

Certain Age Blues

Dancing at the edge of wonder
swinging by my wits
in an old lover tree
the evening star's winking back at me
falling up the kaleidoscope hole
of the universe bit by bit
birthday wishing for
a thousand more seasons of pink trees
or at least thirty yet seen
tap dancing in my traveling shoes
the sky is blistering
pure Paris and tangerine.

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Dawn in the Tree of Life

A fingernail moon scratched through
The last little bit of indigo blue
As pink and gold tattooed
The eastern sky

A chrysalis opened
And an egg cracked
A butterfly flew
And a robin sang
And you came

Sweet flowers unfurled
you called my name
Love blossomed
And my life began

It was dawn,
Dawn in the tree of life.

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DESTRUCTION OF A CHILD, BATTERY OF THE HEART

Four of us got her pregnant
“She’s just a ho,” the father said,
“Sleeps with everyone.”

She had a crush on the first one,
Had wanted to kiss him,
Stuffed bears and Barbies looked on.

She said no,
He heard yes,
They were in her empty home.

He left,
she cleaned up her blood,
Dreaming of their life together.

He never talked to her again
But told all his friends.

Her self esteem

Shredded,

Shattered

And blew away in the gossip wind.

Hushed

In adobe mission

Stained sunlight
Painted the stone floor

Blood thinned with tears

Across dais
Rivulets ran
Down steps
To creek bed
To shore

In earthen roundhouse

Dust motes drift
Sage smoke swirl

Oculus beam pierces years

Ghost maiden
Memory dream
Dance drum
Quondam thunder

Vultures whorl

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Janus in the Revolving Door

Ever coming, ever going
Janus in a revolving door
Of handsome mahogany
And polished brass.

Turning Seasons
Convoluting reason
Honor and dishonor
Spinning by.

The coin sails high
Cartwheeling through the sky
Above the marble metropolis
And the trodden turn-stile gate.

Loose your everything and tense your soul
To spring and grasp control
Steering through your mad exploration
of chance and fate
and Begin!

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