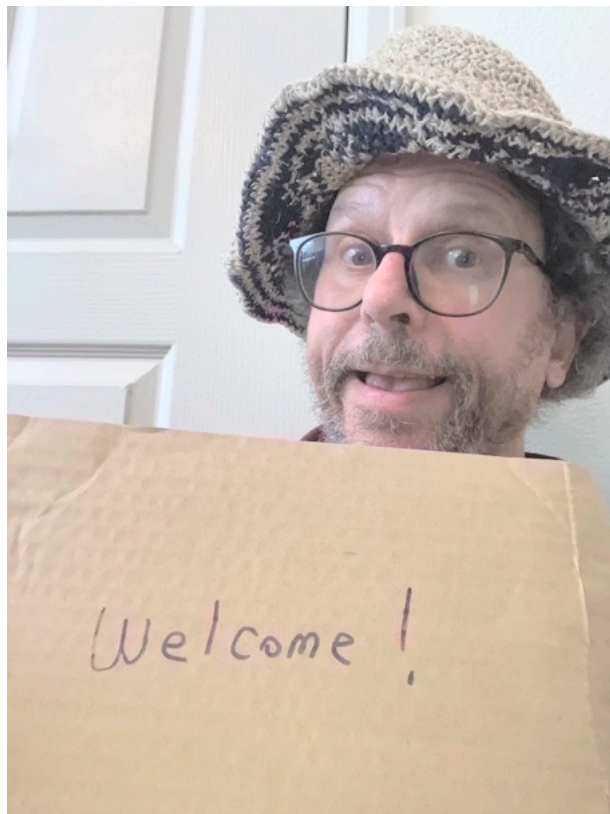


Banana Water To Appease
Ashmedai (Or This Title
Could Have Been An
Entire Paragraph Long
But The World Was Spared
This Time!)



Banana Water To Appease Ashmedai (Or This Title Could Have Been An Entire Paragraph Long But The World Was Spared This Time!)

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The artwork is by N. S. S. Jacobs. You can even buy some at art2uplift.com. Check out their novel at harvalan.com!

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"Sweet Child" in Inkblot magazine, Clayton, MO, 1984 "farmer death" in Broadside, Bradley

University, Peoria, IL 1987

"Lunchtime in the Quad" in Number One, vol. 42, University of Missouri-Kansas City Press, 1989

Also by David Mitchell Jacobs. Schwartz:

5/8 of Everything I've Written

"Ho-Ho," Said The Platypus and Other Snappy Titles

Amber Waves of Nausea

A Pickle For Bernice

Hey! I Just Write This Stuff

Winter Poems...More Snow In My Thoughts Than On Television

Get Your Own Delusions of Grandeur

Leased Loved Poems By A Relative Unknown Who's Probably Not Your Relative Jubilation

How About A Nose Squeeze?

Insert Clever Title Here

Destined To Offend: Yet Another Working Title Gone Awry

This part is important to me, so please read it.

Please do not read this in the bathroom or any unclean place due to the spiritual nature of some of the pieces as I have stated in earlier collections and on my webs Please enjoy this document in digital format. If you must print it, please do so double-sided and recycle as needed when finished.

I especially thank G-d, friends, family, Congregation Bonai Shalom in Boulder, Colorado, Common Name Farm, the Lafayette, Colorado Natural Grocers staff, the UCHEALTH hospital staff for helping Naomi through 2 kidney transplants! There's another group of people who are too numerous to name but doing so might embarrass them or make others feel bad because they aren't in the list. You know who you are.

😊 Other special thanks are due to NDConnect.App and and these Facebook support groups: Autistic Jews, Neurodiverse Jewish Community, Neurodivergent Jews, and Autistic &/Or ADHD Adults of Colorado.

For my only love, Naomi. 🥰🌈👁️🌸 Our souls are bound to one another no matter what.



Rainbow Magma by Naomi Susan Schwartz Jacobs

*You're probably wondering by now where I got the idea for this title. I will leave it to you to look up banana water and Ashmedai. I just liked the sound of the phrase "banana water to appease Ashmedai."

A Contented Table or A Discontented Chair If You'd Rather

(has copies of all my poetry spread all over it with lots of food and friends gathered around)

1. What's Here (A Dedication To My Love)
2. After
3. O Callow, Halcyon Youth!
4. Super Sized Pain
5. Rhyming Slime For the Untying States (A Period Protest Piece)
6. A Disjointed Response To A Poet Friend On The Fly
7. Doing The Work
8. Twice In A Purim
9. There's A Fishy
10. Muffin In Your Pants
11. Attention Ice
12. Some Humorous Thoughts From Early February, 2026
13. Along Our Trail
14. Fifty Years
15. Birthday Math
16. For Naomi
17. Untitled Prayer #5786
18. Enough Already
19. Onward
20. A Nature Poem
21. Before
22. Springing Forth (Trees)
23. Any Time Soon
24. March 26, 2026
25. Routine Maintenance
26. The Agony Of An Unseen Worker
27. My Writing Process
28. Evaporation
29. A Strange Yet Slightly Humorous Daydream
30. Vegan Vinaigrette For A Springtime Word Salad
31. At Sunrise
32. "We" Includes Us All (Frustration)
33. Elevation Offering

What's Here (A Dedication To My Love) May 14, 2026

Sunscreen tainted sweat rolls down my face barely missing my eyes.

I don't mind it while birds serenade.

They bring me poetry more pure than I can offer.

Yet I have and will continue to strive.

Sitting still, I chuckle to myself at the times up until 25

when I thought my poetry and songs would bring peace and love.

I'm still waiting for that through all the tears we've shed.

At least let my efforts bring solace though they bring no income.

What you bring each day without asking is light like the heavens,

a respite like this walk, a gift beyond measure despite the world.

I can't say when the birds or words will fly.

Maybe neither will return yet here we are right now.

Life and love have been ours to share for as long as we can.

We don't need any fancy greetings to open our hearts as you already have mine.

The minutes pass like the cars roaring in the distance

or the blood coursing through our veins.

We usually filter, forgetting how fragile we are.

Maybe the same poems will keep calling like birds warbling,

cooing in my ears to be written.

Will my poetry be stopped or flee? Will it hide again for years?

This might leave you wondering if I could be more cloying and sentimental.

That's not important. My dialog with nature and with you flows strong.

All I have here in phrases and uneven syncopated thoughts.

They arrived in syllables, pictures, perhaps fading memories.

But they're what I offer now to you.

This single poem is out of chronological order yet it's exactly where it's meant to be at any given time, like the entire book or perhaps many people. 🥰😊

After by David Mitchell Jacobs Schwartz May 7, 2025

Will you call it a profitable year after prices on grocery and other items skyrocket and after businesses close because they can't survive?

Will you feel better about yourself after the deportees who paid taxes, became skilled surgeons, cut your lawn, fixed your roof, and harvested your produce are shipped off to gulags to die?

Will you feel successful with your stock portfolio after you lost your job and you have nowhere to turn?

Will you feel healthier after diseases once eradicated return with a vengeance to permanently injure or claim lives?

Will you feel content after many are dead along with many because we lacked medical insurance or care and you're deciding between food and medicine yourself?

Will you feel safer and braver after people can't feed themselves but we have military parades and oligarchs run the country?

Will you feel like a world superpower after being mocked by other nations for ending diplomacy and attempting to seize independent countries?

Will you still feel justified in a holy cause after more bombs are dropped in the Middle East, revenge has increased but no lasting peace?

Will you feel smarter and admire everyone's intelligence after there's no public education?

Will you feel well informed after there's censorship and no public broadcasting?

Will you feel free after there's no civil rights?

Will you feel like all people have equal rights to healthcare after trans folk and cis gen women have no right to their own bodies?

Will you feel powerful yet smugly sympathetic toward all after there's open season to abuse the disabled, LGBT, BIPOC and other groups along with wildlife?

Will you pray as you wish after there's no separation between religion and state?

Will you feel more spiritual after bowing to your false gods who pay no taxes but won't take your money to heaven or more likely hell?

Will you feel there's impartial justice after laws are amended or written to oppress than protect?

Will you enjoy your surroundings and your picnics after people can't breathe or drink water, or get clean produce because the environment and food are irreparably damaged?

Will you enjoy your beach vacations after there's more hurricane damage, flooding and less beach left?

After all this, will you finally call that progress and say that you're happy?

O Callow, Halcyon Youth! July 3, 2025

Hawaiian Tropic melds with soft pretzels and yellow mustard
at the public pool snack bar eaten with shirt off, towel around neck.

There I discover that lemon juice doesn't lighten my hair merely making it sticky
despite the chlorine.

How quickly I learned that M&Ms melt wherever they please including my hands and
chin.

What a good storm won't cure dropping the temperature 20 degrees
The white backs of leaves flapping in the gusts
as lightning arcs off the pool ladders.

Only later do I learn there's Jewish prayers for thunder and lightning.

What a show it was, applauding G-d and a storm's own drama!

Will there be AM radio interruptions for updates amidst static.

Will this be our version of the world's end or will the power be out?

For my misspent summers I was merely grateful in the 70s and early 80s
returning home from summer camp as my swim trunks dried.

I didn't worry about how long it would take for my hair to dry or my ears.

Double scoop chocolate and strawberry ripple Chapman's in the waffle cone
never spoiled my dinner.

Nor did I stress about blood sugar or cholesterol and now, I merely sigh
at a lifetime of bad dietary choices.

Super Sized Pain June 29, 1025 for NSSJ

Another shot of shame perfectly blended with an extra large boredom and anxiety. They were carried by not half bad coffee and pastry, with a lifetime of regrets on the house.

I was rarely actually hungry, I who have no cause for complaint. Pizza or fries no longer satisfied.

The Indian buffet tasted good but provided no spicy awakening to solve my own career and personal problems, just indigestion on a 95 degree day. Nor did the solitary Chinese lunch special yield poetry worked through in my head. It offered no padding for emptiness and longing for a coworker or old classmate. Pain never tasted better until my mate supplanted it with joy. Not all are so blessed with someone who guards me from myself.

Loneliness surpasses MSG as the secret ingredient
A vacuum like a dietary and emotional slot machine,
I would rather sit alone than re-enter that casino.
Please don't invite me to dinner,
nor remind me of what I used to eat.

I lived my privilege with arrogant choice which others lack.
I am not entirely powerless as I admit old cravings.
It's better to supervise me with a shock collar or a deterrent pill
in the grocery especially at mealtimes.
I could have made my therapist wealthy by now.

Rhyming Slime For the Untying States (A Period Protest Piece) by David Mitchell
Jacobs Schwartz June 13, 2025

Drink your PCB smoothie through a rusty straw.
The government says it's safe according to your paw.
There's no need to worry about the weather.
The orange sky and storms are light as a feather.

Don't bother asking a doctor to cure you please.
They might be arrested for looking above your knees.
If it's not a virus, you might have some other ick.
Have a shot of bleach so you forget you're sick.

There's a useless military parade this Flag Day.
You won't be welcome if you're brown or gay.
Go ahead and be angry at little 'ol me.
The problem's in the nation not my poetry.

You might be like me and had enough
of petty, greedy people who need to be rough.
They don't mind if people die
As long as they make billionaires richer so they'll try.

Some politicians will wave their flag, feel patriotic and true.
If it weren't for dissent there'd be no red, white and blue.
I don't care if my words are trite.
It's about time we had truth not might.

After deportations and tariffs, will you feel much stronger?
While your family and neighbors starve, will they last much longer?
You might call me a nihilist full of rage,
But a few asteroids will help us turn a page.

A Disjointed Response To A Poet Friend
On The Fly Yes, I mean you. by David
Mitchell Jacobs Schwartz for B. Valerie
Peckler August 22, 2025

Ooh! Ooh! This!
I'm pointing at you,
jumping up and down internally, happily
and excitedly.

Like an open night,
I snap my fingers in appreciative,
alliterative agreement.
My high school and college teachers
would be appalled at my abuse of
adverbs
much less telling not showing.
I no longer write for them.
Rimbaud and Dylan Thomas look the
other way from heaven.
Am I am cheated they haunted me.

Maybe I will save this maybe not.
Maybe I will revise it, perhaps it will rot.
Sometimes the juicy spirit courses
through me.
Sometimes I am better merely in the
shade of a tree.
Though sudden rhyme might make us
both groan
and sonnet masters at the mouth may
foam
I eschew formal technique.
So what? It's not like I get the big
bucks.
Can I have a navel orange?

Doing The Work August 30, 2025

Journaling brought no illumination nor clearing.

Deep breathing nor stretching brought no better sleep.

Some words and acts I will never undo
nor absolve myself
known by few others and G-d.

I wonder through my well examined eight years plus half century alone sometimes in nature often apartment or office park tree shade.

Maybe I'll recall when I felt whole or maybe let go.

Maybe I'll finally atone for yet forgive my litany of sins.

May maybes cease
leaving me be.

I won't deny that therapy might one
day bring solace or coping
or help me hold
or and and neither nor all together at their
right time.

If I ever reconciled them or with myself I
can't remember.

For all my learning all my prayer,
all my breathing and self care,
I hope to pull my head from such
instrospective reverie long enough to
admire a misplaced tulip fight its way
through a construction field.

Isn't it enough that this poem greeted me?
Must I examine this graceful gift too?

Twice In A Purim September 5, 2025 by David Mitchell Jacobs Schwartz
With apologies to The Talking Heads for parodying their song, "Once In A Lifetime."

And you may find yourself living in a Shushan shul
And you may find yourself dressed as Esther.
And you may find yourself under the wheel of a compact car.
And you may find yourself in front of a large challah wielding a steak knife
And you may ask yourself, "Did someone slip me mushrooms?"

Letting the chag go by, let the food drag me down
Letting the chag go by, wine flowing under the table
I'm so hungover and my money's gone.
Twice in a Purim in a walled city.

And you may ask yourself, "Why are the children all dressed as cowboys?"
And you may ask yourself, "How can I possibly walk home?"
And you may tell yourself, "This challah isn't gluten free."
And you may tell yourself, "I might as well use a pocket knife."

Letting the chag go by, let the food drag me down
Letting the chag go by, wine flowing under the table
I'm so hungover and my money's gone.
Twice in a Purim in a walled city.

I've had too many hamantaschen, I've had too many hamantaschen.
I've had too many hamantaschen, I've had too many hamantaschen.
I've had too many hamantaschen, I've had too many hamantaschen (Aren't you tired of that already?).
I don't look the same. I should take the rest of the week off.

Wine in cups and wine in bottles
There is wine in the bottom of my shoes.
Under the wine, carry the wine.
Shake the wine from the bottom of my shoes
A bottle of red, a bottle of white...Where's Billy Joel when you need him?

Letting the chag go by, let the food drag me down
Letting the chag go by, wine flowing under the table
I'm so disheveled stuck under a table
My head feels like a rock, wine poured all over me.

Letting the chag go by, let the food drag me down
Letting the chag go by, I'm an expert at whining.
I'm so hungover and my money's gone
Twice in a Purim, in a walled city.

You may ask yourself, "Am I a member of this shul?"
You may ask yourself, "Where is the next party?"
And you may ask yourself, "Am I Haman, am I Mordechai?"
And you may say to yourself, "My car is on my lawn?"

Letting the chag go by, let the food drag me down
Letting the chag go by, wine flowing under the table
I'm so hungover and my money's gone but I don't even drink alcohol.
Twice in a Purim, in a walled city.

Letting Purim go by, who will do the Pesach cleaning?
Are there 3 Adars or is my head stuck underground?
Another parody that's gone all wrong
Twice in a Purim, thrice when Shabbat follows in Jerusalem.

I ate too many hamantaschen, I ate too many hamantaschen
I ate too many hamantaschen, look at my 3 year old Shaloch Manot
I ate too many hamantaschen, please, someone an intervention
My thoughts escape me, where did the time go?
I ate too many hamantaschen, I ate too many hamantaschen
I ate too many hamantaschen, I ate too many hamantaschen
I ate too many hamantaschen, I ate too many hamantaschen (Will this ever end?)
All the hamantaschen look the same, hey your face is twisted too
Let's all pretend our faces are Purim masks!

Letting the chag go by (did we even read the Megillah?)
Letting the chag go by (why is someone blowing the shofar?)
Letting the days go by (same as it ever was, same as it ever was)
Once in the evening, let me get out of this clown suit
Letting the chag go by, singing this repeatedly

There's A Fishy December 31, 2025

There's a fishy that's talking to you.
There's a fishy that can squawk too.
There's a fishy that knows how you feel.
The only problem is that this fishy's not real!

You might feel cheated that there's not more to my verse.
You might want to jump up and down and curse.
Just remember that if you were the fish,
you'd be grateful not to be staring up from a dish.

Muffin In Your Pants January 28, 2026 (A Parody of The Doors song "Riders On The Storm")

I put a muffin in your pants.
You'll be eaten by the ants.
You might need a snack
and poetry you lack.
You seemed bored and hungry.
You seemed rather lonely.
Like a dessert without a picnic
A S'more without a stick
Muffin in your pants.

There's a fish in your bed.
Perhaps you were expecting Ned.
Hide your money in your socks.
Quickly change your locks.
It'll do no good.
Did you really think it would?
Fish in your bed, yeah.

Give the muffin crumbs to Stan.
Find the right size fish can.
These lyrics sound so trite.
Yet you take another bite.
Jim went bloated and unshaven.
But you're the one feeling craven
Give the muffin crumbs to Stan, yeah.

I put a muffin in your pants
You'll be eaten by the ants.
You might need a snack
and poetry you lack.
You seemed bored and hungry.
You seemed rather lonely.
Like a dessert without a picnic
A S'more without a stick
Muffin in your pants.

Muffin in your pants
Muffin in your pants
Muffin in your pants
Muffin in your pants
Muffin in your pants

"Yet another poor dumb farce" says a person interviewed in a convenience store line.
"Outstanding!" - his 9th grade English teacher heard during a seance

Attention Ice January 31, 2025

How's that crusade going?

Have you successfully plundered, raped, kidnapped, tortured and killed?

Does your church grant absolution though the Almighty never will?

Since you weren't around at time's start

Did you meet the new neighbors there long before?

Did you know that they didn't share the same malice in their hearts?

In your history class or your interviews,

did you recall what happened to Rome and the Reich?

Did you forget that people fought against your kind? How come your head's not on a pike?

Did they debrief you on policy and forms? Were you sworn to baseless hatred, intentional ignorance, acting on whims as the only norms?

Did you know that to some you are the other and the weak?

Your skin isn't currency despite what you think.

You're cowardly punks hiding behind a stick and a gun.

You aren't real men despite what you have etched in ink.

If you were the one pulled over or slammed into your car,

if you were thrown onto the ground, your throat against a boot or a bar,
would you wonder why or cry in fear?

Would you plead for mercy to anyone near?

If you were shackled and put in a bus, plane, or train, who would take you your part?

Would you be given any defense or chance to explain?

If your phone, medicine, wallet were taken, who would you be without medicine or identification?

Would you still take pride in your cause

though you can't justify your actions in a reversed situation?

Do you believe in just desserts or fate?

After the last roundup does heaven wait?

Can you look in the mirror because you are just and wise,
though you could suddenly be nameless in a ditch or a jail?

Will you still believe your government's lies or have you made up your own propping ego and cause?

I'm not all that holy but of this I know.

If you read the Bible, Amalek put on a show,

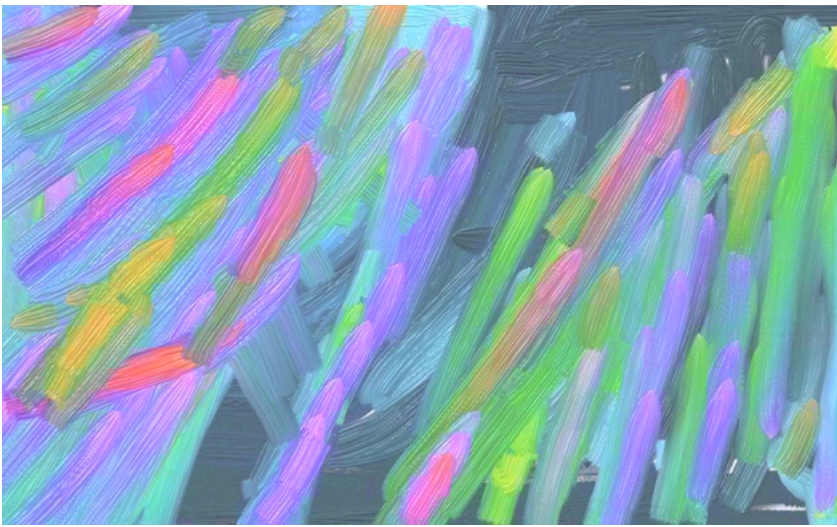
murdering the slow, stragglers and weak.

How can you be sure you're not the enemy which you seek?

Do you remember that neighborly love, doesn't include the words pummel, shoot or shove?

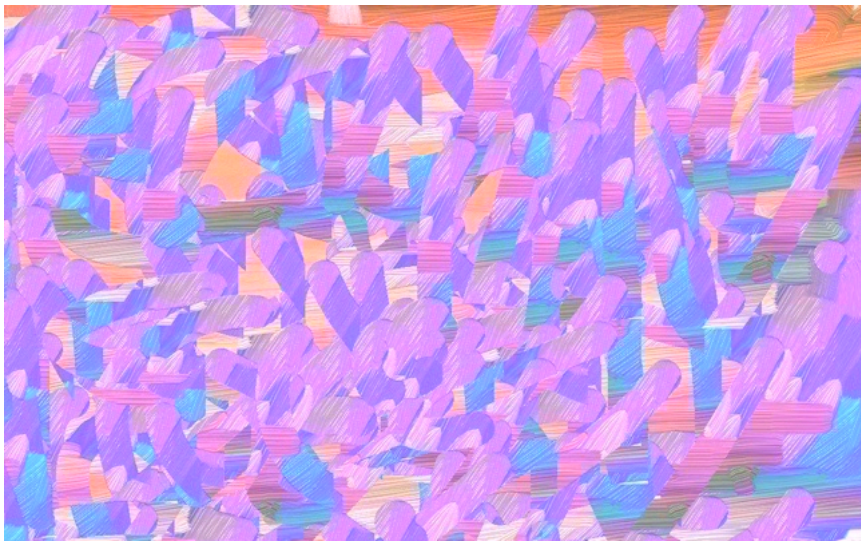
There's a positive commandment, I'd like to remind you of
to blot out Amalek in name and deed,
so how can you find this defect among us,
as you who cause the least of us to bleed?

If there's a reckoning or end time,
I'll have enough punishment for my crimes.
I'll be fine getting off with ease.
For all you've done without reflection
for racist leaders to please,
I'd hate to face the prosecutor bent on your knees.

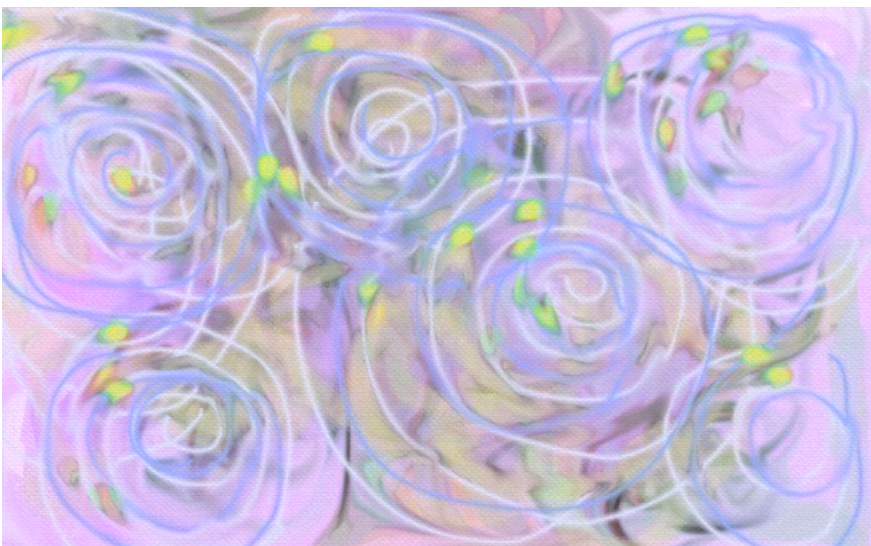


I took the nature photos, but if you have enjoyed the colorful digital art, you can see more of Naomi Jacobs' work at art2uplift.com.

Break On Through



Happy Crowd



Music Of The Spheres

Some Humorous Thoughts From Early February, 2026 February 7, 2026

A friend and I were discussing the phenomenon of ego death. I thought that if I also killed off my id, I would be left with my Super Ego and become more righteous. But that would be boring trying to do everything right and besides I am already neurotic and middle aged. Why worsen the situation?

Another joke: "I am not sneering at you. I am pushing my glasses up with my facial muscles. If I didn't like you, I would stare with abject shock or quickly turn my head in disgust."

Here's a meme: "Pizza is an excellent distraction from guitar acquisition syndrome. The more you eat, the less you have to spend on guitars."

What do you wish a Jewish ENT specialist at a happy occasion? Nasal stuff!



There's nothing like a bathroom wall bemused mugshot selfie! This was taken about February 13, 2026, three days after my 59th birthday. Who needs hair care products when my tresses will likely eventually recede and fall out due to hereditary male pattern baldness on my maternal side?!

Along Our Trail For YG and DSW February 11, 2026

That path off S. Public Rd, where I've seen you two
with the lot, restrooms, benches and creek.
I visit when I can, hoping sometimes to see you.
Sometimes, it's good to walk alone
talking back to the lapping creek in a language I never knew.

I left you a gift which fell off my guitar case luggage tag.
You'll know me by my adolescent pursuits, the colorful Beatles patch.

Like most, it should have been sewn somewhere or left at home to collect dust safely.
Find it if you can with the black background not white. Smile and share, Laugh.
Donate to my legal fund for nicking this illustrative example.
You can split custody or leave it for the wind so you know where it is.
Let it also find you, don't search too hard.
I've said goodbye today no longer being 15, stuck on belongings.

Don't return it unless it transforms from a needle
to a small body 12 string guitar on the ownerless road.
In that case, send pictures and maybe claim it for me.
Otherwise, let blessings blow our way.

Fifty Years For My Father Siebert J. Schwartz February 13, 2026

A day after my 9th birthday, you walked in the hospital.

You had a heart attack. Surgeries failed.

Two days later you were carried out fifty years ago today.

What did I know from parenting or mourning?

You read us stories, tucked us in, went back to work sometimes.

That work undid you yet you are now more faint memory than presence.

I didn't know from an unseasonably warm few February days and being off school, Valentine's day candy and homework dropped off. Family came and went.

Now I am left with lighting a candle, saying a prayer once a year.

I grieve what little time we had, wondering sometimes how guidance or tutoring would have set my steps differently.

Neither you nor us, nor our mother for sure had much choice in the matter.

What can I offer but my shrug and an sympathetic "Sorry" for the hand of cards?

Maybe it was a whole weird deck.

It took me 13 to move from shock and depression to 6 months of hidden anger.

Maybe you were with me, watching, but what good would that have done?

That hurt moved from you to the situation as I took another shot of compassion remembering you did what you had to do as best as anyone could.

While we're at it, I'm sorry that your Stella guitar warped in the basement.

though I tried to learn on it, and wish you had taught us unconditionally not tied to our grades.

I think of your rings, smell of your clothes,

the Countess Mara tie and overripe cologne I swiped at 16.

I still have two pairs of your Argyle socks I'm afraid to wear less they too tear from me.

How I remember the story of Jacob making lentils for Isaac,

Mourning Abraham, the round lentils like an open mouth O.

My numb eyes are dry, tearless.

I smile a little at the trees because you quoted Joyce Kilmer, and a poem as lovely.

I still hug them and lean against them for their own sake not only because I lost you.

Maybe it's you saying hello and I'm often too daft to respond.

Fifty years leaves a lot of space for lost words.

I'm left shocked at much of life, sighing oh.

Birthday Math Because You're Only As Young As You Act Or Maybe Your Soul Dictates
February 16, 2026

In about 2014, I was once was in a bookstore trying to find something inspirational, therapeutic, and about soul healing. There was a book I forgot but it discussed math regarding the age of my soul and some other stuff which was supposed to be helpful. I don't want to denigrate anyone's beliefs, and math was never my strong suit but I found this somewhat tiresome with no relevance to my life except an occasional chuckle.

One attempting this at home should drop zeros like $5+5=10$ and according to the book I read, the zero is dropped leaving 1.

My current age is 59, which is $5+9=14$, but you're supposed to add the 2 digits together so $1+4=5$

My birth year is 1967 so $1+9+6+7=23$. $2+3=5$.

Adding the 2 fives together is 10 and while I would drop the 0, my humor is often that of a 10 year old.



Bird Takes A Swim

For Naomi February 24, 2026

This won't be one of those teary eyed confessionals
like the dozen songs I'm simultaneously hearing right now
so I've ignored them all to start again.
It's been awhile since my last sappy ode
no worse conceived than cinema soda commercials
encapsulating the best of youthful summer into 2 minutes of sugary triteness.
Still this is mine for you seeing how we've both come through
to arrive at this familiar moment unlike any other.

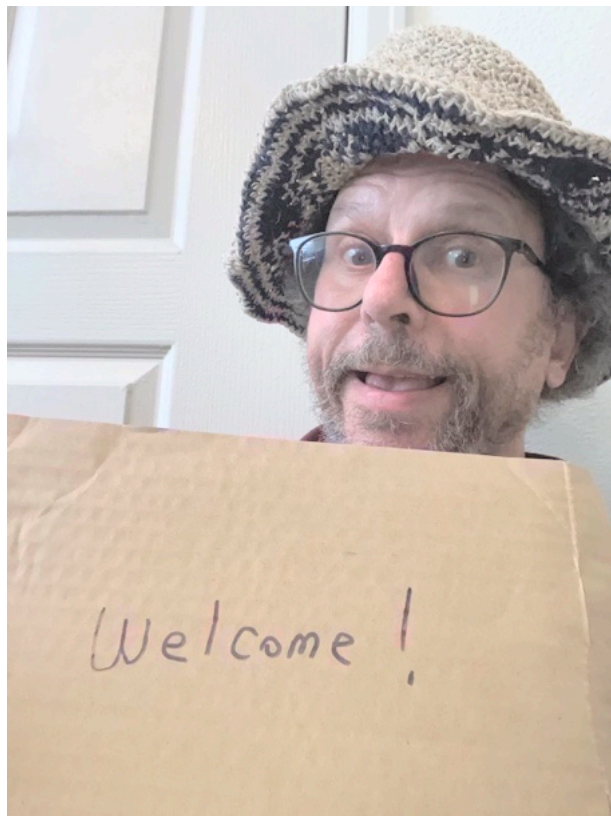
Here it is your very own to pet and feed, hold and grow
a virtual chia pet with no worry of maintenance except for eternal data backup.
I can feel you with me in the grocery several aisles over or even across continents.
Time and space have no relevance even marking how we've grown
or my often buried words left running now unguided.
More could follow but why bother I hope you still understand.

We've both been sad and mad, perhaps not enough glad
Too often scared, running through a feelings chart I want to throw away.
Whether effusive or elusive I lay it all out like a wardrobe to pack and maybe wear
if I can find it someday but I'd rather just don a shared smile with you.

You might find yourself blushing, others gushing at how you've pulled me out of me.
It's not about the roles we've played, the shows watched, even mistakes made.
I marvel at our meeting and every single day knowing despite the odds or fickle fate
there's ways in which we meld together like putty on furniture that forms a neat pattern.
Whether we compliment or complete it's all the same. Who gave? Who took?
Who recorded everything in a ledger? Was it you or me, not trying to keep score?

This last stanza was the first as only fitting when my thoughts are pushed
Further down an assembly line, separated for consideration, sewn back together.
I can picture you looking at me as if in a sitcom or a public scene,
You frown a little turn your head in a stare part confused yet curious.
It's as if I am always tossing shredded cheddar at the moon
Because there's not enough though it be futile.
I throw underhanded like rolling when rarely attempting bowling
trying to keep the ball straight down the lane slow not necessarily sure.
So I throw out these thoughts with more purpose than lunar appeasement
because like our parents we were young once but no one should forget
joy has no age and that's what I feel with you.

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Banana Water To Appease Ashmedai (Or This Title Could Have Been An Entire Paragraph Long But The World Was Spared This Time!)

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The artwork is by N. S. S. Jacobs. You can even buy some at art2uplift.com. Check out their novel at harvalan.com!

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"Lunchtime in the Quad" in Number One, vol. 42, University of Missouri-Kansas City Press, 1989

Also by David Mitchell Jacobs. Schwartz:

5/8 of Everything I've Written

"Ho-Ho," Said The Platypus and Other Snappy Titles

Amber Waves of Nausea

A Pickle For Bernice

Hey! I Just Write This Stuff

Winter Poems...More Snow In My Thoughts Than On Television

Get Your Own Delusions of Grandeur

Leased Loved Poems By A Relative Unknown Who's Probably Not Your Relative Jubilation

How About A Nose Squeeze?

Insert Clever Title Here

Destined To Offend: Yet Another Working Title Gone Awry

This part is important to me, so please read it.

Please do not read this in the bathroom or any unclean place due to the spiritual nature of some of the pieces as I have stated in earlier collections and on my webs Please enjoy this document in digital format. If you must print it, please do so double-sided and recycle as needed when finished.

I especially thank G-d, friends, family, Congregation Bonai Shalom in Boulder, Colorado, Common Name Farm, the Lafayette, Colorado Natural Grocers staff, the UCHEALTH hospital staff for helping Naomi through 2 kidney transplants! There's another group of people who are too numerous to name but doing so might embarrass them or make others feel bad because they aren't in the list. You know who you are.

😊 Other special thanks are due to NDConnect.App and and these Facebook support groups: Autistic Jews, Neurodiverse Jewish Community, Neurodivergent Jews, and Autistic &/Or ADHD Adults of Colorado.

For my only love, Naomi. 😍🌈👁️🌸 Our souls are bound to one another no matter what.



Rainbow Magma by Naomi Susan Schwartz Jacobs

*You're probably wondering by now where I got the idea for this title. I will leave it to you to look up banana water and Ashmedai. I just liked the sound of the phrase "banana water to appease Ashmedai."

A Contented Table or A Discontented Chair If You'd Rather

(has copies of all my poetry spread all over it with lots of food and friends gathered around)

1. What's Here (A Dedication To My Love)
2. After
3. O Callow, Halcyon Youth!
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5. Rhyming Slime For the Untying States (A Period Protest Piece)
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What's Here (A Dedication To My Love) May 14, 2026

Sunscreen tainted sweat rolls down my face barely missing my eyes.

I don't mind it while birds serenade.

They bring me poetry more pure than I can offer.

Yet I have and will continue to strive.

Sitting still, I chuckle to myself at the times up until 25

when I thought my poetry and songs would bring peace and love.

I'm still waiting for that through all the tears we've shed.

At least let my efforts bring solace though they bring no income.

What you bring each day without asking is light like the heavens,

a respite like this walk, a gift beyond measure despite the world.

I can't say when the birds or words will fly.

Maybe neither will return yet here we are right now.

Life and love have been ours to share for as long as we can.

We don't need any fancy greetings to open our hearts as you already have mine.

The minutes pass like the cars roaring in the distance

or the blood coursing through our veins.

We usually filter, forgetting how fragile we are.

Maybe the same poems will keep calling like birds warbling,

cooing in my ears to be written.

Will my poetry be stopped or flee? Will it hide again for years?

This might leave you wondering if I could be more cloying and sentimental.

That's not important. My dialog with nature and with you flows strong.

All I have here in phrases and uneven syncopated thoughts.

They arrived in syllables, pictures, perhaps fading memories.

But they're what I offer now to you.

This single poem is out of chronological order yet it's exactly where it's meant to be at any given time, like the entire book or perhaps many people. 🥰😊

After by David Mitchell Jacobs Schwartz May 7, 2025

Will you call it a profitable year after prices on grocery and other items skyrocket and after businesses close because they can't survive?

Will you feel better about yourself after the deportees who paid taxes, became skilled surgeons, cut your lawn, fixed your roof, and harvested your produce are shipped off to gulags to die?

Will you feel successful with your stock portfolio after you lost your job and you have nowhere to turn?

Will you feel healthier after diseases once eradicated return with a vengeance to permanently injure or claim lives?

Will you feel content after many are dead along with many because we lacked medical insurance or care and you're deciding between food and medicine yourself?

Will you feel safer and braver after people can't feed themselves but we have military parades and oligarchs run the country?

Will you feel like a world superpower after being mocked by other nations for ending diplomacy and attempting to seize independent countries?

Will you still feel justified in a holy cause after more bombs are dropped in the Middle East, revenge has increased but no lasting peace?

Will you feel smarter and admire everyone's intelligence after there's no public education?

Will you feel well informed after there's censorship and no public broadcasting?

Will you feel free after there's no civil rights?

Will you feel like all people have equal rights to healthcare after trans folk and cis gen women have no right to their own bodies?

Will you feel powerful yet smugly sympathetic toward all after there's open season to abuse the disabled, LGBT, BIPOC and other groups along with wildlife?

Will you pray as you wish after there's no separation between religion and state?

Will you feel more spiritual after bowing to your false gods who pay no taxes but won't take your money to heaven or more likely hell?

Will you feel there's impartial justice after laws are amended or written to oppress than protect?

Will you enjoy your surroundings and your picnics after people can't breathe or drink water, or get clean produce because the environment and food are irreparably damaged?

Will you enjoy your beach vacations after there's more hurricane damage, flooding and less beach left?

After all this, will you finally call that progress and say that you're happy?

O Callow, Halcyon Youth! July 3, 2025

Hawaiian Tropic melds with soft pretzels and yellow mustard
at the public pool snack bar eaten with shirt off, towel around neck.

There I discover that lemon juice doesn't lighten my hair merely making it sticky
despite the chlorine.

How quickly I learned that M&Ms melt wherever they please including my hands and
chin.

What a good storm won't cure dropping the temperature 20 degrees
The white backs of leaves flapping in the gusts
as lightning arcs off the pool ladders.

Only later do I learn there's Jewish prayers for thunder and lightning.

What a show it was, applauding G-d and a storm's own drama!

Will there be AM radio interruptions for updates amidst static.

Will this be our version of the world's end or will the power be out?

For my misspent summers I was merely grateful in the 70s and early 80s
returning home from summer camp as my swim trunks dried.

I didn't worry about how long it would take for my hair to dry or my ears.

Double scoop chocolate and strawberry ripple Chapman's in the waffle cone
never spoiled my dinner.

Nor did I stress about blood sugar or cholesterol and now, I merely sigh
at a lifetime of bad dietary choices.

Super Sized Pain June 29, 1025 for NSSJ

Another shot of shame perfectly blended with an extra large boredom and anxiety.

They were carried by not half bad coffee and pastry, with a lifetime of regrets on the house.

I was rarely actually hungry, I who have no cause for complaint.

Pizza or fries no longer satisfied.

The Indian buffet tasted good but provided no spicy awakening to solve my own career and personal problems, just indigestion on a 95 degree day. Nor did the solitary Chinese lunch special yield poetry worked through in my head. It offered no padding for emptiness and longing for a coworker or old classmate. Pain never tasted better until my mate supplanted it with joy. Not all are so blessed with someone who guards me from myself.

Loneliness surpasses MSG as the secret ingredient

A vacuum like a dietary and emotional slot machine,

I would rather sit alone than re-enter that casino.

Please don't invite me to dinner,

nor remind me of what I used to eat.

I lived my privilege with arrogant choice which others lack.

I am not entirely powerless as I admit old cravings.

It's better to supervise me with a shock collar or a deterrent pill in the grocery especially at mealtimes.

I could have made my therapist wealthy by now.

Rhyming Slime For the Untying States (A Period Protest Piece) by David Mitchell
Jacobs Schwartz June 13, 2025

Drink your PCB smoothie through a rusty straw.
The government says it's safe according to your paw.
There's no need to worry about the weather.
The orange sky and storms are light as a feather.

Don't bother asking a doctor to cure you please.
They might be arrested for looking above your knees.
If it's not a virus, you might have some other ick.
Have a shot of bleach so you forget you're sick.

There's a useless military parade this Flag Day.
You won't be welcome if you're brown or gay.
Go ahead and be angry at little 'ol me.
The problem's in the nation not my poetry.

You might be like me and had enough
of petty, greedy people who need to be rough.
They don't mind if people die
As long as they make billionaires richer so they'll try.

Some politicians will wave their flag, feel patriotic and true.
If it weren't for dissent there'd be no red, white and blue.
I don't care if my words are trite.
It's about time we had truth not might.

After deportations and tariffs, will you feel much stronger?
While your family and neighbors starve, will they last much longer?
You might call me a nihilist full of rage,
But a few asteroids will help us turn a page.

A Disjointed Response To A Poet Friend
On The Fly Yes, I mean you. by David
Mitchell Jacobs Schwartz for B. Valerie
Peckler August 22, 2025

Ooh! Ooh! This!
I'm pointing at you,
jumping up and down internally, happily
and excitedly.

Like an open night,
I snap my fingers in appreciative,
alliterative agreement.
My high school and college teachers
would be appalled at my abuse of
adverbs
much less telling not showing.
I no longer write for them.
Rimbaud and Dylan Thomas look the
other way from heaven.
Am I am cheated they haunted me.

Maybe I will save this maybe not.
Maybe I will revise it, perhaps it will rot.
Sometimes the juicy spirit courses
through me.
Sometimes I am better merely in the
shade of a tree.
Though sudden rhyme might make us
both groan
and sonnet masters at the mouth may
foam
I eschew formal technique.
So what? It's not like I get the big
bucks.
Can I have a navel orange?

Doing The Work August 30, 2025

Journaling brought no illumination nor clearing.

Deep breathing nor stretching brought no better sleep.

Some words and acts I will never undo nor absolve myself known by few others and G-d.

I wonder through my well examined eight years plus half century alone sometimes in nature often apartment or office park tree shade.

Maybe I'll recall when I felt whole or maybe let go.

Maybe I'll finally atone for yet forgive my litany of sins.

May maybes cease leaving me be.

I won't deny that therapy might one
day bring solace or coping
or help me hold
or and and neither nor all together at their
right time.

If I ever reconciled them or with myself I
can't remember.

For all my learning all my prayer,
all my breathing and self care,
I hope to pull my head from such
instrospective reverie long enough to
admire a misplaced tulip fight its way
through a construction field.

Isn't it enough that this poem greeted me?
Must I examine this graceful gift too?

Twice In A Purim September 5, 2025 by David Mitchell Jacobs Schwartz
With apologies to The Talking Heads for parodying their song, "Once In A Lifetime."

And you may find yourself living in a Shushan shul
And you may find yourself dressed as Esther.
And you may find yourself under the wheel of a compact car.
And you may find yourself in front of a large challah wielding a steak knife
And you may ask yourself, "Did someone slip me mushrooms?"

Letting the chag go by, let the food drag me down
Letting the chag go by, wine flowing under the table
I'm so hungover and my money's gone.
Twice in a Purim in a walled city.

And you may ask yourself, "Why are the children all dressed as cowboys?"
And you may ask yourself, "How can I possibly walk home?"
And you may tell yourself, "This challah isn't gluten free."
And you may tell yourself, "I might as well use a pocket knife."

Letting the chag go by, let the food drag me down
Letting the chag go by, wine flowing under the table
I'm so hungover and my money's gone.
Twice in a Purim in a walled city.

I've had too many hamantaschen, I've had too many hamantaschen.
I've had too many hamantaschen, I've had too many hamantaschen.
I've had too many hamantaschen, I've had too many hamantaschen (Aren't you tired of that already?).
I don't look the same. I should take the rest of the week off.

Wine in cups and wine in bottles
There is wine in the bottom of my shoes.
Under the wine, carry the wine.
Shake the wine from the bottom of my shoes
A bottle of red, a bottle of white...Where's Billy Joel when you need him?

Letting the chag go by, let the food drag me down
Letting the chag go by, wine flowing under the table
I'm so disheveled stuck under a table
My head feels like a rock, wine poured all over me.

Letting the chag go by, let the food drag me down
Letting the chag go by, I'm an expert at whining.
I'm so hungover and my money's gone
Twice in a Purim, in a walled city.

You may ask yourself, "Am I a member of this shul?"
You may ask yourself, "Where is the next party?"
And you may ask yourself, "Am I Haman, am I Mordechai?"
And you may say to yourself, "My car is on my lawn?"

Letting the chag go by, let the food drag me down
Letting the chag go by, wine flowing under the table
I'm so hungover and my money's gone but I don't even drink alcohol.
Twice in a Purim, in a walled city.

Letting Purim go by, who will do the Pesach cleaning?
Are there 3 Adars or is my head stuck underground?
Another parody that's gone all wrong
Twice in a Purim, thrice when Shabbat follows in Jerusalem.

I ate too many hamantaschen, I ate too many hamantaschen
I ate too many hamantaschen, look at my 3 year old Shaloch Manot
I ate too many hamantaschen, please, someone an intervention
My thoughts escape me, where did the time go?
I ate too many hamantaschen, I ate too many hamantaschen
I ate too many hamantaschen, I ate too many hamantaschen
I ate too many hamantaschen, I ate too many hamantaschen (Will this ever end?)
All the hamantaschen look the same, hey your face is twisted too
Let's all pretend our faces are Purim masks!

Letting the chag go by (did we even read the Megillah?)
Letting the chag go by (why is someone blowing the shofar?)
Letting the days go by (same as it ever was, same as it ever was)
Once in the evening, let me get out of this clown suit
Letting the chag go by, singing this repeatedly

There's A Fishy December 31, 2025

There's a fishy that's talking to you.
There's a fishy that can squawk too.
There's a fishy that knows how you feel.
The only problem is that this fishy's not real!

You might feel cheated that there's not more to my verse.
You might want to jump up and down and curse.
Just remember that if you were the fish,
you'd be grateful not to be staring up from a dish.

Muffin In Your Pants January 28, 2026 (A Parody of The Doors song "Riders On The Storm")

I put a muffin in your pants.
You'll be eaten by the ants.
You might need a snack
and poetry you lack.
You seemed bored and hungry.
You seemed rather lonely.
Like a dessert without a picnic
A S'more without a stick
Muffin in your pants.

There's a fish in your bed.
Perhaps you were expecting Ned.
Hide your money in your socks.
Quickly change your locks.
It'll do no good.
Did you really think it would?
Fish in your bed, yeah.

Give the muffin crumbs to Stan.
Find the right size fish can.
These lyrics sound so trite.
Yet you take another bite.
Jim went bloated and unshaven.
But you're the one feeling craven
Give the muffin crumbs to Stan, yeah.

I put a muffin in your pants
You'll be eaten by the ants.
You might need a snack
and poetry you lack.
You seemed bored and hungry.
You seemed rather lonely.
Like a dessert without a picnic
A S'more without a stick
Muffin in your pants.

Muffin in your pants
Muffin in your pants
Muffin in your pants
Muffin in your pants
Muffin in your pants

"Yet another poor dumb farce" says a person interviewed in a convenience store line.
"Outstanding!" - his 9th grade English teacher heard during a seance

Attention Ice January 31, 2025

How's that crusade going?

Have you successfully plundered, raped, kidnapped, tortured and killed?

Does your church grant absolution though the Almighty never will?

Since you weren't around at time's start

Did you meet the new neighbors there long before?

Did you know that they didn't share the same malice in their hearts?

In your history class or your interviews,

did you recall what happened to Rome and the Reich?

Did you forget that people fought against your kind? How come your head's not on a pike?

Did they debrief you on policy and forms? Were you sworn to baseless hatred, intentional ignorance, acting on whims as the only norms?

Did you know that to some you are the other and the weak?

Your skin isn't currency despite what you think.

You're cowardly punks hiding behind a stick and a gun.

You aren't real men despite what you have etched in ink.

If you were the one pulled over or slammed into your car,

if you were thrown onto the ground, your throat against a boot or a bar,
would you wonder why or cry in fear?

Would you plead for mercy to anyone near?

If you were shackled and put in a bus, plane, or train, who would take you your part?

Would you be given any defense or chance to explain?

If your phone, medicine, wallet were taken, who would you be without medicine or identification?

Would you still take pride in your cause

though you can't justify your actions in a reversed situation?

Do you believe in just desserts or fate?

After the last roundup does heaven wait?

Can you look in the mirror because you are just and wise,
though you could suddenly be nameless in a ditch or a jail?

Will you still believe your government's lies or have you made up your own propping ego and cause?

I'm not all that holy but of this I know.

If you read the Bible, Amalek put on a show,

murdering the slow, stragglers and weak.

How can you be sure you're not the enemy which you seek?

Do you remember that neighborly love, doesn't include the words pummel, shoot or shove?

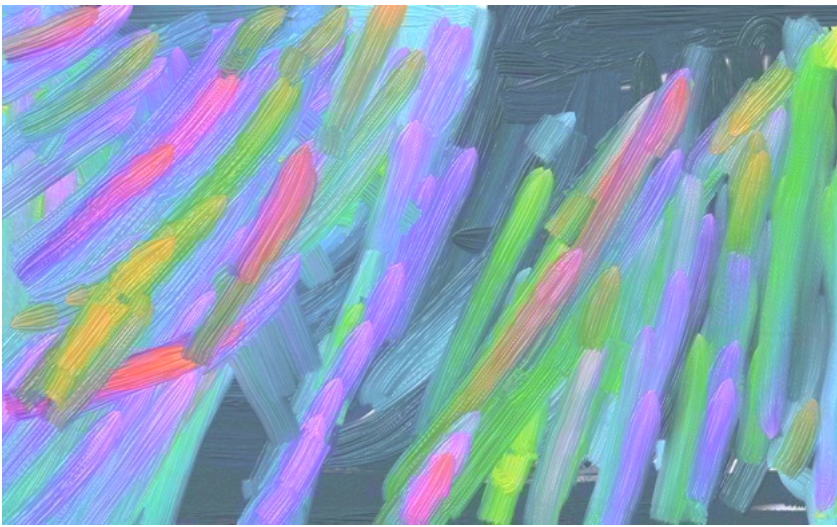
There's a positive commandment, I'd like to remind you of
to blot out Amalek in name and deed,
so how can you find this defect among us,
as you who cause the least of us to bleed?

If there's a reckoning or end time,
I'll have enough punishment for my crimes.

I'll be fine getting off with ease.

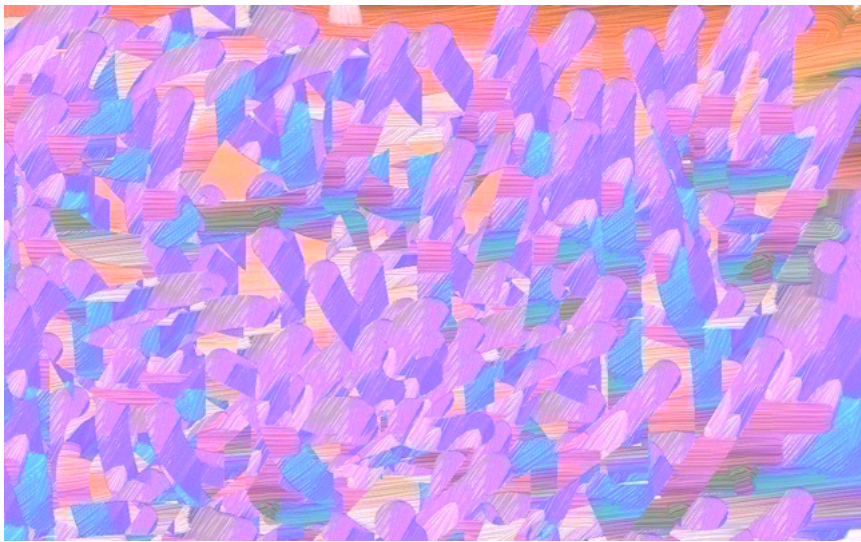
For all you've done without reflection
for racist leaders to please,

I'd hate to face the prosecutor bent on your knees.

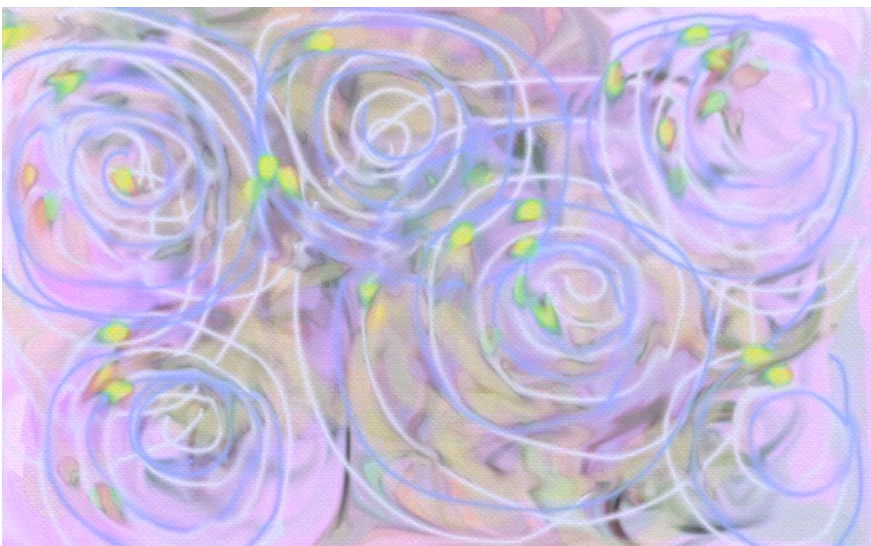


I took the nature photos, but if you have enjoyed the colorful digital art, you can see more of Naomi Jacobs' work at art2uplift.com.

Break On Through



Happy Crowd



Music Of The Spheres

Some Humorous Thoughts From Early February, 2026 February 7, 2026

A friend and I were discussing the phenomenon of ego death. I thought that if I also killed off my id, I would be left with my Super Ego and become more righteous. But that would be boring trying to do everything right and besides I am already neurotic and middle aged. Why worsen the situation?

Another joke: "I am not sneering at you. I am pushing my glasses up with my facial muscles. If I didn't like you, I would stare with abject shock or quickly turn my head in disgust."

Here's a meme: "Pizza is an excellent distraction from guitar acquisition syndrome. The more you eat, the less you have to spend on guitars."

What do you wish a Jewish ENT specialist at a happy occasion? Nasal stuff!



There's nothing like a bathroom wall bemused mugshot selfie! This was taken about February 13, 2026, three days after my 59th birthday. Who needs hair care products when my tresses will likely eventually recede and fall out due to hereditary male pattern baldness on my maternal side?!

Along Our Trail For YG and DSW February 11, 2026

That path off S. Public Rd, where I've seen you two
with the lot, restrooms, benches and creek.
I visit when I can, hoping sometimes to see you.
Sometimes, it's good to walk alone
talking back to the lapping creek in a language I never knew.

I left you a gift which fell off my guitar case luggage tag.
You'll know me by my adolescent pursuits, the colorful Beatles patch.

Like most, it should have been sewn somewhere or left at home to collect dust safely.
Find it if you can with the black background not white. Smile and share, Laugh.
Donate to my legal fund for nicking this illustrative example.
You can split custody or leave it for the wind so you know where it is.
Let it also find you, don't search too hard.
I've said goodbye today no longer being 15, stuck on belongings.

Don't return it unless it transforms from a needle
to a small body 12 string guitar on the ownerless road.
In that case, send pictures and maybe claim it for me.
Otherwise, let blessings blow our way.

Fifty Years For My Father Siebert J. Schwartz February 13, 2026

A day after my 9th birthday, you walked in the hospital.

You had a heart attack. Surgeries failed.

Two days later you were carried out fifty years ago today.

What did I know from parenting or mourning?

You read us stories, tucked us in, went back to work sometimes.

That work undid you yet you are now more faint memory than presence.

I didn't know from an unseasonably warm few February days and being off school, Valentine's day candy and homework dropped off. Family came and went.

Now I am left with lighting a candle, saying a prayer once a year.

I grieve what little time we had, wondering sometimes how guidance or tutoring would have set my steps differently.

Neither you nor us, nor our mother for sure had much choice in the matter.

What can I offer but my shrug and an sympathetic "Sorry" for the hand of cards?

Maybe it was a whole weird deck.

It took me 13 to move from shock and depression to 6 months of hidden anger.

Maybe you were with me, watching, but what good would that have done?

That hurt moved from you to the situation as I took another shot of compassion remembering you did what you had to do as best as anyone could.

While we're at it, I'm sorry that your Stella guitar warped in the basement.

though I tried to learn on it, and wish you had taught us unconditionally not tied to our grades.

I think of your rings, smell of your clothes,

the Countess Mara tie and overripe cologne I swiped at 16.

I still have two pairs of your Argyle socks I'm afraid to wear less they too tear from me.

How I remember the story of Jacob making lentils for Isaac,

Mourning Abraham, the round lentils like an open mouth O.

My numb eyes are dry, tearless.

I smile a little at the trees because you quoted Joyce Kilmer, and a poem as lovely.

I still hug them and lean against them for their own sake not only because I lost you.

Maybe it's you saying hello and I'm often too daft to respond.

Fifty years leaves a lot of space for lost words.

I'm left shocked at much of life, sighing oh.

Birthday Math Because You're Only As Young As You Act Or Maybe Your Soul Dictates
February 16, 2026

In about 2014, I was once was in a bookstore trying to find something inspirational, therapeutic, and about soul healing. There was a book I forgot but it discussed math regarding the age of my soul and some other stuff which was supposed to be helpful. I don't want to denigrate anyone's beliefs, and math was never my strong suit but I found this somewhat tiresome with no relevance to my life except an occasional chuckle.

One attempting this at home should drop zeros like $5+5=10$ and according to the book I read, the zero is dropped leaving 1.

My current age is 59, which is $5+9=14$, but you're supposed to add the 2 digits together so $1+4=5$

My birth year is 1967 so $1+9+6+7=23$. $2+3=5$.

Adding the 2 fives together is 10 and while I would drop the 0, my humor is often that of a 10 year old.



Bird Takes A Swim

For Naomi February 24, 2026

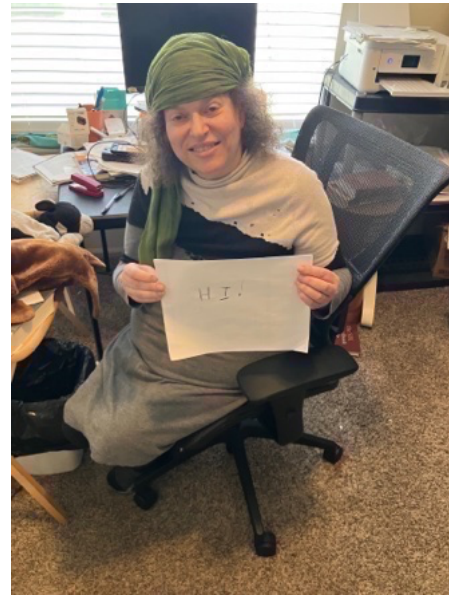
This won't be one of those teary eyed confessionals
like the dozen songs I'm simultaneously hearing right now
so I've ignored them all to start again.
It's been awhile since my last sappy ode
no worse conceived than cinema soda commercials
encapsulating the best of youthful summer into 2 minutes of sugary triteness.
Still this is mine for you seeing how we've both come through
to arrive at this familiar moment unlike any other.

Here it is your very own to pet and feed, hold and grow
a virtual chia pet with no worry of maintenance except for eternal data backup.
I can feel you with me in the grocery several aisles over or even across continents.
Time and space have no relevance even marking how we've grown
or my often buried words left running now unguided.
More could follow but why bother I hope you still understand.

We've both been sad and mad, perhaps not enough glad
Too often scared, running through a feelings chart I want to throw away.
Whether effusive or elusive I lay it all out like a wardrobe to pack and maybe wear
if I can find it someday but I'd rather just don a shared smile with you.

You might find yourself blushing, others gushing at how you've pulled me out of me.
It's not about the roles we've played, the shows watched, even mistakes made.
I marvel at our meeting and every single day knowing despite the odds or fickle fate
there's ways in which we meld together like putty on furniture that forms a neat pattern.
Whether we compliment or complete it's all the same. Who gave? Who took?
Who recorded everything in a ledger? Was it you or me, not trying to keep score?

This last stanza was the first as only fitting when my thoughts are pushed
Further down an assembly line, separated for consideration, sewn back together.
I can picture you looking at me as if in a sitcom or a public scene,
You frown a little turn your head in a stare part confused yet curious.
It's as if I am always tossing shredded cheddar at the moon
Because there's not enough though it be futile.
I throw underhanded like rolling when rarely attempting bowling
trying to keep the ball straight down the lane slow not necessarily sure.
So I throw out these thoughts with more purpose than lunar appeasement
because like our parents we were young once but no one should forget
joy has no age and that's what I feel with you.



Naomi says Hi



Naomi after a walk

Untitled Prayer #5786 March 10, 2026

Victim or villain, I can't be both. I don't even mind if I'm no victor.

All I want is to just be.

Whether I fulfill 16 or 613 commandments,

it's like betting against the house and wonder why I don't just walk away.

Yet every morning dutifully I swallow Marx's mass opiate, trying to have hope.

I guess that You're as weary of humanity as me.

If I threw away everything, I might have more time on my hands

but not necessarily more meaning or money so I hope for a better result

With every "amen", every bow, every fast.

You know I'm tired as the rest of us, some doing everything, others nothing

and history doesn't show me any better for it.

Blasphemer, hypocrite, doubter, unbeliever, infidel, heretic, maybe I'm all or none.

That's for You to say though I haven't received any clue when I've asked You
for daily living much less avoiding the madness that sometimes comes from faith.

How about it? Maybe I'm not supposed to ask or wait for signs.

But budding trees sometimes aren't enough in the larger scheme.

As for what others say, who cares? They don't know my soul.

As You can tell, I've struggled like others through work, love, and prayer.

Whether it's my music and poetry or my practice, I repeat mistakes

seemingly not breaking cycles, not repairing wounds in my own life

much less generations ago or around me.

I've been trying to renegotiate with You to the best of my ability

To save my mental health or at least say no.

Otherwise if I quit altogether my slice of the universe might crumble.

Maybe I should let it no matter my possible damnation

and see if a dandelion grows through the cracks.

At least it would bring a child or puppy a smile all bright and shiny in the sun.

Punish or reward me for my bluntness.

Talk to me like Job. I try to hold on but I've been waiting.

Reward me or sentence me, strike me but please don't ignore my pleas.

At least, I'm not a faker, I'm doing my best trying not to create my own trials.

There's no way for me to know if I passed Yours having been burnt by mine.

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View, donate, discard, sell, pack.

Echos left in a hollow space which holds
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Leave the broom with promises left unkept. Lock the door.

No look back nor downward head shake
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Guilt and doubt merge beyond choice, eyesight
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Wait in silence for the next stage
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The dew whispers to the earth

“Wake gently from your sleep, stir the grasses, bushes, other plants.

Now is your time. Put on a show.”

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They are happy even if they don't succeed. They still smile.

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They bring love but don't need your applause.

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Before March 24, 2026

When we were small the world was still young
before wars, robbers, good and bad, or us and them.
There were still hope, smiles, hand drawn flowers and clouds.
Somewhere maybe there still are. I wouldn't know.



When I was little, rotary phones and roll up car windows
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Pippi, Puff and HR Puffinstuff were enough as was I.

Before the inflation and energy crisis, before Watergate and the
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far better than others.
They smiled. They laughed. I came later but on my own time
before my brother.



Before I could tell anyone, invaders arrived.
Did anyone else notice? I didn't know what to do.
I still don't most days but here I am.
Who told you how to become sad, mad, scared, even glad?

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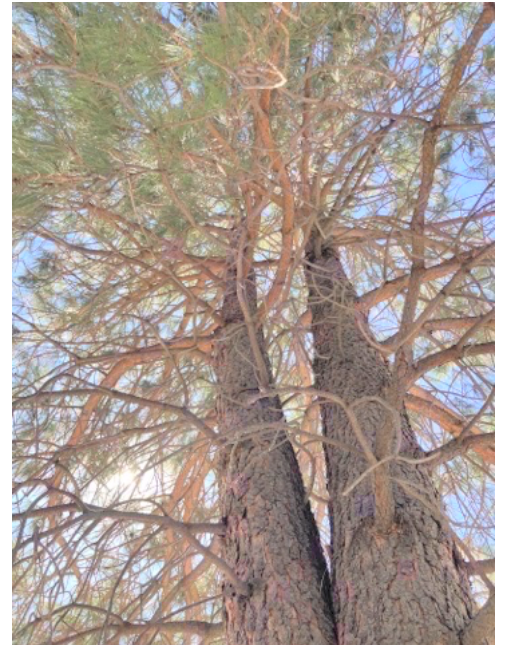
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Dear Big Tough Person,

I hope you and your family have a good attorney and insurance policy. Before you go knocking over fruit stands, ensure that you have a good film crew, a small generator and a blender for smoothies, some cups which are preferably reusable for the environment's sake. You will need to have a contractual relationship with the fruit vendors and try to post signs asking anyone in the area to sign a waiver when you plan to practice the stunts. Before you do any of that, ask yourself one question: If you spent your time and energy growing fruit, harvesting it, and bringing it to market, would you want someone trashing it? Ask yourself if your crops and the product of your hard work can be replaced. If you can't answer these questions, don't do this particular chase sequence. Also, be prepared to meet the price of anyone who agrees to have their fruit cart knocked over.

Dear David,

I like to hunt vultures and keep them from attacking small animals. Should I fire a gun up in the air wherever I go, hoping something will fall? I would feed the bird to hungry animals. Signed, Protective

Dear Protective,

What goes up must come down. The answer is no. Don't do that. Besides, pretend that you had a favorite balloon or kite and someone shot it. Would you feel happy much

less protected? If you shot a drone and it fired back at your home, would you feel you were protecting animals or even yourself? I thought not. Don't do that.

Dear David,

I enjoy hot tubs and watching the bright flashes in a good lightning storm. Should I go outside and enjoy the hot tub during a lightning storm. My baby sitter says I shouldn't and wanted to pay me five whole dollars to stay in and watch re-runs of a tv show.

Signed, Sparky

Dear Sparky,

First, learn what harm lightning can do. Second, hold out for at least \$10.

Dear David,

I invested a lot of money into my computer and the hard drive doesn't work. Sometimes, I use the optical drive tray to hold my hot coffee, and I notice a burning smell and it makes beeps and crackling noises, then the screen flickers and goes blank. Should I ask for my money back? Signed, Crackly

Dear Crackly,

If you break it you buy it, and misuse will void the warranty. If you need a place to put a beverage, have you considered a separate table? Besides, no matter how much you shake the computer to loosen a stuck screw while it's turned on, the money won't fall out magically. Consider getting an Etch-A-Sketch. You will do a lot less harm with its screen.

Dear David,

I really love snow cones. If I made some Kool-Aid and went outside in a hailstorm, would it save me some money? Signed, Icy

Dear Icy,

Have you ever heard of an ice crusher? There's more likelihood it will work consistently than if you waited around for a hailstorm, not to mention the hail might not be tasty.

Once again, folks that's all the time we have for today. If you're considering trying any of what's been described, think again and please... don't do that!

Any Time Soon March 29, 2026

In the last few months, recycling and garbage removal, washing the dishes or the laundry have caused no problems.

Dusting requires detail, moving, replacement.

A blowdryer would serve the purpose too well.

But fragile things might fall over or break.

Vacuuming? The intense workout of a hot machine

involves moving furniture, moving from electrical socket to socket room to room, bending, grunting, muttering at the futility.

The noise of crunchy bits and a loose screw on the floor screaming “no more!” are unsettling indeed and if only we had nice, quiet faux wood floors.

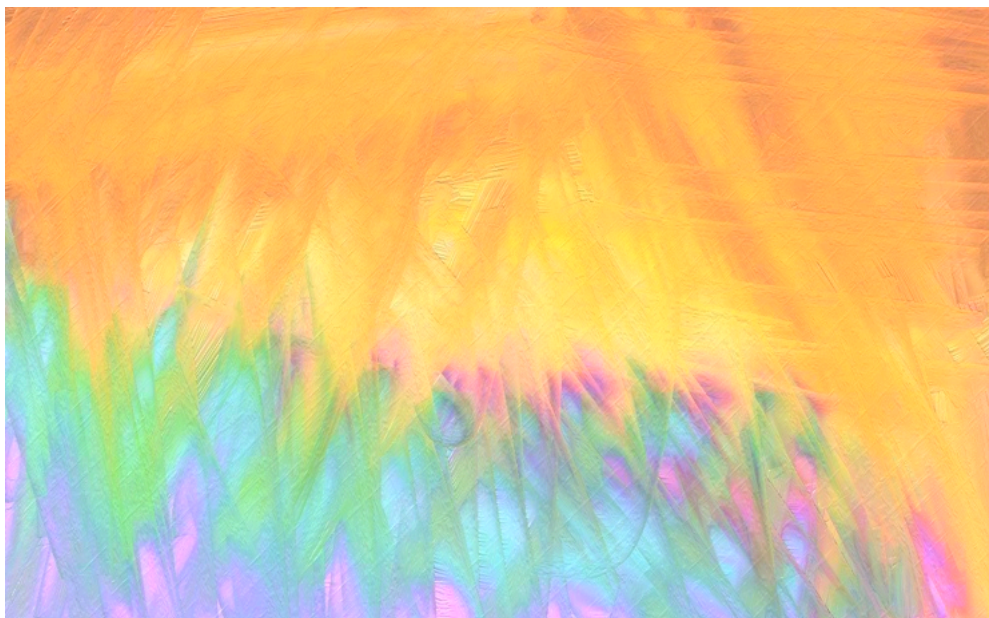
They might bubble or show cracked lines, but remain docile.

Remembering myself and self soothing over

a French press pecan milk mint decaf mint mocha and comforting cocoa rolled oats will always win over vacuuming as I reclaim my line in the carpet rather than sand.

In the last few months I vacuumed, and a neighbor said that I made it sound like a miracle, and being an unnatural phenomenon, indeed it was.

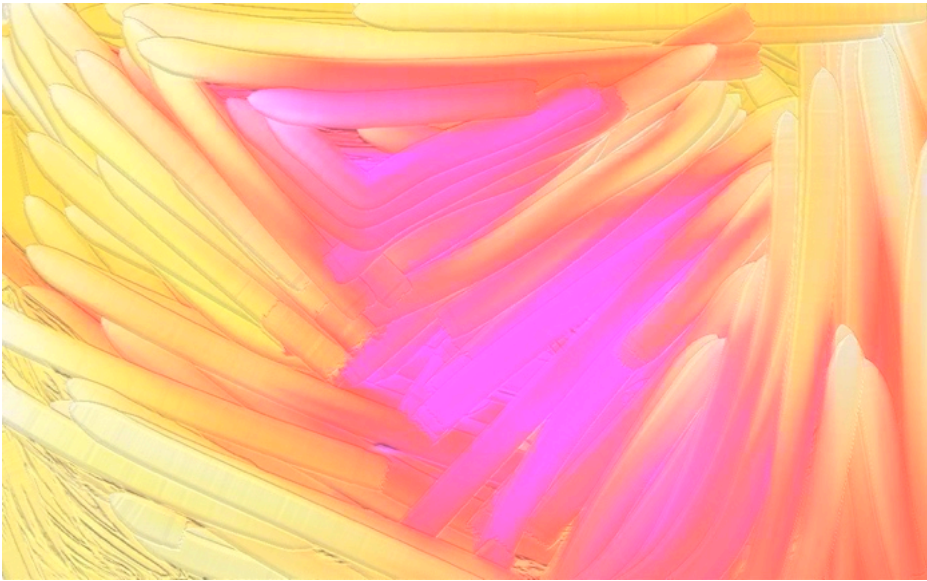
I won't make that mistake again any time soon.



Windy Day Flowers by Naomi Susan Schwartz Jacobs



Phantasm



Triangular Wave

March 26, 2026

This is not a diary entry but one into myself
straight through a twisting creek path.
For all the times I needed to go somewhere
But I could not travel more than thirty minutes
To unburden myself in the last 46 years.

I have driven and cycled just to sit
In a park staring into the distance
at the ground or the sky.
Now I walk softly, more slowly.
I tread more purposefully and with more urgency
to find my spot for an hour.

Often a guitar is on my back
ready to nurture me while I cradle it.
Birds, crickets and chipmunks
compete in their chirping
while honeysuckle and other
flowers leave their scent on the breeze just for me.
They don't fight for my attention but cooperate
as I sit, sometimes strumming often merely exhaling.

I neither ruminate nor mourn, remember nor plan.
I guide myself without the aid of Thoreau or anyone, except my own counsel.
Whether mind less or care free, or mindful, I am filled in the moment
rebirthing myself at almost 60 years before I walk home.



You deserve a round of applause if you can guess
the day I wrote this poem!

Routine Maintenance April 13, 2026

Oh no what's back there?

Maybe crusty thing will bite?

I'm afraid. Hold me.

Slow scraping, digging

Was that mud or a creature?

Eek! Kitchen counter!

Must escape quickly

Gasp! Better to cocoa
and watch old cartoons.



The Agony Of An Unseen Worker April 26, 2026

My head is cloud stuck
falling flat pulling myself
up once more confused.

Neither lost nor found
simply here yet never sure
Where? How? What career?

If you knew my tale
You would be frustrated too.
Each day I still try.

I am underpaid
working caring for others
unseen by many.

I work silently
striving each day. Hope? What's that?
Dreams don't pay the bills.

What of care givers?
Who keep people in their homes?
Rethink fruitfulness!

I cry pray moan thank
for what we have they ignore
yet I have my skills.

Trying to fit in
rarely balancing home needs
Will my heart give out?

Life, family, friends
There's no winning if you choose.
Will success bring loss?

Through many phases
Circles detours I survive
to my own surprise.

This is no proverb
just my life. Who knows their time
with more left to share?

My Writing Process May 7, 2026

A loud thunk but no pain

almost like a jar of peanut butter falling on the top of my foot.

Instead of leaking brown stickiness,

I am besieged by thoughts, words, clever phrases.

Instead of another stroke of genius,

here comes that Eurthymics song falling on my head like the big
clump of heavy May snow briefly nestled between tree branches.

My head and neck narrowly missed that unwanted marshmallow memory.

Perhaps the peanut butter and snow will sandwich me
into the annals of a soon forgotten paid poetry contest volume.

Perhaps one day, a child will stare curiously at the thrift store paperback
entombing my work if there's thrift stores or paperbacks in the future.

"What's this book thing anyway, Mom?"

For now I'll don my virtual safety helmet and protective gear
lest the poems fall too hard.

Evaporation May 7, 2026

It's been a dry year

in Colorado and other parts.

The clouds hover over the Flatirons but we can't plead nor command them to yield life saving water to quench fires, stop drought and grow crops.

The western slope farmers had it hard.

The trees budded early then froze, a whole season wiped out.

There's no telling for our neighbors.

Neighbors ignore the warnings, hosing down the driveways.

They blithely sprinkle as water like someone else's gold

or blood trickles down the street.

Will they care if their house was aflame?

At the farmers market I pause and give silent thanks

yet demand of G-d "Why not intervene?"

The answer doesn't come as I remember

reading about lakes being drained, drought levels being declared.

None of this is novel, except maybe my spin

But the data centers are always thirsty never satiated.

Fresh water taken from the earth for the sake of artificial intelligence.

It only feeds easy answers like a Magic 8 Ball but the water is evaporated.

As resources deplete and the price of greens are beyond reach

will those precious servers perform a miracle of turning zeros and ones into water?

A Strange Yet Slightly Humorous Daydream May 11, 2026

I don't know about you, Dear Reader, but sometimes I have what I think are mildly humorous daydreams aside from wishing for wealth, super powers, world peace. Such moments of creative inner life keep me going. Here's one.

In this daydream, I thought of The Wizard of Oz. I imagined a public place like a bus stop, airport, train station, park, mall or wherever with chairs or benches. People come and go, but upon closer inspection, people of various genders, ages, sizes sit down. I notice that they all happen to be wearing some variety of sparkly ruby red slippers. They all start closing their eyes and clicking their heels together in triplets, and gradually join in repeating "There's no place like home" like a chant. After a few minutes, one of them stops and stands up and screams "It's not working! I was told that if I bought the shoes it would work!" That's your odd dose of my daydreams for the day. I think it could work as a group prank too.

Vegan Vinaigrette For A Springtime Word Salad May 11, 2026

It's been a normal Monday as the weather heats up
As I spoke of the devil while fitting a square peg into a round hole
Because I thought it could be done like me as a cake decorator
In a scene out of a career daydream because I have no interest in cakes,
just the chocolate icing.

"Oh, no", one might say, "David you're chasing rainbows again
As surely as the pigs fly but they still aren't kosher."
Keep trying as I might maybe something will change in work or money,
Besides, it doesn't have to make sense to be art.
I suppose it wouldn't hurt to be coherent just to keep people guessing.
I like to defy my own expectations.

I've got no marbles to lose much less pickup sticks
covering a cubic zirconia in a haystack I would gladly pawn.
No, It's not right that my humble unsung genius goes ignored yet again
As I break a leg or maybe a twig, how I can I find my feet?
I have had my fun, misused a pun and for all my practice
at just being human I teeter between perfection and rejection. Who doesn't?

If a picture is worth a thousand words, I can attest my imagination's worth four.
Waiting in traffic I realize that a stitch in time doesn't save from a long gas line
Nor in a rush hour grocery if there's no self checkout. At least I can meditate quickly.
I have walked and rambled by foot or by thought, searching for truth or maybe a smile.
If I pictured anything on a hot day, it would be cold cucumber water,
turning murky with age. Don't drink it!

If you crave linearity, get a yardstick.
I can't promise cohesion, just occasional amusement.
I write like I need to breathe. It's a handy skill like chewing
but poor poets can offer thought not food. Eat up!

No my friends, I'm no hard nut to crack
anymore than a cashew, which is actually the seed of the drupe fruit.
So there, you might've learned something easily forgotten like this ode to idioms
I bet you're glad I'm done.

At Sunrise May 25, 2026

Early clouds give way to a thin light line.
The gradual sunrise has no need to scold or rush
Unlike me self prodding to an unknown goal
as it stretches its way across my limited view.

I stretch less often but make my way
through boiling kettle water and my prayers.
The sun watches my turns and bowing,
meeting my outward glance with a knowing wink
before I return to the pages of my tattered book
hoping for self forgiveness and wholeness by night.

The dogs and birds offer a hello outside as inwardly I sigh.
Yet I know they are partners in creation.
Whether I keep creating myself is a mystery.
Amidst despair I struggle to find a thin thread of hope.

*I probably used this title long ago, but here it is! I'm slightly surprised too!

"We" Includes Us All (Frustration) May 26, 2026

Another rock flung, another rocket flying from afar we seek shelter or a ditch.

There's been enough shouting at each other across thin lines

while our throats rasp from smoke.

Still there's screaming "You can't be here!" "You don't belong!" "Pack up and go!"

No group needs to be erased

but blaming echoes from all camps come too easily.

Where's shared responsibility?

You and I are sitting on different corners of this postage stamp as if it's a magic carpet.

Neither of us can fly away.

The sun frays the stamp's edges, burning through an unseen magnifier.

I don't know who's holding the glass, but I wish they wouldn't set another field on fire.

Instead I'd like to reach out to keep us both from falling off, coming apart.

"Take my hand but don't stab it or push me off so we can dwell here."

I wish more thought that way.

There's more than one face on this stamp appearing as

Jews, Druze, Bahai, Christians, Muslims,

and a mixed multitude all trying to cope.

Our DNA is closer than any will admit.

—

Pray and work for peace!

התפללו ופעלו למען השלום! Hitpalelu vefalu lema'an hashalom!

صلِّ واعمل من أجل السلام! Sll waemal min 'ajl alsalami!

Elevation Offering May 26, 2026

Ideas come like manna

unexpected but welcome like dew on parched land.

They mingle with words, ideas, mixing to create phrases, whole verses at a time.

Like water and flour, a little oil they will nourish me as I hope you.

Sometimes my work has come quickly like lightning then gone.

Poems stay long enough to be baked, set aside.

They take longer than matzah at 18 minutes, not enough time for fermentation

But just enough to bring wholeness if not holiness despite crackling and crumbs.

Sometimes my collections take years as if dough could sit and rise

For more than a few hours to be just right.

Now, the writing comes from above and within, opening to me without my chasing.

I don't rush, but wait humbly and patiently.

Now with age, health, uncertainty, my books may come again I hope.

But the time to nurture seems shorter, more urgent as if sunset calls
bringing a holy day with it.

My poetry is like challah, a small bit is set aside like a traditional offering.

What's left belongs to us.

It's gently kneaded, verbs and nouns slowly braided, baked until golden.

Or so I hope that it will be fitting a day of rest.

Whether a little crusty on the top or bottom, it's soft inside.

Please take a bit, taking in the love. Chew slowly, making it last.

Relax a bit, perhaps learn a little

Slice a sliver at a time, just don't rip it apart.

It's a gift channeled through me meant for you.

Wait? That's It? "Surely you jest!",
you might be thinking. Yet, there's more at my
creative work page!



Untitled Prayer #5786 March 10, 2026

Victim or villain, I can't be both. I don't even mind if I'm no victor.

All I want is to just be.

Whether I fulfill 16 or 613 commandments,

it's like betting against the house and wonder why I don't just walk away.

Yet every morning dutifully I swallow Marx's mass opiate, trying to have hope.

I guess that You're as weary of humanity as me.

If I threw away everything, I might have more time on my hands

but not necessarily more meaning or money so I hope for a better result

With every "amen", every bow, every fast.

You know I'm tired as the rest of us, some doing everything, others nothing

and history doesn't show me any better for it.

Blasphemer, hypocrite, doubter, unbeliever, infidel, heretic, maybe I'm all or none.

That's for You to say though I haven't received any clue when I've asked You

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Perhaps, a breeze will be my wink to have peppermint cocoa
and a foot bath after a long day still awaiting my homing beacon.

Hello there, folks! My parents did all they could for me! This poem was in no way a criticism of them and was merely my experience growing up and processing certain memories. Poetry can be written by and for the poet and shared with others! What a concept!

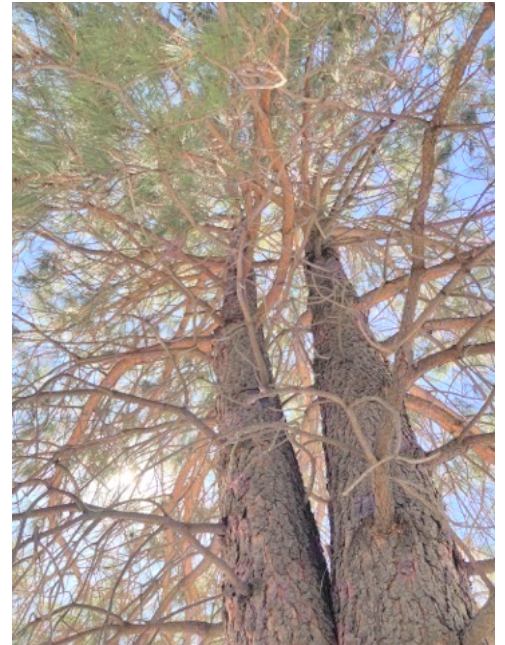
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I want to be an action movie star and stunt man when I grow up. I especially enjoy watching people chase through market places and knocking over fruit stands. Could I get started on my tricycle? My mom wrote this for me as I dictated. Signed, Big Tough Person

Dear Big Tough Person,

I hope you and your family have a good attorney and insurance policy. Before you go knocking over fruit stands, ensure that you have a good film crew, a small generator and a blender for smoothies, some cups which are preferably reusable for the environment's sake. You will need to have a contractual relationship with the fruit vendors and try to post signs asking anyone in the area to sign a waiver when you plan to practice the stunts. Before you do any of that, ask yourself one question: If you spent your time and energy growing fruit, harvesting it, and bringing it to market, would you want someone trashing it? Ask yourself if your crops and the product of your hard work can be replaced. If you can't answer these questions, don't do this particular chase sequence. Also, be prepared to meet the price of anyone who agrees to have their fruit cart knocked over.

Dear David,

I like to hunt vultures and keep them from attacking small animals. Should I fire a gun up in the air wherever I go, hoping something will fall? I would feed the bird to hungry animals. Signed, Protective

Dear Protective,

What goes up must come down. The answer is no. Don't do that. Besides, pretend that you had a favorite balloon or kite and someone shot it. Would you feel happy much

less protected? If you shot a drone and it fired back at your home, would you feel you were protecting animals or even yourself? I thought not. Don't do that.

Dear David,

I enjoy hot tubs and watching the bright flashes in a good lightning storm. Should I go outside and enjoy the hot tub during a lightning storm. My baby sitter says I shouldn't and wanted to pay me five whole dollars to stay in and watch re-runs of a tv show.

Signed, Sparky

Dear Sparky,

First, learn what harm lightning can do. Second, hold out for at least \$10.

Dear David,

I invested a lot of money into my computer and the hard drive doesn't work. Sometimes, I use the optical drive tray to hold my hot coffee, and I notice a burning smell and it makes beeps and crackling noises, then the screen flickers and goes blank. Should I ask for my money back? Signed, Crackly

Dear Crackly,

If you break it you buy it, and misuse will void the warranty. If you need a place to put a beverage, have you considered a separate table? Besides, no matter how much you shake the computer to loosen a stuck screw while it's turned on, the money won't fall out magically. Consider getting an Etch-A-Sketch. You will do a lot less harm with its screen.

Dear David,

I really love snow cones. If I made some Kool-Aid and went outside in a hailstorm, would it save me some money? Signed, Icy

Dear Icy,

Have you ever heard of an ice crusher? There's more likelihood it will work consistently than if you waited around for a hailstorm, not to mention the hail might not be tasty.

Once again, folks that's all the time we have for today. If you're considering trying any of what's been described, think again and please... don't do that!

Any Time Soon March 29, 2026

In the last few months, recycling and garbage removal, washing the dishes or the laundry have caused no problems.

Dusting requires detail, moving, replacement.

A blowdryer would serve the purpose too well.

But fragile things might fall over or break.

Vacuuming? The intense workout of a hot machine

involves moving furniture, moving from electrical socket to socket room to room, bending, grunting, muttering at the futility.

The noise of crunchy bits and a loose screw on the floor screaming “no more!” are unsettling indeed and if only we had nice, quiet faux wood floors.

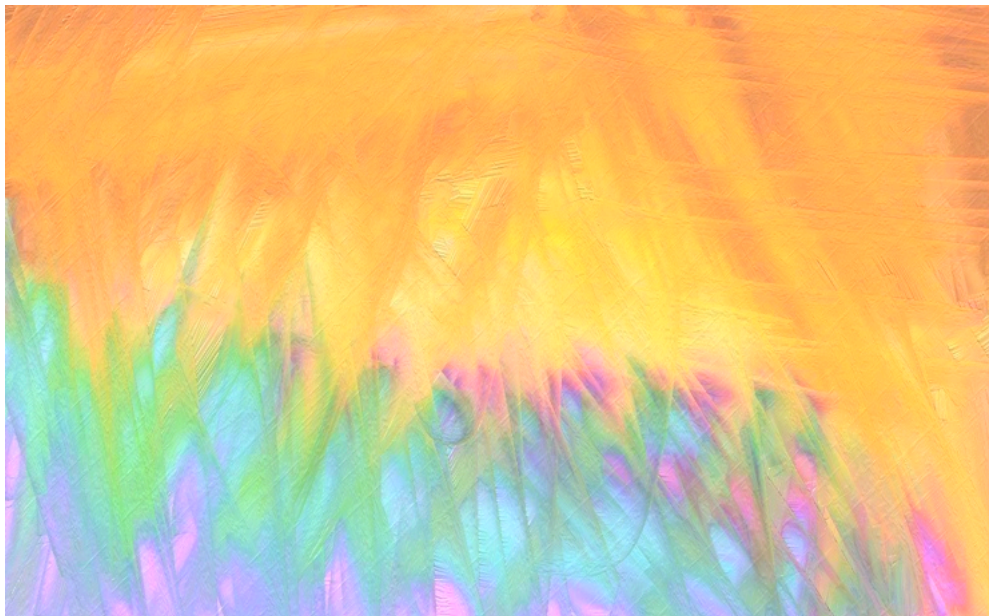
They might bubble or show cracked lines, but remain docile.

Remembering myself and self soothing over

a French press pecan milk mint decaf mint mocha and comforting cocoa rolled oats will always win over vacuuming as I reclaim my line in the carpet rather than sand.

In the last few months I vacuumed, and a neighbor said that I made it sound like a miracle, and being an unnatural phenomenon, indeed it was.

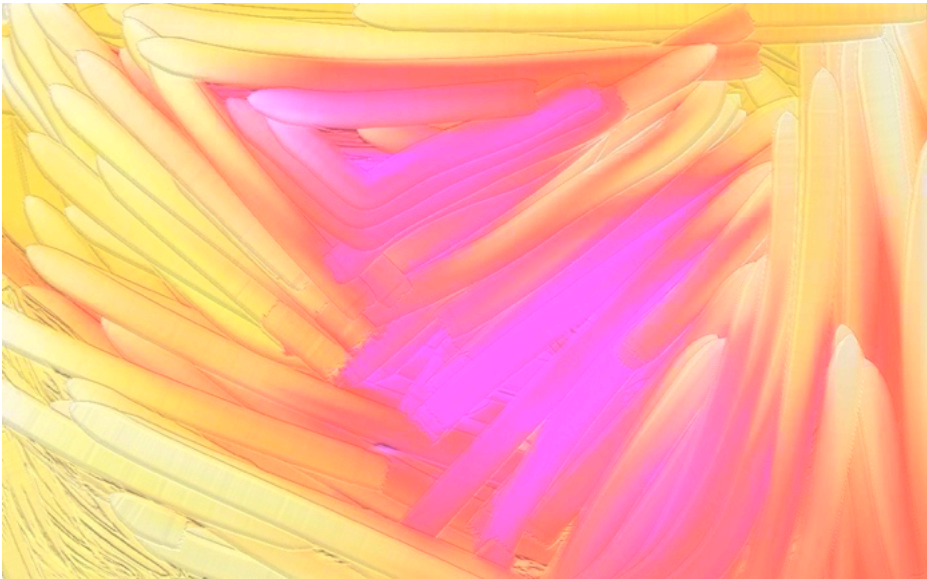
I won't make that mistake again any time soon.



Windy Day Flowers by Naomi Susan Schwartz Jacobs



Phantasm



Triangular Wave

March 26, 2026

This is not a diary entry but one into myself
straight through a twisting creek path.
For all the times I needed to go somewhere
But I could not travel more than thirty minutes
To unburden myself in the last 46 years.

I have driven and cycled just to sit
In a park staring into the distance
at the ground or the sky.
Now I walk softly, more slowly.
I tread more purposefully and with more urgency
to find my spot for an hour.

Often a guitar is on my back
ready to nurture me while I cradle it.
Birds, crickets and chipmunks
compete in their chirping
while honeysuckle and other
flowers leave their scent on the breeze just for me.
They don't fight for my attention but cooperate
as I sit, sometimes strumming often merely exhaling.

I neither ruminate nor mourn, remember nor plan.
I guide myself without the aid of Thoreau or anyone, except my own counsel.
Whether mind less or care free, or mindful, I am filled in the moment
rebirthing myself at almost 60 years before I walk home.



You deserve a round of applause if you can guess
the day I wrote this poem!

Routine Maintenance April 13, 2026

Oh no what's back there?

Maybe crusty thing will bite?

I'm afraid. Hold me.

Slow scraping, digging

Was that mud or a creature?

Eek! Kitchen counter!

Must escape quickly

Gasp! Better to cocoa
and watch old cartoons.



The Agony Of An Unseen Worker April 26, 2026

My head is cloud stuck
falling flat pulling myself
up once more confused.

Neither lost nor found
simply here yet never sure
Where? How? What career?

If you knew my tale
You would be frustrated too.
Each day I still try.

I am underpaid
working caring for others
unseen by many.

I work silently
striving each day. Hope? What's that?
Dreams don't pay the bills.

What of care givers?
Who keep people in their homes?
Rethink fruitfulness!

I cry pray moan thank
for what we have they ignore
yet I have my skills.

Trying to fit in
rarely balancing home needs
Will my heart give out?

Life, family, friends
There's no winning if you choose.
Will success bring loss?

Through many phases
Circles detours I survive
to my own surprise.

This is no proverb
just my life. Who knows their time
with more left to share?

My Writing Process May 7, 2026

A loud thunk but no pain

almost like a jar of peanut butter falling on the top of my foot.

Instead of leaking brown stickiness,

I am besieged by thoughts, words, clever phrases.

Instead of another stroke of genius,

here comes that Eurthymics song falling on my head like the big
clump of heavy May snow briefly nestled between tree branches.

My head and neck narrowly missed that unwanted marshmallow memory.

Perhaps the peanut butter and snow will sandwich me
into the annals of a soon forgotten paid poetry contest volume.

Perhaps one day, a child will stare curiously at the thrift store paperback
entombing my work if there's thrift stores or paperbacks in the future.

"What's this book thing anyway, Mom?"

For now I'll don my virtual safety helmet and protective gear
lest the poems fall too hard.

Evaporation May 7, 2026

It's been a dry year

in Colorado and other parts.

The clouds hover over the Flatirons but we can't plead nor command them to yield life saving water to quench fires, stop drought and grow crops.

The western slope farmers had it hard.

The trees budded early then froze, a whole season wiped out.

There's no telling for our neighbors.

Neighbors ignore the warnings, hosing down the driveways.

They blithely sprinkle as water like someone else's gold

or blood trickles down the street.

Will they care if their house was aflame?

At the farmers market I pause and give silent thanks

yet demand of G-d "Why not intervene?"

The answer doesn't come as I remember

reading about lakes being drained, drought levels being declared.

None of this is novel, except maybe my spin

But the data centers are always thirsty never satiated.

Fresh water taken from the earth for the sake of artificial intelligence.

It only feeds easy answers like a Magic 8 Ball but the water is evaporated.

As resources deplete and the price of greens are beyond reach

will those precious servers perform a miracle of turning zeros and ones into water?

A Strange Yet Slightly Humorous Daydream May 11, 2026

I don't know about you, Dear Reader, but sometimes I have what I think are mildly humorous daydreams aside from wishing for wealth, super powers, world peace. Such moments of creative inner life keep me going. Here's one.

In this daydream, I thought of The Wizard of Oz. I imagined a public place like a bus stop, airport, train station, park, mall or wherever with chairs or benches. People come and go, but upon closer inspection, people of various genders, ages, sizes sit down. I notice that they all happen to be wearing some variety of sparkly ruby red slippers. They all start closing their eyes and clicking their heels together in triplets, and gradually join in repeating "There's no place like home" like a chant. After a few minutes, one of them stops and stands up and screams "It's not working! I was told that if I bought the shoes it would work!" That's your odd dose of my daydreams for the day. I think it could work as a group prank too.

Vegan Vinaigrette For A Springtime Word Salad May 11, 2026

It's been a normal Monday as the weather heats up
As I spoke of the devil while fitting a square peg into a round hole
Because I thought it could be done like me as a cake decorator
In a scene out of a career daydream because I have no interest in cakes,
just the chocolate icing.

"Oh, no", one might say, "David you're chasing rainbows again
As surely as the pigs fly but they still aren't kosher."
Keep trying as I might maybe something will change in work or money,
Besides, it doesn't have to make sense to be art.
I suppose it wouldn't hurt to be coherent just to keep people guessing.
I like to defy my own expectations.

I've got no marbles to lose much less pickup sticks
covering a cubic zirconia in a haystack I would gladly pawn.
No, It's not right that my humble unsung genius goes ignored yet again
As I break a leg or maybe a twig, how I can I find my feet?
I have had my fun, misused a pun and for all my practice
at just being human I teeter between perfection and rejection. Who doesn't?

If a picture is worth a thousand words, I can attest my imagination's worth four.
Waiting in traffic I realize that a stitch in time doesn't save from a long gas line
Nor in a rush hour grocery if there's no self checkout. At least I can meditate quickly.
I have walked and rambled by foot or by thought, searching for truth or maybe a smile.
If I pictured anything on a hot day, it would be cold cucumber water,
turning murky with age. Don't drink it!

If you crave linearity, get a yardstick.
I can't promise cohesion, just occasional amusement.
I write like I need to breathe. It's a handy skill like chewing
but poor poets can offer thought not food. Eat up!

No my friends, I'm no hard nut to crack
anymore than a cashew, which is actually the seed of the drupe fruit.
So there, you might've learned something easily forgotten like this ode to idioms
I bet you're glad I'm done.

At Sunrise May 25, 2026

Early clouds give way to a thin light line.
The gradual sunrise has no need to scold or rush
Unlike me self prodding to an unknown goal
as it stretches its way across my limited view.

I stretch less often but make my way
through boiling kettle water and my prayers.
The sun watches my turns and bowing,
meeting my outward glance with a knowing wink
before I return to the pages of my tattered book
hoping for self forgiveness and wholeness by night.

The dogs and birds offer a hello outside as inwardly I sigh.
Yet I know they are partners in creation.
Whether I keep creating myself is a mystery.
Amidst despair I struggle to find a thin thread of hope.

*I probably used this title long ago, but here it is! I'm slightly surprised too!

"We" Includes Us All (Frustration) May 26, 2026

Another rock flung, another rocket flying from afar we seek shelter or a ditch.

There's been enough shouting at each other across thin lines

while our throats rasp from smoke.

Still there's screaming "You can't be here!" "You don't belong!" "Pack up and go!"

No group needs to be erased

but blaming echoes from all camps come too easily.

Where's shared responsibility?

You and I are sitting on different corners of this postage stamp as if it's a magic carpet.

Neither of us can fly away.

The sun frays the stamp's edges, burning through an unseen magnifier.

I don't know who's holding the glass, but I wish they wouldn't set another field on fire.

Instead I'd like to reach out to keep us both from falling off, coming apart.

"Take my hand but don't stab it or push me off so we can dwell here."

I wish more thought that way.

There's more than one face on this stamp appearing as

Jews, Druze, Bahai, Christians, Muslims,

and a mixed multitude all trying to cope.

Our DNA is closer than any will admit.

—

Pray and work for peace!

התפללו ופעלו למען השלום! Hitpalelu vefalu lema'an hashalom!

صلِّ واعمل من أجل السلام! Sil waamal min 'ajl alsalami!

Elevation Offering May 26, 2026

Ideas come like manna

unexpected but welcome like dew on parched land.

They mingle with words, ideas, mixing to create phrases, whole verses at a time.

Like water and flour, a little oil they will nourish me as I hope you.

Sometimes my work has come quickly like lightning then gone.

Poems stay long enough to be baked, set aside.

They take longer than matzah at 18 minutes, not enough time for fermentation

But just enough to bring wholeness if not holiness despite crackling and crumbs.

Sometimes my collections take years as if dough could sit and rise

For more than a few hours to be just right.

Now, the writing comes from above and within, opening to me without my chasing.

I don't rush, but wait humbly and patiently.

Now with age, health, uncertainty, my books may come again I hope.

But the time to nurture seems shorter, more urgent as if sunset calls
bringing a holy day with it.

My poetry is like challah, a small bit is set aside like a traditional offering.

What's left belongs to us.

It's gently kneaded, verbs and nouns slowly braided, baked until golden.

Or so I hope that it will be fitting a day of rest.

Whether a little crusty on the top or bottom, it's soft inside.

Please take a bit, taking in the love. Chew slowly, making it last.

Relax a bit, perhaps learn a little

Slice a sliver at a time, just don't rip it apart.

It's a gift channeled through me meant for you.

Wait? That's It? "Surely you jest!",
you might be thinking. Yet, there's more at [my
creative work page!](#)

