

Submission to

Sixfold

Seven Poems/Ten Pages

Index

(page 1)

When Will We Love	page 2
Forgotten	page 4
Don't Ask Don't Tell	page 6
The Way	page 7
Hope's Devotion	page 9
The Right Touch	page 10
Help	page 11

When Will We Love

I'm tried
Really tried

Of always climbing
Mountains of bigotry

Growing too old
To take another step

Yet I still place
One foot in front of the other

Hoping one more step
Will change the bigot's heart

It may never be until
Prejudice whites perish

Fade into sun blinding dust
With their hate and bigotry

I admit it's really hard
To not live what you're taught

Hard to not fear people
Who look different

To feel what they feel
When alone in your crowd

You only know them
From a distance

Never knocked on their door
Nor felt their love or pain

Like the sting
Of your prejudice whip

Permanent scars inflicted
Never shown in white history

About rape of slaves
Without rights to holler rape

How long will it take
White bigots to pass

And when they die
Are their children next

With hand-me down
Prejudice lies and hate

Racist youth in quasi-white god country
Where Confederate stripes still fly high

Whites who may never know
Her unconditional love

For all human creatures
Be them good, bad, or different

So do we wait for their holy white bias
To wane into black holes of death

Or try to welcome them
Like prodigal white children they are

Put arms around them
Until they hug back

Invite whites to sit at Kings table
Share his forgiveness and love

Will they say as She would
I will always love you

Will whites ever understand
She wants hate and greed left at the door

She wants all to enter
Creation's Splendor

in humble awe

Forgotten

He leaves before early light,
her first date, only love,
thirty years together.

She sleeps with kiss,
until ceaseless rings
breaks her slumber.

His comfort voice,
used when things fall apart,
halts her dream chase.

*Honey, planes have crashed.
The Towers are burning.
Smoke smothers my floor.*

*I've only moments,
to say last words
You are my love.*

*My only thoughts
are about you.
Celebrate our time.*

She can't hang up,
wants to freeze every word,
never let them melt.

Smoke steals her screams.
Tears boil in flames.
She begs his touch.

Not a soldier, he dies
in terror like fifty million
World War II civilians,

women protecting children,
fathers plowing fields,
children who couldn't run

Yet...decades later,
God Bless America wars
still slaughter countless others.

Makes me want to build
five times larger
than Arlington,

a monument
for civilians,
unknown war casualties,

large as their sea of humanity,
hands out stretched,
reaching for peace,

like a baby's mom.

Don't Ask, Don't Tell

The band is playing Stars and Stripes.
Families are hugging, crying.
You stand alone on high ship deck,
only duffel bags hug your leg.

I hide behind distance green hedge
beyond crowd, far from anyone's touch,
adjusting new binoculars,
eyes red, blurred, I bring you close.

You smile to crowd, wave high to me.
My waves back are hidden silence.
I can't be close to share your fears,
must be unknown, as you pretend.

The ship departs, people walk away.
I step dockside, to watch you shrink
in blue waters, until nothing's there.
My heart's ache swallows loneliness.

You send letters addressed to mom
in hope she will remember to
forward them to your life partner,
who lives each word that can't be shared.

On patrol, a roadside bomb explodes.
You lose your legs, suffer alone,
with mate never informed of death.
Our secret, could never be told.

The Way

When I step outside
and lay on earth
see inside and feel
internal earthquakes

Between right and wrong
I taste its silent medicine
walk a backward step
to a glassy clear lake

until a wind dance
creates ripples
confuses sight
loses place

I shake my head
blink and rub eyes
In Right of Passage
from birth to death

I see a baby born
As a lake morphs to stream
my sight confused
I change in this Right

From baby born
when identity becomes
a get-down-in-the-street
plain rice dish

I awake and can't see
my hand against a wall
sensing a tactile world
A world about survival

Discovering inside
different worlds
"what is" worlds
"what will be" worlds

My life erupts
Fire consumes
right and wrong
leaves what's in-between

I take a backward step
to my hidden place
where perception is
unfiltered reality

Where one perceives
a vivid non-dual way
where you wake up
to what isn't your world

For as a child
I pushed sand in a sandbox,
but never to Africa
where slaves were born

slaves who shoved
ancestors red-gold sand
of death and birth
to America

Where up-side-down thought
Thrives in New York
While scared thought
Is lost in Kansas

How do I love
How do I heal
How do I walk
Where elephants grieve

Hope's Devotion

Your wonder is delicate
I fear you passing

You Old World
I cannot hug enough

Know you will turn cold dark
and I to dust

No longer able
to swim your oceans

Nor climb your mountains
or tall redwood trees

I shall simply lie on your breast
watch birds dance in clouds

And let a creation's colors
flood my senses until

I discover your place
where love lives

Where my soul drifts
into your magic

As my autumn orange leaf
tumbles to earth

Lands soft in your forest
where acorns grow

The Right Touch

Your love is above
Every dark cloud

That falls into
Mountain streams

While I stand
In the valley

Immersed in its roar
As its sound dissolves

My internal noise
Until all is quiet

In this place
Your serenade plays

Goose bump harmony
As you touch

My wrong hand
The one that's different

The one craving
To be touched

Your right hand
On my left

Help

I slide out of bed
strip off everything
poop pee shave and trim
before stepping on scale

Maybe today
it won't reveal my secrets
Maybe today
somehow I will weigh less

I even take off glasses
as if not to see
my large scale numbers
which seldom are smaller

Vowing to do better
eat healthier
make good choices
I head to kitchen

to have my resolve melt
like butter on hot pancakes
Who cares when this sweet
taste so delicious

Maybe tomorrow
will be a better day
to eat healthier
which seldom happens

like the next day
and the next
or the next
And so on and so on