

The Economy of Love

Tears are the
Currency of my
Passage in the
Land of waking up

Joy and grief,
The denominations
Into which all
Is divided

Forever paying,
Forever paid,
Energy moved
From hand to hand,
Eye to Eye,
Heart to heart

The economy of love.

Hold Too Tight

In the Fallow field the fireflies dance.

Feather-headed fern grasses tickle knee-socked shins and freckle-faced skins.

Wet dew grass grazes, damp dawn light gazes

as fairy lights flicker fingers of praises.

Wonder-eyed we, hand in hand
we wander, wistful children watching.

Jars swing wide, catch them close, lantern-like, lazy lights, lonely flicker foundering.

Close the lid, right to the top- tiny angels burn bright but brief and die in wounded worship.

But lay down long, backs nestled near enough, legs twined tender, tentative touches sighed,
eyes on sunless sky-sights far

let the firefly go and it becomes a star.

Voucher for Love

I am carrying a voucher for love,

waiting at the counter in the empty fulfillment department

for the clerk to return and honor my claim.

Meanwhile, it's being given out for free on the streets outside.

Caged bird

I have trapped a beautiful bird in the cage of my heart.

If I open the door it may fly free, never to return.

If I leave the door closed, I will always be able to see its color, but it will never truly live.

The Faces of my Love

Grief and longing are the faces of my love

She is joy that comes to me in this darkest night

A child born of this union will fear nothing!