

## *Variations Of Reality*

### *If A Unicorn Comes To A Dishwasher*

If a unicorn were to come to me and whisper to me to jump on its back so it could carry me from the mud and the barbed wire and the never-ending dishes to the circus, indeed I would listen to those temptings.

"We would be star performers there, you and I," it might say.

If that happened, then I, as a grateful employee with a faith in the social order and a wish to cooperate with society's rules, might give two weeks notice before I left my job and traveled with the unicorn to that glittering destination.

But instead if I departed with the unicorn in a precipitous sundering of ties to the Hotel and the Union of Dishwashers,

Then I might be two weeks sooner in attaining my circus stardom.

### *Love's Mental Warmth*

Love is a warmth in the mind.

What causes love to make its climate known?

Is it a hurdy gurdy, jingle jangle run for a touchdown?

I don't know. If I played football I'd be pounded and squelched.

Love's warmth surfaces in the mind.

Does magic cause that warmth to occur?

Yes, it's the magic gap junctions deliver.

They're synaptic brain parts which sense telepathic love.

Are you able to perceive telepathic love?

That can be a great asset to have.

Muddling through relationships can turn your mind wintry.

If the warmth isn't there, can you find routes to summer?

What happens to evoke that warmth sent from others?

Sometimes it's merely a matter of luck.

You catch a child falling from a second story window.

Ten thousand people are watching on that street.

Did luck play a similar role in the battle?

Great Hektor fell, temporarily stunned by a rock.

Yet no assailant could reach that defender.

His comrades surged forward and the enemy was blocked.

What might the rescuers afterwards have encountered?

Was it a wall of love as if light years high?  
Yes, magic happens, and not just in battles.  
Can you sense that guerdon when you've done what you can?

Scraped the ice off the windshield, perhaps,  
Even though you wanted to sleep.  
You weren't the one going to work so early.  
Yet what's in your mind is a warm recompense.

Do all such efforts end in gap junction love?  
A song to a parrot that's begun feather picking  
Might stop the short-circuitry due to being in a cage.  
But does the bird's healing send signals to your brain?

An ideal universe takes note of such endeavors.  
If the parrot doesn't love you then someone else will.  
Do the scutwork; don't be skimpish; try to be a superstar.  
If the parrots don't love you, then millions of others shall.

*Where Were You When You Learned The Leopards Got Tarzan?*

Were you in the vicinity?  
Was it possible for you to come to the rescue?  
Probably not. I was there, though.  
We thought he in his strength and agility  
Never would come to harm.  
We were wrong. We cried.  
I'm not ashamed to admit it.

Stone and blood and silver--  
It was a miserable evening.  
It started off good. Anyway, I thought it did.  
I was in a poker game.  
He joined in after a brief hesitation.  
He had a strange expression on his face  
As if he were calculating odds I couldn't see.

It got down to a huge pot between him and me.  
Those chips were a means of salvaging what I'd lost.  
Without them I'd be in disgrace.  
He won. Stood up. Gathered the precious chips,  
Tossed them in disgust to me, another mortal fool to him.  
"Let this be a lesson," he said. His eyes didn't seem to judge me.  
He drew his jacket about him and exited into the chill.

They'd been waiting there.  
We heard the scream and rushed out.  
The leopards were surrounding the body.  
One of them established eye contact with me.  
What did that eye contact mean to him?  
The last to bound away, he held it until then.  
It's been in my dreams since.

There is a mercy rule in softball games.  
It came into play after my team got 15 runs behind.  
Could that mercy rule extend to the rest of life?  
"Tarzan, despite being Tarzan, is 15 runs behind,  
so we'll spare him from more of our claws and teeth."  
Sometimes in my dreams Tarzan spares the leopards.  
The game swirls back and forth. I try to keep score.

### *Talking Judas Iscariot*

No more friendship with the disciples;  
No more sea and no more sun;  
Suicide was his inner verdict  
After the betrayal he'd done.

The consequences seemed crushing and final.  
He remembered the words Jesus spoke.  
Judas, are those unique memories vivid  
As a noose you shape from the rope?

The past is a prelude and the past is forever.  
It's a companion on reality's trip.  
It won't become something different and better,  
And that rope won't soften its unyielding grip.

Is there a widow who wants your loving?  
Perhaps she's got some children to raise.  
Was being a disciple like being a parent?  
Can you provide both patience and praise?

You know you've got some talents worth saving  
Even though Christ is someone they'll slay.  
And why did you choose to become a disciple?  
Was it to end those lessons this way?

Will you give in to the urge to end your existence  
During these moments when reason has fled?

Can you see someone in you who shouldn't be wasted  
And go through the labors of thinking ahead?

You'll have a portion of time's flowing river.  
You sense you'll have the grimnesses too.  
Some folks surely will want to befriend you.  
Are you able to know that that's true?

You could set an example worth learning.  
Others do things that are horribly wrong.  
Those people might feel that life is just burdens.  
They might believe they can't carry on.

But if you manage to survive your betrayal  
Of friendship and loyalty and a never-ending trust,  
Others might choose to swim from their sea-wrecks  
And live their lives as they must.

Sometimes we hear Sirens calling  
As if in ceaseless refrain.  
But there's no end to the future.  
Songs and lives can be born again.

#### *Questions To Find Out About The Real You*

Are you wedded to the future? Do you wear its ring?  
What sort of luck would you like to sing?  
When you mingle with others, what soul do you bring?  
Are your various faces a composite thing?

Have you ever gone to London to hear Big Ben?  
Ever studied architecture with Christopher Wren?  
Ever stolen eggs from a sleeping hen?  
Ever had a friendship which vanished into then?

What mysteries might await you on the carousel?  
Will some great adventurer ask you to the formal?  
If you had a dragon, would you name it, "Caramel?"  
Are you weird, or are you normal?

Can you assume the poses of normalcy?  
Do great truths help give you some sanity?  
Have you taken excursions through lunacy?  
Are you earth and heaven and hell, all three?

