

Thrice upon a time

I remember when...
My love is an ant
work, work
work it! work it!

My love is a bee
this bee busies herself
about her business
flowers never tasted
as good as in her honeys.

My love is a moo cow
moo, moo, moooooo
she moves even when
she stands still.

She walks her path
not in an ant trail
not in a beeline
that would freak her out
she'd kick your teeth in.

Her path wends and bends
and curves and takes longer
and lasts longer and I
long for her longer and longer

I pray it doesn't lead her
to the charnel house
I cannot bear to hear her
cries of fear as prods discharge
lightening to kill her.

Oh winding road lead her
to green verdant pastures
where she may kneel down
where she may lie down

My true moo cow, I love you.

Milk goes with honey.

Moneylove

The hedge fund manager
gazed into the eyes of
the US Congressman
as a Bedouin spies
an oasis.

The US Supreme Court
Judge licked his lips and whispered
sweet financial figures
into the ear of the
oil corporate lobbyist.

The glimmer in the eye
of the investment banker
beamed on the footsteps of
Presidential Candidates
as the door framed them as
if they walked out of a movie.

They all said love of money
means love is money.

And he gasped and he groaned
and she moaned and she heaved

I \$ and € and £ and ®
and ¥ and © and ™ U.

Three languages

There are three languages
one is written
one is spoken
one is sung

I wrote to you I love you
Death delivered the letter
to the wrong address
now it is just in
a collection of poems
below in the library stacks.

I spoke to you I love you
Life came to eavesdrop
then the horde dropped in
and you left because
it sounded like script
for tourists seeing the sites.

So I sing to you I love you
here are the lyrics written in the liner
here is the music notated on the sheet.

I sing to you lyrics and melody
and I hope, Love smiles,
there several paces back
where Love stands in the doorway
and listens to what the air carries.

There are three languages
one is written
one is spoken
one is sung

She could live anywhere

Goldilocks put the bears episode behind her; she went on to college and took work as a model for an art class and bared her chest for student sketching.

One student chiseled a heart from a block of stone another student sculpted a heart from a slab of clay and a third student blew a heart from molten glass.

The class instructor inspected the stone heart and found it too hard then looked at the clay heart and found it too soft. As the instructor approached the glass heart Goldie leapt from her seat and exclaimed:

“What is this heart of glass: hot and soft at first then cool, smooth and solid? This heart of glass transparent, empty, holds nothing yet this is where I want to live.”

She took the heart in her hand and pressed it against her chest and as she lowered her chin she seemed to whisper “I am sorry for squatting,” and disappeared.

Get in line

To all those fellow Catholics who think who believe that women and married men and married women and gay men married to gay men or not and lesbians married to lesbians or not should be ordained Roman Catholic priests.

Let's make it happen.

Form the team: make sure we consult a librarian who can get at all the history books and grimoires and has probably read a few.

Contract a young powerful witch; she can memorize the spells.

Hire on retainer a couple of vampire slayers who heal quickly and fight because it's their job.

Interview a couple of actual vampires who are re-ensouled; they fight because it's fun.

Book the flight to France; there must be a church "Father's" baculus in a cave somewhere there.

We'll probably have to battle a demon-possessed person to death to get at such a magicked artifact.

The witch will chant the words that for those called all can respond yes! and that everyone else in the world can respond yes to yes!

Otherwise we must wait with pain until grace arrives.

To wait is to share in patience what others suffer; those who will never be ordained.