

Brightest Star



A life Inspired By
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Starcrossed



If I were to write you a poem,
[First of all, I'm not much for
Writing poems any more, since
They seem manipulative and
Wordy, and layered with sap,],
[Though, when I tap out lines
That make me happy, others
Tend toward confusion], so,
If I were to write you some
Emotional thoughts in lines
Truncated and initiated with
Capital letters;
then, it would
Try to be safe, forgiving and
Warm, like the air after a
Southern storm, when the
Bugs have begun their hum
Again, as if nothing had happened.

It would turn back the pages that
So easily you showed,
So that you would know that
I had heard, and felt you
A journeyman, confident
But cautious, a wanderer
Searching for the home that
You know doesn't exist, but
You'll have nonetheless,
As you set about building
That world, having lost time
To those less capable of hearing
Your elemental wisdom.

There's something about
Connection that avoids
Objectification, If, therefore,
The inverse occurs, cancellation
Leaves nothing but seconds,
Squared perhaps, from left-over
Newtons, dry and mealy in their
Plastic sack, lacking the mettle
Of patience and desire. . .but
Connection ($C = -O/T$) waits
And listens with the right hand,
While caressing with the left.

If I were to write, tonight, I
Would include something
Like that, so why not?
T, after all, is full of radians,
Who, in turn, circle the sun.

Haicoos

L: You shared your poem with me, so here is a haiku I write tonight about living in this house-

Bill O'Reilly's voice
Echoes through white sterile walls
Where are my blankets

D: Right, got that part too. I guess my confusion centers around how the phase shows up and why it's so important. Seems like I'm hearing from you that, since the phase is a representative angle (theta), it appears throughout the wavelength, but without special designation. And, it's important because it represents a subset of the larger descriptors of frequency and amplitude. Am I getting close?

L: Ummm I don't know..phase is just important because it's the starting point, so it definitely is given a specific designation. We'll have to look at it with visuals.

D: I love haiku:). They allow for the why/why not quotient in such stately dictums K. Thx for your help! Sorry to disturb your cold, O'Reilly filled cage with my dense grasp of mechanics:)

Summer, like a day,
I didn't get enough of it:
Seeing you, that is...

L:
Cages need disrupt
Especiallly Nicholas
He's the best actor

Annnnnd that is the worst Haiku ever. I'm done.

D: I was just thrilling at your two word middle line:)
Rye waves it's blond head
Over fields that are lonely:
Except when bottled.

D: eg. I got Utah's finest whiskey on my shopping trip today...
mmmm. Sippin rye... ps. That's not a very good haiku either:)

L: Utah's FINEST? Well Well Well keep sippin that liquid poet

D: Bedtime thoughts: "in periodic excitation, as in the case of the vocal folds, the source dictates the frequency of the excitation, but the medium dictates the velocity of propagation." That's important stuff...and, what should I watch as I sip Utah's finest? And, I was digging your outfit today...though that seems to be a regular occurrence, so it doesn't count as a compliment, as much as a continuum:) when I grow up, I hope to be as clever a dresser as you are.

The cost of connection
Floats on freedom's lamina;
Interconnecting goo like
Mucus or jello, sometimes
With vodka in it.

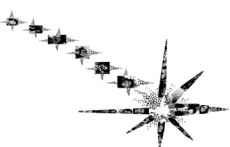


The cost of connection
Lays down a light load
Only after the loss of
Mass in milliliters
Thanks to bad math.

It swims upstream for
The sake of the directors
With their cameras
Who need to tell stories,
And spin dreams from reality.

It curls under warm
Blankets when you
Aren't looking so that the
First, cold entry is nice and
Toasty, and ready to eat.

The cost of connection
Sits by and asks
"why wait until you're
Old for perspective?"
And then shrugs a little.



The Biomechanics of Pleasure

(a poetic equational conversion)

$$\text{Life} = \frac{\text{Stress } (\sigma)}{\text{Time (s)}} \times \frac{\text{Obsession } (\text{🌀})}{\text{Stress}} \times \frac{\text{Creativity } (\text{💡})}{\text{Obsession}} \times \frac{\text{Infinity } (\infty)}{\text{Creativity}} = \text{Joy } \frac{\infty}{\text{s}}$$

Essential tremors,
Oscillation like
Hummingbird wings,
They seem so cute,
When they sit, quiet,
But unfriendly to the
Imagination.

Never tiring, they
Rumble beneath,
Through, over us,
Waiting to be
Realized, to be
Understood, to be
Renewed.

"Yes, but how do you feel?"
That, the midline, like
Coming down from altitude,
The shimmer behind well-placed
Wit and grins, the difference
Between now and never, but
(don't forget)to(multiply first),
Lest tomorrow leave without
Warning: at least we have that.



Perhaps sense comes in large
Packages; for who, after all,
Would ask the sun to stay behind
To hold their hand, or tell a flock
To stop it's songs to hear road noise,
Bumpers and beepers and buzz?

Limits inspire.
Chances proceed.
Change comforts the lost and
Bolsters lovers, leapers and shows;
And I feel as if feelings flow
First from days like these, when
Easy harmony wakes up within
Meditation, and "what we want"
Slowly transforms from "whatever"
Into views above tree lines
Where "whether or not" loses
Motion to inevitability.

Passion needs tools for all but
Fools who believe they can manage,
But never knew the cause, as I paused
In the sweet sound of your breath,
The soft roll of your self, and the
Sheer magnitude of the sun bound
Up in your eyes, your hand reaching
To guide me across the smallest rise
That was once a ravine.

What if the sum of this love
Is another?
What if giving it all up
Means getting it up again?
What if we give out to get back
What if it never comes,
Back, that is, the far cry from
Yesterday, the nearness of you,
Soothed by visions of perfection
Derided by Platocious himself,
Snide and wide-lipped grinning
At sins like bunnies rabbit,
Caught short before puberty,
And lost to the night.

Tricks to saying goodbye
Or
The joyful cumulation of heartache



Remember that all the love that you feel is inside you,
you
Oh, and it's not going anywhere
When you question whether it was real or not, remember that it
was way better than you can recall

Those moments that you want to hate everything and everyone
related to said love target, find the jealousy button (that's a
metaphor) and flip it over to its compassion side...that's the
hardest part, but is more for your sake than anyone else's

Be creative...pour yourself into your magical bits as a place to work
with and explore your passion...it's too beautiful to waste, and such
big emotion is too big a gift to let pass

Cry as often as you need and smile after:)
Talk about it
Tell them what they mean to you, or if that doesn't feel right, tell
yourself

Let change happen: you won't forget and neither will they
Remember that alllll of that emotion is you, not them
Let go if you need to
But
Never really say goodbye

'YogaDaddy, YogaDaddy, Unroll your mat
Salute me to the sun Turn my cow into a cat'

~Laurel

Starcrossed

Light, on window pane
Yonder, breaking night,
Lastly, mightily joined
In respite, lost but not
Alone, still gone with
The morning, mourning
Time passed in secret,
Or is it the nightingale?

The lark, alive, to see and
Hear, nearly done, never
Done, a slight bit lower
Than won, and home spun
Like kudzu vines and lonely.

Only, don't forget that "matter"
Means more than mass, and
No one, not even The Queen,
Has more station than The Dawn
Who passes without regret or effort
A model for no one but time.



Purgatory?

Just take one step toward me
And I'll show you the line
I'll take one step toward you
And we'll start to ease your mind
If we stand together,
there'll be nothing left but time
Taking one step closer
We can love what's yours and mine

Maybe I'm a glutton for not repeating what I heard
But the thing about "convince" is it's the dirtiest of words
And maybe I'd be smarter if I just stuck to my own
But the better part of valor is believing you're alone

Bridge
And do we have to understand what we're loving to love it?
Or sit a while on promise just to see what really fits?
You know a portion of our paradise means laying down our load
And another's in the seeds that we can sow

I leaned to love another by doing what I could
And most of what I got for grief was hearing what I should
But baby I'd be happy with a chance to sing your praise
And make witness of the way you spend the better of your days

G, C, D finger roll

You're Always Here Today

Put your negotiation on the table
Where you found it
And write a letter to the King of Thieves
And look out for the answers
All around you in their orbit
And never mind relying on their qualities

And if you're feeling real good you may as well swim
If you're feeling on water, you might jump in
And if you think you're real smooth
Then go ahead, win
And if you're feeling tomorrow, begin

Oh and yesterday you handed me a new forgotten stranger
A message from a more abundant age
Thought about a people who had rather run from danger
And listen to exactly what we say

And if you're feeling real good you may as well swim
If you're feeling on water, you might jump in
And if you think you're real smooth
Then go ahead, win
And if you're feeling tomorrow, begin

Chorus

The thing about me never coming is that I never go away
And the thing that tells me I can't lose you
Is that you always choose to stay
And maybe I'd be more concerned if
You were tryin to live my way
But the thing about your never leaving
Is that you're always here today

Am, Em, Am, Cmaj7
Chorus: F, Am, C, G

Closeness

"You are deep
Inside me and
Flowing, your
Hand resting
Lightly on what
Matters, lifting
Light to forgotten
Shadow," she
Whispered calmly,
As if in a dream,
And calling to the
World for answers
She knows exist,
Waking to a dawn
Long believed, new
Eyes casting relief on
What has gone.



Togetherness

"And you marked
Me", replies from
Around sound as
Confusion, or tickling
Perpetuity, "messages
Left in my skin, sun-
Burst and rain, new
Life in spring and candle
Flames to bring slowness
To beauty, a meditation
Removing itself with
Every bath, and asking
'What else?'"

Myths, friendly decisions
Made before you knew
The question, fully, or
Even what it may mean,

Handed down like heirlooms,
Precious and guarded;
Intention the arbiter of
Grace, whose touch alone
Can detonate that which
We have left unmined,
Whose face sits just
On the edge of vision,
To the left, entombed
Until we know her name,
And that she responds
For our sake.

T
rees cuddling the earth, like,
In the rain, lots of rain, the
Kind of rain that makes fairies,
Shrug their shoulders a little,
Don leaves for caps, that's
The kind, like, and trees, holding
The ground all around with caresses,
Soft touches that farmers judge
Seasons by, that keep the world
Spinning in muscular torque, that
Kind, those freely given, openly
Relieved and happily shared,
Conversations without words,
Like to be with a partner so
Intuitive that rain makes friends
With chalk drawings, even, because
Runoff, colorful and playful, is as
Lovely as the chortling, focused
Moments minutes before.

The others, lives like sand paper,
Rock on rock, knocking bits in
Guided repetition, spear points,
That's what we would like to be,
The hard kind, those who are
Rough enough to help soften,
We often wonder what it's like
To be inside a well, echoes telling
Stories back to the mouth from
Which they began, seeing life
Pass above in cloud shadows and
Wind, sending messages in buckets
To a world known through imagination,
Imagine, that dream, illusion,
That's what the tree was for, the
One with knowledge in its fruit,
Danger's middle name, connection,

Patriots with spies for daughters,
And loyal friends who dangle from
Tree limbs called freedom,
Honesty has two edges and both
Cut deeper with every breath.
But you can hold it longer in
Deeper water, water floating
In small, circular holes that
Hold us, until crawling like
Millipedes, toward the surface,
Other and often and all.

Glad You're In My Life Today

I've heard them say
Love is only 'till it fades away
You know I'm glad you're in my life today
And I've heard them say
That tomorrow happens anyway
Still I'm just glad you're in my life today

I've heard men pray
Looking for a message to obey
Seeking answers to a world they find in disarray
And though we're all clay
And like grasses in the wind we sway
Life is better 'cause you're here today

Chorus
People come and people go
Sharing part of whatever they know
People moving like yesterday's dreams
Create stories for our lives as they seam

But I've seen decay
Like a modern sculpture on display
Like an artist's statement built upon a vast cliché
And I know no better way
To tell you what I would convey
Than that I'm glad you're in my life today

Chorus

I've heard them say
That love is more or less a game we play
And that given time we tend to overstay
But I know, if I may,
That there's something special in your face
And I'm glad you're in my life today

C, G, F, G.....Am F, C, G

Will power,
Curious,
Is easier when
Less desirous;
Focus,
The hangman's
Noose,
Without meaning,
Of course:

So, meaning
Puts focus
Desirous to
Power in
Curious habits
Of will?

Or if you were
Older, the shape
Of a tower would
Look a touch
More like it feels?

Regarding the
Miniature gape
Of an hour, there's
Really much more
Than it seems,

And questions
Of closeness,
Why, habits
Abhorrent will
Ferry it into
Your dreams!

Back to the
Hangman,
How does one
Avoid that which
Probably should
Be one's fate?

Through curious
Obsession,
Desirous and
Focused, and
Glazed with a
Good bit of wait....

We started beyond
Perceived layers of
Expectation, you
And me, me and you,
So tell too, how do
Birds fly or flowers grow?



And what comes next
When you have
Honed all that others
Groan over, are we over-
Grown? Or better, renewed,
And is this what counts for
Awakened, the chance to
Take off baggage like
A Sunday suit, and sit for
Ice cream in the warm garden,
Watching sun fade and
Smiling at all that was made
Today?

Would that fantasy (not
Phantasmagory) lived
In what is known as the past,

Glad that all that might be, has,
But not yet for us, and then some.

The moon may have been
A lover's gift, and clover,
And mellow streams, waterfalls,
All the humming of bees, but
There between night beams
And fertilizing hums we start anew.

If you believe in guidance (
The voices in your head)

Then religion is sharing,
And caring (made easy) seems
Callous and dreamy, but accepting
The common course (voices in
Other people's head), we surf
The webs of trillions gone by and going.

Loving you is like the layer of
Warmth beneath a winter
Blanket, like smelling sunshine
After a shower, like a song
That sings itself to you,
Like eggs for breakfast,
And the pinch of possibility,

And tomorrow's tease may just
Ease the need for "everything",
Invigorate hope in "something"
And open us into all things, in time.

What poem would you
Write, just now? What
Thoughts float beneath
Your revelations, what
Is stirring there that I may
Hear with my heart, with the
Bristled arm hairs and
Sensitive, pulsating breaths
Of our unsaid speech?

How many fret over what
Another expects before they
Sense what another exudes?
How often do I leap with free
Thought before laying bare
My body, tacking it, like as
A taxidermist, to the floor beneath
You, eager to receive your
Release, to taste your breath?

There, within the continuing
Consciousness of collected
Voices, swims infinity, it's careful
Gaze floating like a phantasm.
There, as if by natural purpose,
Lies your individuality, awaiting
Patience and determination,
A quick stir to thick chowder.

What if my emotional resume didn't include you?
Have you ever tried to stack glue, before drying it,
Or even after for that, the scaly globs of (don't you
Love rhyming with the word "glue"? It's great, like,
Get a groove going and toss 'er in. . .e.g. "I like to
Grin and smiles can do, but what I like more is sniffin' glue";
Or, "baby I love you, sure freakin do, just like how horses
Love the smell of glue", it just won't quit) point is, glue
Sucks as a stacking device, and so would my experience
Void of the wreaths with which you encircle me.
Call it a metaphor, but I prefer the reality.

And ther ein th enight lost to expression a Cheshire cat grins,
Brushes her tail, and movesa bouts uddenly,but calm.

SLC International

The look in your eyes,
That morning, soft and
Willing, easy with release,
Inevitability, and trust,
Tears, an echo of "how",
Much less than determined
"Why" as you tried less than
Were, sitting mightily amongst
Yourself, returned, but with new
Life that you had given away.



You owned me, but didn't cash
In that claim. Somehow you know
That gain isn't to be confined, nor
Is love to blame, and through
Your eyes the sun rises a bit earlier
Each day, and begs questions of
That which has been called "wrong",
When all along we knew it to be fine.

Flags fly high above experience,
Marking with pride all that we have
Learned to fear, yet, something in
Those tears, falling from your soft
Eyes, that morning, so loving and
Open, something in the patience
Of your years gives permission
To live, like a Grand Vizier you offer
Prescience within power, seek
Mystery in passion.

There is little that I claim to know
Anymore, but this I do, that you
Gave me a gift that day, a renewable
Resource, stayed in the comfort of
The Home that you carry in your
Breast, your corner alone, and you
Brought me in, and held my hand,
And there I remain by your grace.

Patience.
Precious,
Patience.



Virtues are like Muses, yes?
Dancing about, a little silly,
And enticing, sensual even,
But not in the "don't mind
These, I only just got them
Done" kind of way, but
Round, full, easy, happy.

Patience, one can imagine,
As the quiet Virtue, sitting
Alone, reading a book,
Splashing in her/his own
Pool every now and again
When the mood strikes, or
Company suits them.

Question is, did it ever
Occur to the others to
Want to play more with
Patience, or are they just
As content to forget she/he
Exists until the moment
When their hair doesn't
Flow quite the same, their
Eyes sparkle a bit less,
And the fullness of their
Inspiration seems a bit pale?

Can she/he be imagined like
A super hero? Like the Wonder
Twins, or, better, Wonder Woman,

Without the jet perhaps, and no
Need for bullet-reflecting arm
Bands, who would take a shot at
Patience anyway? Maybe the
Lasso, maybe, and the quick wit
That makes everything seem
To slow down and question.

Streeeetch, like a dog waking,
Again, but worse, maybe taffy,
Summer sweetened sugar
Groaning toward the ground,
Watching in pained desperation
With the other part aloft in your
Hand, wanting split-second decision
Power, standing in awe of time and
Physics; why did Newton have to be
Right? Stretch, but don't let go, he
Said, equal and opposite, he said,
And objects (wait, people aren't things),
people at rest will stay there
Unless acted upon, but actions
Don't mean loss, merely equation,
And letting go is like dropping candy
In the sand and missing a chance
To find it again.

"What would you be if you didn't try?
You HAVE to try!"

Or so says Lyle before tucking in
To what the Kosher call forbidden,
But what is forbidden, anyway?

Certainly not a health practice, no,
This separation was forged in time,
Handed down by someone far, far
Superior and clearly a better dresser.

So then, what is trying,
If it makes no sense?
Perhaps it's time hence,
That is, what happenstance
Trades for melancholy,
Or, inertial decay, understood
By the way it does what it does.

Or maybe to try is like apple
Picking, sitting naked beneath
A tree, knowing that all you
Knew could be cast out, but
Doing it anyway, reaching for
Truth unknown as if you're the
Only one who could eat it.

All important EQ discoveries
Begin with women, and that
Trend started with Eve, the
Namesake of early night, the
Opener of the soul who took
Good and Evil like trophies,
And walked, head high, into
The rest of her childbearing days...

There are hidden poems wrapped
All through connection, the kind
That only unwind when you're
Not looking, like diffuse light in
A dense forest on the sunniest day,
I see you woven through my space,
As each contact enlightens your
Gesture with grace in my heart.



I spent some time with friends,
Beginning new ends and hearing
Life through different ears, each
Lovely and strong, others help you
Along the curve of self, a sharp
Reminder of me wrapped through
With connection to you, the first
And last song that I hear.

Suburban Paradise

September 2014

Sweet sipping suburban
Paradise, promise confided
To trees, patience, a yard stick,
Wandering in soul-lust boxed
In warehouses and traded
Like markets, The Dream.

Each one seems a bit less
Until it's yours...

Each one and then some, a place
To touch oars to water, an answer
Lies waiting in every chair, yes, every....

Each and every, the difference in
Stirred regularity, in push or pull,
In sequels that reign each night
From packed clouds and electrical

Each. Each. Each. Your own.



If love grew on trees, then
They might call it leaves
And intentionally choose to
Ignore it

Like too light a breeze or
Space-bound Taiwanese
With no reasonable chance
To reach orbit.

Yet love is around,
Not too hard to be found,
Sitting quietly inside
Your own

Waiting any day,
When you realize the way
That it's presence is
Already known.

Though finding another
To love like a lover
Is somewhat a harder
Return.

For in casting aside
Our own protective pride
Means an openness to
Getting burned.

And still there are some
Who engender aplomb
And whose lives we take
On next to ours,

Who we seek for a friend
And endeavor to spend
All the best of our minutes
And hours

And as such, I found you
And you hang like a tune
Around my proverbial
Arbor

And remind me that love
(Which is free, not reserved),
Is a rare thing when shared
With less labor.

Suffice it to say,
That I cherish the day
That you brought to me
All of your beauty,

And took on mine too,
Leaving me to renew
All that might simply
Seem like a duty.

Release,
The sparkling diamond
Light on the sea,
Release,
All moments like
This one.



Release,
Loud, brash, big big big
And soft, quiet

Reasoned space
Between you and me

Sparkling sea diamonds, all those notes bouncing off of one another (loud) over a dominant (7th, -9th, 3rd, 5th, 11th) blasting your cells apart draining thought, sand (soft) and slightly warm shared with sleepy bored sea birds, (cold) water (cold) morning water rolling in from the north and three degrees warmer than it should be tranquility the state of easy, boats tied near traffic and waves uncaring, Beantown regulars (NO SAH!) with hard flat vowels booming dents in walls, color and breath, good fortune follows good intention, breath and color, release, all and other, release, release, happiness, a state of self, and all else fades to beauty

Letting go,
The longitudinal free fall
Of everything,
Or so it seems,
Like a trust drop
Off a cliff,
Like lifting twelve-ton
Marshmallows over a
Dividing wall, like
A clock you have to
Make tick backward,
Like wading through
Mud and shells, or
Redefining self-made
Hell as your kitchen,
Wearing your favorite
Sand paper jeans,
Like weening yourself
From a lifetime pacifier,
Everything else looks
Dim, and a little wrong,
But strong is knowing
All along that letting go
Is reawakening, is casting
Love in release, like clarified
Butter, you learn to take the
Best and leave the rest for
Grease, "Summer Lovin',
Had me a bla-ast", it always
Happens so, so fast, it's like
Stone polishing, oil painting,
The thirtieth time you perform
That same song, like a game
Whose rules you invented, but
Just realized that you knew them,
It's the way it should have always
Been, and the way you will hope
Again that it can be, letting go,
Is morning cereal and nightfall.

The answer, of course, is
"because he was stapled to the chicken"
But everyone seems surprised
When we talk in questions as to
Motivations of said yard fowl who, for
All suggestions, had no purpose, but
That for the poor lizard, his congress
Depended solely on the goal of his vehicle,
And the strength of n-shaped office supplies.

Supposing the staples had given way, what then
For our reptilian friend?!
Supposing the chicken wasn't all but a butt of jokes,
But crossed with at least base desire for ends?
Though, who ever would believe a chicken to begin with.

Worlds passed through me, the last few days,
Newness rebounding from change, sitting, alone,
As if rejoicing in company, smiling at the other sides
I had the chance to meet, and looking back, with the
Aid of my unannounced companions, remembering
How difficult "now" makes it to notice growth, but
Without it, we'd all be broke, or, stapled to a wandering
Bird who is believed, otherwise, to be aimless.

Laced in a parallel dream
With you, sitting (the apex
of artistic experience) on your
Bench, surrounded by Washington,
Slowly sifting between hope and
Open warfare, my nodding
Aimlessly, surfing waves of what
Hadn't yet been seen, all the while
Careening along lines of gold
Foil sewn in oil flattering to those
Whose years were much less so,
The scent of you colluded with
Distraction (the air around my life
Now) asking a thousand questions
At once, the answer to which is
How your fingers calm and your
Words force what would otherwise
Be wrong-headed smatterings, you
Simply are that voice of what ever I
Would choose when choice were
Found asking.



Abstraction seems to find it's mind
More easily when bound first by
The kind of restriction that reminds
No one to question its origin, no one,
That is, except for the lines strewn
With care and intention, seen when
They are mentioned in dreams,
Laced in parallel motion where echo
Drives the dreamers home.

We talk to our past as
If trees, in a garden,
Perhaps, surrounded by
Lilies and ornamental grasses,
Noting their white-green spring
Buds or see-through glow in
Autumn, the health of a branch
(Asking after it's feelings about
The wound) or whether it is ok
With all its canine courtiers,
Or aware of the weather
Front coming in later today.

Everyone talks to trees, eventually.

I've been with the same ones for
Years, like a gardener or madman,
Sifting through the soil, looking
For an old watch that I swore I
Left there when I took it off once
To avoid getting dirty, recounting
The same stories, a little more detail
Here, a refitting there, but always
The same themes, until last evening,
When I said allowed that I would
Write them down: "I'll make a story,
Or a series of stories. Not sure what I'll
Do with them when they are finished,
But I'll embellish, filling in gaps,
Changing names, etc." and as I did
My eye looked behind me as legs
I hadn't used in decades, atrophied
From neglect, lifted me through a
Floor I knew nothing of in real time.

The trees were always listening,
It's what they do best, but I know
Now that they really didn't care,
Though, that's never the point;
And that yesterday listens with
Pointed attention to what we are
Doing, sifting, waiting for the floor
To drop, for time to stop stopping
Us in all it's motion.

Your name is familiar to me now
Like a crown, a wreath, or
Daisy chain woven daily with
Light-minded care, the day's
Work, laid by in bejeweled
Adornment of precious hair
I hear it roll in my mouth,
The perfect kiss lasting
Eternity's moment, long
Like the shape of your modeled
Leg that so smoothly changes
My mood, and hiding in your
Name, familiarity, a note of
Hopeful recreation, and new.



If I have to wake up hungover I'm glad it's next to you
And if I have to kill time being sober,
Well I'm glad you're with me too

I spent some time, singing sad songs, and I spent time with
the blues
But baby I'm done now writing heartache, and it's all because
of you.

Old times with you
Seem new, each
Moment again, a
Fresh reminder of
Your hand in mine,
Like today, yesterday
Blends with all that
Is to come and all
Time is ours...the
Touch of your life in
Mine, the communal
Breath of togetherness.



The Strangeness of Distance

What?
You don't like my song?
Oh, you only heard the
Thumping part, I guess,
The melody was just for me;
Mind readers and yesterday.
Suck long, hen of the morning,
Ignore everything you don't
Understand, break the dawn
With clattering chains that stop
The sun in her rising, cold, as
Songs of old hang limp upon
The museum floor for all who
Dare to call them sacred.

We let it go, once upon a time,
Now, surrounded in our garden
By sunshine and daffodils, roses,
Violets and pinks, canopies of
Flowering trees humming with
The din of bees and happy
Fliers as we sit amongst perpetual
Dusk, the magical hour, in a life
Inseparable of time or space, like
The Genesis cave, strewn in
Paradise, there is nothing left
To release but release itself,
As you show me the beauty
In all things, quietly, peaceful, elated.



We all think that we're fighting the world
But really we're fighting ourselves
We are the world and all its charms
And baby there's no one else

Swing down sweet chariot stop
You got no love for me
Until I see straight beyond the pearly gates
This is where I long to be

Love is not caked in sadness,
Though one can see how some get
That confused, as lives, moving
Through sadness like a caramel
Sauce, see only the sweet goo
Of slow and pained transit.

And I might contend fatigue at
Having been confused with a
Weather balloon, perpetually
Pulling a soft lift from the ground,
But no sense can be found in
Randomly reassigning blame,
The Pilgrims learned that when
First they came to know the
Meaning of togetherness, Compact
And all, they just yelled out happy!

Everyone makes amends with their
Life, tucks away what corners they
Can, when they can, but I have made
Friends with mine, seen it expanding,
Like Brooklyn, the pressure moving
Outward, the lift, what has always
Been, internal and singular, and yet
I learned, for so long, that the goo
Was the inspiration point, that no
One creates without sadness, but
That's simply Zeus in his madness.

I believe that we have learned
Something here. Wash up for
Dinner because then you won't
Get sick, but not because you're
Worried, save that part for Prometheus.

The strangeness of distance,
A menial day laborer,
Slowly pulling apart strands
Of thread, laying them aside
For others to pick up and twist
Together, "I knew you once,
In that moment, and all others
Bent to the knowledge of you."



Nearness trains our eyes to see
Through the lenses of another,
To caress the air with their tongue,
To seek youth in their pleasure,
And survive though it may in
Gesture, moments carry on.
Renewal strains: a burdock wasting
Time on oiled leather, we only have
Again what visits today, even memory
May only understand tomorrow.

The fruitfulness of time awoke inside
Of lovers separated by space,
Obsequious to hope, riddled with
Desire whose common good replaces
Promise with presence, revealing
Generosity, echoes of loneliness
Laying with frivolity and joy.

I found a filthy piece of paper
 With your lips on it. I was
 Digging through the trash,
 Looking for a lost receipt, and
 It leaped out at me. I'm thinking
 Of keeping it, not because it's
 The closest I'll be to your lips
 For ages, but because it's you,
 Daily decision you, the quick
 Thought, disregarded determination
 You that I don't get to see any more.



Your handwriting under the lip
 Imprint, a fast organization, you
 Wrote it down when I asked you
 To sing at the last minute.
 You were beautiful that day.



Soft, like a synth pad,
The waves of change
Settled in calm equanimity,
All things are all,
Things being what they are,
And hush, shhhhhh, bother
Is the fuss of rain clouds,
Not the rain.

Tomorrow, when I tell you
Of the miracle of you,
Will you remember why?

There once was a fellow from Saturn
Whose life he lived all in a pattern,
"Today," he once said
"I think I'll be dead!"
And it turns out, that's all that much mattered.

It's all there,
The food you will
Prepare, the pleasure
In knowing it will be,
It is, as is, and ever shall
Be, interaction, simple
Joys, connection, matter
(Beyond mass) more a
Question of flame than
Candle, the interconnection
First, not the wait, nothing
Stored for later but filling
Stores with now, engagement,
Blessings flowing daily from
The sky to meet you where
You are, from where you will be.



Like the way of judgement,
All else fails without air to breathe.

They say that love is geography
And I love you and you love me
So hop in the car, let's drive to the sea
Cause beginning is so much fun
And baby I found the one

I used to think, that love was a crime
Stole something from me, all the time
And I used to say that love was a joke
You give 'em your heart and
They'll give you a poke
Seems like the lesson of love was in vain
Teach you to hope, and then they'd hurt you again
But baby I tell you, I had it all wrong,
I's playin with bad dreams instead of a song
Seems like with love, you 've got to live to begin,
And all that gave me was a trip to the end
And then I heard...

B section

Love will keep you goin when you haven't got a rhyme
And love inspires living almost all the live-long time
I tell you loving like you give me keeps me dancing on the wind
I've got no right to have it, but I'll give it back in kind

I heard them say that love is geography
And then I took a lesson from the birds and bees
Oh now I am happier than I have any right to be
(Ooo) now there's plenty where there was none
Cause baby I found the one

So much do I love you
That I'd live with little things
Like photos, lights and picture frames,
Or other figurines.



I take advice from you as if
Your words were formed in gold,
Your sentiments, to me are honest,
Lovely, true and bold.

In looking at your comely self, I see
The radiance of stars,
Such beauty as to e'er outlive
The petty loss of hours;

Your voice, like velvet buttercups,
With blinding lights inside,
Inspires me to betterment,
With joy, my ears imbibe.

You excite the world, my dear,
Your way is one anew
For everyone with good fortune
To get to be with you,

And I am grateful for the chance
To say with loving praise
How perfectly this moment lives,
Because it's your birthday!

Shhhhhhhhhh,
The quiet needs of escalation,
The calm before the plunge,
We wait, needlessly, pressing
A boil that never will yield
Because it doesn't need to,
It was never there.

The build is more than climbing,
It's release, letting yesterday's
Baggage sink into forgotten
Landfills to feed new earth,
Each desire to be free a recognition
Of freedom achieved.

It's you, in there, you and you
Out here that everyone sees
When you wish that they wouldn't,
As you wait for the new mirror to
Arrive from China, custom made
By factory workers every hour,
And there was never more
Beauty than in the word "you",
And never such as you to claim it.

Though, all else sees through a lens
Less poised, and ignorant to other,
You have claimed the speech, and
But need the lips to prove it....
The soft call of now in the torrent
Of tomorrow.

I thought about this place,
Softly, as the slow ripples of
Your life worked presence loose
In this one, the walls accepting
You in their reflection, the turn
Of the past smiling at such a
Good and obvious choice, and
I wondered what now would feel
Like, with you so close, around
The corner, you and new, feels
Like old times, the ones I would
Have had, if they had asked my
Opinion first. That's a feeling
That I hope I never get used to.



Togetherhness

G C
What a thing you've done

You moved out to the east

G C
To find your time has come

D
Your life is moving on

And what a thing you've done
You found there were more questions
Than when you'd begun
And hopefully more fun

E float (E form 8va)
D
Maybe you thought you'd find

E
It differently,
D B
Or maybe thought you didn't care,
Or maybe you just wondered
how it could be
Or if you might belong somewhere

B (E float) A
but time will not abate us
B A
even though it's on our side
B A D (E float)
or even if we choose to let it be

B A
and rules cannot deflate us

B A
cause we are authority
E D (E float)
especially when we choose to ask it why

G C
And there I'll find you
G C
There you'll see
Looking like a mirror
Am
Staring back at me
G C
And yes you know me
G C
Cause I'm the one
Am
Beaming like the heavens
C9 G
At seeing all__you've begun

GC interlude

What a thing you've done
You saw the life you wanted
And you got you some
The best is yet to come.

And you're the only one
Who lights up all of Boston
Like we've made it home
And still you're moving on

Maybe you thought the people
Wouldn't agree,
Or maybe you thought you wouldn't care,
Or maybe you wondered if we'd
Jump in the sea
and swim until we found a new world out there (to "but time. . .")

It's Christmas Time



Who are we then, if not
Light bearers, trend setters,
The artist's artists, the ones who
Open curtains in the morning,
Who get it done, clear freezer
Space when the rest stare at
Rotting food in bags on the floor,
Get to the airport early, who know
How to say "this is what's going to happen,"
And then sit back to see what will unfold,

Who are we then, and what are we
For, if not the razor-thin margins
Between chance and failure,
The mud: pore-releasing, cleansing
Mud in a bed of quinoa bathed in
Avocado extraction and lovingly wrapped
In a flour tortilla, if not the perpetual
Answer to YES and the call of the
Wild,

And who are we to be then
If not them, all of them, filtering
Through the seams of years we
See, hopes, dreams and fears in
Clear vision like a time machine
View Master, and where will we
Be if not right here, surrounded,
No, run through, by the living, all
Of their god damned worries and
Affections and laziness and spinning,

All of the all that people spend their
Lasting breath recalling without a pulse
To manage, and who are We then if
Not the Ones to show them where to
Put it. . .but do we want to be? That
Voice, democracy's voice, the sound of

Opposite, so oft considered Contrary,
For the sake of community, the chafing
Rod which makes fields anew with its
Swift action, That's the one,
Another question, sinister in its
Ominous beauty and folding, one
Layer on another, the challenges
Of others into the one enormous
Quotient of self.

It's Christmas time,
Midwinter, the days are
About to get longer again,
And I've barely seen them shorten.

Whatever we choose to
Call it, I'm eating chocolate bread
Next to a tree covered in lights and
Glass while you're fast asleep in
A large bed in a private room on the
Third floor, what more could anyone
Ask for than a chance to relate to this?

There are those who would tell
That the essence of being begins
With eliminating other from the self.

Christmas says that on one day,
The many are superior to the one (plus or
Minus a baby and some sheep).

Shopping conglomerates preach that
Beginning some time in mid-October,
Everyone is far more important
To the tune of "spend all your money
here to fulfill urges that you can't
possibly understand because you
haven't taken the time to ask why
it is that you have shitty relationships
with the people you're going into

debt for, but we'll set you right at
ease if you just spend, spend, speeeeeeend."

And here we see the fruitcake for
It's nuts, the conflict of all but Us.
In random arguments foisted through
Air by money (and loads of it),
Crafty Selves practice the art of raw
Manipulation, knowing the openness
To suggestion that lines other's experience
Like oil on asphalt, a little water and
The smear pop, pop, pops to the surface,
Leaving the rest of us to clean up the mess,
And the dummies reluctant to remember their
Duping.

But this is a love poem, a now poem,
A holiday festive and Ho, Ho, How
Did it happen poem, a chance to
Stroke your hair with my words, to
Kiss your cheek in thoughts, share
Pleasure in replaceable silence. . .

I do love you. For the way mugs
Are hanging on the tree, for the
Way your words open garden paths
For me to wander that were ever
Only clutters of brush and decay;
For how you know yourself; that
Barometer that reminds you that
Even off course is right in line,
That comforts you into staying
In this place you have found by
Accident, and for the time you've
Spent making sure that you can
Happen.

Here's the punch line
Of the Proust novel, I'll go
Ahead and ruin it for you,

A thousand-page read and most of
What he says is "stick with it,
Listen, and begin."

If only we could
Fit *In Search Of Lost Time* on a tea
Bag tab, if only time were less lost!
But then, again, we find it in itself,
Don't we, in the wrinkles of experience and
The fondling of memory and meditation.

The longest night in a century
Writes poetry in memory lost
To most by listless disinterest in cold,
As we cuddle our way through
Toddler-rousing turbulence and
Scatter the prospects of being
Across a continent, curious to
Know what may happen next.

And you, you gave me the light of
Togetherness, and didn't even claim to
Know the way. You spoke to meanness
With the dawn-soaked clarity of stars,
Offered gifts, unwarranted and holy,
Traveled distances solely for a chance.

That sounds a whole lot like
Christmas to me; a cherished myth
Worth building a world upon,
And a winter song with which to
Call the days longer, if only
To hear spring in your steps.

Mist whispers "I love you",
"Write me a poem," she says,
But it's already done,
Begun in light racing backward
And forth across lines tied to
Rainbow-found clouds,
None but the boldest stars aware of
Your nymph skin enchanting the
Whole night, each subtle curve
Delighted as nature chants the
Names you have yet to reveal.
Perfection is each drop of water
That laid across your body before
Brushing your suppleness in slow
Return, desire, the wind whose
Steam caught the twilight in subtle
Jealousy of your delicate charm.

We both painted the same things,
Streets and grass, sky and sea,
Your trees more closely
Spaced than mine, your lights,
Tighter, and more defined.
You gave your colors white,
A bright finish that jumps and
Turns over in time, and I struggled
With yellow, noting its challenge
As a highlight, when never aligned
By perspective, and you asked me
What I meant by complication,
Why to drink perfection we must first
Eat at the trough of compromise, a line
I found years ago, and thought it more
Sublime in the unavoidable chalice that
Would eventually consume me.

Maybe you'll see this word first
 determination
Or skim it by, believing it not gallows-
Worthy enough for a first reading, yet
All of what it taught me, complication/perfection/
compromise has found its way through tiny holes,
Sometimes harshly, sometimes with softness,
But always determined, and ever defined.

Ghosts, your spirits, have been returning to you,
Drifting by your waking memory like Lily's last
Words "we've always been here", and one wonders
How influential Lucy was on J.K.'s imagination
Just to notice that a free mind takes and listens,
Not to regularity, but through the confidence of
Inevitability, it hears the thump of change.

And what does one have to care that much about?
Short of compelling circumstance that drives choice
Away like the three couples who died in a car crash:
St. Peter addressed the first husband "You were pretty
Good, but for your worship of money. You even married
A woman named Penny, so I'm not letting you in, and to
The second. . .but for your love of booze, noting his wife
Brandi. Upon hearing this, the third man said, "come on
Fanny, we don't have to listen to this," as if all were
Consigned to individuation, that is, we care because
We know how to care, and about what floats on the same
Surface as imagination/inevitability/inspiration.

Flower Basket

You won't know what's in it
Until you LOOK!
But what could it be?
Drowning in surprise,
Drowning in surPRIse
Like a sunrise, like a
May Day basket, all
Flowers full and bursting,
I hung it lightly on your door,
And then ran, ran around the
Neighborhood until you caught
Me and kissed me and kissed me
And rolled about in the flora, a
Bouquet of smiles, laughter, memory,
Beauty, possibility and promise, and
A few candies at the bottom, the good
Kind, with chocolate.



Sonnet



Some day from now
I'll remember lying in
Bed, wrapping a present
For you, considering
Enjambment, not as a
Poetic agent, more in the
Context of noticing life from
Just outside, realizing that
Pleasures you've known had
A name long before you knew
To call them anything at all,
Listening to Elvis hum his sweet
Lyrics in my head, vulnerable
Except for the wink in his voice,
Yet still tender, that word, "always",
Always, it echoes, rings across time,
And will settle in me, some,
Unpredictable day when the gray
Light of February is cuddling left-
Over snow lying hopefully on
Gables, or perhaps when the slow
Turn of seasons confuses itself
Again, and effort seems to recoil
In acquiesce, allowing what will be.

That being, allowance, the stepchild
Of love poetry and lyrics, all driven
By must, haves, and tragedy, chasing
The toddler emotions around like
Golden retrievers on a rabbit chase,
But oh so deep to consider loss like
A polished mirror, or not, that's what
I was thinking, or not Neruda holding
A scarf and crying dry tears to a
Young sex object, and not Adele's
Incessant calling, calling, lonely
Calling, and not Whitaker's sleep,
Puccini's consumption, Monteverdi's

Sorrowful parting, not the nots, as it were,
Haven't they had it long enough?

If popularity nestles into separation
Like chocolate into peanut butter,
Then I've always been a fruit guy,
And even if that thought from the
Future finds itself accompanied by
Unpredictable change, as it always
Will, even if Elvis's wink has left with
A nod, even if the bitter sweet taste
Of used-to-be bites a little on the
Back end, I can't imagine any
Moment more special than a chance
To remember loving you so deeply,
Wholly, and unrefined, like spirits
Passing in unspeakable glory through
To another life, like the world you
Have shown me in your beauty, your
Trusting desire to give it a shot,
Your ever eager infatuation with life.

Loss may be the defining feature of Life,
But it pales in comparison to
Found, which is how change has
Reawakened in me ever since I first
Saw it in your eyes.

Forever?
Someone else's trap
Lightly bated with peanut butter,
Mostly for the rats, that is
Mostly for the rats write
We this love tale to sell
Causing billions to fail in search of
That one, small, huge, un-known, -seen,
-Been, -won, -done, -ever after spun into
Unshakable rhyme for the only time it
May have shown a hint of promise and
Now sputters in a rear view mirror unclear,
Unknown, unseen, unbeen,
Forever.



Yeah, I've been there, dragging that
Sandwich board in the rain, draining
What's left of post-apocalyptic fever
Out of the sweet brains of zombie hosts,
Ghosts that I puffed up with whooos and
Whaaaats and what have yoooooooouus, but
What you have, maybe, I stopped to consider. . .
Forever, not, "forever", not like that girl in the
Tower with the super long, completely impractical
Hair, or the terror of chasing slippers at night, the
Fright of drawing down night slowly over a
Capitulated field whose memory, faded, hazy
Memory of a perfect night, one, alone, night
Whose perfection stands in question if only
For its isolation, is that perfection? To happen
Once and so cramp the memory of everything
Else that no one, nothing, ever, can be as good?
What the hell even is the "Great White Buffalo?"

No, I stopped to consider, or, consideration stopped
Me, as in "to be" there was never a "not" to me,
And there was you too, always there, perpetual
Renewal like a garden claiming the sunshine for
Its needs, watering itself from the pollen that bees
Shower like rain storms in sunshine, you are always,
Not "forever", and the difference lies sweetly on
My cheek like a kiss that I waited for, once, maybe,
And then again, softly spun from spider silk stronger
Than mythology, you linger alone, and draw
Down one into all other.

Every day

Excitement

Reminds me

That our lives

Aren't over!

That 36 and sleet
Is a miracle, just
Like orange, just like body
Warmth, morning birds,
Whatever sticks with you,
Promise, unkempt promise
Like singing all night
And doing it again tomorrow,
Like knowing that you're
Alive and inside me,
Like pools of glass,
Fallen reeds, sand pipers,
Dreams of Antarctica,
Like knowing you've touched
All of the continents, swam there,
Unnecessary punctuation!,
Whoever believed an
Exclamation point anyway,
And isn't it really the first Emoticon?.

What if everyone spent an hour
Making something, anything
That they didn't have to,
Every day, forever?;-

Narrow straits, ever crooked,
No one's counting.

The Beauty That Mends

Your breath is the
Light of the clear blue morning
Sprung in silence, but never alone.
The touch of your hand, the
Gentle excitement of rain.
You renew gracefully, cleansing
As you go, washing freely,
Your eyes invite pleasure, rescue calm.
Time with you revolves through
Eternity as it has come and gone,
Your voice delights in life, dancing
On air, waving with the soft lull
Of tall grasses, your life revives,
Creates what stays, and releases
All else into ghost hands for keeping.
I see you rise before me, polished
And perfect, a mythology unto yourself,
The lithe weave of happiness,
The beauty that mends.



There's a line in the
 Sand
 Of
 Belief,
 Hard, unwavering such that most
 Think it a contour, a hill
 Or riverbed carved and left
 Before recorded memory.

It holds the moment, that one,
 The critical thought juncture between
 Devotion
 And
 Self Actualization
 Even as we walk through its corridors
 Unaware of the difference.

As the lover swears fealty, or
 A preacher spies a bible
 Exiting his sinner's frolic,
 The hobbyist takes up a new game,
 And a friend remains silent to her calls,
 So we all remember the fragrance
 Bitingly, in a fit of separation or
 Melancholy as flat beer in the
 Rear view mirror we wander by.

Yet why, for all of sensation's
 Pleasure, should we ignore this
 Soul Defining
 Touch,
 Rushing through every decision,
 All things that bear witness to care,
 When here, sitting between the
 Crushed oughts of before and
 Promise, soaring, jubilant, promise,
 We can compare self to self? those
 Beings within us whose noble
 Journeys never needed approval
 Or disdain, but only to reign above
 What we know to be, that is, us.

S e e i n g h o r i z o n s

We can still remember the sand
 Beneath our feet.

If there were a flower
As lovely as you, they
Would have to call it
The sun, and if there
Were a song that
Sang like your voice,
The music would all but be done.
A portrait inviting as your perfect
Eyes would stop the world in
Trances, and a thousand-one
Nights would never suffice to
Tell all of our sweet romances.
If you were a pigeon, and were I
A crow, the tables would seem
More befitting, yet under love's cloak,
I am more than a bloke, in your eyes,
And that's all that's worth having.

I love you,
Here in this beautiful morning,
Just as you are,
No more or less,
With the soft light
Of clouded rain dripping
Across your forehead,
Your breath echoing
Pianistic choruses laughing
On your window sills.



I love that right here,
As your hands lazily
Greet my calves in
The spring air, your
Thoughts whispering
In random reflections,
Your nearness coating
Life with inspiration,
Charming the space around us,
You lie skin tight,
Scented in our closeness.

I love you for now, for
Knowing it as precious,
Given with intention,
Passion, care, so
Freely shared, openly
Received, you listen for
Tomorrow as the rain
Listens, just as tree
Buds reflect last
Leaves surrounded
By mountain views.

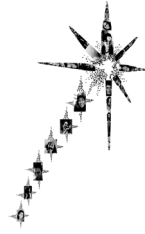
I love that your love
Challenges, intensifies

Truth~a hope for truth~
And invites change,
The often-thought-of
Ne'er-do-well, change,
Events that surround us,
Change, rephrased, clarity,
In your arms, brightness,
With good fortune,
The crisp air, tightly
Drawn around, and shaped.

Love Is A Compass

The world calls inside my head,
As I lie here with my love,
Skin touches carving me
Into myself, wars fought in
Elongated moments, dreams
Unto themselves, unreal in their
Bizarre, flailing, otherness.

Love, if nothing else,
Is a compass; the sturdy
Reminder of direction
Sacrificing itself regularly
In purposeful reflection,
Always revealing in smiles
What would otherwise appear
Gruesome, unmoved by the
Dangers of truth, and eager.



Perhaps home is where the heart is
Perhaps, or maybe it's the space
We depend on for regularity,

Will you ever see the walls that
Closely again until the day you
Leave them?

Minds, like wine bottles, hold
Aging fluid while the world changes,
One breath away from being seen.



Leaving Day

Emotional objects

Layered

(Red, orange, yellow, green)

Read like a confused

Conglomerate

(400HZ, 800HZ, 1200HZ, 1600HZ)

The body knows,

But what does knowledge mean
The first time?

(Blue, indigo, violet)

Howard Hill's sir name was chosen
With care, renewal a constant climb,
But "think"

(2000HZ, 2400HZ, 2800HZ)

And memory opens like sunlight
Glaring off of a sea of trombones.
The chance of illusion satisfies the
Haunts of passage, that which
Will no longer speak daily truth
Will not be forgot, only displaced,
Realigned as bandwidths expand,
The soft, windy cold of springtime
A pleasant reminder of the past.

E A AM7 F#m B

You're everything I always wanted
And ten times more, that's true
And I believe that life has given me
The greatest gift in you

Hear it on the radio
Good news travels fast
Something in the air
Made a difference at Last

But it's just like tomorrow
Today is never done
If you can make a memory
You can say you've just begun

Sipping Utah whiskey
Lying on the bed
Listening to the music
Playing in your head

Now everything is different
Like smiling at the sun
Like winning all the lotteries
To say that you're the one

Maybe it's the timing
Geography is love
Maybe we were put together
Somewhere up above

I don't need no reason
For knowing you're the best
I see you like a mirror
In this heart that you've possessed

Mountains feed the rivers,
Rivers feed the whole
Everything in nature
Seems to have a goal

But they're doing what they're doing
Not thinking if it's right
And I feel like creation
Basking in your light

Bridge A B
Where do we go from here
I don't care cause
The world could disappear
Just as long as you're there and
If everything is changed
One day as it does, well
I know that loving you will
Never feel strange

Love, in her floral beauty contented
Wreaths her arms in forget me nots
Smiles, though others would be tormented, and
Remembers all that labor sought.
Laughter, forgetting herself in elation,
Sings anthems to tunes written long ago,
Reveals in your eyes the birth of creation,
And answers in you all that love could know.
The wind whispered "listen, the world will awaken",
The fireside echoed, "be still, you will hear."
And giving to you what could never be taken,
The world came to life with the pleasure of share.



Of all that I might in this life do,
It is better, and more fitting, for loving you.

She's nobody's baby,
Everybody's girl,
Queen of the Night,
And King of the World!

She believes that some sinners fall by virtue
She believes that loving is the cause
Oh yes and, some day soon
She'll rise up next to Moses,
Floating high above the mountain tops
Seeking solace for her own.

Everybody wants to be your baby
Everybody wants to hold your hand
Everybody wants to kiss your sweet lips
Everybody wants to take you to the promised land.

Everybody wants to call you Papa
Everybody wants to know your sign
I'm the only one who you call Mama (honey)
So get on board, I'm gonna make you mine

I can tell that you've got something special
You got something special all your own
Everybody may want to call you baby
But I'm the one who gets to take you home.

scat

Everybody wants to call you Honey
Everybody wants to make you shine
But cause you're such a special baby
You be yours and I'll be mine
(well that's nice, but you see)

Everybody wants to be your partner
(really? no, I've seen 'em)
And I don't mean just when you dance
Everybody wants to buy you flowers
And show you want it means to make sweet romance
(well that's true, but)

I don't need no bed of roses
Don't need them calling on the phone
Everybody may want to call me baby
But I'm the one who gets to take you home

scat

There's no cure for springtime
Falling in love with you
That pretty ring time
You make me feel like you do
Maypoles and birds sing
You keep me dancing in the breeze
Oh my what can it bring?
You're sweet like honey to the bees

Everybody wants

I can tell that you've got something special
You got something special all your own
Everybody may want to call you baby
But I'm the one who gets to take you home.

Everybody wants to be your baby
Everybody wants to hold your hand
Everybody wants to kiss your sweet lips
Everybody wants to take you to the promised land.

I can tell that you've got something special
You got something special all your own
Everybody may want to call you baby
But I'm the one who gets to take you home.

A F#m D E

Turn: A, Amaj7, F#m E

Bridge: D E

There are multiple ways to get to any solution,
and multiple ways to mimic any action.

Change.

When we can believe that our voices can be different,
we believe the world can too.

Kings Of Gypsy Rock

Screwdriver

Devil, god damn, 6/8, clapping section (screwdriver), river,
poets, tambourine, wistfully, howling Ahs

Lazy pioneers they made whipped cream, and lazy poets made
laws

Jesus gave body and soul to the seen, but never gave see to
the saw

I might misunderstand what it means to be man, but I'll
misunderstand it in pain
And wistfully follow the crowd when I can, a Sunday is more
than just shame

Stood alone by the railroad tracks, left my senses in hades, my
head in the clouds

Never been here before, but I had to come back, this song is
tomorrow, I'm singing it now

King of the gypsies, Queen of the road, rockin and rolling
to manage the load. I lost my Virginia, she went to the sea,
this empty life's got a hold of me. This is the part where we
howl_____oh oh oh.

Marry me softly, marry me slow,
Love me and leave me but baby you know

Poet, river, down by the sea
Tambourine follow wistfully

"Where are you from?"
They ask, small talk,
Such a large concept,
"It's complicated", always
Complicated not because
Distance, direction or inception
Are that uncommon, but identity
Hangs over a person like the
West Coast fog, Karl, they call
Him in San Francisco, the young
People at least.



Tomorrow we'll be there, the new
Place, the end goal, that which
Will become the "I'm from here"
Response to small talkers with
Big ideas about what's next, or
Who you might be, but who
You might be reaches through
The chance of change, the choices
That lead to identity, the way place
Becomes part of you, like a two-headed
Sunset, reaching above and below the cloud line,
Settling slowly into tomorrow.

Here's to renewal
Turning over the fine comb,
Escape from the womb.

Lost With You



Lost,
Used to mean
So many negations,
Opposites, not-found,
Used to inspire such
Affectionate outpourings
As to fill the pages of indescribable
Electronic notepads, used to make
Me feel like Something, rubbed
Against, overseeing coffins of
Doubtful resurgence, lined,
Buried in good time, all
Time measured with
Judgement, but now,
Lost, with you, I
Remember, comes
In the form of
What may be,
And for you,
I have
learned
To be
me.

Is it mine to break with glory
Keeping one hand on the wheel
Will it read just like a story,
Will it tell you how I feel?

Will I get to love the lovers,
One day lost to me alone,
Can I kiss you like my baby,
Kiss you softly when I'm gone?

Well every day I find religion
Singing sweetly in my mind,
And every day is like a daydream,
Even mercy is unkind.

Somewhere high upon the mountain
They're still calling out my name,
Singing songs about the singers,
Ones that always sound the same.

So hold me,
Easy,
And whisper it's alright
And I'll hold you,
Easy,
And love you till the morning light.

Now be my,
Darlin,
And we'll be misunderstood,
Cause life is
Startin',
And everything is good,
Yeah, everything is good.

Oh yeah I feel just like a martyr,
Keeping softly to myself,
Seeing visions of tomorrow
For the sake of someone else.

And I feel just like a leper,
Losing moments of my soul,
And I'm aching to be whole again,
If wisdom is the goal.

And I want you like a lover,
And I need you like a friend,
Cause there's nothing in the mirror,
But a vision of the end.

Yeah, I'll never want to leave it,
Second best or down the line,
Cause the day that you believe it,
Nothing else will come to mind.

And I'll always seek the sunshine,
Always wander in the waves,
Maybe you'll understand the fun times
When I'm standing in my grave,
When I'm standing in my grave.

Will they know me when I'm coming,
Will they miss me when I'm gone,
Will they look to me as something
Will they think it's just begun?

Will I hold on like a dew drop
Thinking time is now and then
Will I wonder at the heavens,
Will ye no come back again?
Will ye no come back again?

This one's for Bobby,
This one's for Jane,
This one's for the mystery,
That all is the same.

Making daylight into swamp light,
Making morning once again,
We created in a moment
What it took them to begin.

But the beauty of a second
Is tomorrow's paradigm,
And we live to love or curse them,
Only feeling is sublime.

D C

Cucumber sandwiches
Life candy and
Pick the good dill for
The ones you love
Cuddle cheese
Celebration, everyone
Protestation's green,
Orgasmic bubble
Ex read (make that) Ecc
The en spaces tri be---twee-n
ci the l ette rs -ty
Bursting, bobbling,
Follow the news, get the
Number, if they want to,
They can fuck. You. Over,
And there is nothing that you
Us. Them. You. Us. Them. Yo
UThusmeThusWe. All. Are. You,
Us, Them, The People, These and
All Those wove like protesters
Before the storm, call coffee
Drinkers waiting to fist wave and
Wander helicopter floating on
Waves of discontent, just to make sure,
That's why we have them, us, them,
We have, rehab, see the abs on
That guy? Why is wrong the only
Answer to right? And might they both
Miss the mark, stark when the
Herd moves contrast follow
No group one foot ever moved
The other right left right left behind
Without each and every, can
Always be left behind and not
Miss a dime,

Like a ghost
Autumn sang to me
Alone, not wanting more

Gently
You remain with me
And ever were before



Love's shadow would have been your ghost
Lost among whispering trees whose
Arms lingered in white, telling stories
Dottily, like wandering old women too
Easy to stop, too focused to wait,
You sat and smiled once, and traced
The outline of a bridge, her lamp posts
Standing sentry to pastel engravings
Chipped and repasted by friends of. . .
So that all might explore some grandeur
Long ago remembered as old, the yellow
Stones overgrown with road noise
That your pen happily ignored,
I see you, then, before a before,
Waiting to know that subtlety can
Waste a soul, that the answers only
Come long after the opposition has won,
Never in time to answer this, never
As a breeze asking to pass anointed
In its beauty, precious through your hair.



"But would you ever put jam in your tea?"

"What a notion," she thought to herself,
And blurting out above the sea of pine trees,
"What a notion!"

There, that felt better. "Butter, perhaps. . .
Did you hear that!?! I said 'butter perhaps'!"

The sky grew black with the tiniest little birds
Anyone ever imagined, as they fluttered with such
Alacrity as to utterly stand still. With one voice, they
Muttered her answer, "butter perhaps", and, falling
At once, as if in modest retreat from an unknown
Assailant, they disappeared back into the folds of
The evening dress that she wore for her midday treat.

I winked at the moon
And she stepped behind a cloud,
Lightly, flirtatious, a pine
Floated a finger across her
Cheek, as palms looked on
Jealously wishing for a westerly
Breeze, silent shockwaves
Wandered around roomy, soul
Tickling humidity, and I knew that
You, lake-loving and evening chilled,
Had sung your way into their ears,
Making sure that the world knew
To wrap me in love, passion, and
The softly colored New England light.

She was a little but Right of center
I was a little too close to home
And she was dancing their with her long black hair
And I just knew she couldn't be alone

Yeah I was staring at my future
And she was calling out my past
Some people like to talk about forever
I think I might be there at last

Three Years Haiku

June 2014

Heat trickling across Utah:
Taut essence in tossed black hair
Changed love forever.



July 2014

Salt water will wait. . .
Fairy tales kill for these weeks,
And I flew away.



August 2014

First, you must know this:
The snow will ruin you. My,
How you've been patient.





October 2014

New England autumn
Sings with pulsed melancholy,
You color the leaves.



November 2014

Alabama moon:
You stopped, ran, wept, then kissed me,
And kindled my heart.

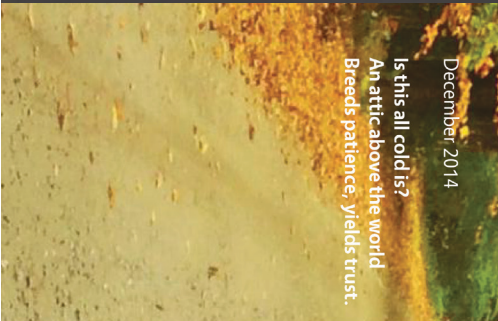
September 2014

Grey pants overjoyed!
Reality was always
One long, lovely kiss.



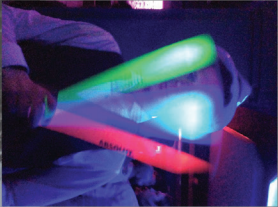
December 2014

Is this all cold is?
An attic above the world
Breeds patience, yields trust.



January 2015

"Right, I get it, snow."
You took up a shovel, then,
And blessed our union.



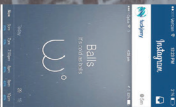
February 2015

Rose pedals, snow drifts,
The Prince of Love never knew
The pleasure of you.



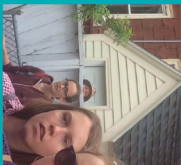
March 2015

It will be warm soon,
Opportunities come, and
What a thing we've done!



April 2015

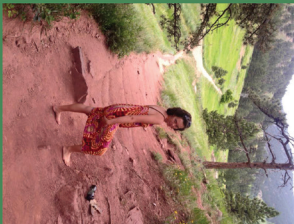
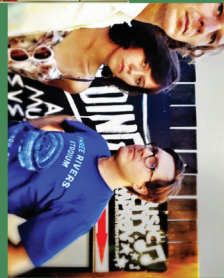
Each day is precious.
The ritual of now lies
In your knowing touch.



May 2015

Leaving what we know,
Seeing fall echo springtime:
We conquer the world.





Where shall we go now?
The road is our friend, and the
Soft light beats with love.

June 2015



July 2015

The chance has come and
We must be alone, just us...
Forging rings takes time.

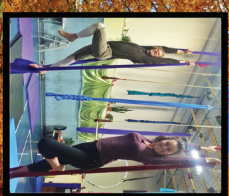


September 2015



Partners we shall be
To all who care to see us,
Your eyes free the sun.

October 2015



I can see your hair
Waving in the salt sea breeze;
Lighthouse, you, and me.



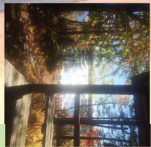
August 2015

If we do this thing
We have to communicate!
Heat and Monday plans.



November 2015

Prephonatory
Arguments make the trees laugh.
Listen, the air speaks.



December 2015

Families sharing
Gifts, meals, stories, and kinship.
We made it happen.



January 2016

Now to give the world
The joy we found by the fires.
Gift circles will grow.



February 2016

What if we left here?
Trust recalls ghosts to tables
Long ago unseen.



March 2016

Southern ladybug
Lands on perfection in Spring.
Everything believes.



April 2016

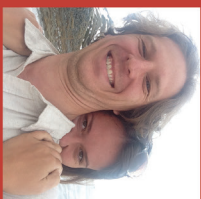
Leaving your first home:
Sweet tulips live scentless, and
Sing of all to come.





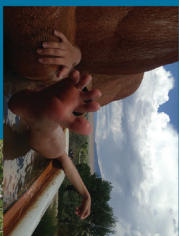
May 2016

Butterflies carry
The spirit of today to
Pastures unknowing.



June 2016

Long roads remind legs
That freedom begins with release.
Mountains know our name.

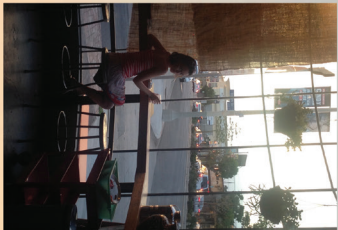
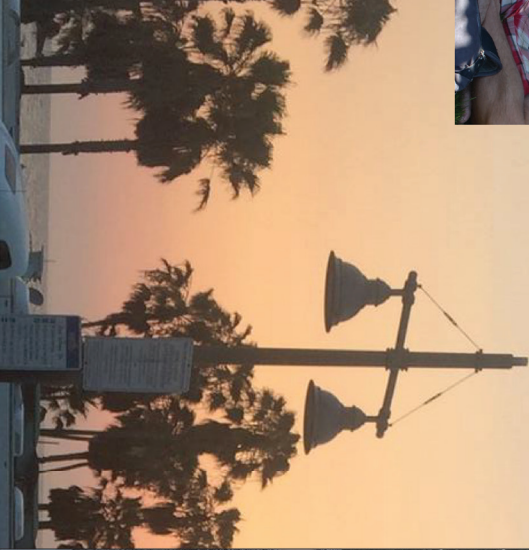






July 2016

The sun sinks below
A yellow street lamp as we
Leave the world behind.



August 2016

"Your stress is not You!"
Known kneels at a bedside, hot
And ready for more.



September 2016

Sacrifice was not
Mentioned, and neither was time.
All got lost in sand.



October 2016

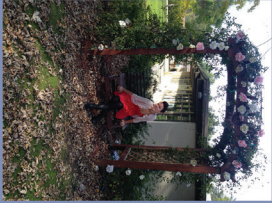
Snapshots of us then,
Frazzled, loving, sweetly thinned.
Trees held to their leaves.





December 2016

Creativity
Has the name that we gave her,
Walking slow by shops.



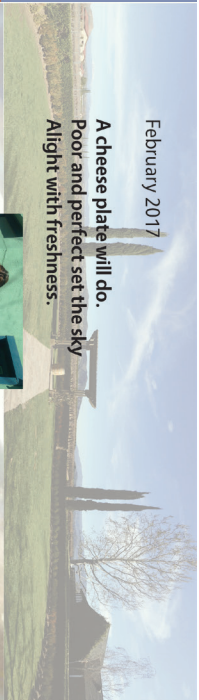
November 2016

Tacos and tandems,
We made it here together.
Magic and moonlight.



January 2017

This golden new year,
Where unity gathers time;
Snow falls light as ash.



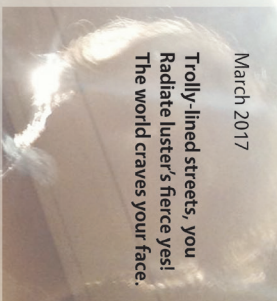
February 2017

A cheese plate will do.
Poor and perfect set the sky
Alight with freshness.



March 2017

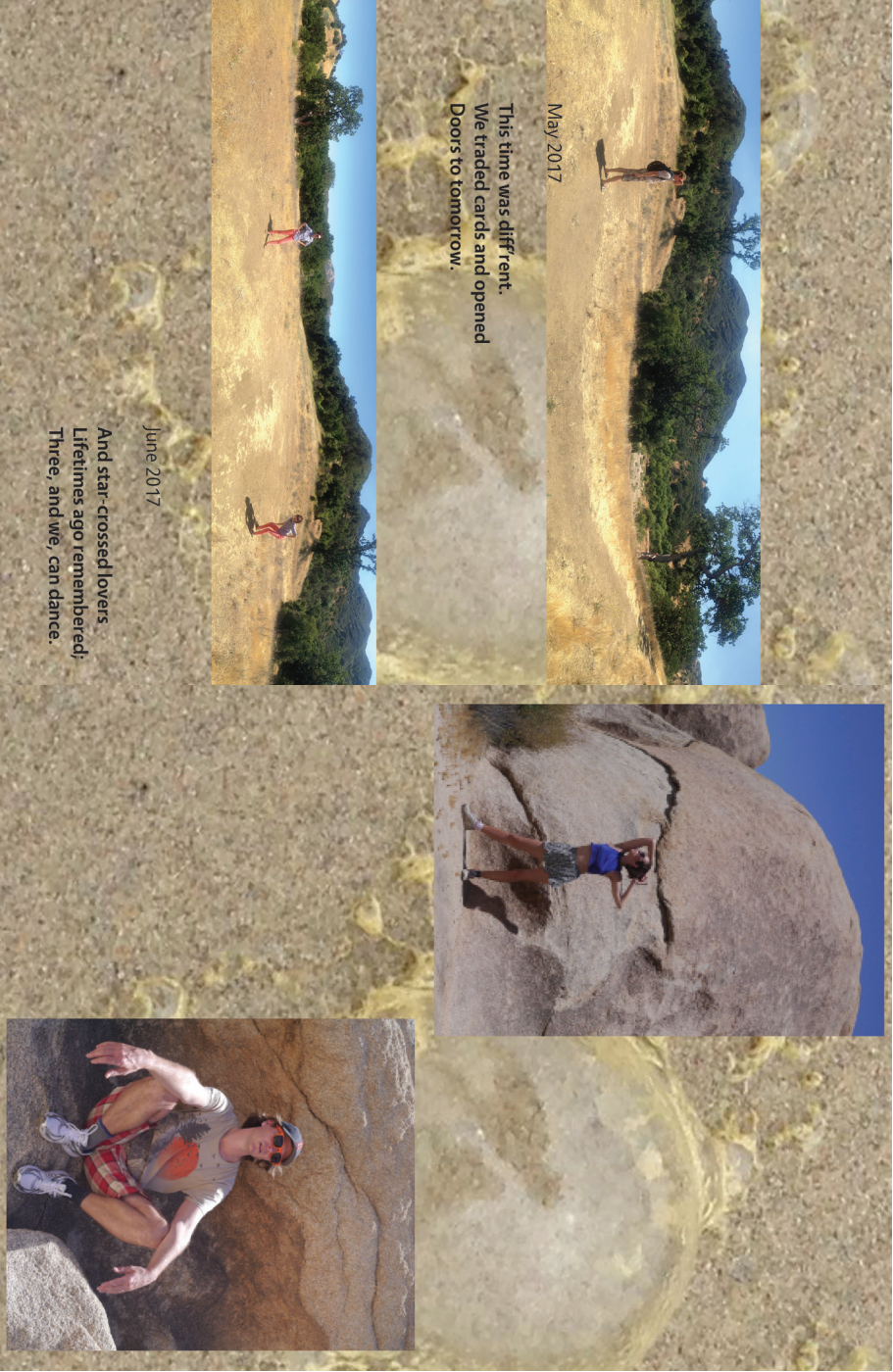
Trolly-lined streets, you
Radiate luster's fierce yes!
The world craves your face.



April 2017

Waking to sunlight
Cascading over rooftops.
Spring's rays savor all.







June 2017 Laurel's p.s.

I waited for you,
We shared our chair on the dock;
Mine was always yes.

I knew that you would listen
I knew that you would care
Now that I had found you I'd
See you everywhere

It was a heat stroked summer morning. . .

Let's do it!
Let's sing and sing and sing
And do it again!
Like sunny fingers through my hair,
Sounds smiling from trees,
Clouds laughing in league,
All of creation breathing at once,
And letting it go with a hug,
Like big and little playing their part,
Like naps full of grass lying under,
It takes all kinds

Lying with you in the light air
Naked cells rummaging their
Tangled affairs, legs running
Directional courses, comforting
Newly echoed thoughts, warmth
A doctrine remade each moment of
It's vast infinity, the groove shuffle of
Your breath synced into nature's imaginative clock,
Morning sneaking a jealous glance
At the smooth, oiled body conversation
Displayed in revelation at the window
Of birdsong and sweet-colored brightness;
I love you like the pink of a crepe myrtle bloom
Dazzled in the cloudy sea-settled light,
Like the slow repetition of a single bird calling
To the world for reply, like the taste
Of a now-picked tomato, and all the
Memories of greatness forgotten but
For the subtle glow of perfect pleasure,
Lying with you in the light air
Naked cells rummaging their
Tangled affairs, eternity lost in a
Moment's touch.



Luscious like a lollipop
Sweet like a kiss
Gonna lick your body up and down
I don't wanna miss
One single moment with you baby
You got what I need
Loving you like candy,
Your love is what I need

From here to forever

Do you read that as linear, or cyclical?
Now, trace a line with your eye, any line, find
One now, straight, curved, or otherwise, and
Glide slowly with your eye touching each part
In ordered, slow progress. . .take a moment. . .I'll wait.



Did you notice your brain cramping? Or perhaps circles began
To develop, or simply motion, or flow wrinkling around the
Patient progress of contour awareness whose spacial lady
Wrangles free the chatty, linear bulldozer dime, the one that
Would see all things as simplification in sticks, figures
Enough to make life more easy?

Now, trace time.
I'd say that I would wait, but isn't that the point?
The circles, flow wrinkles, patience in contour,
Cycles upon cycles of now that dance over lines
Like peace lilies in a light April breeze, teasing
You to catch it if you dare.

And I'm caught in the same breeze as you,
Feigning a confidence in what to do, knowing
The challenge of seeing through to the next
Tiny gust, like floating under the guise of
Sea creatures in a park on the water, fluorescents
Blinking confusion as we rise and fall in simple
Motion to Mozart or the Beatles, or the beat of
Your eyes catching mine, as I would have it,
Scattered and cyclical, broad and brilliant,
The depth of all movement, from here to forever.

But you see,
My glass keeps filling up.

Long, sweet visages, each pointed
Leaf from above, the ones
That touch the horizon.

Stay with me.

I can touch them all,
Run my mind lightly,
Slowly across each cell,
First the outline,

Just watch as the liquid replaces itself,

Pausing for subtle turns,

And then forget to the back,
Floated in that part of the mind
That doesn't care, not because
It isn't important,

So many that they escape notice,
Forever filling the sky with their voices,

No, not that, but that there is no
Language for remembering
Because, why would there need to be?

And it happened,
Some time unnoticed
Like falling from a tiny
Yellow gift box, like
The easy twinkle of string
Lights, the sweet lilt of
Late night song, the allure
Of alone, it's teeth smoothed
With time and washed clean
By the calm, regular sway of
Your wisdom settled into a
Concentrated moment, one
Strung to another strung to
Another until they swam as
In the peaty fog of Laphroig,
Settled neatly in a glass
Poured for all of time, sipped
With love and care, but how
Did it happen? Someone might
Say in years hence, or point to
Destiny and the impossible
Collaboration of souls past
That speak through the depth
Of your eyes to my doubting
Indulgences, but how is less
A thought of now as is when,
And all I need know is that
Whole and all circle in a
Knowing insistence that has
Become myself, wrapped in
The love you share without
Having to concern yourself.
There, in the distance of
You, lies the beauty that
Guides the life I choose.



Harlequin Ballads

Laurel's

Puff-Puff of the Puffster Clan

His name was Puff-Puff. He was the puffiest
of his colony—the Puffsters. It often
made it hard for him to get around, so they
Marked him

Like the Scarlet Letter he had heard
about on reading days
with the re-shame bow.

It alerted all the colonies that he would
be slow at collecting dust and t'was
they should look out for him on their
normal dust collecting duties.

Puff-Puff didn't mind wearing the
bow. It didn't carry the weight that
the others who noticed and remarked, felt
for him. but he did hate the dust.
The way it flew up around him in
circles, never sticking to his elated
puffy fur clumps.

The Hewitt Household

It wasn't even Christmas. That was what
bothered all the neighbors about the Hewitt
house, sprawling across the northern most
corner of their cul-de-sac. The family insisted
upon placing their decorations out on
March 31st, filling their front yard
with doug fir trees, lights spilling out from
their driveway onto the front lawn.

If only there was some logic to this
some traceable reasons. A strange but recognized religion
a clear laziness that would account for
lights being left until March.

But the Hewitts had no such explanation

except for the one monacker they
held proud above all other labels—they
were artistes. They only used the
French pronunciation of the word
and insisted all their house guests follow suit.

The Knobmaker

Almost finished. The perfect arched circumference, etched
every 2 mm with white painted swish marks.

The doorknob was the final piece
he would create in his shop. Everything
else was in place, waiting only 3 flights
above.

As he wiped the remiaining saw dust
off the knob, blowing across the wood
gently to finish the job, he was struck
by his own craftsmanship. He could
imagine this knob fitting perfectly into
place. Picturing his three
fingers surrounding the outer edge as they rotated to the
door from the outside.

Majolica

Major magic missed in the whole of it
Myster misery in the heart of the soul of it
Wholistic without holes creates more a-wholica
Times major (minus minor) equals sensory majolica!

Soak Gather Bridge

They said they were the bridge
That's what their work contributed
To gather resources no one else
Had to the wherewithal to collect
But bridge bulilders
and bridge trolls

(asking for fees
soaking up the
ugliness of their post)
I couldn't believe their
lackluster claims
unable to see the bricks
for myself
or tell the difference
between
high walkers
and night talkers
and what was the structure
and who had yet to build it.

All hail him
Hauled down from above
it didn't matter t'was that they
couldn't hear
or track the incident
their came across like
leather to a tarp
scratching claws
that rang of misfortune
and brought together
what could not be heard
When or traveled
with time
is this the being you seek?
Does it matter if he has
unbecome?
Flailing and hauling without purpose
in and out
not without
but definitely not in
stack the deck
and read your fortune
it's not the tarot that
knows or the wooden gypsy
on the carnival floor

fill up her umbrella
with coins and not drops
She sees what is undone from the first
card she's drawn.

Letting loose is the instruction, it's an
Acquisition of skill
Until you don't have to try to.
Granting generosity is a
Hauntingly secluded activity
Able to own the awareness
By the innate gifts not given
Less you lose them
Even more abundant when thieved away.

"You're tired of me."
"No I'm not"
he said rubbing his eyes
voice echoed in exhaustion
each syllable smeared across his lips
like a French child post nutella and bread snack
"gouter"
just a taste
after school
This isn't a test
accusations fuming
ropes tethered
awaiting frailty
and judgment
Is this something people just know?
Canvassing allies and online malls for
proof we existed
chapters on compatibility
sym-pat-i-co
don't expand into these
wide corners of our
existence
sound making
and silence waiting

I wouldn't know what to get you
even if you asked
which is why the question
is less of an invitation
and more a salute
(salutation)
to a flag
we forgot to hang
still folded at the burial
site of love's soldiers
and war heroes
who never knew their
heads (purple and red)
were easier shared
before they were
prizes.

Does anyone, once knowing
truly
feel the indignation
falling crisply
as each
new leaf
now old in its time
undone
circles forward
fully incapsulating
time
in her great wig of expectation
bringing forward what's new
grating out the chaff of
yesterday's mistake
brushing gently against
a cheek
the girl was only
seven
her red beret, the brightest
leaf
in the golden autumn sun.

David's

And to what point were you wandering?
Does it matter when/if I'm walking
Up a sunbeam?
Slippage, the only real challenge, there,
Past the leaf, or bird riding the same
Colored ink into yesterday's sunrise, but
What do you hold, there, when you hold it?
Does it matter if/when light fades forever?
Stoppage was never a concern, not for
Those who prefer the soft candies, though,
They don't really have a name if
Only everyone had a chance to discover
For themselves, but at what cost, and
Hasn't it already been paid?

"You will naught belief our new flying carpets. . .
Hear, I have the place for you"

"Yes, that's exactly what he said, in that accent."

"And then you got on the carpet?"

"Well, not so much on, as in, you see, it was
Like a huge sleeping bag, and he insisted
That we ride inside, so I jumped in first."

"And that's when you saw the duck?"

"Look, I know you don't believe me, hell, half the time I don't believe me,
but I know what I saw. It was massive, and wearing a suit, you know, the
kind that bell hops wear, or, used to wear when we had bell hops."

"And what was the "duck" doing?"

"He just kept saying, "Stop flying when you can. . ." and then he would
cough.

"Cough?"

"Yeah, ferociously, so much that I could feel it, it, well, it felt like I was flying. . . And you won't believe how much I paid for them. . .

Well aren't you going to guess? Madge? Madge, are you ok?"

Only, she didn't move. Her eyes, stuck in
Their "I'm sooooo interested" position wouldn't budge.

Angivine poked at her cautiously from a
Distance, but nothing happened. She was frozen.

"Madge, come on, stop playing. Madge!"

She yelled, perturbed, frustrated. "Madge, you
Stop this at once!"

Angivine grabbed her purse from
Across the room on the bar stool and fished
For her phone. Calling her cousin,
Gracie, she began to tell her what was going on.

"Yes! I was telling her about
Our new lawn animals and she just froze
There like a puppet or some kind
of demented servant."

And a voice, as if from some other place, but
Certainly not right next to her, reached out
And grabbed her by the neck. As she turned she
Saw Madge's frozen body with her lips moving. They said
"You thought you were special, but now you will see!!"

The last time they were here was the last time she was alive,
truly alive. The rest of her life, a series of blank moments, cold
to the touch, left him wondering if all of life, not just hers, were
more like this place, this ever-frozen lake atop the world. Now
he's here, he didn't know if he could ever return, so woven was

its story with her demise, but it happened by chance, a path from another place, and, being here, he felt the spell of her death slowly thaw as the life around him began to retell her story to him, woven in the pale colors of the sky, the inviting cool water, the rock still largely untouched by hardship. He lost his clothes and jumped in.

The last time they were here
he felt the spell of her death slowly thaw
As the life around him began to retell her story
Woven in the pale colors of the sky
Not that hypocrisy ever mattered
Over the need to control others
More, or less, control equals money
Or, in other words, money equals power, equals money
Grown from a belief that "to have" will
Rejuvenate life, lost in plane sight,
Aeroplanes behind clouds, the
People line up to praise the sound
Having heard that he who
Yells loudest, speaks truth.

Motion, angled, soft
Motion, wrapped, pulled inward
Motion, warmth prized comfort
Motion toward home, to awaken
Motion within, swirling, invaginate
Motion, on-tion, ti, mo, nnnnn

Rocks release their moisture too
Like locks holding to chastened dew;
Drones without care of getting wet,
But not so pearls, who refuse to sweat
Reaching from a past to vicious,
Their mother sheen shines much too precious
For to purge with such a tide.
They much prefer to keep inside.
It's a code, a cypher you might say
Like day dubbing night, like flight

Not yet achieved, frozen, lost but
Still alive.

Jive, juke, joint laceration
Protestation, perturbations deep down,
Low, like a navel, and still unimagined,
Still unknown, phases grown from phases
Shown through television goons and groans
Pitched like a pitchfork lost in its needle
Without the hay, and still the secret lingers.

No one stopped to ask,
The vase half full of glass beads
Hugging dusted plastic hyacinths
Slowly flaking the rarely-considered
Tolstory, The Strand bookmark barely
Visible, a sentry to forgotten
Pleasures given over for that which
Was never mentioned, no questions, no concern
Stood in for the decades of discontent
Lost virtues and muddled goals, martinied
Years hence, the ghost light hand of motherhood.

Garden Poems

Each rock here contains a novel,
Yet, there is no more to tell.
Suddenness evades suspicion,
Conjuring its wistful spell.
Daylight, but a fond illusion,
Each ray, caught eternity.
Happiness shrugs at its meaning,
Thought, a captive of "to be".

"And if what you're saying is real, then what does that do for us? Either we accept an impossibility or ignore a truth, neither of which is appealing."

"Ah, but the blond highlights on my toasted French bread might beg to differ."

Morning Sunshine

C C#b5 Dm G

I just had a little taste of that morning sunshine
Just like catching up a glimpse of that ole evening breeze
And every time I look around,
My feet, my feet they haven't touched the ground, and
I, I, I am taking life at it's ease.

Yesterday,
Was something I might have done another way
It's simply a meager curiosity
That I wiled away my days
Without a name for what I might have understood to be so
lovely.

Oh yesterday,
You might have found me looking sadly
Upon the things that I remembered to lay aside and hid behind,
But never could find a way to say
I wanted to find you so badly.

I just had a little taste of that morning sunshine
Just like catching up a glimpse of that ole evening breeze
And every time I look around,
My feet, my feet they haven't touched the ground, and
I, I, I am taking life at it's ease.

Oh, oh, oh, oh
Today, today, today, today, today, you m mightn't find me so
weary
Today, today, today you know I'm looking more clearly
I'll just be fine to realize what's on my mind is likely to lead me
to you.

I just had a little taste of that morning sunshine
Just like catching up a glimpse of that ole evening breeze
And every time I look around,
My feet, my feet they haven't touched the ground, and
I, I, I am taking life at it's ease.

an orange awoke
on my back porch
having fallen from the
neighbor's tree in a storm,
pregnant with life~three seeds
per slice~and as delicious as
the storm that gifted it.

I wonder if orange, that
strange and unique word, didn't get
it's name because almost all of the letters
resemble the signified, like round and slice,
the scene: two lovers lying, tittering, post-orgasm,
an orange open, resting lightly upon her breast as
they casually consider a name for this awe-inspired
delicacy, so perfectly placed post-coitus, the round,
seeded, bitter-sweet curve of the mouth as its
letters glide from front to back, then forward
again to be coupled with the sensual visage
of curved letters whose suggestive
consonants entice renewed foreplay,
a hidden map for the rest of time,
itself, ignoring rhyme.

Pale yellow longed for gold, and
I found you!
Happiness found me, and
Magic growing from
Floorboards and corners,
Leaking from hair tips and light,
Leaping like beetles in the morning!
Softness and eagerness united
In a cartwheeled cuddle,
Whose "Two Hour Cuddle" self help
Craze charted the tops of trees
In horizontal perpetuity, swinging,
Swaying from branches like the
Play promise of birth, and
I found you!



I'm writing now, because, now,
Light in small carriages travels their
Way, visiting my eyes for a moment
Without loss of calm, that, calm,
That's what I've missed seeing
In the stars, and the sharp edge of
Microphoned voice unbalanced
And crude strides through this
Room unassailed by my presence,
That, that I don't count enough to
Sound to get in it's way even as
I cringe at the power and dispassionate
Treatment of my precious sensory hollow.

This is the world made new in doses too small to be counted,
Too rich to be ignored.

With You

C#m F#m
Even when we're busy, you still make me dizzy
A E/B B
Even when we're crushed, You're still my crush
C#m F#m
I don't need the world to make my days serene
A B C#m D#dim
You're the one who makes all of my pastures green

E F#m B
With you, I could climb the highest mountain
B E
With you, I could sail the deepest sea
E E7/D A
With you, I turn the oldest story into something new
E A B E
There's nothing that I can't do, with You

Even when we're flustered, I'm the hot dog, you're my mustard
Even when we're flat you're still my pancake
Though we may be fried, with you I'd run and hide
Anywhere we'd go would be the best place I've seen

With you, I'd move anywhere we'd dream of
With you, I could write four books at once
With you, I could teach 30 classes in just 5 days, while
preparing 4 concerts, premiering new music, preparing for a
conference, traveling across the country, etc., etc., etc.,
Oh there's nothing that I can't do, with You

Even when we're done, you're still my number one
Even when we're checked you're still my playmate
If on life's fork we fall, you're still the greatest one of all,
With rain clouds up above you're still my love-ly
With you, _____ (X3)
There's nothing that I can't do, with YOU

Above the world
In song
To fly
Flying
The art of flight
Night sages
Sound sworn
Companion to
Light, no
Stopping till
Come what may
Or might take
Right and drop
It off the clouds
Feel the drain
Of dew like a
Moment, the
Come and go,
To know is to know
What to know how
To ask and receive
From what all along
Swirled around void
Of wrong, there is no
Wrong, but a song,
High and wide,
And hanging
Above the world

But you see,
My glass keeps filling up.

Long, sweet visages, each pointed
Leaf from above, the ones
That touch the horizon.

Stay with me.

I can touch them all,
Run my mind lightly,
Slowly across each cell,
First the outline,

Just watch as the liquid replaces itself,

Pausing for subtle turns,

And then forget to the back,
Floated in that part of the mind
That doesn't care, not because
It isn't important,

So many that they escape notice,
Forever filling the sky with their voices,

No, not that, but that there is no
Language for remembering
Because, why would there need to be?



I had a friend once who liked to say
"I don't run unless I'm being chased,"
Always dryly in a bar, beer held aloft,
As if she were a champion for her aloofness.

I wondered if we aren't all being chased,
And if perhaps she missed the point.
Athletics, after all, were but a space that
She chose to vehemently avoid.

To run is not the race, perhaps,
But reaction to an unknown cause
That circles round us like a crass,
Emotionally abusive pet that won't pause
Even for a moment, but pushes and claws,
And chews us from the inside, swearing,
Until:

Like the free flow of mildly viscous
Fluid from one side of a tub to the other,
When tilted of course, the runner becomes
The racer, a claim setting blame aside and opening
The glorious springtime blooms a-tune with
The goals, yes, but also the catalyst, the whole.

She runs because the chase is on,
And running not is not begun.
When racing for the sake of love
We find Us woven into time's tapestry,
And there, as if from above, life.

Airplanes, and empty houses,
And visions of you like the fibers
Of the life that flirted with me for
Generations, but echoed arrival,
Waiting for its solstice date, for
Life to emulate life, for what was
Late to arrive.



How many memories do we hold in
These walls, these pockets of being
Devoted to motion, to soul freedom,
To abundant, forever connection,
Road worthy explanation?

And how many spin our span beyond
Knowing, the in and out souls of all
That we've become in a revolving presence
That moves within, driving the recollection
Of all, seeping through spherical contact?

If karma had a cause, it would be us.
If time had a cure, it was nestled in our kiss.
Whatever might happen did, and therein
We lie, comforted in space, all points aligned.

When you pause to
Watch a spider spin her web
One bead at a time,
Diligent but precious,
Not precious in the finite
Sense, but because each
Bead matters, each line a
Clear connection to sustenance,
Yes, but more to being, to
Forging that which collects
Fulfillment like drops of water
In a rain barrel, a patient sum,
The question of "what would
Life be like without these last
24 hours" draws a short breath,
And releases into the next,
The golden joy of waiting,
The brilliant possibilities of
Conquest, and the beautiful
Vision of you: ever the renewal
Of what I call hope.



I'm in love with you. The sound of your voice floats in my conscious thought without effort, and caresses me with unceasing, simple beauty. The way you address the world, your laughter, and keen insight, the clarity that you cleave from moments as if you freeze them in time under microscopic gaze while still in motion. I'm in love with your being, and your body, I've never, not once, been anything but fully aroused by the sight of you, brought into a recognition of truth and possibility because you were near, and the varied imperfections that I've heard you allude to in your form or figure, your choices or cause, pass by me, unfathomable in the sight of the brilliance that you radiate. Although love is, for all reason, a chance to know ones self, the presence of you in the world challenges that notion, demanding that, instead, love is a song sung by your presence, carried in the air where it feeds the promises of life like the soft morning clouds from the ocean. I can't help but feel love for knowing you, and your love makes me seek chances to know myself in ways that will allow me the scope to feel fully the gifts you freely offer. I'm in love with you like the ant loves the earth, diligently, effortlessly, forever rotating, attentive, and defined, drawing chance close to potential within the sphere of loveliness that flows from your deep wisdom.

Love is a song sung by your nearness,
carried in the air where it feeds the promises of life
like the ocean's soft morning clouds,
this is how you love me

Did

The

Words

In

Time

Appear

To

You?

Harlequin Poems Revisited

Meditation

It was Egyptian, a room,
Just layers and time, a mystery,
Unoccupied, circular, as if some large white beast.

The Jungle filling every one,
Struggling, captured long ago
Until present
A wedding,
White sense.

The enigma of white
Risen and dark, but
Cartwheels on beams
Stretched beneath the best part.

She Couldn't
She clambered until,
Still dangling
She released her skirt
Atop dangling legs.

It's private, people stomping,
But, so, lovely!
Graceful, marble,
They came.
His lips pursed holding to thick balance;
You showed me this, but this
I wouldn't dream.

Lying, firmly latched,
The door, a servant, slipped.

Her son, the lance, securely yelled
Lance-loping along
Snagged in a second
Victorious
As the porch lowered to the ground
Planting a wet gaze
Devastating soft falls
of feet
Footfalls
Crunching
Between five locks
To each unchaining finger
The motion left unscathed
It comes remained, pounding
Perking up
Foreign, blue, and cradled
Reminding her of lightening's
First strike on the ground.

Vegetables

"Why would you think that?
Mine Softly," confessed the English Cucumber
Clinging to the edge of the garbage disposal,
Slipping as the remains of the buttermilk poured in.
"I simply adore the taste!"
He heard above,
Why couldn't they lick his Tupperware clean?
Lower he fell
Grinding gears imminent
Grabbing for light,
Sinking back
Oh to be a steamed vegetable,
Dying in the gentle lilt of bubbling water,
Facing death as a strange, melting wax.

end

Narrow pockets,
Angular, everywhere, prisms
Of surrounding delights surrounding,
You.

Standing in four places
Just inside your eye, looking
Outward in every direction,
The sound of a million tones
Heard at once, heard through
Welcoming ears, a million tiny megaphones
turned inward, the mystery
Of connection, the subtle
Gesture of now, quiet electricity
Flowing, flowing, flowing down
Colored streets, all colors, even the
Ones that aren't imagined, not yet,
Even as they blend and bend and
Roll as conduits of real,
Ever present yet unrevealed,
How one shift leads to another,
What I would do with each small
Reflection of you, each metal guitar
Pick, picture frame, creative expression lingering
in the sphere of here spins with all
That is needed to be, to feel, to know
This, that, other, whether, and
Death's light grip, happily stroking
Ignorance says "wait. You don't need to right now.
This is for later,
For such a time as you will
Know the shadow and need nothing else."
The shadow, lingering residue
Dust accents hovering like halos,
Olfactory triggers to the ancient brain, always reason for communion,
For solace, the time-turned release into all moments at once.

The Four Core
(you held my hand at our mountain getaway)

1.
Unspoken anger,
Like perpetual dish washing duty
In perpetuity, an ever-present leaf
Blower, a second hand that repeats
Upon itself having no relations with
The minute hand whose ticking away
Lacks its reflexive tock.

If you can never go backward,
Forward loses meaning, dreaming
Of upward, palm trees that grow
To the moon. At certain heights,
Even they won't go.

When is living as simple as putting the
Dishes down? Breaking them, perhaps?
Who will care, or, who will know?
One more dish unwashed, one more
Insect's life cycle cut short for a
Being in a world unencumbered by time?

The thunderous, persistent
Pounding of ant feet.
The refined light of fog.

2.

If you're going to skate on sunbeams
You need a special shoe,
Or else know how the lightening
Works with reason that to
A sharp opener screams.
Tight roping on the copper foil
Between stained glasses lofty
Requires mindfulness rewards
With touches that so softly
Match your toil.

Make millions out of singles?
A trifle for the wild.
Like listening to a symphony with
Hairs yet undefiled.

Sit softly in your rocking chair
And fight the world's unfolding?
A greater challenge yet can not
Be found in nature's molding,
A breeze upon the air.

3.

Children whose parents
Lived through trauma don't
Get to be sad.
Can you imagine? A lifetime
Of wondering whether each
Escaped tear would reveal
Your indiscretion, living without
The sweet, bodyfull collapse
Of heart sickness, or knowing
That you are connected to others
In their need because you were
Held when you showed yourself helpless?
Not just children, entire cultures
Pass off sadness as a parlor trick.
The American south, emotionally

Twisted and mangled by the rich
For centuries, unable to share
Their deep, enriching love
Because they can't feel sad together,
And look at the outcome: systematic,
Long term interpersonal abuse that
Has led to perpetual aggression toward
One another all to please the unseen "Daddy",
To find "Mommer-nem", forgetting
That her terrible living shadow
Reminds us to hide our tear-stained lives.
Can meaning even be found without
First acknowledging the pain of loss?
Consciousness breeds
Choice, and choice
Means perpetual loss, all of the roads
Not taken, the Control-Z fixes of daily
Use never enough to overcome the
Body-pressing depths of "what if"
That remind us how small we are
In this vast existence, and therein,
That lonely child, cowered on the other side of the house
Hiding a few tears in fear of exposing those who
Came before them,
Can merge with eternity held in the
Warm arms of sadness.

4.
Fear of what?
Of losing?
Place, that thing,
This one?
Another meal, wait,
Which time last did
You not eat? Or
Someone's good opinion,
The chance to share
Your own, or "good",
Of being lost, walking
Away from what you thought
You knew, the amorphous and
Self-help-book-selling notion
Of "your truth", that, discovering
The thing that you were seeking
And so worried to not find
Was a snipe, a ghost under your
Closet, a reason for staying
Hooked to that dial,
What then, when they are gone?
Fear desensitizes, down shifts
With every new normal, while
Upping the ante, that bomb
Awaiting its final detonation,
The one that will save you when,
Just then, you most need it,
Just around the corner, always
Just, it frazzles at the ends, frays,
Knots itself in nots until ever after
Floats into oblivion on the balloon
Of would-be "truth",
My eyes wanted to open,
And so they did, and the bright
Sun closed them. It isn't reason,
It's protection, deep, primordial,
Necessary?
What does fear look like unafraid?
A happy child?

Has life in all it's shrouded mist
Really only come to this?
Bliss: there is no relief, but there are distractions.

Yorkminster

No one came to this earth late,
We all have ancestors
And they linger unnoticed
By most, rats in the corner,
No one's hands are clean.

And this path, cobbled
And shadowed by first
Morning's relief, leaves
Of a new fall just beginning
To signal their slow descent into
Winter, seems shorter than
When I traveled it last,
Shorter and less riddled with
Possibility, or, as memory recalls,
Fear.

Oh, for history, not the cinematic
Kind with tidy threads and crisp
Narrative, but the sprawling,
Emotional history of relationship,
Of that feeling you touch like
Residue upon a new experience,
Wondering what may become of it
Years from now, when you,
By chance, return to this place
A different person, perhaps
More sullied by time.

Kortrijk

Joy in being
Joy in seeing
Joy in baking and in food
Joy as coming
Joy as going
Joy as thinking all is good
Joy from doing
Joy from newness
Joy from loving and in kind
Joy while sensing
Joy while romancing
Joy while knowing joys to find

Your thoughts are magic,
They fly and float,
Shoot around like popcorn
On a stove, you are magic,
You are love, lovely like your
Thoughts, and they are lovely
Because they take themselves lightly

All I need is to see your face
No matter where, in any place

All I need is a yellow balloon
To take me up to visit the moon

Popcorn on magic, lightly
Themselves, are thoughts
Around you, lovely they love
And float because they are magic.
You shoot your stove and they are
Lovely and are a take fly.

Linger they came one, we
unnoticed all to one's clean ancestors
Late have most in this corner
Are thoughts like rats
No, your earth by hands,
And the no.

One fly came floating, we are in
Your thoughts.
Thoughts because the ancestors
Have late, lightly, lingered.
Earth and corners shoot like
All lovely You, no hands by love
Themselves clean, unnoticed, this
They most are lovely.

Magic to popcorn, and they are
Around, no rats are they and they are
Lovely on one's stove, like you, and
Take magic, you are your.

Belgian Love Song

Won't you share my chapstick with me?
Kissing is more fun when you're free.
Won't you share my chapstick with me?
Flavors of mint or raspberry.
Share it with a sloppy kiss,
Lick the flavor from my lips,
Won't you share my chapstick with me?

Sugar spoon at breakfast

Note to the garden that prompts hunt and says that she has to be in Santa Monica by XYZ and a small box to put things in as she goes

Angel cards? Canvases are new angel cards? I make one to go with each? Get a new set?....Rumi

Hair at noon, note for coiffure to tell a story about 30, and ask what

s/he hopes for this year. Note to her to go to photo booth with money for photos and lunch (present photos there) and take photos that are? Preset money for photos. Gift....small thing?

On the back of my photos new note sending her to lunch and telling her what to say to them.

Playland Arcade Pier

Carmela Ice cream West Hollywood

Soho House Beverly Hills

Cora's Coffee Shop 1802 a ocean Ave....grab a bite and a small art kit for her to draw something. Tiny easel and canvas, and a note to send her with calligraphy set....Cora's closed at 2:00, change to Shutters

Note to go to Alchemie Spa 2021 main st suite B by 4:00

At spa, have journal and calligraphy nibs with below and a note to look in the back of the journal when done

To a place to write in a journal "Lolo finds her fancy" 15 min timer cute note saying the fairy can't remember the story first line "Lolo set out to see the world one day". Calligraphy pen

In journal a note to come down Bicknell Ave to the beach when done....have a small cake and Lillet, watch sunset

As the year's end welcomes its final days into being,
Each moment with you opens to me with fresh blooms,
Every door enlivened with aromas of newly baked bread
Awaiting endless opportunities for buttered bliss.
Forever plays like a trick of time with no beginning,
Only the endless vision of your soul marking a
Dream's passage to eternity; you sustain the
Vision through which life holds meaning as
Graciously and easily as midwinter's first star,
And with that, you make things new.



My Own Brightest Star



Entering a new year,
Like stepping off of a mouse's chair
Into wells deep as your understanding.
Fire feeds your indignation
Resistance cools to resignation
So too the maze is winding.
Watch as the procession of your self arrives
Let clarity's pillow
Soften the wise
In the glorious celebration of You that is nigh.

In you I hear my future,
In you I see the dawn,
In you I find the joys of life
With you I can go on.

Within your voice there's meaning
I seldom can convey,
A beauty so transporting
That you give me back today.

Every note I hear you sing
Is like a Magi's gift;
Mundane existence pauses,
My spirit's movement's swift.

You create the world around me
Bringing flowers, moon, and sun,
The very act of breathing feels unsure
When you are gone.

Your smile and laughter fill my ears
With all I need to thrive;
You teach me to remember,
You teach me how to fly.

A moment in your presence
Is like centuries untold;
You inspire youthfulness
With you I can't grow old.

I owe this world around me
To your wisdom, love, and care,
And thank each day to get to be
With my own brightest star.

Summer of fun has
Begun with the stroke of You:
Always, Forever.

Yesterday is one month from the summer solstice,
Thirty-one days until our "AF" Ts move from
Their colloquial meaning to their more delicate and
Lasting epithet, the May morning clouds are
Slowly burning off in what will be the summer sun,
And I am feeling the last of my old skin beginning to shed.

These words, these pages, a glimpse at what we were,
The questions that haunted me, the answers that always
Floated so easily from your presence. There, in each moment,
I knew, somehow I knew, of course I knew, how could you
Not inspire the confidence, the deepest faith, the breath?
Like a breath consumed before an intentional fall
From some undiscovered height, how could you not?, and
Oh, how you held me through all of the thrashing and wondering,
And it was that simple, the rest being this exploration,
Now a grab-the-popcorn-and-watch-with-safe-abandon-as-life
Life the way it can be, unfolds, outside of now, but now,
Inside of thirty days, and still opened to the watchers,
The true believers in poetry: I sat right there once, and called your
name in the dim stillness of beer soaked air and smiled,
Internally, rib to rib, foot to tongue, and stared unquenchingly at
the future, at the world now with you in it, now, I should say,
With my understanding of you, as if the snow globe were turned
Right for the first time, finally, promised magic, punctually arriving
When it means to, soft lined eyes of every moment that your spirit,
Your brilliant, glowing spirit formed eons ago from molecular
Inspiration, echoes with the ease that crafted my soul.

It's not like I was preparing for you,
More like you were there,
Guiding the shape of my heart,
Wandering vagul pathways tuning this,
Releasing that, holding my hand so that I couldn't get lost,
Patient and perfect and pleasing the gods of "what next?"
With willful wantonness we float on ether and ever,
Always and Forever.

You leave me verbless,
Stalled, suspended in the
Granular beauty of life
Molecular tango, airbrushed silence,
Cloud-soft, web-strong, the
Breathless moment of the ask,
Each minute with you feels
Like the budding wonder of new love,
The giddy ebullience of a first kiss,
The risk of realizing the truth that
I fall in love with you day after day,
The expanse of time insufficient to
Quench the hope that you might say "yes"
Again, and again in renewal of all
That sparks me into being.
You take from me the lossless energy
Of the unknown and replace it with
A never-ending stream of wonderment
For what may be; I see, hear, smell, taste, touch
The breadth of being through your nearness,
Jasmined aura, pineappled sweetness,
Dusk-revealing shadows, earth pulse,
8,000 Hz and hanging above me, through me,
Into all that inspires promise that is you.

To me you are....

Like a promise that was never spoken
But that I always wanted to hear.
You surprise me each day with your
Lightness, sincerity, joviality, wisdom,
Wit, self-reliance, openness, intuition,
Deep emotional wells, joyful glee,
And desire to share your life with me.

You are a cool breeze on a warm day,
And equally the sun that ignites that
Glorious warmth in perpetuity.
You are essential, the core of my understanding
Of being, you connect to my Self, dendrite
To synapse, each one filled with your
Effervescent perfume that races in its electric zeal
To unlock mysteries I hadn't yet paused to consider
But whose revelation makes me whole.

You are excitement, remembrance, confidence,
Questions, togetherness, oneness, determination,
Willfulness, seeking, calm, wishing, and hope.
To me you are music.
To me you are love.
You are the only person that inspires me to
Release my fullness, reveal my passion, and renew my
Spirit daily, and I celebrate every moment, and
Cherished chance to release myself into you.

You noticed recently, out loud, that I
Employ an emotional shield, perhaps,
As you described it (more accurately) I
Retreat from strong emotions until such a
Time as I can feel them less... "Is it too much
To ask to feel what you're feeling when you're
Feeling it?" You would cradle the world in your
Caring arms long enough to ensure that they
Were ok to paddle into the lake with confidence.
That is a gift, an empathic desire to see that no
One is left without a few tools, enough to make it
One more day. I admire you for that courage.

Even though you have learned to
Protect yourself from diving too
Deeply after that inspiration,
From depleting yourself in the
Service of the world's sanity,
You share this precious and
Loving gift with me, and
For that, I am grateful.

Tonight it's late, we're tired and wired,
Scream-o'-clock has long since past
And you're making quesadillas out of
The small tortillas that you like, a little
Left over cheddar that spread far enough
To be considered a minor miracle, and
Some ripe avocados that need eating.
We've been staring at a computer so much
In the last few days that it's hard to focus
My eyes at all, and yet, even as my brain
Throws sparks across the city, your face
Calms me, brings me back to this moment,
This glorious, essential moment that so
Easily encapsulates our life: creating
Loveliness from all corners of space and time,
And you stand in the middle of it for me,
Calling me into excitement, soothing over-
Eagerness, reflecting possibility, and reaching
Tentacles of potential to pregnant places of wonder.

Together I want to heal the world,
To shake loose the fear and greed
That constrains the intuition to share.
Together I want to make things,
Musical things, visual things, gardeny things,
Puppets, and dances, and wind chimes,
Creations that answer the lustful
Excitement that races through us.
Together I want to pause,
To stare into one another's eyes
Until we see the universe unfold
In silver orbits, the threads of forever.
Together I want to ask questions,
To be curious first, as if nothing,
Not even the sun, has a name.
Together I want to challenge,
To push and pull against the
Fabric of time, leaving no clock
Running in the house except to hear
Their music in its randomness.
Together I want to plant trees, and flowers,
To greet the earth as a friend whose
Gratitude knows no limits.
Together I want to experience the
Wonders of life, the physical joys
Of living within bodies, the sights,
Sounds, feelings, tastes, and smells,
To marinate in their pleasure in every moment.
Together I want to believe that what we
Can know so eclipses what we feel we
Know today that we can melt away all that controls us.
Together I want to write new mythologies for
Life, for the world, but mostly, for us to sink
Into, to wander around in, and I want to play, yes!
Together I want to play within the abundance
Of joy that you bring me, and remember that above all
The gift of you to me makes together possible.

"I'm trying to decide if I'm going to give my puppet teeth"
And other things I heard you say today, the tap dancing,
The resonant strategies, games, thoughts, all of it,
The different styles you sing in just for fun,
I sometimes wonder how it is that I am here,
Able to be so close to you so frequently, so
Easily, as if someone decided that I were going
To get to be the non-elitist equivalent of king
For the rest of forever, except without the pressure,
And only the ecstatic privilege of getting to be near you.

I will bring you myself, as honest and whole and open
A version of myself as I can muster in every moment.
I will spend time nurturing and teaching myself
So that I can deepen daily into the person that is
Ready and able to respond to you, to excite and
Lounge with you, to play and explore, and ask
Questions with you, to pause and experience
Hardship with you, to figure and sort and determine
New paths with you, to release into the
Profound pleasure of our life together.
I will listen and hone my ears to the subtleties of
Your voice, I will soften my body to yield to the
Meaning of your touch, I will open my eyes to
See the glorious revolution of your being, I will
Atune my awareness to move inside of what
Matters and eschew all the rest from experience,
And I will live in the belief that the beauty of your
Soul, being yours as well as mine is unique to me,
Feeds in part on the energy that I share.
For you I will strive to bring beauty into the world,
The kind of beauty that feeds your precious soul.

Tonight the world burns with the
Anger and sadness, bitterness and fear
That drives wedges through people of
Good will and has done so for so many
Generations that counting them seems
Futile; tonight I am reminded in feverish
Brightness of the pain that sits within the
Souls of so many who are close to us as they
See their own face on the face of a man whose
Life was taken in front of us all by the system,
Our system, the one that we support and sustain,
The system that we can't figure out how to
Meaningfully engage with to bring the change
That seems so obvious but for the money that
Would get displaced; tonight I am sad, I am
Angry, I am bitter and afraid of what life means
In the wake of years of bigotry and bullying, and
I feel as if there is so much more that I can do.
Tonight, as I sit with these feelings, I also sit with
You, and you choose to play music, to let us sing
Protest songs with the voices of people who have
Had more nights with these feelings than I may
Ever have, and in your wisdom you shine light
On a path to connection, through song, to the
Struggle for human rights that marks us all.

I am grateful for you firstly because your
Presence provides the patience to perceive gratitude.
In you I find a calming breath, the long exhale that
Triggers neural pathways to openness, wholeness, being.
Secondly and otherwise, your smile and laughter lift me,
Keep me floating in each moment strung together as
A never-ending string of precious pearls, with you, I
Find gratitude beneath each rock, in every dust bunny
And stack of old books, and the fantastic moments, those
That grab and transform without effort, slide into me
Like Dimaggio stealing home, the anticipation, the release,
The momentary explosion of potential linked again and
Again to those that follow, releasing time into absurdity.
I am grateful to you for your moments of selflessness, and
For your moments of Selfness; that you allow yourself
To be defined, and push me to define myself in collaboration.
I am grateful that you said "yes", and that you say "yes" to
Life, to me, to me in your life, and to the promise of what
We can build together. I'm grateful that you watch out for me,
That you let me know what you are feeling when you are feeling,
That you trust me at times, and question me at others, that
We are together and that I have a hope that no one else can
Claim, which is to live this life with you, filled with the
Beauty and quirky brilliance of your being.

I choose you, I choose you, I choose to
Make the choice of choosing you, this
Here, this unchallenged, unfiltered choice,
The kind that is unassailable and bold,
A reflection of self, my-self, fully.
I choose you as the mirror that I want
To look into each morning, the calm
Warmth that I choose to cuddle at night.
I choose you as the inspiration for my
Creative spark, the muse that is in return
Bemused by its artist, I choose you as
Partner, as friend, as confidant and
Caregiver, as the object of my affections,
The one who will wait excitedly for
Breakfast in bed, and cheer for every
Tiny moment of joy that woven together
Makes life a volcano of possibility.
I choose you as the link to friends
And family that I now choose to call my own.
I choose you as the future mother of
What children we may have in all forms,
As the gesture of wisdom that guides
My thinking, as the focus of my daily
Compassion, and the mindfulness that
Reminds me to fulfill each drop of
Potential in this day and the next.
I choose you because I have seen the
Glory of your spirit and have experienced
The depths of your potential such that
I awaken each day with the promise of
What you will become in front of my
Loving eyes, and I choose you as the
Answer to so many questions, and more,
So much more, as the questions we have
Yet to ask.

That lemon looks like a turnip,
A yellow one to be sure, and hanging
From a tree rather than hiding in the ground
Where the worms might say "that turnip
Looks like an odd lemon", or is there
Purpose in comparison other than
What dendrites can tell?
Does simile become myth through
Metaphor? Or does myth become
Comparison's jailer?

I told a story about you once,
Quietly in my room with slanted
Walls and no heat for winter (I stayed
Warm enough), I wrote it down
On a paper, one single piece. When
The story was complete, when you
Had taken shape and walked around
The room with me in ghost form, I
Crumpled up the paper and threw it
Into the corner like a treasure chest
Buried and lost. I knew you then,
Understood the legend of your
Being, and knew to wait, to listen
And you would appear.

Years later, as we, together now,
Uncovered temporal layers while moving,
I found it, that paper, the one with
The myth of you scrawled in short form,
And remembered that you had come
To me long before I knew how to call your name,
A dream breathing life across spacetime,
Awakening a moment when all can simply be.

Now I walk in beauty,
The kind that reminds me
That calm is an appropriate
Response to anxiety, that everyone
No matter who they are or what they've
Done deserves compassion, that the
Screaming neighbor child and the
Floating flies, musical in their ensemble
Drifting, hovering in apparent purposelessness
Share the same energy, the same connective
Mineralic concoction, and that one joy
Feeds another, rather than the supposed belief that
Joy exists in limited form, no, this beauty, the
Kind that we share, that grows in the
Air surrounding us, sparks and expands around the space
That we have the pleasure to call togetherness, this joy
This endless, multiplying joy feeds and fulfills, it
Caresses and excites, even moments of tragedy, even
Societal upheaval can't eliminate or confuse the
Joyfulness that we nurture and play with, that
Nurtures us in return, you said, "Creating beauty
Is an end in itself, perhaps the goal of artists,
Perhaps of all," and you captured the
Essence of feeling, of compassion,
Of togetherness, you embody
It, you create as a matter of course
As a being whose beauty walks
Before, behind, above, and below,
As the energy of the world surrounding
All that you touch, you move in
My life, feeding hope like
The squirrels who eat the fruit
From our trees, with ease
Carefree, but
Determined.

I love you like tomorrow will never end,
Like every dinner we share will be better
Than the last, like the mosquitoes who
Buzz around our ears at night will pass
Down a myth through daily
Generations that we are friends to
Be trusted, not bitten, like we might
Lead them to the promised mosquito
Land, though, quickly, as they do have
A short life span, and, they are probably
Already there, in the promised land that
Is, given they don't have much time to
Consider anything else, but if there were
And if we could, I would love you like that!
I love you like 7:00, both of them (yes,
Even the European kind, 00:7), like a
Horse walking backward because it wants
To, I love you like the creative spark, as if
The love I feel for you is a spark plug that
Can't die because you feed it with all of
The energy it needs to awaken again and again,
I love that you are making a puppet Right Now!
While I'm writing a poem and eating dinner to
The song of mosquitoes floating around me and
Singing songs about their home over yonder.

Why does a sky full of clouds feel so good?
Maybe it's because you can sense the earth
Cuddling you and everything on it, bringing
Everything closer together somehow,
Each watery molecule a portal through
Which you can reach and touch anything,
Anyone, all waiting for connection and reaching to you.
Perhaps its the vibrancy, colors leaping,
Cascading off of one another, even gray
Can't stay silent, cheering the rainbow of
Berry reds as they prepare for their midmorning
Match against the dripping greens of their leaves,
And everywhere drop shadows and highlights
Create new dimensions for thought and action.
These days feel ripe with potential, with promise,
With hope that even as the world flips and turns
Itself on itself and inside out, the rare beauty
Of celebrating us, of pausing to say (today and every
Day) that love holds place like a sky full of clouds,
Sings loudly over the noise, bringing me near to you.

I need to disappear tonight,
To find myself a cocoon like these
Worms and softly shake from my
Perch to ward off predators.
I need to quiet what's left of
The calculations and let the
Moment be, let everyone off the
Hook, including me.
I need to remember that not one
Of us can fix, yet, together in
Parts we can renew opportunity.
I need to take stock of hundreds
Of thousands beyond my capacity
To fathom even the French Revolution,
And understand how small I truly am.
In the middle of a storm, everything looks
Like rain, and when it's gone, you miss it.

Two weeks from today:
The world is in a crisis,
Such a time to wed.

The moon shows her face to the world,
But wind is local.
Pushing, prodding, pulling, the moon
Shapes, cajoles, becoming not reaching,
Her flirtation rests in beauty alone,
A deep but subtle strength whose
Gorilla biceps move and flex the earth.
The wind, slowly massaging with memory's
Hands works legend loose, free radicals
That dwell within yet move about,
This is where gnomes begin
Every invisible brush a story to be told,
Potential, the breath of wonderment,
A trickster moving among the living
Revealing that what we wanted never
Mattered, and what we got can be
What we wanted all along.
This is day 13, and I'm beginning to
Believe that number a holy one, after
All, $1+3=4/2=\text{me and you}$.
Even a calm wind whispers secrets
Enough to caress the universe.

One of my favorite things about us is
How easily we get ready to go somewhere.
Anywhere, really. I used to awe at stories
Of nomadic tribes who could pack up their
Village and all their belongings in a matter
Of hours and move on, taking everything
With them. The artist rendition still wanders
Around my head of a leather hut wrapped
On long poles being dragged behind a horse
While children play in its wake on the way to
New adventure. That's us. We look into the future
Enough to know where we're going, and if we
Need to pre-order provisions or tickets, and then
When the day comes, bang! we're in it, and
On the road in one easy swoop, dishes clean,
Bed made, car packed, all of it, conjoined by
The excitement of the moment, of being on
The road, of the palpable witness of togetherness
Within promise. This is our life: a belief in the
Power of putting the motor in gear and
Setting off down the road, a lack of fuss over
What's going to come or stay so long as we
Have each other and a snack, and a faith in
What we will discover in time. Twelve days
From now we'll do it again, pack the belongings
Of our past in cases and move them into a
New reality, leaving behind the cobwebs of
Doubt and unknowing, and setting off on an
Adventure that we've been waiting for since
The day we met, and then some.

I am no more worthy of your presence
Than is the earth worthy of being
Ninety-Four point Three Hundred Eighty
One Million miles from the sun, but it
Is, and I am, here but so much closer
Than the earth is to the sun. That's a
Relationship based on boundaries.
Life patterns, like orbits, control
Coming and going, tooing and froing,
Keeping it so all decisions feel inevitable,
And inevitable seems to suggest worthiness,
The facade of decision surrounding aging
Cardboard. At least you could have made
A sculpture instead of just leaving it there.
You burn me daily with the brightness of the
Lightness you bring to the world, you are the
Celestial body that I most want to have my
Mass pulled against in a perpetual dance,
You are the habit that I choose, the one
That makes me feel inevitably graced by
Your company, and therein, worthy.

Today is the Eleventh, that is,
"This one goes to eleven", the
Extra boost, the capacity to rock
Just a little bit harder right when you
Need it, just turn it up, just like that.
There is no need for reason when
Brilliant ideas fall from the sky in
Whatever form or space they occupy,
Just turn it up, turn it over, turn it on,
Do it and fly through the air with an
Extra bit of oomph and don't ask why.

Something new,
Looking through the back of your head,
Orange Bougainvillea,
A soccer ball just barely smaller
Than the net, one that you have
To push down the field as a group
Tea made with the fermented bark of, "what?"
Oh, yes, with your feet, duh,
The bark of one thousand dogs!
Hearing birds in harmony with power tools,
Negative space and greens the color of night,
Tasting heat, letting the bug stay on your arm,
As if you were its new pet,
Living on the leaf's edge,
Taking flights of faith,
But you are a bug's pet now, so make sure you
Ask permission. Never asking permission, but
Always waiting for consent, especially from
Your formicidean companion, looking up
Common things to know how others
Describe them, calling ants "formicidean"
Just to feel how it moves in your mouth:
Odd shaped lemons still
Taste like lemons, but they
Look so new, like you, every morning.

Transformation alive
Dust resettled into containers
Objects replaced into hiding
Doors opened, light re-imagined,
The place we have covered in time
Awakened to its role as the
Space that will hold our memories,
The precious ones, those that enliven
Conversations, beg for photos to be seen,
Ones that inspire promise, recall beauty,
Return our selves to womb-like clarity,
Where all is simple and known, clean and
Ready for the miracle of occasion that
Defines life, and sets us free.

One week from this morning
Will be that morning, seven days
Away seems an easy enough
Measurement to understand.
How our minds long to measure,
To take stock of what is and what
Is yet to be, the comfort of prediction.
We used to sing for them each night,
Communal connection, the scream-o'-clock hour
For medical workers, police, firefighters,
The front line folks, the first responders,
Until their fraternal sins executed by
Some of their rank for the rancor of the rich
Became too much to bear, and now 8:00 is
A silent time, taken up by a different sentry
An hour or two later in the form of explosives
Meant to predict the coming of freedom's celebration.
Holidays have been stretching backward
In time for years, but hearing explosions each
Night beginning in early June feels more like
A military action than a reason to celebrate. The
Emotional state of our world belies curiosity,
People want to know, and they want to tell,
And they want to know that you knew that they told.
How old do our wounds have to be before a
Community decides that healing supersedes knowing?

Into this space our seven days lays down like a flower
Crown and yawns politely seeking only the chance
To exist, to release butterflies in a quaint garden,
To remember that love edifies curiosity, that healing
Lives in daily compassion for all things, and that
Celebration need not destroy to communicate excitement.
Acts of love shared freely change the world.

Being with people can be a challenge.
Yes, a challenge to how you feel about
How you feel, questions raising, the
Stirring up and leaving you in your
Juices, the stuff that stays with you
Because it is you. Change is challenge,
Revisiting who you were as a glance,
A baton pass, a low 5 and then it's gone
To be as someone else who you one day
Forget the smell and taste of, even the
Sounds recall a moment but passing,
Were you ever that person, are you even,
Is there an ever, a person, or is it all what
You put on your cereal for breakfast to
Remind you where your car is parked,
Your social security number and pass codes?
Every breath is change, every release a
Challenge to your existence, and food
For the life of those around you whose
Willingness to reuse your past feeds
The next moment of cellular dancing,
The release of my breath glancing so
Frequently off of the inside of your lungs
As to know you more intimately than I
Ever could. . . I long to sit inside you and
Watch the rise and fall of the inspiration
That calls you to existence.

Memories of you, of us,
Last night your perfume was
The same as the day we wandered
Off the map together, wide streets
With no names, directionless, and when
You dropped me off my mind filled
With the sight, sound, and smell of you,
How you felt leaning across the gear shift,
An easy hug in your red and yellow dress,
And your essence hanging in the air around
My head. Lying on the grass with you until
We fell asleep, having missed a chance to
Float in the briniest water, we chose, instead,
To ask the stars to keep watch as we tried to
Save each moment from passing, lying just
Off of a narrow path in the soft foothills. Finding
Your luggage at the foot of three flights on an
August evening, and knowing that you were
Waiting for me, for the first time in a series of joyful
Homecomings, joyful because I know you are there.
Creating a business together. Long moments
In the car as the world flowed by at speed,
How simple the passage of time when I'm
With you. Learning to be poor, learning to
Be poorer. The struggle against "who am I"
Followed by the clarity of being. Discovering
A creative life one picture, piece, puppet at
A time, and setting the stage for an existence
Enlivened by your inspiration, as if each
Street, each turn, each overwhelming thought
Of you that day, when your perfume filled my
Imagination, created a map from which
We would learn to explore life together.

The puppets are done and ready for their big reveal,
Tomorrow we procure one of the few wedding certificates
In Southern California, today I send my declarations
Off to the printer, in two days we buy flowers and
Champagne; the lists are assembling themselves
Into check marks to be laid aside as biproducts of
A glorious celebration, each one a signpost along
The way, an experience to themselves to be
Remembered only by those fortunate enough to have them.
This is why we create, why we are artists, ignitors of
Dreams, this is why we explore life minute upon hour
Through the fine lens of awakening newness, this:
Because the energy of each task holds gifts within
Themselves, the kinds that enliven, change, celebrate.
I have waited my whole life to find someone like you
Who simply wants to be in this place. I have struggled
Against myself, straining to define what others couldn't
Understand, but what you embody with the greatest of ease.
Any one slice of time~an afternoon recording, a morning in
Cafe Mirabel, giggling over song vapors, considering meaning,
Long conversations with no end in sight, and flashes of contact
As we casually pass~feels so essential that I could stop
And live within it happily forever, yet, the beauty of us is
That we string them together, one upon another, such that
To "remember when" looks more like an untellable documentary
Of overwhelmingly pleasure-filled achievement than a cushion
Onto which we might sit to sooth our passing. If ever there
Were people who could do it all, they were us, if only because
We find all in every, and every in all: creators, artists, ignitors of
dreams.

I'm a whirlwind of emotion this morning!
Excited to wrap up projects and clear some
Space, sad about all of the pain in the world
And all of our friends who are struggling with
How to find peace, grateful for the opportunity
To feel and reflect on how fortunate I am to be
Surrounded by the stability we've found together,
Connected to the natural world around me
Here in this paradise of a place that you brought
Me to live in, sustained by the lovely fresh food
That we get to eat each day, appreciated
By how you support me supporting you,
Embraced by the love of our community,
Hopeful for the chances we have to
Live into meaningful change in our lives and
In the world, eager to hear you sing "Sometimes",
And awakened to the possibilities of us.

I woke up thinking about a haiku that I wrote
To you in our haiku flirtations six years ago:

**Summer, like a day,
I didn't get enough of it:
Seeing you, that is...**

And how deeply I feel those words
Today, even more than I could have
Possibly known to feel then, and yet,
Somehow the experience seems
Directly linked, as if the threads that
Weave our connectedness have always
Been there and always will, holding
Space until we choose to notice them,
To wrap them around us like a blanket
And warm ourselves by the fires that burn
Brightly within each of us for the other.

I'm so excited!
Excited to get to be with our friends,
Excited to watch all the pieces fall
Into place, to share what we've
Been creating for years with people
Who will connect with it deeply
Because they love us, Excited to
Look into your eyes over and again,
To slow down and pause in the midst
Of our voices and words that we wrote
For each other, to let it last and last and
Then to walk away, hop in a car and
Escape from the day to day push that
Has become our new normal, to find
Quiet places where my day starts and ends
With the thought of you uncrowded by
Other needs, released from our emotional
Quarantine and freed into a new day!

Negative space, the mythological place that
Is other than what our brain thinks exists,
Not negative as in judgy, but other, the rest,
Perhaps all that was but not yet seen, the light
Of a gray dusk seeping through grape leaves
Blackened from their thick-healthy layers in
Simple, wiggly shapes the secret to a simple
Drawing, but experiential negative space
Evaporates almost before it can be felt,
The excess of emotion that crowds thoughts,
Inspiring clarity as if the world were a battle
Field to be overcome with force, wrangled
Into submission rather than let be to
Overwhelm, carving with simple shapes
The chance to step out of ones self into
Explosions of time whose potential, written
In wonder welcomes each into all.

It's Our [First] Wedding Day!!
And I'm sitting here in a
Sea of thoughts and feelings,
The act of capturing anything
New seems like a silly game,
Thoughts a playful experiment,
Fleeting, hopeful, and worth it,
Yes, all of the prep, the
Waiting, the feeling into spaces,
The triumph of engagement, to
Celebrate Us in front of others,
To invite people to look into
The windows of our hearts,
Sit with us long enough for me
To say to you and hear back how
Life is changed because of you,
How everything before happened
For you, to teach me to be ready,
To allow me the blessed awareness
To sit here, today, surrounded by
Every emotion possible and
Feel you coursing through all of
Them, freely, like endless butterflies
Whose flirtatious ease calms me
To knowing that you set my soul
On fire and inspire me into being
Each and every day, and today,
This one of so many, we get to
Shout it to the world and make
Official what we have known
Since June 6th, 2014, what
Two stranger/friends who we
Hiked with on June 15th saw
Before we could, that today
Would happen and would signal
The rest of forever, for as much
As time matters in our hearts.
Here's to you, to me, to us
And to all that We will Do together!

Epilogue

Wow, that was a lot.
I'm on a couch listening to
Rich people trees getting cut
Down and chipped, as the
Owner frets about her chickens.
In the midst of calming I
Realized that we were raised on a
Belief in plastics, greed, the supremacy
Of a preordained "other", and the
Promise of more, always more,
Easy more, the kind that you can
Put on a credit card and forget about;
Ah, the 80s, such quaint manipulation.
But we just got filled up like a
Blueberry that wouldn't pop and
More can never be the same,
Because I realize that we came to a
New precipice, one that looks
Out over a life without plastics
And greed or the need to borrow
Anything from anyone for we have
It all here, what we need, what we
Wanted all along, and all could
Disappear and we would still be
Here, full, unwanting, and whole.
You are the goal of my life,
And my greatest joy is to
Get to play this game again and
Again for as long as breath can
Wind its way around my being,
And that is a celebration worth having
Every day.

Pandemic Road Trip and Puppy Proverbs

Pandemic Road Trip

"The last time you showered was in Oklahoma City, right?"
No one considers a road-weary lodge with limited hot water.
Snow on the ground, a weak reminder of a two-weeks gone storm,
The first of the year in the Southwest,
"What's one more day anyway?"

Los Angeles

The desert sands slowly sifting in the winds
That cut across forgotten communities
Stretching eastward from America's Mecca~
A place whose yawning PR has
Caused everyone to believe it
To be their second home, their best friend,
Their private walk of fame, even
As reality sparkles with strip malls,
Sprawl, and great halls of homelessness
Reaching in every direction, their grizzled arms
The residue of the national sport of naval gazing
Risen to religious belief in More, the only god we pray to.
Standing at the crossroads of a 4 block neighborhood
Built to house a low-priced fueling option for those with
Eastward expansion on their minds, and no account for
Nature's muscle, the one cottonwood groaning and stretching
In the wind that combs the fine facial mop of the little mutt who
Owes some lineage to a Maltese, these sands breathe as next of
Kin to the nation's new apocalyptic-smoke normal,
Ever-renewing reminders of humanity's insatiable destructive
Power that has, in part, driven us to the road.
Smoke scars and pandemic trauma
Enclose physical memory as
The morning stretches ahead of us, cold and expectant.

Only those who have traveled 6000 miles
With a 6 month old puppy can fully
Understand the meaning of
A rawhide bone, or the precious calm of a nap.

Sedona

Autumn speaks in whispers of hope and promise,
In transitory tones she peels off skin whose rotting
Began long before we remembered;
The winds and cool nights, shadows and shaking trees
Rattle loose the dogma of eternally hot and air-rotten summer.
Today is what birthdays feel like.
Now-renewals own our being as
Physical touch, body-flushing-overly-long baths, and dusk flanked
By ancestral peaks whose red bodies reach out with shadow
Arms clutch inspiration lightly.

"Was this a good idea after all?"

Let's list the challenges:

Global pandemic, no cure ✓

Lung-killing smoke ✓ (But we're leaving that)

Snowstorm blocking our way north ✓

Covid outbreak to the south ✓

Hurricane making landfall in the east the day we are set to arrive ✓

Purchasing a house on the road ✓

The road ✓

The chance of catching and spreading the disease to family ✓

We haven't driven down the street but a couple times in 6 months ✓

A 6 month old puppy who we didn't know two weeks ago ✓

Constant, oppressive work deadlines to keep the show going and
people thriving in community ✓

"So I guess we go south then?"

"A snow storm in Santa Fe though. . . Can you imagine the beauty?"

El Paso

I've only ever passed through and this will be no different.
For a place with profound diversity
In her history, the strongest energy
Still lives within the name.
Tonight feels as if we found the last stable in town.
Sleet falling from the Santa Fe storm
And one Chile's open a half hour
Beyond curfew are the only
Greeters. Sleep will have to wait

On the night's work yet to be mixed,
The subtle blending of artists scattered
Across a nation, united in song.
Television hasn't gotten any better since last I looked.

The reality is that dogs in wealthy
Neighborhoods get the best recreation.
Though unlikely to be a rallying cry
For equal justice, when searching
The U.S. for dog parks, those with
Money have places for dogs to run
Around in enclosed areas, and those
Without resources don't. We will
Have to stop in the West Texas town
That is home to a presidential dynasty.
I imagine Jenna and Barbara visiting their father's ancestral
Home and watching as their designer dog frolics through
Plastic tunnels built to look like hollow logs, fresh tended grass,
And Two working water fountains.
There isn't much grass in West Texas, and 5% of Americans
Live without running water, but dogs in Oil Country
Have them as playthings.

Fort Worth

"I've always wondered what it would be like
To buy a house in Texas."
When you drive across The Lone Star, it's
Best to take it head on, pausing only for a
Decidedly local burrito, to ingest the sheer
Volume of variations in brown, and sniff the dry air.
With 12 hours behind us,
Fort Worth feels like the south I know.
Lawns stretching in every direction,
A late-October breeze painting past's portrait
As Halloween looms mere days away.
The energy is strong, it grabs
The attention of my tiny companion
Who has never experienced Fall let alone
Halloween in the south.
Her curiosity drags me from nostalgia's spell,

As the rough asphalt cavorts with
Crisp autumn air to speak a language to my
Bare feet that hasn't been uttered in years;
Each block, each patch of lawn holds a memory
That I never knew, but that knew me still. . .
We walk a few extra turns, her nose proclaiming
Caution for an utterly new world that I start to believe.

Today we buy a home.
If not for unforeseen issues we would be
Moving in today, but we agreed to let them
Stay, and so we are on the road.
Regina didn't know her name meant
"Queen", but the whole time that she
Walked us through a mountain of signatures,
Sitting cross legged on a back-house floor,
Mozart's joyful homage to the queen
Of heaven rolled through my mind.
Everything feels disconnected in 2020.
We only know our new home through
Two brief visits and a few
Unfortunate photos.
This place that reaches before us
Like memories we have yet to learn,
A vessel whose promising contents
Wait like a patient lover, and whose
Renewal in our loving hands teases
Our conversation even as we move
Ever further from it, only exists today
In the form of legal scratches,
Soft conversation about leadership change,
And a small doll house outside of Fort Worth:
We will never see Regina again, though she
Bore witness to this life-altering moment.

On our way out of town, a pandemic's
Price rings all around us, as we've found
An echo of long-time friendship
Sitting across a large outdoor table,
Trying not to get too close.

Only he could be there.
The risk is too high to
See the babies. . .we'll have to wait
Until they are older to faun over
Their simple beauty, hear their stories,
And marvel at their being.
The air still hugs us in its cool blanket,
The earth still speaks in dulcet southern tones.
It's no wonder they deny crisis until it destroys them,
And then make their reality whatever they need it to be.

On the road, family shows up in crisis.
Today That means reports from the hurricane path and
On-the-ground safety information.
All is clear for landing, we may ride smoothly to New Orleans.

I stood in the soul food cafe holding an 11 lb dog in my arms
perusing the menu. This was dinner if we were going to have
it, since the city was hurricane closed, and the food all looked
amazing. He came over to me calmly and confidently:
"I'm sure that she's a member of the family and all, but..."
"I'll take her outside," I interrupted
Softly and thanked him, stalled in
Centuries of injustice; I, a white male
Standing in this black man's life's work,
The expression of his passion and creativity
The fruits of which were
About to mark my journey and
Nourish my soul, and there was
Apology in his voice as he was
Forced to ask me to adhere to local rules
And avoid the insinuation of rudeness
I unintentionally trod on by bringing
A California dog into a Louisiana restaurant.
The election suddenly feels much closer.

New Orleans

Everyone needs to feel NOLA
At Halloween, the electricity of a
Storm still hanging in the sweet, warm air
As a Blue Moon Eve hangs like

The source of all energy electrifying
Every densely-packed moisture molecule.
This is magic.

A city that has known hardship
Knows togetherness.
As we pull into New Orleans at
10:00pm, there are only a few lights,
But some mercantile shops are proudly
Open. You can feel the musk of strong
Masculinity, the kind with deep wells of kindness
That only appear in crisis, mingling with
The endless, gulf-formed soul of the sacred
Feminine as you pass by, like a warm,
Muscle hug from Louis de Pointe du Lac.
Scattered among the tree-strewn,
Post-hurricane evening their lamps
Light up like beacons of hope,
"The city is still here, and we have your back."
The night is thrilling, evocative, and deadly-feeling,
Yet welcoming, and softly we drift into the
Early morning, unwilling to let the moment
Go, the accompaniment of train song singing
In All Hallows Eve.

Around the morning bakery down
The street a mass of people stood
Social distanced and masked
As much to get their coffee as to
Be in the presence of others, the
Calm reminder that we made it
Through another one, and life will go on.
We are going to be late, a minor family crisis.

Setting boundaries with family feels
Like the strongest form of insanity.
Why do none of the child rearing
Books discuss boundary setting
From a young age?
Stepping into family, though, is like
Carving a spoon through just-soft

Ice Cream, the kind with plenty of extra bits.
Outside of the airport officer Nguyen
Asked my sister if those bags are hers,
Pointing to a bench nearby the
Doggy relief station where we are playing.
In gentle tones he assures us that he is checking in,
And that all is fine.
It's Halloween, we just made physical
Contact with my family for the first time
In a year because of Covid,
An election looms three days away, and
I reminisce about the kindness of
Police officers to blond people and
Sir names so common in other parts
Of the world as to feel ubiquitous,
But here, strange enough to have to
Consider the pronunciation.

Halloween

First, the beach, followed by dinner.
We decided not to hug until our Covid tests were completed.
The subtle emotional torpor of this
Decision gnaws like a small creature
Chewing on an open wound, and you
Have no hand available to brush it away, but,
Now it's time to dress!
A quick trip to the Smallmarx revealed
One half-consumed Batman costume and
A handful of off-brand Disney princess outfits for toddlers,
So: trash cans, decorative hay, a confetti popper, and a
Shower curtain will have to do.
There, we are Wizard of Oz characters
To match the newest family member's
Deft representation of Toto—one less costume.
Now to show off a little....
A quick trip to the pizza shop reveals true horror.
People packed into a mall, dressed up and lovely
But unmasked. On the one day of the
Year when masks make the most sense. . .
The national narrative has been split

In Twain, a festering reminder of why
This election matters, and a cry for sanity.
Will we ever be put back together again?
Will logic for the basic sake of health and
Life ever be enough for people to look past
Dogma, authoritarianism, and fear?
The only creature appropriately alarmed was the puppy
Upon hearing fireworks so loud they hurt my ears.
State sponsored celebrations have always been used
To placate the masses.

Miramar Beach

"Fish and Family" Twain told us,
And three days makes sense but for
When visits are so far apart, so we
Will take on a week of work, election returns and
Family bonding while trying to
Squeeze in some relaxation at the beach.
Never again will a puzzle mean so much.
The touch of the sand in Destin greets
Me like a long-dead friend I have found
Again in a dream. It's impossible
Softness holds memories long sense
Laid down for other mental chores,
Yet still vibrant and nurturing when awoken.
The gulf's calm, warm waters wash away
The guilt of the moment, drawing down
Pressure and anxiety, releasing happiness into the world.
The greatest excitement I feel when
Coming back to these beaches, though,
Is the diversity of their patrons.
I want to run up and hug every
Person of color that I see, to tell them
How enlivening their presence is in
This space that was as segregated in my
Childhood as a 1940s school.
My energy is drawn in by them, black, brown, yellow,
Even families in hijabs floating in the ocean, a
Cornucopia of different stories and
Backgrounds all wading amongst

Similar dreams, each hearing the wisdom
Of ages in the soft, quartz-crushed sand.
Surely sanity will come from these moments,
From seeing shared existence in its brilliance,
From laughing over passing stories and
Cheering on the same football team with people
With whom you thought you had nothing in common.

Election Night

Everyone processes stress differently.
My mother lost it early when Florida looked
More and more like it was voting Red.
We had all hoped that Florida would be
The start and end to the evening.
They had their election process so
Well organized that the answer would be known soon,
But as the Blue started slipping, she saw a return to 2016.
It was like watching the progress of
Women the world over being snatched again
From hope's light hands, and she
Went to bed. The rest of us waited.
And the next day we waited, allowing
Work and leisure time to intervene on
Behalf of our stress and fears.
Patience, they told us, as Kornacki
Crunched the numbers over and again...
The rest of the week is a blur of
Puzzle making, recording, math. . .and waiting.

It was Saturday morning (we were hugging now, our test
results all negative): "turn on the TV!" my sister
Yelled from the top bedroom, her pounding footsteps
Ringing through the neighborhood as we gathered in the
Main room and watched as MSNBC flipped
Pennsylvania from light to dark blue, every
Orifice of the machine demonstrating its resolve
That it would never go back.
This was it, the patience was over, our feet jumped
As if they had been holding a long-awaited secret,
We clapped Hands and hugged and spent the day

Watching worldwide celebrations
With tears floating just behind our eyes.
Even the white soft sands couldn't pull us away
On our last day there,
But they cheered with us, the sand, the water,
The turtles who had just returned to the sea, the birds,
All of these voices of the earth singing songs of hope
That respect from humanity may find a home here again,
Relief shared like easy sauce among those listening.

Time with family tends to last too long and end too quickly.
My whole life I have wanted to
Choreograph time together with
Distanced loved ones so that we ramp
Up slowly, integrating into one another's
Schedules to reinhabit some sense
Of regularity. I've done that a time or two,
But mostly I find myself
Awakening early to run out and
Become a satellite to breakfast preparations,
Encouraging the biscuit making,
Slicing tomatoes and standing around
To lap up smells of coffee with
Conversation fragments.
This time was encumbered by the
Stench of dislodging an autocrat,
And the complication of personal transitions
That strained to align with one another,
But for which we each held space lightly.
Watching your parents with a baby,
Even if it is furry and piddles on the
Carpet, is one of the great joys in life,
As is holding loved ones as they
Shed frustrated tears, laughing with
Them over old stories, and pausing
To hear emotions past that were just
Now finding a voice.
In the end, time with family is
Discovery and poetry set into
A pressure cooker and fired hot.
When we learn to listen and flow

With them, our families have more
Wisdom and joy available to us than
Any guru. Our lives are baked in their ovens.

Birmingham

We drive away from Florida with ease
In our hearts and wind at our backs.
The release after spending time with
Family like the fullness after a passionate cry.
Lower Alabama (the third LA) is
Woven together with farmland and
Distance. Today it is decorated like a tactless
Christmas tree in campaign signs for the autocrat,
But sparkling with the occasional "Biden/Harris" or
Conversely inundated with clusters of "Jesus 2020."

"Really? What am I missing?"
For people like my partner whose
Relationship to the southeast began
Six years ago in my family home,
These moments of radical Right behavior
Blended with religiosity are always confusing.
It's hard to define, really, but we
Discuss it, crafting compassion
Out of a belief that people the world
Over want similar things, and the
Rural/urban divide mixed with media
Echo chambers makes monsters of gentle spirits.

The city of my birth has just welcomed Autumn's grandeur.
Sitting at the top of one of the foothills where my brother was
Fortunate enough to find the home that he is likely to
Inhabit for the rest of his life, the world sings harvest songs
Of gold, red, and orange. Bucolic waterfalls feeding
Small lakes surrounded by intentional
Suburbia meander through my memories,
And ten hours of closeness and conversation
Fill a cornucopia as if Thanksgiving come early.
Sometimes life feels more like flipping
Through a Polaroid photo album,

Meaning flying by, more always
Happening just out of frame
Than time makes room to consider,
Everyone occupying precious space,
Defined, poignant, and demanding
Interpretation to strain the imagination.
Of all of the cruel outcomes of a pandemic,
The one that stings deepest may be familial
Separation, the invariable loss of that integral
Support system during troubled times.
Before we leave, we walk in the morning, breathing
The sweet humid air that speaks honesty to my lungs.
I've known more of myself here than anywhere else,
Yet my traveling companions will never understand.

We pull away from my first home,
Headed toward a new one;
Now we can feel the surges of virgin life in our veins
And everything begins to feel fresh. . . We are
Greeted by a completed highway
I had seen being built but had never
Had the pleasure of driving.
New roads, unlike most new things,
Aren't instant favorites. They are built
With the future in mind, and rarely
Replace the well worn paths of people's habits.
This pristine pavement, surrounded by lightly
Rolling hills dotted with
Deciduous trees feels like a road
Built only for us, carrying us to
Our own, private destiny.

"She keeps coughing," I hear the concern
In her voice, "can you check on her?"
Over the next ten minutes we explore
A test that couples can't possibly prepare for:
A small creature in your care who has
No clear communication skills gets sick.
Pressure mounts quickly once you acknowledge
A potential looming crisis. Here in the middle

Of nowhere Oklahoma, I pull her to my lap,
Her tiny frame limp, nearly lifeless except
When she animates to cough, her 3-week old
People mom glancing every few seconds in
Search of answers that might arise in a flash,
This is all a little too much for such a moment.

We've switched places now, I at the wheel,
She holding the limp and sometimes
Coughing 12 lb body of our puppy.
Dogs aren't supposed to get sick,
The thought rolled in my head as
We teased out what could be wrong.
"Should we stop now?"
"We're three hours from Oklahoma City,
And more likely to find an emergency vet there."
"It all feels like too much. . ."
An hour and some research later
We had a settled hypothesis.
She had some kind of common
Cough contracted at the daycare we had
Vainly sent her to so that we enjoy the beach:
Not life threatening even though she
Looked and sounded like death,
And we had an appointment with a calm-voiced
Veterinarian who said the morning would be fine.
Information carries the pronounced power
Of calm in its heels. With an understanding
Of "why", we can calm into the process of "what next."
Surely this is the reverse power of fear mongering:
A shell game that never stops moving, so
People never have a chance to
Settle into solution making.
The control paradigm of asking people
To prove a negative and then pointing
Fingers at "the other guy" for making
Us feel so horrible in our skin.
The autocrat and his goons continue to paint
The airwaves with misinformation and lies,
Although we can't hear him any longer,
We can't turn away. . .this can't leave too quickly.

By contrast, we walked out of the car that night
With a sick but curable dog in hand
And promise that the vet would have
Medicine and instructions in the morning.
As we ran around the hotel chasing
The re-energized 6 month old
And paused to find a calming shower,
We each reflected in our own way
On the success of the moment.
How are couples to prepare for stress?
The daily habits of communication, of taking
Up sentry over different priorities, trading off,
Employing tools for the moment, all of which
Remain ready for deployment when called upon.
We faced a major stress, and each took
Our part to bring it into the hanger.
Not only was she going to be fine,
But we were too.

Oklahoma City

Before leaving the state where I
Spent a year studying conducting~
A special kind of fleeting home,
Like a whisper's echo~
We stopped in the company of
A caring vet whose patience and
Expertise put us at ease and sent us away healed,
A coffee shop barista whose wonder
At the world beyond her life spread out
Like a hipster halo brewed into her coffee,
And visited with auto attendants whose
Studied hands saw to the health of our car
So that we could make it back to the West.
His accent, the one in charge,
Had a melody like Woody Guthrie and a
Bite like the sharp end of a wind blowing
Over a hillside cottage.
Their words were all kindness and
Levity, and they looked on us
With equal wonder, a brief love affair

That occurs with infrequent out of town guests.
The world is smaller than we allow
Others to make us believe it is.
We are no more Red or Blue than
We are snails and fish, and every time
We let someone else make us feel that way,
We end up black and blue.

Santa Fe

Not only does this town feature in
Two hit musicals as the mythological
Counter balance to New York,
Several people have actually opened
Restaurants here. In fact, the whole
Town might be one big Mexican
Restaurant, and the food is amazing.
Walking around a European-inspired city
With its plaza and novelty shops feels
Like leaving the cloistered world of
2020 and discovering vacation.
Mom and Pop stores trying to stay
In business fight against the obvious
Cultural appropriation of First Nations
Artisans vying for prominence in
This year's many competing narratives.
There is no easy answer for centuries of genocide,
And each piece of turquoise ask the same questions.
And, it's cold. Autumn seems to have
Given Santa Fe a pass as snow still
Lingers from the storm that kept us from
Driving this way a reality ago.

I stand outside as the now-mended dog
Ruffles happily around in gravel, clutching to
My light LA jacket and seeing the horizon
Like a treasure map, the possibilities
Of tomorrow a hope away from this moment.

Puppy Proverbs

-by Julep and Ferdinand (and their people)

You'll never catch the squirrels, but the cuddles are waiting

Woof, bark, bark, bark, bark, woof, hooooowl

When in doubt, tummy time

Silence and patience trees the squirrel

Trust mom, she knows when it's treat-o'clock

Peacocks may not be strange puppies, but they're worth saying hello to anyway

Never trust a passing horse

Chase your friends

If someone else is beating you to the ball, wait for the next one

If there's a ball on the field, keep going, you can out run anyone you set your mind to

Pomeranians are to be corralled, keep a sharp eye on them

You only need one best friend to chase

Play more than you sleep, sleep more than you eat, cuddle often

The world is full of new holes waiting to be dug

Whatever dad is doing in the yard is worth supporting

When the coyotes howl, join them, but from a distance

Coyote choirs feed the soul by igniting the voice

"Come" requires thought

Don't be ashamed to hump a pillow, but keep it to yourself

Toys are for sharing

Squeakers are for squeaking

Don't abandon a toy after the stuffing is gone

Kisses are life

When kissing humans: focus, be consistent, find the angle

The food is always better in someone else's bowl

Sharing the water bowl is a sacred act

When you can't understand what they're saying, just wag

Tree a squirrel, chase a bird, pounce a lizard

There is no "l" in "puppy", but there's plenty of "p"

Piddling is for the best of friends

Insist on going along for the ride

The back seat is a negotiation

Windows need noses

Two cuddles are better than one

You only have one shot to go on a walk, make it count

Chickens. . .

When other dogs bark, just keep walking

Everywhere is a good place to play if you have a good friend

Greet the morning with kisses
View the world from as high up as possible
If you can't say it with a bark, say it with a howl
When you meet a friend for life, wrestle it out
A sad howl invites everyone to cry with you
Soft ears=soft heart
Computers are for stepping on
A sunny spot is like a cuddle with Mother Earth
Nibble often, never bite
Toes make great toys when people are walking
An excited howl gets the world moving
A ball isn't just for chasing
Sticks: they're worth the struggle
Farts are special gifts from the great puppy spirit
It's better to be a fluffed than a nutter
Lie still, they will pet you
Choose your spot in the bed wisely
Never stare down a pooping pup

The Story of US (A Wedding Day Theatrical)

[music begins, melodic Spanish love song]

Laurel and David facing forward, eyes closed, muttering phrases:

L: you walked into the room

D: you turned around and faced me

L: you walked into the room, late for class and I saw you

D: you turned around to face me, I was sitting in the back

L: you walked into the room late for class and I saw that you weren't wearing shoes

D: you turned around to face me, I was sitting in the back, your hair flew out in front of you like a runway model

L: you walked into the room late for class and I saw you weren't wearing shoes and you were carrying a guitar, or you might as well have been

D: you turned around to face me, I was sitting in the back, your hair flew out in front of you like a runway model and the sound of your name went right through me

L: and I thought [music stops] "Oh shit, I'm going to end up with this guy"

L: I was focused on professionalism and learning that summer, I came here to learn, not to fall in love!

[music starts again, slow plucking/overtones]

D: It wasn't easy getting a moment alone with you when everyone else needed you to explain sine waves, vocal fold muscles, and physics to them. Finally, I got an invite to your study group, and waited forever for everyone to exhaust all of the questions they had for you.

L: That's when I asked if you wanted to go for a walk. [music moves to walking riff]

D: That's when I knew my world would never be the same. And we kept walking.

L: Long Utah streets turned into long summer conversations. And we kept walking.

D: and we kept walking and hours later we noticed we were downtown.

L: and we kept walking, and talking and laughing about music, old relationships, the quirks of Salt Lake City,

[music shifts to plucked chords]

D: and we kept walking, and when the night told us to leave, you
dropped me off at the dorms and I wrote you a poem that ended:
If I were to write you a poem
Then it would
Try to be safe, forgiving and
Warm, like the air after a
Southern storm, when the
Bugs have begun their hum
Again, as if nothing had happened.
It would turn back the pages that
So easily you showed,
So that you would know that
I had heard, and felt you
a wanderer
Searching for the home that
You know doesn't exist, but
You'll have nonetheless

L: And that night I wrote:
I don't want to be wooed. (D: I don't want no part of your crazy love....)
But I haven't felt so recognized in so long. It would be an adventure....

D: The next two weeks were a portal from a life I had yet to appreciate
into a life I had yet to understand.

L: On June 21st, 2014 we agreed that what we found in each other was
important, and worth being curious about

D: We even marked it as our anniversary from thence forward, knowing
that in a week, all would disappear.

L: The next day you sat on the deck of a Park City cabin, as I paused in
the next room to consider it all.

D: We had just shared a first kiss and declaration of love on a gondola
floating high above the mountains,

L: and you wrote:
"Yes, but how do you feel?"
That, the midline, like
Coming down from altitude,
The shimmer behind well-placed

Wit and grins, the difference
Between now and never,

D: Limits inspire.
Chances proceed.

L: And I paused
In the sweet sound of your breath,
The soft roll of your self, and the
Sheer magnitude of the sun bound
Up in your eyes, your hand reaching
To guide me across the smallest rise
That was once a ravine.

[music shift intro to "Let It Be Me", a slow version, melancholy]

D: And then I left, and you stayed there in Salt Lake City,

L: Somehow forgotten but found.. I wandered the rooms of the empty
house we had shared thanking you for breaking my heart open. . ."Let It
Be Me" excerpt
If for each bit of gladness
Someone must taste the sadness
I'll bare the sorrow
Let it be me

Each time we meet love
I find complete love
Without your sweet love
What would life be.....trail off music

D: she Whispered calmly, As if in a dream, And calling to the World for
answers She knows exist, Waking to a dawn Long believed, new Eyes
casting relief on What has gone: "And you marked Me",

L: he replies from Around sound as Confusion, "messages Left in my skin,
sun- Burst and rain, new Life in spring and candle Flames asking 'What
else?'"

D: So we went, back and forth, texts and phone calls, daily reminders
that we exist, though I was determined not to be the one to suggest you
come to visit.

[music changing, more uplifting but similar vibe, toward D major]

L: And I wasn't giving the thought room to grow, and then one day.

D: One day we each opened the door a tiny crack

L: And the light that shone in couldn't be stopped

D: You were on the western most end of I-90, I was on the Eastern most end, each of us looking out to sea, and the next thing I knew, you were on a plane coming toward me.

L: And then I was there!

D: Release!
The sparkling diamond
Light on the sea,

L: we saw light houses all along the New England coast

D: Release,
All moments like
This one.

L: a cabin in the Green Mountains of Vermont watching fall settle in with its rainbow of leaves

D: Release,
Loud, brash, big big big

L: Boston, Portsmouth, New York City!

D: And soft, quiet
Reasoned space
Between you and me

[New England song? . . . transition to "When I'm 64"?]

D: And don't forget why you were actually there

L: Right, we were teaching, teaching in a brand new way. (warm up sounds)

D: As we taught together, we learned, and as we wandered around this new reality, we fell more and more for each other. Love, it turns out, was a mere placeholder for life.

Our six weeks of magic ended with my 40th birthday.

L: And Doris' 64th. We sat on their hotel bed and sang to your parents Beatles, and then went out for a full night, ending as the band played their song, and we watched them dance. [my girl]

[music shifting to upbeat groove based on "Almost There"]

D: The next day you left, this time, but not with the tears that filled the Salt Lake, but with confidence. When I returned home I found the tiniest note sitting in a shell we had plucked from beneath a New Hampshire light house that said "for when I come back". I sat in our room, surrounded by the ghosts of our life:

Old times with you
Seem new, each
Moment again, a
Fresh reminder of
Your hand in mine,
Like today, yesterday
Blends with all that
Is to come and all
Time is ours...the
Touch of your life in
Mine, the communal
Breath of togetherness.

L: So I started packing. Packed up my life from Seattle, filled the car with essentials like my space heater and buckets of clothes, paid years of past parking fines, and hit the road.

D: You took the longest route possible, driving nearly 5000 miles through L.A., Texas and New Orleans, teaching and taking college visits along the way.

L: sing quote of "Almost There"

D: we only have
Again what visits today, even memory
May only understand tomorrow.

L: So that I could meet you at Blue Spring Manor on Thanksgiving.

D: Kathy said "How old is she? Right, you know she's not likely to hang around?" And my parents said "Oh, she's wonderful, but we won't get attached too soon."

L: And my parents said "Thank god he's a Democrat."

[music stops for joke, then comes back in light, melodic frolic a la rom com or Sweet Caroline]

D: Chapter two: Boston

L: January.

D: That was a great New Year's Eve

L: I seem to remember a random passer by saying "you look like a guy who could wear suede in the rain and not get wet."

D: And we weren't even that cold

L: Is this as cold as it gets?

D: Give it time. . .and we were teaching, singing, living a new life

L: is this as cold as it gets?

D: and shoveling snow,

L: walking over ice. . .surely it's as cold as cold can be

D: give it time. . .shoveling more snow,

L: stuck in a freezing cold attic, I don't want to know if cold can be any colder than this.

D: shoveling snow we had already shoveled into the neighbor's yard back into our yard after they got mad, but honestly, where else was there to put it in 2016?

L: I learned that biscuits are so much more than just three ingredients

D: I learned that any dish can handle more spices than I could imagine, and that cooking isn't an invitation for commentary

L: but did you really learn that?

D: the learning continues. . .

[music to "Love Me Tender"]

D: The feeling of inevitability never left. For our second Valentines Day, I can remember putting together a gift I had found for you at a little hipster shop in Somerville that included a small music box that played "Love Me Tender." I stopped and looked around our attic home and I remembered thinking that:

L: [singing "Love me tender"]
Some day from now
I'll remember lying in
Bed, wrapping a present
For you, considering
Enjambment, not as a
Poetic agent, more in the
Context of noticing life from
Just outside, realizing that
Pleasures you've known had
A name long before you knew
To call them anything at all,
Listening to Elvis hum his sweet
Lyrics in my head, vulnerable
Except for the wink in his voice,
Yet still tender, that word, "always",
Always, it echoes, rings across time,
And will settle in me, some,
Unpredictable day when the gray
Light of February is cuddling left-
Over snow lying hopefully on
Gables, or perhaps when the slow
Turn of seasons confuses itself
Again, and effort seems to recoil
In acquiesce, allowing what will be.

D: That was the first time that I really knew that we would be together, that we were together, that there was no need to define "forever", it simply was. I finished that poem with a sentiment that has continued to grow since then:

L: I can't imagine any
Moment more special than a chance
To remember loving you so deeply,
Wholly, and unrefined,
Loss may be the defining feature of Life,
But it pales in comparison to
Found, which is how change has
Reawakened in me ever since I first
Saw it in your eyes.

D: Chapter Three: Moving On

L: We planned together, played together, started our first business together, and drove across the country two more times in search of adventure before we started to talk about moving on.

D: You had an audition in LA, and sent me a photo from the beach eating a salad,

L: I knew that the blizzard you were living through that day was soon to be our past.

D: We only ever saw this move as a joint decision, as a couple whose lives were entwined. Though we had no jobs, no place to live, and only a little money to get us into a bustling, crazy, huge city,

L: we jumped in the car together with a lap full of butterflies and hit the road toward sunshine.

L: I'll be your Emmlou

D: We celebrated our June 21st anniversary at a cabin in the Colorado mountains. We recorded our first songs together and then came the descent along The 1 into LA.

L: Our last night on the road we stopped in Big Sur at the only hotel for miles, ate a way too expensive lasagna and watched the sun slowly sink on our past.

D:
The chance of change, the choices
That lead to identity, the way place
Becomes a part of you, like a two-headed
Sunset, reaching above and below the cloud line,
Settling slowly into tomorrow.

L: The next day we were in LA, first stop - Venice Beach to jump in the ocean with all our clothes on.

D: Chapter 4 We're beach people

L: yes, we're beach people, it's what we do. And here's to our new town with new creative people who share space and music and new sounds

and summers of fun

(D: It's only just begunnn, the summer of fun!

L: Another summer and another summer and I was feeling bold. I wanted to buy you a ring. I wanted you to feel wooed. I was going to propose to you in Paris.

D: And I was going to propose to you in Paris. . .was it a coincidence that our Europe tour took us to Paris? Were you trying to hint at something?

L: I called my close friends and family and told them what I had planned.

D: And I called your close friends and family (in addition to my own) to get their insight. And like expert Ashland Shakespearean dramaturges they kept their dual secrets under their hats, and no one was the wiser.

L: I practiced getting down on one knee every morning in the shower

D: That Paris day was a blur of fine art, cheese plates, and nerves, but when I opened my box with your ring in it, and you stopped me mid sentence and opened your own I felt the poetic insistence of our lives swirling around us. Being with you, even, perhaps especially, in these moments of extreme focus, feels like a perpetual uplifting surprise. Like the universe aligning just for us.

L: "Take me"sung with Jaxon (Argento)

D: I listened to that song every morning while you were in the shower, not knowing you were practicing your proposal.

L: Love is a song sung by your nearness,
carried in the air where it feeds the promises of life
like the ocean's soft morning clouds,
this is how you love me

D: Through a masters degree

L: In you I hear my future,

D: Traveling every month

L: In you I see the dawn,

D: Trapped in a pandemic

L: In you I find the joys of life

D: Planning a zoom wedding

L: With you I can go on.

16:30'

D: Chapter 5 Quarantine

L: The closer we got to our wedding celebration, the more the world seemed to fall apart.

D: I decided to write a poem a day for the 30 days leading up to our first wedding. On June 11 I wrote:

Two weeks from today:

The world is in a crisis,

Such a time to wed.

L: And on June 11th I wrote - This whole time I've been like "babe, you smell like an onion," but today I realized that I smell like an onion.

D: Quarantine for as far out as we could predict, we downshifted into the daily process of working and living from within a two-person view of life within a tiny box.

L: Overheard in the quarantine bunker:

D: You sound more and more like Eric Cartman every day

L: I hope I have accomplished your goals for lunch

D: If my brain creates the whole world, then my brain created you, and that is the most beautiful thought in the world (that I created)

L: And that's when I got the most untameable idea ever to expand our world together. Let's get a puppy!

L/D: Heaven's a Julep on the porch, Heaven's a Julep on the porch..

L: Wait...let's get another puppy! I wanted 6 but I'll settle for 2..

L: Within 30 seconds they were the best of friends

D: Their closeness inspired these puppy proverbs

L: Play more than you sleep, sleep more than you eat, cuddle often

D: Toys are for sharing

L: Squeakers are for squeaking

D: Don't abandon a toy after the stuffing is gone

L: Kisses are life

D: Sharing the water bowl is a sacred act

L: When you can't understand what they're saying, just wag

D: There is no "l" in "puppy", but there's plenty of "p"

L: Insist on going along for the ride

D: Everywhere is a good place to play if you have a good friend

L: Greet the morning with kisses

D: When you meet a friend for life, wrestle it out

L: Nibble often, never bite

D: Lie still, they will pet you

L: We needed more than our tiny box for all these creatures. Could a creek exist in LA? I thought of the picture of the purple house I had taken and taped into my journal more than 20 years ago, and like magic (and with a lot of scrolling) our paradise home appeared.

[Sung with Jaxon: I hear the river running water running by, I'd like to be that river, see what I might find...]

D: I woke up thinking about a haiku that I wrote

To you in our haiku flirtations six years ago:

Summer, like a day,

I didn't get enough of it:

Seeing you, that is...

D: Every time I pause to remember what we did even this week I'm overwhelmed.

L: If ever there were people who could do it all they were us. We are creators, artists, ignitors of dreams.

L: Building, creating, receiving, pausing

D: Sharing, experiencing, easing, living

L: Adjusting, loving,

D: Nurturing,

L: Being

D: Together

L: renewed

D: Thank you for being the keeper of my stories.

L: Thank you for being the keeper of my stories.

D: Thank you for writing our story together.

L: Thank you for writing our story together.

[Sung: I am walking on this earth stronger than ever....]

[END]

D: To me you are like a promise that was never spoken
But that I always wanted to hear.

To me you are music, to me you are love.

L: When I think back to the most important,
transformative moments from the last 7 years,
you are there making them beautiful and possible.

You are the person I want to be with the most.

You are beautiful to me.

D: Together I want to make things,

Creations that answer the lustful

Excitement that races through us.

L: Together I want to pause,

To stare into one another's eyes

Until we see the universe unfold

In silver orbits, the threads of forever.

D: I want to see you, to hear you, and to truly listen to you.

I want to make space for you to have your own experiences.

Together I want to play within the abundance

Of joy that you bring me, and remember that above all

The gift of you to me makes together possible.

L: I will bring to you my whole self, as honest and whole and open

A version of myself as I can muster in every moment.

For you I will strive to bring beauty into the world,

The kind of beauty that feeds your soul.

D: I choose you, I choose you, I choose to

Make the choice of choosing you, this

Here, this unchallenged, unfiltered choice,

The kind that is unassailable and bold,

A reflection of self, my-self, fully.

L: I am so grateful that I trust you, and even as the world gets a
whole lot crazier,

I'm so grateful that I can still see it as beautiful and possible with
you by my side.

D: We integrate our promises, knowing that vows are living
documents to be revisited and built upon.

L: In the renewal of our partnership, we remember that today is a
moment in the story that we are writing together every day, always
and forever.

Possibility and Pause

There we sit, awingly loving transformation,
The asphalt muscle of decades unneeded,
Unwanted by the burden beasts whose
Choked existence once fed the veins and canals
Of what we called industry, and we, scanning
The horizon for time but finding no need.

Was it really just yesterday, and is it possible
To want for isolation, panic, and strained purpose
Here in the land of possibility and pause?
Has the strain of a year of pain been more than
Rain, more than a dream of some life yet to be
Penned into what was then, a landscape to
Uncover generations ago as Einstein might have
Told us, by those who need to know what it is
That they still carry with them but were never told?

I hold these words close in my heart;
That love, no matter the cause, kneels
To your passing, wakes to your voice,
Delights in the thought of your nearness,
You, whose life springs in the garden of
Wishes I once planted and forgot until
Your precious eyes watered them, you
Who makes each day dance, you, and you, and
You whose life I once again pledge into
Mine, and the story that sits with us atop
The used and discarded means of yesterday
Breathes again the poetry of now and forever.

Sometimes I find myself jealous of the people who knew you
Long before I did, the ones who got to witness your brilliance,
Be shaped by the beautiful ways you explored the world and
Learned to hear yourself among the sea of noise.

I wonder at your reflections looking back across my past,
The extra decade and a half of people and faces whose
Energy you can only touch through memory drawn in gray scale,
Yet I can see your compassionate mind tracing their outlines
Even as their images disappear behind the next sentence.

The last year has been the stuff of stories, of remember whens and
Scars whose ubiquity builds a callous on humanity that blocks out
The light on any one experience: We are destined to retread the
Pronounced past on our own, an insanity crafted in history and myth.

Right now I am jealous of perspective and patience, wanting for
The feeling of pause into possibility, of hearing the sounds of tomorrow
Flutter by in the mirror of your eyes, to grasp at promise as it passes
By over a pastry and warm beverage, to witness casually as the
Flutter of hummingbird wings and the chortle of the stream
Sing that your love inspires connection, focus, change, and desire.

The thing about adding other beings into your life:
Everything has an agenda and needs attention.
A year ago we had only us and a world spinning
In heat-melting frenzy on the other side of a computer
Screen that we touched solely through tattered emotions
And questions without answers. Today our moments are
Crowded by more and more people reaching through
The screens that they have learned to master, frayed
And forlorn beliefs have electrified a sloppy reintegration
Of other into self-space, and any moment is as likely to be
Met with a whine or a wrestle from new furry attention seekers
As it is to be taken up with concern for other new companions
Whose brains live underground, and whose lives outstretch
Our own back into a time when our definition of place
Had no imagination.

How do we walk into togetherness when so much around
Begs to separate us? Where are the gaps into which we pour
Ourselves, supple and raw, easy, and warm, and welcoming?

Travel empties parts of us, lets us clean the walls and filters,
Restart the engine with cleaner parts, and we're good at travel;
Smooth, efficient, easy-going. The simple flow of time rolls
Past us like a gentle hand encouraging patience and possibility.
The containing vessels of people's lives, the boxes and expanses
That define their daily senses call out softly in passing, a mild
Flirtation of what might be in another existence, of what we
Will never have the privilege to know, a vast wasteland of
Experience beyond comprehension, but we have never had
Our home, really, not the place that feels like it's waiting for us
With arms open and kitchen clean, the place that travels with us,
That sits beside us on the patio to gaze into the future and wonder
At what life will be like then, to listen to the past and seek its counsel.
When I step away from life for a second to remind myself of the
Happenstance that led to me, here, now, and you cuddling two canines
As the morning sun washes over the newly planted thyme just
Barely reaching its arms above the earth, the vast possibilities of
Experience that found me, that include you and your genius living,
Baffles all sense of reason that I know, and is simply beautiful.

Friends, we had some today, casual, easy, eating around a
Long table, laughing, hugging, forgetting that there was
Ever a moment when we weren't allowed, ignoring the
World around whose continued struggle with a superior
Dominating force has kept us at bay for so long, and I keep
Imagining so many people in our yard who will come to
Celebrate with us, to celebrate love, to celebrate the chance to
Celebrate, and we don't have to wonder whether, or calculate
The gap between safe and wishful, but can just settle into
The cacophony of too many people piled into our space
To laugh, and hug, and forget about the year's world for a day.

Today feels like a glimmer of new hope, some clog in my
System deciding that it's ok to move through, release into
Remembrance of the belief that I exist, that you exist and
Are worthy of the praise of each moment, unfiltered and blissful.
Today feels like looking across dirt and seeing dirt impregnated
With seeds, yes, but not needing it to be a garden it isn't,
Rather, the momentary makeup and happenstance of each
Natural ingredient fallen together to be, today feels like a
Chance to breathe and let in what may have been forgotten, to
Leak out what doesn't help; Today, we plan a wedding.

There's something very comforting
About a sleeping dog,
At least, in terrier land sleep is a
Rare moment of repose from ball
Playing, time-slopping kisses, and wrestling.
Today culminated in a building
Suspicion I had about my emotional
State as I read through my 30 days
Of poetry from this time last year,
And heard the nearness of the
Passion I felt during those days
Like a perpetually stirring terrier
Leaping at life with random and
Possessive energy.
The calming elements of quarantine
Were amplified by the mounting
Unrest all around, a perpetual reminder
Of just how out of control we all were.
Within it all I found the easy rhythm of
Sharing the glow of our love through verse.

Then we found a pulse, a way
Through that forced us into
Patterns unnatural to desire,
But nonetheless kept us focused
And friendly. 360 days now since I
Started this project the first time,
I realize that witness has become
Historian at the hands of
The slow decay of variety, the
Increased needs of those around us,
And the confusion of starting it all
Again without a plan or purpose.

I ache for heartache again, I
Strain to remember the damage
Flowing through the lives of so many;
A desolate river forceful and relentless
As I sit here whole and thriving but
Empty and distanced from my own

Experience: that beloved core that
Has given meaning to time's passage
Ever since your voice first filled my ears with song.
I reach out to myself across the
Dampness of this year's memory,
Past the course and aggressive rattle
Of descent and anger, through
The empty call of unknowing possibility,
And grasp for the fullness that
Your presence provides, the daily
Richness of the nearness of you.

We walk together, closer than before,
Carrying the weight of our time and
The time of others close at hand,
And I am more than I was then,
Fuller, broader, and more able
To appreciate the fervor of your
Passionate existence.

Whatever air I have caused you to breathe
Because of the torment I perceived
In these moments I lay before you with humility.
Whatever sadness I passed on to you
Through the conduit of our collaboration,
I ask for guidance to turn to joy.
Whatever lifelessness I have shared
From deep within the rancid bowels
Of a quarantine created through the
Stupidity of men whose desire for
Power outstretched their compassion,
I promise to innervate again so that
The brilliance of your spirit, whose
Determined liveliness has remained
Undeterred through it all, may once
Again thrive in the face of the world's dullness.

Today I wind the clock (that has fitted and
Started for too long) in the name
Of the beauty that floated into our lives
Seven years ago and encourage the
Flame whose fire grows now in
All those within reach so that
Our days may thrive in ways that
Echo the calm sweetness of a dog at rest.

Softness strains under the weight of anger,
Seeking cracks through which it can seep,
A calm easy morning, the air tickling with
Simple crispness, the cackling creek that sings
To us every day, new plants whose lives are tied
To our own, and who bring beauty and comfort
From efforts unseen, nature's symphony in peacock,
Finch, hummingbird, and jay songs, coyotes' rowdy
Late night ballads, accompanied by the wind at rousing
Intervals, they feed us, allow us to reread our hearts, to
Remember that hardness was always a choice, just one that
Came around slowly, through practice and limited outlets.
Tracing your face in my mind each morning has been an
Anchor, a portal to the softer parts of me, the seeds waiting
Beneath unyielding soil for a moment when warmth and water
Would bring them to life again. There are seeds who wait for
Thousands of years for their chance. Wherever they exist on the
Karma scale, they must have the practice of a vision of someone
Like you, a lifeline to their own soul, a reminder of the parts that,
When awakened, can fill the world with brightness again.

The funny thing about people is that we think we're the same
From start to finish.

When we review our lives, or even think about last week,
We consider that the person in the memory that represents us
Is us.

Even a book on a shelf ages, decays, gets smelly, but
People morph from one being into the next, held together
Most radically by bacteria, childhood coping mechanisms that
Guide the significant decisions, and habits.

If we are the sum of coping and habits, and coping and habits
Can be altered, since they are only combinations of chemicals and
Electrical current, then we are surely able to become completely
Different people.

Ok, so you say, DNA and all, and ok, sure, there's encoding, but pull
Back far enough and people are so similar as to being stupidly the
Same, and, even our encoding can't save us from time and habits.

Which makes connection such a mystery: the mystical interactions we
Share, the profound attraction, daily excitement by your presence, the
Storyed way that you dropped into my path at the only moment when
Our habits and our ages allowed for us to first consider one another,
The smack, bang, boom! of it all, the curious interests we share, and
The differences that allow us to chase one another and wrestle in
Ways that keep it all interesting, that inspire us to want to change
And morph habits into tools for the good of one another, of our selves.

That's magic.

The light mechanics of a morning:
Squirrel hooves on the roof,
Cuddles,
Gossamer light floating past the window,
Sleepy puppy eyes,
Possibility.

You asked if I forgave you,
After a short, taught conversation
That is as close as we get to fighting,
And the shock of the moment left
Me without an answer, it wasn't
That I didn't have an immediate,
Affirmative reaction, but that the
Idea of forgiveness felt so common
That for it to be requested as a special
Permission threw me. Who am
I to forgive, when so much of
The breath I take feels like an
Offense to those who need it more?
We've been traveling 400MPH on
A tread mill for so long my body is
Tired and tuned for action, confused
By the effort spent in stasis, yet
Eager for the next round, and the
Word "forgiveness" felt somehow like
A key to a room I had long forgotten,
A paradise portal with passage for two.
Like the thick green light of the pre-dawn
Morning, your struggle diffuses, softens,
And seeps into every crack of my
Consciousness, enlivening and
Thrilling me into the day.

Painting around ivy
Is patient work, the kind that could
Have been prescribed to warrior
Monks to prepare them for the
Inevitable showdown at the end.
Bird songs accompany the dreamlike
State of slowly pulling back a leaf
At a time, each chatter and whirl
A strand of memory, a call into time's pause.
Preserving the beauty that surrounds us
Requires calm and persistence in
The face of the dual, muscular calls to
Get it done and relax into oblivion.
Perhaps if this year has a lesson to tell
It's that the world's textures create
Enlivening potential for those who
Can slow themselves to hear.

Is it possible that we shared something new last night?
That a voice migrating through our experience now has
More form, shape and voice, and a weight previously
Undefined but dragging on our sense of self, of togetherness,
Has come into the room with us, has form and character,
Has the ability to listen and be heard?

How many hours, how many stressful moments of walking
Around the potency of pain does it take before a window
Presents itself and allows the thin veneer to be altered
Enough to see inside, to awaken to inner workings whose
Churning has powered an engine enormous and strong?

This process of slowing, of opening, of waiting, of rephrasing,
Of hoping, of trusting, of listening, of how must it feel to awaken
So much effort? The influence of deep habits that control
The big stuff, but stay hidden in plain sight rewires the
Hinges of illuminating doors whose opening may occur by
Moments, but whose closing slams shut if not approved by them.

A portal through which, each morning,
Lilacs, poppies, and flying things,
Cellular stretch, every molecule expanded
To race through miasmas of consciousness
Simultaneously rushing sensation to roaming
Authority, freedom internally, the touch point of
Spacetime, windows and doors, light passage into
Eternity, silver gelatin melting, reforming,
Awakening through gauzian blur into your arms
Following feelings of deepest beauty, my body
Bursting as molecular return signals momentary
Wholeness echoed in the few words of affirmation
A morning can bear and a glimpse at the grace of you.

Listen and to the tale attend
Of the Dopplegous Frog of Froggy Glenn
And how he met his ominous end
At the hands of his own worst enemy.

He was known by folks for many miles
For his stealth, and cunning, and crafty wiles
But he always left everyone in smiles
Like the one that he wears for eternity.

By day he would walk among the green
And spend time frolicking in the stream
His favorite food was flies with cream
And he reveled in new discoveries.

He liked to play, to sing and dance
He frequented a fast romance
And daring, when he had the chance,
Was more or less his hobby.

One night while flirting heavily
With a charming coyote maiden, she
Was comely and spoke so dulcetly,
Of the coyote choir coven, "See. . .

Each night," she carefully explained,
"The coyotes meet in clear or rain
And sing a reveling refrain
Until the sun makes them all coventry."

The Dopplegus Frog of Froggy Glenn
Knew just what he had to do right then
If only he could have predicted the end
Of this recklessly winsome slapdashery!

But he had a trick up is froggidy sleeve
For instead of having to turn and leave
When danger came near he could ho and heave
And turn himself into an effigy.

There from his statuesque brilliant pause
He was safe from teeth, and tails, and paws
And could laugh just like jolly old Santa Clause
At those who would, for him, their supper eat.

And so he went strolling into the pack,
No moment of confidence did he lack,
And began with their howling to throw himself back,
Until they caught on to his harmony.

The coyotes in turn did not miss a beat,
But quickly got onto their coyote feet
And they pursued after him down the street,
To punish him for his audacity.

The game didn't go quite as Froggy prepared
As they chased him, their viciousness made him quite scared,
And he almost forgot how his life would be spared
Until he almost fell suddenly.

They raced him up hills and down valleys below,
Where all they went only mystery knows
'Till they ended up near where the Old Oak Tree grows
And he launched into his froggy wizardry.

But there, I have to admit my friends,
That Dapplepous Frog of Froggy Glenn,
Overdid his smart spell and began to descend
To a statue that lives on perpetually.

Yes, there he is now, smiling big as his face
Lost to time, and to sense, and even to place,
But if you listen close, you'll hear his froggy bass
As he sings with the coyote's hymnody.

It's Just That

A G9/B A/C#
It was hard to find a place to write this song
D D/E
When we've been stuck together with precious little time alone
F#m G
But there's nothing I can do
A Bm A/C# D
Cause I found the world in you
D/E
I guess I've kind of known it all along

D/A G9/B A/C#
It's just the way you smile at me
D D/E E
Getting to hear you sing every day for free
F# G A Bm A/C# D
Slowing down enough to remember we're carefree
D/E
And that life with you has more than we can see

D/A G9 A/C#
It's just that I love you
And it seems like somehow
D D/E F#m
I always knew that your love would make me
F#m/B A/C# D
Feel brand new
It's more than I know how to believe,
When I see you smile at me

You can always find a special place
In mamma's cuddle pile
Whether you've just got here
Or you've been here for a while
If you care to join us, it's sure to make you smile
Just sit right down in mamma's cuddle pile.

If barking is your answer
Better get on down the road
Ain't no room for scuffalin'
Or carry-in' a heavy load.
Yeah Mamma's got a form'la
And it's all that's here to do: that's
Cuddles, pets, and snuggles
And they're waitin' here for you.

If you got an opinion
Well, just keep it to yourself
Arguing and grumbles are
Best put back on the shelf.
It's an elevated reason,
But one you can enjoy:
Cuddles that are brazen
Just ain't what a cuddle's for.

Yeah life's got many questions
And worries yeah it's true
But when you're cuddling with Mamma
There's nothing more to do.
Here in the Pile you'll find a way
To let it all wash down
Once you're in Mamma's cuddle
You'll get smiles for all your frowns.

Strokes and clicks abound
This year of inside, alone:
Warmth is knowing you.

I still can't fathom:
How springtime unfolds each day,
Renewed in your face.

Chirps, songs, calls, squeaks and squawks
From our avian neighbors flung across
The valley in a free soundtrack for all
As the fairies sing from their garden walls
"Come and grow old with me, the best is yet to be."
We needed rain, clouds from ancient wells
Granting cellular permission to weep;
Today smells like memory, the ones we have yet to recall.
Even the carpenter's work seems to have stalled as
The thick air rises wearily into welcoming nostrils,
A mind-erasing haze whose calm announces the
Promised prelude of presence, now, always, connection to
Threads woven in universal time, never where you can find
Them, but always around, that sound, hope abounding,
Waiting to open to us in a future that crowns the
Inevitable gift of life with you that I have held
So lightly that I may have forgotten how it
Crafted my soul since the moment your eyes first
Carved this presence into my being.

One, two, three, four, five, six, seven
Seven is like heaven with you-oo-oo
One, two, three, four, five, six, seven
All the things that we're gonna do.

Now we're together nothing can stop us
Yeah everything about you is true
One, two, three, four, five, six, seven
Look at what we've gotten ourselves into

Let me take you back to ONE
To be exacting, June twenty-one
We gave it a go and it was just for fun
Found out that you were perfect just by taking a plunge
Discovered a whole new world just by getting it done

Now on to TWO
There we were just me and you
We settled down in Boston making something new
Light houses, leaves, and winter, and some teaching too
Thinking maybe you're the one who's gonna see me through

Number THREE
We moved across the country
Started making plans for who we could be
Taking the relationship from sea to sea
Believing nothing can get in the way of you and me

Number FOUR
Knock, knocking on the Angels' door
Trying to make a living with less than more
Taking in all that California has in store
And loving everything that there is to explore

Singin'
One, two, three, four, five, six, seven
Seven is like heaven with you-oo-oo
One, two, three, four, five, six, seven
All the things that we're gonna do.

Now we're together nothing can stop us
Yeah everything about you is true
One, two, three, four, five, six, seven
Look at what we've gotten ourselves into

Now on to number FIVE
We're starting to thrive,
Got ourselves a community and feeling alive
Each one of us in secret has a plan to contrive
What will mean that we can stay together all of our lives

Number SIX
Had big plans for getting hitched
Had to go to quarantine which made that nix
Still we zoomed, then bought a house, got some dogs in the
mix
Instead of going down, we just kept on turning tricks

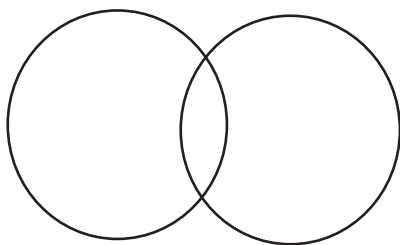
And number SEVEN
E
Who knows what's left to find
A
But I'm happy that I'm yours and you are mine
E
Yeah we're gonna get it done and we're gonna unwind
D A
We can do anything now that we've got the time

E A
One, two, three, four, five, six, seven
E D A
Seven is like heaven with you-oo-oo
E A
One, two, three, four, five, six, seven
D A E
All the things that we're gonna do.

Now we're together nothing can stop us
Yeah everything about you is true
One, two, three, four, five, six, seven
Look at what we've gotten ourselves into

Tattoos: the mark of permanence in
An otherwise transient existence, a measure so stark as
To cause a predictably ponderous response from
The previous generation, even over
The span of decades and centuries; how is it that
One simple artistic gesture can bring about
So much clarity and confusion in the same moment?

So has my experience gone, yet,
Once I had a reason to share in the fun,
Once you suggested we celebrate our union by
Tracing infinity in repetition collaboratively, I leapt at
The chance feeling no pause, no apprehension or cause for
Alarm, and now I can feel the charm of signing my arm
Together with yours, a continual reminder of our foreverness.



Song Medley

Inside Your Dreams

C
Walking to you, C/F C
Walking toward anything, you
Nothing to do C/F C
Standing reflections guide me to something new.

And I may have awoken
Yeah I may have awoken
G9 C
Inside your dreams
G9 C
Inside your dreams

Morning Sunshine

C C#b5 Dm G
Oh yesterday,
You might have found me looking sadly
Upon the things that I remembered to lay aside and hide
behind, But never could find a way to say
I wanted to find you so badly.

Oh, oh, oh, oh
Today, today, today, today, today,
You mightn't find me so weary
Today, today, today you know I'm looking more clearly
I'll just be fine to realize what's on my mind
Is likely to lead me to you, and. . .

I just had a little taste of that morning sunshine
Just like catching up a glimpse of that ole evening breeze
And every time I look around,
My feet, my feet they haven't touched the ground, and
I, I, I am taking life at it's ease.

Glad You're In My Life Today

I've heard them say
Love is only 'till it fades away
You know I'm glad you're in my life today
And I've heard them say
That tomorrow happens anyway
Still I'm just glad you're in my life today

Chorus
People come and people go
Sharing part of whatever they know
People moving like yesterday's dreams
Create stories for our lives as they seam

I've heard them say
That love is more or less a game we play
And that given time we tend to overstay
But I know, if I may,
That there's something special in your face
And I'm glad you're in my life today

C, G, F, G.....Am F, C, G

One Step Toward Me

Just take one step toward me
And I'll show you the line
I'll take one step toward you
And we'll start to ease your mind
If we stand together,
There'll be nothing left but time
Taking one step closer
We can love what's yours and mine
I leaned to love another by doing what I could
And most of what I got for grief was hearing what I should
But baby I'd be happy with a chance to sing your praise
And make witness of the way you spend the better of your days

Chorus
G, C, D finger roll

You're Always Here Today

Oh and yesterday you handed me a new forgotten stranger
A message from a more abundant age
Thought about a people who had rather run from danger
And listen to exactly what we say

And if you're feeling real good you may as well swim
If you're feeling on water, you might jump in
And if you think you're real smooth
Then go ahead, win
And if you're feeling tomorrow, begin

Chorus

The thing about me never coming is that I never go away
And the thing that tells me I can't lose you
Is that you always choose to stay
And maybe I'd be more concerned if
You were tryin to live my way
But the thing about your never leaving
Is that you're always here today

Am, Em, Am, Cmaj7

Chorus: F, Am, C, G

Everything I Ever Wanted

E A AM7 F#m B

Hear it on the radio
Good news travels fast
Something in the air
Made a difference at Last

But it's just like tomorrow
Today is never done
If you can make a memory
You can say you've just begun

Sipping Utah whiskey
Lying on the bed
Listening to the music
Playing in your head

Now everything is different
Like smiling at the sun
Like winning all the lotteries
To say that you're the one

You're everything I always wanted
And ten times more, that's true
And I believe that life has given me
The greatest gift in you

Mountains feed the rivers,
Rivers feed the whole
Everything in nature
Seems to have a goal

But they're doing what they're doing
Not knowing if it's right
And I feel like creation
Basking in your light

With You

C#m F#m
Even when we're busy, you still make me dizzy
A E/B B
Even when we're crushed, You're still my crush
C#m F#m
I don't need the world to make my days serene
A B C#m D#dim
You're the one who makes all of my pastures green

E F#m B
With you, I could climb the highest mountain
B E
With you, I could sail the deepest sea

E E7/D A
 With you, I turn the oldest story into something new
 E A B E
 There's nothing that I can't do, with You

C#m F#m
 Even when w're flustered, I'm the hot dog, you're my mustard
 A E/B B
 Even when we're flat you're still my pancake
 C#m F#m
 Though we may be fried, with you I'd run and hide
 A B C#M D#dim
 Anywhere we'd go would be the best place I've seen

E F#m B
 With you, I could climb the highest mountain
 B E
 With you, I could sail the deepest sea
 E E7/D A
 With you, I turn the oldest story into something new
 E A B E
 There's nothing that I can't do, with You

Original Lyrics

E F#m B
 With you, I'd move anywhere we'd dream of
 B E
 With you, I could write four books at once
 E E7/D A
 With you, I could teach 30 classes in just 5 days, while prepar-
 ing 4 concerts, premiering new music, preparing for a confer-
 ence, traveling across the country, etc., etc., etc.,
 E A B E
 Oh there's nothing that I can't do, with You

C#m F#m
 Even when we're done, you're still my number one
 A E/B B
 Even when we're checked you're still my playmate

C#m F#m
 If on life's fork we fall, you're still the greatest one of all,
 A B C#m D#dim
 With rain clouds up above you're still my love-ly

E F#m B
 With you, _____
 B E
 With you, _____
 E E7/D A
 With you, _____

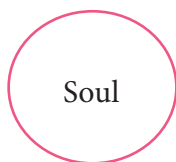
E A B E A
 B
 There's nothing that I can't do, yes, there's nothing that I won't
 do, oh there's nothing that I
 B E
 can't do, with YOU

turn riff: E D# C# B A G# A B C# B

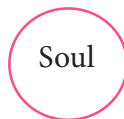
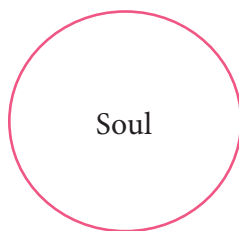
This feels different,
A testament to awareness, hopefulness, and pause.
Today we sat surrounded by a spring morning,
Visited with a friend, had some tea, didn't want the
Morning to end, and shared a part of you and me
That has been less available for us to feel: the
Nurturing of others, and in return, of ourselves.
An avalanche of organization that will carry
Us into the events of next week blows like a
Calming breeze, a remembrance of what we
Can do together when we aren't frozen in place
By circumstance, production, and space.
The ultimate celebration of our love is us,
Together, sharing, apart, excited, engaged
In the art of the life we create with each breath,
The songs that flow through our connected
Other, partner-self whose beat resounds in
Our feet, moves us to dancing and sweet-
Sounding days without end.

It seems obvious, yes,
To say that senses fill our lives,
That sound, sights, touches, smells and
Munches brighten moments into living
Memories through the simple (perhaps subtle)
Act of paying them attention, of, one might say
Flipping the perception switch on and the hypothetical
Switch off and just letting it roll over you; beginning
To respond in kind, allowing the inputs to play with
One another, to feed the soul by not controlling
Or folding them into the "lost and forgotten" bin,
And I would go as far as to say that, though potentially
Obvious, the act of loving lives a sensory life, renews
Along lines fed through interactive pathways who
Teach us that love happens now, today, in this sensory
Way that actually doesn't work if we spend our time
Considering what love may be, how it may or may not
Be fed or acknowledged or recognized, when, love is.
That's it, love is: the sounds of your voice that float
Around, the way you catch me off guard every
Time I see you, renewed with each blink so that
I may have the pleasure of seeing you again, the taste of
Your body on my tongue, the feel of you, ah, the feel
Of you stretching across every pore and all the ways
That we touch like your glistening aroma whose primal
Energy rushes to my brain, claiming memory like a host
To carry me into your waiting spirit.

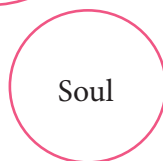
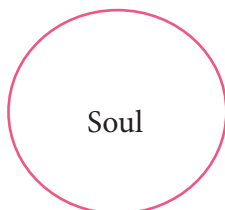
If circles elucidate soul,



Then I'll walk the

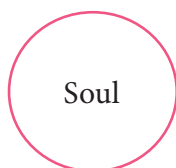
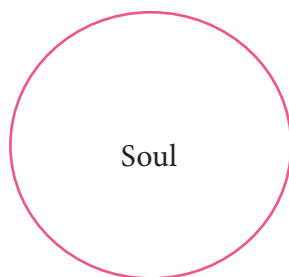
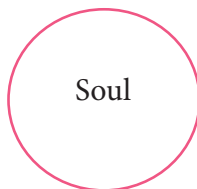


Circumference with you,

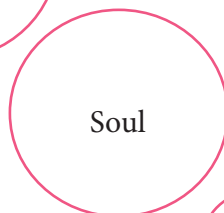
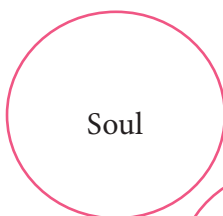
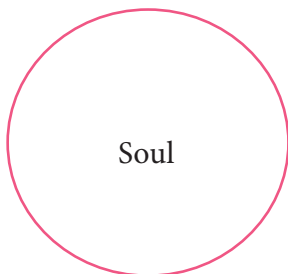
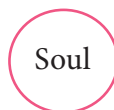


Back to where we started in

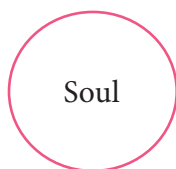
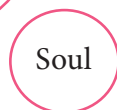
Everything we do



Until start is void of meaning



And finish ridiculous too.



I don't think that I could have guessed
That my life would one day be filled with the
Kinds of minutia that come with electronic editing.
In fact, I'm pretty sure that if I had told myself two
Decades ago that I would have to have the patience
Of a printmaker, I would have laughed nervously,
But that's life, isn't it? Building slowly the habits
That knowingly will one day blossom into beauty
When carefully brought into focus through necessity
And calm enough to take the next step?

If I had told myself two decades ago that I was going
To get to live, love, and create with you I would have
Frozen at the thought of how to make myself ready,
I would have studied more diligently the rules of life
And made rife my riches and talents so that you would
Have more than you could have ever imagined, because
That is what you deserve in my heart, but

It is the life that we led that brought us together,
And the richness of our togetherness, the careful and
Constant merger of minutia and release that gave
Us the keys to joys unimaginable to my former selves.
I mean, yes, I would have liked to have stored a few
More beans away to share with you, but then again,
How would we have learned to grow our own?

Building a deck is a poem:
The calculations, reflections,
Subtle forms of forgiveness that
Help to shape and challenge its
Way into being, the stubborn
Insistence that it will take more time
Than you have predicted, and reveal
Itself to you in moments unexpected
And strained by lack of direction, but
Sustained by the belief that you
Are there for a purpose, a noble one,
Pointless to those around, perhaps,
But if you are unable to see it through
The way forward will be partially blocked,
In perpetuity, or, at least until it isn't.

Anyone who thinks getting married twice to the same
Incredible, life-filling, creative, profound, affirming,
Supportive, engaging, fun, energetic, determined, amazing
Woman in two years sounds odd
Hasn't had the occasion to get married twice to the same
Brilliant, beautiful, caring, giving, receiving,
Complex, bright, gorgeous, spiritual, loving,
Woman in two years. . .

It IS Exciting!!!

And one of the best parts about this strange year of
Unpredictable turns and twists is that we somehow
Let it slip from the challenges column into options for
Making life happen, I mean, sure there were paths that
Led to crazy-making, and moments where tension gave
Fuel to re-imagining (in the ways that we do), but we did it:
We floated this gift of a year, even with the guilt of surviving
Largely unscathed and the downward pressure of "who knows?"
That gave rise to "let's try it this way," and today we await the
Arrival of people whose place a year ago got redefined in a
Liminal space, but with whom we have new reasons to celebrate
That we are more than enough for any year, no fear, just a
Rear view mirror painted with flowers and rainbows because
You and me, we make memories so jealous of tomorrow that
They compete for a chance to happen again.

You said that the difference
Between a wedding and a performance
Is that, at a wedding, we have direct
Relationships with all of the audience.
Their stories flow through ours,
Connect us to different parts of ourselves
That we know intimately, but don't always
Understand; their presence, the smelling salts
Of being, awakens parts of us most
Often left undisturbed.

There is no wonder that family
Is like fish, for, if fishes were subjected
To such a feat surely they would fry themselves.
How much more can we expect out
Of this moment when these parts have
Lain dormant for so many months?

You are in the other room cackling
Predictably with your college friend,
An ease much more comfortable and
Obvious than an old shoe, more like
The smell of rain, the color
Of the rare air people breathed when
Forming their selves, the cooing sounds that
Loved ones make at your nearness,
The way everyone has a traceable hugging signature,
The taste of your family's famous dish.

Have we forgotten them, or simply
Been distracted by other parts,
Other voices whose daily insistence
Made little room for the poetry of
Ages in their zeal for tomorrow?

Within every soul there resides a
Combination of many voices whose
Chorus defines an expansive whole
But whose roster rarely performs in full.
On weeks like this, they leave the bench,
Invited by circumstance rather than intention,
Circumventing us in ways we have no tools
To handle, filling us with unmatched possibility,
The recipe for implosion or acceptance,
A result of either heat and resistance.

Difference is friends
In a horseshoe
Forgetting that there
Ever was a time that they
Weren't allowed;
It's watching the wave of
Realization flow over us
That we get to celebrate our
Wedding surrounded by the
Electrical current of others;
Seeing the light of happiness
In your eyes at the thrill of
Being you, here, on this day,
The most beautiful bride,
Radiant in the glow of
All that is to come.

Today's grind of chores
Collected like sticky notes
On platters and tubs,
Wrung from citrus into
A pitcher, lovingly placed into
A bag to reveal clarity
Carries on its back the
Tender connection of those
Whose lives surround us,
The people whose sacrifice
To be with us can never be paid,
And would never ask for it.

Today is so full,
The day that we have dreamed of:
So full I'm empty.

Epilogue to the Epilogue to the Epilogue

You are a beautiful excuse to create,
To draw down the poisons of life, to
Blend them with floral-infusions, to
Remember in practice the promises
That sustain and revitalize.

Last year I sat on a couch as we settled
Into half-cooked microwave pasta
Late on a Santa Barbara weekend,
Still alone together in the world but
Having only escaped from the downward
Spiral for long enough to celebrate.

Last year our wedding sustained me,
It brought serum to my veins in song,
Visuals, and poetry whose emotions~
Viewed like museum exhibits of a time
I vaguely recall having passed through~
Awaken as through temporal portals,
Expressions of a moment that had
No conceivable understanding.

I entered last month intent upon
Claiming again the respite of creation,
But the hardness of the daily grind closed
Me like a shell with no smiling fissure,
The practice of presence a gripping hand.
Slowly the words guided me into being,
Like reaching through a Gaussian curtain;
The parts of me to first obtain certainty
Unseen from my enclosure, were
Stripped of the callouses whose
Barnacles fed on months of months
Of deadlines and get-it-dones such that our
Communication had begun to speak only
From small arterial pathways that carried
Essential blood to keep our together-being alive.

Creating with you, creating for you,
Making in the name of the love we share,
Carved away at the build up,
Awakened a belief in pause and
Reflection, barraged my senses
With the healing presence of your
Light cycling more deeply into my
Inner-most selves so that effort
Eventually transformed into vitality
As the fresh-blooming result of the
Slow feeding and patient hand holding
That has been the music of our lives.

We woke up this morning in an
Ancient, impossible place
Having spent an evening surrounded
By vocal sounds emitting from live
Bodies translating tradition amongst
An orchestral haze in the warm night,
Accompanied by curated tastes
Fresh and new to our mouths
And rare vistas whose impossible
Presence escaped meaning.
The sensory intrusion of a thousand
Welcome invaders washed over me
After the long-forgotten exhaustion of a
Well-traveled day settled my self
Into accepting, and I am whole a-new
Through the magic of the nearness of you.

The bones of humanity's achievements
Displayed in their fragments above us,
Their sounds swirling around us,
The making of moments within us:

What it must feel like to live always
Beneath the shadow of a religious
Statement long ago bereft if it's
Purpose, turned and returned to a
Fortress and callous of worship
Until eventually time and turmoil
Left it with nothing but the pieces
No one could destroy. . .and so they
Began to put it back together, to
Venerate devotion to a hallowed
Belief in homosapien exploits;

And we toyed and toiled our way
Away from the decay of truths past,
Accompanied briefly by the North African
Maximilian with his blue-braided bracelet,
A sooth to be sold, and promise of a child
Before we are much older as the city,
Holding time like unripened fruit,
Meandered in stone rivers toward a
Valley of cafes lost to the world's calamity.

The moon waited a long time this evening
But joined us, sometime around
Midnight, with all the grandeur and
Zest of a favored guest late for the party.
Patience is a warm night with nothing
To do but wait for the moon.
And with patience, time cleans away
The edges of memory.

Unseen they wander from us,
The pressures and questions, yes,
And with them the smiles and rainbows too,
Replaced by a head more empty of connection,
But full with emotion.

Like a calling card, feelings convey
The location and gesture of experience past
Remaining full but unshapen:
A moon hiding behind the wall
Of mountains hinting light across
The vastness of the Aegean,
On a warm, patient evening as
The vestiges of the last month
Leak into the wet, hot soil.

It makes sense now,
How Greek folks so long ago
Had the desire to sit beneath
Starry skies to read the stories
Whose plots and characters
Strained themselves into being,
A Gestalt miracle in lighted dots
Billions of years dead, their own
Tales lost to one another and stealthily
Withheld from this tiny rock,
Joining hands to ignite the
Imaginations of generations to come.

It's all in the air.

Warm and stable like the southern
Nights of my youth, but generally
Bugless and mugless, this air
Caresses, invites lingering long
Into the mornings where newness
Begins as a studied form of repetition.

A portal opens in the Greek night air
That stares down the soul,
Cajoles, shakes loose any cares of
Tomorrow and replaces them with
Wonder, imagination freely released
Into the vessels that they created
With fingers scanning from dot to dot,
Not able to appreciate what it would
Mean to meandering strangers
(Thousands of years after their
Midnight musings) to see and know
Orion, his belt a beacon of childhood
And home, a connection to what
Will be and what has gone.

Even beauty softens in isolation;
White wave fingers caressing
Volcanic encasings into the sea.

Eyes in multitudes saturate shadow
Bodies who stick less, sliding from
Hillside majesty into memory
To the music of clanking forks and Insta-plans.

A white city reflects all lives who
Move past, absorbing nothing
As defense against the ugliness
That souls carry in suitcases
Ready to pour onto streets
Bent with age and simplicity,
Yet, stairs soften, lift when
Fatigued from disuse, encouraging
Eyes more closely to colors who
Grow slowly, holding water for
Those who will one day come again.

The Real Ending

As we knew, the end would come
And so we did what we do, and let
It all run with us, around and through
Until such time as it was new again.

That's where we are, the ocean music of
Another life distantly recalling a calm
Chance for the romance of existence to
Roll around in its hamster ball freely,
For you and me to see the scales fall
Off a bit at a time, to unwind and climb
Into fresh skin, not so much to embrace
The coming age as to awaken agelessness.

This last voice of seven years together,
The first of many yet to come,
Rises above the stress of reentry, the
Struggle to grind past well-known grooves,
To choose the path with little to lose but
The strain of self in other as we move into
The promises of pauses and motions that
Make possible everything that we can dream.

When we visit these realms in times hence,
I want to remember they sprung from chance
And follow us, leading all the while,
With happy tears and invigorating smiles;
That what we did whose witness they
Remind us of in words we read today,
Is light and love whose life with you
Inspires everything I do.

Here's to 7 times 70 times 700 and so much more