

The Marina

May 23, 2009

So many memories are now only mine
So many people, they no longer are amidst the house-
that-saddens me for the new faces have no reason to
remember

I do not wish to consecrate them
Why are they not here?
and, so they tackle me in my dreams
and I remember and long to be
taken back in time to once again be with them
for one more warm summer,
one more evening
one more time on the lawn
where and when the parties were lit with torches
the mulchen ground turned to stone
where on warm evenings the dark-night became a best
friend
where the spiders hung from the walls and dropped from
the ceilings
for the lights-were always on
the road sign was as big as it could be
the boats could wash away or sink but never were going
anywhere
at the Marina

Funeral parties, wedding parties, search and rescue
parties; and the regatta of boats-

ladybugs and green sea-monsters- shipwrecks and the
sinking of the "belle from hell"

Remember that it was not always like-this

or just remember the roses

giant bushes- pieces of which still survive - somewhere
else

skeletons of once did stand there still

while passing days turns pages

where we make our reservations

and the computer has us all there

anyone could come back, pop in and aloha she still works
and remembers

How the silent glass rooms haunt me at night

How it feels strange to be alone there

as if the air and dust still did vibrate

-was infused with echoes

-roaring laughter to the ear

-with the interspersed shrill cackle

some screams, shrieks and cries

It did seem like the walls would crumble from the outside,
as if the duck would into the river fly

the big white goose only exists now in memories

off ski jumps in big balloon heated tents

garlic festival, garlic brownies, garlic wine

how the relics in the attic and the photos in the office

haunt my mind

We could simply float the house like a boat

we could take her down the rivers-

to warm weather in the winter-
so we can rock and roll all night
we can land and pick up
who we miss now
on our way there.
Come now, we are open lunch and laugh, launch your
boat here
guest dock, fly in, tie up
the wind may rock you
the atmosphere may shock you
exactly like this- is no other kind

Some day when will wake and life be different
-Does this mean that our dreams will be?
All the people who chose to leave-
For not of need of shelter nor food
they packed their bags and flapped their wings'
and off into the night breeze flew -[were they longing to be
different]
Did they chose to be?

Their names are only words I speak
Or, were they always only words?
So, but I miss their touch that fades into dark pain
The empathy I feel
And for each other and in-between there are more than
simple names for things
and others unsaid
others dead and buried,
ashes or invalid

or grown into something different