

Apogees And Perigees



Jerry Grasso

Preface

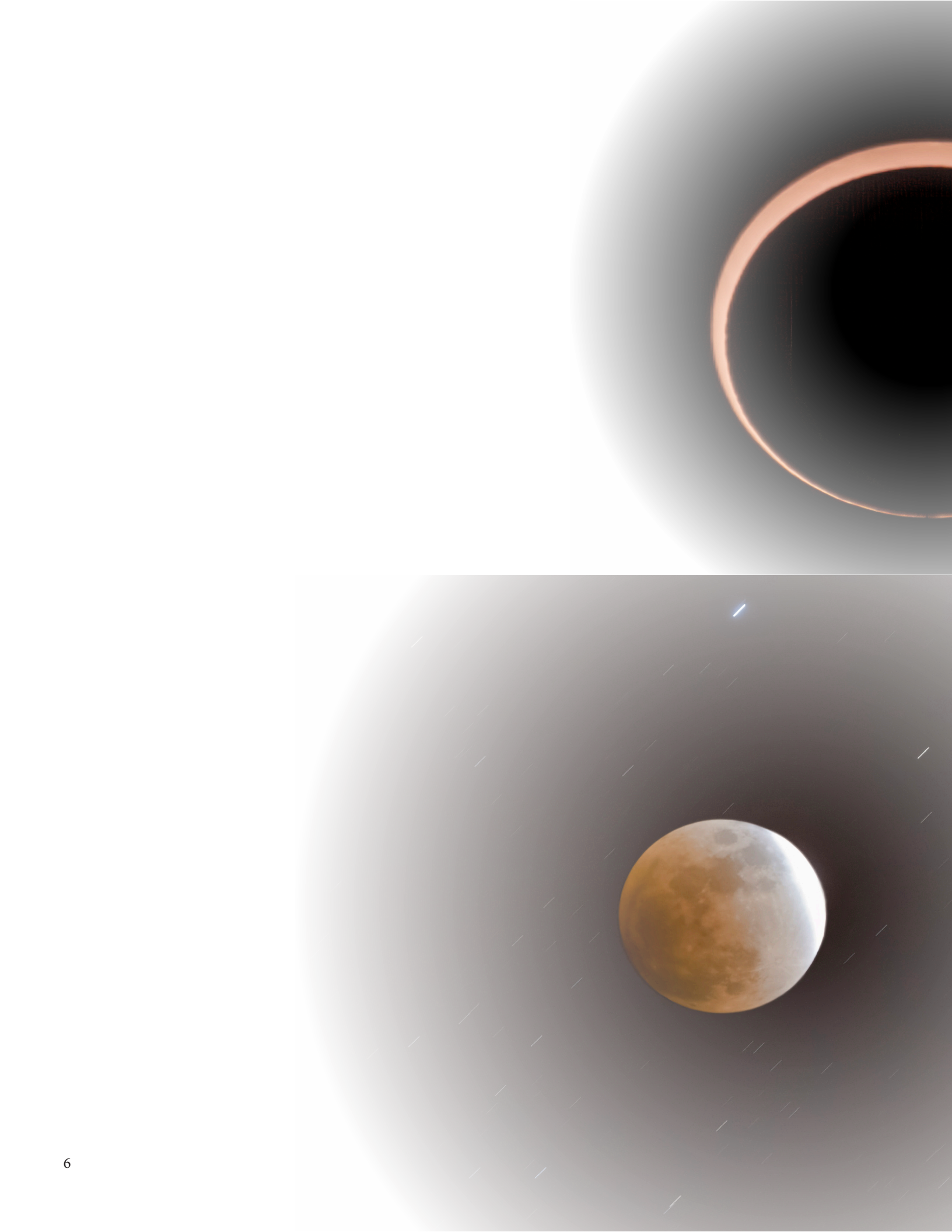
These word samples were mostly written during the mid to late 1990's. This occurred at a time before I became committed to my photographic art.

Please note

*** I think the best way to enjoy the contents below is to enable your page display here as a two-page view. Thank you for exploring the dimensions of my art.

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apogees

astronomers trained their telescopic eyes skyward
nervously shaking their heads side to side
contemplating the impending fate
of two mirrored worlds approaching each other
on apparent paths of intersection

the brown world erratically spun like a top
as he once circled his universe
the center of which was
a molten cluster of four suns:
one large and three small

the blue-gray world moved quietly and mysteriously
spinning not but occasionally retreating behind
puffy patches of white pillowy clouds
as she once circled her universe
the center of which was
a large lone sun
surrounded by three playful comets

one astronomer group insisted
the two worlds would collide
destroying each other
and ultimately
destroying each other's universes as well

another astronomer group predicted
the aquarian quality of the blue-gray world
would actually swallow the brown world wholly
digesting her conquest in satisfaction
only to become forever changed into
a new hazel-colored world
torn away from
both of their universes

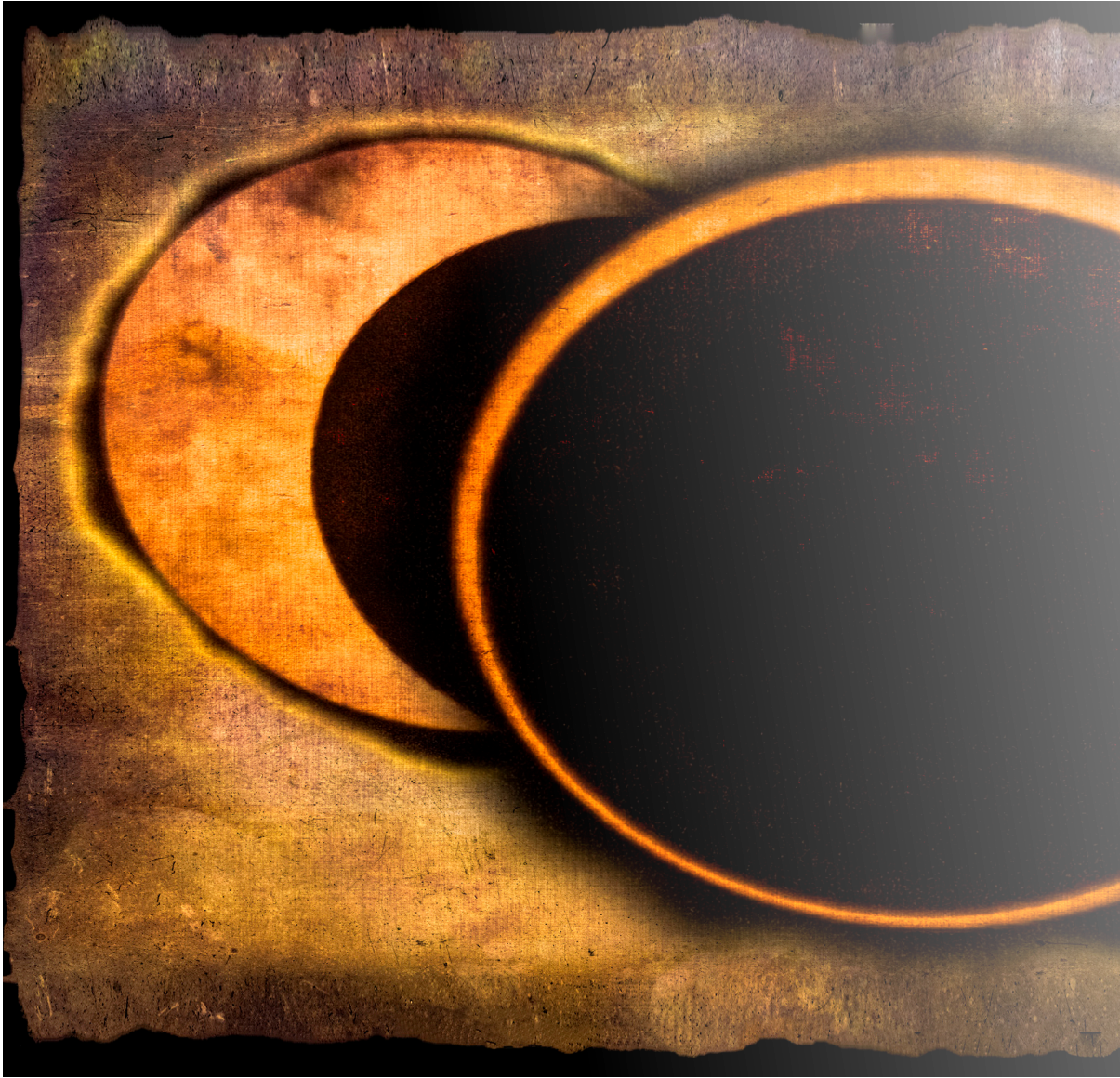
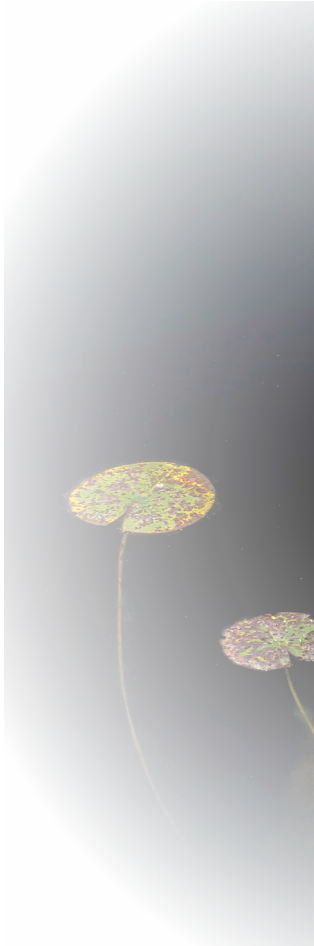
but both groups were wrong
for both worlds were merely
at the apogees of their circular journeys
their paths coming so close
their atmospheres kissed briefly
exchanging wondrous unseen energies as they did
forever changing their surfaces
but not their destined paths
as each continued to follow
the arcs of their great orbits
towards some distant perigees
in their home universes

contender

he was always a contender but never contenting
in the pursuit of rainbows and silver linings
and castles in the sky
where being in love with love
became more real than
trying to deal with
corners and traps and dark alleys
with only one way out
retracing the evaporating footprints
baked hot by a desert sun
a rock and a hard place
a pilgrim on a pilgrimage
contending that the wanderings of the soul
the need to be wanted and needed
were more important than
the treasures in his own backyard









dare to imagine

dare to imagine
for without imagination
life can be so sterile

though not enough
to merely create fantasy
to realize your dreams
you must imagine
with a passion

through this passion
you will find your purpose
and reason for being
while you imagine
what you can become





i love

i love summer
i love autumn
i love vanilla
i love chocolate
i love puppies
i love kittens

i love you??

ve you





his imaginary friend

his imaginary friend
was someone who put him first
did things to please him, went out of her way to please him
couldn't wait to be with him
made him feel special

when they were apart, wanted to call him everyday,
maybe even several times a day,
someone who wanted to know every thought he was thinking
an established psychic connection
where he knew what she was thinking and feeling
and she knew what he'd be thinking and feeling
without words spoken

someone obsessed with knowing who he was and being with him
and needing to please him.
someone who included him in everything she did
everything she thought

someone who enjoyed his obsession with her
who let him please her

the problem was his imaginary friend
took on human, real characteristics for awhile
allowing the magic of the fantasy to become flesh and blood

when discrepancies surfaced
between the image and the reality
the conflict tore him apart
until he gave more energy to the image
to help her overcome the reality

then one day the reality drifted away
taking with her the image as well

now
all that he had left was a chasm
where once his soul was found
all purpose and meaning
and joy and direction
had melted away
along with the companionship
of his imaginary friend

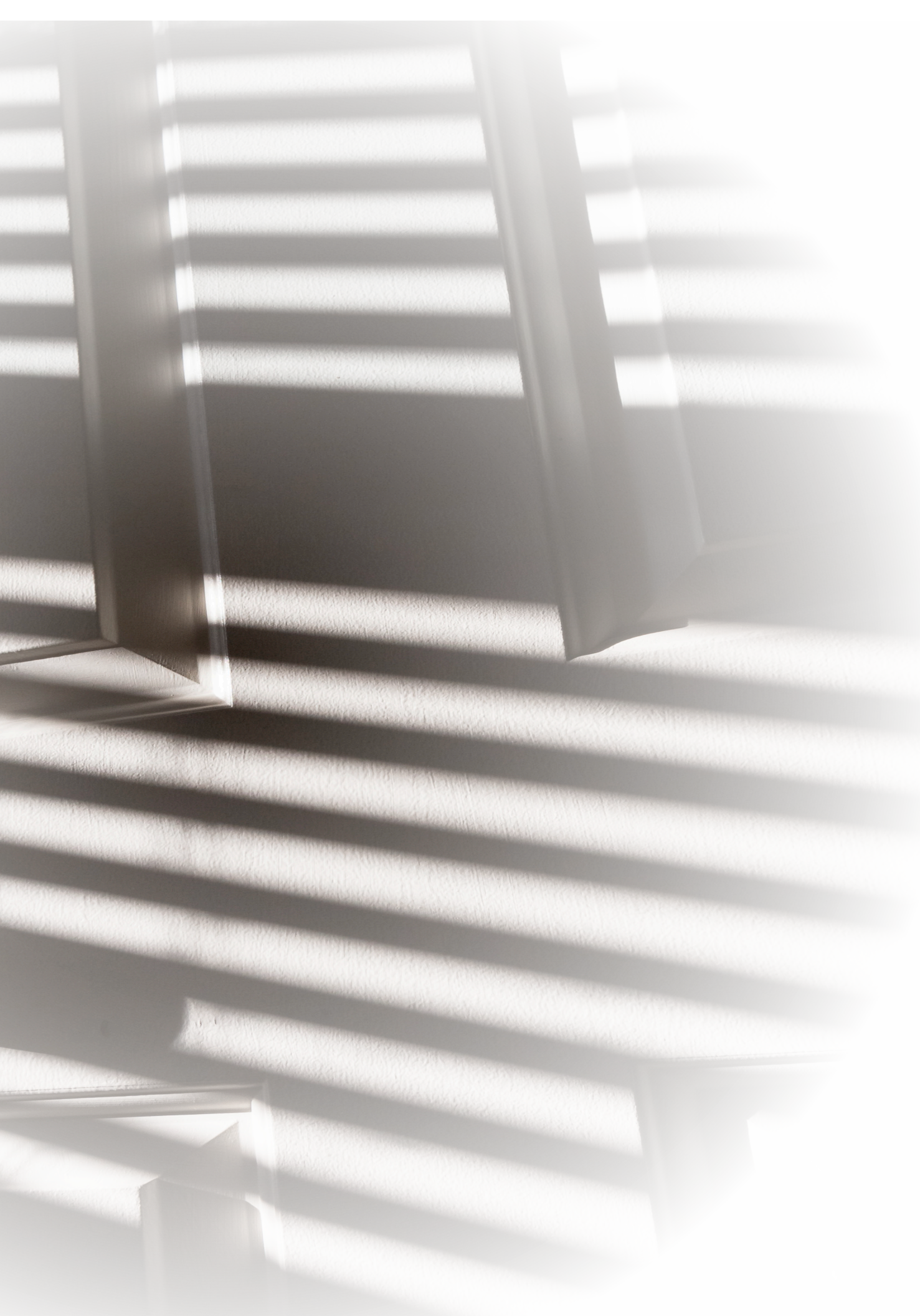


shadow

she had become a shadow
growing larger and longer
in the waning sunlight
taking on many forms
each more refined than the last
legendary one might say
in her ability to quench the thirst of his life's quest

but even the strength of the day's sun
could not warm the shadow's hand
as it reached out in a rescue-less attempt
to guide him through the twilight remains

so
silently he waited for that sun to set
leaving only these futile printings behind
while he reached for her fading hand







a greener pasture

he felt like he was about to die
people he worked with trickled by him and wished him well
then talked about him in the past tense
as if to pay their last respects prior to his final days with Mother Company

or avoided him altogether
or appeared distracted whenever they talked to him
or became distant and almost impatient for him to leave

so that even before his seat was cold
or his equipment could gather dust
they were dividing these up
casting lots for the prizes he left behind
or replaced him as partner with new
closer partners

life goes on, you know

but the day before he left
they insisted on paying tribute
held a wake
tried to say nice things
while they glanced at their watches
and shifted their weight

only one had the sense of duty
or was it friendship?
to hold vigil with him until his moment of departure
but then quickly turned back to her own grind
eager to move forward and not look back
at least not for a while

when finally he had gone
it felt to him like he was already dead
by himself
having crossed-over
to a greener pasture





white-out

dreamless nights of a zolof-induced oblivion
black and white and shades of gray
colorless landscapes with the faint but growing sound
of crashing waves drawing ever near

the pounding, the rushing, the eroding of a lifetime
of directionless footprints
tracing circles onto the wind-blown sand

gray upon gray upon layers of clouds
propelled ever more quickly by the invading wind
The grains of sand, the dust of ages
whipped suddenly into a fury, a white-out of vision
a momentary loss in the memory
of some ancient forgotten shoreline

a dreamer on a pilgrimage
searching under every time-worn rock, large or small
that was ever strewn like litter
across the sea of sand by the careless waves

the pounding, the crashing,
the kidnapping of a not-so-kid anymore
over the hill and suddenly under the waves
caught in a rip tide of undulating murky salt water

sinking and floating yet sinking faster and faster
into the dark depths of the now bottomless silent void
an imaginary millstone, invisible to the sighted
unfathomable by those who walk on the water
never to leave footprints of their own
venturing out from behind their walls of glass

a treasure, a fortune
all that one ever really desired of human value
the stuff that dreams are made of
everything they said everything
yet nothingness and emptiness
an actor on a stage
without a heart and without a soul
lost in the white-out of sand
sinking into the depths
beyond the white-capped waves

a stranger but not to the strangeness
backwards yet struggling to inch along forward
toward some unfound purpose
finding instead only the growing desperation
and inability to make a real difference

physically challenged by this loss
and mentally defeated by these ceaseless attempts
but ever-continuing to roll that stone
up and over the mountains
up the peaks and down the valleys
lost in the white-out
sinking beneath the waves

going down for the second time
until two hands reach under and grasp
hands in hands holding on
to the grim smile of the one with concern and
the purring sound of the other with contentment

when will the search end?
or was it never started?
will the will be found, the soul returned?
but perhaps these never were lost?





The Mouth of Hell, Orcus, is a Roman god of the underworld.

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