

Awaiting the Drumming

I slept on the crown platform of the step-temple last night. I watched the stars collect in totems until the entire sky seemed like a crowd of staring eyes awaiting the motions of my hands.

I've awakened to the sound of monkeys, and the smell of a body being burned.

As I look at the sun, which is still too hungry to release its heat, I wonder what a white god would look like, and what type of language would he speak. Would his powers help us understand his unfamiliar words?

A group of narrow, dark clouds, low and quick, roll by like a river rushing through the sky. It is the blood of the virgin returning to feed the sun. The new moon will be strong and it will cleanse our dreams.

I place my blanket on the top ledge of the pyramid, and await a bird alighting upon it, so I sit still behind the altar, watching. Birds listen to the dead whispering above the clouds. They know of coming rain, and the meaning of shadows. When I inhale fresh smoke, they speak to me.

From up here, the lush expanse of tree tops looks like a field children could run across. When I close my eyes, I feel I can see Tikel rising out of the distant jungle. At night, when there is no wind, I can sometimes hear its drums.

Next moon, I will not eat for three days, and our drums will begin just before my chest is opened and my heart removed so god can descend into my blood, and we will join together like the twin wings of a great bird, and fly behind the sky, never to be separate again.

Undivided, I will return in the body of a jaguar, growling as god to frighten even the strong who have not the wisdom to carry the weak to water.

4:17 AM

I woke up to feel...to fully feel, for there is an innocence when we dream, a vulnerability that possesses us, and it remains to be felt with depth and completeness when we slip out of the dreamworld but remain in a state not quite awake, in a world of twilight, between wakefulness and sleep, when we live as does the sunset sky filled with surreal colors awash across the horizon, the innocence of being alone in a stark universe, alone but for the love which connects us to one another, to what we sense is just beyond death, illuminates in a very vague manner what could be, what seems to whisper to us as a dream song, as a poem we cannot recollect upon full awakening, but it reminds us that we are all children of light, and we all swim awkwardly through life toward love, desperate, sometimes even violently possessed, to capture what lies still in the twilight world...

...until one morning when we actually experience death, again, and realize the twilight world is the only true existence and it was always there for each one of us to experience if only we took the time to

become as a cloud, adrift between the universe and the earth...quiet...immersed in a meditative state, alert as a hawk, settled as a rock...listening not to words, but to the lyricism of broken hearts trying to mend, and discovering how innocently each of us travels toward the light broken by our sorrows...and here, I want to capture death as it opens its portal to wisdom, while remaining in this body I call by my name, and ask if I may spread this message, if, but once, I might sing a poem to the world and let everyone reclaim the innocence they feel too ashamed to call their own...

...so I turn toward you, my voice beginning faint as breeze until I see that you are like a Greek god—powerfully broken, volatile, and rich with fervor—and I understand that I must become as rain that blesses a flower, so I open myself thoroughly and prepare to pour...yes, I must pour...upon you, I must pour in waves of symphonic thunder until your bleeding turns to water and opens the seed of the next flower in twilight's pasture of a thousand innocent faces in flaming blossom...

In My Hand

There are birds that never touch a tree. They soar off of mountain crags, make their nests on ancient rocks, circle in and out of clouds--their wings as light as cirrus feathers.

I keep a stone I found in the desert among young sage in my pocket. No one sees it, but it flames often inside my palm when I am among others. When I talk to myself in psalms no other person will ever hear, this stone dictates my speech, and turns my ideas into visions. It knows of wisdom, it knew of people now extinct. It rested in waters of a great river that became a sea. It has seen both sides of light and knows that darkness is not eternal.

There is a powerful voice inside of me; it is not mine, though it speaks when I am among trees, alone, in a rhythm that strays toward song, pulsive and staccato, in language I strive, but fail, to interpret correctly. I know what it says is true, but I cannot quite translate its messages into lyric, and it will not reveal them in any other way. I stay diligent, and carry my wonder into each encounter with the cadence of its songs.

I followed you one day to the well. The water was heavy, so I carried your buckets all the way back to your gate. Moss lined the grooves of the plank wood against which you leaned as we watched a bird above, wings stretched wide upon which to ride the azure toward another cloud. The voice inside me, singing in a language of rapture, could not sit still long enough upon my tongue to flutter into flight.

I walked away, unspoken, my hands now free to press firmly upon the fire of my hidden stone. Suddenly, with only birds nearby, I began to speak in poems...