

STILL BURNING

THE WAY I WANDER -page 1-

I want to write poetry
The way I wander
Through the forest
Alone
Following my fancy,
The critters, and their signs

The way I want to worship
The way my dog does
100% adoration
Max gazes up at me
And I see myself- in *his* eyes
A vision of who I aspire to be

The way God sees himself
In my eyes
When I wander
Adoring creation
The way Max looks at *Me*
His fountain of love overflowing
He sees me, as I am

The way I see my son
When he asks
"Will you eat my pork, *just a little?*"
When he is supposed to be sleeping
"My side pork *and my neck pork*"
My heart, hungry and full, I cannot resist
I could eat him up forever

The way I can't stop looking at him
Once he's finally asleep,
I know he'll rise again
I know death is not an ending
I know this moment is fleeting- and forever
But still- my heart aches- for the passing of time.
I know time doesn't really exist
But innocence does
And it too seems to pass
And I know my heart aches
Hungry and full

STILL BURNING

THE WAY I WANDER -page 2-

I wanted to write this poem
About a picture I drew
 Sliding around on the pond
Like a child
 In wonder or worship
 My boots unstitching the blanket
Uncovering the water
 That was already frozen
Anyway

But there came a desperate squeaking
“Mommy!?”
I wheeled around “I’m down here you guys!”
It came again
“Mommy!?”
From the oak tree-
Suddenly alive.
I wanted to linger
Listening

I left, my picture- unfinished

And wrote this
The way I like to wander
And come back home
With my heart
Hungry and full
Alone
But never *alone*

STILL BURNING

FOR YOU -page 1-

I wrote this one for you
Dear Sixfold poet.
I suppose the other ones I did too
But this one consciously
Pulled back the curtains of time

Between us.

I played you a note
On a Tibetan bowl-
Listen and you'll hear it now
Ringing in your heart.
I sent a whole lot of love
And I know it made it,
It made it because I know.
That's the secret:
If you believe, it's true;
It's true if you believe it.

I poured some peppermint tea
And lit us a candle,
"Stay Awhile Vanilla,"
It's container badly broken
Rough glass edges
Wax exposed
But the wick doesn't seem to notice.
I suppose that's the way a soul is.
It doesn't mourn a broken body
It just keeps on burning.

I had to reheat my tea
So I'm thinking of my grandma
She always drank it slowly
Conversing while she knit.
I'm not much for knitting
It's this poetry I burn for
Soul seeking, heart speaking
That keeps me alive
What I'd like to leave behind.

STILL BURNING

FOR YOU -page 2-

I still have a lot to learn
Obviously
Thankfully
I enjoy the burning
For freedom, wilderness, the wonder of it all.
When I do finally go out
It won't be for lack of fuel.

I hope you're burning too
Whether in pain or pleasure
Fully engulfed
A fervor for life.
I don't mind the pain
It makes me feel alive
But I do prefer the pleasure
We ARE on a trip around the sun
Baby let's burn together

STILL BURNING

WRINKLED UP

It's past our bedtime
But the sunset was so delicious
I wanted to bathe in it
To make a bathtub of light
Bent enough to cradle us
Or a sailboat to carry us

Back to the sun.
I'll take a flagpole
To claim my plot when I get there
I'd take a flag for the whole earth
If there was one
Someday...

I'll put my life in my backpack
And make the whole earth my playpen
My raincoat on my waist
So when it pours I can continue to play

Until He calls "come inside"
Father himself
Then I'll open the door
And greet him
(When I am old and Wrinkled up)
Bathing

In the beauty of this all
One more time
A wick fully burned
Ashes to ashes
To stardust all return

And I will try, as mother says
To take only what I'll use

STILL BURNING

SWEET SURRENDER -page 1-

I was dreaming
Of wandering
Wild
And free

When he tickled
The palm
Of my hand-
As if asking my permission.

I shooed him away, saying
'There are still places
I want to go with this
But soon enough

I will be done
And then
I *would* like
To make an offering
To your kind...'

My heart tightened at the thought
Of being shut up
Inside
A concrete box

Separated from the world
To which it belongs.

I want this matter
To be with the creatures

Who crawl
And fly
And slowly stretch majestically toward the heavens.
My new friend cannot wait so long

So
I kill him

STILL BURNING

SWEET SURRENDER -page 2-

And with a broken heart
I watch

Another
Land gently on my tender skin
And without asking permission
Sink her long proboscis
Slowly then quickly
Deep into my flesh.

I am still.
In her bow, with her head flush to my skin
I am delighted
To find rainbows flashing from her wings.

I watch
Closely
As her slender translucence
Becomes crimson and plump.

Ashamed I've never noticed
This magnificence

I watch
Wide eyed
As the ruby of her body steadily grows.
Together, we are

Savoring the moment.
In fear that she must explode,
Shall I shoo her?
And just like that

She is gone
Floating on the breeze
Through the meadow
Or forest

Traveling

STILL BURNING

SWEET SURRENDER -page 3-

In no particular direction
Carrying a part of me
With her

STILL BURNING

WICK 'N FIRE

It is a small child
Born when wick meets spark
Growing if fed...

It is a passionate man
Caressing the wick
In rhythmic touch

It is a dancer
Bending, twisting, leaping, in supple
Ecstatic movements

The fire is a shape shifter
Child, man, or dancer
Be careful how you hold it.

It is an egg
Waiting patiently for the spark of life
For the promise and pain of it.

It is a woman
Unable to say no
Violated? Volatile.

It is a poem
On which words dance
In choreographed emotion

The wick, also a shape shifter
Egg, woman, or poem
Light it and watch me burn