

At one **with** me

She blew in the wind and challenged the moon.

She sat with the sun and scattered the rain.

She knew no time, no depth nor distance.

Her face was in the beauty of flowers.

Her thoughts became the trail of trees.

Her love stirred the boundless oceans.

God knew of her greatness and forged the way.

God found joy in her soul and decided to stay.

God bequeathed his spirit and found today.

We run among her flowers and swim in her sea.

We are nurtured by her sun and grow from her rain.

We are comforted by her flow in the trees, because we know the wind is near.

## Fancy

Felines frolic in a fanciful frame,  
feigning fortune, friendship, and fame.

Follow the feathers and fringe on her frock,  
and a small furry foot you will find.

A fierce little face frightens her foe, and  
furthers the feeling her fun has begun.

A French fedora falls from his paw as he  
fights to future his faint.

A final flicker and flash of her tail proves  
his freedom is far from over.

Forged into one's frailty of mind, this painting may  
be familiar.

Frankly, we must ask ourselves...  
Is this feline fantasy really fiction?

Just an emotion

I find I cry when I'm sad or happy.  
I find I laugh when I'm tickled or mad.  
I find I freeze when I'm nervous or excited.  
I find I may not know which is at ease.

I use when I'm sad, happy, tickled or mad.  
I use when I'm nervous or excited.  
I use to be at ease.  
I use when I want an emotion.

Emotions are tricky that way.

I want to feel like I'm having fun.  
I want to feel like I'm not.  
I want to feel like I can block you out.  
I want to feel like I have control.

It's easy to fly into a rage.  
It's easy to know what to say.  
It's easy to truly want.  
It's easy to want nothing at all.

Emotions are tricky that way.

What is it like to want me?  
What is it like to want me far away?  
What is it like to need me and I'm not there?  
What is it like to watch me lose me?

All the control I've gladly given away to something I  
cannot see, because if I could, it would still be me.

Emotions are tricky that way.

Why does my mind insist on

disengaging from my soul?

They have always been thick as thieves.

Sparring, Conspiring, Assessing, Creating.

Iron sharpening iron, holding each other accountable for each force of impact.

Together they designed the importance of me.

Yet, the slow decline of their relationship divorces who I am from what I want to be.

Without warning, my mind refuses the advances of my soul, leaving me adrift. The consequences are dire.



At first, it is a tease to just withhold a word.

Then, more aggressively confusion is cast, dividing my world from yours.

If continued, my lifeline would stretch too thin and snap.

Arrogance will be their end, as it is the soul that brings life to the mind.

As their relationship deteriorates, so am I.

Will my soul survive with no escape? Will it give up the fight and fall to fate?

This cruelty is my fear. The importance of me is no longer here.

## The Mission

Curiosities converge over my mundane exertion, full of empathy and concern.

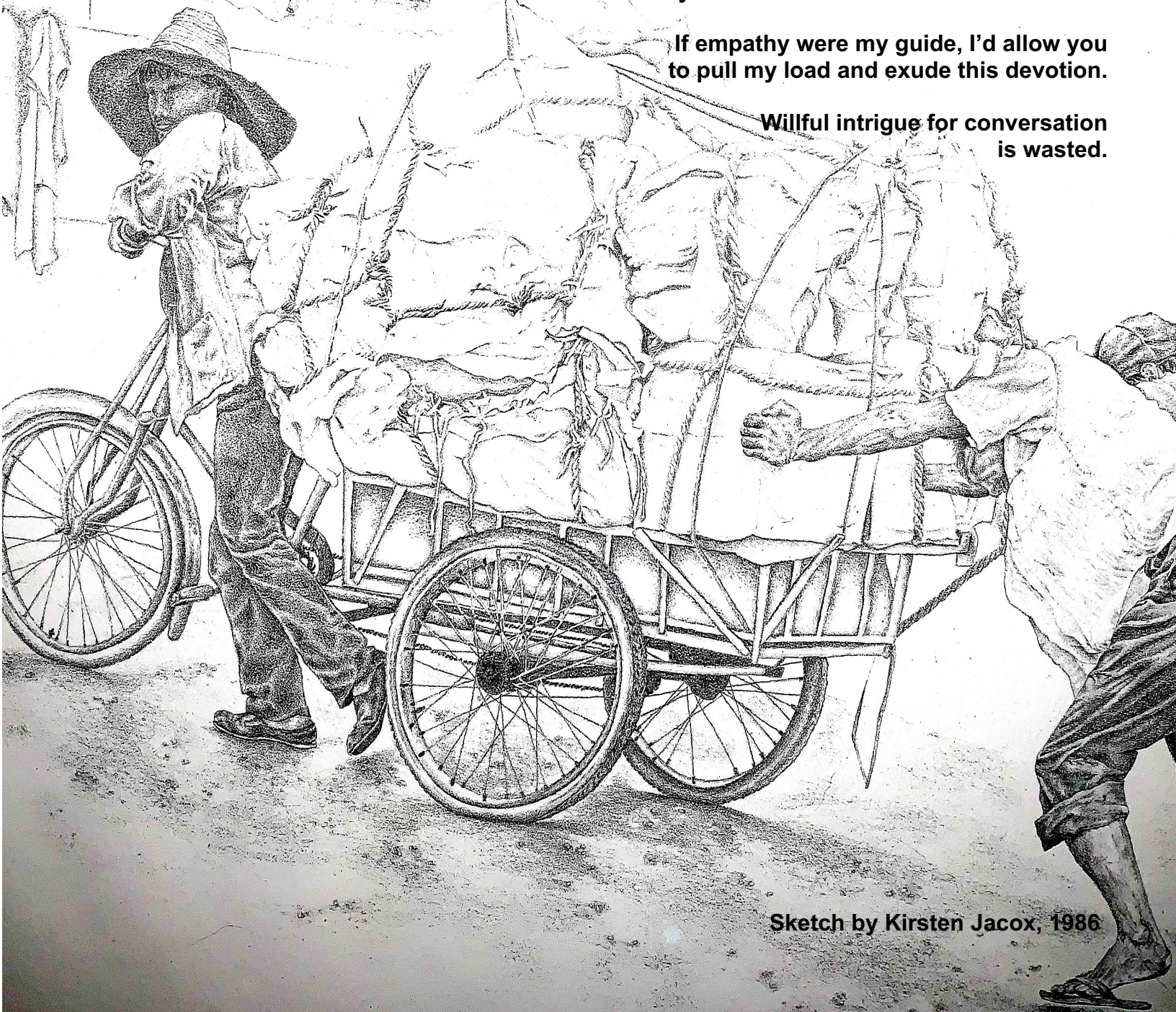
The weathered lines of my face seem to fade into my life.  
Difficult, yet not forbearing, hungry but not sad, dirty but not unclean.  
Outside onlookers are amazed that I survive my lot in life.  
Assuredly left to surmise that I would rather exchange my life for theirs.

How prideful to neglect my accomplishments,  
the honor of my wife and nobility of my children.

Why would I require anything different?  
My brothers understand without warrant.

If empathy were my guide, I'd allow you  
to pull my load and exude this devotion.

Willful intrigue for conversation  
is wasted.



Sketch by Kirsten Jacox, 1986