

Sacred Conflagration

I turned the light on
In my soul
And inspected my pencil-
Cedar wood, graphite core
Place of origin- obscure
(but Earth, I'm quite sure)
And lit my candle, "made in the USA" stuck on its front
But the *flame*- not of Earth, other worldly
It crackled
And danced
And said:
"The alchemist, inspecting her wand
Found the light
Reflecting
From the many facets of its tip
As she spun it, slowly
And pushed back its sheath
Of wood
To bring her fantasy to life
To make a little magic
They needed each other
Her heart and the rock, in the wand,
To translate
She held me closer
With soft eyes
I lit up her face
My reflection dancing in her eyes
She closed them and breathed me in
Held me to her chest
Tipped her head back
And opened her heart-
Where I met my maker-
A sacred conflagration
Roaring
Like a lion
We merged into one flame
Dancing together
Hoping the whole world
Would catch on."

Wrinkled up

It's past our bedtime
but the sunset was so delicious
I wanted to bathe in it
to make a bathtub of light
bent enough to cradle us
or a sailboat to carry us

back to the sun.
I'll take a flagpole
to claim my plot when I get there.
I'd take a flag for the whole earth
if there was one
someday...

I'll put my life in my backpack
and make the whole earth my playpen
my raincoat on my waist
so when it pours I can continue to play

until He calls "come inside"
Father himself
then I'll open the door
and greet Him
(when I am old and wrinkled up)
bathing

in the beauty of this all
one more time
a wick fully burned
ashes to ashes
to stardust all return

and I will try, as mother says
to take only what I'll use

Rumi's Moth

I think everything is a model
or a mirror
I look into my teacup
and see my porous body
my self dissolving
telling me to let go
and give thanks
for even the hot water
for especially the hot water
extracting my flavors
for the whole world.
They can have them.
Pour it on me;
the pain
the rejection.
I gave it my all
but I couldn't force you to take it.

I surrender to the fire.
What good is a dry tea bag?
It's like dry eyes-
The lesson's stuck inside.
Don't waste it.
Don't hold it in.

I chug my tea
and take my eyelashes outside to dry.
I see the earth has done the same
each blade of grass glistening in the moonlight
washing my bare feet
giving gratitude
for the dark night.
Nahko's "Wash It Away" on repeat
I dance down my moonlit street
my cell in hand glowing above me
casting light
I wonder who sees me waving?
A shooting star near Orion
burns up
like Rumi's moth
finding heaven
on a moonlit street
while the whole world sleeps.

Still Burning

I wrote this one for you
dear Sixfold poet.
I suppose the other ones I did too
but this one consciously
pulled back the curtains of time

between us.

I played you a note
on a Tibetan bowl
listen and you'll hear it now
ringing in your heart.
I sent a whole lot of love
and I know it made it,
it made it, just now.

I poured some peppermint tea
and lit us a candle-
"Stay Awhile Vanilla,"
it's container badly broken
rough glass edges
wax exposed
but the wick doesn't seem to notice.
I suppose that's the way a soul is.
It doesn't mourn a broken body
it just keeps on burning.

I had to reheat our tea
so I'm thinking of my grandma
she always drank it slowly
conversing while she knit.
I'm not much for knitting
it's this poetry I burn for
soul seeking, heart speaking
that keeps me alive
what I'd like to leave behind.

I still have a lot to learn
thankfully
I enjoy the burning
for freedom, wilderness, the wonder of it all.
When I do finally go out
it won't be for lack of fuel.

I hope you're burning too?
Whether in pain or pleasure
fully engulfed
a fervor for life.
I don't mind the pain
it makes me feel alive
but I do prefer the pleasure
We ARE on a trip around the sun
Baby let's burn together

The Key

Infinity
is like the Earth-
round; with no real directions.
I hold an apple in my hand
and take a good look at it
infinity, that is.

Earth's crust is like the skin of an apple,
no thicker.
I peel the red fruit, like a god
wiping his slate clean;
removing the red
from the pure white beneath.

Despairing for humanity
the bloodshed, the hatred,
I ponder a recurring dream,
a dream within a dream-
a key is tied on my wrist
and an animate statue of God
implores me to bring it back to the future
but upon awakening, within the dream,
I lose it every time.

I need to clear my head,
to go the way the wind blows.
I lick my finger and hold it up (to the breeze), listening.
North. Whatever that means.
The wind takes me to a tree,
a kindred spirit.
I sit with my back against her
and feel the breath between us.

A foam mattress of moss on the forest floor invites me
for a snooze.
I lay my head on a patch of grass
and drift into another dimension.
Dispatch sends me further
to a strange land
covered in carrion
Earthlike, but skinned

like a knife had scraped the life from the surface.

A grasp on my shoulder tightens
I turn into the grip of a hooded figure with no face
"Come closer"
"Never"
"The rest of you ran right into my arms" says Fear, salivating
"Give me your cargo"
"Never!" "I was loved so much...
this soul is stuck."

'That's it!'
The key!
I had searched for
across dimensions
amongst the ruins of ancient civilizations
in and out of dream worlds.
The key
to infinity &
to uniting humanity- perfect love &
to the open door to freedom- perfect love &
to stick a message on a soul
or to let one go - perfect love.

I turn to flee, desperate to deliver my message
but the despicable form
pulls me closer
cradling me, like a baby
and cooing.
I can't speak,
I can't see.
I wake up
in love
the only armor good enough
for Armageddon.