

## **I'm Beginning to Think**

### **Another Morning Poem**

A September dog day morning  
already hot at six a.m. when I go out  
in tank top and shorts emptying kitchen compost

And layered clouds ripen gently baby  
girl blush, rose, cerise sit me on porch  
with summoned husband until silvered rays

Shine through then walking home  
from store with milk remember another  
perfect moment with two little boys

Now men--Alex ever confident bouncing ahead  
Jeph bemused swinging ambrosial ketchup  
past cyclone fenced duplex

on the corner gray stucco apartments  
a neighbor's lawn-parked  
car proudly finned

and looking up  
a rainbow

**I'm beginning to think the Buddha was right**

Tell that to the Manzanita I planted in clay soil  
no care for its soul or prospects  
wanting only to fill that lonely spot  
next to my bedroom window

Or the sons I bore wanting  
so badly to nurture I pulled  
every stray dog close not  
knowing how little I knew  
about anything

Oh, I could talk about my guilt  
forever stumble  
through that drought  
stricken land remember  
every fear driven rage

you know I think  
what I mean I mean  
Life is Suffering  
I might as well accept it

plant my roots  
in whatever soil  
life presents  
drink from leaky spigot  
and turn towards the sun

### **Summer Monsoon in Tucson before Everyone had Air Conditioning**

And on some summer nights the sky opened up  
After days and weeks so hot the asphalt sizzles itself soft,  
so hot you feel it through the soles of your shoes,  
so hot the sun radiates off glaring chrome  
branding palms that touch it unprotected.

Days and weeks of evening storm clouds gathering  
over the mountains and scarlet sunsets  
welcoming you outside as the heat rumbles from roasting  
to bearable and even children and businessmen stop to watch  
that technicolor changing of the guard.

Days and weeks of everyone complaining  
with air so heavy the air cooling doesn't cool,  
the public pools are full, and everyone  
else crowds into air conditioned banks, malls,  
movies for one more showing of Geisha Girl.

Days and weeks of bar fights breaking out  
and talk of a conspiracy to under report  
the temperature that flashes on the bank tower  
so we don't all pack up and leave. It's hotter  
than hell, let alone a hundred and ten.

Days and weeks of people taking off for the mountains  
or across the desert to California and the beaches,  
of mattresses dragged outside to catch whatever  
breezes come, of everyone moving slowly, not cooking,  
eating salads outside when the sun goes down

One summer evening, bruised clouds heavy  
after days and weeks of breathless waiting,  
the first fat drops fall, warm on our faces  
and hands and everyone runs outside, arms outstretched  
and even the atheists pray to the God of rain that this is it

that it doesn't stop, and sometimes, after days and weeks,  
it doesn't, blessing us with fierce presence, pounding  
down, thunder rumbling closer  
lightning huge in rain heavy, redolent  
sky, children dancing open mouthed

to catch it on our tongues, the taste of joy,  
lightning hitting so close we're called  
inside to watch through glass  
the thunder deafening and almost simultaneous with  
god lit arrows hurled at mountains and palm trees

and right into our living room, blazing  
through open vents.  
The mountains alive!  
The desert alive!  
The room alive!  
The air alive!  
with electric possibility  
so potent, it pierces,  
in a bolt,  
our opened hearts

### **Why Would anyone write poetry?**

much less be a that foppish thing  
a poet? sounds so damn high falutin  
don't it maam? Strap on your six shooters side  
into a saloon watch out! Here comes a poet!  
Well who the fuck cares? or sit around in coffee houses  
dressed in black and don't forget the beret  
and cigarettes and talk and talk and maybe  
go home and write a line or two  
and when you tell anyone  
not poetical or even your own doubting  
self *that's* how you spend your time  
while they're out  
Assembling cars!  
Writing software!  
Tending the sick!  
Feeding the poor!  
they look kinda puzzled nonplussed  
even wonder  
*Are you published?*  
*Do you make any money at that?*

Just when I'm ready to give up  
the whole damn enterprise  
*and who did I think I was anyway?*  
*Shakespeare?*

The Manzanita outside my window  
opens in bell shaped bloom

invites saronged muse,  
soul scented plumeria tucked into hair  
black as forested night and as alive  
she opens the door  
takes my hand  
and leads me through  
into the house of possibility  
into the blood warm sea

Then takes me in her arms  
until I hear her beating heart