

Beachsight

fog obscures the infinite horizon
belief in future sight
holds my hope captive

I want to see

I unbutton my jacket
iciness jabs
jaw clenches
nostrils weep
eyes blur

rays break through the canopy of grey

withstanding discomfort
sight becomes possible
I drop my jacket
stomach quivers
step out of my shoes
soles ache
wind clears vision
a Beyond opens up

nothing to see
and everything to behold

stripped naked in the whipping wind
tight skinned
I elevate from the sand on the earth
my body stretches across the sky
rain falls from my pores

flight suspends my weight
no horizons capture my dreams
nothing is in the air

possibilities are intangible

Warriors

Women's History Month March 2021

Misty transcends hate with beauty and grace.
Dark muscles embody power and femininity.
Star essence exudes love and longing.
She dances and speaks her pain and doubt
overcoming her human frailties.
She is Juliette throwing caution into the wings,
poetry wrapped in her arms.
She is Firebird flying across the stage,
point shoes the color of flames.
She acknowledges her spirit as one with the world
while leaping above it.
She opens her battered heart to her sisters
who also believe in their poise,
dancing with their anger, having to prove their worth.
Turning and flowing, stretching and rolling,
Misty and her army of aesthetic women demand
attention for their righteous souls,
their human forms and their singular art.

Rachel fought apathy and injustice
asking the world "What is a girl worth?"
A young girl is vulnerable and trusting,
her vagina a mysterious private place
too easily invaded by the sickness of a bully.
Rachel's weapon was the sordid truth.
She used her power of proof and belief in God
to free the pain of hundreds
of other abused female gymnasts.
Her testimony magnified
how ugly took over athleticism and talent;
how abusive control forfeited
innocence and true beauty.
She realized silence festers
like an untreated strep throat,
but many scarred lives are capable of releasing
a resounding scream.

Meghan lost herself to love,
believing she could be the change in the castle.
She hugged instead of bowed,
she celebrated with spirituals instead of pomp.
She hoped to be heard but was silenced.
She not only married a man,
she married into an antiquated institution,
standing for the fairy tales of Princes and Princesses.
But Meghan stood alone before her wedding, petite and strong.
Within a year she wept with suicidal thoughts
feeling worthless and lost,
trapped in a prison of historic civilities,
gagged by ancient rules of proper femininity.
Her husband, a willing Rebel, lived with
the ravages of invasive lies.
So she and her husband left it all behind,
like Pioneers running for their life,
a bit like his great-great Uncle and his Divorcée before them.
Now, speaking and living her truth,
Meghan has become like a Warrior
leading the world of women
who refuse to be labeled a Princess.

We must remember the battles of all the Warriors:
like Mother, who loved with tenacity and vulnerability,
like Susan who demanded equity and representation,
like Eleanor, who spoke with understanding and compassion,
like Marian who sang freely for freedom,
like Sally who dreamed and shot for the stars,
like Maya, who wrote and acted her truth,
like Janie, who showed us God is all genders,
like Hillary who knocked and stood with dignity,
like Ruth, who persevered against discrimination,
like Paulette, who protects the natural environment,
like Oprah who asks with compassion and power,
like Amanda, who writes to inspire us to be our best selves,
like Michelle who lives and breathes with courage
and by example, shows us how
to become our own Warrior.

Living with Dying

March 13, 2021

I hate death

the surprise of the sudden
 an aneurysm or heart attack
the anguish of the slow
 a cancer or dementia

the detritus of what's left behind

forlorn loved ones
 awkward comments
empty homes
 photos and vases

I hate love

the tormented heart
 and sobbing in the shower
the welling up of pride and compassion
 the instant visceral depletion

and the abandonment

I hate impermanence

no control
 no halting
no getting off the carousel before it stops

and the passing of time that leads to

no breath
 no smile
no tangible presence

Left with only collected stories

 and the cherished gratitude of being held

left with an empty hole in the chest

 and one less accounting
 for the purpose of living

When the tears dry
 and the phone rings
or the mail carrier delivers
 or it's time to cook dinner
we carry on
 because there's nothing else to do

Soon we will see the sun again
 and notice the opening of a daffodil
We'll be able to chuckle at a remark
 or feel like running through the rain again

Until then we sit benumbed
 like an ice sculpture that bleeds
then angry
 like a child who's lost their favorite toy
then emerge
 with grief for our own dying

COVID KITCHEN CONVERSATION

367 days at home... together.

Hand me that will you?

This?

No, that.

You mean this?

No, that.

Why didn't you say that?

I did.

Can you please communicate more clearly?

Why can't you just understand?

You make this very confusing.

Oh that.

See, you're doing that again!

You mean this?

This or that, it's enough to drive me crazy!

Short drive.

Now, you're making this about me.

I didn't mean that.

That's what it's about.

Now you're bringing it into this?!

This is all getting ridiculous. Just take that, will you?

Thank you. This is all I wanted.