

STILL BURNING

THE KEY

Infinity
Is like the Earth-
Round; with no real directions.
I hold an apple in my hand
And take a good look at it
Infinity, that is.

Earth's crust is like the skin of an apple,
No thicker.
I peel the red fruit, like a god
Wiping his slate clean
And don my parachute
You never know what the day will bring.

Today, I *will* go the way the wind blows.
I lick my finger and hold it up, listening.
North. Whatever that means.
The wind takes me to a tree
A kindred spirit
We lean against each other
And feel the flow of life through us.

A foam mattress of moss on the forest floor invites me
For a snooze.
I lay my head on a patch of grass
And drift into another dimension.
Dispatch sends me further
To a strange land
Covered in carrion
Earthlike, but skinned
Like a knife had scraped the life from the surface.

A grasp on my shoulder tightens
I turn into the grip of a hooded figure with no face
"Come closer"
"Never"
"The rest of you ran right into my arms" says Fear, salivating
"Give me your cargo"
"Never!" "I was loved so much, this soul is stuck."

That's it; that's the key!
I had searched for across dimensions
Amongst the ruins of ancient civilizations
In and out of dream worlds.
The key to the open door
To freedom- perfect love

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THE KEY – PAGE 2

To uniting humanity- perfect love
To stick a message on a soul
Or to let one go-
Perfect
Love.

I turn to flee, desperate to deliver my message
But the despicable form
Pulls me closer
Cradling me, like a baby
And cooing
I can't speak, I can't see.
I wake up-
In love
The only armor good enough
For Armageddon.

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I wrote this one for you
Dear Sixfold poet.
I suppose the other ones I did too
But this one consciously
Pulled back the curtains of time

Between us.

I played you a note
On a Tibetan bowl
Listen and you'll hear it now
Ringing in your heart.
I sent a whole lot of love
And I know it made it,
It made it because I know.
That's the secret:
If you believe, it's true;
It's true if you believe it.

I poured some peppermint tea
And lit us a candle, "Stay Awhile Vanilla,"
It's container badly broken
Rough glass edges
Wax exposed
But the wick doesn't seem to notice.
I suppose that's the way a soul is.
It doesn't mourn a broken body
It just keeps on burning.

I had to reheat my tea
So I'm thinking of my grandma
She always drank it slowly
Conversing while she knit.
I'm not much for knitting
It's this poetry I burn for
Soul seeking, heart speaking
That keeps me alive
What I'd like to leave behind.

I still have a lot to learn
Obviously
Thankfully- I enjoy the burning
For freedom, wilderness, the wonder of it all.
When I do finally go out It won't be for lack of fuel.

I hope you're burning too

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STILL BURNING – PAGE 2

Whether in pain or pleasure
Fully engulfed
A fervor for life.
I don't mind the pain It makes me feel alive
But I do prefer the pleasure
We ARE on a trip around the sun
Baby let's burn together

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WRINKLED UP

It's past our bedtime
But the sunset was so delicious
I wanted to bathe in it
To make a bathtub of light
Bent enough to cradle us
Or a sailboat to carry us

Back to the sun.
I'll take a flagpole
To claim my plot when I get there
I'd take a flag for the whole earth
If there was one
Someday...

I'll put my life in my backpack
And make the whole earth my playpen
My raincoat on my waist
So when it pours I can continue to play

Until He calls "come inside"
Father himself
Then I'll open the door
And greet him
(When I am old and Wrinkled up)
Bathing

In the beauty of this all
One more time
A wick fully burned
Ashes to ashes
To stardust all return

And I will try, as mother says
To take only what I'll use

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RUMI'S MOTH

I think everything is a model
Or a mirror
I look into my teacup
And see my porous body
My self dissolving
Telling me to let go
And give thanks
For even the hot water
For especially the hot water
Extracting my flavors
For the whole world.
They can have them.
Drink up.
Pour it on me.
What good is a dry teabag?
It's like dry eyes
The lesson's stuck inside
I want to drink that shit.
Don't waste it.
Don't hold it in.
I chug my tea
And take my eyelashes outside to dry.
I see the earth has done the same
Each blade of glass glistening in the moonlight
Washing my bare feet
Giving gratitude
For the dark night.
Nahko sings "Wash it away"
And I dance down my moonlit street
My cell in hand, glowing above me
Casting light
I wonder who sees me waving?
A shooting star near Orion
Burns up
Like Rumi's moth
Finding heaven
On a moonlit street
While the whole world sleeps.

STILL BURNING

THE WAY I WANDER

I want to write poetry
The way I wander
Through the forest
Alone
Following my fancy,
The critters, and their signs

The way I want to worship
The way my dog does
100% adoration
Max gazes up at me
And I see myself- in *his* eyes
A vision of who I aspire to be

The way God sees himself
In my eyes
When I wander
Adoring creation
The way Max looks at *Me*
His fountain of love overflowing
He sees me, as I am

The way I see my son
When he asks
"Will you eat my pork, *just a little?*"
When he is supposed to be sleeping
"My side pork *and my neck pork*"
My heart, hungry and full, I cannot resist
I could eat him up forever

The way I can't stop looking at him
Once he's finally asleep,
I know he'll rise again
I know death is not an ending
I know this moment is fleeting and forever
But still my heart aches for the passing of time.
I know time doesn't really exist
But innocence does
And it too seems to pass
And I know my heart aches
Hungry and full

THE WAY I WANDER – PAGE 2

I wanted to write this poem
About a picture I drew
 Sliding around on the pond
Like a child
 In wonder or worship
 My boots unstitching the blanket
Uncovering the water
 That was already frozen
Anyway

But there came a desperate squeaking
“Mommy!?”
I wheeled around “I’m down here you guys!”
It came again
“Mommy!?”
From the Black Cherry trees
Suddenly alive
I would have loved to linger
Listening

I left my picture unfinished

And wrote this
The way I like to wander
And come back home
With my heart
Hungry and full
Alone
But never *alone*