

Anima: Poems of Soul and Spirit
Issue 3, Summer 2016 (pp. 7, 15, 16, 18)

Family Feeling

One small family
upon Sagan's dot—

blue speck
traveling one galaxy's
billion stars

in the sky's
hundred billion galaxies
moving forever apart.

One small family
orbiting the sun
of its own projection—

so elemental
no lens can see

so powerful
time's transit slows

space contracting,
the sprawling universe
a brilliant kernel

absolute
apprehensible
sufficient to itself.

The Lives of Stars

What of our bones
scheduled for time's bonfire,
the rings from our fingers,
our silvered teeth?

What of the skeins of life
binding generations,
the music of our voices,
our thunderly hearts—

might our disembodied lives
like starlight have distant tellings,
spirit's fiber more durable
than our meat?

All this perennial bother of
matter relating to matter—
time itself has fashioned this
staunch handhold of our lives.

Dear ones, our days wear
like skin time's trusty fire suit.
What of life's transitoriness?
Rumors of us speed light-years on.

Pray Me No More

Kettle, dampen the fire.
Spoon, release my hand.
The Earth's laid Sun aside,
day's long hunger done.

Words, tread gently silence.
Thought, be pilgrim to the void.
Yesterday's gilded memory
enlightens tomorrow's dawn.

Incise my heart, love:
Do you find joy's limit?
Hope, shine your star
beyond time's telescope.

Vast spin and glow
ever teasing reflection
from a boundless pool of flux

pray me no more
than this glimpse of your visage
briefly lending me mine.

The Circumference of Hope

How sunlight sounds
earth's tympanum,
terrene voices answering

how valleys creep
up mountainsides
and tough-nosed trees
yield to wind's seduction:
time waxing into grace—

substance, voice,
mass and volition
starring the firmament,

emptiness defied.
Mind be that universe
sheer insistence imagines,
breath's bellows forging
eternities sacrosanct as stone.