

Pearls

I wonder how pearls are made
as the oceans in my eyes rise
too full
trickling tear shaped pearls when I close them

I wonder what ingredients the clam takes in

And I suppose when he is open
he takes in the whole ocean
And maybe when he is closed
is when he makes the magic happen

And I picture a clam
burying himself in the sand
under the weight of all that water
in all that pressure
gathering the hard stuff he has accumulated
putting it together
and polishing it

And I wish that I too could bury myself
beneath the ocean
away from the world
and maybe make some magic happen

And I think about the hard things I have accumulated

The pains of loss;
of empty cages, and desks, and hearts, who trusted you

A small yellow gecko body turned bones
mouth wide
screaming into death
alone
Belly empty, water bowl empty, locked in a cage, in a school, tolerating the hands of well
intentioned children for 11 years, who did not understand or would not care about quarantine
and missing keys and long weekends, but who knew about helplessness

A 13 year old boy, with red hair and freckles and work boots
and hopeless pain hidden behind a sweet smile
who asked for a broom to clean the dirt he brought in
but was given a test instead

a horrible fail
a final, fatal, horrible fail
a deep, defining, horrific fail
of a teacher who did not know about making a right decision
instead of a right decision

Despair and confusion on the faces and voices of 20 children
5 times in a row
day after day
who lost the highlight of their day, their only pet, the one who made them smile, their classmate,
their best friend

The voice of your own child
pained, innocent, confiding in his mother that "no one in my classroom loves me"
his first experience of school, three months in

The same voice, four years older, still pained, now jaded
begging to stay home
still not knowing who his friends are
feeling bullied, daily, by his "first best friend"

The confidings of your parents
trapped by wedding vows, society, morals, having made the right decision, instead of the right
decision...for you

The cold confusion of your partner
who does not care to consider the musings of your heart
the questions of existence and creation
who becomes defensive instead of curious
does not want his worldviews questioned

A heart put on hold, your own
day after day, year after year
always making the right decision instead of the right decision
singing a love song unappreciated
unheard, turned down, unplugged

Want to hear one?

"Put a lightning rod in the top of my head, I said
Give it to me God, I can take your medicine
I can take your shot of incredible light
I can let it ooooze out in the dark of the night
I can be the eye in the heart of the storm

The infinite aleph when a star is born
When the galaxies are swirling and the spacetime is tight
It just takes one bang to make all this life
Now my knees are shakin', it's a million degrees
Out here in the middle of eternity
The people are cryin', don't know how to believe
Hit me up God we need some alchemy
We gotta change this shit by 20 2 3
He said: 'Take the deplorable pain of the past,
Shine it real smooth to make a looking glass
Now let's get real deep, tell me what do you see?'
The infinite aleph of eternity
The one with the scar
The one with the sword
The eye of the storm
Who turns pain to passion and pleases the Lord"

And I think about the women in Japan
and the others I have forgotten
who dive for pearls
whose whole livelihoods depend on it
who trained their bodies to hold their breath for 4, 5, 6 minutes
or more.
When the need is great enough,
the human spirit will find a way.

And I think of the pain I am polishing
asking me
to find a way

A Beacon

Half lit
I hold my candle
hoping it is enough
for the poem to find her way to me
Soft obsidian
she comes immediately
drawn to the flame
like me
nose close
Tail twitching
her dark face lit up
little lava rock
My cat
soft and stoic
then retreats
like yesterday
in the forest
thinking of guides
I sing "show yourself"
and a man appears, immediately
long silver hair, thick and shining
Wow
and he waits for me, to talk
Maybe our miracles are knocking
on our doorstep
but cannot come in unless we let them
call to them
'Come in,' "come in!"
and there he is again
in my kitchen
the same silver haired man
"I am so happy to see you"
I told him, the night before, in a dream
"You have done well with the place," he says, awake
I laugh and laugh, in awe
at the ways of the world
and we walk to the river
and a doe lets us get close
"Let's wait," he says, too late
And today I read that 'If you give
yourself 3 days to clean your house, it will take 3 days;
if you give yourself 3 hours, it will take 3 hours.'

Maybe a lifetime
is just a deadline.

And I wonder if I have knocked enough, and if I have listened and greeted all my guests

Looking at my candle, I see
one wick still burning brightly
the other lying sideways in liquid wax
reminding her to burn and dance and shine
and warm the earth
while she can

Reflections

My heart is so hungry
I just want to eat you up
I look into my tea cup
which holds hot cocoa today
and see, in the sugar swirling on the surface,
the form of a fetus, spinning and growing
into a galaxy
umbilical cord tethered
to the black hole
at the center
And I see a claw
of light
holding the reflection
of my hair turned antennae
and the more I drink
the more of myself I see
beneath the bottom
of the emptying vessel
in it, but also beyond it
like is your reflection at the surface of the mirror
or somewhere further back?
I said 'the surface,' trying to please to please Dr... oh sugar, oh yes Dr. Brehm,
In physics 101
He said he was disappointed and thought I would have known the answer
I still don't know
but I'd say there is depth to a reflection
even on a smooth surface
They say all you see in this existence is a reflection of you.
So much depth
multidimensional you
on this 3D surface.
My teacup today,
the one I grabbed from the faculty room,
says "make your own magic"
with a big golden star in the center
And now that I look at it
I see my reflection in that too
and notice that my colorful casablanca tea
swirling on the surface
certainly looks magical
'A fruit blend with a very exotic flavor profile'
is the description I get when I google it

And everybody is looking really fine today
sparkly
and giggly
and I wonder if there is something in the water
other than casablanca tea
I look again
and there I am
with soft features
reflecting light

Beet Poet

I love a good beat
I love to put on war paint
and dance
like the wild animal
I am
and I like to write poetry
while I wander
in wonder
in the woods
in the morning
I love the way the frost
sparkles on the grass
and on the berries
and on everything
making the branches fuzzy
with crystals
of that sacred substance
And when the sun shines sideways
from above
and back up from the stream below
oh wow
the shrub brushes' bling
so many little bits of the rainbow
sparkling spotlets of blue, and green
and yellow, and orange,
and purple
Oh my gosh
and I wonder if I am dreaming
a more magical scene I could never conceive
except for you
and the way I like to eat beets
whole, fresh
like me
sometimes cold, and plain
sometimes pickled
(not this time)
And I wonder
if the woods wonders
why I giggle
while I wander
while I write this
They know, they know

Hello, hello
My joy knows their joy
the nectar of life
in all beings
in all bits of creation
this big, bountiful, bodacious, benevolence of bliss
I breath it in
this drug
and the more I take
the more beautiful it becomes
and I see more bits of the rainbow
sparkling in places
that are easy to overlook
and I wonder
if they sparkle back from me
from my eyes
I am told my eyes sparkle
when I dance
when I let go of my guard
dancing bare and bold and in bliss
Mmmmmmm
like a beet
growing underground
slow and steady
stocking up on sweetness
not flaunting it
I guess I am kind of like a beet
not everyone thinks beets are sweet
that's ok
I do

Sacred Conflagration

I turned the light on
In my soul
And inspected my pencil
Cedar wood, graphite core
Place of origin- obscure
(but Earth, I'm quite sure)
And lit my candle, "made in the USA" stuck on its front
But the flame- not of Earth, other worldly
It crackled
And danced
And said:
"The alchemist, inspecting her wand
found the light
reflecting
from the many facets of its tip
as she spun it, slowly
and pushed back its sheath
of wood
to bring her fantasy to life
to make a little magic
They needed each other
her heart and the rock, in the wand,
to translate
she held me closer
with soft eyes
I lit up her face
my reflection dancing in her eyes
she closed them and breathed me in
held me to her chest
tipped her head back
and opened her heart-
where I met my maker-
a sacred conflagration
roaring
like a lion
we merged into one flame
dancing together
hoping the whole world
would catch on."