

The Irony of March

Today the winter
's fading even as the trees
blow -hill
ocks crumb/le
ing in sle e p.
Life stirs
/it's the shape
of
a
wax
ing
moon
and
the
fin
gers
of the dead
emerge

fr o m
th e g
ro u n
d.

It's been a bad winter.

Everything- constrained-
crushed - under the weight of cold
and tar. Summer
absconded.

Even now, its bedroom sits
gathering dust
and air

while the moments
fly - panic
struck- no/purpose
stampeding off of the edge
of the present
landing unnoticed
some still twitching
in the pile.

Such is the irony of March:

Just when you think winter has won-
when you think it can't be bleaker-
the next step is suddenly alive
and unknown.

What is known is this:

There is a radical demarcation:
a tangible boundary btw below and
above

Now, in the shaping
of the world around me
knowledge cries
out-
admiring
youth-
when we are N/ever so beautiful
and so far from the core of ourselves.
Our madness paces the planks of our tiny boats
stalking restless- waiting for every wave
so we can shake our fists
at the sea.

But before there were birthdays
there were seasons.
Before there were years
there were circles.
I know
'cause we see them
in the sky...

As went the cicadas
so went the hare.
So did we -
growing tall as cornstalks
first shedding our teeth
then eyes-
we too would sprout, shine
tell lies.
Then wither and fade
only to emerge again from the darkness
from the spaces we keep
inside.
Oh, it is ever the folly of man

to reach up
and mistake ourselves
for being wise...

Over and under-
under and up
as Ra in his barque we travel
the breadth of the sky:
One year a beggar, another
a maid. Spring is a laughing concubine,
summer the dame. Fall- if you see it-
is a reason for murder
winter- if you reach it –
is the only real reason
to sleep.

We gather our stories at each turn of the light
and tell them- we tell them
in the space between breathing.
In the places we create, disincarnates
mingling shadows- speaking tales as firelight
of battles and conquests,
miscellaneous loves,
lessons learned late/and some tales too long
to explain- to justify the faith- to justify
what it was that we became

remembering which god you waited on
and admitting if he really came to call...
knowing- yes, knowing
what face God truly wore for you
on the other side of your birth...
If we could just hold it...
If we could just hold that...
If we could just hold on to that
while in the process of being reborn...

Each moment
a tree adds rings.
A mountain grows round
Even ice has its destination- descending
the hills.
What is the record of a man
if we are simply a forgetting?
The fingers of before must be upon us-
shaping our limbs-

twisting our purpose into
cotton or twine.
Are we- sturdy? Are we
sure?
Are we frenzied? passive? Are
always watching ?
Does the world, perhaps,
remember us from before?

Microcosm-Macrocosm

As the earth is shaped by its own externality
so are we.
Our pride laid low
while new growth is formed, welling up in the places
that once were not so strong.
An eternal process- growth and rebirth
new peaks arise somehow

despite our white coated shamans
waving their tools, insisting
that life's not eternal

'till they too are absorbed
into the blanket of the eternal present
a fabric of minutes just like this one
distinct and unbroken-
threading like a needle- threading
threading
threading
through the forever
of ourselves