

The Voice and The Wind

A tiny inkling of an idea tonight.
Just this and nothing more.
To be a voice of soothing comfort,
respite for the weary or heart sick.

The thing is, we move about like everyone else.
We work. We play. We take care of people.
We smile. We even laugh and have fun.
But somewhere deep inside, we're lost.

We shoulder burdens and worries with grace.
We try not to show how much the pressure is eating at us.
We make big plans. We go places.
We succeed and rise to the occasion.

And still, in our quiet moments,
we have a sadness that is soul deep and winsome,
with a daydreamy, walking the moors sort of greyness to it.
In those dramatic places, we *will* ourselves to carry on.

We have the Aha moments and cling to them.
We wrap ourselves in some mystery,
some breathtaking beauty in a turn of phrase
that makes us clutch the book to our chest and sigh.
Or bigger still, the idea of a waterfall or a sky strewn with stars.
We crave something that takes us out of the here and now
and gives us a glimpse of grandeur that can restore our hearts.

I am writing for that part in me and others like me
who are lost and then find themselves new every day,
shattered by old perceptions, astonished by new visions and revisions,
and patterns, and rainfall, and thunder, and lightening,
and mighty winds, and then stillness.

And then stillness.

And the whisper of the divine.

Part 1 - Hunger

The fog is settling low into the dips
between mountain peaks and ridges
all around this valley.

It hugs and lingers there
with soft kisses.

I am in awe at my craving for you,
inspired by fog,
and mist,
and a dull gray day.

It seems any gift of nature
turns to hunger for your touch.

Treetops connecting high overhead,
babbling brooks, sunrises, and sunsets,
the gentle sound of rain: and I am mesmerized.
Imagining your lips in places deep and shallow,
the in-betweens, the nooks and crannies,
the spots you find that take my breath
and send me reeling through galaxies, nebulas,
star nurseries exploding with life and light behind
my closed eyes, eyebrows raised, hands taut
as magic sparks from outstretched fingers.
My body dances beneath you and aches to blend
and merge and pull you to me. I am ravenous and growling,
and you will not succumb to my pleas, for you are not finished
pushing me to the edges of madness and desire.

Is it any wonder I am often far away and staring,
lost for long moments, over anything lovely,
anything ravishing, as I wander in space and time,
memories tussled with daydreams,
the marvels of love and longing.

Part 2 - The Chasm

Normally upbeat and generally always in a state
of low-grade, constant arousal.

Thirsty, the kids today
would call it.

Incredibly tactile,
music makes me want
to rub and massage
and knead somebody.
And you don't want to be touched. And we are
both in some kind of depression where
we sit close and watch shows together,
watch the steamy love scenes, the kissing that makes
my mouth water, and we don't even
reach out to hold hands.

I want more. I want
"...long, slow, deep, soft kisses that last three days." *
I want no one but you.
I want to come to the other side of this phase
where somehow, we've managed to distance you from me,
and leave us both unsure how to proceed.

When we do connect,
it is like the first time every time,
and at the same time
the very height and pinnacle,
the best it has ever been in the history of lovemaking.

Yet there are long stretches between, and our hearts
hang languid. I am reaching out for you and trying
to breathe beauty back into our love.
I am feeling the weight of Adam reaching up to God.
Could you be longing for me too?
Can we bridge this chasm?

*from the movie, Bull Durham

Part 3 - Salt and Sighs

And just like that, I'm better.
After crumbling and caving,
all my sorrows on my sleeve,
my weeping willow,
my mourning dove sighing,
my edge of a precipice
looking down the yawning expanse,
my sadness tumbling out
and spilling over.
Friends came alongside and
brought hope and courage,
strength to speak
my needs and wants.

And it wasn't difficult,
it's not like you don't listen
or respect my poet heart,
my sanguine soul,
brought low only sometimes
by cycles of shadows
and darkness, a periodic
lack of touch.

Then there was that moon
crested our hill,
blue light pouring into our valley
and setting the coyotes wild –
howls and yips and snarls
moan and echo across
the fields. There is no need
for cover - we are very quiet
and very slow - but it is nice
as background noise - like
we are lovers in a
Transylvanian castle.

We may be more dangerous
than we can handle,
we may be otherworldly creatures

of the night, fueled by
pulse quickening, breath pulsing,
movements deep and holding,
stillness, shudders, quakes, and grasping...

Hours and days and eons
later, we are spent
and satisfied and
can no longer speak
our own native tongue.
We are left with salt and
sighs and trembling.
We are back in orbit.

All Thumbs and Whispers and Hallelujahs

All thumbs and whispers and Hallelujahs.
This is me at the jumping off place,
at the edge of the page
or rifling through pages and pages
trying to find that one poem,
that one phrase, the words
that wrapped around the thought
I didn't know was there,
but sang themselves boldly onto the page
to sit beaming at me, bewildered and proud.

Words whiffle and drift into being sometimes,
or pull at memories in the back of the mind,
just out of reach, around that corner,
waiting behind the mists of our perception,
peeking and peekaboo
but not clear enough to see or say.

And then, they are quite accidentally obvious,
falling over one another
as if they'd been pushing at the door
we finally walked up to and pulled open in a hurry.
They come tumbling onto the carpet,
all elbows and knees and cheese-eating grins.

This is my mind at work.
It is not a nice, orderly, by design,
one word after another affair,
but a reckless game, a playful frolic,
a running through meadows
and getting tangled in cobwebs,
jumping and leaping
in fright and frantic flailing,
only to laugh at itself a moment later.
A swing from tree branch,
a flop into the lake,
all the water droplets sending circles
across the still water.

Ever widening are the thoughts and plans
and daydreams that chase each other to the edges,

to the pussy willows and purple grasses
gently swaying in the breeze.
I am beside myself, alone in wonder.