

The Way the Earth Speaks

The earth speaks in reaching
in leaping out
and coming back down

in heartbeats
and antelope leaps.

'We grow, nurture young, set them free, and return to the earth'
I thought as I watched the waves ride the rocks in the river
saw two come together
reach their peak
and release droplets, thrown high,
Shining, golden in the setting sun,
seemingly suspended
like the figure skater held high
at Stars on Ice in my childhood.
Mesmerized, I saw her
floating, spinning, radiant.
Her partner's arms outstretched
like a yogi in Warrior 1 saying "this is me, I am here, and I am perfect exactly as I am."

The way the trees reach for the heavens
the way the plants release their pollen,
the fungi their spores,
my self an hallelujah.

And coming back down
I see the droplets merge with the river
fall into its arms
continue to dance
sliding on
and on.

Put My Hands to that Good Work

I want to hold the hurt of the earth,
feel into it
with my strong hands
and work it.

I will never forget my father's scent.
Smells like real.
Like raw truth.
Like suntanned arms with large freckles.
Like hard work and resilience.

I can see my father
in my childhood
sitting at his mother's table
her kitchen bar
and admitting his pain.
Can feel his faith in her comfort.

I watched her hands on his aching neck;
working the tension,
the pain that followed from a car crash in his youth.
Saw him soften.
Heard the way he thanked her
and praised her strong hands.

I remember the light coming in the window above her sink
shining on the cardboard milk carton full of potato peels and tomato skins.
Seems she was always peeling potatoes and tomatoes.
Removing hard outer layers.
Reaching into a mess and loving it for what it was.

It meant so much when
years later I worked his aching neck
and he praised my strong hands,
said "they are like hers."

Embodied

I want to pull all my pieces in so deep
that I burst and set my whole self free.

The listening is the gravity
the highway to the center of me.

Come come my grandmothers, my daughters,
my grandfathers, my sons.

Come come my guides and all my other lives,
my soft belly, strong spine,
come come, for fun, and be one.

And the courage of eternity is inside.

And the love, it is infinitely wide.

And for my people, there's pride,
the dream is alive.

And the sacred fire, I will keep
burning
breathing deep.

And the wind blows strong,
as Mother Earth sings along.

And the solar winds flare.
Even the Milky Way, even there.

Every Step is a Praise

A blank minute and a blank page makes a tear raise
Makes my heart leap for the infinite possibility to be displayed
Makes me take an inward gaze
Makes the hair on the nape of my neck raise
Finds my hands in prayer on my chin, lips, and nose space.

To be woman
Is to be magic maker
Cauldron, spell, and soul shaker
To be a space for the spark of life to ignite
To put myself on the plate
The breast to the face
Open my home to the stray
Wipe the tears and the fears all away.

I shimmy off my old skins
Make room to grow
Here we go
The Bronsons, the Curriers
the Pages, the Whites
My ancestors unite
As I burn
Sit around me
And sing
And carry me
Like a torch.

And the wind blows
And the sun shines from behind
So my hair glows
And I dance down my road
Arms out
As my heart explodes.

I crumble and grow
And crumble and grow

My dreams like the leaves
They dance as they fall
Then lay still.

I burrow into the bed of leaves
Beneath the trees
Push through the pumice of soil and small rocks
Ask the forest to take away what she can
What I no longer need.

My desires
a dress
1 strap
2 straps
Let them fall.

Reach into
The rotting parts of me
The leaves, I mean dreams
Turned sorrow.
I grab handfuls
And rub it on my face
In my hair
To soak through
All my spaces
And let the old
Fertilize the new.

The poet holds the mirror
Just right
Directs the light
Steady, steady
'Till it burns.

The Truth is That

The truth is that

my body bloomed like the red berries
-just beyond the fence.
I could *almost* taste their sweetness.

The truth is that

my dreams lay like the maple seeds
dry on the pavement.
The vultures didn't want them.

The truth is that

my soul spoke
in tongues
that no one seemed to know.

Still

I walked in bare feet
around that town,
in the name of being free.