

“Visions of Sophia”

Before I could glimpse Sophia I thought I saw a purple floater in the periphery of my closed eyes. Then things began to take shape. The screens began to slip away. Fireflies and sparklers. Fourth of July without fireworks, lions at rest in pick-up beds, a cemetery with flowers but no graves. Or corpses. I don't have the words, but the Sophia that can be named is not the real Sophia. Sophia walks on paths of justice, the words on her lips are sincere, she takes her stands at crossroads.

Waiting for her is excruciating. It's like being back in high school staring at the phone and willing it to ring. Sophia never does anything, yet through her all things are done. I see her, bronzed in a white dress, a modern toga, thighs and hips barely contained by it, hair like a mane, pouring her spirit on them in the open square, threatening destruction like a whirlwind. Let Sophia be present in your life and you will become genuine. To speak with her, you'll have to learn to speak with others. Butthole Surfers say, “you never know just how you look through other people's eyes.” But take it another step: you never know how others see themselves except through your eyes. There was a great act of humility that happened at creation. Sophia was there, acting as artisan and playing. That's why consciousness. That's why free will. Through giving these gifts you receive conversation. Only in being lived by Sophia can you be truly yourself.

Take her on a date to a drive-in theater: you can talk through the whole picture without disturbing a soul or be still and watch together or, in the darkness and privacy under the purple projected light of the giant screen, be dangerous and take risks. Sophia was with God in the beginning. Since before time and space were, Sophia is. She is beyond is and is not. Sophia became flesh and made her dwelling among us. We have seen her glory.

“Walks & Dreams: A Cento”

Who, when the appointed Day shall dawn, escapes
From dark imaginings that haunted him?¹
They are what has loved me and forgotten.
Space, time, and Borges are deserting me.²
I wish I could walk till my blood should spout,
and drop me, never to stir again,³
an ordinary man lost in dreams,
searching constantly for God among the mists.⁴
If you walk in curious paths and play with useless things⁵
guard its profound dreams for us,
that it return to us when we return.⁶

¹ “The Progress of Man” - Rumi

² “Limits” - Jorge Luis Borges

³ “Departure” - Edna St. Vincent Milay

⁴ “Sorrow, it is not True” - Antonio Machado

⁵ “(My Soul is Alight)” - Rabindranath Tagore

⁶ “Invocation” - Denise Levertov

“Falconetti’s Eyes”

Jeanne D’Arc, of course,
But Sophia, too—

And the futility every soldier is left with after,
And the rare and pure generosity
Simone Weil starved for,
And the only thing we were ever meant to understand unseen.

In the end, it’s not the being burned at the stake
But it’s all they refused to see.

If René Falconetti didn’t get this,
I know her eyes did.

"The Rain We Needed"

I always enjoy when people say
"we needed that rain"
like knowing agrarians without plumbing.
I never know what they mean
and I suspect they don't either.

But when I almost grasp the rapid rhythm
of the million quiet bursts of drops against the asphalt
and see the trees and all the green
that surrounds my house
drink deep and seem to rest,
a Sabbath
from whatever it is they do in the sun,
I understand they are right.