

# **Home**

## A Collection of Poetry

Submitted for SIXFOLD May 2016 Poetry selection

**Childhood (I remember)**

I remember a different world  
painted by flowers,  
a sky blue beach  
treading softly among tiny pebbles  
speaking as if I'd live forever.  
Even though, to me, tomorrow  
was good enough.

I remember voices that cared so much  
more just because  
I was little,  
and soft promises coupled with faithful  
wishes that created my  
bedtime stories.

I remember the sweet entice of  
ice cream melodies  
and as I ran like the whirlwind that my  
feet made  
I was treated by smiles  
abroad, strangers welcoming  
as if friends weren't enough.

I remember better memories, now but  
a mystery.  
I remember laughter so beautiful  
it hurt to sober down.  
I remember my powers  
of strength and wisdom that  
bore the envy of superheroes.  
And I remember magic tricks that I mastered to perfection.

Then there were the two big fruit trees.  
Mom and dad.  
And I remember them too.  
I remember walks in the cool shadows  
of parks  
The many camping trips that never grew old  
The screams that followed a rollercoaster drop.  
I remember picnics and the food that always tasted better.  
I remember Brother wanting to be just like me.  
I remember mom and dad  
raising me better than their mom and

dad did.  
and it shows.  
Mom.  
Dad.

Because I remember.

### **Meeting Me**

Yesterday I met myself.  
Didn't know exactly how  
it came about. But he left and  
I couldn't run after him.

I'm tired for no reason at all. Overslept today  
and feel groggy. The small instances where  
these pretentiously gregarious attitudes collide under  
a narrow bridge of fond memories – yea those instances  
where we know nothing else matters for the time being.

Nibbling on a piece of organic fruit tossed amongst bits of  
dry chicken breast, thinking about the unique textures that  
create this concoction, this lacking flavor-  
it still somehow feels like what  
nutritious food is supposed to feel like.

There are pennies on my table, each with a  
different shade of copper. I look at it. It doesn't strike  
the same bell as the other silver pieces of metal coins.  
These pennies, they hold their own weight, trying  
desperately to be considered currency  
and not their half-worth-monetarily-inefficient status  
they have unwittingly earned.

The bird outside clearly sings to me,  
“go find yourself, and allow nothing selfish”

some creed I should heed now.  
What was mentioned before the saying  
was a lifetime past.  
A shadow painted across the way  
behind the presence of its owner.

For I'm here now. Still living and breathing.

Thinking harder and more furiously than ever.  
These last words are embedded deep within my  
parallel consciousness.  
I guess it was more profound yesterday.

So I guess I only know what  
is revealed to me in that one precious  
Moment  
Where everything becomes clear, just for  
that one moment I know who I am.

I become myself. Truer to a being that's become so  
distant and unfamiliar.  
Now I read my life back to myself:  
The book lacks familiarity...  
I accept myself – plastic and changing.  
An unfitting puzzle piece  
still inglorious but more alive than ever before  
living dreams and realizing fantasies  
insurmountable in potential.

And 'til I meet him again, I remain unnoticed  
and unrefined.  
I act myself. Or something like him.  
Here I go again.

## **She**

She is no longer afraid to chart the depths  
of her brain

The well, half past full, able to quench and able  
just as well,  
to drown

But she doesn't drown. She treads. She graces  
her delicate body and  
glides up the meniscus of  
life

The jellied callous  
thickens...sporadic  
plastic  
and now fantastically  
tender.

Now just relics of a past ordeal

She conquers. She smiles.  
What once was the unbearable transience  
of what seemed relevant  
Now codified into meaning  
felt viscerally and surreptitiously...  
Crawling-  
(continuously)  
furiously  
menacingly  
still, gracefully  
Gracefully and meaningfully

Adorned with the mimicry of past doubts  
Now a trophy of conquest  
of those same shortcomings  
The worn out sins  
The depths of her psyche  
now surface and transparent  
Now speaking softly  
Wholly convinced through and through  
and  
through  
The sublime of the moment is no  
divine intervention  
Merely the intercession  
of will  
of being  
of the silent and the serene

and, at last,

She smiles

## **Home**

I am thankful today  
For my roots run far and deep  
From the simple sound of my sleepless heart  
This letter gently breathes...

to My dear  
Loved ones:  
How blessed I am

For my family grows deeper, wider  
Woven like intricate web patterns  
that find themselves sprinkled  
across all of creation  
like droplets of water forming inside  
crystalline caverns decorated by  
luminous larvae that radiate their light  
refusing to be forgotten  
in spite of their imminent demise  
their life, but a surprise  
lest not they be disguised by  
the illusion of their existence  
glaring continuously up at their endless dark sky  
as they create those glowing chandeliers with their  
very presence.

and like these glow worms inside the cave  
my friends find themselves embedded on the ceilings  
of my spirit  
forever shining  
endlessly illuminated by the memories  
we weave together  
across the millions of dreams  
that we collect during our slumber  
along the billions of streams  
flowing ripe with thoughts  
away, from the trillions of melodies  
that comprise our collective symphony.  
I am humbled, again  
down to the hallowed ground  
thankful  
from the corners of my cavernous heart  
howling at the beautiful gaze  
of the brisk evening moon  
the eye of Gaia rests gently  
along the horizon of our common home  
here, we rest  
forming waves of enduring smiles across the way  
I lay  
I feel  
Today, I am blessed.

### **Return**

Homeless, but not homesick

The fibers of his being is fed  
through the roots of gracious peoples  
The clarity of his essence directed  
by a glowing flame  
so pure it remains ever in tact, even unnamed

But tamed, he is not  
Still clutching at the vestiges of a rabid passion  
Still attempting to connect through  
an invisible tunnel  
In limbo  
Vying for recognition of his madness  
allowing himself to breathe easier...  
so that he may walk with a certain grace  
that supports his eccentric thoughts  
and the weight of his folly  
So grounded, he may be  
Still, in ascent, he is  
In light, he chooses to see

Through the valley of two-toned mountains  
he views the distant horizon  
of his own transcendence  
Or perhaps something much simpler  
Something basic and natural and heartfelt  
Something that feels good, feels easy and  
quaint. And delightful.  
Like clover honey farmed  
through the pesky heavenly dances of  
busy bumblebees  
Freely tasting the sweet nectar

His thoughts ease...  
floats gently from his countenance  
down the river of his inner dwelling  
He finds her waiting with a kind smile  
He waves and melts with emotion  
His legs give to the gentle force of enticement  
He rests and dances and rests again  
She treads the serrated borders of his heart again  
He gives of himself to a simpler grace

No words for this -  
Just a quality that remains unnamed and unsatisfied  
The longing grows with each touch  
Like fighting quicksand while

sinking deeper with each effort  
He stops, treads, and navigates  
through the viscous waves  
of his infinite consciousness

For her, he remains  
For more than his gallant confession of elation  
each time she glances across his way  
He remains at home - less the borders of his former cottage up across the bay.  
And with a single glance he remains...  
At home.