

Infinite Holdings
by Graham Best

Infinite holdings offered
in counterclockwise dispersement
to fools with soft palms
and “eyes on the prize.”

Many is the multitude.
Too abundant are the ample.
Let them sample *these* delights.
Let them snicker and critique.

Put together like a carnival
or else like a janitor’s chattering keys,
these biting fleas chew Time
for Its blood and longevity.

Where are the vitamins going
that we must helplessly hord them?
Where are chimpanzees and trees?
Where are elsewhere and old?

In your pocket with the lint.
In the dust on a window sill.
Every ash is a haunting ghost
and its ember is an exorcism.

Can you train yourself *easily*?
Can you *qualify* for Goodness?
Can a mischief maker *shine*?
How many times does wisdom *return*?

Let the Admirals strategize
while the battle shrinks from them
and a cannon coughs billiard balls
as an old woman farts.

Fits and starts, repercussions—
to much jam on too few muffins.
A virgin crevice in buttered toast
is no different than a National Park.

Walk with God. Build an ark.

Sail with heathens into shark.
Point a finger. Pick a fight.
Put two wrongs, but put them right.

“Merry Christmas!” Holy hell!
Children learning how to spell
words like ‘either’ and ‘which’.
No teaches them ‘unhitch’.

No one teaches them together
and trusting the weather
to care for forever
much better than us.

“I can see it.” So *be* it.
Put thought into deed.
What is wrong put behind you
and don’t let it find you!

It lives in your thinking.
It lurks in your habit.
You don’t want to know it
unless you can grab it.

You don’t want to conquer
the snake in the mirror—
the beautiful scales gleaming
like harmlessness dreaming.

Provide a “good” reason—
the spice for the Season,
the generous lesions
on elbows and Soul.

Is your skin not renewing
the sun damage you’re doing
to it always in shadows,
your dark moonlit meadows?

Ghettos, precincts, unliveable sties.
Look for something that flies,
not just time, but with feathers.
It won’t leave a trace.