

I Don't Believe in God But...

I do believe in miracles.

I believe its miraculous -
our being here together.
In this time, in this place.

Only because by chance,
your mother and father met
and fell in love.
Who only met
because their parents did,
and fell in love too.
As did theirs before them -
and on, and on, and on.

Not to mention -
the tiny million other you's
that might have been.
Yet just one surpassed all others,
swimming up stream
seizing the chance to be born.

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Every person you've ever met,
or ever will meet -
sprung forth from these same
exponential beginnings.

Each face and voice you pass
on the street, has beaten all odds
to simply exist - if only for a little while.

We rent our space on this spinning rock
that just happens to be
neither too close, nor too far
from the nearest star.

The many we gaze upon at night
who send their glimmer across the gulf of space,
shine like pinholes piercing the dark
sealed inside a closed shoebox.

Each moment we see the past,
looking up at whats behind us.
In the light thats travelled
millions of years to reach our eyes.

We glance ourselves,
for we are of the same stuff -
the dust and dirt, molecules and matter.
The air and breath are but one,
parts of a whole, and each a whole within itself.

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There is no self
that is fixed.
There is only the one
called forth by the present moment,
circumstance dictates
the person that appears.

It's true what Whitman said:
I contain multitudes
and so do you my dear.

Not Just Taller

When I was small
the baseboards formed the racetrack
I'd roll my hot wheels across.
The carpet was a place
to burn knees and watch tv
with my chin perched high
atop two stacked fists.
The cupboard in the kitchen
was the face of a cliff,
beneath the stairs
a cave to explore.
The lazy susan - its revolving door,
hurled me deep into imagination,
then spit me out across the floor
of cold white linoleum tile.

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In the summertime,
on the days when the heat
became vile and oppressive,
where the humidity climbed
as high as the roof but never left,
we'd fill the baby-blue
plastic pool eight inches high
with water from the hose -
always too cold at first,
and then just right.

As the days grew shorter
we'd pull each other
in the little red wagon.
It's bent-metal sides
with white painted letters
reading *flyer 99'*

In time, when the warmth
finally headed south for the winter -
we'd run face-first into mounds of leaves,
before making snow angels
or playing hide and seek
amongst the spring grasses
and towering reeds.

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We didn't know back then
just how good we had it,
but we certainly do now.

Make Of Me a Tree

When I'm gone
burn me down to dust
then spread me out across the land.

Melt me deep
into the soil and shrubs
of all my favorite towns -
the ones in which I lived
if only for a little while.

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Through grinning teeth white
and booming laughs loud
cheer as I blow away.

Watch as I mix
with the sand and the silt
the worms and webs of spiders made still
by the cold and the freezing of winter.
The thawing of which, will bring about life
birthed from my death, sprouted from my soul.

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I'll bloom in turn with each new spring
upon the earth I shall unfold.

I'll reach up towards the sky
and out from underneath the dirt
casting shadows and drawing shade -
perhaps over two lovers
on their first date.

Sapsucker

The cold air tugs
at the nape of my neck
beckoning my flannel collar
to stand at attention
while the smell of crisp air
lulls me into the forest
to watch the dappled light
fall along the line
of trail my boots have conjured.

Marching through
the lava-colored leaves
I salute the birds
all chest-puffed and peacocked
their quaffed coats and well-made
sleeping quarters signal seduction
to passing mates.

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In a few months
the woods will quiet
the grasses will lay prone
under blankets of snow
and the only whistle heard
will be from the kettle
that sits perched
on the stove in my kitchen.

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When spring arrives
I will awake
to infant warmth
inside the air
whose cries will fill
the rooms outside
alerting us
to life arriving.

The shallow swamp
will soon be singing
the buzz of frogs
on logs unseen,
like chords of organs
played through reeds.

The wooden doors
front chapels crumbling
- decay has never looked so sweet.

When I'm With You I Glance Eternity

...I want to be

among the towers of green
and the songs of birds,
exhaling the want for you
with every stride.

I want to lay
in the fields of yellow,
and bathe in the ponds of blue -
to crest, then fall
with breaths sweet dew.

To grasp forget-me-nots
and recall sweet-nothings
I once heard whispered
while I basked in the glow
of knowing you.

Sometimes I dream
you'll meet me in the clearing
of your inhibitions,
lay down with me
in the meadow of your lust,
undress me
with looks that could kill
even the strongest of men -

I don't want to be strong any longer...