

Three Poems 4 22 2019

1

I fell through a crack in my soul last night
and I woke up in a dream
away from all the trouble
this world has to offer

my father was there
and my old dog Spot
and I ran like I did when I was young
down to the creek
where I turned over rocks
to find the creatures
that live there

but instead I found jewels
emeralds and diamonds
and some stones I did not recognize

then I heard a voice calling from the hill
calling my name
I ran to the voice and hugged my grandma
Grandad was there
there were fresh biscuits on the table
and orange juice in little glasses
I felt tears smearing down my face
and some old woman
I did not know
said these words
“Don’t lose faith, believe
and you will find jewels
everywhere.”

I drank my juice and ate
my biscuits
and returned to the bed
where I had been sleeping
and I did not have to pretend to be special
I did not have to work at being loved
I just was

the jewels seemed so lose
right out of a dream
the trouble seemed so far away
and I believed again
believed I could fly
believed that I could make things
with my hands
that move and touch others
things made from pain
beautiful things
to give away
gifts for those
I see in this world

and sometimes blistered hands
from trying so hard
when rest would be more helpful
I fell through a crack in my soul last night
and found myself whole
whole and happier
than I had been
in a long time

and as for you
you were no longer
a worry
you were no longer
a break in the chain
of things
you were just a flower
in a field of many

4 17 2019

2

is there a cure for falling out of grace
an angel who can fly in
and make everything ok again
I've been a rascal
a two toned devil

with white around my want-to-be
and black around I am
I've stumbled through apologies
I meant the words that I said
but I didn't say them very well
and I live with that
I curl into a ball sometimes
and live with that
but surely summer comes
and the seed of all I've been
will take root in the eternal dirt of Heaven
and fly toward the sun
without the need of a net
or life unlived
tomorrow is folded into today
and as it releases
I will pray
to live in just this moment
again

3 6 2019

3

time
like a lever
pushed down
pushed up
five seconds into the future
blind from the passing through the portal
seeing everything from the new vantage point
erasure of sins
underscoring the joys
while Dali's melted clock
leaks into the cracks left by the breaking of a heart
and the renewing of a spirit
the cracks filled in by gold
rejoicing in the gladness
apart from the world
spinning like a termite through it
and waiting
in the hallway

for the darkness to relieve the pressure
and send the saints packing their suitcases
for home

4 2 2019