

AWESOMENESS

Awesome, has taken on a daily feel
as in -

“I’ll have fries with that.”
Our waiter writes it down, nodding.
“Awesome, ...anything else?”
He looks up at us, all sunny smiles.

That awe...

as in feeling so small
before a thing so vastly greater than we,
a thing embodying a profound truth
which we can sense but not ever truly know,

...should be applied to an order of fries,
is a thing in itself of great wonder and incredulity,
which often but not always,
stands side by side with
incomprehensible idiocy
laced with such sweetness
that one feels oddly and deliriously hopeful.

BONSAI

I will stop time for you.
I will live in your time.

I will search for the molecule
That makes you the way that you are.

I am outside of you
But I live inside of you.

You are your own miracle.

I will shrink myself into the size of a pea
And sit by your mighty trunk
And feel your understanding of things.

You draw children in to you.
They are eternally safe with you.

You make us wish for the same miracle
That you are.

GIOTTO 2013 AD

Seven hundred years is nothing to you.
To me it is something.
To you, nothing.

You have no regard for time.
You flick it from your tunic
as though it were dust
or a bit of fallen ash.

You look out at us
as Jesus, Mary, Magdalena and John,
and trailing behind you
are the Dark Ages.

You were sought by the aristocracy,
for your burnished gold,
coveted by the clergy
who wished not to be left behind,
but, most of all,
you were loved by the peasantry –
because when they looked at your
Jesus, Mary, Magdalena and John,
they, for the first time,

saw rough skulls and
questioning eyes.
They saw hard hands and shoulders,
necks grown heavy and thick
from the yoke of labor.
They saw disease,
deformities,
and short lives.

They saw their only hope,
looking out at them as
Jesus, Mary, Magdalena and John.

On chapel walls
and gilded panels,
on cathedral ceilings.
they saw themselves -
in rough fields, mourning,

at the feet of livestock, praying,
in the firmament, hovering,
real
raw
bare
unadorned,
and they were comforted.

GRAVITY

It's not exactly an ambush
this slow march we're all on
like sleepwalkers opening closets,
closing doors in the middle of the night.
Noticing that some things aren't so familiar to us
wondering why this room seems different
though we've been walking through it all our lives.
"Oh, it's the weather,
Oh, never mind."

You see someone in a store window and think
"Stand up straight you look like a question mark,
you look like you're thinkin' 'duhhhh',
you look like an old broken person," you think,
"like a dummie crabbing along the sidewalk,
like the undead with rounded back and craning chin.
Why don't you stand up straight?"

You're jostled by skateboarders skimming by.
You didn't see them coming,
you didn't hear them...
You look back in the window and think,
"people like you"...
and then you realize it is you.
And you stand there with your mouth open
looking at this old bent person and
you straighten up. You pick up your groceries
you pick up your feet and walk and
the sidewalk pushes up through your shoes
into your feet and you know the concrete is going to win.

STILL LIFE WITH WIND

Still life with wind came rushing last night,
water-like down the black sheer rock canyon,
tearing fast up and over the palm trees
whipping them into a frenzy of
goodbye! goodbye!

She flew at the the yucca,
and swung a quick right into the prickly pear,
leaving them shivering but unmoved.

Barrel cactus held their ground against her fury,
giving up the bees and flies, beetles and moths
feeding therein, the thorns thrumming and shining.

She threw a furious volley down onto the desert floor
sending cyclones of dust and sand, up and up
scouring it clean and hard and silent.

Raging into the dark, she flew on.
The wind is a familiar bedfellow
given to violent dreams and night terrors.

The rain-laden clouds lifted the hems of their heavy skirts
and stars shimmered beneath,
in a narrow band of glittering petticoats,
fluttering and trembling,
on this wild and moonless night.