haiku.*

**CAVEAT: POEM #602**

2018-03-25

□

A corporeal rebellion arose,  
demon king goes cell by cell,  
whom body could not expel.

– *an englyn penfyr.*

**CAVEAT: POEM #603**

2018-03-26

□

The night is too thick:  
Highrises' lights vague and dim;  
Air stiflingly chill.

– *a pseudo-haiku.*

**CAVEAT: POEM #604**

2018-03-27

□

Sometimes the day starts  
with a sense of frustration  
but ends feeling fine.

– *a pseudo-haiku.*

**CAVEAT: POEM #605**

2018-03-28

□

Thirst.  
 Some nights...  
 I wake up  
 from restless dreams,  
 my mouth dry, broken.  
 So I get some water,  
 and pace my apartment's floor,  
 digesting the dissolving webs  
 of grimly inchoate chimeras.

– a reverse nonnet.

**CAVEAT: POEM #606**

2018-03-29

□

I spilled some water  
 there on my floor. Then I stepped  
 in it. What is that?

– a pseudo-haiku.

**CAVEAT: POEM #607**

2018-03-30

□

The moon presented silver face,  
 and hid her broad coquettish smile  
 Behind a veil of springtime smog.

– a tercet of iambic tetrameter.

**CAVEAT: POEM #608**

2018-03-31

□

Kiamon never once thought on her fate  
Grimly she battled to push down her hate  
Hoping perhaps to at last find her goal  
Kiamon willingly gave up her soul.

*– a quatrain in dactylic tetrameter. I often write about imaginary places, situations and characters. Kiamon is probably one of the most frequently-occurring such characters. She's a warrior in an inverisimilitudinous, pre-technological era.*

**CAVEAT: POEM #609**

2018-04-01

□

Aochra fought his way across the steppes,  
Not once pausing. Sand and stones just watched.  
Fearsome was his wrath where'er he stepped:  
Each one killed, his counting stick was notched.

*– a quatrain in dactylic tetrameter.*

**CAVEAT: POEM #610**

2018-04-02

□

Softly, trees will bend  
Gently, the moon might part clouds  
Darkly, orange ghosts...

*– a pseudo-haiku.*

**CAVEAT: POEM #611**

2018-04-03

□

Spring  
 was out  
 and about  
 today, showing  
 trees all a-flower  
 and announcing magpies  
 among the fallen needles  
 of past years' silhouetted pines  
 beneath gray skies of filigreed time.

– *a reverse nonnet.*

**CAVEAT: POEM #612**

2018-04-04

□

The thing about rain  
 in the springtime: birds like it;  
 they make noise and play.

– *a pseudo-haiku.*

**CAVEAT: POEM #613**

2018-04-05

□

cold rain, breath in puffs,  
 sound of car tires on wet roads,  
 childhood in shadows.

– *a pseudo-haiku.*

**CAVEAT: POEMS #614 AND #615**

2018-04-06

□

There once was Moby, a white whale  
 and some narrator named Ishmael  
 and these guys on a boat  
 that soon failed to float  
 with digressions, and prose that was stale.

– a limerick. This is my own "retelling in limerick form" of a well-known work of literature, inspired by a post on the languagehat blog, which in turn had been inspired by some discussion on a website called wordorigins. Another limerick:

□

If you want limericks to have a capacity  
 to show anything more than verbosity  
 and to thusly afford  
 some readers unbored  
 Then they'll need to include some offbeacity

– a limerick.

**CAVEAT: POEM #616**

2018-04-07

□

Cohut: she played in fields and sands,  
 and knowing only love and games,  
 until the day when warring bands  
 with swift, hard strokes revoked her names.

– a quatrain in iambic tetrameter.

**CAVEAT: POEM #617**

2018-04-08

□

Well, snow in April!  
The bold flakes tasted the air...  
but spun out, failing.

– a *pseudo-haiku*.

**CAVEAT: POEM #618**

2018-04-09

□

Kiamon never once thought on her fate  
Gamely she played along, planning to wait  
Patience came easy when dreams were all clear  
Doubts never showed themselves; neither did fear.

– a *quatrain in dactylic tetrameter*.

**CAVEAT: POEM #619**

2018-04-10



Two days ago, there was snow.

A freakishly dry and feverish wind thrust hard from the west.

Early spring blossoms fled torn from their hospitable branches, disconsolate.

Young men strode uncoated, with wild hair flailing like cut tentacles.

And garish bits of paper breathlessly licked at the sides of insentient buses.

Four hours later, there was a warm drizzle falling.

– *a free-form poem.*

**CAVEAT: POEM #620**

2018-04-11



I put her there, in front of class. I said,  
 "You're teacher – boss!" The boys in back were bad,  
 They joked, and made the rudest sounds. She stood,  
 With folded arms and grave aplomb and verve:  
 "If you don't mind, I'd like to go on now."  
 For all the world an old hand at these things.  
 In fact she showed more wisdom than I do,  
 In such soft voice, at such an age – thirteen.

– *a bit of blank verse (iambic pentameter).*

**CAVEAT: POEM #621**

2018-04-12



Consciousness derails, off track it will fly...  
 I feel it, a kind of lack:  
 only black.

– *an englyn cil-dwrn.*

**CAVEAT: POEM #622**

2018-04-13



One day there was an alligator  
 who lived down near the warm equator  
 a monkey came along  
 and sang a stupid song  
 so with a grin the reptile ate her

– *a limerick.*

**CAVEAT: POEM #623**

2018-04-14



Kiamon never once thought on her fate  
 Episodes happened that sometimes did grate:  
 Cruelty is not something done without need...  
 Cut with a blade, then, the soul can be freed.

– *a quatrain in dactylic tetrameter.*

**CAVEAT: POEM #624**

2018-04-15

□

Almost a ghost, and just drifting through time,  
Face made of bones and untouched by the grime,  
Nevertheless, like a fighter he came,  
Stories and prophecies spilled out like flame.

– a quatrain in dactylic tetrameter.

**CAVEAT: POEM #625**

2018-04-16

□

Some streams flow mindward  
waters gather at edges  
where thoughts touch atoms

– a pseudo-haiku.

**CAVEAT: POEM #626**

2018-04-17

□

My houseplants grimly  
await my failure to give  
the water they need.

– a pseudo-haiku.

**CAVEAT: POEM #627**

2018-04-18

□

the light comes earlier, dawn grasps at clouds  
 who yield their shrouds and pass on  
 the night: gone

– *an englyn cil-dwrn.*

**CAVEAT: POEM #628**

2018-04-19

□

the sky is just gray  
 the air is thick with blossoms  
 the sidewalk is rough

– *a pseudo-haiku.*

**CAVEAT: POEM #629**

2018-04-20

□

The monkey met the crocodiles.  
 "We want to eat you," so they said.  
 "I prefer playing, all the while,"  
 He told them. Now poor monkey's dead.

– *a quatrain in iambic tetrameter.*

**CAVEAT: POEM #630**

2018-04-21

□

Profligate blooms are beholden to nature's control  
Substance, divinity interconnect and unroll.

– *a couplet in dactylic pentameter.*

**CAVEAT: POEM #631**

2018-04-22

□

some weekends feel grim  
a kind of slog through failure  
and a gray rain falls.

– *a pseudo-haiku.*

**CAVEAT: POEM #632**

2018-04-23

□

In the cooker I put rice, with water  
Adding some curry'd be nice  
or beans, well, it would suffice.

– *an englyn penfyr.*

**CAVEAT: POEM #633**

2018-04-24

□

let's  
 forage  
 here and there  
 through shattered minds  
 across broken space  
 and hopefully begin  
 to find little, lost fragments  
 of blue, transcendent perception  
 scintillating in a rain puddle.

– *a reverse nonnet.*

**CAVEAT: POEM #634**

2018-04-25

□

The light does not come  
 with any hesitation;  
 the sun offers Spring.

– *a pseudo-haiku.*

**CAVEAT: POEM #635**

2018-04-26

□

There are no words that can justify anger  
 anger distorts all the words, and they must  
 follow like servants who carry their masters'  
 burdens unwillingly, trampling trust.

– *a quatrain in dactylic tetrameter.*

**CAVEAT: POEM #636**

2018-04-27

□

The Lego monkey  
fell off the desk. He shattered.  
So the students mourned.

– *a pseudo-haiku.*

**CAVEAT: POEM #637**

2018-04-28

□

Hypnagogic... becoming animal:  
an eerie, fallen feeling...  
just running.

– *an englyn cil-dwrn.*

**CAVEAT: POEM #638**

2018-04-29

□

The sky is darker than blue – more like black.  
The moment lacks depth, though, true.  
Think it through.

– *an englyn cil-dwrn.*

**CAVEAT: POEM #639**

2018-04-30

□

I own just four spoons.  
Well, it's odd, in fact it's five.  
But one I don't like.

– a *pseudo-haiku*.

**CAVEAT: POEM #640**

2018-05-01

□

So... morning again  
the sky bemused by dull rain  
my window spits wind

– a *pseudo-haiku*.

**CAVEAT: POEM #641**

2018-05-02

□

I don't quite know what's been the problem.  
A kind of struggle, doubting purpose.  
In fact that's not uncommon for me.  
But still it's bothersome to deal with.

– a *quatrain with an iambic tetrameter (maybe)*.

**CAVEAT: POEM #642**

2018-05-03

□

A pile of bones there;  
Stark mountains without feature;  
The wind claws at me.

– *a pseudo-haiku.*

**CAVEAT: POEM #643**

2018-05-04

□

Clouds can be perfect  
brooding gradations of gray  
with contours like maps.

– *a pseudo-haiku.*

**CAVEAT: POEM #644**

2018-05-05

□

My houseplants are mute.  
The sky gazes upon them  
through a square window.

– *a pseudo-haiku.*

**CAVEAT: POEM #645**

2018-05-06

□

In a box in South Korea  
 lives a man quite eremitic.  
 Yet each day he goes to work and  
 herds the children to and fro.

– *a quatrain in a trochaic tetrameter.*

**CAVEAT: POEM #646**

2018-05-07

□

Dusk  
 comes late  
 as summer  
 begins chewing  
 at the cool edges  
 of rough spring. Already  
 many birds have things to say  
 and the clouds begin taking on  
 a polychrome luminosity.

– *a reverse nonnet.*

**CAVEAT: POEM #647**

2018-05-08

□

A strong wind tugged at the leaves of trees  
that hung there in the spring's night air,  
all fresh from growing newly,  
clinging to their branches,  
not wanting to go,  
but the wind pulls:  
a leaf shakes,  
wavers,  
flies.

– *a nonnet.*

**CAVEAT: POEM #648**

2018-05-09

□

There is nothing here but silence.  
Trees just stand, awaiting nighttime.  
Dust and bones discarded lie here.  
Look around, the soul is listless.  
There is nothing here but silence.

– *a quintain in trochaic tetrameter.*

**CAVEAT: POEM #649**

2018-05-10

□

Often I sit, look out my window,  
 contemplating my life's purpose,  
 watching buildings or people.  
 Answers don't come from the  
 meditatively  
 disconsolate  
 overcast  
 sunless  
 sky.

– *a nonnet.***CAVEAT: POEM #650**

2018-05-11

□

The bare branches gone,  
 instead the paths are sheltered  
 by long arches of green.

– *a pseudo-haiku.***CAVEAT: POEM #651**

2018-05-12

□

My thoughts just hang like wounded beasts that yield  
 to nothing, struggling on instead to death.

– *a couplet in blank verse (iambic pentameter).*

**CAVEAT: POEM #652**

2018-05-13

□

dreams  
suspend  
waking life's  
uncertainties  
replacing those with  
a different set of doubts  
which well up like floodwaters  
murky, dark and full of bodies  
to inundate the mind's furniture

– *a reverse nonnet.*

**CAVEAT: POEM #653**

2018-05-14

□

I waste so much food.  
When I cook, I forget the change  
that cancer gave me.

– *a pseudo-haiku.*

**CAVEAT: POEM #654**

2018-05-15

□

Flash  
lightning  
crystalized  
atmospheric  
clouds and rain and air  
sown by the sun's brooding  
and harvested by the wind  
to make bold lines in the gray sky  
and illuminate my aging bones.

– *a reverse nonnet.*

**CAVEAT: POEM #655**

2018-05-16

□

it has rained for days  
relentless mini monsoon  
memories flood in

– *a pseudo-haiku.*

**CAVEAT: POEM #656**

2018-05-17

□

Blank.  
No poem.  
Not a word.  
Thoughts just a blur.  
Deracinated.  
A failure of symbols.  
Adrift in meaninglessness.  
An embodiment of silence.  
Compositionally handicapped.

– a *pseudo-haiku*.

**CAVEAT: POEM #657**

2018-05-18

□

the worm ate its tail,  
like each year following year,  
named ouroboros.

– a *pseudo-haiku*.

**CAVEAT: POEM #658**

2018-05-19

□

Sometimes the dust that inhabits my room  
spirals around as if searching for what  
random thing might have been lost or forgot.

– a *tercet made with lines of dactylic tetrameter (maybe)*.

**CAVEAT: POEM #659**

2018-05-20

□

sometimes I wake up  
terrified – as if I'm still  
in the hospital.

– a *pseudo-haiku*.

**CAVEAT: POEM #660**

2018-05-21

□

the ragged edges  
and vast inchoate boundaries  
of time aggregate...

– a *pseudo-haiku*.

**CAVEAT: POEM #661**

2018-05-22

□

I dreamed all my world infested with worms.  
Do its weird forms mean I'm stressed?  
Not the best.

– an *englyn cil-dwrn*.

**CAVEAT: POEM #662**

2018-05-23

□

Coming out as from a dream  
Tilt and turn, the moon's a gleam  
Bending then to check my hand...  
Ghosts afoot, nowhere to stand.

– a quatrain of trochaic tetrameter.

**CAVEAT: POEM #663**

2018-05-24

□

A cerulean sky  
A bit of wind tugging here  
A mortal moment

– a pseudo-haiku.

**CAVEAT: POEM #664**

2018-05-25

□

Meaning emerges –  
words' materiality –  
like a windblown leaf.

– a pseudo-haiku.

**CAVEAT: POEM #665**

2018-05-26

□

Can I find words that are hard, strong, useful,  
 meaningfully shattered shards,  
 but backwards?

– *an englyn cil-dwrn.*

**CAVEAT: POEM #666**

2018-05-27

□

Well, the devil is in the details.  
 You could read this poem and wonder.  
 But the darkness lurks beyond.  
 There, above or outside.  
 And couched in symbols.  
 Unseeable.  
 In plain sight.  
 Count it.  
 Hah.

– *a beastly nonnet*

**CAVEAT: POEM #667**

2018-05-28

□

Walking home after  
 a dinner with coworkers  
 I felt summer's weight.

– *a pseudo-haiku.*

**CAVEAT: POEM #668**

2018-05-29

□

Not even dawn, thoughts obsessed and creeping...  
It's true, sleeping would be best...  
Just get dressed.

– *an englyn cil-dwrn.*

**CAVEAT: POEM #669**

2018-05-30

□

Sleep  
is strange,  
since each night  
we surrender  
to the brain's stoppage,  
as if it's protesting  
the fruitless hours of doubting,  
and has decided to walk out,  
leaving us alone with our body.

– *a reverse nonnet.*

**CAVEAT: POEM #670**

2018-05-30

□

The moon was orange,  
hovering there in the east,  
chewing on buildings.

– *a pseudo-haiku.*

**CAVEAT: POEM #671**

2018-06-01

□

Lavender sunrise draws out the cold morning's  
 harmonies now.  
 Distantly I can witness the arboreal grasping of hills.

– *a couplet in some mysterious meter.*

**CAVEAT: POEM #672**

2018-06-02

□

The calendar moves  
 and draws a new season out:  
 warm air gets muggy.

– *a pseudo-haiku.*

**CAVEAT: POEM #673**

2018-06-03

□

We only face our mortality  
 just one person by one person.  
 Mortality can't be met  
 as an abstract concept –  
 rather, it is some  
 impossible  
 unlikely  
 lurking  
 thing.

– *a nonnet.*

**CAVEAT: POEM #674**

2018-06-04

□

My small apartment:  
the birds speak through my window  
while I smell coffee.

– *a pseudo-haiku.*

**CAVEAT: POEM #675**

2018-06-05

□

The ghost drifted to the cold graves to dance,  
to perchance watch fates unfold:  
the world's old.

– *an englyn cil-dwrn.*

**CAVEAT: POEM #676**

2018-06-06

□

a bit of eggshell  
a fragmented hemisphere  
like the Pacific.

– *a pseudo-haiku.*

**CAVEAT: POEM #677**

2018-06-07

□

An Oregon dawn  
trundles in half-sleeplessly  
with a rooster's crow.

– a *pseudo-haiku*.

**CAVEAT: POEM #678**

2018-06-08

□

So we took a walk up the sloping road,  
Arthur and I, but we didn't talk much.  
The road was scattered with brown husks of spring.  
The sky was painted with curved, cobalt clouds.  
The air smelled of childhood and vague regrets.

– a *quintain in blank verse (iambic pentameter)*.

**CAVEAT: POEM #679**

2018-06-08

□

Without memory  
the sun rises normally  
the sea still surges.

– a *pseudo-haiku*.

**CAVEAT: POEM #680**

2018-06-09

□

One night I sleep well,  
another night I will drift,  
that's the jetlag thing.

– a *pseudo-haiku*.

**CAVEAT: POEM #681**

2018-06-11

□

It's hard to write poems  
when life wobbles upside-down,  
and green trees won't yield.

– a *pseudo-haiku*.

**CAVEAT: POEM #682**

2018-06-12

□

Routines broken, it's easy to lose track,  
drift among the flowers of consciousness,  
wanting to taste all the lost memories,  
but the tongue is numb, there's no flavor left.

– a *quatrain in some kind of ill-formed pentameter*.

**CAVEAT: POEM #683**

2018-06-13

□

There are some daisies.  
I see hummingbirds humming.  
Oregon summer.

– a *pseudo-haiku*.

**CAVEAT: POEM #684**

2018-06-14

□

Words fumble for the exit but fall down.  
Time unrolls like rain-laden dark gray clouds.

– a *couplet in some kind of ill-formed pentameter*.

**CAVEAT: POEM #685**

2018-06-15

□

So I got on board,  
the air stale and tomorrow  
a monsoon's embrace.

– a *pseudo-haiku*.

**CAVEAT: POEM #686**

2018-06-16

□

and  
two words  
came after  
another word  
until at the end  
there were many words there  
snowdrifted upon the page  
forming a kind of embankment  
holding back a flood of reflection

– *a reverse nonnet.*

**CAVEAT: POEM #687**

2018-06-17

□

Wide awake at four  
Off across the Pacific  
I've misplaced the sun

– *a pseudo-haiku.*

**CAVEAT: POEM #688**

2018-06-18

□

Love is easiest with no object.  
 It can wisely lope across fields  
 Of seething intensities,  
 Missing all the atoms,  
 Dodging galaxies:  
 Unrequited,  
 Purified,  
 Earnest  
 Love.

*– a nonnet.***CAVEAT: POEM #689**

2018-06-19

□

The unseen birds start  
 at some point before the dawn  
 that moment when the sky turns a grayish lavender.

*– a free-form poem.***CAVEAT: POEM #690**

2018-06-20

□

obligations lurk  
 plans get mounded around me  
 but I just sit there

*– a pseudo-haiku.*

**CAVEAT: POEM #691**

2018-06-21

□

a self doubt creeps in  
always with big decisions...  
summer continues

– *a pseudo-haiku.*

**CAVEAT: POEM #692**

2018-06-22

□

luminous morning  
like mexico city haze  
seasonless stillness

– *a pseudo-haiku.*

**CAVEAT: POEM #693**

2018-06-23

□

There are some boxes lying about.  
Why does dust proliferate so?  
I have to get organized.  
Instead, I ponder things:  
The embossed turtle  
on my steel spoon;  
the sunlight  
coming  
in.

– *a nonnet.*

**CAVEAT: POEM #694**

2018-06-24

□

I don't believe it  
 The sun and sky are nothing  
 But still they insist

– a *pseudo-haiku*.

**CAVEAT: POEM #695**

2018-06-25

□

chaos and the rain  
 reach for the sky while touching  
 impertinent earth

– a *pseudo-haiku*.

**CAVEAT: POEM #696**

2018-06-26

□

I commute by foot  
 for each day's epiphany,  
 brought by windspun leaves.

– a *pseudo-haiku*.

**CAVEAT: POEM #697**

2018-06-27

□

Hello there, monsoon.  
Did you come to paint skies gray?  
Or just water the trees?

– a *pseudo-haiku*.

**CAVEAT: POEM #698**

2018-06-28

□

What?  
Papers,  
all scattered  
across the floor:  
a dull detritus,  
a maudlin expression,  
an emptiness manifest,  
of my many years living here.  
And soon I'll say "annyeonghi..." and go.

– a *reverse nonnet*.

**CAVEAT: POEM #699**

2018-06-29

□

Possessions make claims, demanding control  
of your soul, of what you've planned,  
where you stand.

– an *englyn cil-dwrn*.

**CAVEAT: POEM #700**

2018-06-30

□

slate and silver dawn  
a fine drizzle combs hillsides  
summer air's repose

– a *pseudo-haiku*.

**CAVEAT: POEM #701**

2018-07-01

□

well now it's raining  
and raining and raining and  
emptying the sky

– a *pseudo-haiku*.

**CAVEAT: POEM #702**

2018-07-02

□

Eight thirteen AM  
Vast piles of my own past sit  
drinking atmosphere

– a *pseudo-haiku*.

**CAVEAT: POEM #703**

2018-07-03

□

I lay prepared like poultry: grist for knives  
or scalpels held by surgeons, mentally  
relinquishing a grip on life, unknown  
events awaiting, ghostlike now and gone.

– *a quatrain in blank verse (iambic pentameter).*

**CAVEAT: POEM #704**

2018-07-04

□

the monsoon might rest  
for a moment: hello sun;  
hello brooding heat

– *a pseudo-haiku.*

**CAVEAT: POEM #705**

2018-07-05

□

such melancholy  
telling my students I'll go  
their looks of surprise

– *a pseudo-haiku.*

**CAVEAT: POEM #706**

2018-07-06

□

The world suddenly turns blue and then fades  
and lurking shades surge on through  
night, made new

– *an englyn cil-dwrn.*

**CAVEAT: POEM #707**

2018-07-07

□

The sky, simplest blue;  
the rain having fled, clouds too;  
but things are clean, cool.

– *a pseudo-haiku.*

**CAVEAT: POEM #708**

2018-07-08

□

My soul is a slate  
upon which fate inscribes lines:  
curves and cool whitespace.

– *a pseudo-haiku.*

**CAVEAT: POEM #709**

2018-07-09

□

swathes of blue or green will set free  
the rising tree, maybe clean  
air unseen.

– *an englyn cil-dwrn.*

**CAVEAT: POEM #710**

2018-07-10

□

Humidity puts fog on glass. I think  
the summer rains have coated atmosphere  
with dim regrets, unspoken colloquies.

– *a tercet in blank verse (iambic pentameter).*

**CAVEAT: POEM #711**

2018-07-11

□

at the edge of mind  
slipping into perception  
electric fan's whirr

– *a pseudo-haiku.*

**CAVEAT: POEM #712**

2018-07-12

□

dawn  
coffee  
typical  
day's beginning  
yet soon everything  
will change, routines will break  
I'll make chaos of my life  
but for now I can sit, thoughtful  
experience the smell of coffee

– *a reverse nonnet.*

**CAVEAT: POEM #713**

2018-07-13

□

Now I've boxed my books,  
they're out of both sight and mind.  
I study the shelves.

– *a pseudo-haiku.*

**CAVEAT: POEM #714**

2018-07-14

□

There are 2 types of projects:  
Those that must be done...  
And those I'd like to get done.  
The former get done.  
The latter may get done, someday.  
Maybe.  
Sometimes I prefer to watch the trees on the hillside.

– *a free-form poem.*

**CAVEAT: POEM #715**

2018-07-15

□

dream:  
driving;  
mountain road  
with no guardrail;  
steep cliff on one side;  
turn in the road ahead;  
the hillside drops away too;  
the road loses its other side;  
like a bridge into infinity.

– *a reverse nonnet.*

**CAVEAT: POEM #716**

2018-07-16

□

a coverless night  
 too hot to even bother  
 the air presses down

– a *pseudo-haiku*.

**CAVEAT: POEM #717**

2018-07-17

□

There at the end of the night were notions,  
 abstractions blooming in white,  
 waxing bright.

– an *englyn cil-dwrn*.

**CAVEAT: POEM #718**

2018-07-18

□

clarity is blue  
 the sky hurls it light at me  
 but I like dark too.

– a *pseudo-haiku*.

**CAVEAT: POEM #719**

2018-07-19

□

I'll leave this country  
during a sticky heatwave -  
the heavens offended.

– a *pseudo-haiku*.

**CAVEAT: POEM #720**

2018-07-20

□

매미들은 "잘가" 노래했다.  
그러서 눈물을 머금었다.

– a *free-form poem in Korean*. (*The cicadas sang "farewell." / So [my eyes] shed tears.*)

**CAVEAT: POEM #721**

2018-07-21

□

"Hi kids. Today I have to tell you  
some important, surprising news.  
I am leaving Korea."  
I look on with sadness.  
Some of them are shocked.  
But one young man  
simply says,  
"Okay.  
Bye."

*– a nonnet. I did not stop writing poems on this day. But I left on an airplane from Seoul to Seattle the following morning, and by September I had settled into my new home in Alaska. This therefore seemed a good place to break off the first volume. The second volume, "Mostly in Alaska," will come later. Meanwhile, I continue publishing a daily poem on my blog: [caveatpoem.com](http://caveatpoem.com).*