



I AM YOU

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Nature of Desire

It pools around the ears,
narrowing focus, reminiscent of sensations
never borne however palpable.
A cross-knitted sweater reveals
the back's fleshy Canvas, the satin
of youth not yet aged beyond nutrition's need.
I explore the velvet surface
with palms of inner awareness, realizing
the electric charge that binds
membrane to membrane. Diffused light lurks
around cheek and chin, ocular brilliance
dim to its own sacred sensuality,
in one way or a second. How is it that
I know already what I do
not yet? How is the integrity of this
sensation a betrayal, whilst the snow sloughs like
the skin drifts of God?
Its gatherings are the discarded –
allure of the one or cleaving to the other.
But perhaps stillborn sophistication is enough:
restrained reserves of phantom wakefulness
with limbs bound to mortal order, the emulator
of nuance and cosmic interplay.

My Moon

 You had soul enough for us both
 In the span of spins when I had none;
 Your feet in the clay while my mind frayed –
 Off in every direction, to nowhere –
 Spilt mercury scattering like so many roaches
Fleeing the luminous with pseudo-evolutionary compulsion.
 Your voice rose intoned with concern
 For baths not drawn and still stuck food morsels,
 For time spent and never earned, for freezing fires
 For early morning crawls into bed sheets,
For barley on the breath and attentions ever elsewhere,
 For the invisible body that stands in my path:
The same-sized impostor that wages wars, never silent,
 Always moving, always gone – especially when there.
 The immensity of truth hangs in our lungs,
 Stings the cornea and stiffens the joints of this life
 Until swept from its 9-year stilts – stilted –
 Waiting to see where the rush of river carries it:
 To land, if anywhere, to hope (if nowhere)
To honor the flown times and dust-laden promises
 Of dormitory life and stargazing fecundity,
 Rounding the planetary bend six times together,
And two each apart, held in union in more ways than the three.
 Imperfect past, uncertain present, dissolving future,
 Moment-by-moment losses of judgment.
 My moon, even when it wanes.

A New One

A late night's quarrel leads to loudness
Of one voice bounding the steps,
The other soft and following
To find a door locked
To a bedroom once his and not.

Testing bonds and bounds
Phillips head sinks into screw.
One turn into one hundred:
Back in (thinking better of it)
Back out (thinking too much).
The shivering sound of metal thread on metal thread
Spinning with equal parts control and not.

Buried eyes in pillow burrow through the wood.
Stones make their way through hidden channels,
Raking microscopic wounds from the inside
But pain like full-sized daggers.
The voice without: calm and misaligned.
The voice within: trembling and true.
Painful palaver pleading for resignation.
Remorse is the oil, dripping from jaws,
Rolling from the nose and throat.

Number of danger: three plus three plus three

And mystic eleven

Stays driver.

Course corrected madness while the heat swells and dies flat,

Provocations at the moaning silence:

“I am not a threat.”

Numbing ointment comes as a hard flat cylinder,

No more than a coin,

No less than an anti-bomb,

Freaked out frenetic and faithless.

Key turn, key turn, key turn, gone.

Blistering backbone, broken into unseen geometry,

Cavernous in its hollows, denser than diamond,

A fortuitous evaporation into wholeness:

Separate but one.

Corpus Meum

My hand my eye my mouth my heart my limbs.
You inhabit my inner, outer, and subtle body –
The energy that fills my shape and shifts
My breath as it fogs the glass,
My finger as it slides, drawing lines in the vapor.
The reflection looking back at me –
Smiling or sullen in blue-green sparkle,
Stardust of my stardust only separate in shape,
In denial of the real and in my former linguistics.

The salt shining on my skin sings your name as it stings.
My throat's rattle embraces your wounds as I cry
Out and away from false nature
And into the light that was always and is always
There, but grown familiar to untruths and darkness
Naturally recoiling under the agency of overdue revelation.

So, which is it now, is this a love of Truth,
In need of healing, or love irrevocably locked
In falsity and nevermore?
Time is the teller and obscurer,
Faceless void, blighted beams
Measured by all measures
Of father, mother, friend, and fee-fie-foe ...

Hear my cry. Not on account of my suffering
But as a reflection of yours, cleft in embrace.
Our closeness in a grand and beautiful abyss.

UNFORGIVABLE DECEIT

The sin of ultimate
destructive power
[oh how it seems and seams]
is disbelieving
one's own
ability to be
#loved.

Sanctus Solus

What I need
Is a place amongst my Self
Wherein I may rest, hammocked,
Outside with the morning's yellow jacket glaze
And the breeze of birdsong
Waking me toward morning grind and press
And lyric – and crackling on iron.
Wherein some days, smaller voices cluck
Requesting a day at sea or wood
And I may smile and enact.
What I need is a place to study
And to sing and to stretch all matters
Of my being, wringing out the Truth.
But on other days, it will simply be
A place wherein I might allow my inner
Voice to quiet or else rage and pour
Forth in raucous sobs that quake
The support struts, the walls, but none else.
And in that place, I will again be reborn.

Collect and Overflow

The bathrooms in this house
Are more likely in use
When doors are open,
The floors often in sordid disarray,
Mirrors smeared with myriad mediums,
Pink trinkets as bathtub pungees,
And the uncapped paste now hardening:
Collect and overflow.
In the grains of panels quite hard
(but not quite wood
Collects the rested dust
In lines and spirals,
Remnants of meals, boot dirt,
Tea leaves and cardamom powder,
Bills of this house and not
Pile the planks of the raw oaken tabletop.
Wrapped in are wires that work one time
In three, a passport seldom stamped,
A previous dinner's plate.
Many of the rooms partially or entirely
Populated by creative implements
And instruments can feel like a vacuum
Detonated in bated breath, sparking sharpened
Eyesight, awareness of light play and shadow,
The way it bends around a corner and dances
Along the wall, glinting skin and hair:
Death and rebirth.

SPONTANEOUS PROSE

Blue-lit morning. Golden eyes sparkle – never fading – even in the brightness of dawn. Silken and dewy, you writhe.

We knock heads. Face of my face. Understandings between embraces – the entire contiguous organism open, receptive, transmitting electromagnetic connectivity and transmuting pain into presence and joy. Undertow of emotions, sweeping the anxiety out and out until it washes into a billion diamond smiles.

Breaker of breakers. United and untied. Fancifully verbose yet precise – not a word wasted in this stillsuit of eternity.

Breath of my breath. I inhale your exhales – perfect in time, imperfect situation made pure. Whole. Unanimous pleasure. Guidance of intertwined fingers. Goddess of all that I am and will grow to be.

Regal.

With the morning's digital clangor, I arise – rinse the night's perspiration from my skin only to to fall back again. 400 threads. 4 million years. My soul, you are divine, infinite, correspondent even in formology. Your brilliance beyond measure, beyond expectation.

In you I find ever-present rest and equanimity.

Te adoro.

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Monogamish

My perfect partner

(however estranged, however in love)
Has been out all night with another.

A day at the dog park

A shared trip to an international market
A shared cooked meal of curry
A shared favorite movie
(A shared who knows what else).

Heart heavy-laden and bedraggled,

I ceased the agonizing turning at 3:25 a.m.
I bled it all out in six extravagant journal pages
I bled it out to a friend.
I poured the truth back into my body:
A serum to strengthen my bones,
My self as healer and slayer.

The truth to be trusted

Is adoration
Is love
Is companionship
Is promises for longevity
Is affirmations of sincerity
Is a waking slowness
To ease out of pain and into power:

I know nothing other than what's expressed.
The fear is tormentor and teacher.
Fear not. Judge not. Strive not.
Remember all.
Be all.

Breath is the soul,
and I need its fill
and form
and to follow its path.

Four hours later and the soft sunlight
Diffused by mourning clouds
Carries more strength
Than wires and yellow bulbs.

Perhaps now, after loves labor,
After compassion's kiss,
I can sleep
And awake anew.

Some Side with the Leaves

A man whistles "Paint it Black" while waiting to be seated.

“Ahí no podés pasar, hijo. Veni por aca.”

Steam ships chug past and dozens of fair-goers hang around under the thick heat – a recurrence of residual summer fighting for one last chance to sweat and make sweat.

“¿Y?”

An arsenal of stringed instruments leans against chairs and fences, peaking out of their black zippered cases.

Who knows where and when it will happen. But when it does, none of them will be ready.

The smell of choripan and wicker is too strong to keep away. The brain is enveloped by the scents and you have no choice but to push on forward with wallet in hand. To apply another slathering of hair gel and moisturizing cream.

All of our strollers are trapped in the sidewalk crags – the trees’ retaliation. This causes those wielding the wee carriages to curse and spit.

When the instruments are played, few listen. The musicians themselves appear distant in mind, lightly acknowledging the sheet music and unaware of their “audience.”

A light breeze of applause rises and dies. After two songs, the artists appear to be taking a break. The guitarist furnishes a basket and asks for tithes and offerings, with the bass and saxophone noodling a bossa nova tune missing the slow lush brush whispers normally offered in accompaniment.

Here’s a 2-spot.
New patrons come.
The band leaves.
As do the leaves.

THE ANATOMY OF DAUGHTERS

Breath too human to the smell.

Complaints too momentary to consider.

Alternating cereal scoops: hand and spoon.

Inconsistent dress; ill-suited for all weather;

Bright, happy, and free.

Roundness in the face brings pause ...

The mystery and masque of living.

Golden starshine through a hundred thousand strands

Growing longer from the source,

Prone to the tangle, the break, the fall.

Strength in each vulnerability.

Being in every new death.

Hope in all disaster.

I AM YOU

I am carving the words you spoke
On the carcass of my mind.
They're the seeds from which
Will spring forth a new one
A new divine. In between
Those words and moments past
Have crept in the soliloquies
Of my disengagement, my sorrow,
My self-made sadness
Stitched around me like
A cacophonous sarcophagus
Carved by my own fears.
In this I see the pain is the way.
The path through which I will encompass
All Understanding. No longer resisting
Or pretending otherwise. Not through masks
Or basks in my own lakes of misery.
I grow this new one because the old
Is discarded. It was never me anyway,
Just a tool by which I perceive
From time to time – to calculate and groove.
I am its author (not I it).

The junctions are branded at the joints
Of my body: my spirit – my eyes, my mouth, my throat.
Sometimes I crack misshapen
I regrow. Golden ore adhering the pieces
Stronger, brighter, sparkling.
And in all of this, the lesson is to TRUST.
To trust love, the knowing, the all-knower:
The conscious all-watching mind that is not a mind
But encompasses all minds.
Not "God," but I and You and Her and THEY.

Frequent flowerings such as these
Will be my new garden, upon which I'll nourish
And feed not just my own life and form, but those

Ones around me. How sorrowful it is to forget
The truth, to live in opposition
To slake your thirst in misunderstanding
And inner hatred.

But how sweet the nectar that pours
Forth and is there always.
When the resistance is mended, and the path
Which has always seemed uncertain
Is clear and cleaned
And full of unspeakable joy on either side
Of those crystalline daggers,
Aimed straight for the heart.

Tarot, tarot on the table
I think I'm weak but I am able.
The signs conform and confirm the wonder
I knew is beneath these bones, and groans.
They're not on loan, but always
Right around the road.
I comfort myself with a trek down the tightrope,
Having grown too old for blanket and bottle,
Not in cancerous morsels that taste of deaths
And bleating screams.

I am Tathagata, the ruler of my own
World, inceptor of inceptors.
Guardian without guard.
My chariot awaits my hands to the reins.
It is poised and ready.
The horses fed and watered.
Bristling with jittering excitement,
Muscles twitching, not tense.
I once feared their billowing nostrils,
The hot breath on the back of my neck
As anxiety, but that was a misunderstanding.

In sum,
I am you.



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