

Ergo Urge

I am verb and noun  
born of need and desire  
powerfully persuasive  
loath to rest or retire.

*My first breath at Creation  
full realized facility  
swaddled in fear,  
trepidation, humility.*

*Ernest whimpers turned howl  
curdled reserve and foreswear  
breaking codes and counsel  
masks of mortal despair*

Censure not what I seem  
plaited deep is Her plan  
giving form to all meaning  
meanders giving a damn  
brief token of life  
are you granted at best  
[confusion consuming]  
taste the terror of rest.

# Conjugation of Life: to live

Birth  
Stuff  
Death

They are born  
They do stuff  
They die

She is born  
She does stuff  
She dies

He is born  
He does stuff  
He dies

You are born  
You do stuff  
You die

We are born  
We do stuff  
We die

I am born  
I do stuff

**letting go**

**a map  
cue sheet  
pointers or bread crumbs  
'This Way'  
to move on**

**bad tastes, broken arrows  
hurts and humiliations  
notes torn, retaped  
words and deeds replayed  
while waiting for a happy ending**

**wounds wander unabated  
leaking less  
no trail  
each day a trial  
too loud for humming  
wondering if make up  
will hide the bruises**

selfie

-1-

like a tree  
my years have been uneven  
moisture related, indeed,  
by the tears shed or stifled  
by the winds and tides  
moon phases, sunspots  
seldom a drought  
drowning more often  
as in overwhelmed  
and shallow rooted.

-2-

without thoughts  
I feel ageless  
unwisened by experience  
yet open to adventure  
chewing my vegan cud  
as anxiety's whistle  
demands my attention  
as I lose 2 years.

*(same old story told  
of desertion and fear  
the deloved self, handle grabbed  
gains circling cunningly  
already tasting bad)*

-1b-

thin barked  
leafless  
all seeds released  
no haven for bird or squirrel  
alone in the forest  
there is no sound when I fall

the longest marathon

some horrors never end  
not real, no beginning  
no closure  
but memories  
all marking the day, the hour  
never young at that moment again

foot falls  
again again again again  
heart beats breaking  
bones  
ribs rebelling  
pain beyond pulsing  
forward ever one  
one more one more

cheering waving  
shouts of love and yes  
new friends everywhere

way long again again one  
one more one  
one  
moment  
a noise  
confusion takes its place in this palace of endurance

blast of  
blood and lives  
limbs and dreams  
trust and future

no forward foreboding  
forbidding pain and chaos

days, unearthly quiet  
holed up honors and hope  
shaken, sheltering in place

not all can rise up  
Boston Strong  
Boston fraught and vulnerable  
Boston feeling, reeling, dealing  
with loss and less  
not everyone finished the race, their lives  
their personal best  
what heals, does  
what happened, was

12 hearts and minds  
duly blind and pure  
hearing, bearing  
witness wordfull gore  
finding flaws and faultlines  
pointed fingers poignant  
too enough death.

we are Strong because our shoulders touch-  
this wall of protection  
home, to Boston