

## **Stormy Nights**

Warmth of  
familiar blankets on  
cold, rainy nights with  
fluttering expectations in  
the cool down of the softest pillow  
the night is somehow less menacing now

Wind against the window it  
shakes the leaves of trees with  
unpredictable forces of nature that  
bends wills and shapes futures in  
a blink of an eye.

*James M. Weil*

## **The Premise**

Love is never angry  
Even if it hurts  
Like an angry mob  
In the heat of mindless sorrow  
That twists you up  
Like a car wreck in the night  
Leaving you scarred and bleeding  
Love is never angry  
Even when it hurts...

Sorrow turns to tenderness  
Regrets turn to memories  
Love is never angry  
When tears force their way  
Through the pain  
Letting go of love so deep  
Rips you apart  
In violent shuddering moments of  
Magnanimous gestures  
That finally fade to serenity.

*James M. Weil*

## **Ripple**

Premature thoughts  
Like boats in the night  
Tied securely to moonbeams  
Break free of their moorings  
And bump against each other  
Their silent whispers  
Spread through the port  
By the lapping waves.

*James M. Weil*

## **Politically Correct**

Little gutless scrubbing bubbles  
White washing their world  
Through toil and trouble  
Leave no streaks and avoid discord

Spinning yarns of social détente  
Whisk away the dust and dirt  
Keep the peace through sanitary language  
Always careful nobody gets hurt

Rub-a-dub-dub and away they scrub  
Their world is plain vanilla  
Disparaging words are never heard  
Each one is so carefully censured

Little gutless scrubbing bubbles  
Always scrubbing but never thinking  
A white-washed world can never redress  
Those nasty conflicts they are so busy cleaning.

*James M. Weil*

## Untitled

I love -  
    and it fills me with anger  
My remorse is misdirected  
    Am I a victim of my own passion?

Perhaps it is pain  
    that makes me so passionate  
So much passion  
    with thoughts misdirected  
can only lead to fragmented  
    feelings of hysteria

Yet I love  
    and for this there is no recourse  
Not even the most vile cynicism  
    can kill the beast

It is hard like a diamond  
    (although it has no brilliance)  
And cuts into my brain  
    like daggers into my heart

My love is born of existence  
    like the middle class is born of envy  
and only the poor and underprivileged  
    know what it is to be humble

*James M. Weil - 7/1981*

## **Untitled**

When the clouds dispersed  
And the Great World showed its teeth  
The True Spirit Awoke  
All other ruminations were reduced to ashes

One eye glued to a keyhole  
the past lay asunder  
like vaginae plundered by Vikings  
and no sense could be made from the bloody mess

God himself laughed  
Are we not Penguins?  
The World trembled with his laughter  
It tumbled mountains  
Oceans swallowed themselves up and disappeared

The whole World crumbled  
until all that was left was the True Spirit feeling hurt  
and blinking with disbelief

***James M. Weil - 1981***