

Make the Wind

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CHAPTER

SCARSDALE

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Make the wind

Make the wind like blood.
Blood is darker than the wind,
more brutal in its espionage.
Wild, brooding, master of the game-plan, game-spin, darting
in and out of extremes, be for me the last-call,
the ump-degree, send my inhibitions
to the highest octave plateau where untold desires
are invented, then rip through the ceiling
by their unbearable brilliance.
Send me into the peace that comes with such intensity.
Send me salt, flavours of forbidden scents
where the wind is blood
and blood is savouring safe,
more risky than being on edge.
Bury the small of my back, my tippy-toes, realizing
all I have lost is the same as what
has made me whole.

Evolution for some, not for all

Piercing malleable opening,
a softness in the face
over ridden by cynical neglect.
Supper is almost ready, folly on
the garden steps.
Intonations speak the
underbelly layers of languages.
Puddles I deliberately
step in to know the intimacy of water,
the revival of being overpowered by the strongest
of all Earth's elements.
Superimpose me on your raincloud.
I cry like Lazareth shedding his week-old shroud.
I stumble under the falcon's swooping breath,
remembering myself prehistoric -
a bird before birds.

A blind theme of sensual deliverance

Opaque but controversial
acts of spiritual courage
visceral
cantankerous

It is equally important
how something is given
as to how, or if, it is received
discarded
avoided

The summer dung is used up.
Flailing or foraging, we all get used up,
turn old and baffled by the complex amount
of disappointment – not just by one
by everyone.

Then it is murky
and mortality-unbelievable
that things will change into childhood's ideal.
A choice emerges, to accept without
bitterness, just do the things
that make you happy - child's play.

For you - that is all it should have to give.
For others?
A shrug to feign indifference
For others
should not be able to give or take inner satisfaction.
Connection.
Cull the fables

Here it is, the butter slab
on the table
pepper spots on the floor
and marmalade
in doses.

Seepage

Weeks arrive to lay bare
the corpse of a wasted dream –
my ideals unfounded, measured with
a spoon. I loved and I've had to kill that love
purposefully, stepping over
into a territory of arctic
severity and separation.

It is natural
for me, a citizenship I owned hanging out in churches,
on church benches, shushed from yawning.
I knew God more in the forest,
quickenning my pace on paths
edging cliffs. Swallows circling as I did a flawless land.

I knew God best in my bed, talking, never repeating
phrases learned, but earnestly in conversation.
I know God still sometimes
when I am close enough, able to smell our rudimentary union,
brush the locks and flares of your deep and fierce sun
as it rotates within a galaxy riddled rich with stars and asteroids,
when I am in your radar-stream,
pulverized by the intensity of your purity -
porous, cracking, becoming more,
many, smaller and such
unexpected immediacy.
Giving birth. Giving up
my hard-won understanding.

To fail for you is a victory that
arrives like an ultimatum,
and I am singing – this is new.
It is an embrace,
a personal annihilation to be honored,
swallowed as I am, utterly
into your glow.

A Gathering of Birds

Bringing back birds,
bare sparrow hearts
tumbling through
spectrums of sensuality
unexplored,
braiding
the straw-strings of hesitation into
a tight rope capable of sustaining
any tension, true
to channeling more
determined incarnations.

Whispers pouring
across pale illusionary divides, dedicated
to slowing the pace, to branding
souls with tender revealing and
deep combustion,
reminding the mind of rare waters -
long stretches of unconscious completion

where heaven
becomes a state of faith
that believes
all joys are possible,
is the gratitude for good things imagined, trust
in what rises, eventually
dissipates or flowers.

Master-piece

Patterns of
perfect chaos,
intricately separate and
growing, inside the fulcrum
of my personal biology.
Defined only by my relation
to another, weighted down to this rock,
this glorious giver of gravity and greenery.

Dreams of galaxies, streams of potent
heat, maneuvering glows,
brilliant pallets, housing
celestial communities.
Limited to a repetitive rhythm that alters
incrementally, evolves, slow, unperceptively, inside
of that,
I expand, fingers not
like the dead-hand of a yogi master, lifted
permanently drained, shriveled by an irrational
devotion to suffering, but like a startled
infant's fingers, outstretched
mid-air in a move of instant instinct I touch
lightwaves,
merge with their flow,
twists and swirls,
cosmos canyons, rivers, dunes -
a sweet remembering of womb-like love,
a thumbprint kiss from lips I have always
always known.

Paired

Hole in the sky we go
through. Other way
around, we exit on the peak.
Oblong mercy is the natural order
of things. We see an innate
camera reciting images
made up of everyone's fluid flames,
discovering everyone's life is short.

I remember sleeping in a dark summer,
remember the innards of the cave I strode into,
making a home out of its
damp walls and dirt.
I never meant to leave that home, never thought
I could find one to hold awareness with such intensity, savoring
the brink-edge depths, even
expanding the boundaries. Never thought to be coupled,
completed in an evolving perfection, never thought
I could find one to give me permission to embody my desires,
discover my desires before I do, then honor the reciprocation
of mutual satisfied longing.

Our bodies become spiritual.
Ourselves, undivided
from the fixed-point and from the no-point
chaos blues. Our gift
is a box of fresh fruit, full
whenever opened - mixed
succulent, surprising pleasures.
Ours is a wholeness that
can be experienced without complications
because we know that death makes God
necessary, and because
we are braver, only capable
when we are where we stood
before our births, each pore
mingled, sensitized, our organs submerged
in the consciousness of this re-joining,
speaking in tongues, with tongues and touch.
The time of only light awakened, then
the time before light
entered, restored.

In and out of Spain

Spanish gardens, donkey trails.

Up steep dusty mountains we went, the four of us,
then we walked along rocky ocean cliffs, poking long sticks
in the waves. Whether it was an octopus' play or anger,
tentacles wrapped tight around the tree-limb,
my brother screamed with excitement, pulled for a while
then let go.

Under surveillance at the corner store, we were
government-spied on
while buying popsicle rockets, licking,
lazily skipping back to the pool. I snuck
behind our apartment building
to feed dinner scraps to the desolate feline strays.

My mother bought us dyed pink chicks at Easter,
chick-feet running across a tile hard floor.
My father brought them back to the market
to face their inevitable doom.

Baby teeth, my brother's and mine, tied to a string
tied to an open door.

Grandmother with her long
boney brown fingers, her fearful sins and Lucifer
always behind our backs, up elevators,
fueling the first of my many nightmares, and also
my morality.

A white Volkswagen. A massive pinkish sun,
making friends with Spanish boys breaking
bread beside Flamenco dancers.

There was a shark in the water.
I was lifted onto my father's shoulders,
as he ran fast, past the menacing fin to the shore.

A diving board, lessons in breathing
and earning a swimmer's endurance,
lessons in lifting my double-jointed arm to gain
front-crawl perfection.

Mother's blonde and blonder hair.
Everynight parties.

Holland shoes
instead of stockings at Christmas.
Learning math at the kitchen table.
My father's arms carrying me home
after a late night gathering of strange comic-book creatures,
laughing, making us little ones sit at the smaller table, ignoring
our just-out-of-toddlerhood need for adult attention.

Kindergarten handwriting at Bambi School,
Rice pudding everyday for lunch. *Naranja-head*,
children pointing, making fun because of my orange hair.
A pencil jabbed into my upper arm -
40 years later, the lead is still visible.

When we drove across the Denia boarder, into France,
then landed for months in London,
I could see my father's memories coming back, his disappointments
overtaking. Maybe it was because it was in London
where his own father died, left India for, only to die
two weeks later in his wife's arms,
leaving five children behind.

The first year back in Montreal,
my father started drinking heavily while my mother gave up,
got involved with her celebrity journalism and multitude of friends.
I remember going to get breakfast, my father passed out
on the kitchen floor. I remember
in and out of Spain.

new poem — not a poem

Block and embrace the energy action,
circular, the fastest stroke of curved precision.
Bend to grow strong and final as a setting sun
seems to be.

Above all else, wait for the promise to gain
momentum, height, far from where
the common acceptance will allow.

Wait for the baptism, the tenth time around, baptism
into deeper layers of valley rhythms – heaven is in these depths.
Fulfilment and freedom comes better under the weight of
spiritual obligation to God.

To God:

I climb close to you. I find you outside
of my lineage, including my walking and my
destination. I know you now as a solid
certainty. I love you though I am still
close to breaking, close to you,
permanently placed on the threshold
where all things begin and all things end.

pure captivity

Last day under water with
the dragging weight of toe-the-line.
I taught myself the art of manifesting
a carry-on bag full from the hunt.
Days drifting on the sandbox dunes,
gleaming but never fresh as a horizon,
snatched from my mountain onto
a foreign homeland.
Limbo dives into infertile meeting rooms,
tables as round as King Arthur's invention, but no knights
are these, only sagging eager pretenders, saying 'fun!'
when meaning
"O hell, this is a hell-of-a-climb!"
I know my magic, the hand I was dealt and have
learned to never underestimate a leap of faith.
I trust my God – already bright and joyfully burning.
A sword is harmony. I can't think of a way
but around me is between me, and I am
swept of my burdens and my prisoners, trusting
to be clothed, this sacred baptism
into surf-riding the foaming plateaus of the tenuous
and difficult-breathing realms
unexplained.

Requiem

Music, waking under my shell.
With warmer faces than I can image
neighbours are gleaming with the peace gained
from daily routine. But I hear music, old,
anointing the dismal sky and the
unused loins of dull-sexed strangers.
I have nothing to dream about – not gold
engraved bands, not hope, not a hoop
for my pedigree to leap through and overcome.
I listen to music that hurts the listener with
its degutting intensity – that hurts, and that is its
reward. Listening to its crime, its deep-throat kissing
death and its making tangible each layer
of unharnessed shadow. Here,
music without pride or long-range plan, just old
as the core of a mountain and new as something
animated and beating, undulating in waves like screams
and these dreams I cannot begin to imagine. Music, glaring,
familiar, wrapping around me as though I am a virgin to
its sound. As though I have become, and I have become,
its committed mistress.

All one child

Long and a lot, fractures of time,
stretching steam-dust through
veins, fissures of luminosity.
Finally able to slice the pie,
embrace my priorities, understand what
sustains the veneer.
Kaleidoscope beating, beeping
a pulsar note of radiant birth, a
lifespan thinning, making new.
Voluptuous decay.

In my mind, complexities are exposed
in synergetic symmetrical beauty, bi-polar displays,
precision across solar systems -
a sidewalk chalk drawing.

Approaching revelation - a reincarnation-past
I am able to re-own without apology, without
demeaning my feminine front.
And up in the stringy multitude infra-ray arms,
vocal as a heartbeat under sinews,
I crack like a seed gnawed by a rodent's teeth,
and then I grow.
Moving
to build ecstasy's garden, grow
a rose – a scent on my neck,
under unshaven arms.

Grow until you own me,
call me out and let be a giant,
let me see the colliding galaxies I came from,
to stamp my name across nebulas,
collecting heat, mass, potency.
Grow until I am formed -
millennium still, erupting

When I met an angel she was on a subway car

Dyed, dull blonde,
roots showing, hunched
over, more than middle age.
No conversation, but
a half smile, a slight nod and
looking affectionately, in my mind saying,
“You should already know
God is here, present when you have no
strength to even ask or search, when both sides
of the tunnel are blocked and the only
way out is up, through loose earth and an inevitable
collapse. God is here, you know,
I am.
How many times do I have to be obvious
to re-ignite your faith?
How many times have I loved you,
drenching you with miracles,
sending you to the depths to find flight,
sending you to a choice of yes or no, so you can
remember
I love you – where trusting me is loving me
is all there is left always to do?”
When I met an angel, she was on a subway car,
temporarily normal - at once
personal, at once divine.

Purged

Worn, magnified destruction
the crime of ancestral imagination,
crimes in your soup bowl,
on your forehead, marking like
a stain cross your face.

Come by home through the labyrinth
of your self-hatred. It was never yours,
only yours by default, only your father's organ music,
only your mother's chained solidarity to a monstrosity,
and you, lying flat on your single bed in
your simple room watching the firestacks
from the chemical factories, past the railroad,
far from the river where you would bike to
to claim yourself some peace.

Beer bottles and ashtrays and the harsh unpredictability
of irrational bitterness coiling in his dark eyes, distorting
his once handsome face – Do you know you are free?
In this mansion of hard-won truth, love as tough as marble,
blooming always on unexplored shores, counting on you
to thrive. You are mighty and you are needed. Do you know
you are strong, a masterpiece, a hero? It is better this way,
to have been crushed, eliminated, earning yourself such
raw beauty. You are safe because you have been emptied -
a cherished dream reduced to cinder, and you have survived,
a mighty force of love, my love, my eyes.

Despair is a weighted ghost, a guide who has finished its deed.
I love you even more with your softened rage
and your surrender. I love you like I have always loved you like
the first knowing of who I have finally found

a choir pure, vibrating grace into my bones,
feeding, formidable -
endless food, endless rest.

Effie

Picture at the bottom
tied up in a pit of moths.
The royal crown, life without
a wheel to ride. Paving up the stream
where children once charged down an incline
and jumped into its shallow body.
Instead I am weakened, unable to hold
my breath for more than ten seconds,
lungs, tender with each breath, wounded, flaccid,
but airways enflamed, engrossed with harsh swelling.
Will I die this way? Before my children are fully grown?
Will this be the place, alone, afraid, surrounded by love with
no love able to save me, repair my pulse, give current
enough to dismantle the throne of this disease?
I lay on a bed, under sheets. I know what is tomorrow.
I have no choice
but to let go. My children! My husband! My darling loves!
Winter has not yet come – here, but more like spring
crushing my chest, one breath, one breath, heavy liquid
rising in pockets meant for air – one breath, one breath.
The morning has arrived and death is edging nearer.
I see it waiting
for me on my neighbour's roof, patient, not as a predator,
but more like a sea at ebb tide, gathering moon gravity
and a natural motion of force that will eventually drown
whatever remains on the beachy shores, drowning
before winter - one breath.
My children are on their own as I am and I cannot stop
this freezing, save them from the cliffs
of mountain-burning grief,
prevent them from being orphans in other people's homes,
holding eye contact briefly with other mothers who love
them, feel for them, but never the way I have loved them.

The world will wax me, carry me across
on the path of my heritage.
No one will be alright. Death is never healed,
it is a garment permanently glued, re-shaping the wearer,
taking the light through a black hole,
ending the peace of ignorance.
One breath. The sky has changed.
It is the last time I will bear it witness, from now on -
hospital ceilings, the insides of my eyes
and dreams of purgatorial pain
overcome, of dreaming my children old
with children of their own.
Don't stop dancing, I tell them, don't watch me. I am sorry.
I can barely breathe. Is God real?
I am holding many hands holding mine; whispers,
I love yous, goodbyes.
My last breath escapes me, easier now.
I hear singing, sobbing, singing louder.
I am listening, complete as a stone. My work is over.
My love is burning.
It is a sun. It is the shape of that song.

But I was...

But I was sleeping, exact as bread
to the lips of the famished. I was formidable in
my sleep, even laughing occasionally.
I am waking now and it is like falling - my knowledge
falling, my certainty falling like sheet metal too close
to my neck. I am nauseated and swallowing
so much heat that I would like to forget the loneliness
it generates, forget my naked self, heightened with
unknowing. My hands. I turn them over, they are not
bleeding. The window pane has not been cleaned.
There are dishes here,
dishes there and dust inside my head.
My eyelids are lifting,
watching the door. The door is warm from my gazing.
There is a river inside of me, flaring with electricity,
waking me. I do not want this grape – Sometimes
it is like staring at the sun: Imagine me, blind,
but so much more than who I was before
(eyes closed), sleeping.

No Stone No God

I sang a stone, a star
retracting, turning charcoal, still
blood-fire aglow. I pulsed in the aftershock
of entropy, but never believed black
holes to be anything less than the pupils of God,
absorbing light, surrounded by swirling iris-galaxies.
Sucked through the mighty hurricane,
living inside the deepest of organ-flesh,
directing a liberating unfolding – a grand outside
poly-shield, infant-squalling. It is celestial traffic and
it is alive, caught in the mower, twitching, having
the edges shaved off to form a more easily
movable body-round – end-of-summer-stone.

I sang a stone, a star
tuned in to what flows out, seems like cement,
but isn't, is a babbling, bubbling child – wonder
here – wonder at the root.

Limits are the end of all exploring,
the disconnecting, overtaking void, more void,
no food, no stone, no song.

Empty drawer

I can't speak it
it burns, melts
down my throat,
riddling my stomach lining.
I can't smell the wet
wooden fences, touch
what glistens naturally,
transient and pure.
Running from the socializers,
the money makers, money believers, ignorant
of death and of the weight of love.
I can't stand in my special place,
domed by a protective layer of faith
and the muscle tissues of maniac grace.
I want to leave this war in which
what I say has no say, where I am pinned
to the gravel, spoke
wheels of the worldly controllers
rolling over my flesh and spine. Is there
mercy? Is there anything
open? Oxygen? Validation?
Is there anyone to talk to?
I would talk but I can't speak
or move forward from this death trap.
In my mind, confinement abounds.
Blood letting, leach getting, plastered
to every underside of skin.
When will it be gone?
Will I be gone, clear of this
disability? Bicycle
riding, riding twisted garden paths.
Smile here, nod there at all the people in human clothes.
I am grey as my namesake, as a cluster of lackluster trees.
There is nowhere for me, nothing
I can understand.

I can see the sun

but I can't be the sun
or know the sun
in this wilderness clearing
cutting up, suctioning out my insides.
Sing alone over the wide span
of dead rolls, broken by a secret
and wounds dried up, salt hard,
hard with condensed pressure.
Creak and slide over insect glitter, sun
beams shaping the edge of the bank. I am a
fish in a polluted stream. Tires and concrete,
broken blocks blocking my way to the river.
Evolving is hard, takes time to earn a body
that can leap over high obstacles, conquer resisting currents
while starved of a clean home. It takes a fool's joy
and an easy detachment to soar far out of the nest, lift
up and skim the skin of golden warmth. But I am a fish
meant to find shelter at the bottom bed of the ocean,
not in rivers or in streams, not leaping, but slow, slow,
surfing the cold sandy terrain,
skylight forgotten, sunlight undreamed.

Entering the organic spa-spot

The torture I held as you tiptoed across
my organ cells and hair follicles.
I held even more by holding insanity's
delicate wafer on your conveyor belt.
I love this end the most, smelling charcoal and
the rotted-tooth breath of what once was.
I loved saying goodbye to your rigid palm-reading,
your depleting predictability and the adult-slot
I've had to slot my mind into
to manage you as well
as I did. And I did. I received gift baskets,
praise and even a place
on the roster. I know it was for something but even so,
it was nothing I can use in my journey among the
aspen shavings, the inter-sloping muse
that highjacks my better self
and gives it free play.
Even so, good to know, I am capable.
So much better though,
to say goodbye, bow out and join ranks with the sages.
So much weight to shed,
the load of metal-brick responsibilities,
keeping tabs, counting scores.
So much that wants to be forgotten,
go unnoticed and lose the symbiotic skills of your success.
Mercy is mine, understand that.
I am not settled, but embarking.
I am saying goodbye and it is easeful,
a release that arrives as completion.

Cupped

Two bodies of water converge, merge
coalesce - incorporation.

Lines of symmetry formed,
synchronicity mastered.

Laws owed only to
controlled experimentation - devoid
of succulent flow, surprise,
tied to the many life-draining
ramifications of technique.

The nodes of mystery cannot be uncovered,
only the outline revealed, after that,
the root mantra gets conveyed.

Like futile attempts at flossing between
two great mountains bonded
by unrest and solid slates -
century-slow-permanent addition.

Rite of Passage

The power of you
in the grueling dark places
that demand your mastery.
Summer has left, but the sky
is still beautiful
emerging, gaining soft feathers.
The will to blow mighty at
the insects of anxiety, insects
building nests of dread
inside the pocket holes of
your once most-trusted security.
Relax in the wave that takes away your footing,
teaching you the ways of
sharks and minnows,
pulling you out into a place where
oxygen must be drawn in differently,
slicing smooth skin into gills,
salting your eyes, tastebuds and
all of you that previously glowed.

Treehouse by the fence
fall over and know it like
you can, either fly or swing
or place yourself, steeping slow,
renew yourself, know yourself capable
of maneuvering any journey.

Deciding is hard, you must shed your shell
of childhood, majestic and marvelous
as it was, keep the good
that formed, transforming as you bless it,
incorporate it, and then,
let go.

I have been born

a thousand times over,
flaked into existence by
force, by will and by desire.
I have had my days
under the siege of physical limitations,
of bloodlines burned and bloodlines
mended. There is no more
time for this rotating scheme,
no space for waiting
or for continuing. I stop here. Unplugging the
flow, breathing only because
I want to, because
this skin that is mine is
the last skin I will ever claim
as the landscapes I drop, drop, then
drop me.

dead cold moon

Lay it to rest, accept
it like gravity or the
flight that lasts only moments
before a fall.

Excuses made to maintain the shrine of inward pressure,
voyaging to the harbor then back out to sea, never
touching shore or dipping a foot into the ocean.
I tried to make a quarantined country, a library
of unreal tales, a mythology without leaven.
Spear-headed, tossing, unwrapped and wailing
before a shattered creation. Playing unnoticed.
It is dark. Too many rulers burnt by stubborn commitments.
Children give courage to each other, mountains bleed.
Resting is replenishing, ambition is irrevocably removed.
I am nothing but God's child.
I am nothing except when living
with consciousness that I am
God's child - servant on a dead cold moon
a servant saved
(burning still)
on that dead cold moon.

The Stain

It seems it has been there forever. But
if I think back, I remember
when it happened - dark, sticky
with a faint repugnant scent,
avoiding it, so as to not soil
my shoes, avoiding because
What was it? Paint or tar?
Whatever it was it was most
probably toxic, not supposed to be there
where children ride their bikes, walk
their scooters, or hold hands with their
dead-pan caregivers or mothers
talking on cellphones,
holding both phone and child's hand
with equal pressure.
I still avoid it like a crusted-over wound turned
to a scar, turned to a permanent deformity.
I have wondered why no one has every cleared
it up, chalk-drew over it,
around it, even the sparrows avoid it and I think
everyone who walks by, walking home or to the subway
pretends not to see it, because it does not belong there -
there with the sidewalk sweepers and garden planters.
It is an aberration - in summer, when
the snow melts, when the snow first falls.

See

I see you now like I didn't before,
see the eclipsing cataclysmic drive,
heavy in its consumption, consuming
me with images of you and the upper reaches
of your forehead, upper scope of divine desire,
filtering down my throat, into arm sinews, fingers
and finally my teacup, drinking again.
Why did you make me see,
give me urgency, anxiety unquenchable?
Hot-lip inheritor, a catastrophic omen, cutting down
my log house, cutting up the loving stars.

I see you now and cannot see again
ideals to strive for, homesteads of subterranean warmth.
Wait under water, wait beside the fleshy fins of mauled
corpses. This reality is mine, although I tried
to make something different, tried to grow great
gardens in the sand.

I see you now – illusionist,
collector of willing followers, a games keeper,
selling me out to see how devoted I remain,
to see how bravely I live after I see, after this fall.

Blue light

Blue light around your mouth,
cascading on covers,
paralyzing your voice,
pulling your soul
into a choice of “which destiny?”
Bread drops into your mouth,
unable to open or close.
You see this light
without seeing the light.
You dive into the doorway,
pulling free, taking steps.
You draw breath.
You draw the last straw.

I am a definition

with many loop-holes
octopus arm holes,
and then some.
I speak of a pavilion
where my ancestors bred
their disciplines
and murder was released -
an option, like a second chance,
murder as affirmation.
I was a definition,
secular, single-habit,
yang-streams exuding,
sharp and solid, marvelous as
a thunderstorm - rage, ripple into a cave
into base-neck movement,
into
simple one-focus activity.

But here
I lack a definition
under banners, barely audible
compromise,
excuses to not take up the sword,
battle the lies told
as traditional fables.
I swing from pillar to post
navigating ceiling heights
and floor splinters when I land
niching out obedience
to
a changeling definition.

...I exist!

Seal me up
and wash the river.
Sunny days to sing
“It is over, over!”
Frozen perfection,
alive but dying
cliffs and cupboards
waving hello
to the ruthless Earth,
plastic in the nest
I am hungry
I am whole
Facing mortality
to make something immortal,
encountering the dark part
of God’s loins - orgasmic
reckoning, not afraid to make faces,
stick out your tongue,
not denying the chaos of pain -
Fingertips unused
and brighter burns,
where are you?
Snow ploughs and stone,
no more copying, but
diving, owning the
pathway yet to be made
clear, owning the receptive
flowing-in of grace. Old grooves
removed. The bird knows this
and shouts its song.

Too damaged to be renewed

Broken sheep,
hybrids of birds
Was there anything of myself in
that greenhouse, the end-gone
and a warm kiss ensuing?
Was it purgatory – to sense love,
give all for love and find the bottom
turned over?
For nothing that I felt, that I gave twice
what I was capable of, thought of beauty in
trivial things, had a pool of joy to soak my innocence in.
The fish is dead, bloated with shadows - from where
the shape came from, I cannot understand. I do not
understand love or God or what I believed.
It was reflection, undisciplined over-the-top harming the heart
instead of fortifying it. In this world
of hooded Christs and tornados,
the predator wins and solitude is the only savior.
It cannot hold purity. It sometimes dances,
is sensual and thrives on owning
only
what is perpetually lacking.

Riding bareback

I seep into corners
flat and blending for a chance
to call faith a choice. Shadows
are not evil but ambiguous,
a vague scent of putrid uncertainty.
Themes of children's horns
and the penetrating air. Going off ground
into the softness of a dream, supplanted by the
ethereal plane and growing
a strange set of limbs to
accommodate such relaxed pressure.
Solitude sings, bird are around me, up trees,
paddling through the condensed atmosphere.
Explore, I forgot the beauty
in discovery, a chance to mutilate
cynicism with a single blow. I blow
wild peppers out of my hands,
touch heads with the shy sparrow.

There is a horse, chestnut copper.
I rub the dust from her coat. I am everything
while looking into her large left eye -
a child in tune, exhilarated, heart-rate
galloping, catching its rhythm from her swaying forelock.
The sound like a star being transformed or two moons
colliding - I am taken on the path,
inches from the cliff - moving too fast to
be afraid, moving like fine sand through a sieve,
piling below, building a mythic mountain from
gravity, from quicksand-joy
imagination.

If I knew this haunting

Melted, swung high over the sea,
plunging into the perishing darkness.
No one sees me, single as a stone,
madness on my island even with gifts
of peaches, blueberries, sunlight and sun-birds.
Windows are never here. The truth is
a deep-throat dread, lower belly drain, water gone,
shadow in between. Swing over a mound
of dry bones that used to be flowers, hummingbird
retreats. Shattered glass greenhouse in winter's embrace.
Nothing flows. It tried to flow and for
awhile I can remember the small animals,
remember ease while breathing, myself
more silence than flutter.
I can remember walking on high wet grass -
rolling fields all around, walking to keep
from eclipsing, determined to walk, and not
burn at the roots.

And though the news is bad

It is time
to accept happiness
like a decision or commitment
to faith regardless of
the mammal body breaking,
fraught with meaningless shifts
of further incompletions, setbacks
from the full flight swoop-ridged
impasse, sudden hot glass thrown
on the garden path, a child in jeopardy
of a mudslide, sliding into hospital beds,
doorways diminished like trampled flowers
but
happiness is a hug of a day-away-coming-home,
conversations in subway cars built on curiosity
and excitement, happiness is knowing God when
the rats and rain win over our moon,
is the miracle-motion extreme, tiptoeing the edge,
a wave of great mercy,
rich with oxygen currents, flooding, then
overflowing.

Trial and Witness

A brilliance on the brim of chaos,
though not close enough to fracture the mind.
Paths of practicality I travel on to be
wholly integrated on this Earth.

Rise up to the wind, release the darts
and heavy hold holding holier than an open nut seed
deep in the ground, reviving, finding its way to the sun.

Shining ice, pulse-energy through fingers,
touching strands of the horizon. Long after
the emptiness, the temperature unbearable,
I followed your face into the smoke in front of the flame.

I couldn't carry on or breathe, was bruised and wearied by
the motion of following and by being grateful.
My limbs were chocked from the flow of their blood,
on the sofa, in the shower, unable to find a window,
view of the sky or be a witness.

Sold out to the weeping chill
close to my inner thighs, both sides
weeping disappointment's release.
Long ago I was mixed with my
enemy's soul. That was before
I could articulate my pastlives – the glory
of a bluejay's high-above silhouette.

Before, when my strength saturated the couch
with visible blood-torment, when the glass doors
were always covered and shut and something was emerging
that had substance but not any moons, that
shared a rapport with the isolated prisoner, cut me like I
was an insect wing. I was an insect wing, paper-thin and
flapping, transparent, once capable of carrying a great
load, now cut and useless. I was loathing the
hot summer, hiding from the heat. I am still
dried-up marrow in a porous old bone, deprived for
years of the moisture of blanket-living-flesh. I am still weeping,
waylaid, sold, fishing in a dead zone ocean coral bed,
where not even a minnow can be found,
maneuvering through the still intact
colourful crevices, over
colourful coral mounds.

Another ugly broken shack,
in pieces by the dead grass.
Have I grown used to it yet? Dispelling
the raging urge of a spiritual quest? Have
I loosened my hold, caving in to equal amounts
of cynicism and futility, or can I still
see the open door of DNA delight, riding
the infinity spiral as it drives extinction up
and out of the grave?
By the edge is chaos' court, carrying a fool's tenderness.

I am not worthy of paradise.
I cannot hold out in this jungle (intact) (until) the end.
I cannot be old and on fire, sparkle with deep possibilities.
Living off salted flesh stored away from years of slaughter,
when once consuming a thriving inspiration.
Still in this treehouse of used-up language, I love you most.
In his terrible season while owning someone else's face,
I perform my duties, collect my pie-tins,
loving you most.

Dome the day,
wrap it in a cool cloth significance
the breathing beat surrender
into clear-cutting, weed-tugging
and slippery slime swept-off veranda.
Kiss intensity into my neuron network,
override the sluggish acceptance that
rope-ties a person to a despicable fate,
pathetically hunting coins fallen from the
fat man's purse.
I sing into a seashell. I meditate nude
on my island, undone by small talk so
not allowing room for small talk, small
thoughts or other means of house building,
or Earth-assuring stagnant aspirations.
To be free is to be ruthless, slicing off the head
of any debilitating predicament. To be free is to know
what Jesus knows - that all must be given up to follow
the way of God, to only keep what can be kept pure,
constantly thundering.

Some of these poems have appeared or will be appearing in: Aji Magazine; Nazar Look; WritingRaw; Viral Cat; Eskimo Pie; Profiles in Poetry Literary Zine; The Miscreant; Indiana Voice Journal; Duane's PoeTree; Quail Bell Magazine; The Otter; Prachya Review; Stepping Stones Magazine; Bold Monkey; The Peregrine Muse; Words Surfacing; Dog Is Wearing Pants Literary Page; Calliope Magazine; Think Pink, Pink.Girl.Ink Press; The Missing Slate; Anti-Heroin Chic Magazine; Scarlet Leaf Review; Random Poem Tree

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Allison Grayhurst Make the Wind

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