environmental rubber-stamp

is there no turning back
after signing land contracts
in black, India ink?

is the point
of no return
to not scribble on watermarked,
recycled agreements
at world summits?

is what awaits us
written large
on melted ice caps,
ravaged tree stumps
and submerged graffiti walls
that will not seem
to go away?

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upside

when small birds have flown away
and naked eyes can see
a slight dust
filling the empties.

when a rescue party
is left standing
after playing global musical chairs
peering into windows
trying to get back inside
to take that luxurious
breath of relief.

when hollow bottles
float this way
from steely oceans
containing one message
written on dull bond paper
taken out of xerox machines

neglecting to inform us
what was long forgotten-
the wind blowing though silky hair
on this joyous ride,
on this happy day
is too precious
to ignore.

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what am I?

what am I?
except what you see
in your mind's eye.

I am the touch
you may have felt
a millennium ago.
now you
see into me.
into yourself.

I am the faint apparition of you.
I am what is there,
what is not there
at the very micro-second
that you need
a reflection in the mirror,
a hand to hold.

I am your deepest truth
in the form
of what you make me to be.
the corner-section of a smile.
the curve of a shoulder
just before
you lay your head to rest.
the open arms
welcoming you
to the entrance
of knowing.

what am I?
I am the long line-up
of all those
you have ever met.

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who am I?

I am the beauty you don’t see.
I am the gentle embrace
before you realize you
needed one.
I am the lover of life
and the creative force that may seem invisible,
but not to those who have felt
the soft touch
of my spirit
whisper the secret of peaceful solitude into their ear.
I am like you.
I feel. I grow.
I learn
to mold clay
into the shape of a dragon.
into the shape
of this thousand-sided
day.

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who am I not?

who am I not?
I'm not defined
by that miserable diner down the road
or streets of people who try to stare me down
while I hold a blue, spray paint can
ready to let it all fly
and make my mark on some random, unknown, cinder-block wall.

a signature move
would be to yell my spirit out
of the one window I care about.
the one looking out into the
mini-universe of (maybe)
brain-washing neon lights, billboards, store-fronts
and the like.
but that's not exactly me.

you couldn't really say I'm a compliant
little goody
as I hold a smoke
and then move way up high
while looking down at the lowest low
on this odd rollercoaster ride
throughout this city of ups and downs.

you can't say I'm nothing
because in fact,
i'm the river of tears
no one likes to deal with
and also the greatest joy
you've ever known and everything
in between.
including my piercing eyes
that see through you
right to your core being.
then I create your portrait
the one in my head
that may or may not resemble a
human likeness
so much as all the creatures, animals and nature's gifts
that exist as much out there
as they do inside me.

I am not just a woman.
I am all women.

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allow me

allow me to understand
tiny movements of a finger
by knowing
why a heart beats.

do facial muscles smile
or does subtle ether
direct them
to do so?

are tears
from dilated eyes
clear water
out of trickling streams?

or are they saturated
with awareness
that the spoken words
which caused them to flow

have the power to survive
long after
carved rocks of history
have crumbled?

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a magic act

was the purpose of the photograph
to better remember
bits of time we smiled
for little reason
except to appear
self-satisfied
at a future anonymous date?

was the next photograph meant
to freeze time?
to lock
1/ 60th of a second
into a flat cell,
framed by rectangular metal bars
and protective glass?

did we want the photograph
to stop aging?
to demonstrate to next generations
we were eternal
and boast the fact that our spirit
would not be trapped inside images
born in the likeness of their creator?

what were photographs
supposed to achieve?
except to recount the story
to unknown onlookers
that we cooperated
with making history disappear
then reappear.

a magic act of shade and form
hanging on by a single shred
of dull paper and silver bromide.
let us celebrate the discovery
that the photo will also fade
and breathe a deep
sigh of relief.

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strangely quiet

strangely quiet,
the massive ball of tangerine light
from the eastern direction
slowly, slowly, then quickly
sends an alert.

we can unplug
electric lamps,
open the window
breathe a sigh of relief.

soothing days
are counted pebbles
dancing a jig
in sparkling rivers.

while peace of mind
is staring curiously at the loom
of our ten thousand thoughts
that weaved the cloth
of our canvas tent-
a constant
shadow-maker.

so thin.
so frail.

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fine print

have we ever read the DNA
of a single seed
without an electron microscope?

did we notice the fine print?
written with eternal code
of what will become and what is?

are atoms from a fictional world?
a thought-reality
of kiln-fired building blocks?

taken from the abandoned house
down the street,
that once celebrated dreams of hope

now disintegrating, returning to its roots
just as minute hydrogen cells return,
flying back to outer space.

all looking for the right star
for the right shining light
for the right illusive love.

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Invisible locks

turn special keys
of hardened steel.
lock doors, guillotine widows
keypad vehicles.
check safes and thick walls.
smile lovingly at plastic toys
with pink plastic padlocks
before closing house
and taking the long awaited trip
for the open road
free as a cloud

but not for our bolted-shut,
barricaded spirits,
securely locked hearts
invisible threads of micro-steel wrapping the light
of who we are
in case
of an unwanted penetration
into the truth
of our unconscious fires
and innocent nothingness.

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Atlantic-Pacific time

Our purpose was
not spray painted
on a wall at night .
It was not displayed
in a light show using giant lasers,
nor celebrated with jet-fuel lines
circling the sky.
Our purpose wasn’t read to us
from tea leaves in a cup.
It was not drawn
frame after frame
in a picture book.

Our purpose,
mapped out
centuries ago,
was to stop for one brief moment,
breathe a sigh of relief
and swim
in the ocean
of change.

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a feather from the sky

values, ways of seeing.
choices, how to be.
pain, living with it.

reactions, impulses, vibrations.
all accidentally written
on a grocery list

with spilled ink.
a Rorschach design,
now being acutely examined

by rainwater slowly trickling down glass.
by imaginary family pets,
half asleep.

by free-falling feathers from the sky
seeing it from above-
so utterly conscious

that silly little random things
contain a nonillion miles
of light fibres

and an entire life story
that will not be told
when they are gone.

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blanket of stars

when all parts have come together
binding into one,
when every strand of light
is beautifully lined up,
each point of force
dancing in unison

when all of it,
every molecule
is speaking to one another,
I will be sitting straight
listening to no thought

other than
the unconscious smiles
and loud cries
of being born.

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out of nothing

green sapling,
you took an oath
to push through and up
from under boulder, crannies
and black earth
where all manner of secrets,
hidden things and creatures
were buried
deep below these grounds.

with all your being
you took notice
of sun rays, balmy air,
invited
droplets of water
to briefly stay.

you had one desire,
one mind,
one calling-
to become the tree
you were meant to be,

your finest branches
nightly shaking hands
with constellations
while by day
you looked up
through the skylight,
though the eyes of children
playing forgetful games
as they will

in the old tree house
resting
on your lowest limbs.

out of nothing
you braced the moon.

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perfect presence

It is as if all forest creatures,
even birds
have the exact
same awareness,
the very one
missing
in sleep-deprived humans.

whether sitting still, crouching or standing,
these slightly nervous wildlings
perceptively watch
with piercing
precision

the same precision
we lost years ago
while sitting on a tractor,
handling gear shifts
admiring an infinity
of yellow-ochre rows

headed for the most vulnerable,
delicate line
where the sun crashes
into distant mountains.

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frayed edges

I made a promise
not in words,
nor consciously

while standing in front of a
birch tree
so many centuries ago.

a promise that
I would remember
when brief moments opened up
and rushing waves
of knowing
crashed in

that I would not deny
unseen, unheard, unfelt
people
yet to come into my life
then disappear

towards the frayed edges
of space
where light stops
and the black expanse
begins.

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prayer to a circle

circles. spheres. balls,
all things round.

this very planet
soft ear lobes. not a sound

can be heard
at their centre core.

there, where spinning ceases
is a black hole, with an open door.

walk through the door, teapot, lamp and clock.
come in, all that was ever made.

Come through, un-born souls and guides.
Come in and help us - bring us aid.

help us arrive at the centre space
where life is unconfused and still,

where sleep is pure and smiles burst through the glass
of spinning window sills.

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fine print

two tenths of a second-
hearts ran
lungs blew in, out
like puffer fish

one more tenth of a second-
lightning thoughts crammed together a hundred flashes,
strobe lights,
a thousand multi-media memories.

how fast it took
an entire life
of countless centuries
to land on the pin-head
of this moment.

to discover hovering ghosts
father, mother
saviours, dead beats
and ancestors
could all be felt

waiting in line for an autograph.
a signature at the bottom
using invisible markers,
scribbled on invisible ball caps
and invisible hands-
waiting for a promise
to be remembered.

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truth and phosphorescence day

I was saddened
to see this blue-sky day
lit by a warm, glowing sun-
barely a single cloud.

disheartened to witness dusk
as a wondrous glaze of red-orange-
on hearing the pure silence
of this bright spring day.

i listened to eerie silence-
a decision made by birds
after they flew away
from this fluorescent green lake

to land on another green lake,
just as green, just as deep
fed by streams
of tears,

collections of regret
and floating plastic bottles,
all huddled together
wondering what to do next?

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a gust of wind

no one told me
I was to be made up
of mostly water

a sea of longings
a single heart
drumming and rumbling,

that thoughts would eventually fade
into the farthest
most distant mountains.

no one said
I would shake hands with the sun
wave under the moon

learn tango steps
on a giant dance floor
which is this field of strawberries

where I was born-
just as random
as a cloud puff.

no one told me,
no one knew
my truth

was hidden under a leaf-
and a gust
of wind

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climate change

a city of strangers
all together
experiencing
torn-off roofs - torn-out hearts.

flooded basements -
minds swimming randomly
against these currents
of current events.

fires of worry
burn midnight adrenaline
octane-fuelled.
they are never exhausted.

we are exhausted
from changing clothes so often
the way we change bodies
in the recycling bin of reincarnation

where invisible, golden wings
we threw out long ago
in exchange for shoes -
gifts from the goddess nike.

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one petal

one petal
of one flower,
a rose,
held between two
fingertips
is enough to know
love
Is not
Imagined

while streams of water
rush excitedly outside
fervently branching out
reaching out
to join
the ocean of
forgiveness.

one hand clasped
Inside
the other
Is all that
can be truly given
In this light-green
hospital room
on the
final day.

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what worlds

what worlds await us
when our hearts have been
cracked opened
and our skin feels the friction
of dreams shivering through us?

what experiences will
bowl us over
when we dip our toe
into the rushing rivers
of unknown thought?

what consciousness will awaken us
at the precise moment
when our eyes open
after hours of pure
stillness?

what joy is possible
knowing that the voyage
we are on
is leading us to nowhere
and everywhere.

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take away

I thought this moment might last.
that you would be there
with arms stretched out

as I was in mid-air
free falling head first
aimed for a bed.

then two bounces is all it took
before I remembered
people are like ghosts.

there, but not there.
felt, not seen after primordial phones are taken away

and we stand there
clothed
yet naked,

full of ideas
yet empty-handed.
alone as ever.

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love: a single word created long ago, by someone mortal, vulnerable.

I am a boat
tossed around,
over-filled with people
hanging on to ropes and
rings.

I am a glass vase
built from sand,
filled
with freshwater
baptizing day lilies
just before they are recycled
into whatever clay is.

I am a worn shoe
with no recollection
of who stood above me
taking me to beaches
worlds away
at the cost
of thinning soles.

I am a wooden house
with two doors
and one travelling soul
reaching out
for the door that closed
and the other that opened
in ceaseless alternation.

I am a brick
written with a single word
so common it is barely
heard.
After all, who in their right mind
would write love
on a brick?

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heads will turn

heads will turn.
Swivel really.
lightning fast.

eyes will shine a light
staring straight through
to the very core

of this intoxicating event.
the one where
it finally hits

that we are all together
a sea of people living as if
on one strand of hair.

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water rises

droplets fly up
through the air
blue by design

behind a parade of billowy floats.
poof
they are my thoughts

before slate-grey slabs in the sky
a shivery reminder
that rain water

stuck in the mud,
along with drenched
soaked boots

are glued together.
more than painted windows
behind flapping shutters.

more than wrinkled hands
resting
on beating hearts.

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winding down

these eyelids are
the tiniest of curtains
draped over sheets
of vanta black glass
framed by strangely shaped
guillotine windows.

it is a time,
I am sure,
when endless nights
will turn into day
if I pray hard enough

where the weight of the clock
may be measured by ticks
in this place where even a pound
is plenty

when it is a pound of pressure,
located somewhere
between my heart and my head

and thoughts, not my own
sleep below

on the floor.

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transparent curtains

here you come again
light,
emerging through the window
ever so gradually
through curtain cracks
Illuminating this room
of furniture
antiques
forest trees,
cut into strange shapes
by unknown cabinet makers.

the very same light
emerging
at five in the morning
into these sleepless places
where hearts beat
without knowing it
Illuminating old memories
of all the todays
that have shaped
the way
we love.

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today is the day

today is the day.
the mystery begins.
ropes unravel.
chains are broken
by the blowing of a candle.

walls are melted down
by the touch
of a child’s smile.

flying fast,
arrows with feathers
are whisking by
today.

today is my entire life.
who was to know
that at six o’clock.
I would learn
within each heartbeat
lies eternity.?

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space suit

just plastic really,
even though
in its essence
It is just residue
from old dinosaur bones.

fossil suits are worn
complete with masks
face shields
and latex gloves.

nothing will touch us now
that we are protecting
what matters most.

one breath after the other
In single file
nameless.
penniless.

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a breath is free

unseen
though heard and felt
pure, soft, air roams randomly
to my doorstep
swirling past
other doorsteps,
other places
without knowledge
that this unconfined space
will transform
into a last breath
before awakening
to self realization
that it is only air
free
as this unconscious breath
is free
to bring life.

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as old as the hills

how old are the hills
exactly?

are they as old as the joy
of a non self-conscious songbird?
or the fear of what will come next
after being hurled into an unknown
world?

are the rock-cliff mountains
as old as states of shock?
knowing that climate change
has been sitting at the doorstep
wondering whether to
ring or knock.

as ancient as stories of grief?
or frozen oceans of ice
melted by thoughts and
misunderstandings?

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giant spiral

each movement,
every step taken

even before
steps could be taken

is headed towards the centre
of a giant spiral

where everything from a turtle's mind
to a crow's call, abides.

it is still.
this centre, not a where

so much as the answer
to a why.

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the last smile

the last smile
i remember
was delicately placed
on a shelf
to be cherished
alongside scrapbooks
picture frames
and statuettes.

happy days
chants of laughter
and giggles
lift me up
and fly me
to wherever I need to go
during lockdowns
curfews and
happy-go-lucky variants.

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repetition of annoyances

blasting rackets from trucks
drummed by
on rainy days
greyed down with wet.

there was poor phone reception
while standing in front of a puddle
super-soaked
from a car that wasn't even
worthy of the bent-up hubcap
that flew off
into the distance.

watery eyes
grew red and tired
from thinking
over and over
about which was the best time
to quit.

stretching a single neck
over moving crowds
provided more hope
for reaching the other side
of the street
than all the churches
in the world.

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appointment with the gods

gurgling sounds
small streams of trickling water
all together
circumvent
thick boulders

on their way up
to my ears and eyes
half closed.

awake.

patiently,
muscular eagles wait
on high branches.
they watch on.

all of us together
have scheduled appointments
to fade and disappear

until even the rememberers
vanish.

until nothingness becomes
the entire
bonanza.

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i feel the wind

rising wind
blowing in one direction
push me forward
towards what i already know
awaits
beyond cold, stone walls
in new worlds.
of all new worlds.

let my outstretched hand,
outdated and old,
reach back
and grasp for air.
gasp for air.

i would have wanted
to piece my life back
as it was
before i was blown
into this moment,
this now,
this second.
within a second.

all my belongings,
call them black top hats,
capes, pointing sticks
pseudo magic props,
disappear.
my eyes are cast
on sparkling twinkles
of the night.
this windy night.

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hallowed words

in the height of winter
bird's trembling claws
are gripped over
the soft, rubber lining
making the thick, metal wires
a little warmer.

the same wires
sending electrical messages
of love and hate,
of human stories and digital lives.

the messages where
our hearts have just sunk.
we listen to the many minds
not merging,
rather separating
into a thousand fragments.

the messages that travel
the way lightning travels,
breaking open
living trees.

the ones that were sent
yet not received,
except for the rare souls
who have put their ears
to the track
and listened for some kind of messiah
to tell us the eternity before we arrived
at this very spot

quietly awaits us
at another spot,
worry
and message-free.

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a second opinion

masks have become all the rage
barely covering
all the rage
invisible to the human eye
in cahoots
with untraceable, unfathomable
variant cells
travelling faster
than the jet-fuelled planes
they rode on.

indivisible from human I's
are the human eyes
glazed over with what is to come
with what is here now
with what all believers
of unseen truths
have seen
behind masks
behind closed doors
behind thin eyelids.

vows of silence
and monastic curfews
from another century
are plaguing
the one breathing network station
the one analog channel
that presented itself to us
no matter how vigorously
we turned the switches.

changed laws
are changed lives
force-fed
to protect one and all
from one another
until the eureka moment happens.
an explosion of nothing news
under the very sun
that both gave us light
and blinded us
from darkness.

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time in the world

scribed on birchwood bark
a face, a map
are staring back
at walkers, dogs
and empty benches in the park

where white hair and silver tree
both acknowledged
that those with curving trunks
and arching spines
were injured to the same degree.

strangely living, twisted together
under one pouf they named cloud
protecting us
from greenhouse gas
that now we call the weather.

nothing but time in this public garden
this microcosmic world of interlocking paths
but to think of damages done
and watch kindest petals of yellow flowers
prepare for wintry nips and harden.

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fresco

thinner than a coat of paint
sky blue is what i see
looking up
knowing full well
that infinite blackness
is more likely
the colour of heaven.

with closed eyes
may i dream
of blinding, sunlit days
and paper-thin
foaming shores
lapping up
on pristine sands.

in the space of time
that i awaken
glancing through a pane of glass
the rich and colourful life behind me
is frozen ice
and the colours of heaven ahead,
another ocean of infinite blackness

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