

Mandates

Don't sell me your false hopes,
Show me the change.
Don't broker "could be worse",
"Only"s and "just"s
Your systems, undoubtedly your ears
Don't ever want to hear
What's really going on
Only that old familiar song.
Wouldn't want to aggravate you
For the hour or day or week
You've got to crack open my file
Needing to be educated
On my children's struggles and choices,
Why they keep on begging you
For safety, respect, and a voice is
Because the record plays broken
My life, his life, her life, and on,
Show you time and again that you're wrong,
You rubber stamp "be quiet",
"Get over it", move along.

No, there is no justice
In your systems,
No peace in your officers,
Judges, and staff.
No protection in your
Services, what a laugh!
You make a mockery
Of my love, my strength, and my cry.
And then you look surprised
That I don't trust your words,
'Cause I can hear your disgust
Every time I brush the dust,
Each time I rise and adjust.

See you may have broken my beliefs
As you're breaking your own pedestal
And you may catch me step in line
'Cause you know that I'm not stupid,
But I'll never be just like you,

It's not in me, stand my ground
And there are bones that I sit upon
That keep rattlin', hear that sound?
They'll ring the bells of freedom
Regardless if you're looking.
See Spirit only lies in wait
Regroups and synthesizes.
You can never box it in,
It just rematerializes.

I've got time if I need it,
So, please find your accommodations.
But there'll be no more negotiations
And I hope you have your ticket.
'Cause I'm done with all my pleading.
All aboard the train, we're leaving.

I Seek the Light

I seek the light.
You bring the dark
Attempt to hang it 'round my neck
As a weight to bring my end
But I've come to embrace
The unknown of dark
And recognize it as friend.
I kiss it on the cheek and
Together walk side by side.
You try to fill the void
With fear and hate and lies
But I shine my light
Expose the Truth
As I look into your eyes.
If mongering's your desire,
You can keep the dark.
As for me?
I seek the light.

Rewrite

I was never expected to be
exactly who I am
And I was too young to see
that the writing on my pages
was in other people's hand
I had no idea it would be
10 then 20 some then
40 and more years before
I had to go back and erase
their adjectives and nouns
because they did not match my verbs
When I went to write my own lines
I had no ink reserves
So I gathered the galls
Gifted to me by those that sting
To pen each inch of script
And later grind the stone for
Calm and wisdom when
The spirits pressed me
For my deepest truths
And integrity.
I swirled and scratched
And even let the hues drip out
On pages filled with uncertainty
Not a word on them
And on some days
When I look back
Those are the pages
Most worth reading.

Original Love

It was not the moment you each
Slipped from my flesh into the light
That truly made you mine
Though undoubtedly you were.
Even the anticipation of you
Could not approach
Your actuality.
And there were tears of joy

And exhaustion
And oxytocin.
One moment part of my own body
A dream made flesh
Next, cut apart from the lifeline
I crafted just for you
Only to replace it with constant
Diligent work to give you life,
To give you
Everything.
Not even then.

No, it was when your eyes sparkled
With my reflection
As I gazed at your
Budding majesty.
And when your mouth christened
Me with my new name
As you clumsily formed
The tender sounds.
It was every time you ran into me
Like I was home base
Or the mothership calling you home
The safe harbor where
You could anchor for a second,
A minute, an hour.
It was when I tucked you in
With mountains of foreboding joy.
Fighting to just stay in this moment
With you
Before you morph again
Before my eyes
Into the next generation.

And more than all of this
It is every time my body swells
With a nectar sweeter than pride
Deeper than belonging
Like a river overflowing it's banks
From a source that has no beginning.
I become overwhelmed

As the sensation runs out of land
Crests over any limits it once knew
Bursting up on a surface
that did not know it was thirsty
The stirring too divine
To call it flooding.
The overbank deposits become precious
Glittering minerals
That are rare
And mine
And yours.
It is paradise
It is nirvana
It is love.
And though it may ebb,
Once the flow creates a path
It reclaims it quicker still
The floodplain becomes
A goldmine
An over abundant resource
Too pure to be named.
Even with each word
Placed down & picked up,
Still cannot be known.
It is heaven and earth.
It is eternal.