

Poems for the Short-Term Memory  
Robert Fraser

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## **Dedication**

*This book is dedicated to Gina, who has  
loved and supported me as no one else  
has.*

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*Poems for the Short Term Memory*

Reflect

I trust too easily  
Unknown faces  
Of the wandering life.

I know not vaguely  
The curves of attraction  
With the absence of mind.

I give too frequently  
Of money and possessions  
But this shows Joy in sight.

I share too honestly  
All worries and burdens  
Of life.

*Robert Fraser*

Always the Dream

It's Sunday and it's beautiful  
With the sun dancing  
    Off bricks  
And the hum of central air units  
    Everywhere.

It's May 7th, 2000,  
    -or is it-  
    And it's beautiful  
It's the beautiful spring  
And the windows are open  
With the lake shore breeze  
    Swingin' my blinds.

Don't look  
    At your clocks  
    Or your watches  
Don't stare at the date  
    Under your calendar girl  
Don't watch the news  
    Or you'll ruin it.

This is a day to be.  
Lay in the sun  
    In your yard  
    On your beach.

Let Ra the Sun God  
    Give you his glow

*Poems for the Short Term Memory*

Let Mother Earth  
Pillow your back  
Let the Crowd of trees  
    Shadow the red sun spots  
    In your eyes.

Read your books  
Discover your wishes  
And find your loves  
For there's no time  
    To worry  
'Cause there's no time  
    at all!

This reality is your dream  
And in dreams you can do  
    Anything

Can you see that bird  
Over the lake's  
    White-capped waters  
    Rollin' in.

That bird is you  
That gull is your mother  
That pigeon your father  
The crows and the ravens  
    Your friends, Sisters and  
    Brothers.

Just fly away

*Robert Fraser*

To know no time  
    Except tired.  
Then come back to the  
    Body of Earth  
    That you left.  
And know your journey  
    Was a second in nothing,  
And that this poem  
    Was in your Dream.

*Poems for the Short Term Memory*

Day in Day out

I

Crippled thinking,  
Remnants of awareness,  
Sleepy, moving -  
Through the working man's day.  
Then on to  
The intoxicated night.

II

I'm bored  
Of  
Dazeful days  
And forgotten nights.

No memories cling  
To the blur of weeks  
That my mind's chasing

*Robert Fraser*

Rhyme of Reason

Leave your Homes -  
Leave your TV -  
Leave your so-called  
American Dream -  
Leave your Car -  
Use your feet -  
Bring your lovers -  
If their love is free -  
Forget this life  
Of excessive self gratification -  
Forget the powers  
And laws  
That enslave our nation -  
Forget the favorite show  
You know you're gonna miss -  
Forget the burgers -  
Forget the fries -  
And the combo's free carbonated piss -  
Halt your business -  
Halt your career -  
Go astray from financial fear.  
Don't be a slave  
To make them richer -  
Don't be their manual labor creature -  
For they pay you too little -  
To make them too much -  
They make your life brittle -  
And feed you bullshit for lunch -  
And they'd give you away -

*Poems for the Short Term Memory*

At the drop of a dime -  
For a man who makes less -  
For the same amount of time -

So leave your mortgage -  
So leave your rent -  
So leave them forever -  
And forever repent.

For I tell you I'm worried  
For the way it's all going -  
Cutting down trees  
As if grass they were mowing -  
Polluting our oceans  
Polluting our air -  
Polluting our Earth -  
Without any care.

For I tell you I'm worried -  
For the lives with disease -  
And God has to hear  
The millions of screams -  
All crying for love -  
And dying of hate -  
If the savior has come  
He's come far too late.

And then there's science and silence  
And, Oh Brother, technology -  
All hoping -

*Robert Fraser*

All dreaming -  
Of a metal serene -  
With flashing lights warning -  
That the majority ignores -  
Nature's wrath is coming -  
And she will take no more.

And the mouse in the White House  
Is dying -  
From the words we all say -  
And that Cat in the Hat  
Is just stoned -  
Not insane.

*Poems for the Short Term Memory*

Surprise

I did a  
Cannon Ball  
Off the  
Deep end  
And splashed  
Everyone  
In my

Wake.

*Robert Fraser*

Roof

Escape this land  
    This city -  
        Is a dream.  
Completely untied  
    To the blues the world  
        Is singing.

It's not enough  
    And it hasn't been.

Release my mind  
    From a prison of shores

To you and your mother  
    I'll tell you I'm drowning

I got a book with no backing  
That became a house with no roof.

It's been raining for days  
But I'm high and uncaring.  
I've had chances to fix it  
    And I lost them.

I don't know who she is  
I don't know where she's been  
And I don't know if I can find her again  
But I know where I was  
    When I met her.

*Poems for the Short Term Memory*

Nearly dead  
And barely breathing

The Mother of Mothers  
Has saved me  
Her world is my womb  
So I may need no roof.

The Father of Fathers  
Has taken me  
To his clock I was brought  
And taught to listen  
For its chimes.  
Oh, the distance it gave me  
From the rest of the world  
Has saved me.

*Robert Fraser*

Faith

Is it impossible  
To explain within these words  
All that is you?

Is it possible  
Young women of heart  
That the hurt you feel  
Cannot be hidden from me.

When eyes to eyes meet -  
I see only you and no fabrications.  
Held close by mother and father -  
Wrapped in beauty and innocence -  
Pushed away by confusion of love,  
Pulled closer by love itself.

This life enough to make you dizzy.  
Eyes closed -  
But staring at heaven.

You are the walking angel  
- A bright light when all is dark.  
You are the vision all poets  
Make by word - Immortal -  
For perfect is perfect  
With a simple look  
Into your eyes.

What a gift it must be

*Poems for the Short Term Memory*

With such purity unspoiled  
By this heartbreak existence -  
That you, a favorite of this wild  
Could be so gentle in chaos.