

The Illusionist

Her legs were long and lean;
clothed in the finest silk hosiery imported from the Orient.

Her feet melted in to the bright red stilettos that saw the rooms and hallways of many a fine hotel.

She painted her body from the runways for Milan.

Her long perfectly manicured hands wrapped themselves around the arms of the wealthiest men, held the finest fur, and circled the rims of the finest chrystal champagne flute.

She was lusted after by political dignitaries, foreign princes, and international leaders. They all wanted to wrap their faces in the musk of her body, hike the wonder of her caves, swim the surf of her ocean. They wanted to explore the darkness of her existence.

She would mingle in the languages of the most exclusive countries while never unmasking her own origins. She was as mysterious as her aura.

Where did she come from
Where has she been
She disappears back into the shadows of her elusive drapes

The woman of the night

Inclination

I love to write run-on sentences that meander through articulation of my suppositions about the imposition of things I don't wish participation in during my investigation of the...
more important things in life.

It is my realization that the obligation to be part of the adulteration of the one-percenters only sets one up for assassination of not only your character but the misdirection of the...
more important things in life.

Therefore my affirmation of the capitalization of all things "real" would only be a preconception that I allow to be in question for a brief occasion while I envision the...
more important things in life.

It is very certain that a vocation in a corporation where you are not in administration will likely lead to your resignation as you become disgusted by the nullification of the service to the customer and the degradation of the intellect of those who claim to be in charge and in the know
about the...
more important things in life.

Jubilation is what comes from the authentication of your perception of who you are and where your satisfaction lies...
within your passion,
compassion
and love for the...
more important things in life.

**Celebrate your voice
Remember the sun rhythm
Your music makes love**

The drumming group inspired themselves

Dreadlocks some tied in knots at the back of their heads, some hanging low swinging as a part of the rhythm

They bump and grind the talking drums; caress the djembes; stroke the congas
In and out of themselves creating circles of intricate soulful chemistry

The women and children dancing in brightly colored African garb.
Around and around intoxicated by the beat
Jumping, spinning, laughing
Breasts heaving as the lungs beg for more

The calling of the birds intermingle with the
syncopated breath of the air
other inner city sounds blend and fall into beat

The cadence gives way to impromptu solos that meld back into the chorus while others gleam with the sweat of their ecstasy.

Into the day they play until all energy is drained as the sun sleeps and the moon rises for the final act.

**Children put to bed
Adults laughing through the night
The silent drums wait**

The Watchers

From one shadow to the next
they move without a sound
silent reverence to the night

Waiting
Invisible
Eyes trained

The Watchers

They walk among us
Crouched nimbly into the folds of dusk as it turns opaque
Their illusive footsteps masked only by the displacement of the darkness

While all is abed they settle in to mingle among us
In and out of our breath they saunter
leaving not a trace of their essence

The night becomes alive as they oversee our world with theirs
Unassumingly medieval in their nature
Their reign is omnipotent

The moon gives way to the debut of the sun
The shadows fade and the corners of darkness subside
The watchers give one last stretch
massaging the softness of the night away
They settle into a purring slumber paying homage to the world that belongs to...

The Watchers

I Prodigal

The lost child
Unknown by all who loved her
Striking out to witness, see, smell and experience the world on her own terms
Smarter than all, taller than all,
Determined to find all she was looking for

Learning ...
Falling down...
Learning...
Falling down...
Finally leaning on the wall she built around her
Learning to walk in the shoes she created
The tools provided by her parents seeping into her soul and finding themselves steeped deeply
within the son looking, smelling and talking just like her.

Guiding
Loving
Picking him up
Guiding
Picking him up
Realizing that what she was looking for was home

Coming home,
 Coming home,
 Coming home...