

Inauguration Day 2009

The Coconut trees are wearing stars, in groups, clusters; like hats, or sparkle-studded crowns of Heaven.
Their fingers frolicking in the air, fancy a fragrance here and there.
It is January, Inauguration Day.
Since the first moment that the pink and lilac skies burst forth above the Potomac in the guise of dawn and Heaven kissed the Capitol Dome;
the spirit of Liberty has been ringing, calling her people home.
It bellows and echoes across the land;
rattling the bones of slaves,
an unseen hand moving skeletons in chains
and shaking them free.
The ghosts are stepping down, their ruling era is gone.
“This is the birth of our nation,” she cries; as Liberty sings.
And her clothes will be in the Smithsonian.
Called First Lady,
pride is aglow in the woman- she leads.
Humility is her partner- the man praising the reverberation.
They are radiance in the ringing.
It is their turn, they know.
And we
We will all go together “with liberty and justice for all.”
The dream now realized on the steps of the Mall.

Inauguration Day II

Wedding cake topper imagery
Animated for the new millennium
Dancing partners,
Villains of the first world plutocracy
Enfolded in the people's hope and your Faith in their willingness to be led.

Mad Woman Poet

Mad woman poet daring to dream
Putting thought into action you appear so extreme
Going beyond coming back again
Loaded with metaphor but alone without a friend
You shock them you scare them they must question themselves
Are they the problem being stock on the shelves?
No one can answer
Before long you're gone
Mad woman poet dancing through life
And coming on strong
Mad woman poet you daily take the stage
Devouring experience and putting it on the page
Mad woman poet so often out of line
Mad woman poet your place on Earth divine
Mad woman poet out there on your own
Defining your reality outlandish in your tone

Mad woman poet whose spirit seems to drift
Do the world a favor
Shout from rooftops with your gift.

To the Elders of the Beat Generation

You set the tone you blazed the trail
Skinny addicts with skin so pale
On the road with a naked lunch you howled
Sometimes serene sometimes surreal
“Bring it on” you said
“Go ahead and feel”
You brought us home
You’ve taken us out
Sometimes with acid sometimes without
Electric energy
Charged the air
Whenever 2 or more were gathered there
Always present
Not always pleasant
Your images gripping
Layers of conscious stripping
Bare
Pretty girls, drunken whirls
In Mexicali you were blue
Your pills and potions were of varied hue
A guy named Jerry his heart so merry
You helped the masses dare to dream
From consciousness you drew a stream
Smashing barriers to age old oppressions
Changing rhythms bold in new directions.
Bird made music a visible thing
Notes floating on air for all to see
Ecstatic explosions letting love flow
Expounding on the dharma of those in your time
Your work bridged the truth even unrhymed
Deeply delving into the mind’s third eye
Creating new culture leaving standards awry
We live today a little more free
A little less chained
Cherishing your efforts and the successes you gained
As classic as the Coney Island Pretzel or jumbo dog with kraut
You are the inspiration that culture is about.
So, thanks to all the angels both desolate and divine.
The Beat Generation changed us for all time.

Key West

A faded silk flower of fuchsia and orange gathers dust in a milk glass bubble vase
A blue plastic virgin mother sits beside on the metal table stationed on the pink tiled porch
The tiles, cracked, are falling away from the concrete they adorn

The gate is hanging languidly from one hinge
The eyes of the hen in the yard are half closed as she squints, and wonders why I'm there
with her
I toss her the crumbs of my Cuban Toast; she seems unaware, or uninterested
The Virgin on the table wobbles in the wind, a curtain flutters in the front room's window
A distant lover crows and the hen's eyes become wide
She scurries, dawn is nearing.

Key West, in Another Neighborhood

The day is very young- it holds enormous potential
While we remain- self-contained:
A troop of artists, contraband smugglers, retirees,
self-help junkies, and the new age enlightened.
Morning smells of Cuban coffee and Nag Champa,
a never-ending stream of dog walkers,
a handful of Bubbas drinking shots of bucci on the corner from a shared cup,
the newspaper box their service counter
Frangipani.
And Jasmine stings my senses with sweetness wrapping me
in a Key West moment, I can now securely never leave behind.

An Ode to Tennessee Williams on his would be 100th Birthday, March 2011 The Dust of the Rose Tatoo

In bloom at night-
Through her darkened garden of yellows and whites,
One single light,
Slightly dim through the glass of the pane;
But alas, the door with the screen is open again.
Gentlemanly, I creep
Up her stairs to her door
And go silently to my perch for a glimpse of her once more.
Alone and working by the dim single light
Naked, she sits in the late summer heat, sewing a bustle, a dress to complete.
I watch, but not long, as the dust on the road starts to stir.
Down the road there's a rumbling which is clearly my cue,
I pass over the porch and drift down her stair
Off into the night of sweet Jasmine filled air.
Behind I hear the sounds of her husband parking his car in the drive
I am gone, as his dust settles over my path.

Look Up

The Fruit and Spice Park, Old Florida preserved, a slice of history and time, coexisting with
now.
Sacred and sweet as the slice of an orange in the heat of a sun or mango juice dripping on
your chin in the shade of its parent tree.
If I were to return as a Buddhist, I would seek enlightenment under the White Sapote Tree and
learn the secret truth possessed in its sweet flesh by design.
Entering the Park I intuit the phrase Look up . . . it stays with me.

Look up- at the bright fuchsia pink of the Dragon Fruit cacti
Look up- at the tightly closed, small, compact hands of banana
Look up- at the bamboo fingers waving in the air, clicking back and forth on one another
Look up- at the mango, the guava, the mamey sapote, lychee, avocado, breadfruit, jackfruit, lemon
Look up- at the fruits of our human labor
Look up- at the time forgotten, ignored, unneeded, preserved in flesh surrounding seed.
Look up.
Look up the heritage of place and people; food scape and dream; share in the sharing of sustenance.
Look up.

How Do We Relate?

Airbrushing crickets on the sides of pickup trucks and oversized SUV's
Mud flaps with Yosemite Sam and seductive ladies on caricature
Understand that breaking down is part of rising up.

Ocala Forest

She is in the forest, here she is expected to be small; so, it is no excuse and perfectly okay to feel so and to be so.

The forest, bathed in its springs, is glistening and perfect in the early morning sun. As she approaches from its edge the wilderness is a nervous bridegroom prince before its maiden queen.

The meeting was a moment of perfect unison, an instant when the sun looked away and the shadows drew her in.

Tiny, she remained open and in pain

She noticed tiny rivers her reflection today demarking more than a few days of sorrow
In the forest she is feeling pain and identifying with it she is not denying it she is able to co-mingle with it yet, she will not take it to bed; she knows that she will leave it again and knowing it meeting it, was only that- to know of its presence and to have an ever present memory of its essence.

The wildlife can feel it, she is both at once one of them and wounded, foreign only in her newness.

In the hurt there is a purposeful resolve to perpetuate the same; it is from this she seeks protection, guidance, and a way to new direction.

She hears heavy machinery and birds singing, the gift shop is open, the divers are inflating something with a blow dryer, and a toilet flushes nearby; the forest wails and wonders if she will survive to be its champion, it hurts her to her soul.

Carefully, a symphony of insects chimes in, the sun so warm, the forest so thick, their music a delight.

Surrounded and protected she is within and cradled in the forest's grip; the shared pain is deep and enveloping; the forest cannot walk away and hurts all the more because she can.

The forest doesn't drown pain or cover it or ignore it. It only acknowledges it and sees that

she is the same as all else, hurting.
That she is tired, tired of running out of time, tired of being reminded that the great machine
is waging war against my kinder psyche.
The waters at the spring are pure and the energy around them not so.
More chaotic and confused than the stillness of the aquine
Its depths cold.
She wants to be refreshed to know the undoing of herself and cannot find the string to pull to
untie the knot
She dips herself down ceremoniously
It has become a ritualistic bath in the waters of the forest she is at once both the initiator
and the initiated she is taking herself home
Again, she leans backward leading with her head toward the waters, bending and dipping her
soul into the freshness, the cleansing,
The spirit is waving to her from the trees tickling her ear with breeze sparkling in sunlight on
a ripple; three times she bends and dips.
She has gone in over her head
She has become submerged; the waters have taken the whole of her and swallowed her down
in one big gulp, pain and all.
When she emerges, she wants to dance.
Daughters bring her baby frogs
Mothers make long soliloquies begging her attention like jesters in a court.
Where are her sisters and brothers she wonders? There must be other gods here too . . .
As she leaves, she passes a gator who reminds her that she is not at home; her island is far
away, and these are his gods.
When she arrives at the next spring, she does not forget the gator's lesson and sees that she is
among the godheads of this land.
In this land she is not the norm and may actually be more imagined than real to anyone that
she sees.

Emerging of the Tribes

Emerging of the Tribes
We speak of you, the root that broke that Earth and set you free or left you exposed
Naked in a land you have yet to learn
No reason to run and hide this is just the beginning and there are teachers on this side too.
Spirits-, wind driven and hungry for new life,
Unafraid of consequences, because reality has been a nightmare-
Enter the ring of fire and dream out loud, in visions for us all to see and live out, without
consent from us- no permission needed to penetrate the psyche and free the spiritual will
power, the road has been made open.

Seminole, Seminole, oh violence that you have seen
No Southern Gentleman is the ghost who haunts your dream
He's killed you and Black Men, and Women, and Kin
Fear flows where the river of grass runs dry
Fear that he will wage his war once more

Seminole Man rely on the risk of the gambling towers, on the chi ching of pension plans, the
rotten kid's inheritance, the donations to the 'cause', the utility money, the social security,
the mis-shaped fortunes of the unfortunate, canned food-fed majority, spent in your casino

This foundation has no roots worth sustaining
These seeds sown between the cracks
Food, security, and the ability to reckon with the self
Is this what the Nation lacks?
Seminole Man, Ol friend dis jus' de beginin' for you and I, we nowhere near de end.

Daybreak at the Swamp

The morning comes still and silent creeping over the swamp
Chards of light filter through the forest
Shades of emerald pine, forest grey
The conversations and fantasies of the night begin to fade in these early hours
Birds, snakes, frogs, panther, gators, turtles, bears, the wind, otters
I hear them, I peek my eyes open, gazing through the cabin screens to see.
Darkness, movement, and unfamiliar-ness surround me as I rise to greet this scene.
All of these voices converge for a nightly session of talk; telling stories, sharing dreams,
coming together to discuss the future fate of what is left of their neighborhood the Swamp.
Four large Buck return to the Stand before the sun can catch them with its heat. In its
thickness there are Bison, Ostrich and Cattle, Marsh Tacky Ponies and Wild Hogs. This land
remembers and wants its story told. Her inhabitants long ago were reduced to patches of this
land not land; wet to give life dry so life can pass by.
As the dawn breaks the night sky their chatter fades to the steady hum of the cicada and the
roaring engine of the air boat.

Traffic School

And I'm thinking how very cool she is
My 11th and 12th grade English teacher
In the car with me is a congrats card with a gift card from B&N
This from a woman who hasn't seen me in twenty years, and fifty bucks- she's too cool

Blink, Blink my turn signal clicks
Left turn off of Flagler - to Mi a Mi.

I pause in mental time and space and see a different 'blink-blink' behind me on South
Roosevelt
He has a motorcycle, his 'blink-blink' is the lovely blue, accompanying the KWPD on routine
traffic violations, and murder investigations
"No, I didn't realize that I was going forty uh um in a 35 mile an hour zone"
"City limits" 'Mam, says a young version of the hot Latino from CHIPS
"City Limits under 35 . . .
I am on my way to graduate school commencement, in my glove box, with the rental car
agreement, goes my receipt for the violation

"You can elect traffic school online" . . . "No points" . . . That's cool . . . no car.

Traffic School
Traffic School offers a break every few chapters
Florida Law requires it
If you pass the chapter's quiz before the time allotted

you are required to wait for time to expire
In the moments allotted for time to expire . . .

One can:

Write poetry, choosing to use or disregard the concepts of form, iambic pentameter, and rhythm as they were taught to you by the 11th and 12th grade English teacher who inspired the Kerouacian maneuvers “within city limits, ‘mam”, which sent your multiple degreed-ass to traffic school.

Sip De

Sip de wine and tango with me darling
Sip de cup of divine grace and the heavens with your smile
Sip de elixir of Earth’s execution of Motherhood; complimentary and complete realized by the passion and compassion with which we have filled the cup of gratitude; giving thanks to her every day.
Sip de joy from your child’s giggles as plays in the sunlight, on ‘just another day’
Sip de soul of you and bring forth all that is now, ever was and ever will be- it is yours; belonging to you, graciously entrusted to you and this is the time. Do not give it up but send it forth to make a life of its own.
And so, the vision went on Sip de,
Search
Identify
Predict
Decide
Execute
These are the ways through the plan
Sip de truth which you would seek.

Hear the Reggae

Do you hear the reggae?
It’s the music of de islands mon
Feel irie, be nice, get it right, set the vibe high, and the rhythm in stride
Do you hear the reggae?
Rhythm pure, Jah Jah’s pride and Selassie the King brings the Inl to the heights of Far I
Unity and Inity
Peace be the harmony, love is way.
Do you hear the reggae?
Love is the way, today is the day, the day the Lord has made, glory be as it was in the beginning, is now and ever shall be. The beat of the heart, the knowing of the elect, the one drop to break it down to consciousness of I.
Do you hear the reggae?
I hear the reggae-
Rhythm pure
Love is the way
Peace and Inity
Jah Jah pride alive and safe in de reggae.

A friend's laughter

When I awoke in the morning, I saw my friend’s face smiling and heard his laughter crystal

clear

Expecting to find him there, I rose alone. Dressing quickly and packing a day's supplies I hurried out into the day.

The destination was predetermined and intuited by my subconscious, but unknown to my mind.

Arriving I took the path to the beach

Along the way I heard the roar of the Great Mother crashing on the shore with a deeply honored force.

"My Mother is calling me" I cried out loud to no one and ran head long into her cradling curves.

At once resisting her pull and throwing myself into her embrace.

Standing strong against her vicious under tow and bobbling gently on the curls and waves between her thunders.

She has gentle places

She plays rough and not always fair

Her shores are ancient, pleased, and ever faithful at her sides.

The harder she beats upon them, the more closely and intimately are they hers'.

She is love and hatred and depth of power and the tranquility of resolve.

As we breathe, she sighs, washing away pain; and allows us to begin anew.

My friend- he must meet her in his own time, on the shores he knows, in the cradle she has made, all her children together will be rocked.

Drawing Down the Poem

Writing: the craft, the mode of self-expression, the reconciliation of pen to page, thought to word- manifested.

This catharsis need be about nothing.

Anything is a credible source of inspiration.

Drawing down the poem, the story, the vision; the way that Z. was drawing down the moon.

The sun and stars were born to shine for you; to light the way through all of your darkest hours; to guide your journey; to prepare the Earth for your being.

Full Moon St Augustine

Imagine the night that is hot and steamy; what is tropical.

Imagine a night not cool, but cold with dampness that is deeply embedded; essential and great enough to chill not only body, but spirit. What is not tropical.

Not tropical, except high above the coasts in mountainside land lastly escaped to incorporate the human heart beat in its rhythms.

This place is not that.

This place is barely escaped and where it is it is urban escaped.

It is coastal and warm or steamy earth; but also, that which already to bake to clay but doesn't; it's moisture too calm and strongly embedded.

Ocean, sea, a great River and its streams; an underground mirror image of its untamable, though docile, surface.

St. Augustine July 2012 Full Moon

Inspired by the epic poetic film: *Beasts of the Southern Wild* A Letter to Court 13

You said take nothing for granted.

Poetry 2009-2020 Vicki Grace Boguszewski Collection is a work in progress; © all rights reserved, 2020

I remembered that everyone and everything will take you for granted if given the opportunity.
Take nothing for granted including yourself.

Without a moment's notice the you you know, could be a stranger in your eyes as far away as
forever ago and nowhere to be found

Except down, deep inside; huddled beneath the rhythm of heart.

What preserves us in a time of crisis, perhaps even saves our lives, can be so unimportant,
ordinary, and mundane,

in the everyday, unintelligent living, of normal life.

Commonality Reality

We all wear the same oppression.

We all wear the same pollution.

We walked because the common ground is bigger.

Our ancestors came

from cannot even say where.

They came across a sea, by ships they did not build, commission, or love.

We arrived as them, in masses, at a time when no one came alone

And few could stay together.

Separated, not by our race, but by our centuries.

We remember ourselves royal and righteous; and sometimes see where we rebelled.

Again arriving at our home, to find we were considered no more.

And removed, we were.

We walked, we walked; we arrived by sea and then we walked. To not where you find us
today, we were many places before now.

And to and from each of them, we walked.

Cusp

A cold dark whisper crept into my ear and let me know you were not departed.

Speaking of some other time and telling me because I was there.

What is that darkness

you remember

I remember

We remember and it isn't there, bit we remember

You do not exist either

Have not existed over centuries

And still come to call

To tell me

To tell me of the time

The time we remember in a darkness that isn't there.

And that is why we swam ashore

Not because we left you or ever could leave you- Remember?

La Violencia de los Ninos

Night after night

Sleepless in fright

Terror and fear in an otherwise empty bed

Alone, no fleeing, just staying instead

Terror and fear in an otherwise empty bed.

Voices shout and thunderous clashes rape your mind and spirit
A pain so deeply embedded
From girl to woman the heart dreaded.

Meeting the Poet

You are introduced and smile.
In recollection, I turn my mind to your poetry and I am in Morocco.
I see a young boy who cups, in the palm of his hands, a bird.
He at once admires its fragility, the reason he will not harm it;
and envies its freedom as he sets it in flight.
He is at peace.
I shake your hand, return the smile, and await your reading.
I have met the poet and await the poetry to be set in motion.

August

Though you may journey to its lands
Feel its presence all about the place surrounding you
You cannot know the taste of the fruit's sweetness,
'Less you locate the particular tree from which it is to be plucked.

My hero, Jack

Jack Kerouac was born naked and became one with everything so many times and with so many different things that he eventually believed it was true all of the time and with all things.
And so, when you see me naked, I am before your eyes just as a poet should be and a poet's voice, a poet's words will ring clear.
I am truth and I am light embodied and manifested
And I do reflect your soul and the collective soul
Standing like a mirror before Creation, because I am to be so, and ready to change when the reins are in your hand by acceptance.
Then, we will be freedom and joy, and love infinitely.

Another Cumbersome Day in Middle America

Waddling out of Wal-Mart into the sweltering Sun,
Each stubby protruding from a pair of khaki Capri pants that could house three or four Bohemian femes, in each pant leg.
Her cell phone is tucked under 2 or 3 layers of chin and the sister on the other end can't understand why Mama can't see the doctor Tuesday, she let the Boyle go this long.
Her children race ahead- Chunk and his little sister Chunking. They pay no mind to traffic or other shoppers as they tassel over rights to the front seat of the family's large gas guzzling SUV; dumping their bag of pork rinds on the ground and spilling some Pepsi to wash it down.
Sweat beads form on her brow, roll down between her breasts and gather in pools in the fleshy recesses under her arms.
KFC for dinner, her hubby loves that mac n cheez, a few hours of TV and another cumbersome day in Middle America is put to bed.

Small moon at sunset

Small moon at sunset
silver sliver hanging at the edge of sky
Blue and pink and coral-colored sky
blending into already gone.
Reeds and grasses sway, disturbing the perfection of the edge
Bending its solid, definitive separation
of the visible evening and the already gone colors of a fading day.

Fruits of Zion

Raised up on the Fruits of Zion
Never walkin' 'pon de streets of Babylon
I call I self de chil' a Jah Jah
Rasta Fari's daughter and sistah
Never find fear in the heart of Iman
Because me love him true like he's de Lion
Raised up on the Fruits of Zion
Never walkin' 'pon de streets of Babylon
Jah bless Inl for Iver
To go Forth 'pon His Earth and prosper
Knowing all that is before ya is the property of Sons and Daughters
Treadin' lightly 'pon de region, so Sir Me here
The Earth below say go wan ya
An Empress of the Holy Father
Raised up on de Fruits of Zion
Never walkin' 'pon de streets a Babylon

Poems to the I

I recollect you in form
solid lines with perfect curvature
leaning forward over
the basin
Your haunches and hide
Smooth round hard
Legs long
Back arched
Rear lifted high
Your buttocks tight but not tightened
Relaxed released
Rejoicing
As I sat beside you
We spoke like it had always been so
And so
It has

It has always been so
Since Ancient times
When the serpent first crawled
into the dark cavern of the mind's eye to find
Illumination
Later known has knowledge
Or temptation
First realized its gifts,
like breath
or exhalation, when needed most.

Like a spiral
So perfect complete contained
No particular direction save toward center
Not like in retreat but rather
As in radiate toward and from.
With spiral as my Labyrinth
I open to you
My meditation toward Divine self.
Sweet lover
Dark chrysalis revealed with style
Chiseled cheeks
Sacred smile
Passion smoothness informed by
the Divine Rhythm
Senses sharp and gingerly
settled
On their omniscient
knowing
Of this so called small place
Edgy articulate
Accurate and spiritually accentuating
Uplifting peers and elevating elders
Unique intellect and courageous mind
Sexy soft and inviting
Strong and supportive
Pillar like solidity
A Solomon
A Temple
Made in His Maker's image
Infinitely alive

Do not forget about love or let it go
Breathe freely in your god-self life
And let the seeds sown grow
Breathe deeply and accept love
Give it strength and guide its hand
Breathe deeply and return to center

Where there truly is no fear
Or need for retaliation
Perfect peace
Breathe deeply
Gently slide in with I
Into the pool of love
Breathe deeply.

As the day ends, the sun fades
The moon rises in my aloneness
I retreat to the recesses of my mind
And wander the fields of my imagination
In search of you.
You come to calm, are settled
Ready to enjoy the warm embrace of my body entangled in yours
I turn to you and all the world fades.

Artist be inspired
Accept light and levity
Redesign by creativity
The baring of your soul
If it is to be made naked
Should it not appear glorious and triumphant.

We reflect in one another
Upon ourselves
Like mirrors offered for contentment
We
Reveal our mutual truths
Share not secrets so much as essences
These garnered out of youth.
There is no disparate thought
Only reasons not to stray
Small reminders of the loneliness felt
When the mirror is turned away.
Our elders tell us to hang our hats on one another
They whisper confidences in the sea breeze
and tell tales of our beginnings
No fate unturned shall be Jah's hand
All along He has had a plan
Cusped by illusion and dream
Esteemed fortresses
Isolated by motes, arbors, and queens.
In with the wind blows confusion
Creating chaos, doubt, and delusion
Love rises
Heeds the call

Whispers just the right sentiment
And blocks the intrusion
Outstretched arms and
a genuine welcome, that is personal and warm
Not a shout out for ya'll come
Intimacy unveiled
Hope aligned
Revealing that one,
Is two, tightly entwined
Not bound, as by constraints
But embracing and
Realizing the stakes
What it means to hold on
Not to let go
To breathe deep in unison Remaining entwined so.
I am not letting go
I am not letting go I am not letting go.

Climate Changing

They asked if the climate was changing
Why, yes, indeed; it is enraging.
A jacket is acceptable
Flip flops refutable
And closed toed shoes required
The climate has melted the social warmth
And inflamed the vibrancy to a frenzy
Few make sense of anything and all pretend to get it
The sea level has risen above the high tide mark and drowned the inhibitions of the masses in
a deep mire of self-indulgent pity
At the poles glacial levels have reached new lows
Recent flooding has businesses condemned
And black markets flourishing
Securities are out the window
And inner child is in need of nourishing.

What She Was Trying To Do

To cheer you on in a struggle
To celebrate you in your victory
To stand by your side in strength in the moments of your triumphs
To have you ease my sorrows and inspire my deepest joys
To move you to passion
To be enveloped by your spirit
To journey with you in spirit to our place of quiet peace
To dream your dreams and have mine dreamt
To carry, carefully, the sacred treasures of your heart
To know that from this true, living love, we will never part
To smile simply at the everyday
To love together in every way
The world around us, to be our own, and together, find ourselves, loving happily at home.

Barside Poetry

Open net in a sea of fish
Dangling lines hooks flashing
Your teeth baring through your grin and soul shining in the sunlight
Island home
No such thing as unrequited love
Only lesser and greater forms
Of endearment
And aims toward solitude
Divisions of how much of me can I willingly offer you without losing the amount of me I need to exist to be what you see.
The smell of old men and barroom stink
Cologne and cigarettes
Six-year-old girls don't need to remember those elements of community, but they do.
And writing is still a road away never leading to the same place twice but twisting back and forth and touching memories, ideas, dreams and used to believe ins from every generation or episode of life.

LOVE

Saturn's rings cannot encompass
the breadth and depth of Love
Angels wings and soft breezes whisper memories of Love
Time is but an observation in the throes of Love
Blending, melding, co-mingling in the space of Love
Not only in a moment is Love
Existence sustains beyond knowing - in Love
Love shapes us and sharpens us
Love is why we are
The Big Bang- First Love.

November Night

I want to drink of this night, its crystalline stars, like bubbles in my champagne, tickle my nose.
My senses numb, tingle, and heighten in one moment in their presence, these stars in the Key West sky.
Orion is there sashaying among the clouds, or mountains, as they're known to locals. His stage is ink black.

Latin American Poets

Revolutionaries
Exile
Wet night's on jungle floors
Wet night's in urban waterfronts
Dry nights alone with the passion to act no fear to contain it and a secret shared only with the dead.
Fleeing oppression
Fleeing repression

Fleeing repercussion of freedom

Invited intellectuals, engaged in rhetorical world-changing with toilers, overheard by commanders,
and thought to be true.

The only thing you have to fear here is Poetry.

Conch Love

Loving a Conch is one of a kind

Loving this Conch is blowing my mind

Conch Love is smooth and soft, sleek and unique

Conch Love runs deep, like channels in the sea;

Reveals unforeseen treasures and modest hidden pleasures.

Shelled maneuvers afoot for desires fulfillment

Conch Love, like a rising tide, brings tranquility, harbors stillness, lifts the keel above the
draft and sets the spirit on course for tomorrow's bliss.

Conch Love is never hurried.

To Know a Role Model's Mind

As she said the line,

"...And passed the homemade cake",

It occurred to me, that if anyone knew in the world

Knew the life of a 21st Century poet,

Of 21st Century poetry;

Where it is going, where it has been,

What it's like to be there,

If anyone in the world knew- she did.

She, hung out, as poetry

Had tea, as poetry Made love, as poetry Lived a song, as poetry.

"And passed the homemade cake", As poetry...

Summer Solstice

Oh, Goddess of the Summer Solstice

Guardian of the Light

Keeper of our dreams

Arouse the sweetness of your season

Tantalize us with the fruits of your time, your day, your harvest

You are caressing breezes, cleansing winds, songs of promises fulfilled.

Days, long and languid, slip off of the edge of the shore and rinse away in foamy crests. Salt

crisp skin, browned, bronzed, burnished by your sacred orb to thicken, take courage, and

embrace the challenge of the elements.

In the night songs your burning is absent for but a glimpse of a moment; homage is paid to its
vanishing and returning, and to its long-lasting light.

Radiant, golden, glowing, mature and ripe, yet filled with youthful promise.

Oceans, cresting white and returning to blue green tranquility.

Mountainside meadows filled with flowers of every color and essence, their pollinators

frolicking in the sweetness of their life's nectar.

Baseball parks and bleachers filled, in droves they come to sport with you for hours into days

and nights, a week's worth of innings, not a moment to escape fulfillment of your leisurely time.

Hot peanuts roasted salty, cool creamy fresh delight of the ice cream shop or water ice stand; the bounties of our fields and of our seas come to life, to full fruition, in your golden life light. Coolers packed, lawn chairs readied, flags on bikes, on porches, lamp posts, walkers, wheelchairs, and baby strollers- revelers in the season of attentiveness, parade ready.

In the lowest bushes and edges of the fields, in the folds of the sand dunes, and crags in the mountainsides, your offspring: the sprites, the nymphs, the mermaids, and fairies, they scatter the magic of their elements around frenzied, but not haphazard, so that in your warmth, dear summer, in your golden glow, in your soft breezes, in the melody of your night songs, the kiss of calm, all life is vibrant, all life is radiant, all life is eternal, there is no end to you dear summer.

Goddess of the Summer Solstice you simply morph yourself into essence as we await your return; always a taste to be savored.

Making eye contact with the sea, my mind's eye gazes on a sheer sheet of grey green glass. She is there at the ready, the sea, her lips curled to kiss you in sun drops Summer Mother Goddess. Edges rising and falling in splatterings of white foamed crests.

Summer Mother Goddess rising up from the shadows of spring's promises; shining and sparkling like a handful of sunlit diamonds scattered across the ocean.

I see you in a cotton dress, a glass of lemonade in your hand, a Dogwood tree in full bloom. You are not autumn; oh no, too bright, too fulfilling not to drink of 'til your heart's delight. Oh Summer Mother Goddess, I love your fullness, your 'growing so close to fruition-ness'. You are the fullness of the womb, not yet ready to be delivered. Recognizing in your daily growing self the ability to birth with both reverence and power.

Summer Mother Goddess, you are the time of visions, telescopic views, planetary alignment, and wizardry; the season of the trees, the days of golden light, fantasy feedings, and time 'til twilight. In the mind's eye view, dear summer you are the days of gray-green rhythms; the curled lips of the sea kissing at you always.

You are my favorite protectorate.

With deep joy I await your return.

You are at rest.

Tranquil Summer Mother Goddess, vibrant and enigmatic; a penitent "Do not disturb", with a wry smile. I love you.

Seminole Lady

Down around yonder in a wooded spot of Glades
You'll find a sweet daughter, bringing water & giving shade
She'll tell you tales of rivers and of gators and parades
She sings the songs of freedom and dances Earth's charade
Beating rhythms with her footsteps in those muddy water Glades
She'll be there in the nighttime and you'll find her in the day
Blue notes through the evenings and sweet fruits by the day
We call her Seminole Lady and learn quietly from her ways
She's the reason we were brought here and why we chose to stay
The road leads to her doorstep and we travel all the way
She means tomorrow, forever, and all our yesterday's
Water flows down toward her and has brought many to their knees

The Seminole Lady and Glades Daughter, she sees the things she sees
Her eyes are the windows of our collective soul
Great Spirit and time traveler
Sitting still in peace time and rising when there's change
True leader and great priestess, began her life this way
She brings us love and so much sorrow
We are each other in her gaze
I know her story's just beginning
I hope you'll stay to hear
Seminole Lady and Glades Daughter please keep her spirit dear.

Salted Tear

A dried, salt edged rivulet stains the page
We don't ask the BIG questions anymore,
Not the intimate ones that shed light upon daily truth, not yours, mine or ours.
The clamor of the mockingbirds resonates its routine of treachery and cheap disdain All the
world which we can know and touch, taste, smell, and see; all that can envelop us is edged,
dried, with a thin, salty crust,
Its abstractness, its un-uniform shape holds in an asymmetrical pattern not unfamiliar but so
obscure and uniquely identifiable that knowing it doesn't make it more acceptable or
digestible It is such that now each twist and turn, after decades of contemplation, each
switch back and forth seems dictated and repetitively patterned.
That you stretch outside of its boundaries or draw its borders in close on itself, in intention-
impacts nothing It burns your energy
Its form is in fact fixed
None of your actions change it
Your actions only usher you along it, passage you through it Each passing divulging to you a
new trick to pass the time.
To come out on the other side where you continue until you reach the bottom Turn the page
Go back to the top
Find it there again A stain at the top edge and beginning of every page will greet you as you
forward
Its boundaries fixed and formed by a distinct past tear, Shed, and now long dry.

Midnight Blue

The night asleep on the water soothed the dry, rough veneer my soul adopted after too many
months ashore I awoke refreshed
balanced from the rocking of my sleep
Dreaming through the to-and-fro shuttering out the distant glow
My mind did rise and fall on swells
My soul did drift on currents
With no end or beginning
Always, only, in its steady presence

I am the midnight water's deep, luminescent, tranquil night blue
Dark navy, thick with salt and time

Active enough to white cap calm enough to appear still

I am lying beside your soul inviting you to roll over and be as one
Inviting you to overflow your own boundaries
To cross into my territory
Share your dreams, access mine, steep our hearts in peace.

30

Her lips quivered as she spoke
His hands trembled as he tried to hold her
Fear seemed their only common ground
She cried
I do not know you
I do not know where you are
I do not know what you do
You have adopted a distance
It has burned a valley between us
We seek not each other in the ashes
We look only for the remnants of ourselves
The debris is unfamiliar, the trench unpassable
And time moves forward
Leaving our memories in the flames of your trembling, arson charged hands

Long and Dredful Sounds the Vision

Piercing the tendons and muscles behind my eye
Contracted and comforting each and every nerve and sinew
I am Your Lover not unwrapped or opened to you
Mysterious as the moon at night, so sweet in secret
Revealing as the day, so bright with light and Truth All the stars that surround you
painting pictures and shapes of historic origin mythological tellings of creatures and lives
We throw sand in the eyes of nightmares - blinding their fiery Visions
Your voice beats upon my ears like the wheels of the subway grating against the steel track;
metal on metal
the wheel against the rail; lacking oil, luster, or shine only hot from its own friction coming to
a screeching halt
finding pleasure in poetry with psychotic tolerance for your fellows Bellowed through your
intonation your cadence and muted emotion wandering the lexicon for thoughts and words
that are interesting and still yours Afraid to be alone and angry at anyone's company; longing
for yourself.
The you not unfamiliar when naked, not raped, not widowed at a young age, and orphaned at
an old age.
The you whose weight presses down on me to bring me home
Whose hands hold mine for leveraging
The you who doesn't need to see Fall but knows it is inevitable
The you that is sure to rise when all else has fallen
The you that enters my mornings, my days, my nights, my sanctuary
Holy is the night sacred in its rhythm
angrily your soul awakens to the noiseless pressures of its time

Today is another day I am at home inside your pain
The decades have receded there is no illusion of youth or youthfulness
Coconut water coconut oil coconut meat
It is the ripest fruit of our season Gently hold me still cries the body and I am with you now
bemoans the spirit
Trying to reconcile, trying to be reconciled, trying reconcile the guilt with the passion the
need with the admonishment the reality with the standard
Time and time again I witness you letting break you, witness you letting it break in, break us,
break sacred for scorned.
Only we are sensed and tangible to the dream
The vision came through so clear today
A replay I await
The wooden table is long and thick, roughhewn so too it's benches on either side
Both support the truths we have been whispering to one another over the years
Girls boys both smiling and happily taking their cues from
You seated solidly at the head
As I surround you all with love and pile food before you.

I Asked the Wind

I asked the wind for a poem today
I heard the whispered wailing cry of a grandmother
Tiny, not frail, but sullen, she cried for her people and mourned for the land
As an elder, she could be called orphan, but was alone with the wind when it stole her tears
and wails and whispered their poetry to me, "They are all fallen; no, not one stands and all
have given over to their lusts and temptations and walked with their backs to my name."
Who could say it was not her lover, this wanton wind with which she shared her pillow-talk?
Fallen in drunkenness, fallen for want of the material, the tangible fortunes of the wayward;
offered at the price of their souls, freely bought and sold by day and night in the towns
around her land.
Wailing in the wind her voice has pierced the evening sky
The first sunset of the new year is colored by the spilled blood of the indigenous born
The wafting grasses and passing clouds have borne witness to the losses of her family and the
pieces of herself each generation has taken from her as they made their way to being undone.
Carefully, she crafted their upbringing to tie in tight bundles the roots and threads of heritage
each carried.

I asked the wind for a poem today.
I said, "Wind bring me poem today", "Let me tell a tale and verse a story from your veil".

"Why?" I heard her cry; she smelled the alcohol burning through his skin like one who is
saturated.
He lay lifeless and still; heavy in her lap, his legs turned out oddly at the angle of his fall.
"Grandmother", the word the wind stole from his lips.

Wrinkles

I hope they're cute, 'cuz they're present!
Wrinkles, cute, like freckles, only deeper.
Don't look at me like that, I say to the wrinkle and smother it in olive oil;
It recedes and tries to look smooth, but some twitch in a major vein-
Nay- artery, of neck, calls it back into flex mode.

Wrinkles, you're so vain and I laugh to see you stay that way;
burrowing joy a little deeper into skin of my face.

Forevermore

I am the world crashing down around you
The undertow that is more than just a strong current
I am the echo and the whisper
The wind
The roots of the strong tree
I am the elemental force that brings all to essence and returns it again
I am the fashion that is ahead of its time
The classic style that never goes out of fashion
I am the essence of your song
The beginning of answers and the end of your story
I am the love you have longed for and been devoted to over time.
Yours, forevermore.

That Borrowed Phrase

Two windows and a door she called it
The Lady known as Conch Poet
She was sharing something so familiar
Yet still external about my newfound home
Something I could not yet describe but knew and now saw belonged to her.
Two windows and a door
Always there upon return
No matter the distance of the journeys she roamed
Two windows and a door she called it
That architectural style that defied the grandeur of its day
Two windows and a door
The Simplicity of the local way
Meet the need, keep the basis of home
The facts that could stay unchanged
Two windows and a door,
"All we needed, nothing more."
Two windows and a door
In which to grow and feel secure.

Irma's Eye

I'll tell you a dream
it starts in the night when the wind cat screamed
I felt you coming
Not a rattle, not a humming
the vibration it caused created a shatter breaking a casing and closing the matter
I felt you coming
a bit of panic for the sheer unknown

not certain I'd return as I left my home
Oh yes, I felt you Irma.
I felt you coming; burning up the seas and sucking up the Mother's power in a chaotic, ever-widening spiral of your spit spray.
Hissing from one chain of islands to the next
Your eye twitching and switching after beating down the already low lying.
That tic, Irma, the twitching of your eye, that was the sign you come for dying.
I felt you coming; riding an unbridled rhythm through the waves, contemplating nothing in your tantrums of wild wind.
That eye of yours' still twitching and switching, threatening to pass a Medusa-like gaze over the whole of us
Washing the State in side-to-side madness, your frenzy salt blind
Your howling whispering sweet Caribbean Rum notes to me; telling tales of red wine rivers, and sweet, Amber-colored floods where I can drown in the folds of your skirts
Not today Irma, not today.
I felt you coming, felt your eye twitching and switching, felt your salt kiss stinging, felt your jealous vain rising.
Not today Irma, I felt you coming, and I survived you.

Ocmulgee

Grandparent spirit speaks in whispering winds
High trees bend their limbs to welcome the elders home
Regal creatures are humbled by the unity of Grandparents' Love
Sitting at the edge the drum becomes my heartbeat
In the morning I go to dance
My eyes are reflective and capturing moments
Giving the fleeting a permanent place
The oneness of Family survives
The world of tragedy is not laden with our lives
We are Universal vibration
Unfragmented consciously directed
Expanding as each new dancer beats feet upon Earth in sacred rhythm
Hearts melodious with common threads
Hope, Faith, Love, Music, Learning, Spirit, Family, Dance
Echoes of our past rise to greet our future in the drum we sound today.

Modern Technology

I am watching your reflection on the screen of my hand-held device
You soar overhead, miles from my disillusionment
Graceful and normal; it is what you do
No question of its value, no question of your worth
You are, you soar, we watch.

International Zone or Sleepless in Blue Sweats, by Serena S.

An arid spring afternoon
Sun high and bright
clearing skies dotted with black winged gulls
white caps on blue green swells
lemon yellows and shades of orange: burnt and pale peach
frame in the kitchen where I
stand in your smell gazing out
through the glass of the French doors
to the hillside coast of Greece
rolling down to vastness of sea

Your smell, so English for an Israeli man, Israelite.

Camden, NJ, USA 4.11.2020

Discarded Valentines stuffed in trash cans overflowing without their lids
Easter decorations hung up in the window, secular and proud
Virus cringe and stroke slurred epitaphs fills the gaps of Spring's singing birds in the sun
filled spaces of old urban streets.

My friend says, "Things I normally just get hit with? Hugs."
From what depths you are called, I seek to discover
In the way I seek to learn of my own soul
There is nothing of me that doesn't echo a molecular memory of you
I am resigned that in spirit we are blended whole.

Food Forests in Vietnam

After the forests.
After the forests?
They've literally said,
"After the forests."
There is nothing after the forests.

There is
There will be

Recollecting in the process of our collective healing
Bleeding blisters
Budding as spring
flowers gathering
morning dew

Heart beats and
Drawn breaths louder
With each thud as
We huddle closer and
Closer attempting to
Meld
How can we know
If we have succeeded?

Because we saved ourselves, all of us are free today
When we reincarnate
It will never be with chains again

After the forests.
After the forests?
They've literally said,
"After the forests."
There is nothing after the forests.

Poems Are Why the Night Cries

Unburden all worries, drive out all fears, replace every question
with an answer of love.

Awake
I step to the sky
A dark canvas of void surrounds
Here and there the gesso'd stars appear to shimmer at me and invite a deeper look into the
night's treasures
I seek your eyes, like green gold amber peering into me through the folds brown-skinned lids
I want them to know me to overstand me
For your vision to behold and examine the details of my soul
The breeze whispers and caresses my cheek with your ether
The warm steamy air is laced with the floral fragrance of my neighbor's blooms and the warm
spiced-earth, cleaned for heaven-scent of you
The blend makes for heady sweetness all about
The tiny blossoms shimmer silver white in moonlight and tremble at the power they invoke
The small of my back recalls the solid touch of your hands
The strength of conviction in your caress
The powerful intention of your embrace
Soul waits, seeks, rests, waits, seeks, rests waits, frets, desires, waits, prays, seeks, prays,
rests, waits...
Not to defy but to solidly conspire with
Wake and realize, I inspire I
Unify and eternalize,
Signify and
Materialize with a single stroke
The essence of love of the evenly yoked.

Seasons

The first ripe mangoes are falling from the tree
Every night, between midnight and sunrise, a powerful cleansing rain washes everything clean
Refreshes rejuvenates and revives
Roots stems leaves Souls
This is the season where Summer is born
It is incubating and soon will burst forth in its solstice
Like butterflies and tightly closed flowers bud, I wait in anxious anticipation and revel in the
small signs that promise the season's coming

Blue upon the Blue

Sea's surface blue upon blue
Morning crawling out from under a tropical night's sky
The faint gleam of gold trying to push its way upward
The air so thick with haze and humidity
The ocean so full and swollen with life
They blend together at the Horizon
Barely discerning a stop between one's beginning and the other's ending
A thread of gold unravels
the flat calm reflects like glass
mirror images of Blue on Blue
Sea and Sky reflecting on one another
like old mates over a cup o'joe
a single sailboat is a drift
its own reflection upon itself.
I watch the Breeze dance
across its mirrored, aquatic plane
Rippling its level lines.

For Addie

Inky black sky blankets the ravings of my humanity
with stars.
Orion sashays across the horizon
his belt glimmering
sword drawn and raised
In defense of Art!
In defense of Poetry!

Long

Long by what measures
Long by what means
Long by what standards
By what value is Long seen?
Long is the road of life, strong is the pulse by which we travel
Long, as in, "My locks are Long"; and thereby strong, is my Faith, as they unravel.
Long was once the way from home, from where now I rarely roam
Home where away from is never quite Long enough
And still the need and call to be there strong
enough
Long is the hour
Long is the day
Long stands emptiness when lover is away
Long soft gown over Long silhouette
Long, as the heart does, as when the lovers first met
Long be the kisses and
Long married the Mrs.
Long be the time they spend, that Mr. and his best friend.

December Morning 2019

The Early morning road winds back into the night traversing the common ground to arrive in isolation in yesterday's remnants of the dream

Cresting at a peak on the horizon and cascading into the dawn the road also traverses the yet to be.

The Color of Compromise

The Color of Compromise is mushy peach brown.

Shiny wet in substance; soft, yet succulent sweet in its decay. The erosion of one idea makes way for the exclusion of another, blending back and forth neither looking for or gaining more, than is allowable to maintain authenticity.

The Color of Compromise is mushy peach brown.

2020 Vision

unraveling of the golden thread
though experienced as a snag or even a tear in the fabric of culture
is the gentle forcing of opportunity
that for which the way is paved

Originally inspired by the film, "The Huey P. Newton Story"

Poets speak of Prisons

Poets speak of prisons
Often referring to their own minds
The mundane, the everyday unpoetic
Lives they find themselves living
As though imprisoned, metaphorically,
By the social structure that orders chaos.
Imprisoned by the order of which they speak.
The prison is the chaos in which live,
Seeking order unmet in the system found.
Mindset prison.
No walls, all cerebral cells,
Membranes caging units
Known as thoughts.
We question the warden of our institution,
Known as Psyche.
The prison of the mind.
Soliloquies offered to the reflection,
As though we seek parole.
Combatant against the confinement,
Wordsmithing our way to Freedom.
Poets speak of prisons
Often referring to their own minds.
