

Thus We Shall Dance

We ingest wisdom and pray to God
Her words are not in jest
For each and every moment
Lain bare within her heart

Her subtle walks, aches and pains
The subversion of her song
Tingles, lingers on the tongue
Sweet with a bitter aftertaste.

We inhale wisdom's sweet perfume
Alluring, dangerous scent
Of everything that ever was &
still is yet to be

Her simple and subtle cry to eternity
Challenging those who feast
Massaging their minds and hearts for
A new, more fruitful way of living

We look upon the dawn of Wisdom
Averting gaze from her cherry glow
The 1, 2, 3 punch to the senses
Challenging everything we've ever known

If your courage would enter into
This cave of ice and fire intermingled
The first shocking taste turns sweet
If you're brave enough to take a sip

The foolish become wise
The comedian waxes poetic
The prophet becomes the heretic
The sinner becomes the saint
The meek shall inherit the earth

And all of that in reverse.

And all known (and unknown) universes
Shall feel the freedom of a wisdom that will
Greet you where you are and take you
Where you need to be.

We ingest wisdom and pray to God
For the fullest understanding of her word
For a path not trodden into darkness
But a place where both shall dance

Best to Label Your Faults.

The Sonata works its way up the scale
In quarter notes, rapid arpeggios
Meanwhile the 4 trains couldn't inch any
Slower into the warm open hands of
Bowling Greene
A lost sense of urgency not unlike mine
Spirit as unwilling as flesh is weak
Anywhere but here feels like ingratitude
Because that's exactly what it is –
Best to label your faults.
Daily demons demand, reprimanding
While mornings become increasingly slow
Not just because of the mandatory train
Braking – though apparently that's now a thing.
It's difficult to will yourself forward
Through the chapter's end
When all of it makes you ill
The heart wants coffee, the stomach can't handle the acidity
Subsisting on a diet of banana, ginger ale,
Saltines and hope
That it will be enough to settle you
And propel you though the day

The Creases of Towels

Is this our new reality in an aged of winter warmth?
A grey semi-icy February
When the ice cream on the corner garbage can
Doesn't know if it should drop, run or freeze
When you're the kind of women who sees
The world in 50 shades of grey
(Not the sexy kind)
An existential mystical conundrum
Where everything is holy and nothing is sacred
What do you do with that?
Fold your laundry in abject solitude
While late winter bounces between what it wants to be
And verse spills between the creases of your towels
Because it has not where to go but
Into the silence between each click of your fingers
Breath of your heart and blink of your tired eyes
The hidden grace of silence chores mixed with
Washing machines working buzzing spinning
The kind of work that offers salvation in this world of screens
if you told me divinity was found in the mundane and tactile
I would have heartedly expressed my doubts
But breath and life and ambient noises
Soft laundry on my hands
Your voice in my ears and
The sweetness of community
Say otherwise.
In the gentle perfect
Mundane ordinariness they tell me
That we are dust and here and now
And that ritual holiness is present whenever
We are – in the plumes of incense, in the crease of clean clothes

The Recipe

The music swirls around you
Can't you hear it calling?
She's got the recipe
The words fleeting, ringing
Sweet tufts of crumbly Magic
In the key of G,
Each voice, this melody
Repeating constantly...

Clap, slap, opening, disrupting

The doors clack, the HVAC rises
Breathing life in circulation
Grant just this momentary longing
A place of stillness, a break from chaos
That those who breathe may
Sing and pray, voices raised

What was the recipe?

Please give simplicity
Please give serenity
Please grant wholeness
To all we who find solace in
These comings together,
Desperate notes into harmony
Who knows the recipe?

This Is A Wave

Inkjet paint clinging mornings
Unknown languages float between
Tired, tardy, caffeine tinged breaths
Weary, hopeful potential mental exercises
Gymnastics for the unathletic,
Bitter retching raw egg protein concoctions
of fortitude
Challenges the strength of a stomach
Watching bayside wakes lap against boats
Trains passing over channels for challenges

A wade into deeper waters, he cajoles:
This is a wave.
Warm, actually hot, stinging, coaxing
This is a wave.
Awash with temporal possibility, yet
Taunting societal moors.
A contested enumeration of lives
Choices, mistakes, failures
Rendered coral, threatening lifeless reefs
This is a wave.

Ravens cling to morning eye lids, staining
In dark circles of repetitious doubts
The committee orders swimming for the courageous
Midnight ice cold shocks to the system
February swim club
Face forward, clothes on, armor down –
Everything goes in when you're brave.
No time for riptide flags or warnings
Nor supervised morning jaunts across the sand
Submersion guided by moons, tides,
Swells of courageous wholeheartedness
Inhale, swallow, embody such affirmations

This is a wave.