

# GOD

(AS ADVERTISED)

*Poetry*

*by*

MICHAEL JOSEPH FERGUSON



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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



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# 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

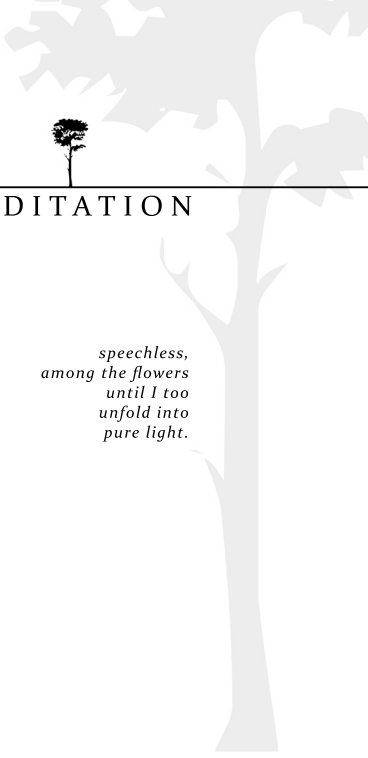
an air to  
ride the  
back of

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."