

Tribute to Sarah

Summer 2006

Do you remember last spring sprawled in your car in
harmony this is where it all begins?

-Recognizing everyone we saw and seeing no one we
knew

-except for chatty and the monkey, which crawled out of
your radio and onto our backs
and wild rides with water-windshield wipers off.

Countless car crashes. Human clashes. And miles of ashes.
Those trees filled our lungs and eyes and our minds. And
left our souls

burning in the basements of those citadels.
Ashes on lashes and lust to dust.

And the tears from the sky seem like a sign but they fall on
everything and nothing at the same time.

- We may search for and never find what we have here in
this green valley.

The jungle the rain and the fiery eyes and cries and
screams and lies and dreams.

-And we were the liars and the screamers and the criers.

-You're the princess here. You're the beggar and the
bag-lady with your car and yellow ski goggles. You're the
sidewalk sitting coffee sipping townies.

-You are every stare and soul in harmony,

-wild raw temptation desperation.

-And you were ordained here. Time stands still and wavers
at our command here-

in this valley rivers waterfall and green. But the earth shifts
under us and hands beckon from places far. And we leave
this place these trees the streets and feats and heaps of
memories behind.

A place like this we may never find.

We only have one quiver one arrow one bow one swift let
go.

When the world burst open the pieces fell crashed and
resounded in euphony.

-And as the dust was swept away there was left an echo of
utopia
even if it was only a singularity and hopeless that there is no
more.

Do you remember those green tea mornings through
Guilford?

- Spoonful after spoonful until school felt like a good idea.

Then the snow came and the blows maiming and beating
me into the scarlet frozen ground.

- And I walked my backpack all around this godforsaken
town

until my feet began to walk right on the ground.

And the virid forest walks and the brave romantic talks and
the shame of the sudden ending game as the players threw
the board and the pieces to the floor.

- And a happy birthday call threw a face against a wall as I lay in bed burning my way to sleep.

I woke dead the next day and so in bed I lay. But you were brave enough to come -

prop me up and make my heart beat.

Why do we go there every day? At first only for a vacation but now away we stay.

We travel there in cars. In bedrooms under midnight blankets.

-We travel there from rooftops and trains on broad brook and new years and on broken and forgotten bridges.

Remember sitting every day in school- so out of fuel.

- And the dry-cleaned books. And the dry-eyed looks.

And the driest minds and the driest times.

Remember my scarlet wax letter I left on silver cars in the shadow of a brick mountain- a grave stone and a monster of the past.

Remember the bark and wood I drilled holes in for those wondrous thrills.

And the dancer thin and tall whose epigraph in harmony adorn the walls a travesty of therapy or graffiti.

Me and you walking up the avenue to feed my truck with oily muck.

-We call his name but no help came. We walked so far to feed my car.

And seeing every car a squad car everytime we drive.
- Knock on cedar because they're shooting up churches
anyway.

Remember when you were Dorothy and you rose so high in
your balloon.

Remember when you were Madonna and you rocked and
rolled all night in dress and swimming in murmurs and
colors and blending rolling tones.

Remember when you were Alice and you tripped down your
rabbit hole to the wonder inside-one big one small with
monarch madness and crawlers sprawl.

Remember when you were Daisy and you woke up from
breakfast at tiffany's and decided to ferociously socialize
until we sat under green light on doorsteps at Emma's
watching the grass run and being watched from those
doctor's eyes.

Remember when you were Joan of Merlin, maid of the rain.
Your self up island branches canonized by the burning
canopy light and the ashes falling lit to the waters.

Remember when you were Helen of troy and I didn't notice
when you left and you returned- faced with a thousand
burning shipwrecks.

Remember when you were the black widow and you
wondered how you would eat the gazelle even though you
knew killing it wouldn't be a problem.

Last winter do you remember winding roads to wild parties
with tie-dye walls?

-You sitting cramped on a couch wide eyed in wonder
more than I ever have seen

Were you at the debutant black and white at the night's inn?
Like all those other dances we were rolling over the music
and the crowds.

The poverty of the people. Poor from their fast food. Dreary
from their democracy.

Starving bathed in the captivating tv glow. They mass
huddled in houses cars and parks.

Dying from what they don't know and starving from what
they do.

-They are lost but all is not.

-Their children will live. Poor from population and pollution.
Dreary from their disheveled and dissolving governments.
Starving climbing out of the darkest holes.

The machine is on the fritz contemplating life and death.

-Fearing both and having none.

-And the rain. Rain tears rain sorrows rain pain.

Macbeth spots won't wash away. Our albatross in blood
does lay.

Whatever happened to those tissue doves?

Pay homage to the fallen capitalists and the rise of
capitalism.

You'd have run out of paper before you finished.

-You'd have run out of hope before that.

Before the door of this prolific house the raving crow hops
away not afraid to fly.

Go away you lunatic and rabid man.

-And the cellist in her chair- at her song we blankly stare.
What was she thinking?

The morning walks through snow canonized in the
streetlamp glow- just to see you wake.

Do you feel we're wasting time with our bonsai state of
mind? Do you fear it too?

-Do you feel so all alone reaching cross the telephone?
Cause I feel it too.

Do you know the utter cold walking all the way from home
just to see you.

-You in that black dress that night (your vitality filled the
room and everything- pressing and
pushing on the walls) too demonically divinely perfect.
I sat at home collecting bones and imagining you
bushwhacking your way onto a nightmare.

Do you remember the mindless city? The bombs must have
scared the people away or into the god's house. Do you
remember the pedophile preacher? A king father and a
decrepit fool.

Once again you stayed up all night writing for the paper
when no one else would.

And in the conference I missed the Secretary's song
because I was being interviewed for the tv.

An entire night city to parking garage around in and all I was left with was the taste of cherry.

My mind rolled away in the airport but my disen minded body was guided by three disembodied voices until you shooed them away like flies.

Remember the pizza cowboy's girl. The princess of push. Stumbling out of every forest, ally and crawling out of every ditch and car.

-Always everywhere and never anywhere.

- And her fat cat with piercing eyes and down dog.

We all owe him our thanks and gave him our money.

And repentance we did find in the contemplating mind.
And atonement we did need as the lies began to bleed.

Remember the demigod from New York
who Drew up from his bag a month worth of time by the pound.

-Driving to the city for burning Marlboroughs.

I drew the short straw and was dared by NY's finest to display my stone working skills for you and the eyes of the mason and before a million tons of water and one small essential fire.

Where do the railroads lead? Where we walked so many times to get away but never to go away.

Where does that blue glass bridge reveal? What would happen if we didn't just take the boat around the town-
reached the end and turned around.

Where would we be if we climbed down the other side of the mountain or if we didn't stop climbing when we reached the top of trees.

And when we leave how will we go? In tears? With wild anticipation?

Will it come quiet or will it crash in cacophony?

-And which way will our tornado grow: Will it swirl to a pinnacle point and extinguish-

-Or are we only a moment away from the advent and gaining momentum?

The teeth of the world are grinding down on us more than ever.

-And it's hard to imagine a future where the bullies are so easily appeased.

Thanks for holding my head back from the surface of my pool of tears.

You should just tie my head back with string- or rope-for my head is heavy.

And how long do we have on this god-forsaken rock? Until the sun goes out.

A billion years and counting. Not really forever and hardly an eternity.

Did you know we'd die here in this valley?

Unbeknownst it'd be this afternoon- how it came so soon

Then it hit me- all its might- last night in Sarah's room

Our lives are ending here tonight and everything we know
will change
All our hopes and all our pains will stay here in this valley
waterfalls
And green walks and cemetery talks will live on here in this
valley
And we will be here too-
But tomorrow my flesh will rise and the person sitting here
has died-
In ashes you will rise too

We could stay here grapple ropes and live on here with
dreams and hopes-
And we will stay

Who we are will live on forever
In the mists and morning rides- screaming down slopes and
dissipating into the morning light

Who we are now will live on forever
here they are the solitary souls caught in the limbo of
anticipation which is the event horizon now

Who we are tonight will live on forever. And when you
rapunzel your way to harmony after dining with every
family's ghosts
you will interrupt these words and we will go forth forever

but tomorrow I will be dead
my body will rise and ashes will fall
and you will rise too