

Guide to a Good Marriage

Eyes, ears, breasts, legs,
bike tires, elbows, shoes;
it's possible to make due with just one
but so much better with twos.

Life's like that, yet we
have only one
to elect this duet
best enormously fun.

Heart friends, for sure
filled with absolute trust
shared dreams, goals, delusions
Love in all its' confusion, a must.

Gives more many than Takes
switch roles with ease
you cajole, empathize,
challenge and tease
letting go as you goad
holding tight thru all fear
eye to eye, soul to soul
(refrain uttering, "Yes, dear.")

Passion and patience
Laughter and tears
Better each tomorrow
of your ever after years!

the Talking Animal Party

2, 4, 6 and many legged
(any re-configuration of same)
bespectacled, slovenly
putrid and precious

they gather silently
sniffing and picking
with practiced aplomb
stray food or feces for the tasting
cornering and posturing
until the seating is satisfactory.

The opening growl sets teeth flaring
a lone wag midst prides of bristle
twitching ears
and no one looks another in the eye
never in this assembly, where
vulnerable jugular stays on the menu;
there are no vegans.

With no resolution on prior meeting notes
the financials shredded for mating rituals
wild stinging disrupted committee reports;
those still alive settled on new business.
The miscued *coo* segregated ranks still further
a beak break was called.

Upon return (first some quick munching and tidying)
the diminished consensus relented
voting to *Leave It!*
for the next generation.

a prayer

In this business of godlife
there are no quarterly reports
in any regular way
and the sales reps have wings

accounts receivable and payable
end up the same
as we tally our deeds and gather for our annual report
no bull or bear market

just a ram who wasn't asked his opinion on participating
but understood the world waits
for his hour to sing
in white we shiver
not black or red
hearts bleating of sins and sorrows
empty body hungry soul
pale herd of humanity
scraping at the bottom line
of meaning and prayer
meaning to pray in full truth
together and so alone
in penance.
with precious vows we pass waiting
holy nearness and sacred words
one more time to atone.

(for Yom Kippur)

Nigh night

Life is like
that
one letter altered
alerting not
none is changed
charged with meaning
leaning in ways
to sway
so close to being closeted
slow to understand
standing under the weight
of waiting
confessing confusion
the mirror miraculously
shows him young
ageless and agile
yet he is not.
As life
is like that
moving clockwise
wisely

The Bike Ride

I am the bicycle, well-rode, doing what's asked.
I am the helmet, waiting to be worn; still on the hook.
I am the iPod, always along for the journey.
I am the road, there for the travel, accepting without judgment.

I am the traffic light, set to a schedule.
I am a car, waiting my turn.

I am the bicycle enjoying the speed.
I am the hair, waving in freedom.
I am noise, muted by ear buds.
I am the intersection, holding my own.

I am the traffic light, yellow and calm.
I am the car whose time has come.

I am the bicycle, unable to brake.
I am the eyes, noticing too late.
I am the last sound, drowned by horns.
I am the road side, unsummoned but, ready.

I am the bicycle, now mangled, unseated.
I am the skull, not designed for this test.
I am the terror of onlooking travelers
I am the air, the lost last memory.

I am the stillness that precedes the chaos
I am the ambulance rushed rushing there
I am the crowd, seeing horror and red
I am the driver, choked not believing

I am the lesson, hurting hating this counsel.

I am everyone touched by this journey
I am the mother
I am the father
I am the sibling
the family
the friend
the colleague
the loss.
I am the life, canceled.