

How Dangerous, this Sharing of Ourselves  
a Collection of Five Poems

#1

Affect

We each reach in, I hope;  
we each step, step on, walk off,  
make steps.

We all leave effects,  
we affect and seek affection  
And in our microcosm personal, we  
Often unawares see others'  
skin  
raw and wanting.

We each reach out, or can;  
we muster, marshal creative movement  
to pique the humor or mind  
of another,  
and we hope,  
c o n n e c t.

#2

## From Scratch

We cope & hope alone;  
in tandem we fly.  
There's enough pasta  
at the store,  
aisles & aisles.  
Let's make our own.  
Where screens separate  
skin connects,  
and the warmth was  
never more warranted  
than now.

#3

To Be Known

We grow up with skin, thick or thin.  
We're modeled how to love and withhold.  
We're shown how to *adult*, its modes,  
its quiet screaming from within.  
We're patted on the head for not expressing.

You express with strength and presence,  
softly measured from within,  
so that others don't search within you.

You act so that you can be seen  
Without being deeply *seen*.

It's been quite safe inside, I know,  
But where else can you go?  
How else can you be known?

#4

First Poem for a Busker

The wicker basket woven on the spot.  
The heart held out for all to see.  
A way of being & becoming & bequeathing  
upon listeners, willing and passing,  
the invitation to p a u s e.

Pausing comes where no stalls sell,  
where no number counts,  
on park benches and in well-worn hats,  
vibrations bouncing from concrete & grass.  
Yet, wheresoever the music abounds,  
for those who *see* & *hear*,  
the best music busked unfolds  
not outside,  
but *inside*.

#5

Second Poem for a Busker

a room full, head full  
from quiet emerge notes  
taken & given from the cosmic sweetness  
translated for no one & everyone.  
invisible enough that not  
a person around wants or expects,  
such that you can surprise from heart.

an army of fingers  
hope open the lines, the chords,  
little strings from your guts  
onto eyeballs that couldn't have known  
you or yours or your heart  
without your  
music