

## Moodrider

How so up we go  
and so down,  
we moodriders,  
spirits abuilding  
and acrumbling.  
A day or peaceful two,  
then zapperoo,  
off we tumble from our  
pinnacle of hail-fellow peace into a  
tar barrel of angry gloom.

Pin me up on a bulletin board  
and study me, Mr. Doctor.  
Give me lithium or understanding  
or electric temples to make  
me cool.

Thank you.  
Now I see. I see the gentle  
love-waves shimmering  
in the atmosphere.  
I see WHAT IS--  
the sharp outlines of the furniture,  
the swaying trees.  
Here we are in reality,  
or what's left of it.

Peel me off the periphery of mortals,  
would someone? Why cannot I have  
the normal agonies of mankind?  
Why do I ride on a little toy boat through  
such choppy moodwaters?  
Give me a reason, please.

No, don't.  
It's all right.  
I see so many  
normal folks in such pain,  
caught in business envelopes of stuffy fright  
or pulsing with radioactive rap music  
or yammering in their beer.  
What right have I to ask that a corner  
of the universe be lifted so I can peek  
at God's underwear and understand  
why I am why I am?

I do my work and I pay my bills and I  
contribute to the coffers of  
such democracy as we have.  
Oh, I emote a bit unevenly,  
yes, I do.  
But then, Uranus doesn't  
rotate the same as the other planets do,  
and it still makes the charts.

Whatever the mood,  
there is a place that is here  
and a time that is now  
and a cracklingly deep intelligence  
smack in the middle of everydude,  
be he into  
pills or pajamas or private jets.

How so up we go  
and so down,  
with a smile,  
with a frown,  
slightly unpinned,  
scarf in the wind.

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