

Don Cozzette

Late Bloomer

Cherry Lane
June

The Jones rush, push and pull behind their weed-killer carts with a stern look on their faces; determined to annihilate any space invaders on their bright green chemical carpets... The sun shines strong... Bumble bees pollinate... The pink Dogwood blooms... Mockingbirds mock...

...I left the strange weed to grow in the midst of the giving flower bed...

Nosy, next-door neighbors pulled, poisoned and punished theirs...

Through the perfumed, purple butterfly bush, burgundy iceberg and lavender floribunda roses, the straw like, pale-green weed grew and grew...

Late in September and just prior to last call, the reed-like ragamuffin produced the most delicate daisy-like, white and yellow flowers, providing a brilliant exhibition of color and vitality...

.....Meanwhile, neighbors continued their pompous puppet dances of conformity, except now when they passed the yard, they made sure to look the other way...

And the hidden Praying Mantis prays to his alien gods for a timely return...

Cherry Red

Union Square
NYC
Farmer's Market

Gravity's pull is inevitable...
...And fresh peaches fall off the Vermont vendor's cart; consisting of
cardboard cabbage cases...

Girls (woman) my age (forty), in most cases, just don't do it for me...

Who wants bruised fruit, cottage cheese derrieres and gorgonzola
veins?

Perhaps when the fruit section of my personal produce market
finally sells out, I could just "devalue" the merits of ripe fruit to
myself...

Perhaps then I could become a connoisseur of junk food...

Artificial Flavors...

And preservatives...

Botox...

And plastic surgeries....

No, no, no...that's not me...

I'd rather spend my time contemplating the suspicions of hunger
alone, than chasing skirts....worn skirts...

There are those that convince themselves that beauty is inside...
Then why were we giving these dismissive eyes?

Perhaps I'll save the spiritual connections for when I'm a spirit...

To deny...

Is to imply...

That my eye...

Is a lie...

And that wouldn't be logical...

After all, a ripe Japanese Black Ruby plum gives us energy, while a
dried prune is recommended for a case of constipation....

Anonymous Genius

Lao Tzu (550 BC) – He who knows does not speak. He who speaks does not know...

The smartest man has come and gone, or perhaps he's here right now...

We'll never know him...
And never not know...

Because he's the smartest man...

He's aware of the big picture...
And the hypocrisies and contradictions...

He sees through fame, gospel, greed and ego...
He knew early, perhaps right after birth, that less is more and communication can be dangerous...

He's aware of the big picture...
And all the parts of the machine...

He sees a "love" based on ego and self-need...
He questioned conformity and traps of human guilt and shame...

Because he's the smartest man and we'll never know him...
And never not know...

He saw immediately past life and death...
Consciousness for him was clarity and clear...

He was aware of the big picture and not concerned with the frame...

Because he's the smartest man and we'll never know him...
And never not know...
Him...