

Equanimity

I ain't no soldier.
I ain't made of armor.
I am just a baby Buddha
looking for lotuses
in the bedsheets.
But then I discover
the mud has turned
to lava
and our bed a volcano.

You pull me closer,
kiss the scars on my torso,
the scratches on my thighs.
If you say my tears
are the waves
crashing on your naked body
then you're my full moon.
Even as these waves burn like suns,
my planets are spinning
around the headlines:

Genitals are mutilated in tents and hospitals.
(The very instruments we play tonight.)
Mothers in the Bronx fall asleep to the sound of gunfire.
Others in Guatemala fall asleep without body parts.
A child in Gaza draws bombs and white phosphorous
with crayons.
Another in Vietnam steps on a landmine and loses a leg.
The Amazon is razed so we can eat happy meals.
A Filipino farmer screams for rice for his family
while we eat it in complacency.
Gold and diamonds are engraved with the blood of Congo tribes.
A union rep disappears in Colombia
courtesy Coca-Cola.

This mind knows all this,
but will never comprehend it.
No words can assuage
these voices,

yet one touch
from your tongue
deafens diatribes.

This touch.
This feeling.
This vibration.
I know
it ain't free.
It comes with a mission,
a responsibility
to the Gods who gave it to us
and the children and mothers
too oppressed to feel it
too lost to understand it.
I have my wounds,
my lacerations,
my shrapnel,
which is why
I can't turn away
from the faces on the internet
flashing across the ceiling now,
refusing to be overlooked.
Our climax
will tell their stories tonight.

And even if the stock market crashes,
even if the condom breaks,
even if the building collapses,
even if the air kills brain cells,
even if the thaw of our two bodies
can't surpass global warming,
our equanimity
will remain intact
behind the closed door.
Tomorrow the city,
the peeps,
the masses,
the men in Jamaica lynched for loving each other,
the men in Texas awaiting the electric chair,
the Gypsy women in Slovakia raped and sterilized,

the Muslims in Gujarat cowering in basements,
the Kurds in Turkey forbidden to speak their language,
the Tibetans, the Tutsis, the Cherokees,
the razor-happy teenagers.

Our love is for them, boo.

Man to man.

Touch to touch.

There's a revolution downstairs.

No more hiding.

Time to turn the lights on.