

Volcanoes

Erupt they will,
like Krakatoa exploded over Indonesia
and Mount Vesuvius blasted away Pompeii.

Cracked open wide,
volcanoes speak with fury, lava, smoke,
exposing explosive truths, dishonest debris.

Eruptions launch
earthquakes, tsunamis, revelations,
affirming a seismic, urgent shift in us all.

Earth will burn,
Vulcan, god of volcanoes roars, and
seething blood will boil for days and nights on end.

Worlds will change,
young Bolsheviks, Blacks, and French Revolutionaries chant,
their jawbones groaning aloud in countless tongues.

Long-held secrets
will soon be ripped to shreds in the streets,
halls of power, and hideouts of tyrants.

The Earth Mother
fiercely rises with seers, artists,
and icons as Gandhi, King, Mandela, forging ahead.

Erupt will all,
as hell-bent scientists, workers, students,
multitudes, continents, and worlds of rage most certainly will.

The truth will out,
the Elders cry, raising the soul of the land,
and Mankind, battered and shaken, finally listens.

An Upside-Down World

There's an upside-down world most of you know little about. The upside-down cake was invented up here. Someone took the recipe down one day so you could have it. Too bad there isn't more you remember from this place where life is being lived never feeling blue.

Please, come on up sometime and see how we turn the ups and downs of life into the ups and ups. Quite often we wish you'd visit, you know. You see, if you were feeling down, you'd get upbeat in seconds. We've had people's high blood pressure going down in a whoosh for sure. Try it.

If you visit long enough, you'll have a good chance to become even-keeled and start appreciating what *what's up* really means. But if you think to come here to flaunt your ego, talking down to others, you'll be in for quite a shock. *You* will be talking *up*, praising *them* to high heaven.

Once you get over that, you'll start feeling quite at home, I promise. At least we all hope you will. Come have a look at our upside-down ways, our habits, pleasures; why we chose to be here; where we're going, and why we think we've got the real deal without being uppity about it.

Oh, but you want to know about our sex life, right? How we do it? Well, angels we ain't—we multiply, but what do you wanna hear—you, who already know the *Kama Sutra* backward? Oh? The up and down part? Well, what if the apple Eve dropped bounced up before Adam got down to business?

We flipped over; *Mankind* fell. Once you get used to loafing upside-down, you'll figure it out. But let's have some upside-down cake now. You'll find it goes up well. Logic never went down well up here, but you'll be fine; you won't throw up—see how healthy we look? The bottom line: we beat gravity and live it up.

We've got here all you'll ever need. We love to share, and have resolved such opposites like war and peace,

good and bad. *Impossible*, you say? Not so! Long ago we tossed the 'im' of *im-possible* to make such things possible. Welcome to our upside-down world. Here, take my hand and just flip over. You'll see.

Claustrophobia of an Afternoon

Those large, rectangular
slabs of cement in the parking lot
can make you feel trapped
longer than the instant you notice them
on stepping out of your car.

Soon you walk into narrow, endless corridors
to hit square slabs of linoleum in cramped waiting rooms;
vast parquets in malls, shops, and offices
where smallish windows frame the
outside sphere of light you came from and
may not return to in time.

Angular tables await you, cold chairs,
dressers, sharp countertops –
stuck like you in interminable spaces of useless thought,
and your vision becomes narrow like
the width of your very eye.

Walls, floors, ceilings high and low are waiting to cave
and slowly box you in; flatten you from
all sides, mocking your panting to find a way to escape.

How you long for those
open spaces arching over cities day and night;
abundant arcs of pure sky;
rare rainbows, clouds;
anything circular, spherical – the sun, the moon;
a face, a soul, a circle of friends;
the ball you played with as a kid,
the globe, orbits, galaxies.

Your recurring thoughts turn to
the exact same thoughts as yesterday's –
trapped as you are in stale ideas,
cut off from true expansion,
living in templates not serving you at all.
Images of squares, streets and a measure of living
you can still recall –
hallways, staircases, rooms
where windows one after another close shut fast,
showing less and less of the light you
were taking for granted year after year;
and swiftly now the blinds come down,

obscuring the spherical, bright world
you wish to return to,
to step into the distant,
shimmering plazas of sunshine once again,
before getting back to your car,
although it may be caked with
dirt by now,
or hauled away long ago . . .

Black Hole

I used to go through life quite flat-footed. Back then, the sidewalk would stick to my heels,

but I've grown up quite a bit, touching the stars way up here. Far below there's Earth, still kicking.

My body? It's being nebulous and probably stretching all over the Milky Way right now . . .

My heart is somewhere at the center, and it's awfully wide—in fact, there's a huge gap in my

chest and I'm breathing the universe in and out night and day. A black hole is all that I really

am, and I've lost all contact with reality for sure, but hey, I'm enjoying my space here immensely!

Flying to Miami

America is under me.
We have been flying high.
The clouds nearby extend
like snowy down across the lovely blue.

The years I do not like to count
are slowly flitting by.
The space beyond my porthole is my friend,
and I can watch the sky for miles and miles.

I've left my state; I'm stateless now—
I rest and glide on air.
For all I know I'm pretty safe on high.
I guess I am okay.

Miami is my stop for now,
and then? Who knows? I guess
I need some sun again.
I long to rest and for a warmer state.

Has Florida not always been
a precious dream
I prized no matter what?
The trees there used to sway so gracefully . . .

As I recall, the passion flower
often was abloom—
the fragrant breeze
a soothing wave from paradise . . .

I almost feel my body laying there,
and even sense
beneath my naked back
a sandy beach now stretching far for miles—

but here I'm flying to that place of
sun tan, beaches, dollars and hotels
while this America is under me and waits . . .
I still can change my life.