

SONG LINES

I light a fire in my heart
A torch
I am looking for something
Listening for something
The songlines of my ancestors
The wisdom
Of who I am
And where I belong in the world

Anger and hurt in my heart
For the break in the chain
Who left the wisdom behind
In this shallow culture
It is 2am
And I cannot sleep
I am like a child
Shedding tears
For the lullaby that I can't hear

I clear my mind
And listen
Awareness on my heart
But all I can hear are the crickets
And the bullfrogs
Singing their songs
Simple songs
But simple creatures
Who know their place perfectly
Where they belong in the world
Living in harmony with all of life
Taking only what they need
Not trying to change the world
For their own good

So wise
Those small beings
Singing through the night
Their songlines for all to hear
Let's hope we listen
Listen
Listen

Amidst this harmony I hear lyrics

In my mother's voice "let me call you sweetheart, I'm in love with you..."

And in the voice of my father: "you are always on my mind..."

And my grandmother: "you'll never know dear, how much I love you,

Please don't take my sunshine away."

Love.

The common thread

Though so unraveled

Not all is lost

Love remains

Pass it on

WRINKLED UP

It's past our bedtime
but the sunset was so delicious
I wanted to bathe in it
to make a bathtub of light
bent enough to cradle us
or a sailboat to carry us

back to the sun.
I'll take a flagpole
to claim my plot when I get there.
I'd take a flag for the whole earth
if there was one
someday...

I'll put my life in my backpack
and make the whole earth my playpen
my raincoat on my waist
so when it pours I can continue to play

until He calls "come inside"
Father himself
then I'll open the door
and greet Him
(when I am old and wrinkled up)
bathing

in the beauty of this all
one more time
a wick fully burned
ashes to ashes
to stardust all return

and I will try, as mother says
to take only what I'll use

RUMI'S MOTH

I think everything is a model
or a mirror
I look into my teacup
and see my porous body
my self dissolving
telling me to let go
and give thanks
for even the hot water
for especially the hot water
extracting my flavors
for the whole world.
They can have them.
Pour it on me;
the pain
of rejection.
I gave you my all
but I couldn't force you to take it.

I surrender to the fire.
What good is a dry tea bag?
It's like dry eyes-
the lesson's stuck inside.
Don't waste it.
Don't hold it in.

I chug my tea
and take my eyelashes outside to dry.
I see the earth has done the same
each blade of grass glistening in the moonlight
washing my bare feet
giving gratitude
for the dark night.
Nahko sings "Wash it away"
and I dance down my moonlit street
my cell in hand glowing above me
casting light
I wonder who sees me waving?
A shooting star near Orion
burns up
like Rumi's moth
finding heaven
on a moonlit street
while the whole world sleeps.

THE WAY I WANDER

I want to write poetry
the way I wander
through the forest
alone
following my fancy,
the critters, and their signs

The way I want to worship
the way my dog does
100% adoration
Max gazes up at me
and I see myself- in his eyes
a vision of who I aspire to be

The way God sees himself
in my eyes
when I wander
adoring creation
the way Max looks at *me*
his fountain of love overflowing
he sees me, as I am

The way I see my son
when he asks
"Will you tickle my side pork, *just a little?*"
when he is supposed to be sleeping
"My side pork *and my neck pork?*"
my heart, hungry and full, I cannot resist
I could eat him right up
forever

The way I can't stop looking at him
when he's finally asleep,
I know he'll rise again
I know death is not an ending
I know this moment is fleeting
and forever
but still my heart aches
for the passing of time.
I know time doesn't really exist
but innocence does
and it too seems to pass

and I know my heart aches
hungry and full

I wanted to write this poem
about a picture I drew
in the snow
 sliding around on the pond
like a child
 in wonder or worship
 my boots unstitching the blanket
uncovering the water
 that was already frozen
anyway

But there came a desperate squeaking
“Mommy!?”
I wheeled around “I’m down here you guys!”
It came again, a moaning
from the trees, suddenly alive
cracking from the cold
I would have loved to linger
listening

I left
my picture unfinished

And wrote this
the way I like to wander
and come back home
with my heart
hungry and full
alone
but never *alone*

STILL BURNING

I wrote this one for you
dear Sixfold poet.
I suppose the other ones I did too
but this one consciously
pulled back the curtains of time

between us.

I played you a tune
on a Tibetan bowl
listen and you'll hear it now
ringing in your heart.
I sent a whole lot of love
and I hope it made it,
So many vibrations.

I poured some peppermint tea
and lit us a candle-
"Stay Awhile Vanilla,"
it's container badly broken
rough glass edges
wax exposed
but the wick doesn't seem to notice.
I suppose that's the way a soul is.
It doesn't mourn a broken body
it just keeps on burning.

I had to reheat our tea
so I'm thinking of my grandma
she always drank it slowly
conversing while she knit.
I'm not much for knitting
it's this poetry I burn for
soul seeking, heart speaking
that keeps me alive
what I'd like to leave behind.

I still have a lot to learn
thankfully
I enjoy the burning
for freedom, wilderness, the wonder of it all.
When I do finally go out
it won't be for lack of fuel.

I hope you're burning too?
Whether in pain or pleasure
fully engulfed
a fervor for life.
I don't mind the pain
it makes me feel alive
but I do prefer the pleasure
We ARE on a trip around the sun
Baby let's burn together