

PLANTS

Little plant,
do you acknowledge me?
Do your vibrant rhombuses, spiky protrusions,
spherical fringe, and spongy ovals coordinate
to signal my presence?

Cleave Backster probed you with a polygraph.
How did it feel to be mistrusted,
assumed to be a liar?
Better than stigmatized
as a mindless vegetable, I suppose,
but wonder:

Do you get butterflies
when pollen strikes your fancy, *your* stigma?

Do you fill with nostalgia
when you scatter your seeds?

Those gorgeous leaves of red and gold,
does it hurt to leave them behind?

Are you aware of what your flowers stand for,
or does that meaning lie with the beholder,
bee, beetle?

What bugs you, if anything?
I am in-tree-gued by your imperturbable stature.

What is primary perception like
for you? A secondary class citizen,
a saint in some parts of the third world?
As they define it?

Little plant,

it must feel wonderful
to be enlightened
by the sun each day,
frustrating
to be entrapped
by the earth
or contained.

Do you ever feel jaded
by all the emeralds and malachites
on your garments?

Are you absolved of taxes,
since you already absorb toxins?

Those perennial germs,
they must be your best buds.
Would you smoke pot
when they come around your environment?
Or would your pot soon crack
out?

Little plant,
you must be a good listener
because you're always silent.
but could the lack of voice
be the root of all your fears?

How would someone like me
penetrate those walls you set up?
With an enzyme from one's stomach?
A tendril from the heart?

I'm sure you are full of ground-breaking ideas
which sometimes appear as surface tension.

And I certainly can imagine
how satisfied you feel
having just composed something,

out of mere compost,
in your case a photo-synthesis.

WORDS

my words retell a story
like hair strand tests

strands of time stretch
and tense like superstrings

strung like a guitar, my soul
vibrates, sings in harmony

harm from downward dogs
that sell scowls as grins bounces

off the bell-shape the garment
of this modern-day Rumi spins

as yarn over a wheel into the weave
of Einstein's head's summit

summoning sharpened vagueness
that chokes and drowns in phlegm

only lovers recover from by coughing;
the medicine this amicable mucus gives

loves past revulsion
revolving around the story

that my words retell
like hair strand tests

LIFE

Do you remember when I told you
I first glimpsed a tree?
the night before our second date
brown, lifeless... the tree, not the date
it wasn't Kabbalistic yet
but had the potential

Much, much later, the same tree
visited me late, late at night
to absorb the streams
of my tears with its roots
it was glowing angel-light;
Agápe overflowed suddenly
forced on me for a few
inter-dimensional seconds

But, right before that there were you
senile, still bitter, pronouncing
a reverberating statement
you're too attached to the physical
with such intense resentment
I thought I would do better
in the ground right then and there
like the roots

Yet, another long jump
into the future and I knew
the previous figment
was there for the changing
this was the teaching
the future's presented for the reworking

After much, much more suffering
I finally learned it - to embrace desire
not spurn it for a misconception

that I must writhe in bondage
I realized then I don't have to wait
like a good girl until I'm old
the whole story is not yet told
but today I remembered that tree
during meditation, then, someone
remarked that I am full of life
so, I am embracing this connotation

ART

the visage under cloudy eyebrows
and silver hair with seagull pins
drips tonic tears

your paintbrush spills its own
on this unsullied canvas, strokes
pale weave of skin, dips in

electric crimson
lips, swooshes into them
articulation

splashed with your essence
I conform
to your contours only

you ask for us to make weird art
and I have never planned on
mixing any other tints