

FRIENDS

*amor oculus est
et amare videre est.*

Richard of St. Victor

We have spent decades
testing some new worldview--
once blaming a tyrant,
then extolling a creator of good--
as we fled from a creed of formulas
to a religion of life.

We have prayed for hands
touching our brows,
a tenderness that blows a kiss
to scuttle all our fears.

In our journeys we discovered
many ways of becoming bread
that others may feed
on what we had.

We were thoroughly convinced
in some other measure of time
we could relive our days in one lost corner of this planet.

In the end we shall go
fully armed
with tongues of men,
dreams of angels
and beyond.

There we shall be surprised
to find the fragile vase unbroken
as we learn other names of love.

AWAKENING

Step into that circle of light.
Boundaries and distances try
to reconcile differences. Today
and the future are suddenly
meaningless. The mind races
like some unknown wind
across turrets of hope,
caverns of gloom
decades have shaped.

The dazzling brightness widens.
Something within aches
for immortality, a timeless glimpse
of a lovely, ever-present countenance
in these rituals
of births and deaths.

PRIDE FOR POETS

People like us invoke
the primacy of meaning.
We love to quote lines
needing no arguments to convince
and celebrate a suffering and death
seeking nothing in return.

Do we still consider ourselves
a mass of impersonal energy,
a splinter of some infinite deity,
as we face a defiant silence that leads
not to emptiness but presence?

At times, we too, are a great river
fed by many tributaries,
or a mystery of body and spirit,
flesh that has become divine.

Wide-awake we dream of a heart on fire
like some ever-burning bush,
a burst of light that illumines
secret compartments in our lives.

They say we have a great duty
to inform ourselves of the transcendence
of a past and present we cannot anymore ignore.