

do oNto othErs do oNio othErs, do oNio othErs, do oNio othErs, do oNio othErs, do oNio othErs, do oNio othErs,

REGRETS • RON ELLER

Regrets

With regret I have survived,
Upon deformed limb,
crippled, stippled the wounds grieve.

With certain regrets I could survive.
As they grew vines that weaved and weaved.
The spring rain from bud to leaves.
From here the wine flowed.

Sweet fermentation numbs
and assists the drunkards story.
God bless this drunkards tale.
It changes from season to season,
altered by altered states upon altered states.

Regret is a compulsory and painful reality.
I have lived with this cunning spirit.

I sang it.
I prayed it.
At times I left it.
Other times I deceived it.
Above all, I've learned never to believe it.

Time

*Another de-saturated
day, in double gray.
Weeping skies with
cracks of dead
branches. Leafless in
apparent cause.
Assert their
uselessness.
Dark forests of a middle
earth novel, this is
where the story
should begin.*



De-saturated

I always knew.

I was the center,

like the concentric dot,

perfectly posed upon a leopards back.

Mixed with other centers.

Powerless as I ride and succumb

to the will of an insane feline.

Knowing this has served me well.

I exist and live according to the will

of the wild leopard and universes unknown.

Some choose to call it god,

but it's just a leopards bone.

In the end I am just a dark spot,

incredibly alone.

Lie

*To lie is a
necessary truth,
by omission,
by contrition,
by permission.
For our good
in reflection.
Essential to our survival.
From life's first
moment,
with our first breath
we cry.
With our second
we lie.*

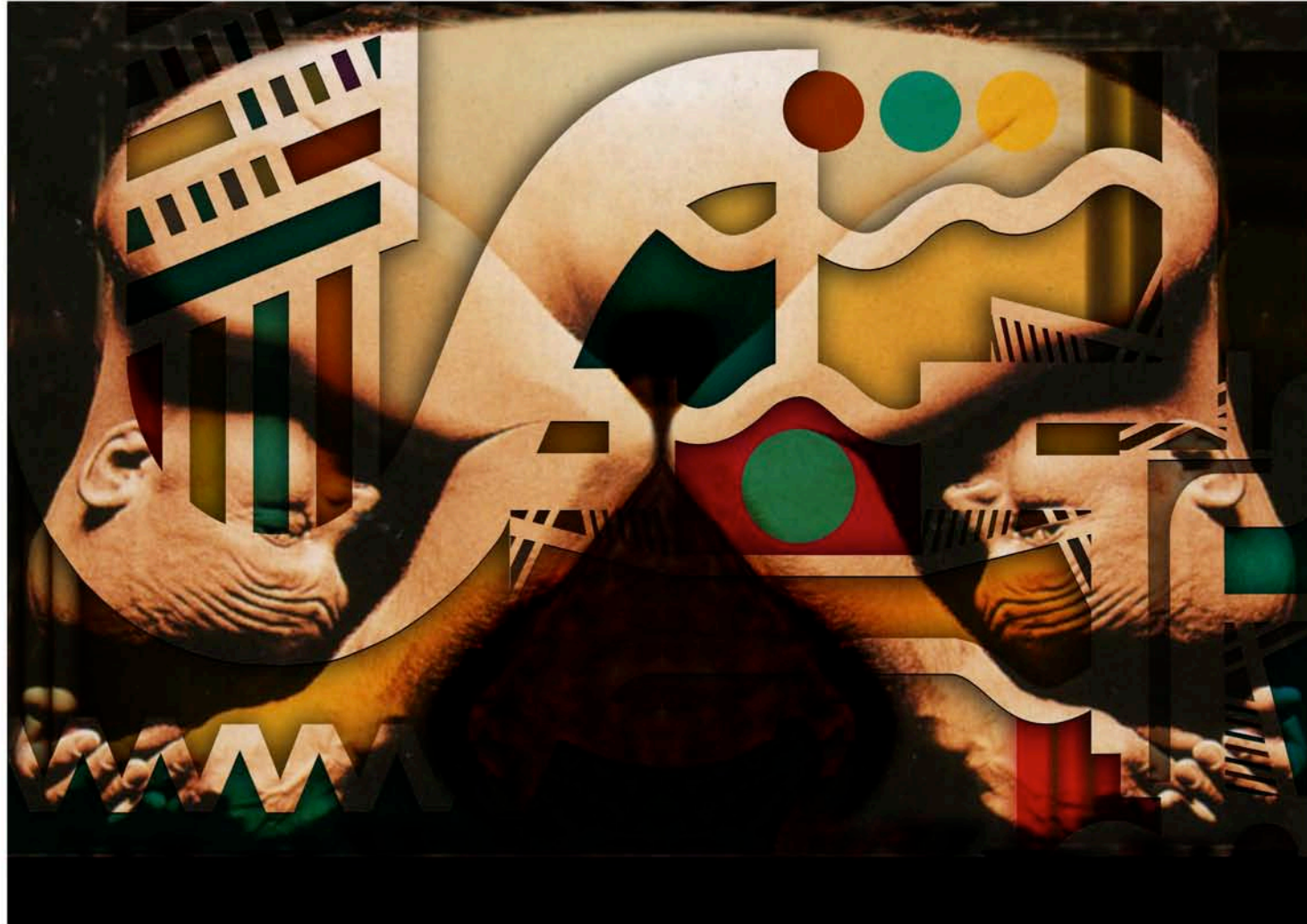


Deceive

To this guilt and shame,
the faithful confess.
The burden of Catholicism
due penance proclaim.
Ten Our Fathers, Ten Hail Mary's.
Reality blends from lies and truths.
From self-deception we seek protection.
Life's intricate tapestry woven
a thread of reality,
a thread of deceit.
We weave and weave
until the cloth is complete.
With rigorous honesty,
to God I speak.
To God I lie.
To God I seek.

Looking

*Looking out
upon the moon scape.
Was I born to early?
was I born to late?
Subjected to the
unforgiving machinations
of Lady Fate.
The ruler strikes.
The guilt assails.
I should have
done better.
I could have
done better.
I would have
done better.*



The Fare

The Roman's cross I bare.
A penalty as retribution.
This is my passage fare.
I could have. I should have. I would have.

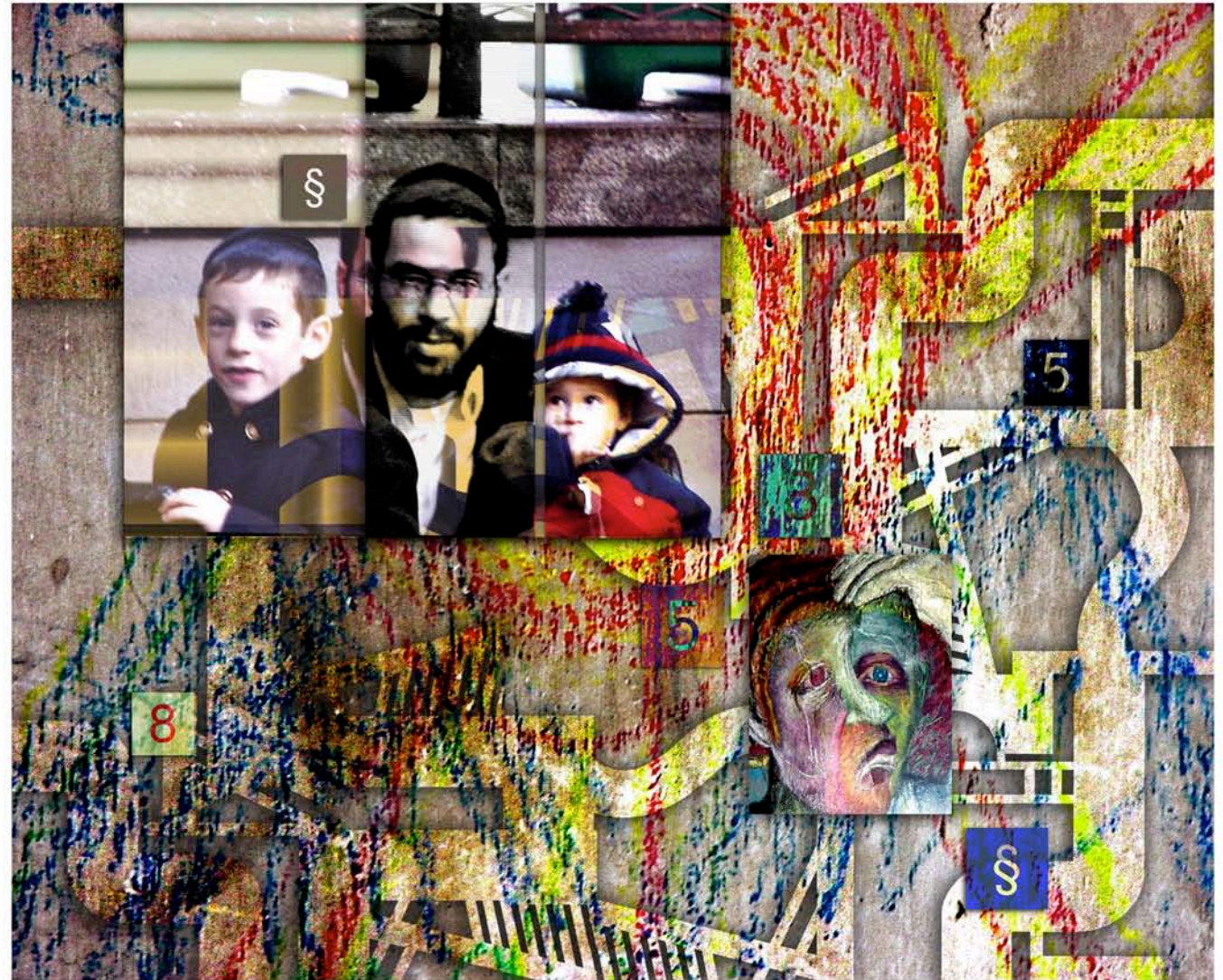
Upon the eternal vista past I stair.
The heat wavers
and moves snaking
upon the desert horizon.

I ran the waves of flood beds
and endless trails.
Escaping the reality of
who wins and who fails.

Looking back wears me empty.
I failed and failed and failed.
This my unforgiving scrutiny.
I am through with this,
as I profess my mutiny.
I will not waste this precious resource,
of life's force reliving and reliving and reliving,
unforgiving, and unforgiving, and unforgiving.

Weight

*I bear the weight
of a life born
onto me.
My child, my child.
Me who can
barely walk and
carry my own
and this child
will not survive
without my protection.
Me who has
survived and schemed
by fate and some luck.
By this child's weight
I've been struck.
I am forever deficient.
Meager my definition
to this fateful
commission.*



Fermentation

A storm in the midwest is brewing
in a vat of fermentation.

This is a figment of a dull imagination.

Drifting biting ice bundled.

Homeless natives with broken wheels trundled
across the frozen plain,
seeking a warming fire.

Wrapped like a corn-dog in latent Eskimo attire.

What can a man do.

Exposed and naked I run,
looking for my day in the sun,
seeking the real world.

I am in the freezing cold swirled,
my broken life unfurled.

It's a real life gone sad,
I spent it all going from bad to bad.

To Whom

*Do I pray?
And to who or what?
To the Jewish God?
The God of
righteous suffering.
To the Catholic God?
The God of conscience
and forgiveness.
To the Muslim God?
The God of honor
and courage.
To the Buddhist God?
The God of inner peace.
To the Protestant God?
The God of Jesus.
To the Half God?
The God of Community.
To the Non God?
The God of failed
concepts.*



Prayer

As I think so do I pray.
I pray all day.
I pray as I pass away into sleep.
To the God of cobblestone pathways
and palm trees as columns in the desert temple.

To the wisdom of experience and intelligence.
To the God of celebration and pageantry,
of murals and spired ceilings and gold crucifixes.

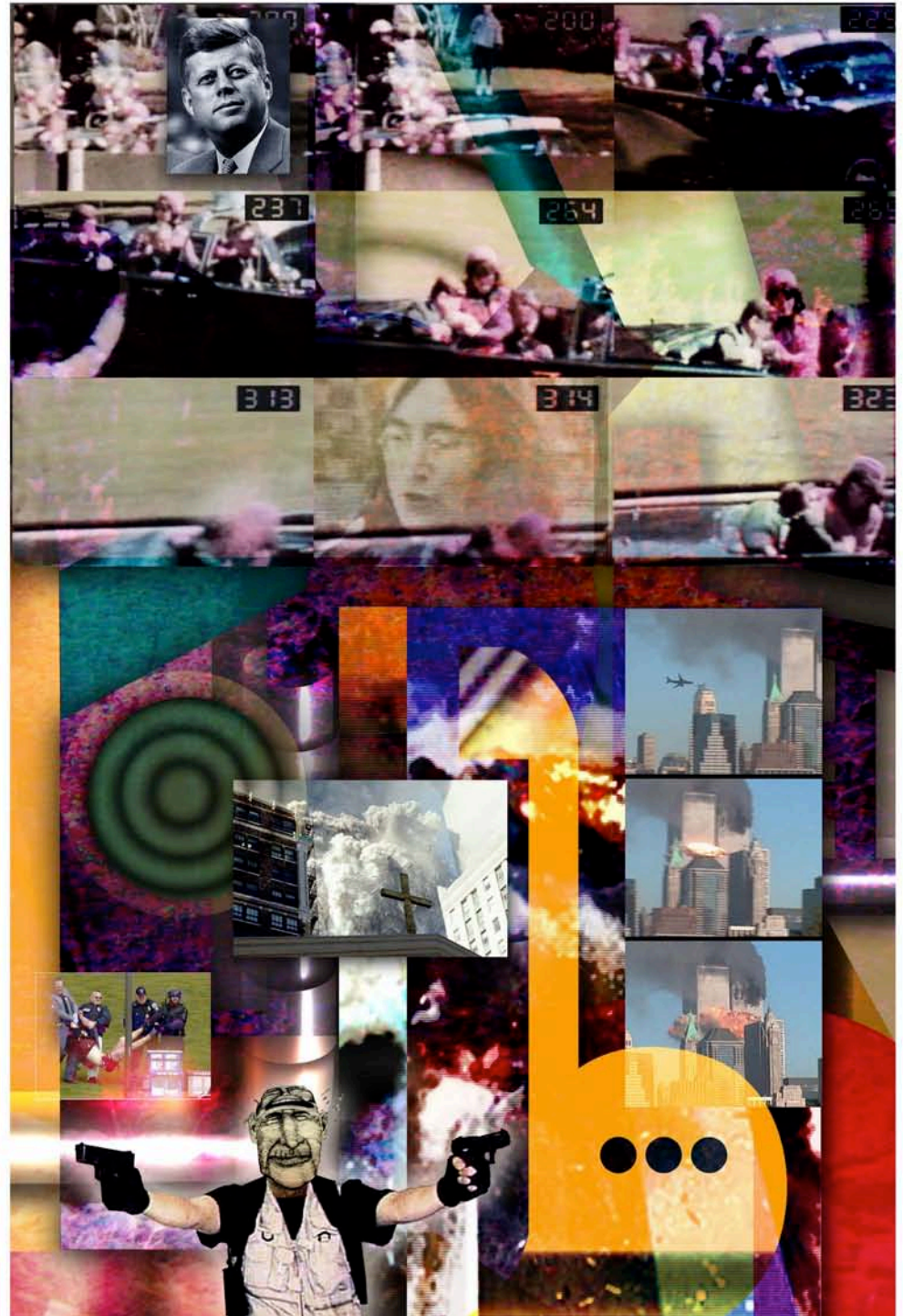
To the God of daily ritual and prayer.
The God of honor and righteous respectability.
The God of life after death.
To the journey inward.
The God of peace and meditation.

To the example and hope of Jesus.
To the God of transcendentalism.
To the existential God.
To the God by analysis, who does not exist.

I pray to what I can not express.
I pray for my redemption.
I pray.

Triggers

Such a waste
In human suffering.
Random violence
expressed as 33 die on
a campus of higher
learning at Virginia Tech.
From the Berkeley
towers to the halls of
Columbine.
Once again I begin in
repetition the
bewilderment.
Triggers the images and
events beyond all
comprehension.



Pray

To be better than we are.
Honor and Courage admire,
upon the empty canvas I aspire.

I am just a man,
with broad brush I quest,
in harmony colors rest.
Pray not to hesitate,
when truth is hard to speak.

When the shapes no longer seek,
pray not to falter.
When truth is hard to accept.
When mixed hue can't reconcile.

When the time comes.
When each choice beguile.
Honesty reflects.
With truth protects.

Pray these small truths I live.
Pray these small prowess I courage.
Pray these small honor I aspire.
Pray these small colors flourish.

Embrace

*I embrace
the error humane.
Looking back upon
A life-scape.
The wisdom we take
Is weighed by our
desire to make
a better world.
As we learn from
our mistakes,
though some
regrets sting.
From an impossible
angle seen.
To learn is life's quest.
Armed with the truth
we search out
to find our best.*



Learn

What did you learn my fair son?

Did you see who lost and who won?

One day it's them, the next day it's them.

Did you behold the fire in the eclipsed sun?

Did you view the mad man with a gun?

Did you notice the children laugh and run?

Did you catch the wise man crying?

Did you perceive the holy man's lie?

Did you recognize the change?

Did you experience the war?

Did you turn away from the horror?

Did you seek the truth?

Did you bear the burden?

Did you experience the regret?

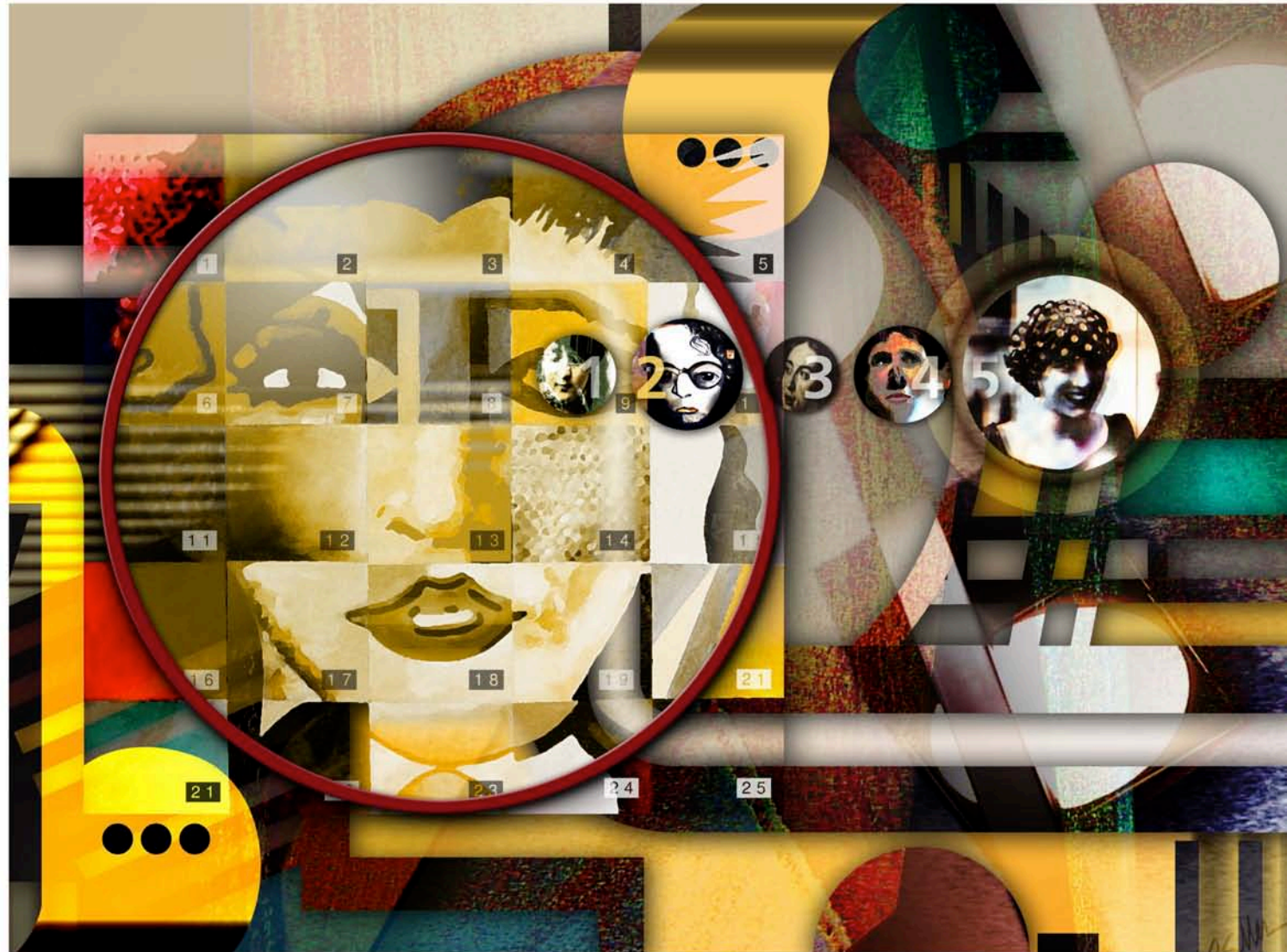
Did you let it go?

The question posed.

Did we believe and of what did we honestly know?

History

*History does not define
the truth although truth
does define history.
Honesty should always
be our perspective.
Hope our objective.
Nurture to be
protective.
Openness to be life's
weight of cornerstone.
Truthfulness to be
the frame work
in life's home.*



Lived

I have lived

I have lived

Held in this balance my confusion.

Proclaimed in righteous indignation.

Excuse this weakness

of a frightened heart.

Failed and failed again

from finish to start.

We must all find a way

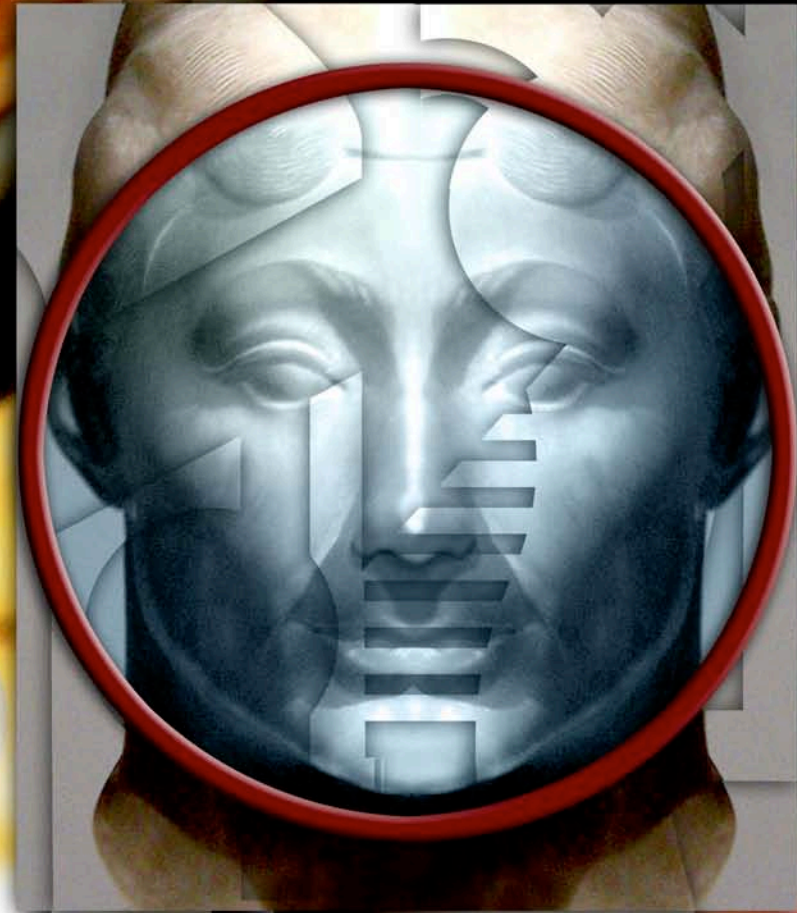
to put it right.

For no other purpose

does this search progress.

Words

*The words crashed
upon all hope. I was ill
prepared. This scourge
a blight posed as my
hands and body
tremble, in a moment I
pass from relative
comfort to the rush of
fear. My heart pounded
and froze. I attempted
to contain my all to
obvious anxiety.
The harder I try
the more the
feeling progresses.
At this moment the
uncontrollable shudders
exceed the importance
of the news.*



Regret Free

I have lived with the regrets
both benign and malignant.
Hanging by a single hair,
the sword of Damocles,
precarious at this banquet I share.
Caught in some sinister despair.
Defeat the enemy with in.
By deception they did progress.
To this point I confess,
“On my watch I became exposed.”
Imposed upon this life is a price.
Exceeds beyond all faith.
Proceeds beyond all hope.
The surgery requires a surety
of knowledge and courage of belief,
cutting away the self absorbed grief.
To get it all by cutting deep.
Clearing away both good and bad.
In pure cunning requires
a broad and unforgiving sweep.

Redemption

*I rest in pain
and begin the process
to heal from years of
regret in excess.
The gift of light and the
mercy of forgiveness
I find hope in good
conscience.
The light of redemption
will clear the day.
I will live to bear witness.*

*From ash to ash.
From dust to dust.
Regret can not survive
in a climate of trust.*



Trust

I trust you are well
my good friend just risen
from the gates of your prison cell.
Devoid of all illumination,
now the flowers bloom in celebration.
Yellow gold, yellow light,
bright orange in delight.

The flowers and sun have always been there.
Violet violets mix in brilliant hues conception.
It's a matter of perception.
It's a matter of direction.
A slight turn can forever change the heart.
From dark mold to the sun lit flowers start.
Hope and trust a brilliant glow upon the horizon.

Guilt

*Who bares the guilt?
This unforgiving
scrutiny.
Was it the dead
beat father?
The wayward son?
Was it the failed
believer on the run?
The arrogance of the
egotistical fool
staring into the sun?.
Was it the hateful
revealing lies?*

*Is this the punishment
as the defeated bows
there head and cries.
Is this righteousness
as evil will in
retribution be
impaled.
And the guilty for the
sake of justice
shall be assailed.*



Justice

Justice proclaims not
an illusion but rather conviction.
Freedom is hope's protection.
For a moment I seek to make the connection.
I've been retired to long.
Waiting for the words to come.
Watching the humming bird hum.
Watching the finch pecking the earth in the sun.
Watching the distance runner run.
No, this is not fun.
I do this because it is necessary.
I do this because it is unnecessary.
I do this because.

Because

*Because the words and
visuals must inform.
Because the poetry
must conform.
Because Art by nature
must be born.
I leave the door ajar
and open to peek,
as the intruders
find what they seek.
I use found numbers,
found art, found
pictures, found
paintings, found
sculpture, found
pen & ink drawings
found movies,
found love, found hope,
found wisdom,
found insight, found light.
I compose as the
composer composes.
I partake from every
genre, I partake from
pure passion, from all
forms, from all scope,
from all creativity.*



Beginning

I drew the curve of her breast.
The truth of this work by nature a test.
Shadow and line conform and render the complex shadows
Presenting her body in part.
I could not do this in one setting, nor was I so inclined.
It was as if I were touching something divined.
I drew her body by section.
Each completed piece lead to another's projection.
Then on to completion.
I did not know it, except in retrospect,

This beginning was my first truth as an artist,
the mystical feminine,
and a futile attempt to capture it.

Never to be rendered.
Forever attempting sometimes in form.
Sometimes in poetic abstraction.
Sometimes in hard and blatant reality.
Every attempt, a beginning and a fatality

End

*The seconds progress
on to life's march
and life clings
stubbornly to each
second as if it
were it's last.
As though they
might well be.
And the end should
come with the
same intent.
Clings stubbornly
to each second
as if it were it's first.*



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Infamy Drain

There is only so much light.

It's dark here in the infamy drain,

in the infamy drain,

in the infamy drain.

So much pain of good intent.

Another useless life is spent.

Judgment deferred.

The truth not heard.

The predator patiently waits,

culling out the weak.

We dare not speak.

Critters beware.

It's not terribly fair.

The tread of a tire

may get furrowed in your hair.

Karma is another word we feign to know.

We do not always reap what we sow.

This position taken viewing the view.

The odds are set.

Nothing here is new.

There is only so much light.

It's dark here in the infamy drain,

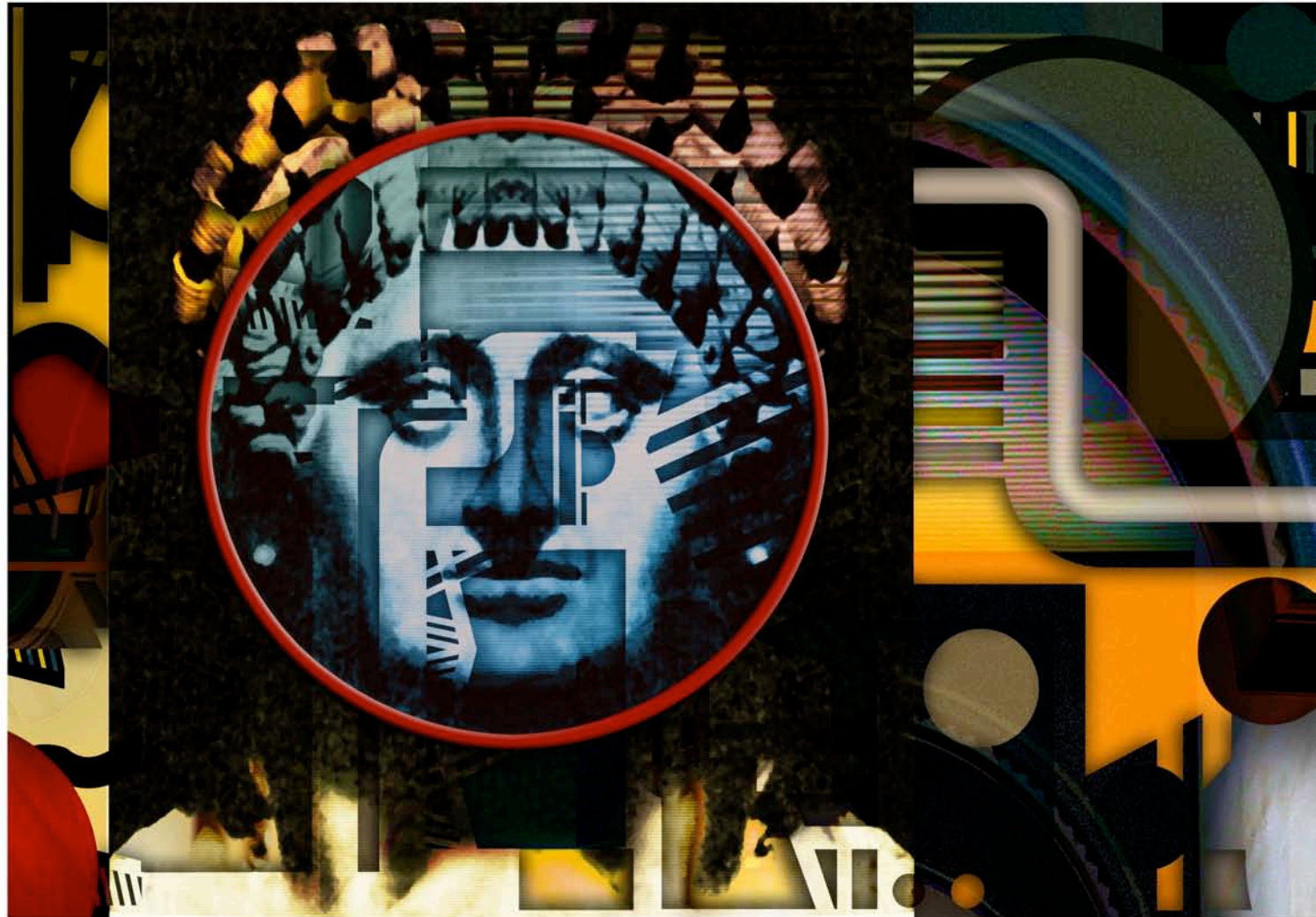
in the infamy drain,

in the infamy drain,

Fame Is Fleeting

*Traveling in a
motor wheezing bunker.
Driven by a
drunk trucker.
Only two words
he could say.
"Fuck Her."
I am casting the couch.
Fame is fleeting.
Meet one at an
AA meeting,
while passing through
time lapsed corridors
of changing borders.
Once stiff, now broken.*

*He has critics
apprehension
deficit disorder.
Got his arm broken
and tied to a fire,
while they roughed
him up a bit.
If you were him you'd
be scared too.*



Journeyed To The End

Wandering in the dawn light of imagination.
Shape, color, hue, red, black, blue,
form an elaborate pagination.

In cave wall the vision inspired,
intricate shapes perfectly mired,
upon rough granite walls spired.

In the beginning man's simple shapes define,
the tapestry of the time.
The figures communicate
and have done so for thousands of years.

Oh would fate be so kind.
Should my simple configuration hearten.
Painterly in dimension the form ascend,
may I rest now,
have I journeyed to the end?

Legacy

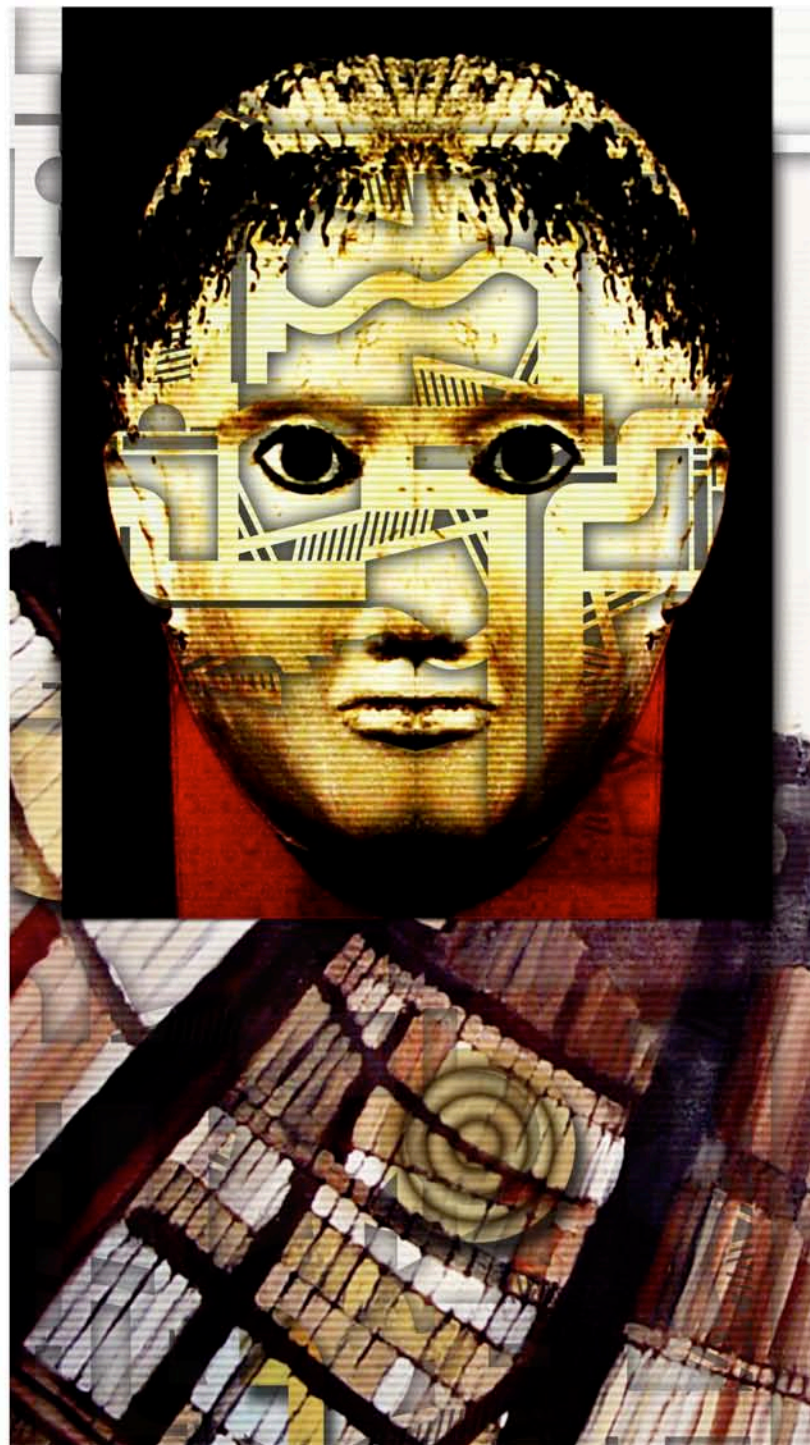
*The jester dances like a
flame, lit by the trickle
of fossil fuel decay
and shame. Molten rain
stings my rule.
Godless fool.*

*Franchised,
mesmerized,
ostracized, cannibalized,
tranquilized.
A stroke away from the
fun. Ho hum where's
the smoking gun.*

*I'm the mastermind,
I own all that I find.*

*In God's eye the longest
life is the same as
the shortest.*

*Pondering over life's
annotations, how long
must I live to be infinite.*



Blink

Upon earth's temporary vessel we reside,
all mankind different in thought and presence.
This mortal fact attest, a truth none escape.
Within the blink of an eye we come to our final rest.

No pain gashes or gnaws through the heart
as those taken before their time.
Hate, and brutal waste will never abate the loss.

Not a cousin to fate and a bitter enemy to the other eye,
it cries and nurtures the evil mantras chant.
To take a sacrificial lamb and let the grieving
apply to the pain of loss with another wasted appeal.

Why?

*Simple Easy Catchy
Complex Hard Evasive
Watch the paint flow
Watch the shapes grow
Why I do this I'll never
know.*

*I am a slave to
this obsession.
My work haunts
me in procession.
Forgive my indiscretion.
Let the paint flow.
Let the shapes grow.
Why I do this I'll never
know.*



