

three poems by me

poem 1

January Sicks

All hail! What transpires most when we envision all
The storied virtues of our treasured scroll
Whose heavenly intentions bold
Surpasses any handiwork of human gold?

Yet all this treasure's splendor on this wintry date
Is periled by a warbling chief of state

Whose hate begetting hate would agitate
The errands of his vaunted minions at their gates.

Then on a cloudy day he fanned their earthly sums
To frothing multitudes beyond his podium
That raced upon our Pennsylvanian pavement's face,
Their azure steps led by their brains unlaced
—Until their mobbing numbers smashed our bastion's doors,
And marred its marble operating floors,
And threatened ev'ry congressor with maiming acts of war
And nearly mummified the morals that their votings swore.

Once these mobbing minions of this tyrannizing fool
Were puppy children tending Sunday schools,
Where there they learned that Solomon of Proverbs cried:
A faithful witness does not lie.

And Paul of Romans further warned:
Shun them who stir divisions in the Christian creeds you learned.
These sacred words no toiling minister would dare deny
The godly truths sequestered in their lines.

Yet decades later a satanic charlatan did sly
These Sunday youths to falter at the altar of enticing lies;
Where spinning horrid hates as patriotic pride,
He channeled their devotions to a perishing demise.

Beware! This mountebank who mocking his democracy so fine
May be as blinded Samson standing 'tween two pillars in a line
Who shoves them till the building 'bove comes tumbling down—
And slays not only him but all the saving principles around.

Amid his helly acts is surely spelled this sign:

You've seen the seed of evil rise before your eyes!
Behold: In our great land we all are allies till we die!
 When lies cleave two of us with hate,
They cleave the bond between our fates,
And then the hater does no good, the hated's use is shunned.
 But otherwise, if two conciliating haters join as one,
They will achieve fourfold what each could do alone.

Posthumous tests await us here. Yes YOU and me.
When will an answer bray its reveille?
What kind of superhuman effort will it take
To turn our treasured scroll back to its sacred state?
 The answer here? Sow truth, quell lies
That as we slept have caught us by surprise;
Replace your preying genes with genial truths,
And do to others as you'd wish them do to you.

 Obey the Golden Rule, both day and night,
And cultivate dear Gandhi, 'stead of strife,
And Schweitzer too, his reverence for life;
 Conceive of Pan whose pipes could stir a pace
Before brave painters who could brush a Lisa's face,
Before the sculptors too, who'd shape a Samothrace;
And ever race your saintly sightings to embrace
A biochemical alembic that your soul can ne'er efface.

Yea, ride the dolphin's back amid the laving seas,
And never by your inchings stir division's sensualities ...
For as Ben Franklin once had freely said:
We all must hang together, or,
 We all may hang by sep'rate threads.

An Ode to Peyote Patti

Her flaxen hair flowed 'round her face
 of sky-blue eyes and cherry lips;
And on her cape of tattered lace
 these tresses fell in uncombed strips.
Around her waist a seashell belt
 revealed her hourglass hips, and sheets
Of paisley fabric patched with felt
 fell 'round her legs to her bare feet.

A magic wand she held in hand.
 "It works," she smiled, and danced along
The rocky strand of sun-drenched sand
 beside the sea that she called home.
A vase half hidden in the sand
 appeared ahead. "Watch this," she cried ...
And with a flourish of her wand,
 a genie rose along her side.

He swirled above his curling sash
 that held secure his scimitar
And offered her his hand, then flashed
 a bearded grin that pierced her heart.
She sighed, and wandered in the sand
 and glanced into his eyes aglow,
Then put away her magic wand
 and asked, "Your name I'd like to know."

The genie breathed a plume of mist
 and boomed, "I'm Abdul-dul-debar,
And all my life my soul has kissed
 the sand-duned land of Scimitars.
O lady with the magic wand,
 you search for mystic harmony,
And yearn along this sea-drenched sand
 to be its voice and blow its breeze.

But clearly mirrored in your sand
are vast mirages of your dreams;
For abalone castles stand
not here. And your oasis green?
I'll carve for you a mystic home
with minarets on ev'ry stem,
And shadowed coolness cast in stone
in ev'ry wall of ev'ry den."

Now Patti stared at him and prayed
inside to find a magic hold.
"Give me your heart," she softly said,
and you will be repaid threefold."
"So much to give!" the man's chest heaved,
"I cannot spare this much for you!
I fear I'll need it all for me,
with all that I have come to do!"

"But hearts are funny things," she sighed.
"The more you keep the less you own,
And all your castles built with pride
will only melt to empty stone."
This stunned the genie so he swooned
and laid his scimitar aside.
"By Allah's Grace, that tiny room
in me I'll give to you," he sighed.

Their abalone castle stands
today in their oasis green,
And in their walls the shadows grand
reflect their mystic harmony,
And in the mirror of their spring
their faces and the trees do stand,
And all around them magic sings,
and all their dreams are drawn in sand.

Visalia

A piano is playing stars.
Some people can't hang them up;
Others walk in circular lines imitating wheels.
A man comes forward and offers me his hand.
I put it in my pocket:
 This can't be the right address.

She stands in the grass, obscured in the glare.
 Gray flame of wind,
I'm drawn to your outer beauty and inner light:
A moth made of ashes steps out of my life as it stepped in.
 I am a doorway
Between the absence of one room and the lack of another.

 I will climb the rain.
Silvery murmers ask me to come.
They drip holes through my skin.
And what the holes once were falls thro' the grass,
Calling the dead to rise again, rise again,
Out of the earth's abiding arms.
And seeing the sun they shrink from sight
Every waking morning and burying night
As the weave of a shuttle
That reshapes our morrows one by none.

 I will wiggle out of the egg,
An ancestral consequence `bandoning one nest for a next,
Lured by a sun seeming everresplendent
While groping among the snailtracks
As a bodiless moth moving thro' a maze
 While yonder prosper grasses a-glitter.

 The grasses swoon.
Small chimes float from sunken pebbles
As they rub their noses thro' the millennia.

Rickety as a cart,
A battle drags this field into another moment.
Yet the prospering grasses soon say bye-bye
As bees and butterflies slip from their hair.
I think of my children.

Debbie,
The grass surrounds you, green on Pink.
Your Visalia thoughts build a glass wall:
Look but don't touch reads the sign.
Mother, father, family, friends link hands to form your chains,
Shackles that hold you in their station wagon castles.

Maybe someday I'll journey to Visalia,
Knight on horseback,
Silver sword in hand,
Glass slippers on feet.
Maybe there I'll kill your dragons and set you free.

But who am I wandering to?