

We played in the dark looking for light

We were children unknowingly playing in the dark trying to catch some rays of life while our world slowly crumbled under the weight of all we carried: old wounds that we neglected to heal, pains we didn't even recognize in a world set up with countless nonsensical hoops that we were told to jump through and propagate and parade them around for others to jump through as well.

while disheartened and confused by this charade, darkness came along and whispered:  
"come, take a break! enjoy some rest,  
**& rejuvenate**, why don't you?"

he flashed shiny lights, moved smoothly and seduced us, tricked us with shiny lights,  
& we chased them, the next height, a rush of thrill, raucous *weightless* laughter..

[dude keep moving, hahaha, keep moving! where's the next laugh, where's the next joke?  
who's the next king, who's the next choke?  
don't go home, here have some more! down that bottle and jump!  
that's a roaring fire! close your eyes and jump,  
be free and release!  
don't you want to be fearless and free?  
come get it now, jump!]

woke up dazed, heavy, & trapped,  
called for pappa

who answered from another world.

"What are you doing son, where's your direction in the carnival?

What face are you going to put on, where's your mask?"

"I'm seeking the light! I'm tired of the charades and the nonsense, I don't want to jump through hoops and gain nothing!"

"What nonsense? Your friends are twisting you, you're ruining your life."

"No I'm not, you don't understand, {you don't even know where I go, who I am!}, I'm seeking the light, Dad."

---Are you up for some more?

Yes, I'm coming,  
hold on..

...{Where's God, where is He? Who's holding this universe?  
This orange in my hand, if it's the universe, whose is the  
hand holding it?

I don't know, I'll just eat it, I'm up for some more}...

....

What drove those days?

A search for light, for life?

I don't know..

in that speed, in that weightless laughter,  
in that maddeningly deceptive illusion of fearlessness,  
we were running from life thinking we were fearless and free,  
but really enmeshed deep in delusion with the darkness  
leeching on us.

Those days were cloudy and the most sense I can make of it are nonsensical hoops that for a minute come together coalescing into a picture. What I gained from those days is that when my son comes to me asking what's up with all this charade and posturing, I'll tell him, "the heart that sees beyond sees the heart in the charade son, and the darkness won't come tricking you. You'll go on singing and dancing, participating in the play all your merry life long understanding that it's a charade and yet not."

---

the boondance of tamales

the boondance of two males in the queen's attic  
it's a song to cheers to, that's for sure  
is it evil and wicked and restless inside?  
NO!

it's a jig from the 50s, brought down by a wee Irish lass  
and her young happenstance romance,  
to the spirit of her tale, warm and gooey, stomped the feet of  
the two tamales,  
and threw their hands up in merriment!

"there's a crunch in the honey!" yelled one to the other,  
"it's ok, just keep dancing!"  
(the boon dance is a dance with no set tune or jig,  
other than the boon that you ask, so you can't go wrong!)

so the two tamales kept on jigging to the tune of their boon,  
while the tea kept on steeping lowered and raised by a  
patient hand  
who sometimes gets impatient and all hell breaks loose,  
and then whew oh boy does the jungle get a jumbled

but no worries! for the boondance is a boon that keeps on  
booning  
simply ask for the boon, (and really really want it) and it'll  
keep on giving,  
now there's no end to this song or dance  
so if you're waiting for it to end you better go someplace else,  
for the boon that you dance for is an everlasting coming,  
you simply keep on booning, booning, booning, and if you  
open your eyes in the middle of the booning,  
you'll see that your boon is fully present, and always was,  
and always will be.

---

Even at the Age of Sixty-Eight

I knew a woman who, even at the age of sixty eight,  
**ardently** looked for love.

As I beheld this phenomenon, it struck me:

the mysterious fire for romance never dies.

I've felt it myself and I can say from experience, "when it  
catches - shoom!"

a whole life can turn around,  
you may fall into a rabbit hole,  
and come out with your feet on your head.

But no matter how your limbs reorganize,  
if the love be true then into Life's design you shall bloom  
and awaken an eternal You.

---

She is a one, I believe it.

She is a one, I believe it.  
the woman is a dignified queen and a sweet merry bean,  
tasty and profound, deliciously lean!  
She sends my thoughts on a whirl:  
bliss and terror, confusion and clarity,  
sacred and primal,  
earthy and divine!

*moments* we share:  
depths of tenderness and innocence,  
frightening levels of vulnerability, courageous honesty,  
nights of divine delight, primal desire,  
none of which comes to be unless my own golden light  
be lighted and free..!  
and oh boy, what trouble I have,  
opening my tender heart,  
closed shut and fierce for so many years,  
cold and unfeeling, iron gates barred,  
warding off predators,  
warding off love...  
a conditioned response to a cold, heartbreaking world,  
now turning warm, golden, and connected,  
slowly, daily, bit by bit, truth by truth.

She pries me open, I enter myself,  
I pry her open, she lets me in,  
consciously and slowly,  
waking in the morning while the birds chirp,  
our neighbor's dog barks,  
and everything is absolutely breathtakingly  
ordinary...

and **Glorious.**

In the morning air, the sounds and the feel  
of a home I knew long, long ago,  
come wafting through the open window.  
I perk up like a young pup,  
sniffing proudly,  
recalling golden fractals of a previous life,  
broken parts long forgotten, only sunshine and honey  
waft through my nostrils,  
sniff, sniff,  
I smell home.

I look to my left and I see her still in bed,  
long legs stretched out like a cheetah's,  
with the innocence of a deadly feline satisfied and purring,  
my heart melts, the clock slows, and my arms open  
pure heart rending surreptitious silence...

I cherish our love,  
and the world we inhabit:

soft and pure, ethereal yet thick!  
like a childhood dream colorful and bright  
condensed into a young man's confusing world  
painfully stretching everyday into adulthood,  
full of responsibilities and strengths,  
confusions and weaknesses unceasingly improving,  
bright colors sprouting and ripening,  
deep core maturing and strengthening.

{I am breathing deeply and fully these days like the roots of a  
freshly watered tree.}

In the center most fold of love I stand,  
believing once more in the winds of tomorrow,

grateful heart melting into trust,  
willing to grow and learn by the designs of a love  
come into my life through a woman I trust,  
a dignified queen, a sweet merry bean,  
rich in her loving, sweet in her kisses,  
sensual and pure with a  
heart set to dance,  
soul set to sing,  
& eyes seeing Beauty and Love.

She is a lover by whom my soul unfurls  
& I Give more deeply and colorfully.

---



Of all the flowers I have seen

Of all the flowers I have seen  
there's one blue flower that takes me deep  
its hard to say why or when  
this petal's scent stole my ken.  
As I walk in Nature's glen,  
she comes to me in all I see:  
when a ray of sun shines through the leaves  
its her bright hopes blasting to be.  
Though care is worn on my face,  
my eyes are kind and my heart can smile,  
a child I become in her comforting light  
treading trails of remembrance through happier days.  
But my wits I keep and it makes me think  
how this blue flower can bloom so bright?  
Isn't it pain that prunes, through loneliness in love  
always preceding the arrival of a touch of grace?  
What sweet suffering has she had  
to give her soft petals such a shade of blue?  
If I look in clear, in her eyes I'll see a clue  
but its answer is not what I want,  
its the passing of her sorrow  
that'll have me glad.

---