

Migration (For Sara)

Migrating flocks return
with timeless maps
engraved in instinct
when the sun tilts by degrees
and bud thickened trees
hint of green.
In exile thoughts
try linking into action
and rush by
past timeless words.

How can I go
and make my way
when maps lie
crumpled with no north.
trust the sound
my silent lips will make,
and meet in season
lips of one I know not
to signal my returning
to a place that we will make
when maps are true again.

A year of silence is broken
and small fickle words
rush forth as clumsy infants
who don't know yet
of such things as hope.

When my eyes ache in tired glances
and my lung beg for uncharcoaled air
when my thoughts clearly spin
around colored patterns
to be placed
in ever-changing lengths of
much loved metal,
where is my soul
which claims to have been lost
when no longer I needed a five
Who worried about my soul.

When fever anxiously ran my brain
and each mail brought
new demands.

He then is entitled
to show concern
when my colors bring in pay
to buy more paint
more aluminum
food, trinkets and waste
and even a steel box
with wheels and engine
that is brand new.

No work
No energy
Compulsive work on trifles
Avoidance of commitments
where will the work
come from
only a month left
for the exhibit
to hang on the walls

For the past few weeks I have been held a prisoner
of indecision. I waste time and money
working on my van. School is something
that I try to avoid completely. Each day
I come in I have to face a crisis
I wish I had a year off right now.

5/12/79

My life was bought again
when the spinning van
stopped;
Shunted sideways
on the icy road.
Going west
with colors from my hand
and rushed to meet
a casual encounter.
Last minute greeting
and now your
touches mine.

Well Known stranger
and untested friend,
warmth and open mystery
now silently caressing
my being.
I wasn't to see you with my touch
to bear witness
that voices crowding my ears
are enfolded by your arms.
I will place my embrace
around you.
As did Abraham
when Hagar was abandoned
and banished from his tents.

6/23/79

Sometimes I feel the warmth
And at times doubt consumes me
Resting my head on your breast.
Answers that you provide.

Seven days of your being
Anchored near my heart
Returned from my endless wandering
Abandoning my past.

7/10/79

Your voice rests my mind,
and turns off the glare of worry
blinding my thoughts.
Telephone words
which keep the thread
of our episodes of closeness
and give reality
to dream like passages
when I sleep
in my body next to your
loving being.
Like careless children
we run around in
thunderstorms
with lightning rods
attached to our heads.
Drawing fire from
the mindless cloud

Thunderbolts not aimed.

Did you chose
to love me
only
because contrasting distance
guards your freedom?
Do I love you only
since sacrifices are rare?
Gentle voice that kisses my heart
and stops the storms from raging
I am writing these words
in the making of tides
which have receded.

I pray that my words
clear the debris of past
uncertainties.
May we look on each other's
words as bonds
linking our beings together.
A bond which
noise can not destroy.

7/14/80

Dear laughter
joy from a distance
making the sunrise
appear from the West.
There is nothing strange
in making such a statement
I only have to run
quick enough
to catch the
rainy day
and with the sun
rise above the horizon.
There is no east or west
each one exists
at my heart's whim
and at my thought's direction.
I have been running with all my speed
to stay in the constant nightfall
you give me sounds
to run even faster
and beat the sun
of its game.

4/9/80

A dream at night
I had in peace
I died
exiting, my new home
I noticed earth
that shifted with the rain
and the newly filled in space
sank below
the surrounding grass.
In calm peace
I asked a hand
standing by
to throw some more dirt
on my grave,
to even it above
the grass.
I knew I died
yet senses elevated,
calm, serene
and in good humor.
Each day, as days went by,
I discovered
new possibilities
of my new existence.
I walked and saw,
and jumped over streams
watching the changes
on my body
as skeleton took over
flesh.
Yet my feet did not
come apart
as I ran in warm
fall sunshine.
Tranquility and discovery.
In time I jumped high
above a river
and then could jump
whole oceans,
under a sunset yellow sky.
The world moved silently
below.
And soon, a point
in blue became apparent
and in the clouds
an 'iris out' was

slowly
speaking in an ever
widening circle.
I would hear a voice,
at times garbled and faint
Da, Da
And as time passed
I heard the loving voice
more distinctly
and more of vision
showed in colored cloudy sky.
Someone was trying
to teach me to say the words
Da, Da,
And as I perceived this fact
I started to forget
that days ago
half jokingly I asked
a man saying Kaddish
to add dirt to my grave
And I saw a face or faces
looking at me
and the words
Da, Da
more distinct.
I was learning,
and in this peace
I reached with hands
which had no flesh
before, and saw
my hands
reach out,
and they were
small and plump
a baby's.
As more I saw
the more I forgot
and now the sky
was almost gone
and I knew that I will
forget all
once I learn
to say
Da, Da, and wake.

I woke up,
in peace
with you beside me.

and in thoughts
where terror dwelt
I found
certainty
in continuing
creation,
and the peace
of forgetful remembering

4/9/80

In drone, self absorption
I saw you reach out
to the god within you.
Surrounded by searchers
of the self same order
you did find peace in submission,
yet why do you insist
in calculated thought
to have others submit
to your own vision.

5/5/80

Tasting our
lovemaking
on my lips
with water falling
near,
and subtle
smell of onion grass
mixed with the
honey sweet
breath of white blossoms;
the name of which
I do not know.
In lips love parted
I imagined
my child's head
blossoming out.
And love
desired, feared, imprisoned
in my body
torn from your lips
arched and spurted
life-love matter
on your breast.

Black and fuzzy
tiny caterpillar
undulating on
my fingers
I will place you
back upon the
leafy grasses
with a breath.

Yellow blanket
thoughts returning
my hair casts a shadow
on the page.

Why can silent letters
move me, when the voice
locks most all doors.

Part of life
is life returning
Part of taking
is giving more.
Part of grieving
is the taking
of what the other
will give freely
Cosmic fear
lives within me
Hidden by the
watchful
and perceiving
mind.

I must love if first
to fight it.
love it more
to be in peace.
I cannot tell
or believe in
that your
fears
are something less.

Like a magnet
I draw
daggers
which are not

aimed at
my breast.
And like
a shrapnel
blinding nova
my words
tear into your flesh.

Who is sharing?
Who surrenders?
Who would give more,
and take less?

Who is righteous?
Who's abandoned?
who wants peace,
and mind at rest?

Give to me
three times over
what you think
I give to you.
And I will give
three times counting
more what I
feel is my due.

Tear me not
with words to right me.
Help me
when I need
no help.
In truth, I love you
with no measure
calibrated to show the mark.
I will not leave you.

5/15/80

In gently drawn
warmth from your
lips
my being
disperses
in your love.

Again
tell me
you love me
with gentle
moist warmth
of your kiss.

7/17/80
TWO MOONS

Taste you would
again
the sweet bread
which was tossed
to us both
separately
after we did shred
the mud for bricks
without straw.
I did drink the waters
so sweet,
that I saw not
either the clay
or dung mixed in it.
No miracles
but sweat to rend
the sea; And love is a poorer guide
than a pillar of
fire and smoke.
Who will lead us
for forty years
to birth in us
a generation
that remembers not
that sweet bread and water?
Prisoners of our Freedom!

I walked without you
yet with you in my thoughts.
I saw two moons
shining brightly.
the night was twice illumed
and stop I did
to see the reflection
in the pond above the valley.

Two moons,
would it change the beauty
should one cease
and not have been?
Would the sky be blessed
by a luminous globe
had it not been mirrored below?
And I know
that the pond
would not
of itself add a sun
shining brightly
had I not
been fixed on the porch
of my house.
Two moons shone together
because all was in
its place
And my eyes looking for you
saw the lights together.

What new song would you sing
in the land of Goshen?

7/25/80

Beckoning to stir
in jealous dreams,
with leaden
shoulders walking
snail like on the ground
awake.
Tasks awaiting,
and my wanting
to take new strength
in Gaeia's touch
each time I fall.
Has my love
crippled
sounds from my lips.
Where flames
to soothe
scorch instead.
Speaking in tongues of fire
I can't understand the
soft continuous
bathing of your
soul.

7/25/80

Selfish
in wanting
your world around
me,
when I
have placed
my world
around
you.

Peace
is not in
conflicts with
your person,
when time
to link
our beings
shows my love
to be
confining.

If I need you
Why
it is only
to reach out
to you.

And you
and I
as us
endures.

I ask you

if you
love
me,
to say
that I
love
you.

I hear
not sounds
but touches.

So often
touch this
selfish man.

Mouths of others,
loved by us,
herald your
return.

In seconds,
long as decades,
you will be
in our room.
I'll greet you
with my
written sounds
and arms
connected to
my heart.
I love you
more than ever
and never
should we
part.

7/25/80

Answering a question
that you have
never asked,

I continue
"My seed
be little
only, for
on fertile
ground
it can
not fall.

Little,
only because,
when tilled
to ripen,
it is cut
before the
fall.

When I
must leave
the fields."

7/25/80

In a nest
of gaping beaks
why do I feed
the one
who has
the most
of girth.
Why do I
dive in
shallow water,
and gnaw
on rock
when grain
is near?
You,
be my pilot
to safer
harbors
now.

7/25/80

To truly
love you
you must be real.
And real
you love
in my
dreams.
I dream
to wake,
and real
I find
you here,
along my dream.
I love
to wake
to touch
you.

7./28/80

Jig sawed square
and diamond

tiling.
Color bouncing
off the walls
Start confusion
out of
patterns.
Logic
soft
and gentle
mind.
What
have I
left
to chances
to repeat
again,
again.

8/5/80

Don't listen
to blind mouths.
You hurt from
sounds
made to go
around you,
yet they pierce
your mail - less
soul.
I'm sorry
that my eyes
reflecting you,
distort the meaning
of sounds I make.
Do you know
and do you hear
past my own blindness
in truth
when I am essence,
you are content.

1/17/81

Number twelve,
which is really
numbers without count,
is finished.

Calming the mind
tossed aimlessly
on paper charts.

Seducing the essence,
simply and divorce
safe, steady patterns
repeated before.

A molecule has moved,
and with it
the earth spins
on a new axis.

Number thirteen
fourteen, fifteen
on my mind-
tomorrow will be
eighteen.

2/17/81

What keeps me from being,
asleep?

To place past worries
in the future
is not my goal.

Keeping away now
these few extra minutes
makes the future touch
of you warmer still.

My eyes tell me
that my hands
have just now
really learned to steer
the colored pencil.

And the direction
which earlier I could not
see or leave alone,
is now apparent
I could not leave it
at the place of business

knowing my peace
would have to wait.
I bought
and fought.
Now the battle is a draw.
And the future
seems to hold victories
Peace is next to you
when you understand.

2/28/82

Respectable Hopes
eight months of
striving to work
Stay tuned
Sleazy show
try again tomorrow.

3/3/82

With no name to others
You are all the
names to me.
With every color
reflected in my
eyes
I see more clearly
that your name
tints them
with beauty.

**3/16/82 1:55 A.M.
TO SARA, WHILE YOU SLEEP.**

Finally
a cup of tea
from a once
used tea bag.
five metal grates
of art works
are all primed.
Three are nailed in
already.
Two more
to do tonight,

and I can go into the house
and lie down
beside you.

Sometimes it seems
that to accomplish
something
I have to chase
my own shadow.
And as I ran
towards it,
and away
from the light,
the shadow
gets longer
and that much
more unreachable
until I'm so far
away from the
light bulb
that the
night and
the shadow
become one.
I love the night.
And I'll keep on
lighting new lamps
to cast new shadows
to chase again.

3/16/82

A parable for those who don't want others to define who they are, or what makes one a Jew.

In a forest there lived a bear. The fact that he was a bear meant very little to him, he just went about his business doing whatever he used to do all the time. One day the King of the country came to the forest to hunt for deer. He had no luck and could not find a deer all day. Returning home he spotted the bear, and since he did not want to go home empty handed, he took a shot at the bear. Fortunately he missed, and the bear got away.

Why me? wondered the bear. Why shoot at me. The other animals tried to explain. You are a bear. Your meat is tasty and your fur can make a great winter coat or a fine rug in front of the king's fireplace.

"But why me. I don't feel particularly like a bear. I am just me."

"Well," said the animals, "you are a bear and that's it."

"I'm not going to have anyone decide who or what I am!" said the bear. "If I chose I can be anything at all. In fact, from now on I am a rabbit." He started eating grass, and hopping around the forest. He would try to move his ears back and forth, and he mastered quite well how to move his nose and upper lip just like any rabbit.

"Just like a bear," said the other animals, "always trying to pass for a rabbit."

Well, the king returned to the forest, this time well-armed and looking for bear.

The bears heard about this hunt and made all possible efforts to run or hide. But not our friend. "I might have been a bear before, and my parents were bears, but now I chose to be a rabbit. The king is hunting for bear, and it is really tough for those who could not reason as well as me and still remain bears."

Thus when the king was walking through the forest, he saw this big bear hopping along, wiggling his ears and nose, and even occasionally stopping to eat some grass. The bear made no effort to run or hide. The king took careful aim at the bear. This time he did not miss, but the bear, wounded, was able to run away.

Licking his wounds, he thought bitterly. "Why me again. I was a rabbit. I am a rabbit. Unfortunately, the king is not as well informed. Well, I guess I am a bear, and I'll have to learn to live with this fact."

A few months later, the king returned to the forest to hunt. He was hunting rabbits this time. The bears were relaxed. No worry for us this time, they said and went about their business.

But our bear went running through the forest alerting all the rabbits to the danger. At first they did not want to listen. "Oh it's that silly bear again, trying hard as he can to ingratiate himself to us," they said.

But when they saw the king and the other hunters, they realized that the bear was telling the truth and they started to run. As they ran they noticed that the bear was running away with them. Thank you for your warning, bear, but why are you running this time? The king is not hunting for you. He is hunting for rabbits."

I'm running away because once the king shoots and kills me, how am I going to explain to him that I am not a rabbit?"

The moral to this story is that if you are an animal in the woods, don't try to be something you are not, and realize that when the king goes hunting, he hunts for you.

3/30/82

I once drank from a fountain
when I was young.
Without fail I believed it
to hold the truth
about not getting old.
But I look in the mirror now
and older eyes look back
in question.
And what fills my cup
and what quenches my thirst
is only water.
The truth is
that water
can take
the shape
of whatever vessel
it calls home.
And seventy percent of me
does obviously change.
Take care to see me
for what I am
and not for what
I can easily piss away.
Don't blame the
container, for as a sieve
it will hold nothing.
And nothing even you
can not contain
by your side.
In what dreams
do you be awake
and see things past
in brilliant colors?
In what guest
do you place your fate
with those that could
not, even in the nearest past,
dream?
Why do you send to look
into a full chalice
and see it empty,
or even less
filled with an evil
vile and unknown fluid.

This taste
overtaking joys from all
the other senses.
Is there that little of you
than my
ravenous
appetite
can consume you whole?
Or am I the food that with no desire,
no hunger
but with good taste
you move around on the plate,
eating sparingly
since there is so much more
left in the pot.
Your past feasts
are legends now.
And perhaps
they were much more to
your liking.
But there is so much more in me
to be tasted.
But, even I will
turn rancid
if left out
uncared or unprotected.
If I think of you as a fountain
of perpetual youth,
I will not hunger more
for your gifts
If I think of you as only
water
I'll have to drink from
your source,
because otherwise,
I will not survive.

'TITLES'

They thrice presented me
with kingly crowns,
which I did thrice accept.

Once in blind faith
Once in triumph
Once with misgiving.

Now a fourth crown
could perhaps ease
the weight of the other three

Or will it too
tarnish with time
and sink my spirit anew.

How many crowns will
I accept again
forgetting what I want.

I am an artist!

Note 10/25/2008

I am placing these poems on the web-page today, the Migration is long over! I found my Home, my Homeland, with Sara Nuss-Galles, Jeremy and Arlie Haft.