

Unsent Letters to H.H. the Dalai Lama

A Runaway's Journey

Liechtenstein,

Ducking death's unruly jaws-

I crossed the Rhine in a nightingale-escorted

Canoe of winter fireflies trumpeting through

The breaking ripples of undiscovered worlds.

And as I approached the Teutonic land,

A prurient sun sought my phallic clay – unshaped –

Among a choir of wings serenading the early dew.

He stood at the threshold of Vaduz –

All Theseus-like – the unslain Minotaur in chase –

Trespassing society's perfect-carved wounds.

Sunk in snow and conjured-up shapes of Heaven,

I swallowed-dry the ampleness of his gleam,

An encore to the meadows we reaped in heat.

Luxembourg,

They said the world would never herd us

Before Esch-sur-Sûre welcomed our exiled souls

In its constant greatness, the exact spot

The Sûre bends into the profusion of in-love runaways:

Upon the river-bedded secrecy you perused my lips;

I thanked Rodange's complicity in her native land,

The ground that hatched the affirmation of our journey.

We hibernated among rough seclusion twigs, sitting in judgment,
That later warmed up your body onto mine – silently –
Keeping the Vatican fog from tiptoeing its way to our bedside.

I wasn't afraid anymore. The visions were clear.
We outgrew the swirling lunacy strapped to our hope,
Caught in the *rara avis* of your thrust inside me.

Rome,

A longdrawn night greening in the shadows
Unblinking, untouchable – nobody knows it...
City Eternal of emperors and iridescent moons
I left the thousand jasmines on the Palatine
Like you requested; they await in the dust,
In the treaded sheaves of Saturn, firmly
Away the reaches of the Tiber – don't let me perish!

On this burnt-out stone of "lifeless beings"
Where the Unholy See unchristianly set ablaze
Testaccio and its bohemians of fine loving.

We won't ever leave. We'll moan on our male navels
Under Gaio Cestio and his soaked-in-our-blood pyramid.
We'll love and pour anointed oils on our silken lips.

Switzerland,

I saw the Easter star pointing a hopeful home,
On the tidy and fresh dew of the Oberland.
I went to introduce the bones that kept me whole,
An offering to the Jungfrauoch and the Schilthorn.
I dream-raced my faith to the crossroads
And the timeless, neutral winds of Interlaken
So that this American soul could validate his song –

Memory serves: there was John the Baptist upon a hill,
Waist-deep in the Thunersee attending his blessed chores –
Blur-eyed our jejune idyll knelt before the sage,

And breaking through the clouds in awoken approval,
The ghostly dove descended upon our limitless existence
In the name of the Father, the Son and Holy Justice.

Rotations

In memoriam Grandpa Félix

Till all his life was fair
Leaning against the oak tree,
We waited daily at, say, 3 or 4pm
For the thundering angels in camouflage
To descend in peaceful anguish,
And later see them rise again with
Those who once waited as we did.

For You Poet at the Taverna

But merely from all shining lanterns
Uncovered by the time-battered solitude
I found a kind poet hissing in greatness –

A marching-clockwise soul of infinite grace;
A divine, Vesuvianesque face – moon-drawn spirit
Of assertive choices and noble-hearted eyes.

Let wisdom dwell noiselessly in you
For now the past fades in the ocean sand of truth.
Buried memories of bygones-be-bygones

Have now departed on that wooden cross,
And you, a still-unlived life of words, are yielding
New dawns with resolute patience.

Let this winged spark of hope and justice
Ascend incessantly to unknown highs
While the world rests fervently at the tip of your quill.

New York, New York

Indeed seductive its deadly embrace
For those whose inner worth
Has been reduced to phony praise,
The real, substantial vow behind this page.

Is this confusion the cause,
The reason why I can't see my path,
The tender fog that suffocates my veins?
I seek solace in Buddha's arms.

I think about my faults
And see the calming waters of reason,
washing ashore, decoding the truth,
a bottled message set free by mighty Ganges.

And yet – the tight grip
Of everybody opining – unchallenged –
I allow to hold me hostage,
A feeble-minded spirit of sorts.

So I ask again, what's to come of me?
When arrogance inflates my thoughts,
And pride takes me down fruitless roads.
I drown in silence – but I drown...

The Truest Now

I woke up in the blueness
Alcohol scented sheets,
The shocking pain of broken limbs;
The agonizing breath of my fading soul.

I woke up to a stranger, gentle gaze.
My faith lost – left untamed-
Somewhere between the nights of horror
And my inability to aspire.

I woke up a rainy morning longing – ominous dew –
Cast away by the fickle past of choices.
Half-drowned in desperation and self-judgment:
The knowing-better truth that cripples.

I woke up amid my actions – the truest now –
They drew the sword, unyieldingly, yet compassionately.
My thoughts finally awaken in the wet mud of apparitions;
The spur of light came alive as if in a Rimbaud ode.