JOY CASE / POETRY MANUSCRIPTS

Collected poems

2022

A reading edition

Wording and source line order retained.

Typography and stanza spacing made consistent.

ASSEMBLED FROM THE POETRY SOURCES PROVIDED

Contents & editorial note

8 poems in this volume.
Wording, punctuation, and line order follow the supplied source.
Spacing and typography are unified; long source lines may wrap visually.
Undated calendar-year assignments are editorial estimates, not verified dates.
Exact duplicate copies and non-poem publishing notes were omitted.
Untitled is an editorial label, not an added line of the poem.
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01 / 2022

Final form

Gripped by the hand of eternity
Infirmity melted lotteries
Of fine pixel dust
Like a spell over Manhattan
I did it my way
Sea tousled mane
Drown in figurative speech
They silenced the soft simple sound
Of reasonable doubt
I checked the forecast
It asked for a human form
To program its AI counterparts
Trojan horse rusted creaky
Tin man with soft heart
Echoes of narnia now portrayed the dismayed distaste of disenfranchised
Surely goodness and mercy
Didn’t follow the tape deck turntable
Black film watered down cameras shifted
Actors like zombies sucked the last wind of
Light now
it’s late
it’s too late
I’m late
Birthing
Last
Form
Of

Source: poems-2022.pdf / p. 1 / year estimated

02 / 2022

Us

Poets and madmen
Playing lyre and harp
Pied Piper sad men
Layers apart
Stroll for a moment
Down another’s path
Put on new glasses
And have a good laugh
The opposite wasn’t
just as it seemed
The journey to home
we intervened
For lush is the garden
And full are the fruits
Of those who know
They were part of the show

Source: poems-2022.pdf / p. 2 / year estimated

03 / 2022

Ear for you

Just stop and listen, even though you know what they are going to say, you heard it all before, and actually you are right. Wrong, it’s not about right.

Listening is about emptying oneself to be a vessel, a conduit for another’s voice, under which lies a veritable sea of demons and doubts. A trench so deep it could bury humanity. You may just be their only vessel, their only way across the divide.

Listen, empty yourself of you and Be One for a moment. Only when your container is neutral can you allow another a host, a home, a safe place to Be. In that moment of listening you are a heart, two ears together beating to the sound of transformation.

Allowing a home, a resting place for the sum of all fears & in the very nature of neutrality you detonate eons of generational traumas.

Source: poems-2022.pdf / p. 3 / year estimated

04 / 2022

Be heard. Hear. Be Home.

To behold beauty with an open hand, that it may land and then fly away to its joy and to your gratitude for the mystery of sentient form

Source: poems-2022.pdf / p. 4 / year estimated

05 / 2022

C19

Mask her aid
Eyes scarred
Mouth and lips concealed
Shut. quiet. safe. fear
Roll up your sleeve
Get on gear
Mind the gap
What if our goals
Were bowls of crystal sound
No one could drown in the
Unbecoming of little me
To big tall tree
Forthwith and forthright
and a fortnight
Of fallow faithful followers
Just a swipe short of
Touch. taste. and tattle tale days
Mind you
you learned all you
Needed to know in kindergarten
Oh how we must get back to
Soil and sand
Get gritty
My soul has no virus
And if it did would that be enough
For you to idolize the tent
We just have for rent
Short time
Hedge your best
Sell the rest
Not trite just do what’s right

Source: poems-2022.pdf / p. 4, 5 / year estimated

05 / 2022 / CONTINUED

C19

For your inner child
To Dance on the velvet sea
Return to essence,
Gratefully, me

Source: poems-2022.pdf / p. 4, 5 / year estimated

06 / 2022

Backyard pots at night in the rain

Fire licked ashes
Cooled wet swirling
Ebony pools
Once I saw the burning
Stakes but in these cases
We still have judgment here
Fire kicked smashes
Theory of waste
Bid you doth haste
Canary out of coal mines
In time for the
Ceremony
Beating drums
Savage howls
Lord and slave
Still hiding in the cave
Hawk, eel, brave
Underfoot it’s roots of
Curly twine
Nestled undertaking
Of last breath and full eons
From which stars gained their
Momentum and forests yielded their habitats to all things great & small
If the lord made them all
You’d surely heed the call
To mince words and heal tones
And finally let forgiveness
Flow
At thick dark the oil began to
Glisten with golden mist
Swirls of molten lava

Source: poems-2022.pdf / p. 5, 6, 7 / year estimated

06 / 2022 / CONTINUED

Backyard pots at night in the rain

Fixated on angels dust
Arise!
Take a knee!
Arise!
Kneel!
Fall and weep and ashes and dust
Reflections only mirror
Inner matter
Stir vast the sparkle laden treasures
In mind and heart
There is no
a part

Source: poems-2022.pdf / p. 5, 6, 7 / year estimated

07 / 2022

Parts Sold Separately

I was told I needed a new phone when my battery kept shorting
I was told I needed a new dishwasher when the parts started leaking
I was told I needed a new plan when inflation rose sharply
I was told my gut was unhealthy but my liver health was good
I was told by the teacher that financial education wasn’t necessary to graduate
I was told by the scientists that we could extract lithium from the sea
I was told by the fish that plastics are a human problem
I was told by my Counselor I needed a heart specialist
I was told by my community I needed an international passport
I was told by my neighbour I needed to buy the fence this time
I was told by green to stop at red
I was told by routine to only do art on sundays
I was told my shower is a safe zone for naked singing
I was told by you that everything is separate and we don’t know about that because that is not our specialty
Then I was told by a child that everything is connected and even magical
So I invited the scientists to sit with the theologians, environmentalists, doctors, educators, tradesmen and children to
Inform the parts just how they all fit together

Source: poems-2022.pdf / p. 7, 8 / year estimated

08 / 2022

Unexpected encounter

Shared Royalties
Casualties of dissension
In this one dimension
Taught taut tough
Muster up enough
Courage to be
Exposed
soft opening
Bluff
I was instrumental in that stuff that
Landed hard on my folly
For your information
I’m not unfounded
Or colliding
Or calculating
Or condescending
You read me wrong
I just got excited about
Our mutual escape from
Strumming to resonance
From drowning to resurrection
From only to always
From shadow to eminence
Strum my only hymn
It’s my soul string quartet
You can’t regret that
Seed I,
Let it sow

Source: poems-2022.pdf / p. 8, 9 / year estimated