

**looking out from wounded privilege**

*“Perspectives”*

he opened the window and let in  
the smell of a fresh morning

the dew on the grass and the summer  
scent of a world busy thriving

with the faint hum of cordial  
voices nearby.

her heart reached for the  
hovering tree half-lit by sun,

limbs bowing gracefully  
in the breeze while the green

spring of life shimmered across  
identic callow leaves.

clouds nested in treetops  
with gashes of blue

that diffused into an  
endless beryl sky,

her hardships melted into a  
moment of conciliation.

she loved this symphony of life—offered to all  
yet wondered why some

still choose insurgency  
over amity

and leave in their wake  
desultory victims of malice

who can no longer look out and  
take in the obeisance of life.

she adjusted the tired  
blanket over useless legs

gratified by a light-hearted morning  
and nature's enlivening

that helped her forget herself,  
her privation, her plight

and just feel thankful for  
the world outside

with its constant rhythm and  
fight to continue.

tomorrow he'll open the window  
and let in a fresh morning

with the sound of distant  
cars travelling to who-knows-where

the smell of fresh-cut grass  
and new possibilities.

**falling in love with the God of the sea**

*“Perspectives”*

abrupt interruptions come in rushing white  
waves throughout the day and the night,  
I can't calm the tide, as surging  
thoughts overtake my mind and I yield

as a stream of wild seahorses outrides my own  
outdistancing me—encircling my soul  
pulling me down as undercurrents clash  
I twist and turn, almost surrender

treading water, tired and raw, I drift toward  
making an end—survival instinct kicks in,  
still I have no breath, no voice, when  
engulfed in Poseidon's fierce embrace

he floods my thoughts, and I start to sink  
plunging his trident into my dreams  
he swamps the clandestine space I keep  
to come ashore to break and hide

he awakens me and makes me yearn  
waves swell around me and I grow in fear,  
my dripping heart's been deluged for days  
his love splashes, crashes, fills and escapes

a tumultuous swell of waves shows his face  
a surging crest calls out his name,  
--I remain unconvinced that he can love me  
without drowning me in the sea.

**alone in the sun**

*“Perspectives”*

He died on a spring morning just as  
fresh hope filled the air for everyone else.

I was shrouded in shocking  
disappointment and annihilating loss.

How could he take his heartbeat,  
that actually belonged to me,  
and just shut it down?

How could he take his strong  
embrace--that fit only me--away?

How could his smile stop and his  
dancing eyes close indefinitely?

Where is his warmth and the soft  
sound of his voice in the evening  
as he cozied up to me?

I stand alone in the sun, aghast to see  
that even his shadow is gone.

--even his shadow is gone!

Where is the smell of smoked meat  
over cedar that lingered in his hair?

Why, when I need his words is there  
silence--no rhythmic banter?

Where are the sounds of his car, his  
steps to the door and anxious inquiry

“Hello? Anyone home?”

Why can't I call him and just hear his

laugh--get his advice--ask where

he put the key to the shed.

Something is supposed to transform

anguish into wisdom--like an oyster's

suffering produces a pearl.

But he died on a spring morning just as

fresh hope filled the air for everyone else.

I stand alone in the sun, aghast to see

that even his shadow is gone.

--even his shadow is gone!

**(suspended in parenthesis)**

***“Perspectives”***

In truth, it wasn't easy  
—juggling family and career,

sometimes we sent the laundry out,  
ate fast foods,

and took store-bought treats  
to class birthday parties.

My kids grew up alright and I became  
complete—a well-rounded professional,

earning enough to make our way.  
I flourished in my element, growing,

achieving, never looking back  
—we survived the home-front inconveniences.

Then they were gone, my children,  
one by one into the world with their dreams

and my example of achievement.  
But you, my youngest daughter,

today I knew I failed to embolden you  
—despite my determined pretenses.

For without a cheering-section mom  
you learned to withhold; you,

so bright and open  
(suspended in parenthesis)

and all at once, I could plainly see  
that the price I paid for ascending was

the star you were meant to be.  
Oh, that I could light your way,

go back and cheer from every front  
—be there to encourage—light your heart.

But time passes and opportunities fade,  
my soul aches to draw out what I see in you

—the gift that you are to the world.  
Forgive my once-driven need

to prove myself. Let me bolster your way  
today, tomorrows are promised

to no one, the past has been disbursed.  
The years bring wisdom and lament,

but also, erudition. Let us grow now  
that experience might be balanced with

endurance and an abundance of exultant light.  
Let us lift our eyes to a higher mark,

for true achievement allows that even missteps  
enrich our progression, and I say it is time

for the world to see you—not in parenthesis  
—but as a bold exclamation!

**tonight's intervention**

*"Perspectives"*

sleep escapes me again tonight.

I close my eyes and suddenly I am filled

with bedim images that make me gasp and quiver  
—there is no peace or way to compose myself.

in the shadows the demon slinks  
to horrify my soul.

I cannot rest an instant or I will lose what's left  
of my mind—that I yet control.

a damp mist of evil sweeps across the room  
and begins to rise floor to ceiling

air is thick and somehow burns my skin.  
haze prevails and fills my face

to block my starving view. vexing dark eyes appear  
stark and steady—over there

staring, glaring, piercing through  
the blackest black.

defecting in my weakness,  
I fight to breathe but find no air.

diabolical devilry fills the space  
besieges, traps, sprays me

with a noxious sense of depravity.  
I melt into my sodden bed

not able to move—breathing turns to shallow pants  
heart beats wildly in my ears

harsh and hateful blasts of rancor gnaw and bite,  
consume me piece by piece.

my soul bleeds out like venom.  
I see myself with rabid scorn and awe.

enough! I search my soul—force my mind  
to flash upon your face—a seed of hope!

I hold the image tightly and barely look  
as the smallest beam of light

begins to pierce the darkness.  
I magnetize my mind to draw and expand

the only panacea that can  
blast out the heresy of this state.

light's embrace grows quickly  
shadows groan as they're vigorously displaced.

all at once the shifting room is calm  
and still and clear

evil shrinks, no eyes, no glare,  
the mist expunged. I can breathe again.

in bright light I think of you  
the love you have for me—how capable,

how strong I feel—your warm light rushes in.  
there is no dominion strong enough

to stay loving intervention  
my faith restored; I face the night again.