

Namaste and Other Poems

Namaste

If when I
make of my
hands a temple

you're thinking gentle
palm to palm
to open heart

showing in part
how in you I
see the divine

know my bodymind
is posed sometimes
behind the symbol

my focus going
from feeling touched
to wanting to.

Among Birdsong and Bee Hum

Now that I'm less
should I say desperate
to populate the planet

I'm better able to detect
that feminine animal signal
once lost in the static

back when I dialed
with the rubber end
of a blunt-tipped pencil

the late night AM
radio request line
clueless what to ask for

my numb ear cupped
to the plastic receiver's
busy busy busy song

while south of town
on a guy-wired tower
a red beacon pulsed

in a code I felt
I alone was tuned to
urging me on and on and

on the subject of her
blouse if you'll allow
it was doing its duty

to conceal and reveal
as any magician knows
the breathless audience wants

and with a flourish of fabric
floral and lavender and sheer
as the bounty of iris around us

feathering and filtering the light
floating over the garden's
dark saber-shaped leaves

thrust up like some threat
as if spring were all conquest
or anything less than delights

and shadows at weightless play
among birdsong and bee hum
as petals unbutton themselves

which begs the question why
man ever averted his eyes
to search among the stars

when the gods were burning
here in broad daylight
in the steam off her coffee

her eyes flashing bright
as the green-backed beetle
in the beak of the crow

who nodded and let go
from atop the half fence
a laugh so fresh and raw

I swear I couldn't tell
if I'd been freed
or I'd been caught.

The Garden Next Door

I make up for my ordinary good morning
by praising her peonies.

She makes up for her grass green eyes
by casting them down as if she's shy.

I make up for the half fence between us
by half-leaning into it.

She makes up for no makeup
by letting her freckles shine.

I apologize for ivy on her side.
She admits she's over-fertilized.

The mind has a mind of its own sometimes.
You can't make up for that.

Not in the way she makes up for her blouse
by wearing no bra.

Nor how my hand has smudged
a pledge on my polyester heart.

But she makes up for my marital status
with her marital status.

Honeysuckle writes in the lattice
its own tangled story.

We make up for what we don't say
by what we don't say.