

My Grandfather's Knee

My Grandfather is an old man,  
 With snow-white hair, sagging  
 cheeks, and the smell of mothballs.  
 He sits in the chair in  
 the corner,  
 Staring at the floor in a  
 drunken daze:  
 The cheap wine on his breath,  
 A glaze in his blue eyes.  
 Then he gets up and  
 slowly staggers down the  
 hall,  
 To where everyone is sitting  
 and talking;  
 Then my Grandfather's knee  
 collapses,  
 And they notice he is alive.

Death waits for me in  
 the corners of everywhere  
 To steal my youth, my  
 hope, my will to care,  
 To drain away the fire  
 of my lifeblood.  
 To turn my brain to  
 dried out mud.  
 Death stalks me every  
 minute of the day,  
 To do me in, in any  
 chosen way.  
 It lingers in the dark  
 shadows of my mind,  
 Creeps about me in  
 the form of father time.  
 Death will kill me  
 someday,  
 But with some luck, it'll  
 be my way.

I'm the wind,  
 Howling, whining,  
 Clouding the sky with sand;  
 And I'm the sun,  
 burning,  
 Sapping the soil of life;  
 And I'm the sea,  
 Raging, foaming,  
 Thundering against the rocks;  
 And I'm lonely as the wind  
 Howling in my ears,  
 And empty as the wide grey-green  
 sea,  
 And I'm distant as the sun;  
 Lost within my thoughts  
 With no escape from these bars I built.

Curves

Road, you stretch on endlessly  
 Straight and winding  
 Luring me with your curves  
 While I long to stop forever,  
 But I'm searching for something  
 And often it seems around the  
 next curve  
 Only for the road to straighten  
 With another curve just beyond  
 And then another and another forever.

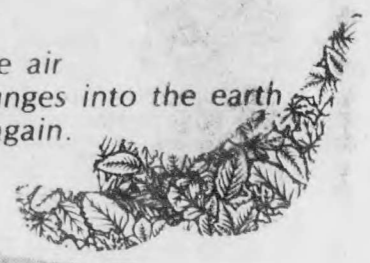
Sunset

Hanging in the sky til you're tired,  
 Mighty sun you lay down to sleep.  
 Your orange glass dots my vision  
 As I drive by.  
 Your orange fingers wave good-bye  
 to me,  
 As you pull in your cloud blankets  
 for the night.

I know people on an island  
 Who live in a dimension  
 The ocean's storms never reach.  
 The island's reefs make waves  
 Only a ripple, on the sunny beach.  
 I lived there once  
 But now I'm driven by the storms  
 As I try to sail between the reefs.



Floating in the air  
 The acorn plunges into the earth  
 Only to rise again.



A spot in time  
 A moment  
 A flickering candle  
 Snuffed out  
 Such are we

Poems by Rick Baston

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