

To: The Folks On The Hollywood Hills

Drawn by folks atop
homes on hill sides
pools, manicured lawns
water falls
cascading into
porcelain fountains, looking out
down
towards the many
tumultuous
neighborhoods
containing
rich wisdom.

Hello

before we greet
either from our back yards
or in fire season
finding safety
and speak about criticism,
provincial shiv'ery
the sectarian chatter
erected
in unison
hitting deep, I'll ask
how did you overcome it?

Is everything a symptom,
of ignorance and
idiocy
due to overwhelming suffering?

In sometime when you
earn
My Story
walk the scene
feel
My old sinecure confinement

with eloquent empathy
compassion
no longer misunderstanding me,
I hope
a hand
smile
some sort of pat on the back
guidance
words
painting this expensive feeling,
leaving my soul
to find peace
overlooking the city
from all this.