

Did You Know Her?

She felt everything, used sarcasm to hide
warmth, that is till she let you enter, get listened to,
became a confidante incapable of keeping
emotion at arm's length.

She believed during a crisis
the strong could only grow stronger,
though undermined the entire time
by doubt, fear, stupidity, illness.
She longed to remain loathing
of what was petty or a power play.
She wanted to drift to sleep blind and blissful as wind.

The thing is she saw, understood, and was drawn to exploration,
attempting to mend pain till pain blazed,
absorbed all, including her, still feeling.

Limerence

Sitting still with the pendulum heart swinging its slavery need song
& delight being the length of highest pines-----
these ad lines, these chat ones, the twists of the umbilicus,
this old phone cord a bruise or ring, & who calls there,
who listens with an Oldies Station on low playing, as they say,
the music of your life?

Is it you from the dating video, that singles network
lonely in their homing for love or lack of it?
Is it you with cricket legs fiddling through jade nights
& static fields, the screen, a confidante to many,
with its antennae of data asking *receive, give...?*

Is it you, anybody's voyeur with pen in knuckles, joint-white,
that pen, a compass for radar tracking away the myriad rejections,
the rebounding patterns, these relations of space
for our techno, info world?

Listen, you are earnest as the voice of Dusty Springfield
& the warm eyes of my friend, Spanish Bartolome.
This snow is her hair, these trees, his limbs, each falling,
each stretching, hooked deathless to the call
we should answer unto ourselves
as an entrance into the still
sitting simply with our laps for the beloved head
of that life which is not a dream.

Memory, Memory

Flashes surpass, turn, hold
a face upon the waking gaze
even when there is no sleep at all.

A poem said *remember only but do not grieve*,
yet remembering loss is strange enough, short-term, long.

Why is this suffering a jolt now?

Take the flowers, save their seeds,
a future garden of cherished blossoms
dry air arranges to a memorial metamorphosis.

Place them before portraits, light candles, & poems
are then cameo frames of rooms preserved
in times where anyone could mindlessly cry.

Refrain. Pick up a paintbrush, hold the meaning
of these surpassing flashes: memory, memory
beyond the fear of losing senses unsound
as walls for wailing, those shades, a plague,
in beauty & in pain, for want of *somebody*,
be it you or me.

Naked In Rain

I come to find you again,
rain black as the night, the back light I shut off,
mindful of neighbors, insomniacs, mental ward placement.
Rain - here is the great descent of it, wider than your dying
but I still feel, taste the life of you here, there in the wet beads,
the bird bath whirls, the stippling on everything green coats.

I am as naked as you were in your death, knowing in my death
I will come again this way too between mists, an emanation.

How delicious the drops, how cool but with no need to shiver.
I am spirit-warm with rain's naked light, a translucent skin.

Look, how full are eyes, how long hair, limbs, the outstretched arms,
the upturned hands open as my face is open, lifted to an imagined you
through dark silver upon silver.

Forgive the intrusion. Forgive this wanting, mad & plain
as my search lamp body. It turns & turns, dancing for the eternal
incantatory. Are you waiting like you said? If not, would I feel that within,
& not the whisper of fingers, the hold of a voice, absence to presence & back?

And will I be too, whether dying at 90 or less - will I be as this for you
if any afterlife's real, & if, regarding you, I can still possibly find essence?

Decoupage

Face at the window, this bus pulling out: waves, waves-----
My hand from the curb & our whole street an autumnal overpass...
You do not look up.

Pages, pages-----
winds of the calendar toss us to different countries
with our skin, our eyes, reflections.

What time is murmuring through, such abundance widening
in the span as if of soft German music during noontimes
of acoustic drizzle or sun in a dusk, the spinning dust,
the dust holding cosmos layering us, our life, oceanic.