

GOD

(AS ADVERTISED)

Poetry

by

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EXPANSION

*...and then I became permeable
enough to allow the aqueous flood
of singing birds and swinging trees
to invade my world.*

Another Reminder

The next time you pick up your car keys
or turn off a light switch
you'll remember this poem.

How do I know?

Because many years ago,
when you were still very young
you caught a glimpse of this moment
staring at this page
reading these words.

One of the many reminders you set up for yourself,
like so many bread crumbs marking the path home

And the reminder is this:

If you've forgotten to look with awe and wonder at
the world around you

If you've forgotten that you are eternally innocent,
no matter how long the list of bad things
you *think* you've done
is,

Then bookmark this poem and come back tomorrow
and I'll remind you again.

In the mean time,
try to have some fun.

You're taking things WAY too seriously.

The Ability to Explode

I drip like seeds
onto your fertile soil
splashing in patterns
of refined thought

Laughter will catch
up with you, my friend

Seriousness,
like a cancer
has rendered you
inert

while the
ability
to explode
is what you're
really after

Combust!
Let creation
throw pieces of
you everywhere
so that no one
can tell where
you end

and God
begins.

Yearning For Something Wet

thrice I came to you
bearing gifts of
precious oil and
good tidings:

sweet air and dusty feet

the mountains are
prisms of grass
turning pure
white light water
into rainbow
wine

lining the bottom
of every laughing
gurgling stream

what were once
sun-tormented rocks
yearning
for something
wet

Planets & Poems

still,
on this earth -

lover's moon
gazing down
whispering her reassurances
in beams of light and
arcing and ebbing ocean tides

you stand inside me,
the millisecond before
"let there be..."
intoned a world into motion

a sky before a sky

the God before God

towns that blaze eternal
from inner light
beg to call you their home

like some palm branch
making love to a passing breeze.

it's you,
ya know

it's ALL you.

my sweet,

there's a game we can't
seem to stop playing

that always
leaves us

knee-deep

in planets

and poems.

Grow!

OK, here's what's on my mind.

I was up all night with the incessant
thought that the wildebeest
(as a collective, mind you)
are really holding out on us.

There's something they're not letting on,
and it's really getting to me now.

I see them on the National Geographic Channel...

Ya Sure! They *look* simple enough - huddled
around in their little "herds", shaking off flies,
pretending to be some insignificant tributary off
evolution's headwaters.

But what's really going on?

I'll tell ya, plain and simple... Snickering.

And the tigers? Ya, they're in on it too!

I hate to break it to you folks,
but we're the only ones that
don't get it.

We're too busy using cell phones,
collecting beanie babies, and
inventing shoes that morph
into roller skates.

How often do you even take
the time to notice that blazing
god of a sun that bursts through
your window every morning,

pulsing its light codes to
10 zillion plants,
saying GROW BABY!
GROW!

Nope,
we're *far* too busy erecting
concrete gardens that
hermetically seal us off
into a world where
LOVE must have
two arms
and two legs
attached to it.

When the real love,
The BIG Love, is off
building thousands
of corpuscles in your left
elbow and navigating
famished hedgehogs to
their next meal.

We've accomplished
quite a feat -
to shoehorn something so vast
into a holiday that equates
chocolates and roses
with that which furnishes
entire planets with
Life.

So it's time for a field trip, kids.
Back to the African plains!

Best bring a notebook and
something to drink.

We could be a while.

Stardom

Maybe we'll find it:

that one choice

that one
UMMMMMPH
of a choice

that clear
White-to-Black

"I will go THIS WAY!"

And the invisible
crowd roars

and some beautiful
woman or man
hands you
the award

Forgotten friends
and neighbors
appearing
out of
nowhere

"Ya know,
I always thought they would make it...
Just somethin' about them."

The yearning
for stardom

is the memory
of the stardust
we came from

a faint
remembering
of being a light
that could be seen
all the way
across the
cosmos

But look at us now!

Strange bodied creatures

Sticky and awkward

so specific

with a name

and *strong* political views

wandering a planet

searching for something...

soft and tender
diffused light

that can now be held

by another's
yielding
skin

The Moment I Gave Up Trying

It was a Sunday,
I think

There were just too many
loose ends chanting me
down, accosting me
like beggars

encircling me

I felt like a clown
in one of those
Fellini movies -

out of place

a somewhat
surreal presence
in my own life

There I sat,
head in hand

as if looking
out over a
precipice

"That's it!
I Give Up!"

A funny five
words, don't
you think?

Not much on
their own

Like the gesture
a demolitionist
uses to cue
the explosives

The bottom
floors were
first to go...

the daily
to-do's,
impending
emergencies,
the way my hair
looked

then, the
bigger things -

like
loyalty,
sense of place,
purpose, direction,
security

sense of self

Yep, that's the one...

"sense of self"

everything got
real quiet after that.

then,

the distant
flapping of wings



INTENTION

*Intention is the singing
out upon the waters of
the un-manifest, shaping
and sculpting reality.*

Sliding Into Home

There's a stone
in my pocket

and a storm
on my lips

great field voices
of cane and wheat

songs from the
Southern people
inside me

equinox and
solstice folk
deep inside
the Earth

Deep inside
my bones

growling for
that summer wind

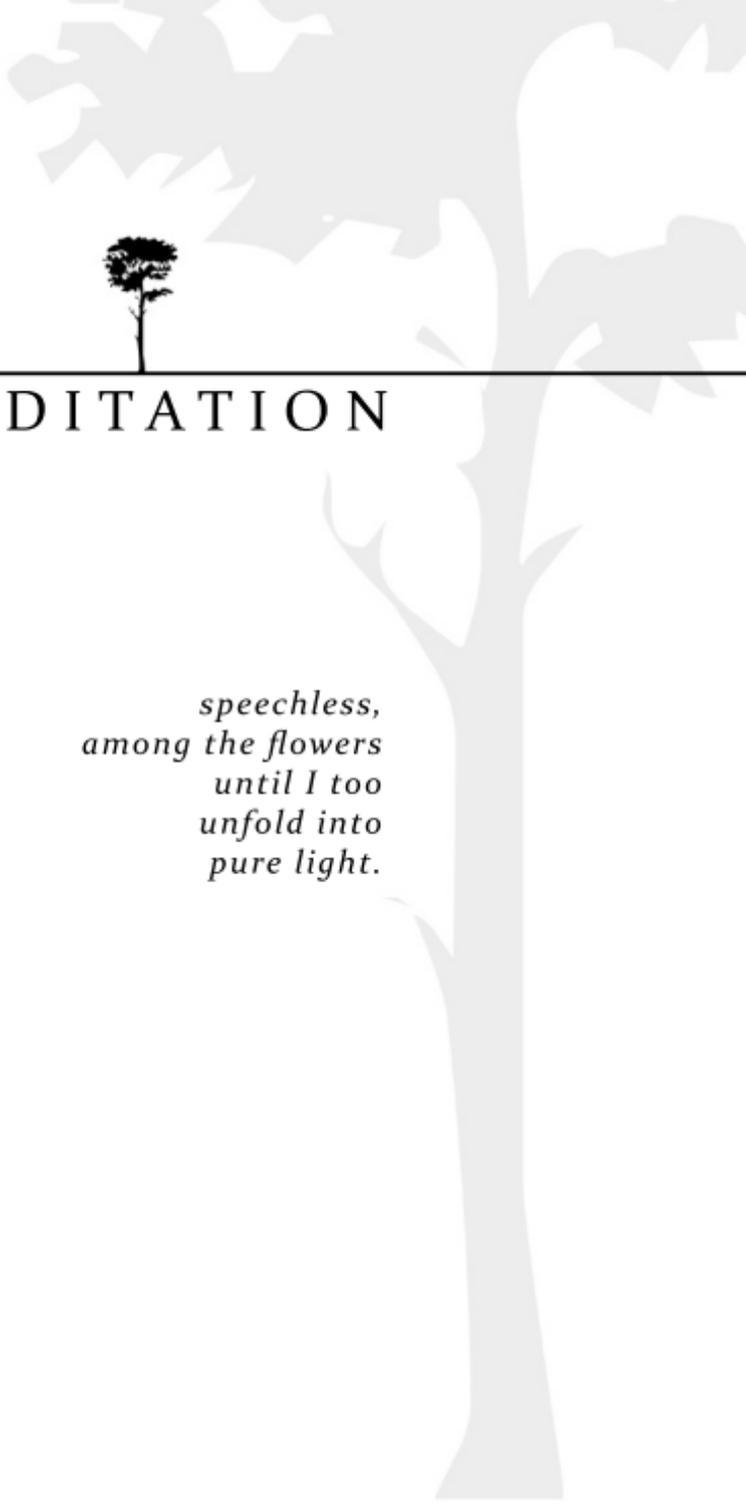
an air to
ride the
back of

sliding into home.



MEDITATION

*speechless,
among the flowers
until I too
unfold into
pure light.*



Playing Catch Up

Monks,
with their one hand clapping
and gong-like silence

witty as hail storms
on Spring mornings

sit,
open minded

like
a Gershwin
or a Ganges

flowing into
uncharted territory

waiting for the
rest of us

to catch up.

And then peace said,

"My most precious child
the war is over...
the war is over."