SECRETS PARTLY REVEALED
(NOVEMBER 2011)
In the Still of the Night

On the sixth floor, I learned a life lesson:
The public face of a relationship
Does not reveal its depth.
In the still of the night,
Under the covers,
Secret skin gangsters are uncovered.
Private dancers perform.
Ear whisperers take charge.
The deepest passions, fears, desires, joys
All emerge in that stillness
And deftly cast their spells.
There are so many sides to Love.

Surprise

A little knife hid
Tucked away deep in my bag
Testing the system

What Bank Sells Time?

Don’t be fooled
Time is not money
Money cannot turn back the clock
Money comes and goes
Time takes no bribes
IN MODERN TIMES

Back then, Ed’s café was the place to be
If you were left-handed,
Left leaning,
A leftover hippie,
The Radical Left,
The Intellectual Left,
Or left behind when Hubert took over the show.
A cornucopia of characters,
With so many shades of red.
Maybe that’s why Ed’s chili was legendary.

MEDITATION II

In the postmodern times
Anything should be possible
With sufficient capital
So tap the source

CROSS COUNTRY CHECKUP

When symbols converge
Across context and culture,
Can junctions in our psyche’s wiring
Be roughly mapped?
**AS IT HAPPENS**

From Toronto to the rest of the world,
The ferrets tracked their prey,
Ones fresh and tasty
Of flavors unknown in these parts.
Once found, the “fun” began,
Persistent questions nipping and tugging,
Not letting go.

This daily event may not have been aptly named,
But “Just After It Happens”
Just doesn’t have the same ring to it.

**SOME ASSEMBLY REQUIRED**

Which is more engaging:
The low-angle sunlight shining on Ayers Rock,
The beautifully patterned rug in the foreground,
Or the warm-skinned model showing off her suede boots?
Does it matter?
With proper assembly, it’s sure to engage.
TURN BACK THE CLOCK

What a raw evening.
Time to turn back the clock…
Way back.

Put a pot of milk on the stove.
Find a decent bottle of bourbon
And that pint of sorghum
From the old stand north of Joplin.

We’ll have some milk punch.
That should keep us warm.

Maybe Harry will stop by
To have a drink.
He’ll probably give us hell
For the mess the world’s in.

Or maybe not.
He’ll just be happy
To be in a comfy spot
Close to the stove.

PEDAGOGY (FOR VIDA)

Accretion decorates our trees.
Creativity keeps them fresh,
   As long as we’re awake.
But if we want a cottonwood,
   When we have a pine,
The seeds must be immersed in new waters
   And be ready to absorb them.
Fort Malden

On that chilly day
Hot scones fresh from the fireplace
Seemed sweeter than tarts

Near the Grant County Line

At the dry Mimbres
A welcoming rainbow called
Then the lightning bolt

Before the Fall

Of the first urban culture along these fertile rivers,
What can we say?
What can we make of the oratory and secret vows,
The ceremonies and street talk of this amazing city?

Did their messages persist –
Shared from one generation to the next,
After the fall?

Did they die like ripples –
Propagated from a mussel shell
Dropped into an oxbow?

Can they be reconstructed from fragments
By searching for the common threads?

We are new to this world,
So were those builders.

What did they notice that we have missed?
What was worth valuing that’s not in our marketplace?
What did they cherish?
Those who take on the world learn that the world fights back

When I first met him,
The wild fire within still smoldered.  
Occasional sparks flared from the past.

But the ire of bees on hot, muggy days
And more than one lightning bolt
Lit backfires to bound his internal flames,
And led this man of fiery heart
To show his ways to a new generation.

Should we give quiet thanks to Saint Ambrose,
Or to the Thunder Beings,
For making him more approachable in those final years?
For making him a teacher…

All for one & one for all

Study your genealogy —
We are all one people.  
One person, many clans.

Study your biology —
We live out our days
All carrying secret symbioses.  
One house, countless tenants.

Study your evolution —
Life is all one dynamic, connected process,
Growing in an ever-changing world,
Suspended in an ever-changing universe encompassing all.
One universe, infinite possibilities.
**TEMPTATIONS**

Ahead of me in the classroom
Was a most delicious distraction.
Flowing serpents of shining liquid chocolate
Spilled down over a vest of coiled spirals.
As I pondered their movements from time to time,
I realized that I should have had more of a snack
before seminar.

**MY TALISMAN**

The buckeye shines
Like obsidian, gleaming
The color of my sister’s eyes

**BEYOND (FOR BARB)**

Her layered colors slept beyond our eyes
Resting securely under a carpet of carpets
Patiently awaiting that one day when the world
would change so much
That they would be roused from their rest
And take our eyes beyond
OVER THE BANKS

The kinds of floods you never forget
The slow ones that creep up
   And seem to last forever
The deluges, quick and high,
   Washing away the cars
The filled underpasses
The new sandbars, the mud and boil orders
The uprooted cottonwoods busting out the bridge
There have been so many
And I haven’t even gotten
   To the figurative ones.

1968

Living near Chicago, I learned something of rebellion
And the hammer that slams the nails into the wood
Countersinks them if it can
So they never emerge again
An unfolding was crushed for now
But my young heart had flown to Prague
Where the sweet-scented spring flowers
Had finally shown their glory
Only to be mown down and the gardeners
Hammered like nails
The Truth Partly Revealed (to Bill)

How a soul can be so piercing
And so gently considerate
Can only be explained by the workings of love.
Your shining light burns through deception,
In the noble quest of your craft,
While we reap your gains
(If we can stay attentive).

On the Other Side

Turn off your cell phone.
Take off your shoes.
Bow down your head to the cedar bough.
Pass through the smoked hide.
There, on the other side, you will not be disturbed.
Any movements will be those you choose to make.
Confide in the stillness.
Silently follow the spiral path
Till you hear the drumbeat ~
Or is it a heartbeat?
**Our Totems Won’t Lead Us Astray**

The silent swans led her to fly with grace.
The bull elk showed him great treasures.
The wolf pack let her run with them, sharing their energy.
Even the coyote comes to some dear souls without deception.
However they find us,
Just remember,
Our totems won’t lead us astray.