

"Sunrise Vision"

**crouching by the stream bed
blind and cold
webbed ferns and musty ancient fears
entangle me**

**Mother Nature holds me close,
drowns me gently in river sounds**

**silently
the dragonfly waits.....**

**gray green spaces open
begin to fill the bleak shadows
with the essence of light**

**pink skies slowly pierce
the cocoon of night.**

in utter stillness.....

**I watch her alight
on my arm---
exotic, clear rainbow wings
brush the soft air**

**a thousand eyes,
reflect mine.**

**we are rescued
by the sweet shock
of morning.**

8/22/98

The Good Doctor

(for my friend Dr. Ellen, a psychotherapist)

Tears fill her imitation blue eyes,
washing to double images
the beckoning Savior
suspended in the midair
of imitation stained glass.
A beautiful oddity-- this symbol of God
both catalyst and obstacle
His dark cross floats
in the etched pearl sky.

She rests on the warm green familiarity
of the third pew.
She waits silently with seventh day purpose
with seventh hour awareness
of the lack of love, lack of patience
in her patients and in her Self.
She clasps her hands
in prayers of nameless needs.
Her seventh day wonder comes---
the sweet breath from God's third face
relates her pain---
to God's understanding of it.

Services are not required at God's church,
the church of the open arms---
the come unto me, come as you are,
come though you're afraid church.
Beyond the chattering pulpits,
beyond the stingy-hearted business doings,
beyond the insane/outsane divisions,
beyond the pretenses of the prosperous pious---
lies the generosity of the living God.

Carefully tended, carefully mended
she goes home to try again---
to bend to heal to reach out
with longer arms and a larger heart
to answer the call of too many
to listen to parables which fill the
vacuum of her mind---
to speak a few precious words---
like dripping rubies---
lifeblood

to hold the worlds together---

for another week.

2-5-91

The Architecture of Language

Words have a shape
Hard edged square, soft circle, flying buttresses,
Tricky triangles—language three ways at once—
 what one actually says
 what one says
 what is heard by the listener
The sculpting of mutual meanings,
the architecture of thoughts turned into sound
bouncing through the space between
our collective ears and mouths
is a manufactured miracle.

Words have a shape—can crush like a hammer,
touch skin like a feather, jostle and jolt
our frames with their various sound and vibrational
signatures.

Say it so I can see it—build me a bridge with your words
so I can walk into the hollow chambers of your mind,
and sit in the circle of your mysterious inner life
and feast at the table of how you see and hear the world.

(Written at Thandiwe's workshop May 2010)

Soul Song

I am listening now
Open to the stirrings
of the music you make

I am listening to your language
the soul song you came into this life
to create, your one true vibration—
your one worthy calling

I am listening now and seeing
you for you—
note by note
playing out the story of your life

I am listening now
to the musical heart of you-
the minor and the major keys

the harmony and the dissonance,
the loud jarring sounds, and the quiet easy chords
side by side in your song

Your power and your religion
made everyday to speak against the silence.

I am listening now to all of you
this song
this life
this music that you are.

Morocco - June 2010