

Poems – 2007
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From the Governing Body of

Bartlett, New Hampshire

Proclamation



The Board of Selectmen of the Town of Bartlett, County of Carroll, State of New Hampshire hereby proclaim

D. C. BIANCHINO

POST LAUREATE FOR THE TOWN OF BARTLETT

Given, under our hands and seals this twenty-seventh day of March in the year one thousand nine hundred and ninety eight.

Board of Selectmen:

Hans H. Chandler
[Signature]
[Signature]



And she asks..."How does a poem come?"

I respond:

"It comes like a rumble to shake the earth.
Like an unexpected visitor. Like an opiate for a hidden wound.
It comes like a bee that sits upon a flower. Like a shadow that stalks its prey.

It comes when it wants, like fruit that ripens on tree. It comes when hunger taunts desire, like a sea woken from sleep. It comes when it meets someone like you, like wind for a sail. It comes before conception for conception, from a place that's neither in nor out, when the faceless wants to be seen, like a hidden spring finding air, and one and the other are the same, like stone and sculpture. It comes like a hawk attacking a pigeon in flight leaving its feathers behind. It comes like a woman riding on the back of a dragon. It comes when the self dies so the word can live, like a sacrifice to defeat death through its birth, exciting leaves to dance and sing. It comes with desire to love, and so I have, as the question imposed now knows, whence it comes."



Photo by Dan Miliken

THE BEACH COMBER ...

I walk the beach through sands that sift
Between the toes through tide and rift.
I look for things the sea has sent
Upon the shore where they are spent.

It is the call from piper's past
That plays the coast with net to catch
The likes of me to teach and cast
The bait of line for it to last.

And so it is I walk the beach
To shore the sands of time from breach
To leave behind what I might tell
By adding voice to sea and shell.

“May you ride the waves
Through all their breaks.
(The mariner would say)

May you ride them well
In spite of storm
Until
You’re home at bay” ...



17?

JUNE 15, 2007

She writes like a song bird
On a Saturday night
Singing with words
That make you take flight

Like when a cloud
Purple rained on them
Washing them white
She saw love no less

With trees and stars
Reflecting her thoughts
Stilled with landscape
Together she's brought

She lays with an old man
And sings him a song
She's as comfortable there
As one who belongs

Her eyes shine
With anticipation
She's the fulcrum the light
For the new generation

Belongs to the spirit
That has the same goal
Like that dream the way
It spoke to her soul

She writes from seeds
That come from her heart
She's fed in dreams
And she's mountains apart

Now in that dream
She's on top of a mountain
(This she tells in retrospect)
A thousand people form a great
circle
And while holding hands recite
"When souls connect"

She raises her skirt
For the world to see
Her naked form
In her poetry

That poem is one
That is her favorite
It talks about love
A love that is shared

She's a sunflower against
A vanilla sky
A paper bear
Full of surprise

Shared with others
Who come to find it
Just as she had
Because she's there

She has the gift
The poet's eye
And something more
She doesn't try

There in that moment
That skips by time
17?
Only if you're blind!

Her dreams are filled
With vibrant color
Symbolically tailored
In flowing dress

THAT PLACE ...

There's a quiet place that love can do,

What you and I we don't seem too.
Like those you find in sacred psalms
Reaching out extending arms.

From poets who just had to write
Filled with all that awesome light
Allowing us to feel and see
That quite place for us to be.

Like waterfalls and sunsets rays
That touch us deeply as if they pray
To show us what love can do
And all because of me and you.

And like the bird that sings its song
In spite of what that day went wrong
Love will be there as will dawn
To give its light to make us strong.

That light of hope will fill that spot
With quiet love whenever sought
For love is there for us to taste
Filled with sweetness, filled with grace
There to fill that empty space
As this that's reaching from THAT PLACE ...

When love is stronger
Than doubt
Doubt will ride on its back
Until it is given
Its wings.

DEFINITION OF A SOUL MATE

Two separate beings

Equal in part

United by love

Right from the start.

Completing the circle

Two halves become whole

Each in the other

As ONE in their soul.

FOR LOVE

You put the light on in my soul
And woke this dream inside I hold.
It was the magic in your smile
And something deeper in your eyes.
It was the love you have I felt
Even though for someone else.
But that joy transcends all time
And that love became as mine.
Like a scent that leaves its mark
May seem lost but not forgot.
Or, when the dead we love survive
In a dream that seems alive.
You put the light on in my soul
And woke this dream inside I hold;
For love.

THE TORCH

When your time is my time
And my time is your time
The sun will always shine.
When daytime is nighttime
And nighttime is daytime
Your love will be as mine.
When thoughts are stilled
And feelings are high
And rainbows appear
In each other's eye,
And the future and past
Are lost in the light
Of wings prepared
Just for this flight,

And when earth
Its fiery core is felt
As liquid love
After the melt,
When patience is
What is presence
And desire each
Feeds with spoon
Erasing what had
Been the fiction
To use as torch
To light the moon.
Then all below
All will see
The light above
Is there for free

For you and me
For you and me
To hope, laugh and; to be

THE LOVER'S WE ARE

Let's walk together
As the lover's we are.
Let's hold hands
And stare into each
Other's eyes.
Let the longing
That we feel
Be satisfied, now.
Not because of
Some memory or moment.
But because
We really need each other's touch.
That touch that arouses our
Flesh to ignite, to burn and; to be –

WHEN SOULS CONNECT ...

When Souls connect

So will thoughts

And a feeling

You are home.

When Souls connect

So will hearts

No more to be

Alone.

No mountain, sea,

Or prison bars

Will ever come between,

For when Souls connect

A love is there,

Just there; as one

In being ...

SHADOWS OF LOVE

Shadows of love
Still the night
Embracing the soul
Of the dark.
Moaning the joy
From each other's touch
Rhythmically reaching
Its mark.
Two hearts caress
The moment's breath
Filled with grace
And ease.
Until such light
Squeezed from the night
Is swallowed, and finally;
Retrieved ...

IT WAS FOR LOVE

I've had my chance for love
I know I've danced for love
And I've romanced for love
Took a chance for love

And I've lost because
And yet I've won because
It was for love.
I will not compromise
For love that never dies
And so my heart that tries
A life I know relies

And I've lost because
And yet I've won because
It was for love

Yes I've been in and out
But love's what life's about
On that I have no doubt
That I want to shout

And I've lost because
And yet I've won because
It was for love

And I know there is
Another soul that lives
Living life for love
That one that is

And when the lights do down
And God's trumpet sounds
I'll say I lived for love
And here is what I found

And I've lost because
And yet I've won because
It was for love
It was for love ...

THE ONE LOVE

Her eyes pierce

Like an angel's arrows
Opening the path
To her soul
Where an ageless string
Of pearls lie waiting
Laced with rings
Of purple and gold.

Her love is seen
Inside her fire
Exciting alive, and
Whole.
And also seen
Is right there beside her
The ONE love this angel;
Beholds ...

MY PRAYER IS YOUR PRAYER

My prayer is your prayer
For someone to love.
Someone who's sent
Sent from above.

Someone to touch
To touch our soul.
Someone when together
Will make us feel whole.

Someone that makes
Each day a joy.
With a smile from inside
That's not just a ploy.

Someone to share
The same hopes too.
Someone who really
Really knows you.

When two hearts truly
Beat the same.
They call those souls
When together Twin Flames.

And I know we are called
Together by name.
As is above
So below it's the same.

Also every person

That comes into our lives.
Are there for a reason
For us to grow wise.
Like every obsession
Helps us to see.
We're not in control
As we think we to be.

See, we are humans
Filled with needs.
Needing affection
Or egos to feed.

Or just to be touched
For no reason to name.
'Cause feelings are feelings
Though different the same.

It's true we can love
And love many times.
Feeling it deeply
That love that is mine.

But only with Soul mates
Is that love refined.
Only with Soul mates
Does that love it shine.

So I need to be with you
I need you to feel.
'Cause that is my prayer
To feel what is real.

And my prayer is our prayer
I'm thinking just of.
'Cause today I am feeling
That Twin Flame of LOVE ...

And the Butterfly danced
With the Flower
Cooling its petals
With wing.

And the Flower
Humbly quivered
Thanking the butterfly
For spring.

PATIENCE

Her body is a wave of light.
Her every move say's she might.

She is the mother and the child.
The source of everything that's wild.

She is the maiden and the wife.
The mistress and the seed of life.

She's the smoke seen in the sun's beam.
The reason we, all can dream.

She's the shadow in the silhouette.
The footprint in the sand that's wet.

She's the sunset and midnight sky.
The star, that never dies.

She is solar; she is flare, her beauty
Is beyond compare.

She is water, she is fire,
She is love, she's desire.

She's a feeling felt inside.
(Although from most her face she hides.)

She's the only soul that's mate.
Her message is for us to wait.

For she is; Patience.

WHY

Why the love you want
Is the love you cannot have.
Why is it so taboo
Where happiness meets sad.

Why when you know it's true
And there's nothing you can do.
Why does it lift your wings
And stay in front of you.

Why now to feel the thief
Who stole and got away.
Why is it in the eyes
Without a word to say.

Why must love hold its breath
Where secrets are kept safe.
Why does it feel it must
Every pore to penetrate.

Why does the heart stay strong
In spite of being weak.
Why does it so remain
Remaining where it peaks.

Why does it still remember
That moment it did find.
Why does it still remember
That moment without time.

And, why must there be those days

Days that you just cry
Well, Love just can't be reasoned
For Love is not; a WHY ...

YOU WILL KNOW TANTRA

“The animal lies in wait
For smell and taste.
Its appetite seen, in eyes;
Awake!”

When THAT love makes desire blush
And the heart to moan turning blood purple.
And your thoughts become braided, woven
From the finest of silks, and fused from THAT
Eternal flame.

When time disappears into the great void
Where true selves meet and the soul
Cries itself to sleep. You will know;
Tantra!

MORE

I love you more than sex.
Never thought I'd say that.
Your presence is my pleasure.
It's deeper than its cousin.
I stare and just get lost,
So pleased no need to try.
I stare because you're beautiful,
And your beauty satisfies.
It carries me through ego's flight.
A bridge connecting separate shores.
Where love needs not its love restore,
And so it is, I love you; more ...

*“Sex without love
Is like eating chocolates
Without your taste buds.”*

PASSION

Today I fell in love with you
And my heart was given wings.
I know because I flew so high
I met the God who sings.

Below I saw a quiet lake
Untouched by man's disgrace.
A lake so pure the moon was moved
To light upon its face.

I thank you for the feelings
That passion has to give.
To those who take a chance for love
And what it means to live.

And I thank you for that moment
For the joy that found its way.
Between what suffers in the dark
Even though it's day.

For it is likened to a fire
Just after it goes out.
And laughter follows right away
Like a thief who had to shout.

And so it is that I will rest
With love its words now sown.
And wrap this moment 'round my chest
For passion is; The Poem.

I TASTE

I taste what makes life possible,
I taste the precious.
I taste the mystery
Hidden between those swollen walls.

I taste the beginning and the end.
I taste, and it becomes part of me,
Closer than my skin.
I taste the past, present, and future.

I taste its purpose, that pleasure,
That intensity.
I taste what remains,
That which just; IS.

I taste its intimacy,
Like a shade, or veil
That covers its eye.
I taste its importance, that sacrifice.

I taste the fire from its heart
That burns my tongue, yet soothes.
I taste what only it has been allowed,

I taste its sweet secret, its power of persuasion.
I taste but a sample of only which,
It will ever know.
THAT magnitude,
Which leaves my pleasure pale.

I taste that which makes me

Come back for more.
In want of what it has,
Its rapture, its bliss.

I taste that love that spews,
Like a dam release, unplugged.
Washing me till my soul is pleased.
And all this because, I tasted; you!

WHEN THOUGHTS ARE FEW ...

Sitting on a log
I look around at the leaves,
Those ready to sacrifice their lives
So the tree will survive
Through the long cold winter.

The breeze playing its part
Shakes the branch
Upon where they sit,
Nudging them to move on.

A carpet of grass
Waits to catch their flight,
It too changing
So the roots beneath
Will have another chance
Come spring.

The evergreens I see
Stand like parents
Guarding their offspring,
They, ready to face
The army of winter.
(Majestically speaking).

The log where I sit
Layed down many years before,
(As the whiskers on its bark
Making its character leads me to know).

And, that if no interfering
Perhaps another will sit
And ponder those things

In ways that speak
When thoughts are few ...

THE RING

It's a ring, not just a ring
It's a ring that wants to sing.
To sing to you its song of love
The one it holds the memory of.

For in its memory, it did feel
The love it felt, that made it real.
A love the ring now holds onto
Like a love that's always new.

And, no matter where the ring may lay
The love it holds will not decay.
For it is there, it has been saved
And has since, that fateful day.

And so this song it will remain
Until the last will sing the same.
For it was then that it became
For that is when it was ordained.

Now it's a ring, not just a ring
It's a ring that wants to sing.
To sing this song of love that's true
The ONE that says, I do; love you ...

THE ONE

Everybody loves Jaimie, and Jaimie loves everyone.
She is like a child that makes souls smile,
'Cause Jaimie is really the ONE.
She is the ONE that we look for,
The ONE that makes the heart whole.
That's why everybody loves Jaimie,
'Cause Jaimie will never be old.

When she dances she dances with freedom,
'Cause freedom is the partner she holds,
Jaimie is the child who's inside us,
Jaimie is the rose that unfolds.
She raises her hands to the music,
Reaching up to the sky,
She puts a white light all around her,
And her love just begins to fly.

She dances with snake like moves,
With a body that's just as smooth.
She is the full moon's mood,
As the love from both does ooz.
She's a crystallized Island of glass,
Reflecting love out to the last,
She's the dew and smell of sweet grass,
Jaimie is the ONE we can't pass.

She's the fairy dust in a beam,
When light through a window is seen.
She's beautiful tall and lean,
'Cause Jaimie is the ONE God dreamed.
She's loved by every known flower,
'Cause that is in her power,
To love whatever she sees,
Which means love for you and me.

Jaimie is the child who's inside us,
She, is God manifest.
At the same time she's mother and mistress,
Goddess and waitress at best.
'Cause Jaimie is really the ONE,
The ONE that makes the heart whole.
'Cause Jaimie is the ONE that we look for,
Jaimie is the ONE in our soul!

NIGHT'S LOVE ...

The NIGHT held you
Like it hold's its own precious stars.
Your face reflected a quiet love,
As Night's own shadow fell across.
And Night had, just had to hold its breath,
When seeing your love freed.
Like a star that shoots across the sky for all to see,
(The one that ignites all other to shimmer),
Night finally slept while holding you
In his shadowy arms, as your head rested
Upon his shoulder, it too freed; by love ...

The curtain blows
And I blow with it.
The music plays
And so do I.
I think of you
And lose the minute,
When yesterday,
Says goodbye.

YOU ...

YOU

You teased my heart
Till it played
It's song of love
The one it held so deep
I didn't even know
Where it was
Or, if it even existed.

Yes you
The one that awoke
This music within
That music that some
May even call its sin
As if it's a place
Not to be crossed
Like a place reserved
For some false Gods.

Yet when the music played
It rose within me
Like a magical wave
That washes, polishing
Stones into gems
Gems to be set and worn
By the newly ordained
Kings and queens.
With the rest being strewn
About the sea
Setting it afire.

And in this song
This feeling, a texture
In music I could touch
Pressing my fingers deep
Into its liveness
As much so to taste it
On my finger tips
Like one might a tear
That comes to the eye
Of a love.

And now I wonder
How I ever could have forgot
When you were always there
You – you
This song in my heart ...

I SWIM WITH YOU ...

I swim with your
Light and your glory

I swim with the thought
Of you.

I swim with it deep
Inside me

I swim with it
More than what's true.

I swim with it
When I am happy
And especially when
I am sad.

I swim with it
When there's no story

Or witness to what
Makes me glad.

I swim with you
In these quiet rooms

Like a bath in
Subtle perfumes.

I swim with you
In that sacred place

Where the blood meets
The dark of the moon.
I swim with you
You that is everywhere

In everything
That I touch.

I swim with you
More than just yesterday

Because I, just love you;
So much ...

THE VOW OF NOW

I will be here with you with no distractions; right now.

I will lose myself in you; right now.

I will mix with you in this moment; right now.

I will love you as no other; right now.

My heart and my soul will be yours; right now.

My purpose will come together; right now.

I will be with you as ONE forever; right now.

This I vow to you; right now!

THAT PLACE ...

The Owl watches as dams break
Spewing liquid love.
Washing, soaking, cleansing and healing,
While on its way to the Sacred Sea.

Because, Isis, Venus, Athena and Lilith
Their love imprisoned was being freed.
And so the journey long overdue
Attracts the Wolf, as in you, and me.

The Wolf thirsty drinks from her waters,
Licking her wounds along the way.
Answering the call that awoke inside them,
Just as the Sun calls on day.

Lost in the passion of purified pleasure,
Waves rise from the ocean's floor.
Reaching like fingers cradling a candle,
Reaching for That Place; without a shore! ...

BLACK ALICE ...

Black Alice when on the move
Every turn she takes is smooth.
Can't get enough of her because,
Every inch of her is LOVE.

Her breath it sets the soul on fire
She takes you to that place that's higher.
Black Alice she is the ONE
That is the setting of the sun.

Her lips are night's only fuse
All the stars are hers to use.
And when her light sweeps the sky
Stars ignite and want to fly.

Black Alice opens the doors
To shades of dark not seen before.
And if so lucky she should kiss
She always leaves you with her bliss.

Black Alice is the silhouette
That makes the body want to sweat.
She is the thought you cannot shake
And so it is, one long's to take.

And when she finally says goodbye
She leaves you with her in your eye.

Until the next time she does grace
To take you to her sacred place.

SACRED WATERS

I drink from your
Sacred waters
Those waters that came
From our mother's tears
I drink and I feel replenished
Dispelling the myth of those ancient fears
The Owl approves that stands by us
Letting the night have its way
For nothing can come between us
No more will fear have the say
The garden has called us as before
To be and so this birth
Preparing the way for those to come
To be a light for this our earth
And so it is that we must shine
To show the way though dark the night
Lighting with flame so eyes can see
Just as the Owl to give her; sight.

I AM THERE ...

A clip of your hair,
And I am there ---
(I love you so much!)

It is there beyond the grave – complete.
Seducing my mind and my soul
With its power of you, speaking to me.

It is as if; I've been allowed, inside you,
Into that place, that only God has been,
And I; so long to be.

A clip of your hair,
And the winds of the Sahara, swirl and sweep
Sands made smooth, (Just for us)
Making way for true love to walk its dunes,
And share its virgin bed ...

A clip of your hair,
More precious than the finest of jewels,
Wears around my neck, touching my heart
With a golden hew, lighting my soul
With its glow.

A clip of your hair,
And I am there,

I am there;
With you! ...From one clip, of your hair ...

I love you ...

...JUST TO LET YOU KNOW ...

When I hold you in my arms, my thoughts stop.
And when our tongues touch, it's as if they are one.
My restless soul becomes still, and a joy fills the spaces
In my mind, and there's no place that I'd rather be,
Than with you, and THAT love, that hold's back time ...
See; mountains that once were, just dissolve, as if to
Melt into the ether, the great void, that can only be described
As pure consciousness, pure bliss. Proving that love exists,
THAT love, not even day can take away – I know!
Because, today the touch remains. Why? Because,
It is what was behind it! And so today, the blues
Look bluer, as do the greens and reds. And the troubles
Of all the yesterdays, have joined the living dead.
All because, you are there instead.
And so it is I wait for you, on the top of the mountain.
With THAT love that stills the seas, moves mountains,
And find's itself everywhere! With THAT love, I wait;
For you! ...

LAUGH WITH LOVE

Laugh with love

And let the night laugh too!

Feel your love,

That's surrounding you.

Touch that love

That is everywhere.

Laugh with love

It is in; the air ...

I SEE YOUR FACE

I see your face in my soul.

And; its really a deep, dark feeling; THIS LOVE.

Much darker than the nights before when my soul would
leave.

Because; Now it covers me inside and out with its mystical
web.

Like a veil weaved of gold thread attaching me to THIS, and
this that wants more of THAT!

THIS, that is in the bliss of the ether, the BREATH that
breathes, breathes its sweet self from IT,

To me, Through you ~

The true face inside my soul.

WHY, WHAT, AND WHERE

Why does one touch one so profoundly
To excite the centers to ignite?
Entering thoughts, thoughts that swim
With the one, carrying them like a mighty river
When rushing a passenger towards the waiting sea?

What is it that we find in another
That isn't found in ten thousand leaves?
What is that, that when we do, it makes us
Somehow once again to believe in you, and; me?

And where are you outside of this thought
That wants you beside it confirming what's real?
And where are you if you're not here
Where are you this one I can feel?

And where will it end this that begins
The wanting it has, is it just ether
Above the sky, or the shade of light
That makes blue? Or, is it THAT LOVE
That entered, that makes the heart renew
What it always has known, through YOU

SHE THE TREE

She The Tree
Calls to her
Those of us
Blind to see
The beauty in

Her nature
So natural
And so free.

She waves her branches
Where she stands
A movement for
Her host the land
While underneath
Let's shadows fall
Gracing those of us
She calls,

To witness
She The Tree
Fulfilling her
Sweet destiny
For part she plays
And has to be
Because of love
For you and me
She gives to thee
For She's; The Tree.

And the sweet that decorates

Makes eyes swell and sweat, as if puffing
On a magical, medicinal plant
Taking them to a psychedelic mystery of mind
Where all things are kept, kept to be nurtured
For the senses, assuring us the Oneness
Of all things. All things that float in the Oneness
Of mystery as in She The Tree.

Her fruits, ornaments that dangle
Lit by the river that flows through
Hearts, seducing some to paint
With words her perfect form.
A form that keeps rolling over
As in thoughts, trying to see
What else there is to find, like,
Sweet to rind. A narcotic from
Tree to vine, now doing time
Pollinating those that wait
Like bird or bee from She The Tree
To take, as do I, so She can fly,
And NEVER, NEVER; die!

LOVE'S MYSTERY

And you swallow what makes the eyes to see,
The D.N.A. in all life's mystery.
That which open's hearts to finally be,
Like the soul that finally set's this body free.

And a love is felt that is jealous as the wind.
For nothing can escape or hold this love that lies within.
Like a storm that raises waves to feel again
That ecstasy before the calm descends
To swallow its own mystery, and love; that has no end ...

CANDLES

Ten candles burn outside,
One burns inside all alone.
Ten candles giving night some light,
While the one inside just burns
The bone.

It must be another Christmas,
Or the rejection of last week.
Or maybe it's what the soul
Goes through, before it goes
To sleep.

Or maybe it's just plain bad luck,
Or karma for the past.
Or maybe it's nothing more than this,
Candles, that don't; last

CHELSEA.....

She moves like an excited cat.

Filled with life and nowhere to go.

Her library is unkept, strewn here and there,

Like men that she meets.

(None being able to understand her true desires.)

She's reaching, that is, wanting to reach,

Reach that incredible unknown.

That place where few ever, ever find.

Her beauty is; well, she is desire itself,

And so close to; THAT, that channel,

Where light first begins, that spiral

An elegance only she knows,

But, knows not what to do with it.

All because of mores of this day,

This time; this place

AN AFTERNOON WITH ASHLEY

The sand was soft
As the spot in my heart

That was left there.

The river flowed
Meandering its way
As we did.

And the sky was clear
As the smile on your face
That love hid,

As we sang and danced
With heavy breath
That laughter rid.

Then Woody Allen
Stumbled with words
That his desire threw.

But he understood
The reasons behind
What you knew.

Like a seed one plants
With a gentle kiss
The one that grew,

And so we left it there
Just like that
'Cause it was true.

And the leaves they peaked
On that day
Just for us.

As the apple did
With its fresh red skin
We both would touch.

And like the sheep we watched
We too were led
'Cause we let go.

And because of it
We saw the web
In trees that sew.
And the ring that felt
To you so real
A weaved one like
The web would seal
The love we shared
That made us feel
That afternoon
Its freedom heal.

Now later (That evening)
Just to let you know
I watched the moon of balance
(The one half black and half white.)
Appear out of a well defined cloud.
(Those kind you can see without obtrusive lights)
Only to stand
In front of that cold vast space
Reaching into the stillness of the unknown.

And I thought about our conversation
Concerning the ending of Good and Evil
That some still want to hang on to.
But, there it was, confirming that illusion,
Illuminating one and all with the real truth.

Stay FREE my love,
Stay Free!

THE LITTLE LIGHT

She walks without compunction
And prays with humility
She is the candles very heart
The fruit for all to see.

Her makeup is her beauty
With scarf that hides her hair
Yet open like her eyes
So green, alive and bare.

She is the white of the dune
The quick of the sand
The one who holds the shift through winds
And stills again the land.

She is the mother and the child
Her innocence completes
The soul that lies beneath the sword
That holds the one true peace.

She is, Mohammed's bride,
The well, when we thirst
A sister to the sun
An equal to the first.

She is the mountain that I climb
The wolf that waits on top
She is the woman that I love
The woman men have sought.

She is; Roshanak ...

EMBRACING ALL

I love Jesus my brother and Mary his mother
And God the father of all. I love Krishna and Buddha
Mohammed and Judah and all those who rose from the fall.
I love what can be with peace that is free, and right here
For anyone. It's the sea it's the land, the place
Where we stand, and all because what LOVE has done.

It's the feelings we have the joy and the sad,
As each day that's filled with surprise.
It's life, it's the death, it's the sun that will set,
That someplace always will rise. It's the things
That we hoe and the things that we grow,
That gives us a little insight. But it's love with its grace
And mysterious face that I sit here and think and to write.

I love Jesus my brother and Mary his mother
And God the father of all. I love Krishna and Buddha
Mohammed and Judah and all those who rose from the fall.
I love what can be with peace that is free and right here
For anyone. It's the sea; it's the land the place
Where we stand and all because what LOVE has done,
It's all because what LOVE has done, it's all because
What LOVE has done

Compassion open's the door
To the Weaver's field.
Made of the Lamb's Skin!

Faith results in Rapture and Bliss!
When Grace
Sweeps Itself within.

HEART OF HEARTS ...

Oh heart of hearts
Why am I so hard to find
When you are always there
In this heart where we both dine?

I see you there as in the light
Light that comes with day.
And there again when the night
When night just wants to play.

And when I look around
I see you all the time
So heart of hearts please tell me
Why am I so hard to find?

I feel you like the breeze
That whispers to the grass
I see you like the butterfly
Before its wings attach.

I hold you in that place
That place that has no time.
I look in to my heart
And see you there as mine.

Can the outside be separate
When love is there within?
Can the blue bird fly solo
Without the help of wind?

Can love be silenced

Though the earth it may divide.
Can the thief who got away
Can the thief ever hide?

Can you love another
Another without love?
Can you find what isn't lost
Like the sky above.

I love you that is all I know
And you are always there.
You are the very breath
This breath I breathe as air.

And if that heart of hearts
Is just too blind to see,
I'll give it time to find itself
And then, it will find me

*Always love like it's the last time
You will ever have the chance!*

YOU LIGHT UP MY WORLD ...

You light up my world
And give it eyes to see.
You fill it with color
And geography.
And all I need
Is to think of you
And there you are
You're in full view.

You light up my world
And give it music to hear
Music so deep
It needs not my ear.
Yet every note
Is a diagram of you
And there again,
You are in my view.

You light up my world
And erase all my fears.
And that because
You're always right here.
All I need, is to feel
What is true.
And there again,
You're in my view.

You light up my world
And the roses give scent.
With a fragrance that speaks
To the heart where it's meant.

And it touches and does things
No flower can do,
Because there again,
You're in my view.
You light up my world
With a taste for this life.
And my spirit is fed
Enjoying each bite.
And I take each mouthful
And I chew and I chew
Because once again;

You're in my view!
And, I love you.

SWOLLEN

The river swollen brown
Makes its way to the sea
Carrying with it all
Of yesterday's debris.

Tomorrow it will still
With blue and green to be
Until it swells again so much
It must empty; to be free!

THE BRIDE

Reach for life as if she's the bride,
Lay together as one side by side.
It is a gift for the senses to know,
Treat her well and her rivers will flow.

Let each day be your wedding night!
Keep her close hold her tight!
Tell her you love her, and will always be true,
And there's nothing that she, won't give to you.

She will give you things to smell and taste,
Beautiful scents and foods without waste.
She will let you feel her and hear what she longs,
Her textures are many and sweet are her songs.

She will let you see in ways you have not,
For you are the eyes for all that she's got.
She waiting for you to just open wide,
For she is this EARTH, SHE is; THE BRIDE!



IN THE SMOKE

Left over ashes from an everyday smoke
Smudge a cinder block wall.
Blocks that I with pipe been tapping
Leaving behind this trail that would fall.

This day appears without its makeup
Plain and simple dressed in grey.
Much like smoke I am puffing
Watching rise and drift away.

Life is really left over ashes
With thoughts mixing in the smoke.
I know that I will not out last them
As sure as lips that suck and toke.

A rosemary bush inhales my thoughts
Now scented in its brush like leaves.
Leaves like needles soft and pliable
Waiting for someone to touch and retrieve.

[The words that float as ashes fly
In the smoke where they will lie
Together where they will not die
After the burn that says goodbye.]

The smoke reaches above the skyline
Floating around with words that rhyme.
Here below the smudge behind them
Waiting for now just serving; their time

KELLY

God sent me a flower child
Who brought me some lilies
A flower of summer
And one of forgiveness
We prayed together
After hugging a tree
Raising our arms
For the almighty to see.

Bring heaven to earth
Was one message she brought
Letting go, again I was taught
“We are the future
We’re here, it’s now!
The garden has called us
Our Spirits endowed.”

“There is a place
Where streams you can drink
With mountains and dunes
And like minded do think
You need to come”
With a smile so in love
This healer, this angel,
This flower, this dove.

“There is a buffalo
Exposing itself
And also a white bear
When snows come about
It’s a place where shamans

And Hopi reside
As well as spirits
Waiting the tide.”
She’s a Colorado hippie
And Kelly’s her name
A kindergarten teacher
A hitch hiking dame
“You should meet my students
Little Bodhisattvas they are
Embodying the Tao
And the happiest by far.”

She’s fearless in faith
And testing it yet
Not buckling to fears
Of the populous set
Her blue eyes hold magic
And hope that divides
Those that have courage
From those that just hide.

I gave her a gift
She asked me my age
Little did I know
It was setting the stage
Her arms wrapped around me
Then a kiss on my lips
I felt their gratitude
Innocence and bliss.

She hiked here to Texas
For the love that she had
It was only in Dallas

Cops treated her bad
But now she was smiling
And she did it a lot
For the peace that is hers
She hadn't forgot.
"You need to come
To the land of forgiveness
You need to come"
She wrote this by hand
"You need to come
For the dunes that will hold you
You need to come
Because that's where I am.

Just ask for me
At the Earth Star Plaza
It's right there
In the center of town
Just ask for Kelly
Everyone knows me
And I'll really be happy
To show you around."

She meditates, she venerates
She is, into Buddha
Vision quests tribal sweats
Don't let this gal fool ya
She eats Buffalo knows the Crow
The Turtle-peculiar?
She's not prejudice she's credulous
She's a warrior and a jewelia.

I met her later

At the Greyhound station
Brought her some food
For the trip back home
Rice and beans
Peanuts and raisins
Then left her love
Left them alone.

Later I felt
Her wonderful presence
Heard her voice
Calling me
“Daniel really
You need to come here
‘Cause that’s where I am
And you need to be.”

She said our palms
Hold our history
The one on the left
Is the karma we owe
“But this one on the right”
As she looked all excited
“Is the one with our destiny
And freedom we’ll know.”

She gave me the message
I needed to hear
I am forgiven
Have no fear

We met-no coincidence
Both just knew

It was no accident
This connection was true.

I gave her my poetry
And gifts to share
A symbol, a pipe
A sacred pair
And now that I end this
Our meeting, though rare
I suddenly realize, why,
I'm already there.

Sacred And Seamless.....June 7-2007

Her Soul shines with signature
Sacred and seamless from room to room.

Ways with deep simplicity
Hold a peace like one's love for the moon.

Shades of color wrap one's heart
With Goddesses and Buddhas
And butterflies their art.

With pinks, purples, yellows and green
Blue and white trim, and browns in between.

Eireen, and Isolt, Pele and Shelt
Their words of love are felt throughout.

She sits...I stand
She sits...I kneel
She sits...I crave
She sits...I feel
All that she's got.

Love is abundance (Not material)
Like a child who knows love
Without being taught.

Tapestries decorate togetherness with form
Just like the sunflower that survived the storm.

And I sit in her presence taking her in

Sacred and seamless, without; as within.....