

Texture Poem

July 4th, 2009

When some morning, like all they do -the birds sing
bursting shrill - all so warm noises sleep through

Nothing same surround them but light as air
and the sleepy language between them and clouds speak

They speak come rain in daylight, block the sun
dress the moon, mornings and twilight

So come clouds and speaker your wispy voice rain
tell the cherished stories, share your evening
For I am by atmosphere where in the rainy season-
everything is
and so to for will be everything together
built out of determination
that is nothing ever built

So it be a memory and never more meaningless
it has no odor and taste - not like the fleshy brain residue
so be it caught up in the forests
-what stones around call to you
-what do textures speak to you
as you run your hand across them
-stone surfaces, iconography
run your hand across the water
the sunlight and the air
what does the ash of me feel to you?

What does it speak? with no words
but other side of who is empathy
cast about in long sighs, eye movement, signs and
sacrifices
and a radiation of textures that dare to speak
they cannot fail you now will I ever dare-
rip apart the textures of the stones, the earthen ground
By which process some day our ashes turned to
bound time bound space together

The calm before the storm -and
how stormy it will get
here in this place
I will side by side with stormy weather
for a chance to find
comfort too good to find
in the wild wind
soaked by rain and charred by fire.