

HONOR AND SHAME

The trombone section riffs quietly,
A quiet big band sound
Saxes are melodic above, blending
Not knowing any decision of honor
Just tonalities, major and minor, and
Also not knowing the degradation of shame.

[spoken poetry: sing: ba-bum- tah.... to-ta-to-ti-ta-tooo-ta]
[from page eight theme]

It's not a 'born with' sort of thing
What exactly what honor is
Or that knowing that the opposite
Is shame.
Not like instinct, not like capacity
This context, -these contexts- are taught.

Observing the flow of business
Two businessmen, together, view the deal with trepidation
One asks: "what happened to shame?"
And the other replies: "it went the way of honor."
What's that way? Which direction?
And where do things go from there?

St. Peter overcame his shame of being a Pharisee
Of being the prosecutor, the persecutor...
To be a saint, to bring forth
God's word, enabling Christians
To walk without looking behind them
To walk into the light.

Sanctification only valid by the way
Life is lived, by the way things are done
Towards Godliness, towards Christ's way
Not like a vote was held, Not like a deal was made
It was the way of being Christ-like
More than following, moving forward as if there was no other way.

[spoken poetry: sing: ba-bum- tah.-te-ta-tu-da-ta-de-da]
[page eight counter theme]

Again the trombones have the theme
Trumpets and saxes riff quietly behind them
Bass keeping the beat, drums echoing the hi-hat quietly
Smooth logic, music supporting
Performing the way of honor
No shame.

It's not a 'born with' sort of thing
What exactly what honor is
Or, the opposite
That Is shame.
Not like DNA, not like propensity
This terrain -these hills- are a guided hike.

LUSH SONG

Insert singing in-between the 4th-5th stanzas
[Sing: Oh-oho-oh , oh odo. :soft gregorian in
major tonality][For spoken poetry presentation]

So what if there is discord
So what if the future seems
Limited. Not unlimited.
If the face of it all,
A ladder leads up towards a dim light
Choosing to climb the nearly vertical wall rungs.

So when will that choice be made
So when is the need for that not necessary
To choose the good steps,
Instead of standing in a cold, muddy puddle of indecision
Those insolent rungs now each are indirectly lit
Beckoning me to climb.

Gotta be up there
Gotta be somewhere up there
The national scold is now Leonardo DeCaprecio
What important things our ambassador showed
Cannot be diminished. Ambassador of Peace.
So many rungs to climb. Up. Up. Not down.

Not capricious, all thought out
Most of the time. Good vs evil
Yet again, havoc sometimes wreaked in this fight
The movement giving a near whorl to the path
Up there, the rungs now lead up
To a muted lush symphony barely heard.

It's a soft high note, held oh-so-long
Up there a woman's alto voice smoothly sings
That sound can't be evil, soft heart strings
Stretching, it's a light. Warming icy evil away
Rungs spiraling gently now, twirling gradually
Stepping colors changing fading into each other.

I wonder if the discord is evil
I wander into a thick grove
Seeing the telltale smoke from the rain-forest burning
Knowing those sad events need to be changed soon
Climbing up those eight gently lit rungs
Not so many left to go any more.

See the flashes in front of a lush burgeoning woodland
See those wet rocks in the middle of clean fast water
Evil cannot prevail in the face
Of such good humans that the many of us are.
'Nother thirty-three rungs are climbed
Small lights shimmer in the music now.

Made the choice to follow my light
Joining ranks with achievers of accomplishment
Repairing, hosing healing energy on the hurt ones
Along with the many that are having already climbed up
Rungs ascended,
Joining those that are already at work.

CHASING

There it goes by again
I see the tail of it as it goes around the corner
As if reaching out to grab the smoke ring floating by
Camouflage of the deer helps to disappear.

There it goes again
Sounds from a distant source unidentifiable
Moving with as if with some urgency
Towards my brain.

Yet, the urgency is desire
The desire,
As all desire is ...In our heart,
Not in our mind.

The will-o-the-wisp flees definition
Like a unicorn, or narwhale
Pointed and elusive, slipping
Into myth and legend.

The manta ray leaps from the water, perhaps as if to fly
Duckbilled platypus thinks perhaps, while laying eggs
A Jesus lizard runs on the water, ripples spreading out
Forms fleeting, wishing, perhaps for oh-so-different.

There, and then gone... again
Where is that motion... again
That energy to create... anew, again
A wispy cloud in a windy sky.

THE CHAIR

It was the first Christmas after
After the demolition of my old marriage
Putting the pieces together afterward
Doing odd-jobs while I found some of the pieces of my head
Lying somehow near the pieces of my heart, it was there
In an alley in-between two old homes, lying on it's side
One of which was my job, to give the old house
A new face, painting the interior.
That chair was an old oak slat chair, wood finish only, no cushion
One slat missing, that took those disjunct pieces of my heart
And disparate pieces of my head
To bring a sort of glue to all that broken-ness.

Walking around the chair that day some twenty years ago
I decided that it was in need of some love
I felt a kinship with those dirty neglected slats
Especially since one was missing.
Otherwise it was a redeemable chair,
A repairable chair
Even as I saw that there was
No longer a fat man smoking a cigar sitting on it
No brass choir playing with listeners on the edge of the seat
No child in a lap sitting there
No content dog at it's owner's feet
Sitting, While reading a favorite book.

It was a process of cleaning
My life, too.
Then the pieces gradually came together
The far removal of life's clods blown so askew
Brought back together somehow by replacing
A slat from another broken chair,
In worse shape
Carefully fit in to join the rest
It made, this repair, made me feel
Like a real accomplishment had been made
Only at the time I it was done thru the haze
Of beer, and tequila.
This somehow a balm for a slat-less heart
And my cracked riser of life.

It was later, many years later
That this metaphor became clear to me
When I rescued a chair from the rain on Christmas Eve Day
My new wife had refreshed this other old chair
She'd taken her nursing skills to it
With the old torn seating,
And paint chipped back in receipt...
Loose risers getting glued
New seating with cheerful fabric covering
Fresh Williamsburg blue paint making the chair anew
All this came in a rush in that rain
Taken inside to a dry warmth of closeness
To Kindness, a request of The Christ.
On Christmas Eve Day.

That old alley chair sits now in front of my desk
It is sat in every day now,
Loved for the quiet creak
When it cheerfully accepts my weight
Slat replaced, cracked riser stabilized
Given a new coat of varnish
After careful loving, the cleaning
Where all the dirt of the alley was washed away.
Taken inside to the warmth of renewal
To Kindness, at request of The Christ.
That Christmas Eve Day
On Christmas Eve Day.