

DANCING AT THE DEVIL'S BALL

Dancing is not just getting up painlessly like a leaf blown in the wind; dancing is when you tear your heart out and rise up out of your body to hang suspended between the worlds. –Rumi-

Heaven was all a twitter, a tweet
had gone out inviting inhabitants
to the Devils' Ball. Male seraphim
complained about discomfort:
starched white shirts, white ties,
donning once again top hats and tails.

Female angels giggled and fussed:
halos or no halos, wings or no wings,
what ball gowns would they waltz in.
Being messengers of God, they
must look spectacular. With flying
feet they raided the wardrobe warehouse.

Miriam, the prophetess, led the exodus
with tambourines, dancing and flowers
in her hair. St. Peter stamped their hands
with a return voucher. They all descended.
Heaven emptied. Temperatures rose.
Satan sat on a stool collecting tickets.

Great Balls of Fire, could be heard
blazing on the sound system. Salome
twirled, her seven veils spinning
seductively around her while
she balanced the head of John the Baptist
on a platinum platter. Herod applauded.

The guests from Paradise danced
with angelic abandon under a flaming
disco ball. The glowing hours melted
away until Gabriel blew his horn.
Faces turned toward cloud nine. They
followed the *Stairway to Heaven*,
returning to eternal bliss.

God checked homecoming stamps
allowing selected unstamped illegals
to enter. No borders existed in Nirvana.
The evil one counted his losses,
locked down hell to plan his next
temptation and then...
The Devil Went Down to Georgia.

LA NEBBIA

La nebbia floats in waves, miniature clouds
drifting through the old white shutters
of our four-hundred-year-old Cortona
farm house and settling indoors
around us like zabione,
the rich creamy dessert
we feasted on last night.

Enveloping our bodies with moist Tuscan air,
opaque as the porcelain skin of La Madonna,
this fog glides around us,
is inhaled and exhaled until even
the ochre-stuccoed walls soften,
breathe, acquiesce to this
breath of the Gods.

The silver mist trembles, quakes, infantile droplets
of moisture mixing with antiquity, restoring, rejuvenating,
resting on windowsills, oak cupboards and rustic
pine beams. The dried shafts of wheat, parched
and stalwart, relax, ease into the heart
of a vase as blue as the Adriatic Sea,
dreaming of becoming warm toasted bread.

Cushioned by this ghostly shroud, the church bells
soften, chime the Angelus, as the spirits of Roman
soldiers march on the old Etruscan road,
their steel spear tips glittering in the fog,
disguised now as the undersides of olive leaves,
twinkling silver ornaments, taunting la nebbia
with sporadic brilliance.

We lean on old stone sills, beckoning
this mist indoors, mesmerized and lost,
 having allowed this fog to swirl
 and curl us into past civilizations
 where dreams of this projected day
 propelled us into the clouds:
 this day destined for infinity,
 this pewter-domed day, aglow in Italy.

THE DUTY OF CIVIL DISOBEDIENCE

Dogmatism of all kinds--scientific, economic, moral, as well as political--is threatened by the creative freedom of the artist. The artist, together with creative persons of all sorts, is the possible destroyer of our nicely ordered systems.

— Rollo May

Poet's began circulating Henry David Thoreau's essay on the Internet early in 2016.

Fed up with high taxes, do nothing career politicians, wars and trillion of dollars in national debt, the Citizens for Tax Revolution movement organized when it appeared government could not solve our nation's problems.

When the White House closed its doors to school children while giving millions to countries that hate us, true rebellion began. Armed only with matches, faxes, tax returns and back tax demands, citizens burned IRS forms and emptied their heavily taxed bank accounts and IRAs. Government halted.

These flames of hope spread around the country until demands were met. By 2018 the Electoral College was obsolete, a President could serve only one six-year term, State Senators and House members only one four-year term. Lobbyists were banned. The country once more became a democracy of the people, by the people and for the people. The duty of civil disobedience prevailed predating peace and prosperity.

DOROTHY MOVES TO THE BIG APPLE

Dear Auntie Em,

The Big Apple gives off more excitement than Oz!
Every night neon lights glow brighter than Emerald City.
Please don't send any more pinafores. I dress entirely in black
so my prized ruby red slippers go with everything in my closet.
Speaking of closets, I met a wonderful colleague named Alice
who is teaching a course on Wonderland. The Department
of Miracles, Mystery and Mayhem, at Open Mind University,
hired us both the same day. We are now roommates,
well, soul mates if you get my drift, Auntie Em. Together
we've witnessed some weird stuff. Enclosing a photo
of Alice and I vacationing on Fire Island. Don't you
just love her long silky blonde hair? And look, my
pigtails are gone. I know my hair is really short and spiked
and you can see my scalp but, hey, I'm not in Kansas
anymore. Also the tattoos and body piercings reflect
my inner depth. I know you would have preferred
I settle down with a man of courage, heart and brains,
but they are as rare in New York City as flying monkeys,
although the head of the department swears they
proliferate in the East Village. Toto is fine and gets
along swell with Alice's white rabbit. I keep in touch
with Glinda and we are collaborating on a play
called Wicked. May even make it to Broadway.
Keep the fudge brownies coming. Always hungry
after our marijuana breaks.

With love,
Dorothy Gale, Playwright, Professor

PUSSY CAT SPEAKS OUT FOR BATTERED FELINES

Everyone warned me he was a predator.
That fowl owl lured me into his pea-green
boat. Being such a wussy-pussy, I fell
overboard for his amorous guitar playing
and deep, soft, hooty singing. His hypnotic,
yellow, seductive eyes lured me
into a romantic trance. Soon, we were
moored out at sea dancing under the light
of the moon. He started pecking my neck
and promised to marry me in the land
where the Bong Trees grow. He called
me his honey and he had plenty of money
so I figured what the heck. He fed me
some quince and lots of mince but looked
at me with ravenous eyes. I could eat you
up he sighed before his nibbling became
rather rough. I hit him with his runcible
spoon only in self-defense. He flew off
and I steered the course then filed
a restraining complaint. He's now confined
to his Bong Tree Isle and can no longer
accost any pussies. I tell this tale
to help all female cats seeking safety
in animal shelters. Don't let the moon
cause you to swoon over owls
with lecherous eyes. Follow your instincts
and run for cover each time they flit and flirt
overhead. Next time you might wind up dead.

