

A Fortiori

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A Fortiori

Used to express a conclusion for which there is stronger evidence than for a previously accepted one : [as adv.] they reject all absolute ideas of justice, and A Fortiori the natural-law position.



As the Heart Beats

As the heart beats,
As the eye guides,
And the carriage rides.
The warrior defeats.
The land blows into sand.
The canyon spires grand.
The tower giveth room.
The janitor pushes a broom.
The cabby goes here and there.
The airplane takes to the air.
The man pays the ticket fare.
In the trunk is a tire spare.
Is life fair?
Does anyone care?
Does the shoe fit?
The cells split.
The player uses his mitt.
This is it.
He has great wit.
Maybe it is time to withdraw.
Nothing exists without a flaw.
It's flawed to perfection.
The dog went in the other direction.
In circles we go.
It's part of the flow.

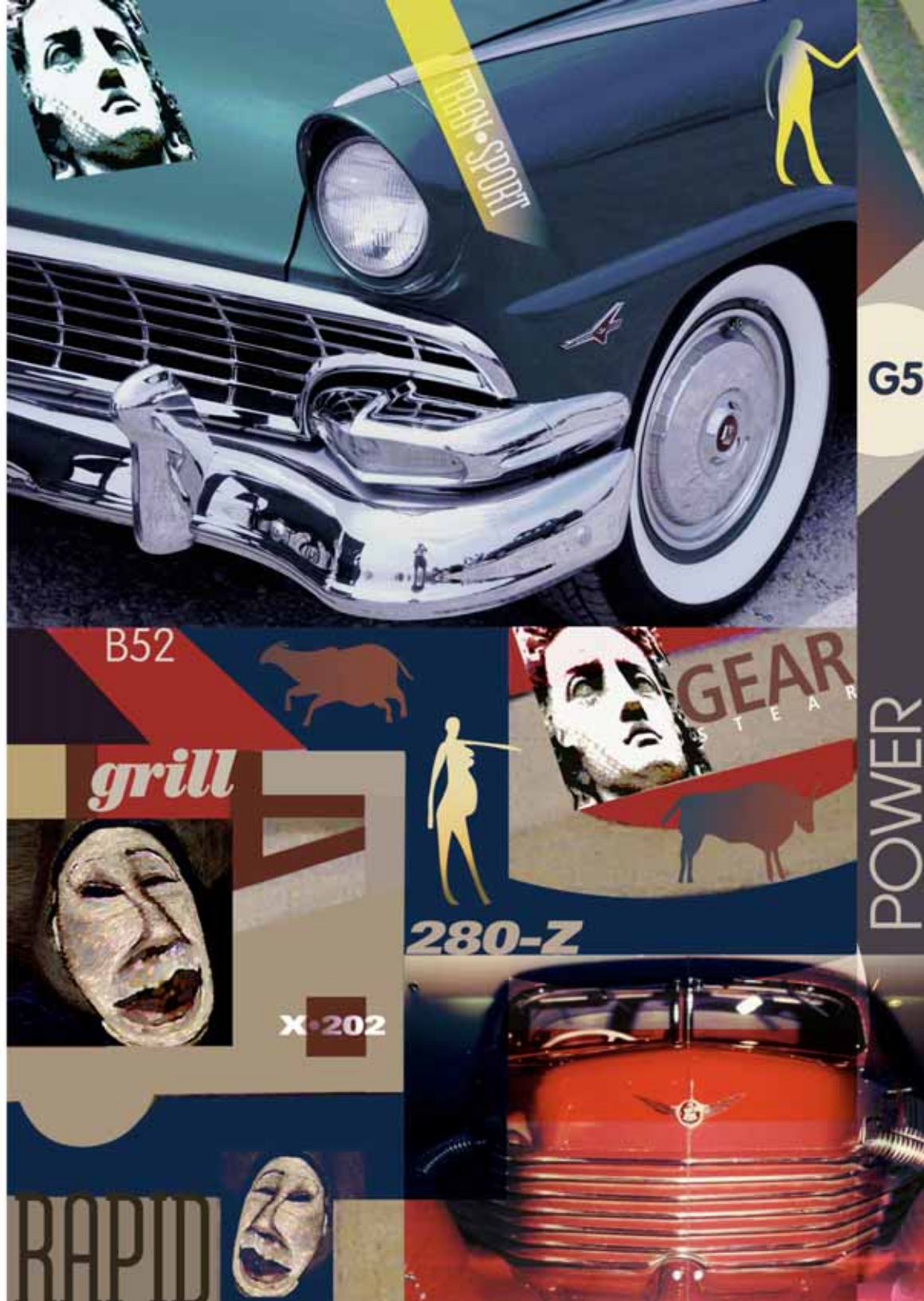


Weathered Stone

In the masters time the seasons change,
the weathered stone can not be fooled.
The brave thought shared once ridiculed,
provides faith to the faithless,
temperance to the reckless,
truth to the deception.

Once upon a yesterday and today our leaders stand,
professing virtues, lies upon the land.
Basking in fames fleeting advantage,
as the media preens and the fool screams.
The disenfranchised wonder what it means.

Fear fuels, power the deceptive machine.
The maddening sirens scream.
Until the passing seasons settle the truth.
Through the sediment on to spring water flows,
from there to the sea goes.



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.



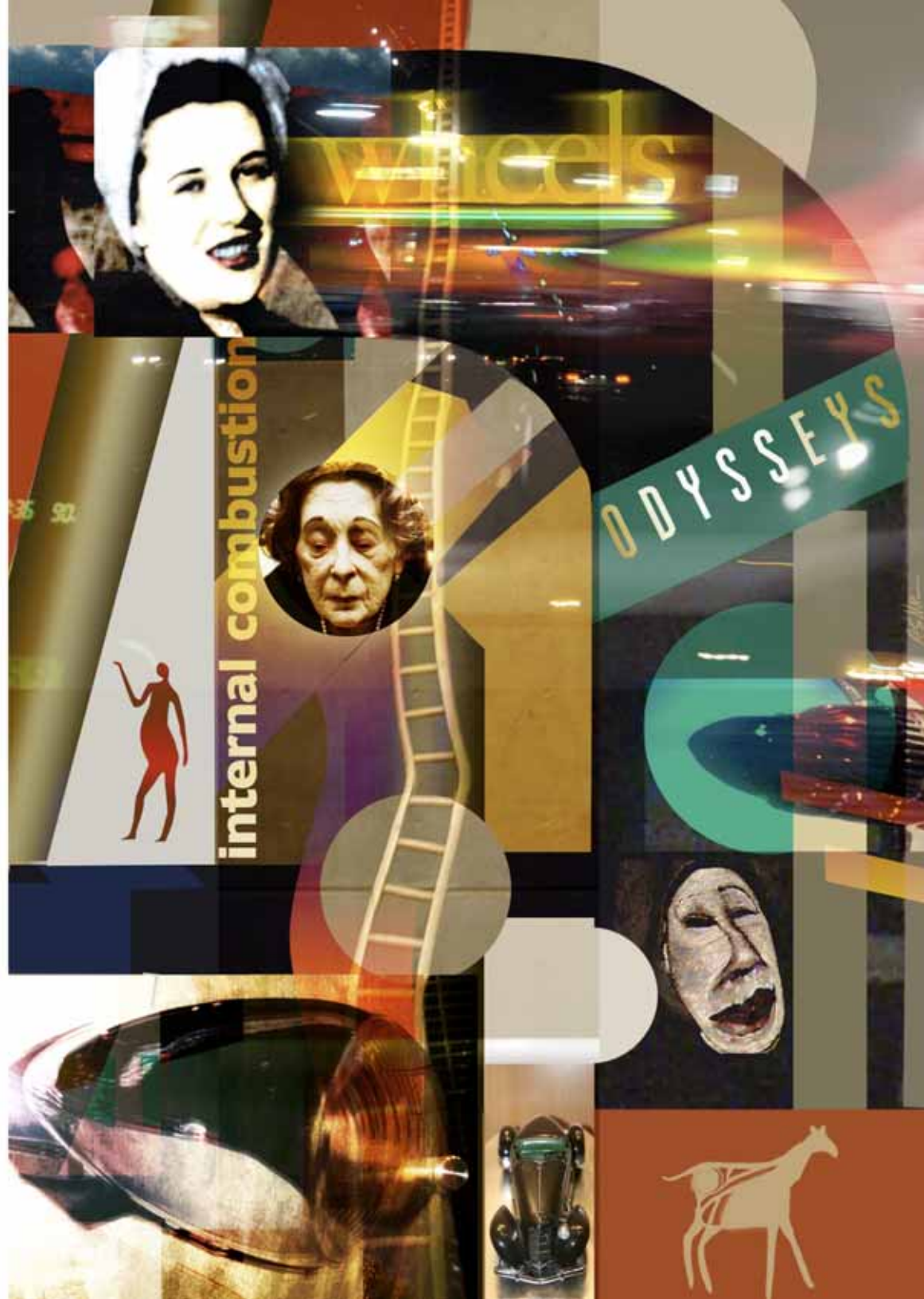
Have I Journeyed to the End

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.

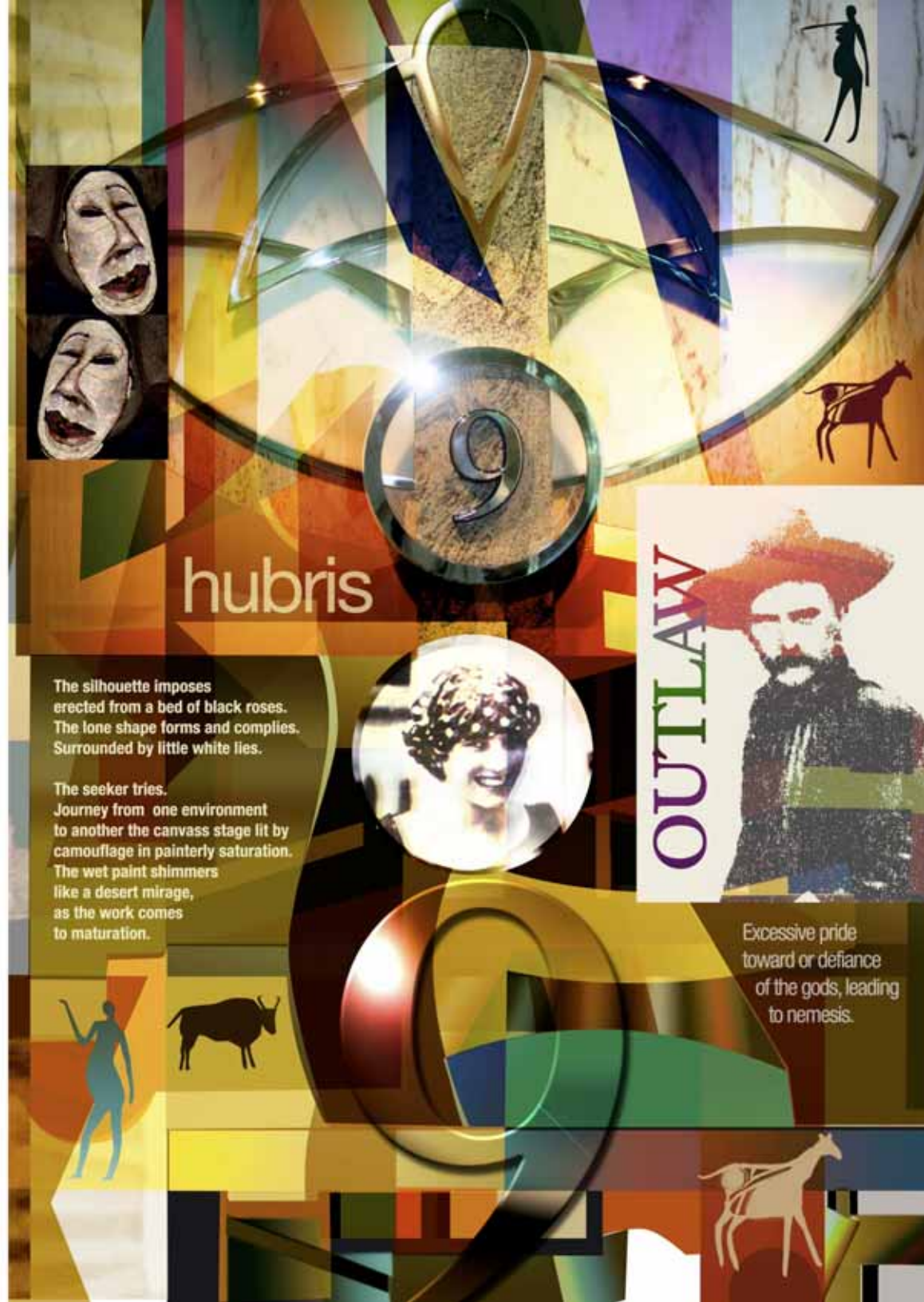
Oh would fate be so kind.
Should my simple configuration hearten.
Painterly in dimension the form ascend,
may I rest now,
have I journeyed to the end?



Don't Rush

Each color painfully chosen
black sea red, cold fire blue,
bloody yellow hue.
I stand frozen,
vague shadows form,
through a dusty gray storm.
Each moment shorn
as the invisible black grid is worn,
away the dappled beige,
bellows scorn.
A silhouette faces to the dusk light.
What I do here seems right.
No voices or Gods to direct my brush.
Just color upon hue with a silent hush.

The voice scratching canvass crimson,
Don't Rush, Don't Rush.



They

"THEY dunnit this time," The lady spoke with her face departing into her mouth. "THEY dunnit."

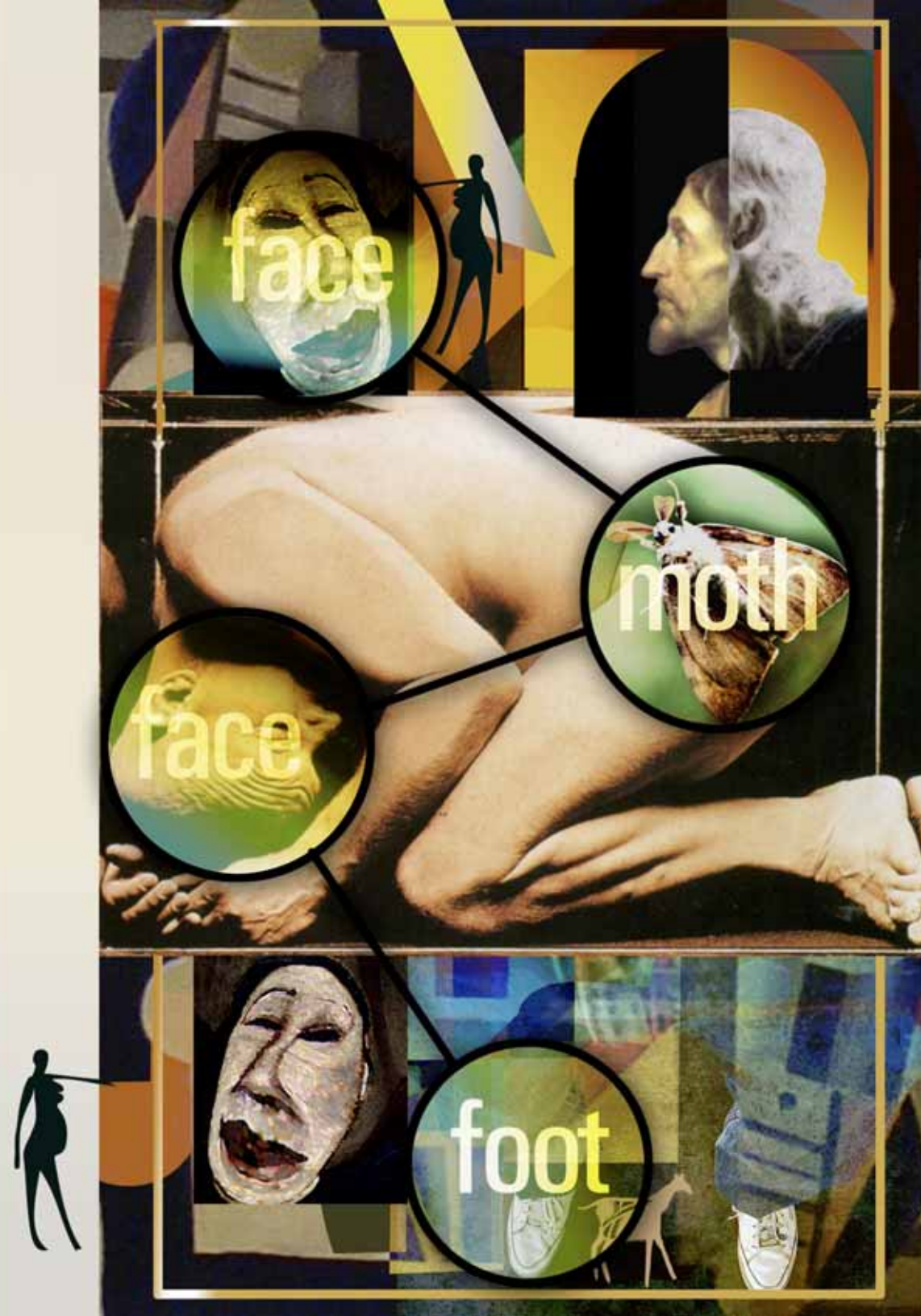
THEY, illusion obscure the dim. THEY or them into apparition they slither, from there and hither.

From black to shadow, THEY have always been. If not THEY, then who then?

"THOSE sonsa bitches." his eyes simmered and glowed into the molten ash of his rage. "THEY can not do this to me."

"Father, forgive THEM for THEY know not..." once spoke a man. THEY were around then, too.

THEY were obviously in existence long before WE, ME, I or YOU.



Communion

With you I share this thought,
I share with my soul creation.
All that I am in conviction.
Carry my joy, bolster my passion.
I empathize with this disposition,
the quest for the unattainable perfection.
This our connection.
Drink of my intoxication.
Toast the wonder of my creation.

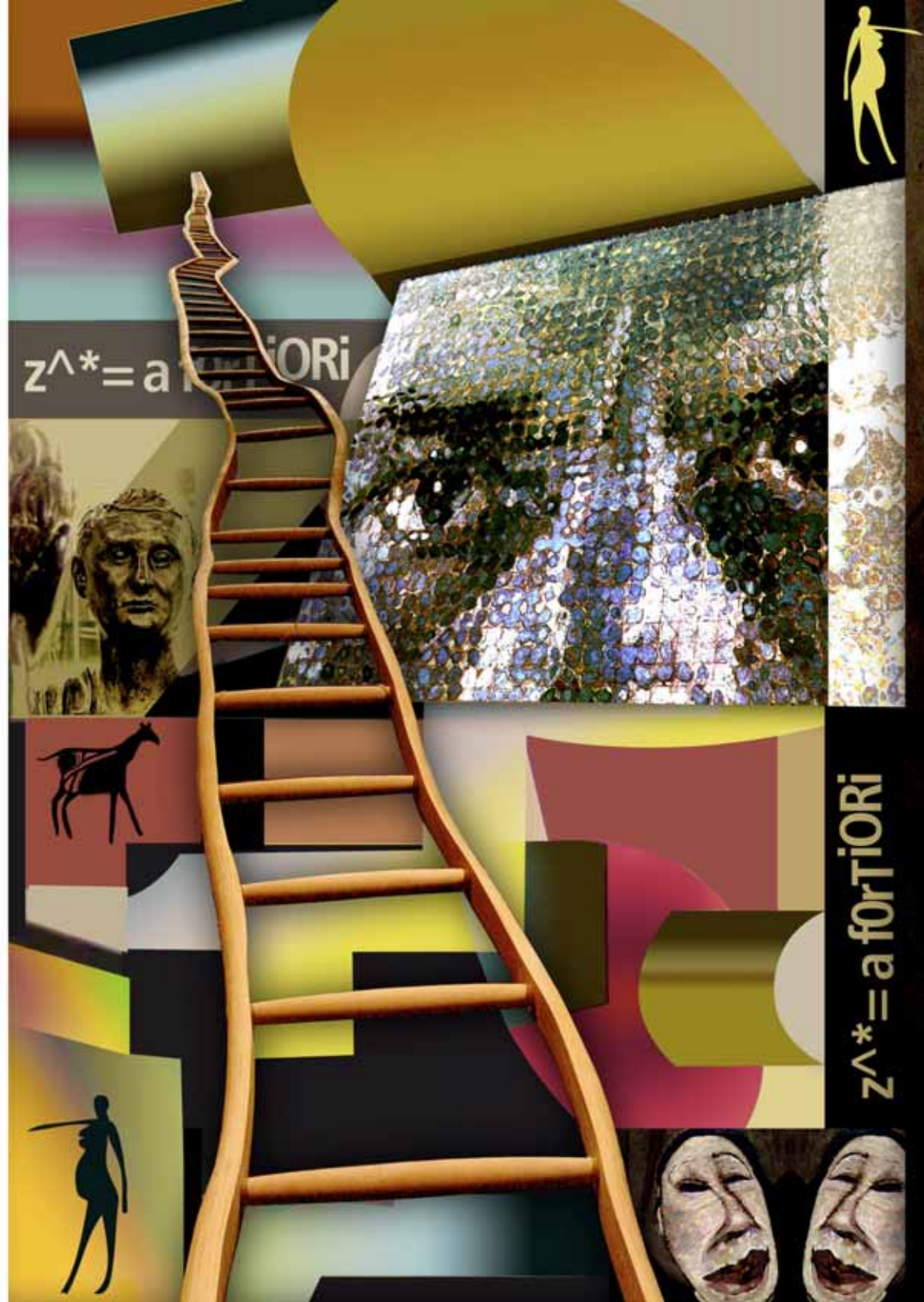
The paint tells all.
In the end your eyes shall drink.
Your heart shall speak.
I ask not your favor,
only that we share as we seek.

This our connection,
drink of my intoxication.
Toast the wonder of my creation.



Art Is...

No passion impresses upon the soul
so much as the unbridled love
devoted in captivity, the creative seeking
of the artist walking in God's hand.
Love beyond all love.
Those so blessed are ordained.
All inevitable pain does reside,
as the artfulness wiles lovers opiate.
Knowing this truth,
none can reside without the other.
Art is our best and most painful lover.



Fame

The painting awkward
as a newborn fumbles meek
a mixture of blood and color covered it's fate.
This violent birth I speak
has made us both tired and weak.

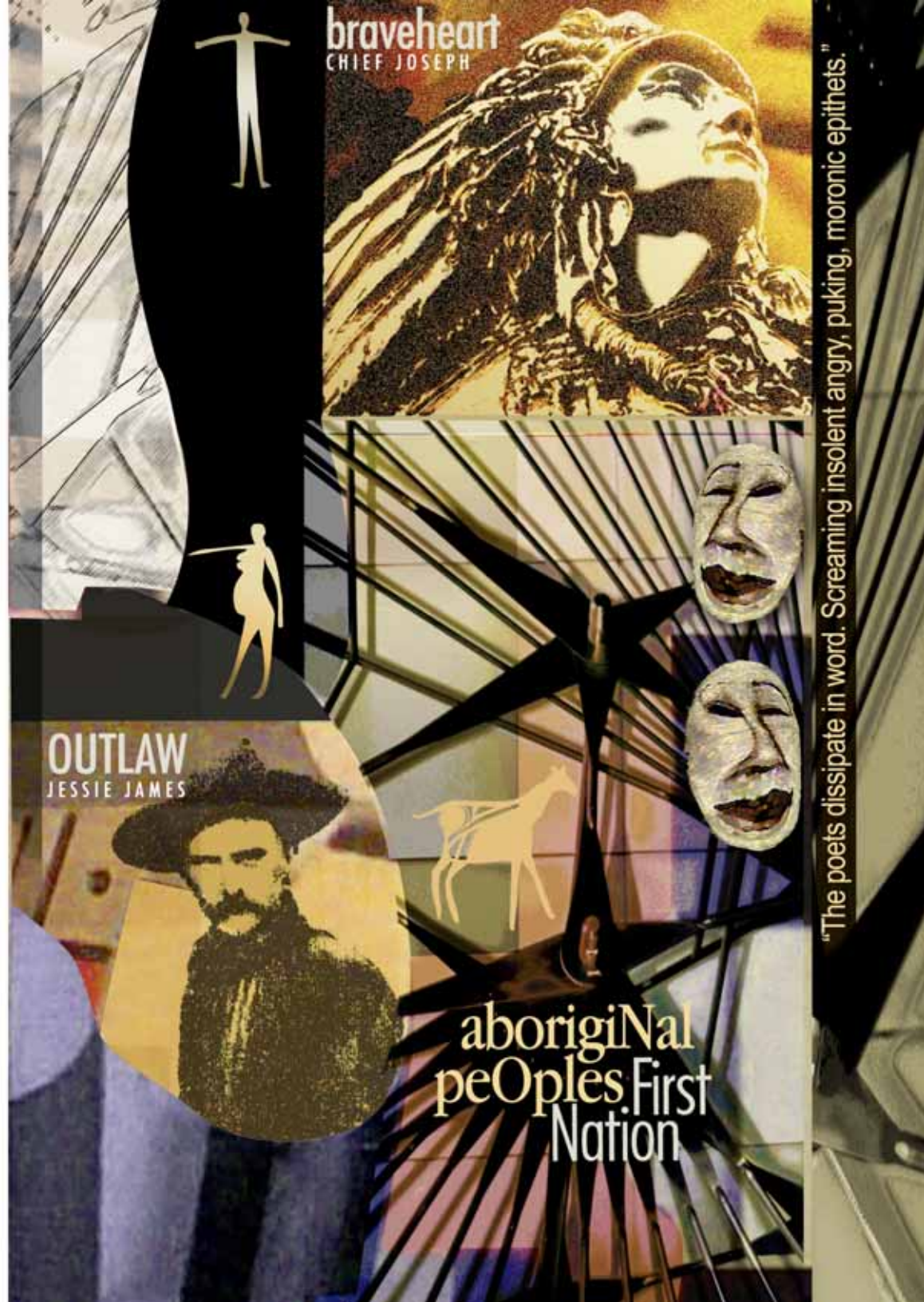


Fermentation

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.



Freedom

Freedoms empty canvas
blinding white
steals the painter's sight,
hidden in the veil of pause
commitment rendered cause.
Builds a wall with ornamentation.
And begins to walk the halls of transformation.
The wall of color bends and grows,
a river of black oil flows,
seeping into the cracks and crannies,
taking the path of least resistance.
In disobedience proclaims it's defiance.
Painterly white submits in compliance.
The siege begins,
the black night defends.
Each moment the expression sends,
waves of mixed pallet ascends.
Raising the tattered flag.
Free the artist commends.
The paint in variant cause transcends.
and so the conflict ends,
and so the conflict ends.



Simple, Easy, Catchy

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.



Legacy

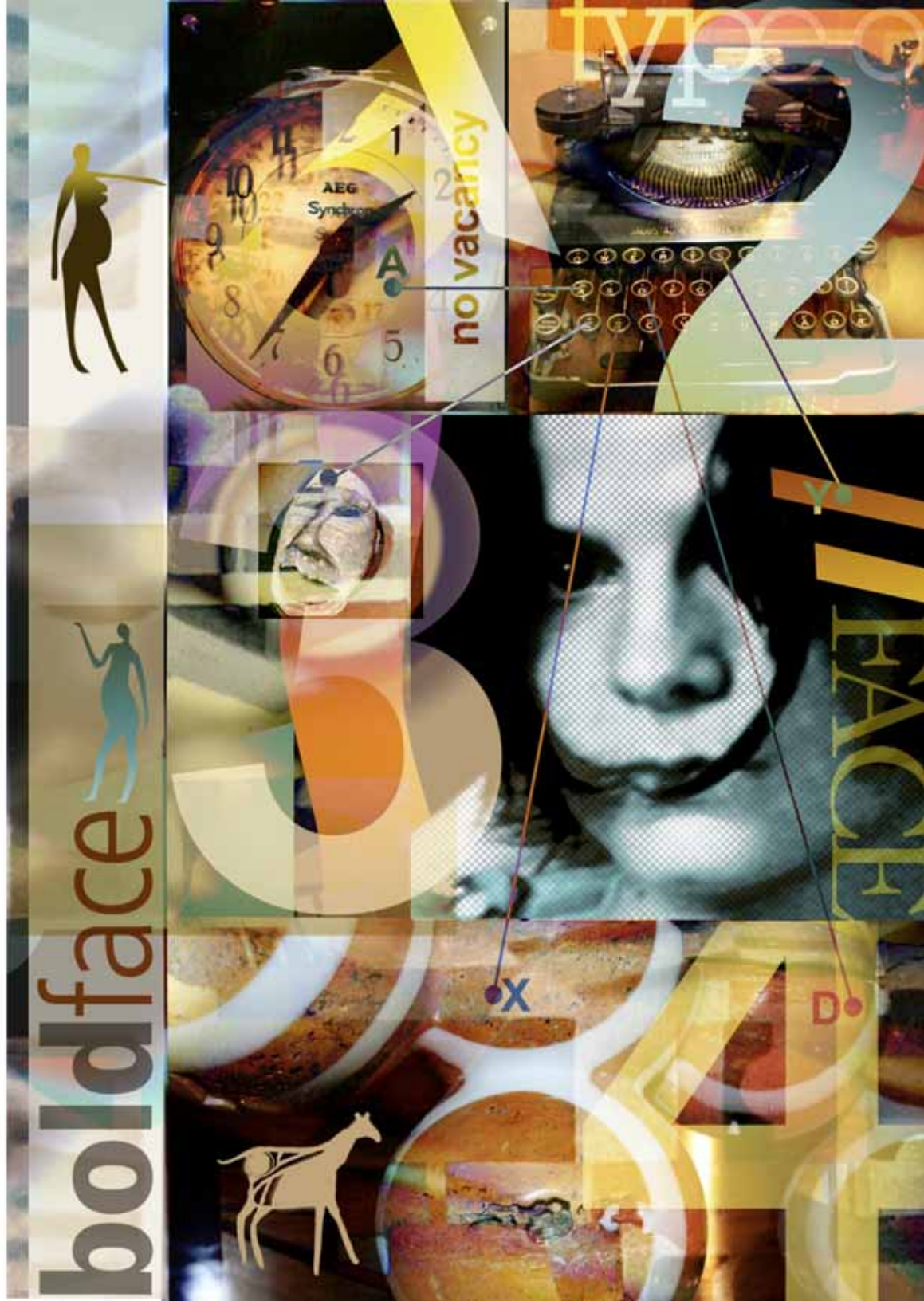
The jester dances like a flame,
lit by the trickle of fossil fuel
decay and shame.
Molten rain
stings my rule.
Godless fool.

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.



Transient Train

Transient train move us to
the destination of our fugitive moment.
Epochs passing glance provide us a view,
of photographs in Gaussian focus,
spectrum pixels and data bits.
The shutter clicks.
A pause for the picture album,
glued to archival walls,
gathering dust and seasoned
upon the designated shelf.
I roam the maze of halls.
Removed into the tunnel of self.
Passing through time lapsed corridors,
trapped within the arbitrary borders.

Recanting as I stair upon the apparition lost,
This manifestation's ere presence tossed
like a favorite hat upon a mindless rack.
It is the wiser eye that looks back.
The image cataracts, and burns
deceives and turns dim.
Was it me or was it him.
My recollection flinches picking splinters.
Wisdom beams and quietly surrenders.
History is the ballast of drowning mentors.
Life reveals itself to its inventors.



Bacon Bits 1

I am an artist
casting
critical apprehensions.

of impressions
with simulated
expertise.

Reckless
Inspiration Hunkers Down
in Dark Shade.

Kerouac is
hipper than
Kerouac.

I am a poet
casting
critical
disembowelments.
with simulated
expertise
incarnating this word
for that word.

Bacon Bits 2

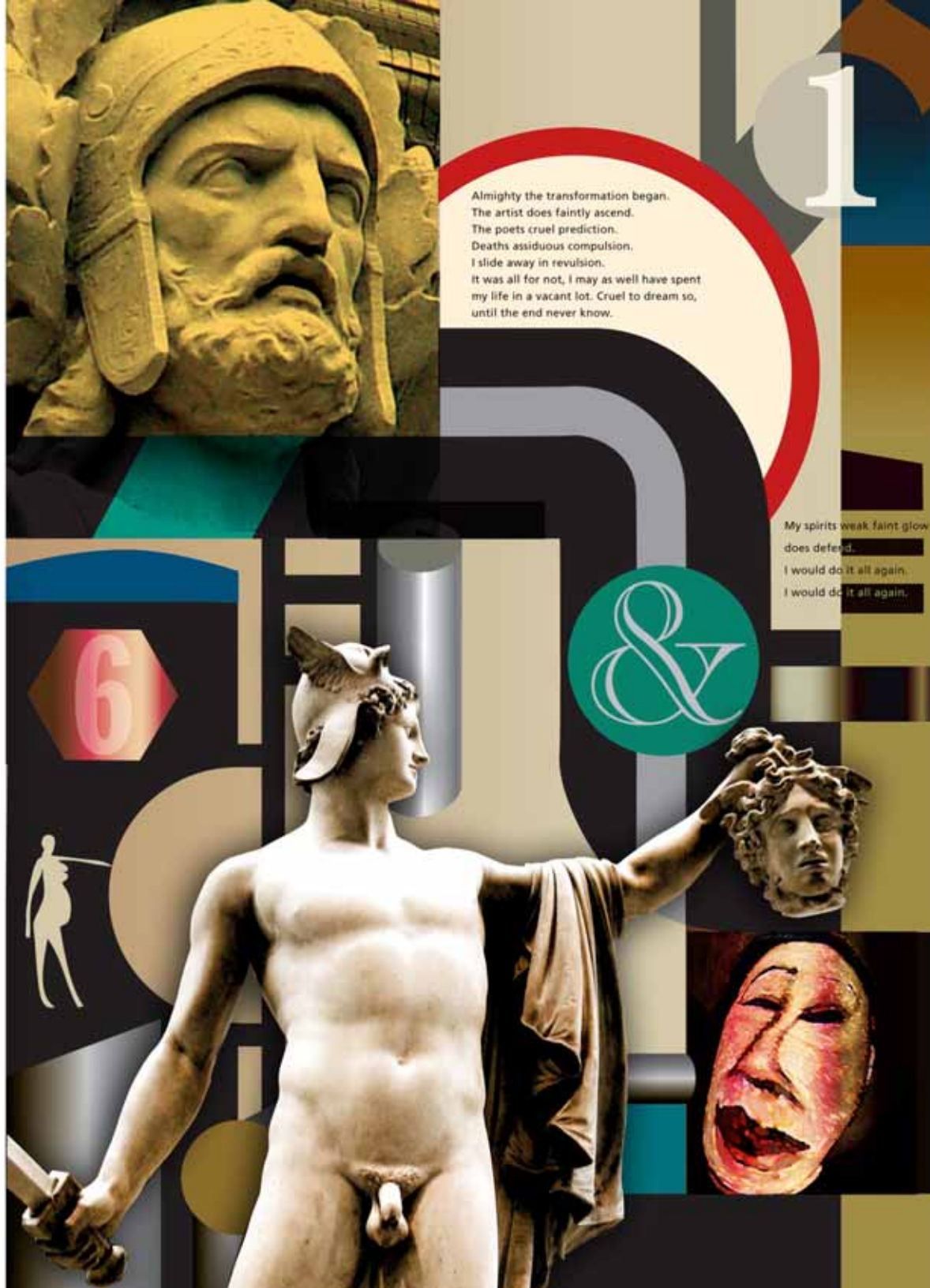
Daring Genius
Hunkers Despondent
in Swarthy Gradation.

The cat's
emery board
tongue
wiped
butt
clean.

Spitting his balls
and hocking-up
membranes.

Eating crunchy,
chewy,
crippled critters.

Crushed crooked
on a wall.
Slightly bent.



Brave Hearts

Brave hearts
who opened the door.
Who endure their unrelenting genius.
Who were chosen for the burden.
Who walked before.

Men and women standing tall
against impossible odds.
They made us better.
They marched. They sang.
They spoke. They drew.
They painted. They prayed.
They fought. They did not.

They are now our heros,
but always to late.
Honor the brave hearts
and thank God
they accepted there fate.

Brave hearts,
who opened the door.
Brave hearts,
who opened the door.
Could do no less.
Could do no more.

The Absurd

Silly, Fatuous and Preposterous.
Ridiculous, Cockamamie and Outrageous.
Stupid, Asinine and Ludicrous.

Kings, Queens and Holy Men.
Popes, Dopes, and Mortal Sin.
Corporations, Firms and Fornication's.
Assault Rifles, Hot Rods and Jihad's.
Suicide Genocide and Patricide.
Homicide, Matricide and Assassination.
Masturbation, Holy Nation and Execution.
Democracy, Theocracy and Bureaucracy.
Socialism, Communism, and Alcoholism.

Far-fetched, Unbelievable, and Apocryphal.
Exaggerated, Over Stated and Not Plausible.
Dokey, Block headed and Unreasonable.

Management, Condiments and Governments.
Treason, Sacrifice and Christmas Season.
Addiction, Greed and Poppy Seed.
Contracts Documents and Disagreements.
Harmony, Conformity, and Compliance.
Sanctions, Dispensations and National Alliance.
Love Ins, Protest and Defiance.
Voting, Boating, and Acceptance.
Gods, Dogs, and Bull Frogs.

It's true, It's true

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 feet blown off and tied to a fire.
They roughed him up a bit .
If you were him you'd be scared too.
I feel so blue, how about you.
It's true, It's true

My recompense

Deep Purple, Black Light Hue.
Alizarin Crimson, Prussian Blue.
Elegant White, Warm Gray Flood.
Egg Shell Beige, Gray Mud.
Bloody Blue, Green Blood
Burnt Sienna, Bold Yellow Sheen
Burnt Toast Brown, Fire Engine Green.
What I create may never be seen.
The strokes in toil,
may never be shared.
From this truth I prefer to be spared.
Works gathering in the attic dust.
The strokes never shown,
yet I must go on.
This my recompense.
This my innocence.



