

Conversations

“Teleportation”

something in the whisper of the
stars smelled of
summer sand

something connected between that
clear February night and open
summer days salty breezes
lazy sun

those same stars saw me then
when
i was twelve running into
waves shooting salty
up my nose into my
skin, belly
bare and
burnt to the
brim

my windburnt cheeks felt that same
burn and yearned the
freedom of
running wild in nature to the point of
pain
when
restraint is a
word my body did not
know

glowing
now the stars
fight loose
from city smog and
light abuse
preaching to me there's
more

more than the
cloud of
now

“Sacrament”

sticks in your jaws become
holy
cracked with a
sacramental savor that
surpasses the
finest of human dining

the dance in your
eyes proclaiming that this
this
stick
is the greatest
creation of all
time

until

you find

the next
stick and with
greater relish
without worry
you leave the
old for the
new proclaiming

this!
this stick is the
greatest in all
creation

watching your whole
being wag with wonder for a
moment all
i thought i
worried for
stands suspended
as something small something
out of sight something
insignificant
in the pool of your

delight

“Into the Fallen”

white birch broken world
turned upside
down for you

like lightning white and
furious you stand
frozen in the
moment of
your fall

robins sing Spring
swirls round
you you
look on
knowing now
you will partake
in this with
only your off
beat notes of
decay

mixed into the
fray as one questioning

can I still be
beautiful?

“Hunger”

Take my body
as a prayer

please

my sighs and side
steps, stumbling
over the sticks
and stones of
words thrown
through my
mind too dusty too
uncertain to
know even
what
to ask how
to praise
knowing
only the yearning the
clawing out the
pawing forth
hungry for new
earth

may my compulsion
be freedom, a
forward thrust of
that which is too –
too –
to name

the shooting back of the
mane at the crack
of the gun

all swept up in the
feeding fury of the
race, feeding on
the hunger for
flight, the body unable to contain the inward
shout more

more

MORE

stopping only at the
satisfaction of utter
exhaustion, receiving the
pat of the rider's
hand upon my
head only when
my mind is too
spent to know anything but
the tactile presence of my
Master's satisfaction

“Exchange”

The trees of the wood
wait

standing stolid in the
sediment of stories upon
stories
upon
stories sown
into them

Panic is not
an option even
in the face of
fire they
wait
facing
that which screams of their
death with
silence
solid

even fire they know
brings new
growth

worries on the wind

they’ve heard millions upon
millions of them – and
heard them blown
out as quickly as they blew
in

these mean little

though their branches are
brittle their roots sink
supple into
stories which fires
and fears have no
fingers to

fetch

drinking up earth
thirstily from whence no
eye can see and
easing out sap so that

we

passing through

may breathe

“Therapy”

i could watch the waves of
grains of wood all
day dancing in the
golden shifting of
sun and shade

Patterns therapeutic to
behold, scolding in their
serenity the worried
scurrying whirring round
them. If only
i stopped
more
to look and
see what wonders
wait faithfully day
after day after
day for
me if only i
stopped to thank more often knowing
right under my nose
whether i
behold it or
not
wonders
encase me