

THE SUNSPOTS OF SERENDIPITY

M. A. TORRINGTON

DEDICATIONS:

For Lorne Davis, Tyler Abrams, The Brothers Hiltz, Courtney Thorne,
Daniel Ariaratnam, Arlin & Rob Cuncic--and Marcel Gelinas.

For Statue, Mindy, Mandy, Bandit & Arthur. For Shaughne Jackman, Ashley
Powell, Ken & Edith Bain, Mabel Austen--and Sarah Lynne Toller. R.I.P.

S.O.S. SCHEMA:

Some themes and titles herein were inspired by songs written with musician
Marcel Gelinas. Look for our forthcoming albums.

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I. Girl Of Weathered Maps

II. Upon A Midnight Epiphany

III. Birthright's Romances Unchained

IV. The Sunspots Of Serendipity

V. Praeclarus Primordium

I. Girl Of Weathered Maps

i. Cowardice's Surefire Carousel

I've met your kind before, at a bus stop, on a train—
Across some distant memory's shore,
And the hair has turned, and the voice has changed,
But her eyes were the same as yours,

And you could call me crazy, or call me clueless--
Or you could call me calculating, of course,
But what you'll never know is, what I've witnessed,
Past doors in behind years of the wet-works,

And every few lives, a new leaf turns, a new love burns,
And a new world's in profound rebirth,
And every few dreams, a new dawn cracks, a new heart breaks,
And an older flame now again returns,

And every few signs, a new way splits, a new day rips open,
And a new longing may lift you aboard,
And every few lies, a new feeling wishes, a new hope springs,
And old wrongs get re-written forward,

But then you entered, and I remembered the one from before,
The one I loved once, but then went and lost so much more,
When impatience, and up-to-the-minute updates eroded over,
Our beginning stages, undermining our foundation's cores,

And when resentment and entitlement's trip,

Finally fell our freshly flourishing flower,
We retreated to the shorter-term courtships
Of cowardice's surefire carousels of desire.

So, the next time we meet, we will have a short seat for two,
And you will order a menu, and I will get to remember you,
And how sometimes the world works so unnaturally neat,
Yet then for such long stretches under disarray's tragic heat,

And remarking it's amazing we make any sense of it, really,
Let alone the terribly transient state of this, or you--or me,
Or anyone we've taken too much for granted in between--
We cast back to those left behind in our dwindling dreams.

ii. The Bones Of Estrangement

The problem with this new-day fast modern love is,
It lasts one single simple little lightning-fast season,
For whereas in the past, we've pitied the single people,
Now we pray for fools still pretending to be couples.

For we're all misaligning our most fundamental homes,
With myriad ties to misanthropic old maid syndromes,
Trying to convince ourselves true love is non-existent,
Merely because everybody feels much better off alone.

But what often does happen, fearing life's little risks is,
The best bottoms out, buckling under--going with it,
And we're left with reckless hearts, and hands restless,
Without reward of purpose, or purses for the missions,

And so, giving nothing back, getting nothing for it--
And going nowhere but inward--
You may die without admitting it—
But lonely coward, you're attention-starved.

So the next time you get too scared to commit, and turn to tears of regret,
Over-analyzing love's uncertain continuance for romance's unsure bets,
And you decide to take the dare and diss whoever seems the most sincere,
Despite being the best thing to happen to you in so many suffering years,

When you deny the bitterly born lesson,
In letting good times lessen, just to prevent loss,
You better be with your every friend soon,
On whom you'll be unburdening what regrets cost,

For real life rewards good gamblers in love's karmic system,
Leaving the meek to bear witness to their glorified messes,
And while the enraptured calmly channel their wildest crushes,
The passionless lean on their crutches' childish confessions,

For romance can rock a man, and can come to consume anyone,
But the chances of dancing always dim and diminish while alone,
And yet as the species of the heart are growing more endangered,
We apes of solitude still hide sewing the bones of estrangement.

iii. Social Butterfly Effect

He said that whenever he kissed a girl,
Whole worlds would unfurl for him,
And he found himself, two years later,
Learning how to be her friend again,

And she never meant to let it last that long,
But then she went and left him haunted,
And only afterward did she even wonder:
Whatever had happened to her old lover?

For we get into these little lovers' jungles,
Juggling life and family--and honour's call,
Yet we only ever wanted another handful,
Of something more solid to hold onto,

So we go back to our humbler old chores,
Of living and dying alone, for dark fables,
All the while scrambling fast to hug those,
Ones that are warmest and close and able,

But then in hindsight, we set out to focus,
On what forethought we often thought lost,
Wondering how we got sucked so low on,
Forces run afoul of all mortal fear and lust.

And we let ourselves get tossed far adrift,
Just to watch our worlds, from loss shift,
For a year, a day—or an hour of any bliss,
Just to wash the frost from the fists of living.

See creatures are by nature pleasure-seekers,
Yet life's greatest thrills, are of lesser meaning,
For when tall tales turn into measured meters,
Worthless become all habits paraphernalian,

And free wills instill in us desires, testing ourselves against,
The parts that we know are fake, or fake to know from gains,
Turning inward in an effort, to search for our farer flung fates,
That hungry hands had long abandoned so unsewn of change.

iv. She Ate Creation

Every honest person present here, has been hurt by the plans,
Of cold feet over petty lines drawn deep in a heart's hot sands,
And everybody's broken someone's thin skin sometime when,
In turn they've been hurt by the let-downs of fickle old friends,

And yes, everyone here has also scorned some poor souls before,
Turning spin's burn outwardly onto this mercilessly cruel world,
For everybody's been humbled, by the lies of clowns' little words,

Caught between the fallouts of love's randomly flashing mirrors,

For the godless odds we're staggering our hearts last wagers against,
And lotteries on which we're favouring our paycheques to hit it big,
Are not the gripping games we once marveled at for being engaging,
In the days of storming lust's lost plays, relentless with impatience.

So we've been boldy betting, on entropy bitterly born,
No longer romancing afar for more unreachable shores,
Losing our senses of amour outlasting its mortal locus,
In the wake of a commitment's expanding consequence.

So soon then, the soured soul-mates' demons will deign to take hold,
Transforming host bodies into beasts of burden so formerly abhorred,
As enemies turn normal, and lovers are scorned for being too useful,
Unsound morals waxing inhuman, over the furthest of field borne.

And of loyalty's tradition, desire's crushed children,
Will go scampering to the four corners conquered,
As the numb villains of insensitivity walk on tall--
Without honour, more empowered by their own gall,

Yet yielding to fate's final balance, all tallied and told,
Anybody betting on total war will finally falter and fold,
And anybody opening better doors will fall to the role of,
Unlocking wider windows, in order to rise above it all,

And we will begin again to breathe in trust,
The forgotten folklore of what peace wins us,
When we choose for once to cherish the sun,
And the real people, instead of just the love.