

Excerpts from 'Terra Incognita'

The Soon to Be Released 2nd Book of Raw Poetry by Happy Oasis
www.HappyOasis.com

The evening before experiencing this poem an acquaintance had visited Happy in the little-known rain forest of Arizona where she abided for twelve years in solitary refinement on mountaintop as a forest fire lookout for six months each summer. The well-meaning visitor attempted to convince her of the virtues of eating venison for breakfast. The very next morning, perhaps miraculously, Happy had the occasion to experience this. Deeply Delicious!

Venison For Breakfast

One vivacious venison pranced and gamboled
into a grove of thousands of venerable white aspens
then disappeared into a shaft of dawn
when another beatific bit of meat
gazed into my eyes, then shyly lowered her head
as we dined together, she and i,
surrounded by aspens
beside the brook
across the flowers
at a respectable distance, we dined
on raspberry leaves and shrubbery and yarrow
and shared a giant green plate
of miners' lettuce
just standing there, mutually mesmerized
on our six legs
crunching and chewing together
occasionally twitching our ears
while listening to the stream
singing beside our ankles
for an undefinable time

it is one of those sunsets
that make songbirds stop singing
that awakens perching owls to witness
the dawning of the night
one of those sunsets that effortlessly
opens one's jaw without any sound

as if one could listen to the sun show
arcing across the sky like one fluffy
scattered rainbow of floating mammals
from tangerine hippos to violet coyotes
is why cars are stopping aside the highway
it's a solar emergency
a beauty break
this sunset is the once in a lifetime when
we watch so slowly so heartfully enough
that we see sunbeams entering our eyes
entering us, inviting the sun energy
to climb inside our mind and sidle down
our spine exploding one chakra at a time
as if the sun itself is crying
and smiling a godzillion smiles
everywhere all at once inside us

In this wide world, why sleep in a box?

Over the Moon

i pray for exactly this kind of life
for the too-bright midnight moon yawning and
rising in these sleep-deprived eyes

for rambunctious coyotes howlin & yippin
& yawpin & yowlin & whoopin up a storm
of stars

isn't there a noise ordinance?
can you imagine a deputy responding to the complaint?
can you see an arrested family of coyotes in the courtroom
wearing nothing but furs
panting at the defendants' stand
sniffing around the podium
peeing on an occupied chair
gallivanting, licking people's hands?

i pray for exactly this kind of life
for mice lunching *loudly* in the night
beneath my bedroom deck
i slap down a sandal, demanding they "hush up!"
the merry mice ignore me
you can feel every varmint grin
when they begin to stomp and scamper and throw things
with even greater melodramatic flair admirable.

i pray for exactly this kind of life
for the all-white skunk who scuffles aromatically
crunching roots acoustically beneath matted leaves
beneath the deck beneath the bed two feet beneath my head

i pray for javalinas pattering by single file
huffingly engaging me in snortlesome conversation
their quivering lips sucking in carrot tips
from these delighted fingertips

for bullfrogs plip plip plipping in the pond
all these long nights long
and especially in august when bullfrog screaming
songs crescendo leaving
only humans deaf or gone or
over the moon...mmm
i pray for exactly this kind of life

hark back
to long drawn days
of wallowing
do nothing days
that stretch and yawn
and hammock nap

days filled with
pondering quietude
stillness wondering
evenings who slip inside
a candlelit bath
splashing echoing
inside the moon-kissed tub
as a tepid washcloth caresses
smooth your dripping steaming limbs
warm and waterlogged
limbering imaginings
flashlit lashlets
of sunbeams setting a
and rising amidst ripples
while the
quiet sky paints itself
imbuing you with hues
with cosmic crayons as if
your own child's been
scribbling heaven again
with many hues of
mother's lipstick

i carry your stars
deep inside my heart

and embrace the space
that keeps the stars apart

treasured like a bullfrog
hidden in one's pocket

i carry you like secret
in my heart

as if there is no world
there is no world apart

this moment is it
the big it, the little it
and all the itlets in between
this moment is a moment us occasion
this moment is the greatest giftlet
of all the itlets
if we receive myriad these
ceaselessly momenting
through this truly peculiar splendidly strange
conceptualization manifesting as
life itlet self
living moment by moment
by moment ...bye