

THE ANGRY SUFI

I am the ocean,
You are the waves.
I give you motion,
You hit my face.

I am the space,
You are the stars.
I make you room,
You give me scars.

I am the heart,
You are the blood.
I drive you far,
You come back poor.

If I were God,
I'd tear the plan
To shape you human -
And you'd be my dog.

OF COINS AND PEAS

We need distance,
We need another
To see who we are –
Two lost pieces
In a master jigsaw.
We fit in together,
But don't match
The bigger picture.
Like coins and peas,
We belong each
in a different jar.

PATCHWORK

Black blanket
Love shaped
Silver shine
Nasty embrace
Sewn together,
Covering pain
Across life.
Color again
My pale face,
Softly ease
My tense jaw.
Bring pink,
Red, gold
In flowers,
Stars, waves.
Make me think
Happiness
Is in a bed for one
Who leaves after
Breakfast,
Kisses and tells
Myself again
How lovely
And invaluable
I am.

PUZZLE

Can love ever be wasted?
If the answer is no,
Where does it go
When you don't take it?
Does it cover the land
With flowers or weed?
Does it rise to great height
And clings to dark clouds
To fall hard on distant roofs?
Or it loiters at home
Clasping my lungs
As I pray for fast sleep?
And with each breath
That feels like the last
(As if I knew)

Sugar for the Broken-Hearted

I ponder and muse
What happens to love
If you can't find its use.
Can it be drowned in tears?
Sent in a letter to a terrorist?
Given to a suicidal neighbor?
Or it becomes a Trojan horse
interbred with the white elephant
That clutters my mind with silliness
And destroys the apartment
With its clumsy paws smashing the silver?

I PRAY YOU

Translate me into your life,
give me a meaning I cannot find
to be part of your culture,
a song you hum in the shower,
the lines you say on a hard date.
Make sense out of my body,
hang me on your bedroom wall or
drink me transparent in your happy hour.
Put me on the paper when you're on the phone,
stick me to your bumper, but drive me home.
Keep me in your wallet as a good-luck charm and
believe things will happen when you press me to your heart.
Think of me as the marked psalm in your Bible,
the one you'd turn to if you ever got miserable.
Plan me for next vacation,
fill me out in your personal information.
Remember me as something you forgot,
and could not, on your way to work.
Make me a catchy number, an up-dated address,
but don't leave me, on this page, meaningless.