



Sandbox

poems

Michael R. Lane

Sandbox

“I am not a professor of literature.

I am not a teacher of creative writing.

As a wordsmith, I find myself limited
to express what I can in hopes of art.”

“Plain INsights” begins your word dining pleasure of savory and sweet sand
pies in the *Sandbox*.

Michael R. Lane

Also by Michael R. Lane

Poetry

A Drop of Midnight

Mortal Thoughts

Fiction

Emancipation

The Gem Connection

UFOs and God (a collection of short stories)

Blue Sun

The Family Stone

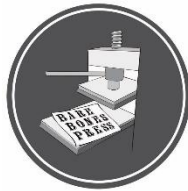
The Butcher

Sandbox

SANDBOX

~Poems~

Michael R. Lane



BARE BONES PRESS

P.O. Box 9653, Seattle, WA 98109

Michael R. Lane

Copyright © 2017 Michael R. Lane

ISBN: 978-1-63492-306-4

All rights reserved. No part of this publication may be reproduced, stored in a retrieval system, or transmitted in any form or by any means, electronic, mechanical, recording or otherwise, without the prior written permission of the author.

Published by Bare Bones Press, Seattle, Washington.

Printed on acid-free paper.

Design: Bare Bones Press

Production: BookLocker.com

Cover Art: Monika Younger

Bare Bones Press

P.O. Box 9653

Seattle, WA 98109

[Bare Bones Press](#)

[Author's Website](#)

First Edition: April 2017

Plain INsights

I am not a professor of literature.
I am not a teacher of creative writing.
As a wordsmith, I find myself limited
to express what I can in hopes of art.
My history lists no significant awards of merit,
no fellowships, grants, MFAs or contest victories.
Still, passion and fervor burn deep inside of me
shoving me onward to observe each glint
and twinkle and burst and sparkle
of those ambient, brilliant hot shining stars
known commonly as inspiration.
I follow the universe.
I reach not to hold.
I empty myself of all expectations,
surrendering to the wanton will of The Muse.
My purpose is simple,
as are often my words:
to share plain insights with you.

Michael R. Lane

Water Drop

What is it like to be a drop of water?
A translucent raindrop born of a cloud
channeled along a gravity birth canal

an infinite procession of biological kin
raining down from sky or dripping from faucets,
changing form with insouciant ease

presiding in lakes and rivers, oceans and seas,
ponds and brooks, puddles and streams,
to nest at the heart of nourishment

for all animals, plants and fish --
a vital ingredient in all that is Earth,
absorbing elements like a fluent sponge

aware of historical eons predating genesis
where cognizant mortal-kind has not the final say.
Whether in solid stasis

or in crystal flight,
nature's clear liquid diet
the essence of life.

The Nature of Dust (Form 3)

The Great Equalizer of low caste and high
ferments human remains of kind and evil.
Symbolic rituals entrenched in antiquated time
mesh with religious provisions of final farewells
from incinerating sun high to watery moon set
vessels ceremonially cremated by eternal flames.
Flesh, skin and bones cede to mother earth;
spirits liberated to play in their birth universe.