

DAUGHTER OF THE EXCISION

Part One

Armageddon

i am going to give you poetry...poetry...poetry—

No! I shall give you poetry--with-out end!

[Alas...those two have come too painfully-- much too painfully!--to the river bend: the i, a child mute, never to be given tongue; the I, a child patriarch in feminine form. It's time that they confront each other, and move on--]

Even when i'm not looking at the spider on the baseboard on the other side of the room, its legs are casting shadows...

I vow, never again to succumb to a flood of feeling to the heart!—

Stone soldiers wear tennis shoes or sandals, it doesn't matter where they sleep. Stone soldiers eat only what they are given, and cry crystal rock tears when they weep—

[But, see? The spider is crawling across the floor toward where they sit, behind the never-again-opening door! And since a spider can distract them, anything can....]

Mornings hurt...

The coffee would have been perking before long—memories, too, an infant singing its morning song. But everything is going to be okay, soon as

i forget each good old day that i let myself play a pawn in life's game, when consciousness and action were one and the same. Hard rain....nice.... But it's the human sounds i miss, along with an occasional kiss, factored out of this reality: food, bed, roof overhead, but only spiders for company....

It wouldn't have minded me so much if I'd been treated with some respect; and I hated you, alone in the driver's seat all the time, thinking you were the more probable fool! If only once man had protected *us*—let *us* cling to trousered legs the way *you*, so-often, him to flowered skirt--I wouldn't be feeling this inconsolable hurt.

[Yes, the war stemmed from much more than simply his being taller and having shorter hair—from Man's deep-down knowledge of his own hiding hound, and its wearing on the tethers to which the two of you were bound.....]

i wished him to be the glass and me, the wine; i wished him to be the fence and me, the climbing, clinging, heavenly-blue flowered vine. i wished me to be the meadow and, him the towering pine—

Not what *he* needed!--I, the stone and him, the moss upon it limed. She even had me write a poem to, but never sent it, him....

Sometimes I feel...

if we could take our bodies away the halves of Consciousness would meet again as they did in their early form, like Mayan lovers climbing at morn—full aware, as they were, of breeze-brushed grass and scent of air. There exists possibility! Who can tell? An ellipse might be just a pendulum swing taken to its fullest ring.... Lovers are welded invisibly forever in Eternity—finer than a loadstone, truer than a diamond. Let's rent a castle! There, out of Memory's midnight deep, those prior selves can creep back while we sleep....Having had to spend much precious time heedfully, doesn't each of us wish for freedom—to look, again, and see? Together we well will, for we have Future's field to till. Love, not Convention, never changes, never ends. Only that matters which

we know at our core: alone is to be but half of Existence and Time; united, Love transcends Humankind!... Come! Swim with me! Come! Sin with me! And for your pure company take unto you all of my realm. Listen, Santo Domingo chimes. Awaken, Beloved! Another of your days shall be mind. Jupiter and Juno, spectrum and rainbow, an unfaceted gem: two hides of one Self, true sides of Itself: kiss me! Then let's start over again....

[As anyone who saw would know, she was his footprint in the snow.

Still she insisted...

Night or Black Day?--any hour when the lights come on, like when he first smiled at me and our teeth matched. i knew he was not just one that i could not avoid loving, but all; and i was undone—

Iwould lovingly been with Nikola in his laboratory; to have seen the explosions of light from nothingness; while this morning she cried for Forrestal--

That reasoned governance subjected to the ignorant court of base intelligence... Oh! That such thing as "Heaven" does exist!—a peaceful village where he abides with those who, like him, knew

Deep Purple Dreams...

Downtown San Francisco, early '50's, a nighttime Saturday... Black waiters wearing black ties—"Table or a booth? Step this way!" Barely seventeen, "Whatcha doin' here, Girl, not knowin' what life's about? Hanging out with the 'in' crowd at Fack's--do your Daddy know you're out? (Hey, take a look at that waistline--) "Watch that zombie, now; it's got clout!"

Blue mirror wall made all the bluer by a blue veil of smoke, reflecting a bobbing base fiddle black fingers pluck and stroke....

*[Didn't wanna think 'bout whatcha
was gonna find--elbow on the table,
chin pointing to the show. Jus'
wannad sway inside a vacant mind
and be a beautiful somebody in mood
indigo....]*

*Sarah, singing soft and low, Standing Room Only, no other way i
could go, to follow the traces of that melancholy trill, up, down and over an
electromagnetic hill-- San Francisco, the Coliseum, and Jazz at the Phil.
Leaning on a balcony rail, once again all thought suspended, while the eyes
tried to catch light off of just one of a thousand mesmerized faces upended.
Buddy Rich threw down his gauntlet. The drum duel with Krupa was on!
The crowd gave a roar; it was what they came for, prepared to stay until
dawn. Silhouettes loomed on the backdrop, two gargantuan Goliath boys, at
whose feet a couple of demented dwarfs sought to destroy their quivering
toys...*

*Step right up! Let me tell you how i feel: like i just hopped off of a
ferris wheel.... Bug-a-boo eyes, southwestern skies and the Big Bopper.
Throw me around, nail me to the ground--gently, though! 'Cause like
Buddy i know: True Love's surely comin' my way--hey! hey!...*

*[Pity!--the little girl, adolescent girl,
mature girl; teen-aged mother,
scrabbling young wife, blue-collar
worker: anonymous self born, born,
and reborn; as many incarnations as
stars that shine upon choiceless
Humankind....]*

“Where you been, Girl, all these years?”

*“Workin', man! A kid or two--keeps me busy all the day. No time to
swing and sway--but, hey! Sergeant Pepper sang my song just yesterday:
'Monday morning comes without a soup case—seeeeeeee how they*

runnnn....'” ” You've been away too long, Girl. Close your eyes, Girl; look inside, Girl!”

She learned too late that a girl could go to college, but that *i* knew how to make a typewriter type very, very fast and noisily so that sometimes ‘they’ shut their doors and left “us” alone a moment--one, one, oooooooooonnnne moment...clack, clack; clack, clack, clack; but I heard what she was thinking! Who among you understands the many forced to live all life Writer mind chained to hands! Clack, clack, clack; clack, clack, clack... See the papers: leaves and sheaves and seas of papers! The trees from which they were born--tall, taller, tallest—shorn; mighty trees all cut down, so that ‘we’ could pound and pound and pound and place upon their flattened millions meaningless-- Man's most meaningless-- words...words...words—

Can't let the typewriter be quiet too long! Got to be in motion, motion, motion... Roll into it a piece of paper; make it sing its rhythmic song. Type...type!-- anything that comes to mind--searing it, so that ‘they’ unconsciously hear a machine as they have been conditioned to hearing it...

Clack, clack... clack, clack; clack.... The child we once were wished at times for true adventure; we had been to Treasure Island and Oz, to Pamplona with Hemingway, and dreamt Bradbury’s Venusian dream. She hadn't *asked* to become a mother at eighteen... clack, clack; clack, clack, clack.... They didn't believe we were working unless they heard the sound! But think! We could have been digging coal underground; eating out our soul for the very same sake as the father of that guy who wrote Finnegans Wake....

Now is the time for all good men to come to the aid of their country...Although one cannot hope to turn again...Around the rugged rock the ragged rascal ran...Although one does not hope to turn...She sells seashells by the seashore...Although one does not hope!...Now is the time now is the time now is the time--Now! Now! Now!—

The life of The Laboress

Hunched over a machine morning light to just before night, hurrying home, feed the baby, sterilize bottles, make formula, scrape feces

from diapers and toss them through two rinses before a final hot-water wash—clack, clack; clack, clack, clack—

It wasn't supposed to be forever—

YOU said.

Just until he and i made it, together—

HE said; two children; a house; twenty-two years in the red. THEN, just when light appeared at tunnel's end, the marriage wound up dead! Clack, clack; clack, clack, clack....

[Thus they plied their way between office and apartment, dispensing traditional duties of their station—a typical woman of their era; a typical parent of their generation. While more male workers' laments have been written than poor women's songs sung, too many lives lived undone....

[Organization we had!—a trait by some inherited through creation or potential established via genetic transmutation; by others, acquirable if Reason wills capable: purging through Habit, Self may become able; and tethering Will, over time rise unobstructed to the sublime?]

Mother's Day, and the orphan sang to its shepherd:

One body, one voice, a shrine for renewing hope; the figure contains an inward scope unpleasured. Not an 'I, a 'me', in whom self-discipline burns, as oxygen to the void returns unmeasured. Just a face and a form,

freely foregoing fame and lover for a fate the child itself will discover too-treasured. Comfort me now, who in parenting i lack the partner who also has been there and back. With whom i could exist where we would not be seen, knowing and loving what we were and had been; thinking our thoughts and drinking our tea, mated for eternity. Then through our joined will would all be done: a final daughter; a final son....

Oh hungry heart from which the needs of Life's flower devour the core of every hour! Will it love its mother always, for giving it golden fall days of meltingly soft beans in a bowl, before its turn to be alone in one soul?

Father's Day, and Idealization hums to its perfecting child:

Come to me; happy be! i promise you no scatology, pornography, perverted twists of psychology. Happy be! Come with me! Marvelous vistas i'll help you see, body and mind devoted to thee....

Bitter Christmas!...

I, for one, do not want to roam. I shall remain here in the warmth, the popcorn-smelling hearth-blazing color-lit comforts of "home." Drink your hot toddies, Gentlemen! Be grateful all bastard children are beyond earshot. *Infidels!*-- lending not one word or inflection; salting Truth away for your own resurrection! Hand me a present. Let me pull the slip of its bow. Let me lift the lid--I'll love it, I know!

DROWN THE BASTARD!..

Aluminum... hardened water...water-heavy water in the shape of a rowboat. The poor woman who lived at the top of the hill owned the whole place once--all that had begun with waterfowl and a waterfall. The King and his court below at a dais were certain of their retaining wall. I, however, alert to the Truth stood at the base of the fall....

Blue aluminum, with some green in it; that other color water isn't before it gets hard. The rowboat came coursing 'round a tree at the top, before which I knew was a very weak spot. I went near to the stage; I felt a duty. I covered my womanness; I issued my plea. Returning to higher

ground I called out, "WERE YOU LISTENING TO ME?" But not enough of time was left for the King to ponder, how very heavy water can be....

BUT HOW GREEN WAS MY VALLEY...

When snow covered the grass and split-pea soup bubbled on the stove. My valley was greenest then, in January's hold-- children squirming at table, bowls ready for the ladle. A bay leaf, the New Year ham bone, a pinch of thyme--how green was that deep valley in the bowl of my time, when four of us set down to dine—

While I cannot stop crying from frustration and rage; I've lost sight, it feels permanently, of better worlds, a brighter age. Father I vowed a daughter would rise and do your will. There, at the corner of the desk, your legacy awaits me still. 'Til then, ten thousand tomorrows exactly like today? Fighting just to stay aloft, nothing left to give away? I'm sorry I got broken, Dad; I want to check clean out of Time--without climbing another mountain, or drinking any more wine. Without sin to pull at my bit or shades to cut the sun, without a pistol or a shivvy or a repeating gun. I think I'll let the midnight hand strike me full on the face, pause, light up one last smoke, and swallow the final ace—

[BUT REMEMBER HERE!--what Jung and Reich took as true: insanity depends on one's point of view. The lone bird flying against the blue could be saner than sane, for all they knew. So draw all your personae in, if you can; an end approaches to one concept of "Man." There'll be a change of guard at Saint Peter's Gate; so, should you be planning to die, Ladies, I suggest that you wait....]

Part Two

Disambiguation

Pen between fingers of one hand, a burning cigarette, the other; each helps to break the electromagnetic band where those incorrigible in-between forces hover. Some people call it 'horniness,' a term without emotion. What's in a name? The current's the same, with or without devotion. And all the time and formulas, utilized to deduct it, have not, thus far, reduced one bit the impulse to conduct it....

Line's still busy....

Well, plug in a tape. Don't expect *me* to sit and wait just 'cause *you're* contemplating biting the bait.

It does feel as if this one might be the one now, for me—

As possible as accepting God's made up of only three?

His phone number drags my brain like a rake through a plot—

When will you gain in strength, woman, to overturn your lot? For it does seem to me, if you'll excuse this addition, you're verging us on a slide to perdition.

If Society doesn't change, how the hell can i progress?—

*[My lot would be simpler if you two_
together could manifest!]*

You mean the tortoise can catch the hare, if we close distance two-dimensionally?

*[No, no, no, and NO; make that two-
dementionally!]*

TOO BAD IT WASN'T THE VERY FIRST TIME...

The hot bathwater is running; the body, in better shape than ever. But i don't stop in front of the mirror. i whisk the red dress off of its hanger. A slip, knee-high nylons, the silver shoes...

It's late. People most likely already are arriving but i take time to make every centimeter outside as clean as in. Three fluffs of powder and i'm dressed, running a comb through my hair. Pinning it back simply, i remember it in rollers, my face in heavy makeup, father's admonition-- "What's wrong with being natural." But can any parent wield a power equal to Madison Avenue's? A handkerchief, a few dollars, the car keys--i won't need anything else....

JC the Younger will be there!

Don't! i'm not thinking about that

A parking space out front, how lucky can one be? Coincidence (is it?) he's the first one i see? "Come! Sit with me. Come! Drink wine with me!" The flowers, the silver, the women's dresses; the bright white linen of the tablecloths. The first self i knew is perceiving anew, clarified lustres of every hue....

The past is slumbering; the future, undecided. Neither concerns me now--why not be delighted? There is not one thing to taint this night: no commitments to be spoken, no promises to be broken. No child can be conceived; no fear to be alleviated—

Purely, in friendship, "love" to be seized?

The eagerness with which he touched my breasts as we kissed in the car was as great as that which awaited the touch. i knew where i am going and why, and what we were going to do....

In the living room Rod Stewart sang, "I can see by your eyes that you've probably been crying forever." Where we were time had arranged that the moon's light fall at my feet as i sat on the edge of the bed and slipped off my shoes. But i barely has time to see its light glint off their silver straps before he lifted my hair high and kissed my neck. His fingers

fumbled at the ties of my dress but together we managed to loosen them, and then his hands were cupped 'round my breasts and his lips, running down my spine....

It was as if the soft sheets had been waiting to be smothered by our bodies as we lay back and somewhere there were pillows, but he drew his hands down my hips and thighs and i closed my eyes to realize his first desire also was mine, for he gently placed his lips where i most desired to be kissed. And i did not know i had forgotten my breath until his mouth reached mine to catch the small sigh as his fingers caressed where his lips had left and his words, my ear, as he whispered, "How I love that sound...."

i could have kept forever the silky feeling of his soft thick hair sliding through my fingers but he lifted my arms high. And it seemed as if gravity itself was defied as i came to rest with my lips on his breast; and then it was i, sliding upon him, and my heart was singing the Song of Solomon.

How beautiful and pleasant are you, O Love, in delights! Never shall I forget this night of nights....

One sphere of the void carried us perfectly, bonding our skins together so evenly i could not feel where one began and the other ended....

Come, Beloved! Let us go out to the countryside. Let us lodge in the villages and rise up early, to see if the vine flowers....

Through the semidarkness i saw his curved whiteness, arm overhead, light- dark ridges of brow and black depths of eyes. Thought now separated floated free, free from the body that moved without thinking--but the mind cannot be! For there is where sensation is felt sweetly, known instantly. Finally, no longer able to summon any image, i focused thoughtlessness upon the inner universe and there, in total forgetfulness amid starpoints of its light, did all that most pleases a beloved, causing him to do the same, for me....

Darling I have saved for you the old delights and the new....

LATER, HOWEVER...

The sun was going down already on just another short story when they headed north along the shoreline to the grassy high hill, the night of the longest lunar eclipse of this lifetime, to make love and sleep away the dark to buttercream dawnslight—

Did you see his face?

I saw his lips, his smile.

His head, resting on my thigh?

Yes--nestling 'twixt calves; I caught his eye—

*[ENOUGH!~-I needn't hear it ALL,
need I?]*

The morning's seashore sun was weak; the social scene at the coast, bleak. I saw two women of the town meet. "Maybe it's just my Oil of Olay," I heard the taller one speak, a suggestive smile framing the words. But the bag under the beak of a low-flying pelican was more interesting. And I wondered, too: *did* oral sex make woman's face muscles sleek?—

Look...how he holds my hand....i might be twenty—

A self empty of sense of identity yearning for regress?--long-flowered dresses, carefully worn tresses, once-buyable covers for venial transgresses. Reawakened, that old belief, in a 'one and only' who would understand? *You* know it's not *Love* that's kissing your hands!

So what if it's Need only that beside me stands? Is there something wrong with simply watching me pretend? Making love can be so pretty when "free"—

*[Only when both of you come to ME on
bended knee!]*

[Whomever said one couldn't go home again was wrong; one just can't rely on what one will find....]

PREDICTABLY...

i sat down with a fresh cup of coffee in the corner of the living room's second sofa—

My sofa!—

and i looked a long time at him sagging on his....

She couldn't tell him how she got caught in a storm on the sliding freeway, missed the turnoff, and wound up in another town....

He was slouched over to the left, head hanging down, chin on chest. Breaths came in gasps between rise and fall of breast constricted between beard and belly.

She couldn't tell him how she almost called to ask him to come get her, because all of a sudden she felt so very tired, and so vulnerable....

At the end of his sprawled legs the ankles of their sockless feet almost touched the floor, the outside edges of his heavy boot soles etching the pile of the carpet.

She had run up the front stairs happily, finally safely to home's haven; not expecting a warming fire but certainly as promised the casserole she had prepared in the oven....

Thick red laces haphazardly half-threaded betrayed the need, when he made a trip to the corner store for the contents of the empty bottle keeping warm in his crotch--all visible its crown...

To discern what it was he held onto so lovingly with both hands she had to peer down; and she thought of babies--those we once had made,

falling peacefully to sleep without a cry; and of their encircling little fingers after sucking their bottles dry....

Dinner in the oven didn't matter, just him present: a hug; maybe saying, "I was worried." "Jesus, *i'm* glad to be back here with you" she would have said. I thought, as he slept dreamlessly like one dead, what difference?--between this watching, or over him in dying in a hospital bed?. Neither state admits empathy; would my sorrow be different? My pity?

Later, coming back from the kitchen where she checked on the casserole's progress, she thought, *he will not want dinner, when his eyes finally force open to reality. He will go straight to bed without speaking, with feigned guiltless formality...*

But she didn't fall to past history this time! She did not think further, *it's my fault for not being everything he needs; i should not have gone out about affairs of my own; i should not have left him all alone at home."*

Night of the Grizzlies....

When present moments are beautiful one cannot entertain thought of their demolition, any more than that of one's best friend, she was thinking as they slowed down to watch a waterfall fall....

Green water-green reflected off green leaf onto moss, and a raccoon rock; and look!--a moss-eyed fish! Down wind, down; downwind rain, arabesqueing a pine cathedral, yellowed leaves skipping its asphalt aisle. Faraway mountains' clouds seen between wildflowers' stems; making love out of sight...

Boomtown, Winnemucca, Council, New Meadows, the Little Salmon River, and a watermelon breakfast, followed by a Clearwater dip— one-handed tooling along the Lochsa; double rainbows and, at an historical site, cars passing, fogged windows deflecting the light. Split a salad at Ardlee? No; at the 7-11, take a pee, get some gas, and drive up into Big Mountain's pass....

Porcelain glaciers; out the rider's window see, deep down the gorge's V, and all the way up the rising peaks that cut pale blue horizon with jagged teeth. Skirting Saint Mary's Lake, "Wow, isn't it great? Who needs to worry about tomorrow," says he, "with all of this in our wake!" He jumps from the car like forged steel shiny bright at the two-thousand-thirty-three-meter height, to touch the iced mountain walls beside three softly weeping waterfalls—

But if she hadn't been in Montana she would have walked on home. He made her sing sad songs again after throwing her a bone. Why, she let him use our body 'til she was blue in the face--had to tell him time, and time again, no one ever'd take his place—

[A hungry man stealing a calf is not of the same cut as an overfed one slaughtering the lamb--the difference like between dame and cow as, in citadels, the difference in gun power twixt man and woman now. She'd given him a home and good cookin' 'til he purred; but "the Man" in him kicked her heart again after giving it his word. So, there on a Montana mountain, I had her sing him a silent poem: It said, "That's it! You had your chance. Go to Hell and climb the last one alone."]

Antique Saturday Night...

i hadn't been in love like that before, not since i was a child--the touch that melts two into one, young and mother mild. Play that guitar Pete! Play it soft and strong. I'll never see my baby again; I won't say he did me wrong....

But he'd had a natural mother; why did he need to another? Red lights white candles vacant eyes, the opposite of Paradise; she'd been sent here by leaden lies, she'd been robbed of all her lullabies—

Play that piano, Morgan. Play it loud and clear. It's all that i've got for company; my baby's not comin' here.

She's between nothin' and no one, Lord, 'cause you've shown her she can't win--that through everlasting eternity she'll be living without a 'him'...

Play that music, Flash! Blow today away. If i can't see him now, let me live in yesterday. i should have been his natural mother; he wouldn't have needed any other; keep me coming' with your music....

I saw it; she didn't, in Father's eyes...

"YOU'RE ONE WHO MUST LEARN THE HARD WAY"...

"You know?--you have legs like a football player," Frankie said at the elementary school picnic, the first time she appeared in shorts in public. We were reminded of that when, most recently, the 'Cardinal' wrangled as she slipped shoes back on, "You must have been behind the door when God gave out ankles."

The 'Cardinal' wasn't a friend, however; he only was a last 'lover', beneath whose tutelage she grasped distinction between one and the other--days before sex politics became embraced by due cause; when Darwinism equated still with natural laws, and Montague's file had not begun to hasp at Man's claws. When the gossip reached the top, she said in his sanctum sanctorum (unwittingly to its paneled wall), *"Who needs a replay of Dr. Zivago? Let our good works be all."*

But be damned, a Spirit alliance. In absentia, commonness of foe. In the coolness of the 'morning-after', considering status quo, the Cardinal replied without flinching: "I stay; you go." I had seen his brain like fruit half-buried in the tree 'til summer's end, the side where parent sun had touched ripe, ready; the other, green, unyielding—

- *[But archetypical constellations
reflecting obversely, meet unconsciously
sacrificial self-projections perfectly!]*

Love that feels honest by the Body conveys nothing of joining minds; not one of which was able to travel with her to live in other times: when neither was poor or both were rich; when one was whole like milk and the other, a bitch; or one was being bastardly and the other, neurotic; when they were one and everyone else was deemed to be psychotic. Conscience, pure; consciousness, virtuous; happy, e'er happy, lover and friend--the fantasy destined to meet its end....

So Love is nothing i once thought it to be...

i'm through with it plugging into me just when i believe i might get free...to be my Self...fly to the moon or sit on the shelf.. Yes i'm done with Love's cloying at me and all that it can't but thinks it could be....

So today, seeing what she thought was another one at the side of the road, she said loudly to the windshield,

HO, HO, HO. HEE, HEE, HEE. Not this time; not me!—

Ten-toed crazy-eyed curly-haired Jack, dancing down any railroad track. Skip to my Lou, our eyes are blue; but it'll take more than a reefer to get US back!

Part Three

Emancipation

*They had come and gone--reverends,
bishops, cardinals, and popes;
human traits in masculine coats--
while I choicelessly the bear's choice,
the grisly grizzly bear's, longed to be
the eagle's, the soaring lone eagle's,
waiting in a snow-lipped crevice
above the sliding ground, hovering in
chill wind over my brood-- only two!--
perfections, male and female; waiting
for the flushing wings, the winging
sound, when my companion in
mystery, in all the mysteries within
mysteries that abound, returned....*

Make it the last of dreams,
the last the 'I' needs tell--
marriage made in heaven
of two souls bound for hell.
You came back from the dead
for dream visit number three;
and this time Self could not avoid
the last of Time's decree....
I was rearranging the sitting room,
not like it used to be;
felt guilty but doing it anyway
making it look like me.
In the dream, as in all our pasts,
not everything could be said

by individual consciousnesses
either in or out of bed.
You hit a pillow, which pointed out
all the dust that had been within;
but 'Domestic's' recall of silent
shoulderings failed hitting them again.
Another thought escaped the deep
to strike with a final force...
*(It's all right now; our journey's
ended. Psyche can accept eternal
divorce.)*

When we were seventeen...

We wrote a story about two children, foster siblings, who spent the last night of one with one another on the wind-whipped beach of Aquatic Park—

No! Remember?--along those slimy pilings west of Marina Green. The quiet one remained within, likening Life's moments to atoms held fast by impersonal electrons while Body went on living wearing low-cut silks, high-heeled shoes and long sheer hose. Except now *We* wear sensible shoes and opaque hose (as everyone who *thinks* they knew the total person knows)....

Hair once silk now straw, diamond-patterned skin wobbles at the jaw and crinkles where muscles squint the eyes so smoothly lifted when lullabies softly rose on high. Down beneath the rafters wide all of reality was captured inside the heart of us and the hearth of home--young motherhood's joys, briefly known. But seminal love transcends the hue and drape of the outer mantle's shape, whene'er to breast woman is given to take a babe out of whom a 'man' she must make....

Our traditionally conditioned spirit wished even when dead to hear, "She was a saint--the type for whom a dragon would fly to die at her door." A fly played a fugue on the strings of our universe, and you knew what I knew but could not speak it before. My core was 'Man,' also

stereotyped as afore--decision-maker! bread earner!—who
subconsciously implored, “If this is the way we were meant to be, how
come you made us so hyper, Lord?”

*But ‘in here’ now--ah!--all is Light,
no more old tracks need they plod.
Call it a parapsyche menage a trois,
each of on the proper side of ‘God...’*

*Across the street on the tallest tree,
not enough dawn light clearly to see.
Seemed made of wood--pale, so still.
I watched, kept watching it until
my face was wet, my eyes had teared;
when all of a sudden, it disappeared.*

*I might have looked had I been bolder
for I felt it was sitting upon our shoulder.
‘Though nothing had I seen of it soaring aloft
now there drew ‘cross my cheek touches, so soft;
and out of the corner of my eye I did see
the finest of golden feathers caressing me...*

From dreaming what insights ought one to take? Let us choose
to interpret them for Psyche’s sake. And is not the owl a universal
symbol of wisdom? ‘God’ knows We welcome enlightenment come....

*Feathery touches dissolved...another dream...
an unrecognized ‘home’ provided the scene:
alone in its’ ‘front’ room—uncluttered, well-lit;
just one easy chair for Self to sit.
I was moved to the one exit by some silent call,
found a thick wooden door hidden in the wall;
and, pulling it out, shut it solidly and said,
“No longer need I go, where that way has led....”*

It's true; it's true!...

Wherein Memory dwells, Mind strives to escape Psyche's dark cells.
Our dream says, keep all Consciousness content in one room; wise Self
eschewing every doubt and doom. *From now on*, when'er Thought falls to
its floor, We shall remember and SHUT THE DOOR!

*Come look through the wings of the
dead dragonfly, through which the
winds of thought did start, driven by
the gyro of the heart--all stilled, before
that Unknowable Cause that governs
still unrevealed natural laws! It's no
mysterious force that keeps one alive,
only the thrust of the Universe's drive.*

*Physics shares one law, at least, with
Psychology: the nearer that aggregates
come to one another, the less amenable
are they to discrete perception.*

*Skeletons only left of old personae
forms; the shadows that dogged them
forever gone--to haunt, perhaps, other
persons and things: black marble queens
and ebony kings....*

Daughters, you won't know me--
the me that world again will see;
The original "I,"
before you came to be....

THE CARPET NEEDS TO BE VACUUMED....

Who changed The Word of Isaiah and made a 'virgin' of his 'maid'?)

THE DISHES WAIT TO BE DONE....

"Almah" and "bthulah" never needed be as one!

LOOK--I need to yell:

Things are getting out of hand: no food in the refrigerator; get on top of things again!

I pause before the old glass, that very same, in which so many 'shes' had looked at 'me' from without its oaken frame: optimistic girls; hopeful, lips to brow; chestnut locks of many styles worn from then to now. This time I saw a middle-aged gal who looked fresh out of luck, and couldn't help thinking, "Momma, asking for a f---!" (Should I be perceived, that is, by a male sexually repressed, who saw only long hair and t-shirt over braless breasts.)

Failed debts of first-night previews were seized by one Self then; real marrow joined the virtual in every one of them. Image bled on image; disappointment's venom-- squashed on a glass ceiling just because they'd looked like Woman? But it's only after dark that Freud's theories fit: Genderless Consciousness caught between its latent opposites, in a mirrored body unlit....

To Hemingway for Joy Adamson:

The shoplifter said: "It felt as if everyone had robbed me, so my impoverished spirit took something it didn't need." A soldierly act: bolstering the ego with defiance to bear the separated Self until peaceably let go. Noble end!--the warrior's way.

Why, then, be aggrieved? Well, a fitting death's not by paws of a lion, even if left behind is only one who still believed.

The Old Woman under the Fig Tree

...has everything she needs: around her, a symmetrically perfect plot of ground; summer shade needs just a little shift as the sun makes its round. Between tending her vegetable patch and doing laundry with water from the rich poet's well, some things make her sound very wise when that she's old, only, there's so much to tell. Not all of her stories can be said to captivate, but in less enchanting moments private thought does relate. What would it be like? To be the old woman under the fig tree, never seeing television; going barefoot so much of the year one's feet were permanently brown. What would it be like? To have no name heard called out by friends in the town....

Memo as the Labor Union's Past-President:

Cleophus is dead, I heard only today. He won't need to wear orange shirts no mo'.

Dead, the story goes; Cleo did become, killed by a bladder cancer....

Notice? Some black men are blacker than others among them, but they all look good in the color orange.

How good he may have looked in a white shirt, he never got promoted for Us to discover. And what it was, that really did him in, is a question his killers never will need answer.

White rice in Mazatlan...

"Only One Peso," the poor man's sign said. "I will write your name on a single grain and seal it in a glass tube to hang from your neck on a golden chain."

Blue sky...green surf...sand white with frothy foam....

How many names 'round the neck does it take, I wondered, to feed the children at home?

Where "divinity?" How say what it is? Undeniable impetus? Irresistible force?

Every day now I mourn lives lived at language's insistence to speak the truths of human existence--private struggles versus collective insanities, in the hope words can take us beyond repetitive realities.

This is my Autumn-Summer if you know what I mean. Life's more than half over. There'll be an Autumn-Autumn yet, before that uncomfortable Autumn-Winter that precedes Deadly Winter's Spring.

But, *first!*—

Into the computer pour the Qu'ran--let "Only the truths!" be the command. Next, the Testaments, Old and New; the best of them only, 'Christian' and 'Jew'. The Baghavad-Gita, and the Mayan codices (if the Conquistadores left any but the vulgarist); North American Indian legends, any revered texts that you like, from the Upanishads to Eskimo tales off an encrusted stalagmite. Merge all together for the First Rule of Dying, *per se* absolved from never trying: it makes no difference what one believes one goes toward, so long as no grudges permitted afterward....

Surprising, given how long Earth's inhabited its' galaxy, Human Collective Consciousness sees not it still is in puberty. Inexorable?--a day it forego cosmic 'Father' and mysticism, when such ostentatious palaces no longer can contain Reason?

Life is witness to the word as the word is witness to the Dream; yet both Life and Dream are created unconsciously. For proof we need only to dissect the Dream....

Empires have ceased to exist, inexhumable. Rome nevermore meet Byzantium,; the Ottoman Empire long, long dead. Yet Humankind waits still for parity, not lived long enough never to dread. Legacies cultured over time, however, cling as dust within existence's seam, when there is insufficient land to sustain the Dream. Within living life, where there are no real borders, sons of the Lost Dream draw lines crying words of self-same fathers; untenable stream of childhood nightmares soars, of families that coveted nothing beyond their shores....

Fear and Sadness—subterranean *Conscience* the “Watcher,” strata of Self from which emanates the Actor. But how developed--merely Genetics vs. Nurture?

Nay!—in an ever-expanding Numbers is the rub: overpopulating resources, under-educating populaces, an entangled hub; endlessly running egos that mingling here and there; a merging world turbulence everywhere; while Time yearns still for a peaceful season, embracing an ocean of Pure Reason. Give a child naught of which it can have good belief and, whether of things or of emotions, raise a thief. A wedge in Zebulun...lead-grey cloud-cluster vaporizing breath; its front wafts bottom upward, raining death. But Humankind, too far from hills and deserts of its incept, has come to accept senseless death a tolerable concept...

MERELY A PSYCHICAL CATHARSIS...

I met a muslim in Wadi Musa. He wore a handsome black moustache, and his skin was the color of succotash. An Arab Christian of Hierusalim, who lived in the Muslim Quarter, had steely green eyes set in paler skin; and we found ourselves joined up with him at coffee with a Hebrew girl wed to a native Palestinian, whose parents had disowned the both of them, in that their love surpassed the hate which had consumed the prior generation.

As Fate would have it (as the saying goes), their friend, an Arab Israeli, stopped by and revealed his woes. “Why should my card show a religion? I, too, was born in this nation! Why am I a singled-out pigeon?”

How great must a loss be, to drive one mad?--seeing one’s innocent child caught in crossfire of men equally sad. Hamas! Abba! Fatah or Hezbollah! Sons of Mohammed, some of Jesus, whether rabbi, priest or ayatollah. And a stone’s throw away loomed an ancient mount that all the world claimed a cradle of Love....

“Yeah!--what about that Dead Sea copper scroll?--” the girl gave an ironic laugh. “Are we to suppose that it plays no role? Yet not one word in all the polemics.”

“I doubt the commonweal knows,” I said. “The Word belongs to academics.”

“I know a man,” the cafe owner said. “How many bombs would do the job? We would warn everyone! We want none dead--”

“Not even those who’ve forgotten holy wars serve only to kill off their flock?” Everyone looked warily toward the doors. The childless man’s voice cut like shaved rock. And I, “christian,” thought of Faith, tenets versus hypocrisies; polished words emanating from its lathe; and of its history unknown to simple folk living by it, whereby rules changed by men, and false seeds sown, negated the death of its prophet--who died not for church dominion but defending the very opposite....

I recalled with what temerity ‘God’s’ rules the dead died to live by, were seen changed arbitrarily in a later century. I had sifted religion’s history many a year and, when one reaches rock’s bottom, Belief’s foundations disappear....

I was ushered, then, into that interior blackened soul of a ‘terrorist’: those who ruled no longer superior; so well-fed they could forget what they ate, nor cry for land to grow their bread, nor hold key to their now dispossessed gate....

“How much time would it take?” my mouth was dry--“to tunnel beneath, and set them? How long before we saw it blown sky-high?” Yes!--I called Death that day to Religion—sheiks and kings, princes and papacies; headdresses, staffs and robes of fine linen. Decreed rebirth of human legacy: man on the naked threshing floor; I could send that mount to infinity!

And I cherished the thought of what would be if, robbed of that ancient relic, Man relied on his own divinity. I saw all of ‘God’s’ women

joined to me, our eyes dusted by memory of their powerlessly suffered history: Hagar, Keturah, Tamar, Azubah...Adah, Maachah and Ephratah; Narah, Shuah, Elisheba and Dinah: all forced to endure the slaughter lifted from one, huge, sandy grave--the Spirit freed to speak through The Daughter! Jaladah, Rizpah, Ahinoam, Zeruiah; Merab, Michel, and the wife of Uriah!

And that sudden, newly-fated Me felt a surge of satisfaction, imagining exactly what I'd see: every tile, every bush, the roots of trees; stones and rocks spewing history; icons, prophecies, satanic furies, atoms of sin and molecules of bone--vengeance shall be MINE, this time, oh Lord! No more of my children shall die for a soulless home....

Part Four

Concrete Realization

“The Force”...call it ‘God’ if you must...doesn’t just hold or push us down. It forces things up, too, if from below stronger than from above. All depends upon a substance’s aggregate: gases rise (tobacco smoke); rocks fall; things blow apart when artificially dissipated; while human beings innerly balanced between are held fast upon Earth’s plain. Perhaps all depends upon how many ‘neutrinos’ determines the game?...

Noonday high, full moon neap--light unperturbs gravity nor ellipse of the planet's sweep through Michelson-Morley Sea...(Energy!)

Sound twangs while shade relaxes the herringbones of Its fret, from which the Constant’s bounty can be caught just net by net...(Invisibility!)

Starshine strikes, rain descends--a sheeted stairway huddle; exchanging ionic glances summed up in a puddle....(Unity!)

Thinking tacks where time ticks could eyesight but perceive, the ebb and flow of quanta wherein tracks of particles cleave...(Eternity!)

'God' is Nature's baffle melded plane to pane, dividing by uncertainty the quotient from its’ name...(Infinity!)

Is all a simple Gestaltian collage--we only imagine trains or rain? Or is it a Structuralist's reality--one-on-one connections, eyes to brain?

No evidence of an “aether wind?” What then will Man do?--when he comprehends the ultimate fineness of the all that constitutes “Universe?”

Will he see?—that everything circular is but appearance; that all perceived as ‘flowing’ happens instead like infinite tickings of a clock.

What shall he do?-- forced to accept: never have been ‘gods; that Consciousness, alone (as Gerald said) is sui generis...

Backward's forward; up, the same as down, theorizing spatially ‘neath the relativistic crown. Nothing can happen *there*, in the labyrinth of quantum mechanics, without something happening *here*, in a welter of particle antics.

Space: grand illusion to the eyes of man. Something greater than gravity has me in hand, where a volcano erupting on a distant planet's land dimples a beach of Terra Firma sand.

Perhaps Q.E.D. finally will draw for me a picture of *h*'s action on *v* so at death I may fuse contentedly, with that which I did and did not see....

Unified Field, Unified Thought: Thou art that lightening-quick compassion which Psyche has sought...

*Oh how It yearned to get into it,
into it,
into it.*

*Oh! How It yearned to be into it,
all the way....*

*I adore you, universal tongue that
makes no sound.*

*Oh, to possess that I wished I
could,*

*Oh! How I wished I could.
I knew it would be so good,
so good;
I knew it would be so good!*

*All is One--mother, father and issue--
differing forms of the same tissue--*

*Why do I still believe that I can,
I can?*

*Why will I always believe that I
can?*

Because **YOU** are Woman-Man-Woman, not Man-
Woman-Man.

The Wedding Choir

Come speak the words the soul longs to hear; repeat them again,
holding it near. It's waited too long for you to reappear; drink with
your lips the last falling tear....

Come, take the hand that wishes to hold the feelings of now, the
longings of old; come spin the tale that waits to unfold, come claim the
heart that never has been sold.

Then give me a kiss, or two, or three; I've waited so long for this
from thee! Sing me the song of our Memory, waltz me into Eternity....

The Wedding Ceremony

ALL SCRIPTURES REPEAT THEMSELVES OVER AND OVER, LIKE
HONEY BEES THROUGH WILD CLOVER—

We wanna c-scape,
We wanna c-scape,
We wanna c c c a c-scape....

WELCOME FRIENDS!--TO FRIENDS OF THE FRIENDS OF THE
FRIENDLY CHURCH OF FRIENDS...

YAY, 'GOD' GIVETH AND 'GOD' TAKETH AWAY, AS US THROUGH ITS
SUBSTANCE IT DOES SWAY--SOMETIMES ON YOUR TERMS, SOMETIMES,
MINE -- OUR POINT OF VIEW MAKES IT ALL DIVINE!—

An' how about a lan-scape,
A lan-scape,
A lan lan lan lan lan-scape?...

WHEN THE ONE TRUE LIGHT BY BEVELED GLASS IS CLEAVED, THE
COLORS OF ITS RAINBOW EASILY ARE PERCEIVED. YET OF ITS DEGREES
NONE TO THE EYE APPEAR, AS IT DETERMINES AND GOVERNS OUR
EVERY YEAR...

It shapes the c-scape the c-scape,
the c c c c c-scape,
that forms the lan-scape,
the lan-scape,
the lan lan lan lan lan-scape...

TO RIGHT AND PROPER MAJESTY HAVE 'BRIDE' AND 'BRIDEGROOM'
COME, AND WE CELEBRATE THEIR UNION IN WHICH TWO SHALL RULE AS
ONE: FROM STATE TO STATE, IN ETERNAL EVOLUTION, CONSECRATING
EACH OTHER WITH UNENDING ABSOLUTION...

So if u want to s-cape, s-cape, s-cape to the c-
scape,

up from the lan-scape, the lan-scape,
where u can scan scan scan the pan-state—
whatcha gotta do is,
whatcha gotta do is,

*Ac-cent-u-ate the Positive
(thought),
e-lim-i-nate the Negative
(thought),
latch on to the Affirmative
thought)-
and don't mess with Mister
(or Ms!) In-Between....*

Birth of the Daughter

First, a quiet gathering of energy in the small of the back, followed by more at slowly decreasing intervals, each subsequent one of greater intensity....

She is determined to walk as long as she is able, but now the involuntarily summoned energy has the muscles surrounding it in torturous grip. She crouches on the balls of her feet, knees bent, heels lifted....

SUBMIT!

Submit??--to this thing so apart from my control, happening of itself at its own device and rate?

BIRTH AND DEATH: TWO DAYS NO ANIMAL CAN ESCAPE—

But, *giving* birth, one could!

DOES THAT MAKE THIS MATTER LESS?

'Matter less?'...Ouch!--funny, that! I'd take being 'matter-less' right now, and one t-less, as well.

'MATTER' NEVER WILL MATTER ENOUGH AGAIN FOR YOU TO TELL, THAN IT DOES THIS VERY MOMENT--THAT IS, UNLESS YOU BELIEVE IN HELL--

A refuse dump, a graveyard--the original meanings of 'Hell'--get thee to Sheol and Gehenna! Get thee to Hell! Well, keep me out of graveyards and dumps if you will; keep me in gardens colored in frills. Then I'll do all that the Body wills! Don't think that I see this as earning redemption. Hah!--losers all, east to west, no exception.

We're offered either a one-and-only chance, because we defiled a beautiful morn; or permission to try again and be reborn, until eventually with luck, into one identityless supreme entity we get sucked back up--to exist, unwittingly, for an unknowable eternity. *No*, count *me* out of the redemption game; 'resurrection,' 'reincarnation,' one and the same—

Ouch, gosh darnit! Ouch...Ouch...OUCH!....

They would have me contemplate the end prize an ever-retreating Paradise that outdistances pure humanness; or, absent individual thought, dissolution into existencelessness. Now I, like my Brother, wouldn't punch you out to prove it; but, be it church or state, WATCH OUT should my daily bread depend upon it!...OH.... Can't...talk... anymore....

TAKE IT AS IT COMES.

How odd...to hear myself grunt.... But!--Jesus Christ! In the name of God!—

HIS NAME, YOUR NAME, ONE AND THE SAME; EARTHLY HEAVEN OR NIRVANA, NEITHER'S EASY TO OBTAIN.

My brother killed for healing on a 'Sabbath Day'?--who could believe that, anyway?... *Pant*.... Believe that *now*?... *Pant, pant*....

The Daughter's Retort for Mary of Magdala

A certain fellow issued Woman a challenge 2,000 years ago. This is how it ran: "If Woman wants to enter the Kingdom of God, she first must liken herself to Man." It was not *Her* time, then, to respond (despite nobility and proper intention). "And before you can be a part of Only One God, you must understand how it is to be Woman!"

I from beginning loathed division, between a male and a female psyche, as opposed to consciousness processed through different forms of materiality. I conceived consciousness purely without gender--whether Father God, Mother Mary or He upon the water; over the predetermined course of Time's events It was destined to appear in the form of Daughter. She completes the Spirit quanta summed within Mass Relativity--in which of all Its androgynous siblings not one retains eternal identity.

Far removed is She from any pious novice in white, as far as from any saviour hallucinated--by each breath forced to think, *Her* thought taken to the brink, demanding *its* existence be validated. Not a collective psychological adolescent, She intuits Nature's total skill—its matrices all inexorably driven by more than an after-thought labeled "free will."

The All coparticipates in a dreamless physics; and, when kineticism explodes into fission, a choiceless concentration of self is hurled into yet another planetary mission--into a body strung keenly, feet through cortex, by the same substance that constitutes its essence--like the wood-carved Pinocchio no less a puppet, no less helplessly soldered into existence.

I...! I...! I...!--this face or that--Woman's form does live, yes! But what of the self who wielded a sword as Joan? The Knowing Knower, who once danced as Grahame, spoke as Simone? The same baying hounds, the same muted calls of the clowns, chase every soul with insatiable want. Look for total spirit in the form of man, as well as Madame de Grandes of deMaupassant.

Amid rising smoke and feathers that float, I rest certain in that solid-state sea; within Its' ever-exchanging imperceivable net is Consciousness wedded, never free. And four of us now are present when any person and I are together: a mutual silent society have we--two entities Nature intended and the two Experience created, a private club beyond The Word's accessibility....

The New Day....

I want to give thanks to the confluence of Thought and Time which has brought me to the river's end where none of society cleaves; where a slowly turned gaze through sun-frilled trees absorbs silver disks beneath their leaves. As a swan drifts in cadence with sparkles on the water, I ponder its' obliviousness to worldly quests; answering Nature without conjecture until certain to find food or rest. While I conjecture about the lilies which need not fret; and how we, vulnerable humans, repeatedly are given to forget--our courses also are preordained and how simply accept beauties beyond our influence any moment can contain....

Love is not God's or another's for me alone, nor does it need any appellation. Genderless brother for brother, sister for sister--love demands no judgmental designation. If, recognizing one suffering to my body I clasp, or give all of myself to bring pleasure, whose permission should I ask? That which can help heal and heighten all is restricted, a tied bird; cowardly, we abnegate the word.

Garden of Eden, Garden of Earth, Tree of Knowledge, Reality's Tree...your fruit sustenance for the journey through the devil country, before which lies innocence. And in that lake many (some have no choice but to) lay in waste; forever children, they retain the primary state of grace. Beyond lies non-requitable love--not as possibly inferred, via spiritual will; in the Platonic sense: by which all can be admitted and cherished still.

Do not think this, however, to be **my** Apology. Measure by mortals or gods unknown, summarily rejected. Either way, Determinism versus Free Will is something that only can be talked about.

Part Five Longevity

What does one do?--
when brought by Time
to have absorbed so much!
Too many words,
repetitive ones,
collectively riding
the wave of ignorance
when all true ones
not just frequently spoken
previously have been written.

Widow mornings can hurt
No one to love
My home
My grounds
Blue sky above...
They can't give me an embrace
Nor put a smile upon my face.
Once-resilient Body would cure its pain
Still might, could Consciousness regain
That state which fortifies living's wealth
'gainst slings and arrows that stalk Body's health.

[A person dies, Ms. Penny said,
not all of a sudden becoming dead.
She gave the words to Frere Charles' tongue

after the Angelus bell had bled. *"People die in bits and pieces--a series of petites morts.... They lose their sight, their hearing, their independence. Those are the physical ones. But they're others. Less obvious, but more fatal. They lose heart. They lose hope. They lose faith. They lose interest. And finally, they lose themselves."*]

What Psyche reveals, Author feels; the pen squeaks, the character speaks....

I just want to be happy;
I just want to feel light;
I don't want this Aged's misery
morning, noon, and night!
How to get beyond it?--
Money and Death the foes;
Body not of once was capable,
so slowly now it goes....
Back when fueled by meditation,
through self-hypnosis will was sown;
however, as the gurus warned,
Self has fallen from that certain throne.
"Just give me five more years of life!"
Writer pled some 20 years passed.
Now at its present stage of Life,
just one happy one
is all that's asked.

I may be like an Alfred Noyes,
one poem alone remembered by Time.
But it shall hold love of all words
of which but few fit in just one line.
I've been a peasant and a simpleton;
self-recognition always arrives late.
(Ridiculous, youth's secret thought

to one day join literary great!)
'Til only yesterday I thought I knew
what and where I was and who;
now all that's known by this observing 'I',
it only exists to ask itself, *why?*

What does "Christ" laughing while on the "cross" signify?

Laughing at Death!

That is what this 'I' wants to win:
laughter at this journey which
"need never have been!"
Make every moment peace of Mind:
once and for all, "Mistress of Time."

Yes!--I will swallow sadness of death,
loved ones and forgotten litterateurs--
this "I" seizing *now* all which Self
has striven to keep totally pure...
Dissipated that dogged pursuit
of personae's two-fold desire!--
daughter of all emigrations and exiles,
reduced to civilization's anonymous pyre.

These are thoughts that no one speaks,
which only come when Reason seeks
to answer *why* one *needed* to be
born without choice into the cosmic sea.
And, regardless if it happened to be,
that no temple exists in eternity,
Love there was that came and went
and dreams to which the soul was bent.
But had Self not known one sensual breath
then neither would it need to anticipate death.

*Thus are days for dreaming
past; Mind can know peace
at last:
Life is Time,
Time is Now;
No more to Fear
must this Self bow!*

In all Time's lifestimes already endured
more bad than good has reigned;
for most now living and who will be,
is Death absolutely deigned—
unchangeable truth which cannot cease
(as Father termed it, 'The Great Release').
However, in this Life pledged to family
(noblest of living's causes),
pray let us make it to Christmas
Mind free from tragic pauses...

Most probably would say, about me,
that the way of Life I'm given to see
brooks a bit of insanity.
Every moment passed absorbedly unoccupied,
from Reality's truths Self refuses to hide...
Unable to believe in eternal bliss;
no 'God' to embrace me, much less kiss;
knowing with all those whom I did adore
together we'll not abide forevermore.

Together, *together*: what a beautiful scene--
the only one 'The I' will allow itself dream:
I've died to the world, am in an enchanted park--
trees and flowers, and the call of a lark.
Then on a little hill upon the luscious green
people around a picnic table can be seen.
And the nearer I get to them my eyes behold
relatives and friends loved when young and old.

There is my father, at the head of the group!
And when I'm seen my favorite aunt gives a
whoop: "Cookie! Cookie!" –my childhood nom
de plume; and she moves on the bench to give
me some room. "Come!--sit with us, you darling
niece most fair; tell us what's been happening
way down there."

In my first life I had a cat.
My mother gave it away.
In my second life I had a holly tree
but was forced to leave it one day.
In my third life I had a castle;
my stay there was very brief,
'though already the ground had been broken
where I thought to farm away grief.
My fourth life I had a persimmon tree
and a pomegranate nearby;
'twas not very long I was taken from *there*,
but still I did not cry
My fifth life was out in the country
where pheasants strolled the field.
There, content, would The I have remained
but my lover failed to yield.
In my sixth life I perfected my garden--
four oak trees grace its sky;
I've painted a portrait of it;
I'm sure I'll need it bye and bye.
For now is ending my seventh life,
alone, but I've regained a cat.
There isn't much more left to say
except for eulogies and all of that...

*But I have had it all
I have seen the hummingbird
Sitting on its nest.*

TO AND FROM ANONYMOUS MORTAL

Died, *dead*, *DEATH*, my dear!
What is this '*passed away*' we hear?
Mere words as if
taking but an hour away;
not eternally gone--
just to some elsewhere day?

I know how you feel.
Your body's giving out;
If not stuck in a wheelchair,
lots of *non compos mentises* about;
helped by poor young wage slaves
(we know how *that* went--
children of em- and immigrants
to serve aged bodies' bent).

I know: *dead, dead, dead*—
you don't want it in your head;
or, dwell on the many
that'll "pass away" today.
(A young girl with a bomb
killed 70 they say?)

Or, consider the wasteland
of unvalidated mind;
woes of Time's great thinkers
left behind; or,
even those who lived a
perfected story--
one quick little trip through
recognized glory.

Post-mortal Immortality even scientists
contemplate (indeed counted on
by some truly great) .

All that this "I" is able to comprehend
Is that identity ceases with Body's end.
As if posthumous adulation could compensate
for no living Self beyond Death's gate.

Crippling "*longevity*"--unspeakable, is it not?
No thanks to Science for what it has wrought.
To whom to express it?--how handsome once,
how deft; of all past determination now bereft--
not to our children, 'Heaven' forbid!
They have their own trials, such as we hid.

Everything's taken self-evident by the human eye,
while geometrical fractals frolic in the sky;
and all those lengthy formulas--what a
mathematical tedium!
Blind circumnavigation of an all-pervading
'base medium.'
But Humankind will be forced to give in
bye and bye, and do its very best
to square the 'pi.'

Despite all good words of long-dead sages,
world seems bound for a second of dark
ages. And this "I" in *its* chair in Time-induced
solitude would give a last tooth
to be with Harrison talking longitude.

It depends on so much more than where the
body's been, whether a mind
can believe assisted suicide is a sin.
Tapping life's final door you and I might say
plenty; but why bother repeating
words of History's many of lost identity.

Think of it this way for our children,
bottom principle: isn't our heartfelt wish

each be our disciple?--
use their youth to forge cherished preservation,
so that existence on Earth may know that elevation
toward the good dream of which we were so amorous--
before they, also, must become anonymous.

Body needs to breathe, eat, eliminate and
sleep, no matter what the season.
And just the same, rain or shine,
Consciousness looks for Reason.
Yet irrespective builder of bricks or of words,
Nature governs Mind/Body as inscrutably as its birds.

'Lord' knows, didn't we try, always,
to render Purpose to Life?
Certainly *some* day ('Lord' willing, we thought),
Reason *must* replace life's inexorable strife.
But woe now again it recedes on suffering's beach,
rivulets of hopelessness leaving us perilous
in the breach.

This 'Writer' is done, for its present life--
not to die; no *that's* not true--
just done with the insistent legacy
parental 'love' decreed her born to do.
'Domestic' on the other hand
has no choice but to continue *her* work--
creating not words but Life itself;
none of *those* duties can she shirk.

(No wonder our old aunts all wore jersey...)
She sets the iron back on its trivet
*(little need of it on this particular skirt
Drawn from the weekly laundry basket).*
Now had she been born
in other circumstances—to royalty
or slave in dungen dark--

She'd still be able to tell the season
and when flowers were blooming in the park.
Spring, early summer, early fall, fall,
Early winter, deep winter—the season's all.
And how wouldst she know?
Well, by what she did press—
Whether a gent's linen or lady's muslin dress.
But she at the mangle would not envy the laundress,
bent half the day over vats so steamy;
lifting out those water-heavy garments--
royalty knows not how heavy water can be!
But what, we can wonder, was it like?--
for that innocent girl of the Temple story?
Certainly she didn't do laundry duty?--
being destined for eternal glory.

Now we're told Science is to map the brain!
'Though I know you're weary of listening to me,
should they figure how the wiring works,
one thing I can imagine we'll be sure to see:
they'll say "Look—while this one works good,
this other is likely to give us polemics."
(What's that theory that Hitler pursued?--
*(I believe the governing word is *eugenics*....)*

True, conscious old folks can feel sorry
for themselves, as rightfully they should;
keenly aware of Time's relentless movement—
not forward--back! Oh only if it could!
How long it takes for Psyche to awake!
Yet I sensed Grace's approach, you see--
Consciousness discerned for Self's sake
how Superego held Scripture over me.

(That nun of DePaul in her big white hat
said, this be a "mortal sin" and that; and
die with an unforgiven one on your soul

and you'll wind up a piece of coal.)

Yes, it *was* a "mortal sin" on that Friday
I ate meat. If I *had* died unforgiven then
I'd be the "Devil's" treat.

But Saturday afternoon I made it to confession,
careful thenceforth to avoid regression.
Then, lo! Pope Pius 12th, 10 years later in '58,
decreed it no longer mattered what on a Friday I ate!
So goes it (my Father wouldn't have me say it at school),
'twasn't the first time Man changed a
supposedly-God-given rule.

Science versus Religion--the gloves are coming off;
the rug of redemption to be torn from its loft.
Many the souls that will be given to wail
as 'after-lives' vaporize in the cosmic grail.
No question, it can make one feel like a fool.
But when Peter pled they bear arms, lost his cool,
remember Jesus's remark toward the end of that fro:
a time will come when you too must be borne,
wherever you are to go.....

Oh Reich, Einstein and Jung--where, when you I need?—
the first, who captured life-energy's penetrating seed
(which aged body is full-sensitive to receive);
the second uniting cosmos, into which each self must leave.
Call it "orgone;" call it "cosmological constant;"
obliterator of all mortal achievements extant.
The third, to confirm my final "individuation,"
sentencing one to that unheralded nation
of all who lived to dredge Reason's lore,
forced to abandon it before Death's door.

I think Aged I's finally figuring it out,
(but it will take a cigarette to write it)--
what makes we humans so fearful to know

what we're really like that we fight it?
I admit times I want to sit on the curb and cry
when Thought becomes weary to the bone--
like a child tired and cranky
with no one to take her home.
But don't sing me any platitudinous songs
of rationalizations of human existence;
Mind knows too well the endless throngs
who gained nought for civilized persistence.

Given choice: name immortality
and consciousness free of its tethers,
I would trade any honor to feel
the fundament trough feathers.
About this thing called "Consciousness"
(as Ancient East sought to state),
where and whenever despairingly it appears
Only one of two ways can Mind take

To shut all doors to apprehendable realities;
retreat from day-to-day actualities;
be taken care of, Body the focus:
Mind relegated to unbroken forgetfulness.
Or, with strength to face the challenges
(even if bravery does come reluctantly);
dredge all prior years of Self's responsibility
and accept it lived only as it was destined to be.

So then, like I, sit back in your chair,
perhaps eat a piece of candy;
rest on the laurels you have earned,
and flavor your coffee with a little brandy.
For in Truth, so crudely
when all our numbers are told,
has Time seen how cheaply our history's been sold.

For what progress in Collective Consciousness has been won?

What good has all humans' sufferings done?
How many felt hopelessness at their end,
having believed in the purposes their efforts would lend?
Philosophers, poets, scientists without number,
consigned to that unknowing slumber.
Enough!—enough written
that Life becomes not what it seemed.
Let this be last bewail of all that has been dreamed.