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New Year's Eve 1999

As the twentieth century turns over
lightning remains alive
 worth tasting
 and swallowing.

Inside this storm of history,
the tracking of time
its divisions and obstacles,
exists the movement of creation.

Over the drone of traffic and technology,
the quickened release of possibility.
 the existence of ribcage and heart
 the chance to exhale and inhale
 cloud painted by wind.

Solar flares and sunspots mark our detention,
keeping track of satellites
whose fingers have scratched the sun.

The Call

These are dangerous times
to live without love
to exist without beauty in our eyes.
These are times of hard loving,
the calling forward of regard
untangling of uncertainty
the time of light, star people and beginnings,
the moment in our ribcages.

For Our Sons and Daughters

where are you
heart of my heart?
what landscape cradles you
within her arms?
are you in the place of dreams
where you are held
by the bluest of blue
whispered to by sheaves of wheat
spoken to by stone
soothed clean
by these words?

san francisco, february 1999

Touching Down

A photograph falls to the ground
at two years, laughter in your eyes reminded me I was alive
at nineteen a glint shines as you write a poem.
Your humour cut through the telephone line
followed by your sadness at such a distance
and how I wanted to fly to you from mountain to valley,
severing our missing the other throughout this past year.
How do I arrange the telling of the journey
doing so without dislodging new possibilities or outcomes?
Now of all times I cannot remember the questions.
I only recall my own search for new rhythms and tone,
the leaping skyward seconds before falling through darkness,
the taste of splintered light as language lands.
How can I not understand or love the abandonment
required to free fall toward one's own heart.
The stepping into your life as an adult while shedding
the last skin of youth,
the quickened release of lightning and thunder
toward winter's end and the petals of spring.
I want to pass on the secret of movement without the
recklessness involved
except I am still leaping myself,
eyes tight shut, arms spread
and have I gained any insight or knowledge
beyond the ability to trust in the inevitable touching down?

A Poem For Your Journey

For your freedom words were burned in my stomach,
the slow rising moon wept at your name.

I turned over, then faced the stars that murmured
the memories left in your tracks.

Homeward-bound a flock of geese searched the horizon
for relatives or the companionship of a roaming traveller.
They had crossed paths earlier when both in their youth.

Stars carry family names and the history of the passage
of time.

Listening to them a young man hitchhiked across
an unnamed constellation.

He searched for the map of his own story,
following the flickering road lit by the fingertips overhead.

There were moments of darkness when he relied on
the intuition of his own solitude.

In the silence he was certain he could hear a star in labour.
Always he turned in the direction of the moaning,
hoping to be present at its delivery,
knowing they were his own relatives or possibly friends.