

MANGO GARCIA POEMS
2020

I, Misanthrope

Religions are all forms of bigotry:
Christian, Zionist, Muslim, Hindu,
Marxist, Nationalist, Materialist.
Religious people are all the same:
'Convert to my form of intolerance.'
I am not a bodhisattva,
I am unable to feel compassion
For the majority of humanity:
the ignorant, fearful, superstitious:
the deluded world insane asylum.
Extinction will be cruel to few
And just for many.

11 March 2020

Awakening

Fresh sun warms morning
Light splash crisping forest green
Hush cool dark fading
Life revealed that was unseen
Bird trills dance from silk web gleam

Dawn fills air so clear
Green light blades thrust up from hill
Bees spark glints so near
Breath of life in birdsongs thrill
Open mind to timeless still.

24 April 2020

Awakening, and Reopening

24 April 2020

<https://manuelgarciajr.com/2020/04/24/awakening-and-reopening/>

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Reopening

Is watching Fox News
Pre-existing condition?
And dying trump
Making America great?
Will Dow Jones itch spike
Enslavement volition?
From happiness chasing
To make a clean break?
And kill off the old
With free conscience cold
Re-spinning roulette
To let the plague strike
So gold dreams can shit
On a world dump as toilet
Where you're a condition
Of easy dislike,
Forgettable ache,
Eventual coal lump,
With hurried ambition
Our dead primal ooze?

24 April 2020

Awakening, and Reopening

24 April 2020

<https://manuelgarciajr.com/2020/04/24/awakening-and-reopening/>

Sunshine Girl

I saw the granddaughter of Jim Morrison and Janis Joplin today —
Beautiful girl —
Lives in Berkeley sometimes
Sometimes in Fort Bragg or Albion
Not sure what she does for a living
Maybe work part-time in Nit's Cafe
But she's a good singer
Makes up her own lyrics
Loves animals —
Feeds the hummingbirds
Has a pet skunk —
Not bad at gardening —
Trades with her tomatoes at the Farmers' Market —
Even knows Spanish!
Said Zapata was an ancestor, it's likely true
Said Santa Monica is like golf:
A Republican pig playpen
Lights incense to read
Rings a Tibetan bowl-bell when the Moon is full
Does her own math even, I'm impressed
Keeps bees I heard, earns her honey
Hikes the hills to see the hawks
Watches waves from the cliff
A tough cookie with a sweet disposition
Free spirit
Always fun when she's around
Glad I lived long enough to know her

4 June 2020

Good People

I do not think it is fair to ridicule people of modest education and sophistication, who are otherwise good-hearted, right-thinking and right-acting. Wisdom is not the same as intelligence, which is not the same as education. Education is the product of opportunity, and thus usually an accident of birth; intelligence is a product of genetics, and thus a blameless accidental attainment; and wisdom is a product of rationality coupled with good character. It is rationality and good character that are essential to the making of a complete person, and to the making of a good society.

4 June 2020

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Sunshine Girl, and Good People

4 June 2020

<https://manuelgarciajr.com/2020/06/04/sunshine-girl-and-good-people/>

World Endings Are One

When did the end of the world begin?

1492?,

1619?,

1914?,

1933?,

1945?,

1968?,

1973?,

1980?,

2020?

I guess it depends

on who's world you are talking about.

For many species and groups of living creatures,

The beginnings of the end of their worlds

started remotely

and unnoticed in the past,

And can take years, even centuries,

To expand as waves of death

that ultimately consume them.

On our Earth of interlaced worlds,

Many such waves have been started

And are rippling out through their worlds,

Amplifying where those worlds intersect.

We are being felled because of our social connections,

even as we deny them,

Which are spread out as a mesh of interconnectedness

That provides highways for infection

to each of us.

For each living creature

The end of their world

comes on a very particular day.

But who is a world alone,

even if anonymous?

All the injustices of the world are one.
To claim they are unrelated,
and that many are unimportant,
Is a racist idea.

To claim that one particular genocide
is more important than all others,
and deserving of exclusive attention,
Is a racist idea.

To deny that a particular genocide has occurred,
Is a racist idea.

To claim that the curbing of your selfishness
is an injustice,
Is a racist idea.

Racism is slavery,
is war,
is capitalism,
is virus,
is global warming.
Racism is death.

Life is one and recognizes all,
as is justice.

The end of the world began when Life was partitioned
into the deserving
and the undeserving.

And so many such endings have been started
That a knowing soul must weep,
Even as the sunny fullness of Life
Shines down upon us indiscriminately.

17 June 2020

<https://manuelgarciajr.com/2020/06/17/world-endings-are-one/>

Artistry

I am an artist in Karma
Sometimes successful
Often a failure
The canvas of my artistry
Is life itself
A composition
Of timing, thought and serendipity
That streams
Through the chaos and eddies
Of our times
Momentarily seen
Like glints of moonlight
On nighttime ripples of ocean
Otherwise faded into shadows
Of inalert distracted infantile
Naïve societal attention
Particular to my unique experience
Archetypal in its everyman generality
A flicker in human history
Like the flash of a red wing
Penetrating through a forest mist
Out of sight
The briefest part of a second
In one of countless infinite
Pulses of living Earth's life
The heartbeat of the Universe
As instance of vibrance
In one miniscule organic expression
Of that fathomless total Immensity
A vibration passed among us all
As a sharing of existence

My art is to know that this is so
And to reflect on my immersion
In ripples of consciousness
That recede from my particularity

Crossing other rings of experience
Fanning out
From life-forms seen and unseen
Joys and struggles known and unknown
Awakenings and sleepenings
Scintillating the all-pervading
Field of thought and thoughtlessness
That forms the ocean
On which we each and all journey

This is my art
And I alone as Universe
Am free to behold it.

5 August 2020

<https://manuelgarciajr.com/2020/08/05/artistry/>

Lost World

I was born in a world that was breaking apart
Its binding illusions steamed away in the sun

The cracks in the crumbling clay of its grounding
Widened to powder winds of what had been done

What I can remember is now a lost world
And preventable sorrows must all be rerun

The asking of "why" is from fatuous wisdom
Absorbed incubating enwombed as the one

O'er all I was given the power of suggestion
With never the power to persuade anyone

Humanity unable to think beyond oneself,
The critical nail in our confined destruction

For not thinking that way lifts you out of your fog
And into the light of a just apprehension

Free of contentment and bared to self-judgment
The breathtaking threshold to fulfillment begun

Queequeg's coffin buoyed Ishmael orphaned at sea
And saved him from drowning because it was empty

And so all their deaths for the awakened must be
Their lonesome ascensions from ignorance, freed.

21 August 2020

<https://manuelgarciajr.com/2020/08/22/lost-world/>

Ashes Stirred Into Light

The birds are quiet, where are they?
One small brown oakleaf spins suspended in spider-silk
In the stillness of a dried sage bush.
The rising sunset dawns soft orange splotches
Slanting onto crunchy dun-colored forest ground
Fading into a wider illumination of dead still pale yellow
As the few orphaned drops on the window
From last night's moment of sparse rain
Evaporate invisibly into the slaty haze,
The cold smell of burnt distance in the air.
There are fires many ridgecrests away
And all are holding their breaths with vacancy
In this dried-out sculpture of a world
With all its filigrees dressed in muted tones
Of green and straw and brown, glintless.

24 August 2020

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Ashes Stirred Into Light

24 August 2020

<https://manuelgarciajr.com/2020/08/24/ashes-stirred-into-light/>

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We Were Young

We were young when we first met
Many illusions I had then,
Many hopes and many fears
Many hidden lonely tears

We were company back then
While we chased our separate dreams
Vibrant feeling to be alive
Feeling powerful just to strive

After long time separate lives
I find you always on my mind
A true companion for last years
When memory replaces fears

Why so blind in frantic youth
Not to see you're such a friend?
How could I miss such sterling truth
Even up to the very end?

Why did I fail to realize
What was there before my eyes
And not appreciate that ray
That chance had gifted in my way?

I the fool ran after phantoms
That always vanished from my grasp
Diving through illusions fathoms
Desires fading in my clasp

Looking back now I see the real
The solid and dependable
For an honest soul to feel
For pride subdued, and calm mind humbled

Young eyes dazzled by hope's desire

Made invisible what I prize now
As rushing by in youthful fire
Through time I ripped, a steely plow

And to what? I must suppose
A mindless life-thrust seeking renewal
Another gamete that to fossil goes
With luck ere dusting to see life's jewel

Now a spent husk I look back, review
What wisdom gained o'er this interlude
Savoring what from birth imbued:
A life fulfilled feels gratitude

Regrets too ancient to redeem the past,
Leave naught to salvage from but this
Our love and kindness given once may last
In forgotten lives which now we miss

That warmth sustains me and it stays
The sunlight of these dawns days
It is beyond all I could say,
Sweet thoughts of youth's unfolding play

29 August 2020

<https://manuelgarciajr.com/2020/08/29/we-were-young/>

E Pluribus Unum

Let's make everybody worthless,
Then we can own them
Without paying a dime!
Think of the profits
Selling everybody everything
For nothing!
They'll be so jealous
They'll love us to death,
'N even that we'll own!
We'll buy rockets
Go take Mars
So when they get there
They'll have to buy it from us!
We'll buy a curtain
To wrap 'round the Sun
So when they want sunshine
We meter it out
At what the market will bear,
Even more!
We'll stream their dreams
And fantasies
Even God's prayers
Will be by subscription
Through our monthly service
Autopay no cancellation!
Human achievement will reach its end
When we are gods
We will be eternity
Our logo slapped on the Universe's ass
Even inside Black Holes!
Praise be!
For all to see!

16 October 2020

<https://manuelgarciajr.com/2020/10/16/e-pluribus-unum/>

They hate us because we remind them of what they fear most — dying — and so they torture us, withholding morphine to punish us for our dying, to deny us some final joy, and they call that morality, righteousness against the sin of addiction. But, I know what it really is, deep down, it is the pleasure of cruelty inflicted on the helpless by terrified weaklings. Our only vengeance is knowing that in time they too in all likelihood will suffer this if they are unfortunate enough to fall under the power of those now young whom they abuse by training, which they call religion, to carry on with the same dreary deadness of soul and emptiness of mind and spirit. So open the valve, then turn out the light and go home, and you will have fulfilled your humanity by letting me fulfill mine.

Last Words

28 October 2020

<https://manuelgarciajr.com/2020/10/28/last-words/>

Connection

No deities, no compulsion, no ideologies,
Freedom as moral choice for responsibility.

Reductio ad absurdum,
the destruction of any idea by
trivializing it to its absurd extreme,
is the essence of conservative argument
in defense of its purely egotistical selfishness.

When I pet my boy cat and
he wraps his paws around my hand to hold it in,
we are experiencing the most fundamental connection
essential to the successful continuation
of All Life on Planet Earth.

14 December 2020

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**Eight Songs with Invisible Music,
then a Ramble**

For: Ella Solana García

21 December 2019

You Touched Us Open

A butterfly surprising me
To grace my palm so I could see
The radiance of life's sweet smile
Burn through the haze of my ennui
And melt my heart so gratefully
In your redeeming love for me

But I know you're that kind of grace
That weaves through life at your own pace
So I walk on fear's sharp knife-edge
To dread unknowns perhaps to be
Within love's glow of openness
And shadows of a heart greedy

To close you in would crush your glee
With open love you'd float away
To keep you here would kill beauty
My heart will break the day you flee
You'll wander off as sure you will
Into this world with wonder fill
Sweet butterfly to float so free
Through sunbeams of aged memory

A butterfly surprising me
To grace my palm so I could see
The radiance of life's sweet smile
Burn through the haze of my ennui
And melt my heart so gratefully
In your redeeming love for me.

I'll think of you in future times,
Rememb'ring such great love was mine
And grateful to recall just how
You helped me flower into now
You flit to find the nectars sweet
Of every heart you grace to meet

You'll wander off as sure you will
Into this world with wonder fill
Sweet butterfly to float so free
Through sunbeams of aged memory
Forever linking minds 'cross time
Sweet visions for those left behind
Our souls infused with peace now see
You touched us open to be free

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Forever and a Day

The opposite of death is love.

Come now sweet darling
Don't be that way
The world may be changing
Fire 'n ice have their way
But don't you be fretting
For come here what may
I'll be your lover
Forever and a day

We'll shiver in winter
We'll sweat in the heat
We'll drink the brown water
We'll live without meat
Your young skin will toughen
Under hot suns
Your young brow will furrow
As years have their run

We'll find our right living
Beneath ashen skies
We'll always be yearning
For young dreams' reprise
The world's always changing
Uncertain to be, but
With my arms around you
You'll always be free.

For our world is burning
Its green hopes lost smoke
As our hearts are learning
To hold strong as oak
The wars will be fearsome
And peace will elude
But love for each other
Will give fortitude

So come now sweet darling
Don't take on so
Though our world is changing
Our love will grow
And we smiling through
Our sweet time alive
For each we'll be lovers
Till forever dies

And this world will crumble
Freeze, burn away
Our lives flicker out
Must happen one day
The red suns are burning
The grey moon's cold hope
Lost children are turning
From fear's lonely yoke

But fret not my darling
For all things must pass
Yet there is one constant
One thing to last
Despite all the grieving
Our love is so brave
The smiles of whose being
Will live past the grave

We are so lucky
Past mere survival
We can both dream
Of nature's revival
Mourning the children
Lost in the floods
Whose stilled lives are bubbles
Released in the bud

Memories wistful
And not a lament
Hearts filled with love
And spirits unbent
The loss and the lack
Cannot kill the soul
Where love for another
Has once taken hold

We've been so lucky
In this life so graced
Though our world is changing
And we'll be displaced
Amor y candela
La noche nos dará
Corazones contentos
La vida brillará

So fret not my darling
For come now what may
I'll be your lover
Forever and a day
Yes, our world is changing
And our time will pass
But through all the dreading
Our love will last

Come now the winter
Come now the drought
Lost is salvation
Of that there's no doubt
The fire and the ice
Will each have their way
But through all the changes
Love constant will stay

So don't you be fretting
Come now what may
You'll fill my tomorrows
Like my yesterdays
Through all of the changes
One constant will be
That I'll be your lover
And you will live free

Come now my darling
Send fear away
Though our world is changing
Our love will stay
Don't you be fretting
Your sweet grace away
We will be loving
Forever and a day

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Soar Hawk Soar

I walked beneath a freeing sky
A soaring hawk wings thoughts up high
The calmed remembrance of old dreams
And clouds aglow in silent streams
That drift on by the mountain peaks
Of stories I will never speak
The light of day unfurling space
Illuminates my winding pace
Unshadowed hills of grit and green
The finest landscapes I have seen
A fading wake of memories
That seep out softly as eddies
All so common and all so mine
Connecting ever each 'cross time
By light on silent distant themes
Adrift alone on warped time's seas
Beyond horizons of each one
So mind hawklike soars to the sun
To look to where experience ends
Perhaps to catch a glimpse friends
So very long ago with you
When warmth was shared between us two
Till now forgotten urgencies
Cast us adrift to families
That drew our lives out as we've seen
Remote from those that now are keen
As my regards go out so fleet
With hope your journey has been sweet
For mine was good despite the storms
And I survived to now inform
This freeing sky with soaring hawk
And see descending light past dark
To bask so warmly as so true
Reflections burnish life anew.

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Teetering on the Edge

The dead that from us borrow
Are buried in their schemes
The children of tomorrow
Are left without their dreams

We see the steaming kisses
Of fire and the sea
The long bleak shoreline hisses
With all that used to be

The victors celebrating
Within their hoards entombed
Tomorrow wander searching
Beyond bunkers of doom

Below a dusty red sky
From waterless burnt hills
We peer far out and ask why
We let your false pride kill

The air now ghosts of flowers
The sea now grains of grit
The green that once was ours
Our dawn that once was lit

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Your Love Is My Challenge

I must say that "I love you" two hundred times a day
And every single one of them is heartfelt and true
I must say that "I want you," oh a hundred times too
For every minute every day I so yearn for you
There must be other ways I can show you how I feel
Besides bouquets in hungry hands whispering appeal
What more can I you offer, and what else to accept?
How can my art and passion grow much more love for you?
Can I ever open up the mystery of time?
So you can ramble through the weave of your dreaming lives
Can I hope to lead you back into that hidden spring?
Trembling in that flow until we melt into the light
You touched me and I came alive so reborn with you
Now I open up this world so your love flowers through
I rise to meet the challenge of championing your love
With open heart 'n spirit full my vision clears to you

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Looking Back I See

I could'ov lived a poet's life
And rove throughout my world of dreams
But wives 'n kids would not'ov stood
For unplowed rows 'n nights unseen
Hitched-up horses 'n dogs on leash
Give comfort more than mottled gleams
Of moonlight shadow rippling 'cross
Wild tomcat's wandering night screams

My ignorance as longing's fear
Threw chains o'r artist caperings
With love and safety held so dear
One's spring and sparkle cooled and stilled
For unburnt candles casts no light
Nor wax-drip sears the hands it's held
But blaming others I cannot
For all my grasping at the wind
To root unlikely chance to ground
As time invisibly slipped by

When freedom's moored to throbbing life
It's owning choices one has made
Both all the triumphs and regrets
The breath and beating heart passed through
That stream of all life's incidents
Of thoughtless words and wordless thoughts
The rising smoke in nights forgot
The mist burned clears oblivion's light

Trust can be a rock secure as
Happiness so sweet drifts by
Each man's an island on his own
Each woman is all hurried seas
The randomness of time and tide
Lap eddies onto shores of mind
A poet's life must always be
Lost starlight glinting on the sea
Harmonic chaos elegant
Is understanding clarified

Money is all evils' flower,
And evil is all money's root
Commodifying, life's reduced
To lowest cost priced highestmost
In great lovelorn America
Misled by those who'd make you see
The poetry in guillotines

Why weaken truth, dull clarity
Placating insecurity?

Poetic thought dissolves at last
In old hens' prattling done and drowned,
So Dylan Thomas died one night
From swelling of the brain infused
And so doth booze insight expand
The oft crabbed musing consciousness
A failure I would bound to be
If questing life eternally,
But be assured this won't be so
For I'll be free curmudgeonly

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Mister Yes-Know and Mistress No-No

People live, people die
People laugh, people cry
People love, people lie
People lose, people fly

Don't say what I don't want to hear
Don't do what I don't want to see
Don't think what I don't want to know
Don't feel what I don't want to be

Passive-aggressive mister co-dependent
Obsessive-compulsive mistress unrepentant
Acute anticipatory anxiety ascendant,
A mystery inevitably uncomprehended

Sometimes my art is of quality high
Sometimes my art is of quality low
However it crosses the public eye
I'm always delighted, I love it so

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Coiling Oak Smoke

Dewdrop jewels on the berries of spring
Golden grain waves in the fresh wind that brings
Crystal fresh rains that wells once again fills
And moistens the fields, the woods and the hills
Vibrant green shoots coat with radiance our land
Nature's benev'lence again is at hand
Clear light infuses warm breath through the trees
Dispelling the mists by dawning degrees

Our gardens now lush emerge from shadow
Birds rustle and flit by rivulets low
Mayhaps our boatmen will hook us some fish
To grill tonight for a savory dish
Maybe our cider cooled down in the creek
Will loosen spirits to merriment seek
Round the oak fire that pulls us all in
As our tribe of foundlings now becomes kin

Let the young children seek sparkly rocks
Treasures and playthings their dreams to unlock
Delighting in games with imagined friends
Out in the clearings and where the beach ends
Hiding and seeking and scurrying 'round
Learning each corner of our tribal ground
While we tend to patching houses and clothes
To keep out the rains and cold wintery blows

In afternoon balm I'll auger flute-holes
And string my guitar to serenade those
Who ring round the fire as dusk closes in
As we rim the warmth that centers our being
And I might think back to times long ago
When my world froze up and melted like snow
And then burnt away in long hopeless wars
When all that I was became nothing more

We each disappeared into private ends
Abandoned alone by fate and by friends
Emerging alive by luck some would say
Finding each other by chance day by day
Intimate strangers now braided as tribe
Castaways now on this earth that abides
Each guarding mem'ries of those that they lost
Each guarding a soul or'whelmed by grief's cost

Tomorrow I take Young Buck up the hill
To teach him the bow and of deers to kill
We'll seek cedar stalks to make arrow shafts
Talk about fletching and archery crafts
To ready ourselves for hunting to come
When fall chills the days and fog shrouds the sun
In time he'll move off with borns of his own
As I once had before being alone

When young Buck's become the man he must be
I will be feeding my gone away tree
Returning my spirit to these deep woods
Content I suppose I did what I could
We old men and women work so to fill
Young bellies with food and young lives fulfill
With savory scents coiled up in oak smoke
That bind us together as tribal folk.

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Night and Day, Being and Nonbeing

Matter, energy, space and time: the entirety of physical existence. Einstein unravelled their truth: they are all entwined, a four dimensional yin-yang, the image of gravity. But, what gave him pause that he could never fully overcome was the yin-yang of existence and nonexistence: quantum reality. And that is what we live within and are: matter, energy, space and time, existence and nonexistence, flickering on and off in rhythms seen and unseen, known and unknown, felt and unfelt. And consciousness, like gravity, is manifest through that dazzle while itself untouchable — a void — infused deep within us, the motivating core, the suns of our solar systems of individual being: life.

I step outside my warm bubble of house-air into the cool fresh oceanic night, which sucks my awareness out to the farthest reaches of its fathomless inky blue-black vacuum, punctuated by pinpricks of light beyond the frontiers of experience, whose inverted depths are a dark crystalline silence, the infinitely dissolved horizon past the tenuous haze of our shared breaths with green life lush with the fragrance of August flowers eddying through the living tangle of Earth's surface in my forested canyon laden with ancient expirations cooled and moistened to sparkling renewal.

This velvety opaque transparency pulses with drones by crickets and unfolds unseeable vistas of distant sound whose tides are brought near, washing resonantly through me and absorbing me into the totality of this timeless sequence of unthinking scintillating instants, pinpricks of existence flashing out of an eternal sea of nonexistence like glints of moonlight on ripples of a four-dimensional ocean, the unbounded immersion.

I breathe in my share of this pregnant unconscious and sense the capture of two or three molecules released millennia ago in the funeral pyre of that great poet's expended form, its brief journey of genetic transport finished as mine will soon enough be, and I embed that molecular poetry into my blood and sinews until its time for release comes with my organic disintegration into pure fleeting memory. Coyotes howl with bell-like clarity through the dark effulgence, and my moments of eternity come to rest for this night. So, I turn into my house-bubble for sleep.

Dawn fog in the canyon: I am looking at the sun just rise over the crest of the ridge, and light pour through the fog into the canyon, making it glow as it flows up the stream-bed and through the trees along the hillsides, with blue sky above, and birds darting through the panorama framed by my vision, the warmth of the rays descending into my body as I face before it, immersed in a cloud of light, evaporating. A bird chirps. Mist rises. The ground of the forest lights up. Leaves emerge glistening green from their silhouettes. The voices of the forest call to each other, silence fades into the light of day. Rebirth. I am who am once again.

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