

Still Burning

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.

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 our 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
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?
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

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

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.
Pour it on me;
the pain
of rejection.
I gave it my all
but I couldn't force them to take it.

I surrender to the fire.
What good is a dry tea bag?
It's like dry eyes-
the lesson's stuck inside.
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 grass 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.

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;
removing the red
from the pure white beneath.

Despairing for humanity
the bloodshed, the hatred,
I ponder a recurring dream,
a dream within a dream-
a key is tied on my wrist
and an animate statue of God
implores me to bring it back to the future
but upon awakening, within the dream,
I lose it every time.

I need to clear my head,
to 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.
I sit with my back against her
and feel the breath between 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!'

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.

Months later,

pondering a tattoo,

I write "Love"

on my wrist.

That's it!

The key

I had searched for across dimensions

amongst the ruins of ancient civilizations

in and out of dream worlds.

The key

to uniting humanity- perfect love

to the open door to freedom- perfect love

to stick a message on a soul

or to let one go - Perfect Love

and

the only armor good enough

for Armageddon.

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
in 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 tickle my side 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 right up
forever

The way I can't stop looking at him
when he's finally asleep,
I know he'll rise again
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

I wanted to write this poem
about a picture I drew
in the snow
 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, a moaning
from the trees, suddenly alive
creaking from the cold
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*