

The Mother Load

Capture her? Like a computer
displaying parts of some lengthy
document, your mental monitor splits the

image. Memory full. You can't
apprehend it all at once, and as you
scroll through, you lose
the context, no control
keys help you function.

Never plane to see, she was
a mercurial projection, no Mercator
alma mater, but fully three-
dementional, yet you (her linear
descendant) saw but one. (You called it

“the Gewalt Gestalt.”) Gigantic
though she seemed to your young eyes,
you wonder now: How could she hold
so many contradictions?

Paradox:

not that she did, but that you then
saw boxed as one eternal whole,
her mental block, the fixed,
unaltering epicenter
of your life.

Our Waves, of a Fashion

Wind huffs and luffs.
A pianist picks out the same
two chords over and over.
I prefer the one that settles
over me like warm milk.

Thank heavens these things
run in cycles, otherwise
my heart would shatter
as I reluctantly
fold my favorite
carefully, lovingly,
safely away
where nothing can hurt it
and I can still take it out
once in a while,
gently shake out any wrinkles,
and fondle its softness until
the next cycle comes around
and I am permitted to love you
again.

Your faithful friend

The short version: Wow!

The long version:

What happened or did not happen

What we said and did not say

How we felt the reality of what was not there
and remained oblivious to what was

Who we loved or did not love,
and how we did or did not love them,
or they us

Why the music spanned all the usual notes,
yet sounded wholly new

Where "we" were and were not

When we sensed or did not sense the light
(or was it music) – no, wait, colors
– more like touch, or time...

Whoever, whatever, we have been or not been to each other,
you have left me:

Faith-full.

To my younger self, from one who has been to the poles

Salt blurs your vision, crusts your mouth,
salt clogs your ears, clots your wounds,
the crystals ingrained in your veins.

The elders dismiss the desert, say you just
crave attention, but salt drowns the world
and dries you to a pillar till you just stop
your crawl mid-escape on the flats.
Actions, thoughts. Feelings. Just. Stop.

Many molts later glory blazes with
fever dreams. Who knew you could fly
so high, orgasm at the slightest touch,
an incendiary being?

Rising from the ashes, you won't recognize
the next cindery saltless flats, no taste,
the only clue you're in the same place:
your still-sharp libido
keening for the loss of miracles.

Would you care for a robot lover?
Would you like someone who just goes on
automatically, like you do?
Someone for whom all your moods are equal?

How long will it take you
to adjust and recognize this place,
acknowledge the injustice of the underground salt mind
and just let hell freeze over?

A lamp glows bright
(for Robin V)

A lamp glows bright within
but cannot penetrate the gloom
enforced from without,
that doom which keeps half her world
silent and unseen, grey garbed and,
where possible, pregnant.

The lamp, as yet undowsed,
speaks heresy (for to speak at all
blasphemes), suggesting miracles
and the occasional joke
whose light escapes only in tiny gleams
from her downcast eyes.

The lamp generates warmth
around the wick, not wicked, as they
would have her believe, but sweet,
the blue flame rising to her teeth
before getting swallowed back down.

A lamp glows bright within
but soon it may be dimmed,
extinguished by the weight
of him, and hymn, and Him.