

## Life Story

Try to imagine Passover week two thousand plus years ago.

Documents relate days of heated confrontation, intrigue, political collusion,

An intimate meal in a secret room with pungent herbs and wine,

Then, betrayal.

Nt. Weight: zero.

Scourged. Struck; the authentic other laid waste.

Dice resonate against the packed earth,

And with that incomprehensible Deed,

The Savior pays for all my past, present, and future sin.

Several generations pass...

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This was my coming of age;

Smudged chalk declarations that gave urgent witness;

“Smash the state,” “Support prison rebellion,” and, “Jackson Lives.”

This is our legacy; centuries of military conflict,

Barbaric squads defeating their own purpose,

In the twilight fused with dense smoke.

Throw off the old year as a set of musty clothes,

Heavy with guilt and misunderstanding.

Excess knowledge, infinite subpoints to connect,  
But the eye shatters complexity.  
Embrace all the contradictions in your personality.

Shed the armor; I loathe the words  
That distort our perception,  
I am sick of the talk in my head,  
The logic that confuses my fingers.

If I come to you, I am empty of the thieving questions  
Which divided us, but I am jealous of the elements  
Contingent on your skin, the molecules cruising on your side,  
The earth that presses against your hands.

It is futile to enter your wilderness...  
Chicory and thistle scream at the violent heat of morning  
As you lay inert, sleeping—and trivia smolder in my head  
While a crumbling manuscript sifts through the floor boards.

But despite all expectations to the contrary,  
On a hot August day in '73, in Columbus, Ohio,  
This introverted spectator  
Surrendered to the Cross.

## One Syllable

Ache is in my heart  
For the balm of all pain  
But you will not find it  
In this age of want.

See the ant run to the ark.  
Be still; just say the Word.  
My psalm and rhyme are of no use  
To reach the One Who speaks.

Yet all is full, the bee yields the bloom.

Liar, liar, pants on Fire!

In the morning, we come together  
Like two Scottie dog magnets.  
Would that it was not a lie  
For I desire him ferociously.  
I desire his eyes to consume me.  
If it were the year 1300, the neighbors  
would hear me weeping and singing  
[as I understand those medieval maidens were wont to do.]  
Or busying themselves with embroidery.  
The hours apart from my love are full of anguish  
Until the sun completes its long circuit across the heavens,  
And he returns with booty and open arms.  
His lips taste like elderberry wine...  
I am satisfied.

## Invisible

She has a bed and,

After 45 years,

A new mattress, one with a padded top filled with gel that one can sink into and

Forget.

She has a dining room with sun, modern window treatments and sturdy succulents that each have

A story

But supper is not eaten there.

Or breakfast.

To be accurate, the pronoun *they* should be used instead of *she*

But the *he* does not see the succulents

Or extend his hand across the mattress

Or touch the deep and secret places.

## Evening Interruptus

Lady Dinsmore dreaded the family reunion  
But donned her corset and red leather gloves.  
“En route I shall be amazed at an opera  
And stand aloof, in my cape,  
From the tsunami sludge.”  
At the corner of St. James and Tildon Square,  
Sir Edmund reigned ecstatic  
In his tuxedo and skull cap.  
A croquet game had come to a nail-biting end  
As Sir Edmund escorted his bored maiden  
To karaoke night at the funeral parlor.  
“My ennui has gone,” the Lady chortled,  
As she sashayed, in her sailor dress and feather boa,  
With mocking superiority from the restroom.  
Alas, her escort had fled to the pep rally next door,  
Leaving his button-down shirt and lacy negligee on the floor.  
“I had a foreboding of such tricks,” she confessed.

