

## Invisible Wall

Giving him my hand in welcome  
Wanting of course to befriend  
While my smile hides  
Conflicting patterns in my brain.  
This shouldn't matter – so why?  
The color of his skin isn't important  
Doesn't define his humanness  
Or so I try to remind myself.  
He is taking my hand and saying  
Glad to be here  
And something else . . .  
I only pretend to hear  
Because I'm thinking what do I say next?  
So we share light banter like men –  
Sports – weather – how's work –  
Both wondering underneath  
Why this color-bound wall?  
My fear – I don't know his culture at all  
His fear – knowing mine all too well.  
So we continue our pretense –  
An invisible wall  
Neither knows how to scale.

## Hawk

The sun and fresh air are  
Too powerful for me.  
I'm drifting towards a

Dream when You, Hawk, fly mere  
Inches from my face as  
If You want to wake me

While chasing Your prey. It  
Escapes but You honor  
Me as You land and sit

On the ground only feet  
Away creating a  
Union of two spirits.

A union that cannot  
Be broken—You gave me

The gift of a dream I  
Will carry forever.

## Inspiration

The black, blank wall stares  
Dares and provokes all the senses.  
A primitive feeling rises inside  
With the thought—  
    What will, and  
    How will

This one evolve?

The space between (us) becomes quiet,  
Quiet as the air before the  
Lightning strikes its first blow  
And thunder breaks the silence.

Only now is the purity of black revealed  
As my brush delivers color and form  
Giving birth and life  
Where once emptiness prevailed—

Where, through mine, the Hand of God creates.

## **Abó**

Today I walked through the remains  
Of a once-thriving community:  
Old walls made of deep iron-red and orange,  
Land of greens and yellows,  
Sky a deep and rich azurite-blue.

I walked along the now-dry creek  
Running through the pueblo:  
The creek beds that supplied  
The sandstone used for the walls.  
I could see the people playing and working here.

The people walked away centuries ago:  
The presence of their spirit, love of the land,  
And community can still be felt.  
I carry the colors with me as  
I walk away.

## The Rose

Red – and deep – Rose, your swirl and flow entrance  
by virtue of your stems – legs – and body.  
I am lost in your influence, moved by your dance  
and my attention spellbound by your gift of grace.

She is lost to the world: her motion –  
body and spirit – have become one.  
The ethereal mirrored in unconscious Sway,  
hands reaching for earth mother  
while shoulders are pushed skyward.

This profound color – orange – the color of energy – vibration  
is at once the color of Serenity – meditation – calm,  
and transformation.  
living at the end of my hallway welcoming visitors.

This world was not ready for you – nor your Path.  
Taken – yet not before your time  
(how is our time determined anyway?).  
Your Path is the night sky: magentas, blues, whites – and black.