

## PURIM

Esther, we are calling to say  
What do you say, happy,  
Do you say, *Happy Purim?*

We hope you know what we mean,  
You name being Esther  
and all.

Esther, we didn't say what  
We wanted to say.  
Again, we did not say *it*.

*It* is what we must say, some day,  
But the pain  
In life's marrow, your marrow,

We,  
We don't know how deep and  
Red it must be, how hidden  
Like a shark in your veins it  
Must be... if there is a  
bottom.

We,  
We cannot fathom,  
Would we dare?

Esther, you silently laid  
*Hamantaschen* at our door.  
You know, I know  
That you know, that  
*It* now is

That, we are,  
In our understanding of  
The one and only  
God,

Sorry.

## ASSUMING THE POSITION

It wasn't macular degeneration in dad's open eyes,  
It wasn't that he was whistling through his pursed lips,  
Or saying *Oh* with his open rounded mouth,

Or looking wide-eyed surprised to see me,  
Or showing me his blank stare face when I  
Rushed into the nursing home from  
two hundred miles away.

Waiting, cousin Barb turned to look, quietly,  
Breaking her face, grabbed me, crying,  
Clinging to me, tears wetting me,

As he lay still on the bed behind her,  
Eyes still open, lips a circular hole,  
Hands folded on his white distended belly.

Not meditating on Om, not that old  
No BS Lutheran to the core critter.  
It was the position, the assumed position  
For the next play, at the trumpet's  
whistle,  
In the twinkling of an  
eye.

"Is he dead?"

"Yes."

## FEVER

You are early tonight, I expected you at ten,  
Wait, not yet, until I put on more clothes.

You make my skin sensitive,  
And sore, I see goose flesh  
On my legs as I piss.

I can't stop you, I know,  
I thought I understood you, your needs  
And when you needed to come,  
And enter my body, but

Now you are early. It is not time for the  
Pills, you came before I took the pills,  
Wait for the pills, yes

You are making my cold face red  
My head light  
My hands and feet ice  
My mind restless.

I want to get in bed with you now  
Under many quilts and blankets.  
I want to lie still and feel you  
Turn my flesh hot from the inside,

Make it prickle with sweat and  
Be smooth again, feel your  
Heat leave through my skin and  
Cool me down, then

You,

Leave me, and  
do not come again.

## BEING AND NOTHINGNESS

If the Spirit awakened me and said  
“Write these words for they are  
trustworthy and true,”

Would I believe and experience  
and do it?  
Enter the womb of life  
beneath it all,  
Down deep so far that  
I crawled to where inside  
Was outside, and within without,  
beneath above, and  
Saw without eyes, knew without mind  
the beautiful edge of power  
Where there is no form or void,  
where nothing is everything, and  
Everything is nothing in space that  
is not space, yet all is space,  
And the presence is all,  
immortal vibration, the  
Invisible foundation itself?

To be in awe  
in terror and peace,  
Mystery and answer,  
beholding alpha-omega of  
Light and life itself?

And would the Spirit  
on the face of the deep  
Be spirit, or would the question  
be not worth the question,  
For mind would apprehend  
and be at rest?

But would something, someone, somehow  
be behind the curtain?

## BLIND

Somedays there are no poems, the poetry in life  
Is gone, unrecognizable, covered maybe by clouds,  
Or cataracts, or so subtle, so elusive that  
Only God knows what is.

But we must live as if it were so, or  
Surrender to the terror of the ugly, of  
A universe without beauty.

So just get up and eat your oatmeal  
As if it will pass, will be seen again,  
Go to a movie, or read a novel,  
Prune the plants, or bake bread,  
Paint pictures until it returns.

We must believe it will.

There are  
Wells in the desert.