

Healing is Stronger

The word "abuse" is stupid and small, like the man who hurt her.
Although I love her now, two years in, I can still see clearly the tracks
he left in her mind with outrageous terror bonding.

I know all that hell all too well from when my ex-wife lost her mind.
Our life was gone.
She took our children with false allegations
after bathing in my blood.

Now, healing with my new love,
a true partner,
life is still hard.
The past leaves trails.
We are learning to love anyway.
Trial, error, learning.
Life is new again.
We heal stronger now.
Together.

In the Morning, After Arguing with You

I like that you don't get raging mad and I don't have to protect my body.
I like that you still snuggled up to me all night.
I don't really know what we argued about.
I suppose I feel like time was wasted,
but I kind of just want to spend
some more time with you,
happier this morning.
So, what do you
say, love?

Thirsty

I understood tonight that I feel life in ways that are
quaffable like water and wine combined;
never bitter; always wanting more.

Even the pain, I dive so intensely
that it should be a beverage,
so when I feel I am drowning
at least there is metaphor
pouring down my throat
with some chance
of satiating me
in the present,
the past and my
future-memory
simultaneously.

(The conscious drinks the experience of the unconscious
until the unconscious swallows the conscious mind).

Intuitive languages –
strong as emotion,
durable as logic,
quaffable as the
life I swallow
voraciously –
taste of
you to
me.

Finally, unbroken, I love my life again.
Thanking you, this poem will be
but of my many toasts to you,
thank you for reminding me
to drink of life as freely
and as fully as we
may ever be,
ever thirsty.

A Little Chicken Too

Sometimes, it could be that Chicken Little is right
(I know she is, the sky can't last forever),
but I don't care because you are here.
Together, we are alright;
or better than that,
almost anytime.

The rumbles and rhythms of days and nights
taste like drums rolling jazz on my dark cymbal,
hear the smells of cooking with you, until
I cannot believe how delicious it comes out
every time.
I'm so happy to ignore my indigestion
I swallow the smell of hope and kiss your dessert.

We are pioneers without the cultural violence
burning our brains into another night.
Something here has never been done before, I'm sure.
Bubbles of forgiveness dropping into a bath of insights.

Whatever the world is trying to do
with its jealous loneliness,
tossed like the guts of Chicken Little
just before she became the resting place
of the seasoning
that you and I tried tonight,
the meal sure smells good.

Good Too

When it was almost too hot for a May day,
our dog Reggie, wanted to walk.
He was bursting with energy
as I prepared for a meeting.
He waited, eager,
struggling to conform
to my expectations
(he had internalized them).

The meeting ended,
Reggie looked at me excitedly,
but he had to wait a little more.
(I said "wait," but he is deaf so
he understood me wordlessly).
Reggie napped, as he so often does,
intense and ever-ready:
one eye opening occasionally,
sensitive to my every shift –
in weight, in attention, in readiness.
It was a nap to make time disappear,
not to sleep.

Then, a false start
(I walked near the front door),
Reggie had risen happily, but
turned quickly away from me,
pretending he just wanted to
lick the floor.

I saw that he saw
the mistake in his perception
as, with a stoic pride,
he firmly napped again.
One eye remained open the whole time now,
Reggie's patience too worn to
depress both eyelids simultaneously.

When the time (finally) came,
both ready to explore
the day, so beautiful and warm,
the sun so obviously bright,
my feet cascaded softly down the century-old red brick stairs,
Reggie's silent paws surpassed me to the ground
just as the large cold drops of water from a stray cloud
cut through my thin shirt, sharply striking my skin

and greatly disappointing Reggie.
 Our eyes rolled in unison
 (dogs understand a certain sense of humor);
 we carried on determined to have fun
 just the same.

Reggie does not like the rain.
 Sometimes I do,
 but not that cold water
 falling in lazy softball lobs
 splattering like paint on impact,
 at least not in May.
 The sun was everywhere but with us.

We pushed on and the water fell.
 I wanted to apologize to Reggie for my work and its delays.
 I wanted to declare to some unseen hand
 that we deserve a do-over, feeling aggrieved.
 Instead, I reminded myself that these things are not real suffering,
 I had no basis to complain anyway.
 We walked on.

Before long, I began this poem,
 writing as I walk, rain be damned or ignored.

Now, as we move
 between the sun and clouds,
 we are never quite too warm or too cool
 (movement is the body's regulator –
 for humans and for dogs too, it seems).

It is not clear who is walking whom anymore,
 as Reggie leads me through campus,
 into the city beyond.
 My feet cool as a soft droplet
 spreads through my socks
 when they had become too much
 insulation; still, with a tug, I suggest home,
 but Reggie tugs back to go onward
 and I don't disagree.

It is a good walk.
 Reggie is a good dog.
 In appreciation and celebration,
 I'll see what I can do to be good too.