

Five Stories

Soul Sirocco

There is a wind that blows up from North Africa across the South of Italy. It is strong. It is hot. Its name is Sirocco.

You, tumbler of giddy clouds,
Soul Sirocco --
You, tickler of trembly trees,
Soul Sirocco --
Thief of Aeolus' winds,
Thief of Zeus' fires,
Heed the lure of my lush lust
And fly to me,
Soul Sirocco.

Ere your warm breath spills its sound around me,
I hear you, Soul Sirocco.
Ere your soft touch spurs my urgent yearning,
I feel you,
And that strange familiar almost teases my senses.

Now you swirl you curl around me,
Soul Sirocco.
Your airy winds caress me,
Your fiery tongues ignite me.
All air and fire
We writhe entwined
And bright the night
While men and gods
-- Who would aspire
To passion such as ours --
Seek solace in pale envy.

Our whirl whips our love song from our lips,
Soul Sirocco.
Our cry inspires the wild wind to flow.
We are hush, breathless, and breathed again
And then our dizzy improvised syncopated synchronicity
Catches, twists, and torments all the air from whirling earth to sky
Until the planet's very breath is spent.

Now we laze and linger in our lusty scent,
Soul Sirocco.
The jealous air recovers its ability to stir.

On the hot plain far away
Leaves flutter.
Curious creatures pause, twitch their ears, narrow their eyes,
And sniff the breeze.

Bravery

There are two kinds of bravery —
One with gun or bayonet
Rushing in to kill or be killed
Knowing not the outcome. Yet —
T'other asks I trust you
To never cause me harm —
Fly into the abyss
And venture into warmth.

Mary Had a Teddy Bear

Mary had a teddy bear
With shiny button eyes.
Gently, he'd watch over her
When she felt scared, or cried.

Motionless, he looked at her
When daddy came to prey.
She grasped her pillow on her head,
But heard, "Do as I say!"

When daddy pulled her nightie up —
Her body cold and bare —
And pushed and tugged, then crept away,
That bear just sat and stared.

She pulled his bright eyes off his face
And hid them in a drawer
So he could never see again
What he had seen before.

Where Do the Stories Go?

After his hand over your mouth and nose steals your breath,
After the crushing of your throat silences your scream,
When fear and shame choke your voice,
Where do the stories go?

Some beat against fake ears until they give up and hide in broken chambers.
Some huddle in frightened nooks where no one can find them.
Some tangle into tight shame-barbed knots.
Some cement over.
Some scar, hastily stitched.
Some creep near you.
Some hide somewhere deep and erupt in dream time.
Some lie, buried or strewn, silent remnants of the dead who never spoke them.

Some lurk behind secret smiles reliving
And dreaming the next one.
Somewhere, now, new stories are —

Haiku

The air-dancing leaf
I saw return to the branch
Was a butterfly.