

“Close”

Closer then and close,
One standing, and one leaning,
Space between so close.

Closer than the air,
Night sky and the stars can be,
Close then, you and me.

And we, close then we,
The air pulling, gaze pulling,
Before our embrace.

And pressing forward,
Souls against skin now pressing,
Close but not in haste.

Your lip is my lip,
Breath on breast, and hip on hip,
Closer then and close.

Closer we will be,
Close then, you and me.

Tending The Garden

Pull and push and pull
The tawny weeds of doubt
The roots darkly devout
The love lockets missing
Weeds spring around my heart.

Tend to the garden to guide them away
Tend to the spirits where once did play.

Sow and reap and sow
The flowers of long field
The rows fecund to yield
The furrows holding fast
Flowers of you and you.

Tend to the garden to guide them away
Tend to the spirits where once did play.

Throw and learn and throw
The seeds from harvests past
The prayers there and cast

The needs starting to start
Seeds of love and learning.

It is but a child of fear
Hovering in the garden here.
It is but a child of fear
Hovering in the garden here.

Tend to the garden to guide them away
Tend to the spirits where once did play.

"Poem of Forgiveness"

I give, to forgive, I give
You, this memory of mine
Past of mine, of me.

For you, I remember, for you
Old stories, the oldest of yours,
Stories forgotten now; I give.

And songs, to sing, the songs
Of our childhood, yours and mine,
Songs brave after long tears; I sing.

Let us embrace, forgive, embrace,
You sister of pain and fears,
Past of mine, of you, for us.

"Our Hymn"

May you stop and hum,
For your songs to burst forth,
To sing as you may.

To sing for the Lord,
To sing for you and yours,
To sing for this day.

And within your song
May you remember me
Singing as you pray.

Then within your soul,
May you feel forever peace,
Shining as you lay.

Swim

Swim, my dear, swim,
Against currents of disdain,
Your tears filling –
The fears filling –
Whirlpool of your drowning,
Yawning maw from youth to ages,
Always remembered, never redeemed,
Always hungry for, below the surface,
Your tears filling –
Your fears filling –
Swim then against these tides,
The channels of the crooked,
Tipping you into uncertainty
Flailing, and feeling and reeling,
Swim, my dear, swim
Against currents of disdain.