

Finding Gaia

I'm looking for something. Aren't you?
I want to wear a different necklace everyday
I want to be beautiful
I want to be loved
I want to do something important in the world
Not for vanity but to help ease suffering
I just want to bite a chunk of life off with my teeth
and feel it in my mouth and chew.
I feel so hungry.
I wish I knew...

The wind blows like a dire reminder of something..
I hear echoes in the background of my mind
Subtle voices whispering near
What are they saying?
They are reminding me of something I knew.

I'm remembering something I knew
Now that I can stop all that
And slow down for awhile in my widening milieu
Of interchanging stories, intermingling voices
amidst the broadened spaces across the opened faces
There is some deep spreading truth
I can taste in the liquid on my tongue and warming up my mouth..
A quenching vow of consciousness
And reality, real reality

I am thinking about the healing power of touch
It is real, and yet
And yet WE suffer
And yet we tear each other apart
And yet we fall all over one another's scattered bodies
and torn out souls
Reaching, grasping desperately and somewhat in vain
At that which will make us whole
At that which will heal
And bring us back to the reality we know is true
That we are one
Not just with each other
But with the sun and the rain and the sky and clouds and one
with the day and night and changing seasons
And one with the dawn and the muck and the mud
And the shoelace on the boot of a dead man in Afghanistan
and the first tear drops of a newborn

Sometimes a thing is so beautiful all I can do is cry
A true, dire beauty
When suddenly everything sinks into NOW
in more ways than you or I ever knew and all we can say
is YES!
And weep for the beauty of it
For the truth of its beauty
And the beauty of this deeper truth we've accidentally hit upon
with no thought or plan or reason
An accidental epiphany
A random pop of enlightenment
It's true,
and it heals you from the inside, so that you finally feel
you have come home
And found the true Mother.

Resolve

Buddha Breath skidded here
slapped a ticket on frowns

And the crow sings
Caw, caw to keep the airways open and free
and at my kitchen table, Robert Frost in a book
speaking about ants, death, and departmentalism
when I'm thinking about what you said

it couldn't be gentle...
and then, and then
I'm back to nothing again
What to do on this Sunday
something anything, like a search for God
or at least shells on the beach,
even if they are broken.

Hey banana, cigarette smoker, frosted window,
sand in my shoes, I been walkin'
dirty sox, itchy nose, hatchoo hatchoo, excuse me
no God bless you little Buddha
sitting on a rock, holey rock holy and filled with holes
worn out by time

empty match book flim flam dirty fingernail
tap drip
a dried bag of tobacco and a crooning Soprano
(whose title deserves a capital letter.)
 Isolde's dead, she's dead
the incense, again I said

my kitchen, the garble on the air ways
I'm afraid to turn on the tv
or go to the store for bread
because of the sleeping people or are they dead

Jesus knew more than me,
So does my cat, even when my cat lies sleeping

shiver speckled incandescent creeping bus
i choose it, this thing my palm
my future and reality
yet i see all the reasons die
and everything is just 'cause

up down up down up down us,
running on the shoreline
all turning and changing until it's IT,
until it's just the same again
and morning and gain, and breathing
when pain fills every corner whispering
where did you leave your resolve
dear friend?