

The Fire is Listening

I was parched in false acclaim
trying to coalesce a fire from flames.
Flourishes, falsettos: just figments,
lithe lyrics trying to catch smoke.

Broke matches, wood and wick
struck by my own singeing tricks
I ran dry from the strident silence
whistling shadows in without listening.

But hear me now—
I quirk to burn, quiet and free
to the hundredth searing degree
to the ashen edges of this plea!

I shut out the peppered noise
the flickers of stoked ambitions
the blaze of seductive cachets
vying to cast me in fearful ways.

I yearn to burn in the abiding night
melt the fabric of my being to rise
until it drips with mad attention
to all that's heard and unheard.

I step into the moonless hearth
to forge final a raging solitude
to breathe flames of the future
into the fire of my happy heart.

Mahāmudrā

I wring the illimitable superflux,
drink with lawless buoyancy
the vast sea in which I float.

In Poseidon's mercurial dominion,
kelp devises death-dense thickets
that house my inveterate discursivity.

But my washed mind binds,
sinking and rending the thirsty
elastic roots capacious enough
for the bestowal of what's nameless.

Adrift, misty eyes squinting overhead,
I am blinded by Helios's lush light
that sprightly underwrites for no price
yet pays in a million goldenrod smiles.

Oh how I now can see the fount,
the wake, and the sublime sunglint
of all things paltry or palpable—
cascading from my consciousness!

The weight of the diving line
between the sea and the sun
drowns me in a liminal lightness.

I soak with gratitude when tendered
this posthumous prize for voiding
present wounds into the great seal.

Surfs of the Moon

Why is sorrow the ransom you pay
for pricklings of your tender heart?
Don't you see: the surfs of the moon
etched on the surface of the earth.

Anchored to spurious selves, we are serfs
self-sentenced with despairing hearts,
masts moored with false hopes of ground
lapping in torrents of imagined bounds.

Now thrust your sails to the furthest corners
as able waves break at the thirstiest shores!
As though the shores were hidden doors
waiting to be opened all along.

What flows in you will be the first through,
steel you with what's sacred and most true:
that what would settle the waves of your mind
is what would break them in kind.

The Tree's Blessing

Trees teem with leaves
of hues of amber and green
shaded in a shimmering light
eclipsed by this September night.
Falling leaves beget bare beginnings
as all must cease to be truly living.

This is the tree's blessing
for you to follow its calling
to turn helplessly like the seasons
without intention or reason.
Think what you may, say what you think—
the trees are perched above you like kings!

Let things flow without a word
to pass along on their own accord.
There is an infinite beyond your ken
into which you must go again.