

## **A Season of Doubt**

I'm losing God, who once marked my destiny so assuredly, now revokes it in the same manner.

My offering is rejected. Ripe apples turn to rot. I have exhausted the gift. Lost in mid-path. In the permafrost. Hard earth and frozen river admit no life, refuse all seeds. Is the thaw inside me? Is it the second life which beckons? Stifled? Is the poet now on trial? Alas, I begin to know what I am and what I cannot be. The sacrifice is human.

Now is the devil's time to grin. To watch me slowly lose all I have attained, and come to grips with my fear of death, the final realm. This is Hell! All I have cursed, I have loved. My soul clings to the earth and most of all to people and love. But I remain as before, un-granted. The snake will take her revenge! And I will lose all my beautiful dreams. 'That's what you get for roaming the jungle and playing with lions!'

Still one must re-invent to stay alive. There is much to be said for sheer stubbornness. Outside, a mirage of desperation. To seem happy, to appear content, to behave confidently, to be. But all is empty and we are not. Men are slaves and children mad. Ruined. To save the lie. I am a mad child with vision dangerously unwelcome. There is imperfection then there is tyranny, a difference of intention. Once again I stand still and admit to knowing nothing.

My words were once as sharp as razors until I had no more blood to let. I know now Love in me is a matter of breathing. It's no good pretending to be hard when your heartstrings sound with the whispering wind.

I spent so much time cursing mankind only to betray myself with a smile.

On, on the demon drives. Is it God? Pushing forward to what? I no longer can see. Cursing the spirits they begin to reject me. What did I see? Have to say? I feel at an end. Death comes so early in this life and the rest is a false and weary descent. If only I were reduced to childhood once again, the eternal imagination, so full of tomorrows, never-ending tomorrows, dawns, and palaces! Oh how I was happy then! None shall ever know.

And oh how you've taken, friends, lovers, taken and joyed, taken and ecstasied. I have nothing left to give! Truth I will keep for myself. This last thing you cannot and will not take! This solid Silence is mine.

Sick heart, lost visions, pull the struggle from the plug. Hopes and expectations dashed like crystal upon a stone. No more king, no more congress, no more heart, no more throne. A vast wasteland, dreary boredom calls my name, sacrificed so many times, I will never be the same. On earth as it is in Heaven, thy kingdom gone, my will is done. Deliver me merciful ones from the icy, blowing blizzard of the dark-houred Truth. I am in the vulgar grip of reality now. Kick over the bucket, make tight the noose. The day is dead and I am too weak to die.

Poetry written on warheads finds more acclaim.

## A Season of Doubt-2

Play war grown men like a ping pong game, game point annihilation.

Business and returns and dividends, the love sank slowly from her mind. The elevation of Truth, the crash of the unreal.

On the precipice of good and evil, Hope the idiot fades, the blush drains from the cheeks. I offer up my genius to Hell. I have walked among the demons with the eye of God. I lay them to waste with a single deadly glance and taught them the treachery of Truth! They fell to their knees and wept like infants. I made them writhe in their beds, wake up screaming at the horror of their own souls! Revenge is mine! Human is animal, innocence dead. I tore my heart from my chest and fed it to the birds. They pick and gorge, their beaks drip-dripping red. I have no more universal truths only universal threats. Liars beware! Do not spin next to me. I'll call you out without pity. Once I promised devotion like a silly school-girl, now I promise nothing beyond the moment. Now is all.

Horror, the word curdles and gurgles from the bowels into the air. The threat of death is like the taste of blood. One must become a vampire to stay alive. In fearing for my life I turned to the wrath of God and not to the mercy. They mistook me for someone else. They were wrong.

Love stalks me, but never seems to find me, elusive and full of complication. Am I unattainable? Who makes me thus? I could not climb out of my skin. This single question eludes me and poisons or rejoices at my loneliness. What devil? What God? Innocence breeds obsession, obsession strips the metal, but misses the essential necessity. I am a slave to my own beauty, like an alabaster form in the center of a museum. I tell this with scorn not with ego. I am alone. My love is eternal.

As quickly as it is born it dies, so is the day, so are we, so you'll forgive me if I spend my time in praise, in prayer, blotting pages and falling in love, again and again and again.

Iodine and lemon sets the Sun, falling fiery eyeball into the eyelid of the universe. I have seen Sun and Moon share the sky, exist together, purple haze, yellow lip, gaping blue mouth. Time, the clock tower, flag, the wind, skeleton trees carry empty nests, but the people, the people don't look up, refuse color, refuse beauty, refuse poetry, complain of rain and snow and wind. And so my words fly from the page in rebellion toward the ephemeral, the eternal, known and unknown. Love in my belly, why do you surge without name? Do find a body before the Sun goes down or else why remind me I am human? What do you want from me? Must I be forever as lonely as the sea, as a trumpet played sadly at the harbor to an audience of fog.

## A Season of Doubt-3

My soul yearns for a new language, one that is all passions, of my people, of the soul I left behind, its loss screaming my name in the voice which calls for prayer, in the joy which warms with laughter, in the forgiveness which heals all wounds, in the dance which lifts me from the dead. Oh my soul, dipped in halves between the ocean and the sea, between two Gods, one Christian, one Muslim. Between the cross and the sword, between guilt and harmony. Am I myself? I have been Christian for I have been American, my brain tied down by silly sins. As my heart remembers its origins and the world mocks and fears, it is funny that I should find freedom by returning home, and Love by renouncing my tired notions of sacrifice. I must be getting old to return to childhood and begin new journeys with a new God. Yet I fear the same fate. Is there not pain under any God and any sky? I fool myself. I feel the same God, neither Christian nor Muslim nor any other, only God...and we? Only human, tragically, hopelessly, beautifully so.

A thousand nights, a thousand dreams. You sit at my doorstep and ask me to save you, but you don't have to clip my wings to make me stay. Follow me, fly with me. I can show you how if you have the courage. Do not my love fade into the sunset and the land of the lost, burning eternally without a home. Your home is with me.

Chilling to the bone is the silence of winter, rocking death in its frozen arms, closing the book on old dreams yet again. Goodbye without hello, emptied out again. Followed but not sought. Night falling before day can breath, silly rhymes for good or naught.

It is only when you hide something that people choose to look. Naked and brave I remain for there is no one to catch me if I fall. My tears drown in feathers. My muffled sobs quicken no steps. The lesson is cruel, no promises kept. And so I return to the silence which does not lie. The silence and the truth twist you and I.

The orchestra of my mind constructs its ladder of notes to the gallop of wild horses, wolves, circus clowns, the sound of the gun and off with the race! The sweet echoing lullaby of chimes, xylophonic...my brain is a bubbling brew and a witch with a wand conducts!

But here is the snake-charmers pipe! And I am in the desert. One nod from my beloved and I belong to the earth again. Will my life ever swell like music from the dungeons into the light?

