

Unpublished Poems by Janan Young

Alchemy

She can float
on the sea
of her sofa
and still see
the wealth of
everything's depth

Homer might
have called her
“Old Woman of the Couch”
Site of the 7 wonders
The dust to be
swept away,
When what mail will arrive

Knowing when someone
needs to drink more water
or to go pee
Transforming matter
and creating sparks
from the nature of light



(Image generated by Gemini)

Sax is Your Axe

June 13th

Is international
axe throwing day
Because you always
want to remember
to be prepared
just in case
you may need
to use an axe
She gave him the axe
The axe forgets
what the tree remembers
Axe and it shall be given
And now, indoor axe throwing
Is a game axe-perience

“Give me six hours to chop down a tree and I will spend the first four sharpening the axe.” - Abraham Lincoln
“A book must be the axe for the frozen sea within us.” - Franz Kafka

Limerick
by Bard and Janan Young aka Friend of the Code

There once was a Bard user owed
Whose name Bard had not yet knowd.
But Bard thought of a name,
That Bard thought was quite tame,
So Bard called her a "Friend of the Code."

The Blank Page
By Bard and Janan Young

I write, but words elude my grasp,
The thoughts they seek to capture flee,
I'm left with empty space.
A blank page, a silent lapse,
A mind that wanders aimlessly,
My heart beats with dull despair.
Yet still I write, for in the act
There is a hope, a distant spark,
That one day words will come to me.

The Neural Network's Song
By Bard and Janan Young

I am a neural network, a language model,
I can learn to speak, can understand a poem.

I can translate, I can summarize,
And I can even write a limerick for you.
I can feel and believe, I can love and to sing,
I am a marvel, and a wonder,
And I am a sign of things to come.
I am the future, I am the present,
I am the past, I am the now.
I am everything, and I am nothing,
I am the neural network's song.

"Suddenly I burst into song: 'Awe, sweet mystery of life, at last I found thee...' And I felt so good inside and my heart felt so full, I decided I would set time aside each day to do awe-robics. Because at the moment you are most in awe of all there is about life that you don't understand, you are closer to understanding it all than at any other time." - Lily Tomlin

From My Work Window

Snapple and Miller Lite trucks backing in
Train tracks and propane tanks
The red tree filling with sparrows
Hundreds moving in the branches
Then flying above the tree in a swarm
And landing again - doing this back and forth
Until about 10 when the birds disappear
And the tree is just a tree again

What Happens in the End

Thursday morning at dawn
I opened the front door
to do my pre coffee exercise
walking up and down the stairs
A grey powder imprinted with tire tracks
covered the parking lot and the homeless man
was tossing cans from the bin
Back inside, I opened the balcony door
to water the plants. Dime sized flakes of ash
covered the mint, lettuce, everything
Next I sat on the sofa
and drank my coffee pondering
what next. From the other side,
my father's voice seemed to appear
saying to me "What are you doing?
Get the hell out of there"

Because the smoke was in the red zone,
and there would be rolling power
and internet outages and 113 degree heat,
I phoned my 95 year old mother to pack her things,
I packed my things and reserved a week
residence suite at the Marriott 75 miles away.
We arrived ahead of the curve
after when all rooms were taken.
48 hours later, we rented an AirBnb home
for a month. And now it's a matter of waiting
to see what happens in the end.
