

A FLOWER SPOKE TO ME

While I was walking through the wood one night
I thought I heard somebody call my name
I saw no one so I kept on my flight
Though I knew I would never be the same

I looked 'round saw a flower crying out
I bent over and gazed into its heart
She spoke: "I love you, I will be devout.
You can protect me and be my jambart

"You can't pick me for then my heart will die
But each day you can come and talk to me
Bring me water smell my perfume and sigh."
Overcome by these words she spoke to me

I bless the day I gave to her my soul
A flower spoke to me and made me whole

I Remember Claudette

Her heart was a pendulum weight thumping against her rib cage. She was pelted by streams of contradictions from the voices of everyone she had known. Years of disappointments, drudgery and total discontent weighed heavily on her. Eyes that hopped and skipped with athletic dexterity everywhere. If she turned her head, quickly, to the left, or the right, and forced her eyes around as far and fast as she could, she could catch a glimpse of something behind her—something dark and dreadful; a blur that disappeared the second she

spied it. She knew what it was, it was the famished hounds of disaster snapping at her heels, coming to devour her and her little ones. She swore she would never let them catch up to her, never give them the opportunity to hurt her children.

There was always a conflict between what she said and the way others perceived it. A life of exposure, grief, abuse and hardship will undermine the confidence of any child.

She thought: "Fools get away with the impossible because they're the only ones who are willing to attempt the impossible, love is a spiritual blending of desire's fulfillment and reality's burning napalm." She began to grow inward, became hard to find. It wasn't long before she became stingy with words and then one day, like the light from a lamp when the switch is turned off, she vanished with her children. No one has seen or heard from her since. I wish for you, only healing, and the gentlest and the kindest things that life can give to you. I remember Claudette!

Down to the River

Ashamed to die as perplexed and dumbfounded as you are?
Befuddled as the day you came into this sad, sore world?
Mandolin dings, violin squeals, the big drum bangs slowly.
Breezes of longing, rhythms of life sweep on over you.
Voices of tortured spirits from distant fields call your name.
Where dark is the wood, murky the path, comatose the souls.
Poor souls standing in cloaks of mournful sophistication,
Where the bread grows stale with age and green-spotted mold.

You dance, shuffle your shoulders in syncopation and hear
The hurtful lamentations of bruised, suffering women and
Feel the pain, fear, confusion of all the young innocents. Your
shadow orbits you, a quickened dance of frustration.
Bury all your troubles and woes for dead men sleep soundly.
Take that hollow broken husk, bear it down to the river.”

I Can't Stop Thinking about the Past

I'm standing in a useless old boat
Can't catch a wind, fix a broken mast
Dressing up old words in a new cloak
This revolving shroud of night can't last
Things'll look better in the morning
I can't stop thinking about the past
The sun bubbles up and makes his start
The sharpest blade will lose its edge fast
Searching for the language of the heart
The sweet nectar in my drinking glass
I can sooner walk away from me
I can't stop thinking about the past
Reading verse softened and contented
Looking back those days were rainbow-cast
Youthful garment I only borrowed

Smiles I tried to keep within my grasp
Standing in the eye of tomorrow
I can't stop thinking about the past
I've never heard a giraffe complain

So I guess I haven't heard it all
They can't say my heart was ever feign
Time scoots by first your first then your last
Many souls gone yet not forgotten
I can't stop thinking about the past
I can't retrieve my vanishing thoughts
Like marbles bouncing down long stone steps
I love the sun when I'm overwrought
But moonshine stands me up makes me prance
Autumn colors vanish in a flash
I can't stop thinking about the past

LET IN THE LIGHT OF LOVE
(thoughts of William Butler Yeats)

The rowdy spirit of youth swept on over you
Like a winter-storm wind out at sea
Whisking away all withered leaves and weeds
Wandering plundering through the wasteland
Stumbling blundering through the dreamland
Poet faker minstrel in a restless land
Floating in limbo on the portal of trance
Slipping sliding doing the jumpy dance
Visions of youth laughter and sorrow
Through the fiery doorway onto the plains of chance
Bless the human kindness that was there to borrow
You're here today now make it through this dance

Break the chains that hold you down
On the wings of love get star-ward bound
Take the power from above
Hear and feel the rushing sound
And let in the light of love
As the mist ascended you thought you spied the dancer
Through the thickened woods that rustle windy answers
Among the many colored leaves of laughter
Who is this riddle reader who writes with every chance
A quizzical soft walker through modern times again
But can you know the dancer from the dance