

-1-

like a tree
my years have been uneven
moisture related, indeed,
by the tears shed or stifled
by the winds and tides
moon phases, sunspots
seldom a drought
drowning more often
as in overwhelmed
and shallow rooted.

-2-

without thoughts
I feel ageless
unwisened by experience
yet open to adventure
chewing my vegan cud
as anxiety's whistle
demands my attention
as I lose 2 years.

*(same old story told
of desertion and fear
the deloved self, handle grabbed
gains circling cunningly
already tasting bad)*

-1b-

thin barked
leafless
all seeds released
no haven for bird or squirrel
alone in the forest
there is no sound when I fall

The Bike Ride

I am the bicycle, well-rode, doing what's asked.
I am the helmet, waiting to be worn; still on the hook.
I am the iPod, always along for the journey.
I am the road, there for the travel, accepting without judgment.

I am the traffic light, set to a schedule.
I am a car, waiting my turn.

I am the bicycle enjoying the speed.
I am the hair, waving in freedom.
I am noise, muted by ear buds.
I am the intersection, holding my own.

I am the traffic light, yellow and calm.
I am the car whose time has come.

I am the bicycle, unable to brake.
I am the eyes, noticing too late.
I am the last sound, drowned by horns.
I am the road side, unsummoned but, ready.

I am the bicycle, now mangled, unseated.
I am the skull, not designed for this test.
I am the terror of onlooking travelers
I am the air, the lost last memory.

I am the stillness that precedes the chaos
I am the ambulance rushed rushing there
I am the crowd, seeing horror and red
I am the driver, choked not believing

I am the lesson, hurting hating this counsel.

I am everyone touched by this journey
I am the mother
I am the father
I am the sibling
the family
the friend
the colleague
the loss.
I am the life, canceled.

Marking the New Year 5776

the needed deeded two
look for stars as starters
pyramids and henges long
have watched this witnessing
heralding the year's head

hashtag now
when's lunch is tweeted
river's waiting
Tashlich so needed

honeyed apples
but
the bees are gone
greed has made them die
the challah tear-shaped
in respect
wears no raisin wreath
this time
as oceans cry

why this course
oh hallowed source
[republicans and all
just show our shallow
least and less]
will one pure moment spare?

ancient runes and rules
lives done, some good
some linger, mid thought
more messages, some bought

much meaning, but wrought
forgiveness, hard sought
renewal not guaranteed
warranty expiring

yes we have sinned
again begin
we sin we sing
we cry
we watch the sky

for peace

Motherhood

not all of us
(ovaries not withstanding)
choose membership
nor are we all
recruited

some born to it
others learn as they go
accidents gone well
or trusting in miracles
and science

our names are many
all, the sound of needs:
hungry, tired, scared,
lonely, anxious, hurting
day and night confused
the now is never gone

this One is always Two
each next another, blessed
no honesty more could tell
or warn what motherhood brings

Do you think me a cat?

Do you think me a cat?
lives to give frivolously
with feline abandon
always more to risk

Do you fancy me a persian?
high whines and jumps
lithely overseeing without humility
preferring my own kind
disdain of novelty

or a tabby?
irresistible kitten
grown to smelly furball
with digestive issues

Am I a street cat?
smart and aloof
unconcerned with oozing patches
of furless victory

A sleek panther
preying on those slower
or lesser
or unable to climb?

What kind, then,
with lives to squander
each time we choose to chance
to meet
to find ourselves
at death's door yet again
propped by a poison kiss?

A cat no less than anima
pure and mischievous when you walked through
and paused
no purr
this time
a moan because
I didn't land on my feet
when you left
and the door caught my tail.