

SIXFOLD SUBMISSION

1. When We Go

I touched her abandoned nightshirt,
As if the warmth of her full body had stuck to its seams.

But alas we are only air when we go.
And her clothes went cold too soon,
And the bed has forgotten its tenant.

2. The Fruits that Shall Sit

I wish to steep these words
with the wisdom that time brings
To allow them
Like aged wine in the barrel
To grow bold
And strong
And a deep blooming color
on the tongue of the first who will taste her.

These are the fruits that shall sit
Hidden from the sun
Until it's deepening -
Until the world has known them:

*“Nothing is
But the wish
Of a lasting Infinite -
That grand beating heart
Within it all -
To see each thing
United.*

*Just as the body tastes the soul
In tentative licks
In swift glances...
Infinity waits patiently within
To reveal herself
And embrace us whole
As a child returning home.”*

3. Poem to the Wayward

You have left your belly in the trash can
And your breasts on some man's bed
Where he fondles them on lonely nights
When sun
is just breaking the seals on new whiskey bottles

Notice how he holds one breast, one bottle,
and somehow still holds himself erect.

You have left your backside down on Broadway
as you sauntered from the subway stench
And some man took it home with him
On the off chance his wife may be turn in early

While some business woman carried it into work
to pass the long computer screen hours.

And I've seen your feet on the side roads of Brooklyn
There, a bus just ran over one.
I'm sure you did not mean to leave them in the company
of the bone thin cats
who stop to sniff your beaten shoes.

But your nose, I know, still lives at home
Where it stands patiently by mother's side
as she cooks through her evening shows.

And your ears hide out under theater seats
where first ballets were had.

But my dear your lovely hands
Did you have to leave them here in this dingy bar?

I can still see them whispering on sweaty necks
And glued to a glass of beer.

And the bartender will wash away your fingerprints
and other grime

But your hands will be there
Your hands will be there still.

4. The Rites and Religions of Woman

What is it to be
“Woman”?

Virgin and veiled
I have no Bible
To tell of the rites and religions
Of woman

She has entered the stage
And never uttered a word

Over the preaching
Of another creature
She wept
And fed
And grew evermore
For the use of Him
To bring her body out to war.

5. Come,

Come

Let us each pour our God

Into the Center

Where all understanding

Melts into One

Shapeless

Breathless form

And return it back up

To the Universe

Complete -

As the moment when Creation

First imagined itself.