I closed my eyes and saw
her, in water running down to the sea,
song of vending trucks and hungry teeth
sweat filled workers seeking relief
Under trees that grow
       and water that flows into their cups
       and mouths still stinking of coffee.
lit cigarettes and puffing smoke
in breath that rises like steam,
They seek relief under the trees,
under leaves they lie down to dream.
But time does fly, and dreams do pass
the time without being seen.
"It's time to go," "It's time to leave," "It's time to step on the steel."
It's time to leave dreams under trees
       and step back onto the steel.
A tall man flanked by shadows
Walks down a crowded street
Searching for sunshine
He moves his senses about
In search of something new
No strong emotions
Just a need for something new
SHADOWS ON THE EDGE

I sit in a cafe
I sit in a restaurant
On the edge of the earth
Beggars and madmen try to take the food right out of my hand
I see no escape
I see no relief at this time
So I am writing the words (all of the words) that come to my mind

I know I must be a sight
In this foreign land
Writing down words with my hand
But words are all I have
They are all I have
To keep my sanity
Yet to others they might seem the end of me
They must seem the door to my madness
But if madness is where they take me
That is where I want to be
So send me into the street
   like the madman who is stealing my food
Let my words feed my hunger
Until they nourish me no more
Then you'll hear me knocking
   in the nighttime on your door
You will hear me knocking, stark raving mad,
   on your door

I will live in the streets
And let my words
Feed my hunger.
He is kind
He tells me jokes and stories
I can barely understand
to try to make me happy.
But I can see the shadow on my face
reflected in his eyes.
He cooks me food
He shows me how to cure myself
And I watch
To try to make myself happy,
That is all I long to be
But I can feel the shadow
that is a reflection of my soul.

It's like I'm old
It's like I've lived a thousand years
And am set in my ways of helplessness
It's like I'm an infant
Except my eyes are closed
And I have no ounce of openness
It's like I am a child
Lost in my own world of imagination
But never stepping out to let a friend in
It's like I am a man
Who has beaten all his life
And this time he's fighting out in total madness
But I am me
Whatever that means
I am me

And it may sound odd
But it feels
I've given all my love away
And nothing of value
has taken its place
Let me tell you a story
Of a man who thought his happiness was a flaw
Let me tell you a story
Of a man who prayed for anger and tears so he might see it all

He forgot himself
For thinking too much in himself
He forgot the world
For thinking too much out of himself

He went drifting
And found his helplessness
So he cast out farther from shore
  So he might drift some more

He became lost in clouds
Without touching the ground
And he fell down
Without leaving the earth

Let me tell you a story
Of a man who knows where he is
Let me tell you a story
Of a man who wants out
Let me tell you a story
Of a man who is angered by his staticness
Let me tell you a story
Of myself
On the Steps of the Cathedral

I was a holy angel
Now I'm knocking at the door.
It seems I can't soar any more.
My wings drag on the ground
When I walk on the earth.
They make me trip and fall.
I am the albatros
Around my own neck.

I'll try a dance
I'll try almost anything
That'll give me a chance
To use these wings
Soft Hands

He grew old
from lack of work
No scars
No wounds to heal
No wrinkles on his skin
A broken hip in his heart
paper blown as the wind goes
Night Time
Heaven is an open place
Open to the stars
And an open sky can get
Very cold at night

The Flame The Flame The Flame
Fades to straight lines
And when it’s hot it’s hard to sleep at night
So she looks out of her window
up into the stars
(There she remembers)

Heaven can be colder dreaming in the morning
Heaven can be so much colder
    Dreaming in the morning
a false god
Eating was silence
Taste had no flavor
Eating became an ordeal
Hunger did not exist
Yet hunger did persist.
The struggle to stop eating
To stop feeding
The god of the stomach
Formless
Grey
Coarse
Sand
I lift with my hand
And feed my empty soul

I had a dream

It draws me to sleep
It slows my heart beat beat beat again
calls me to breathe
cold colourless air
cold colourless uncaring

Formless
Grey
Coarse
Sand

It's so easy to cry
wet faced
when faced
with
temptation

I was in heaven once,
for, oh...
about a week or so,
born again, I served my lord completely.
I chewed my food slowly then,
Tasting every texture, every colour, and every sound
And I never tasted (any)

Formless
Grey
Coarse
Sand
My heart feels poisoned
As if a snake has bitten
And I am wondering
If I should
Try to suck the poison out
Or see how strong
   my body heart is
without the wind

He took his clothes off
And stood naked
to the wind
And to the slap of each falling leaf

He stood there for a time
Then either he
or the trees
moved on
without the wind

and ducks freeze on an open pond
and ducks freeze in an open lake

Under winter skies
When the wind blows
There is no sense of time
Under winter skies
When a duck is frozen in the middle of a lake

Cold water is still beneath his feet
And his heart still beat, beat, beats
Without the wind

without the wind
IT'S LIKE I'M WATCHING THIS LIFE
NOT REALLY LIVING IT
A SERIES OF PLAYS AND PLANS
AND NOT THE REAL ACTIONS

WHAT IS "REAL" LIFE?
HOW DOES ONE Live
SO WHATEVER ONE DOES IS REAL?

----------------------------------------

THE SEA
WASHES OVER ME
ITS REFLECTIONS HIT MY EYES
AS I SIT WATCHING

THE STONE
HOLDS ME UP
IT IS SO MUCH OLDER THAN ME
BUT I KNOW IT'S SLOWLY CHANGING

THE SKY
ENTERTAINS MY EYES
IT HOLDS ME CAPTIVE WITH THE SEA
BUT I HOLD IT ALL WITHIN ME!

THE WORLD
CONTAINS MY EVERY ACTION
IT GIVES ME EVERYTHING I HAVE
BUT I BELIEVE EVERYTHING I SEE
IS TAKEN INSIDE ME
AND IT BECOMES PART OF ME
AS I BECOME PART
OF IT ALL.
WITHERED LIMBS

CANCER EATS THE FLESH FROM THE BONES
THE LOSS OF HAIR AND MUSCLE
LEAVES A PALE SKELETON SHOWN

NIGHT TWISTS THE DARKNESS
SHADOWS FIGHT AGAINST LIGHT
THE TOUCH OF A HAND LEAVES ME SPEECHLESS
I HAVE NO WORDS TO SAY
WHAT WORDS COULD I HAVE TO SAY TO YOU?

CANCER TWISTS AND EATS LIKE LEPROSY
IT MAKES ME WISH I KNEW THE TREE BEFORE THE STORM
BUT THE FIELD IS FLOODED
UNTIL THE TOPSOIL IS WASHED AWAY
I LOOK AT WHAT REMAINS,
DRAINED, NEARLY EVERY THING WASHED AWAY,
I LOOK, AVOIDING THE EYES,
TO SEE WHAT DOES REMAIN.

I SEEM A COWARD
BUT I FEAR THE EYES
BECAUSE I KNOW NOT WHAT TO SAY
WHAT CAN I SAY
I HATE MY FEELING OF WHAT MY ACTIONS SEEM,
FEARFUL COWARDICE,
BUT WHAT CAN I SAY TO THE TREE AFTER THE STORM?

"I WISH I KNEW YOU IN SPRING,
I WISH I HAD HEARD YOU SING,
BUT NOW YOU LOOK RATHER HAUNTING.
WHAT OF YOUR PAIN CAN YOU TELL ME?
I KNOW IT MAY HURT ME EVEN MORE
AND I HOPE I NEVER EXPERIENCE THIS.
I AM SORRY,
I HOPE WE FLOAT DOWN STREAM."
Pray for the wise man, the keeper of peace,
The one who can save us from our own miseries.
Pray that we find him before it's too late,
Pray we don't suffer a terrible fate.
Home
In a place called home
old habits do grow,
Familiar traps set in the land of
Familiar actions in a place called home.

Who's to say,
maybe I would have been born again a thousand times over
if I had left home forever.
Curse of my life

When did you enter my life
You are the curse of my life
And what must I do
So that I might shake you

You are a shadow
And you will not let go of me
So what must I do
So that I might let go of you

Your lips are sweet as tears
And your eyes hold all of my fears
When you turn my way
I can't seem to turn away

You are the desert sky
You are so cruel and dry (to me)
So what must I do
So that I might find shelter from you

"ladidadidadida"
You are the curse of my life
You are the curse of my life
I can't be free
As long as you are with me

Where ever I do go
It seems that you follow (me)
So where can I go
Where you will not follow

When did you enter my life
I pray you soon leave my life
I can't truly live
As long as you live inside me

"ladidadidadida"
I want to run away
But I can't turn my back
There is so much I must do
If I run away he will win this battle
If I step forward, If I take one step
I can drive him back a thousand miles

I know he is real
I can feel him today
Trying to take me away
He does not hide in the crowd
He hides in the solitude
His knife twists in the solitude
He wages his war in the solitude
In the solitude he lays his siege
I fight him in the solitude
And tonight I will not run away
It all seems so black and white
So blind and colourful
It seems so clear what to do
But why do I pound my fists
Why do I scream and feel
heavy tears begin to grow
and twist like a vine tangling my soul
So much clutter, so much...
The clutter starts to drag me down
The Escape of security calls my name

I'm not going to fight it, I want it to pull me under. I want to forget all dreams of future, I want to let go and let it all slide past.
A green street warms up the steam of the rain, falling down after a hot day
I want to walk alone
I want to feel the comfort home
I want to let it all go
I want to let it all slip away

... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ...
the stream
TAKE A SIP FROM THE STREAM
AND HAVE THAT SIP SWALLOW YOU WHOLE
AND INSIDE THAT DROP OF WATER
THINK WHAT YOU HAVE DONE
DREAM OF WHERE YOU'RE HEADED
MAKE STORIES OF WHAT YOU'VE BECOME
FORGET OF COLOR
FORGET OF BREATH
FORGET OF LOVE
DWELL ON ALL THE LONLINESS YOU HAVE
FEEL IT WEIGHING HEAVIER
AS THAT DROP SINKS DOWN AND DOWN
PAY NO MIND TO THE FACT
THAT IT WEIGHS THE SAME AS EVERYTHING ELSE AROUND IT

BREATHE AIR FAST AND QUICK
AS IF THERE'S NOT ENOUGH OF IT
AND PAY NO MIND TO THE FACT
THAT IT'S WATER IN YOUR LUNGS
37.
Sweet smell the air
Wind in her hair
Garden full of thorns
(Pulling) her dress is torn
If she had wings to fly,
   she would...
       Over the garden walls,
       over meadows
       and trees,
       into the sky,
       and the stars,
       and in clouds
   she sleeps...
She lies down in soft sheets
   and a quilt made of guilt.
She sleeps fairly...
Days passing as dreams do.
And with each step,
She forgets what each one means.

A thick blanket
   to warm the cold of the space between,
A thick quilt
   to cover her skin
   from the garden air that sees.
The Pain.
And the echo becomes the deepest wound.
The reverb'ratings disappear too soon.
No. They don't disappear. I forget them.
But I don't forget them either. From them ... 
My God! In echos flowers do grow, and 
children speak the truth, and wings do grow, and 
the sky is calm, even in a storm, and 
rains do fall and fire burns. I can stand 
in the echo and see mountain meadows. 
How can such a wound hold so much that grows?
my hands (my choice)

The choice between love and hate
Was an easy one to make
	Making a choice leaves some of the confusion behind
The choice between isolation and intimacy
Came naturally to me with the way I live and move
	And naturally with my prayer to learn how to cry
The choice between idleness and industry
Does not come easily to me.
	A choice that demands constant struggle and changes my life
	Is not easy to make.
Shh... (steam sings)
It starts to slip away,
it's headed for the drain,
then it goes through the pipes and into the stream,
and before you know it, it's in the river headed for the sea.
    The weight is heavy, and it's getting hard to carry,
    but a look at my watch tells me
        it won't belong now.

In the center of the circle
    all eyes still stare.
Words are turned,
    And my stomach does burn
        when I do lie.
    Time does fly, time does fly,
    but a look at my watch tells me
        it's moving slowly now.

It starts to slip away,
it's headed for the drain.
Then it goes through the pipes and into the stream,
and before you know it, it's in the river headed for the sea.
    The wait is heavy, and it's getting hard to carry,
    and a look at my watch tells me
        it's been so long now.

Shh... (steam sings...)
Time will tell, time will tell,
but a look at my watch tells me
    nothing about the time...

        time will tell...
the man

The room was not very wide
   nor very long,
But it seemed to be as tall as the mind could imagine
And so far up, across one wall
   was a tiny slit.
It was through this slit that all light came.
The sun was no longer round
Now it was a thin stripe in the wall
   moving its beam across the other walls
   as morning moved to night.

In the bottom of this well, on the floor
Sat a man who stared at the sun
Unmoving during the day
And unsleeping during the night.
All that he remembers of his life
   is watching the sun.
He does not eat nor sleep
   nor speak to any one.

Time is unmeasured
It is only watched
And the sun's light
Moves its line image across the room

Then the man simply stands up,
He straightens his legs
And walks proudly through the wall.
He stands in a field
That is lit by the moon
He feels this first moment
He no longer knows the darkened room
He steps freely
The world is anew...
EPILOGUE: touching blue

the sun sets of blue
  violet
we give the day away
to get the night,
then colours fill the sky,
day fade again to night.
... day fades to night
then sunrise.
open eyes,
birds fly on wings
  into the sun,
singing...
I breath in the world,
I greet the day
  and pray I can give it away (to you)
Jazz

In Heaven
There is an Orchestra
Led by a saxophone,
And I hope he's playing a solo
When I walk through the gates.

Heaven

Heaven felt so empty later.
I'd wished I had my coat,
Or at least another blanket
to wrap around myself.
The streets were empty,
No light coming from the ground.
I'd never realized what an open place heaven is,
What a nearly empty place it could be.
Angels in a city,
The city of angels,
What a place to live.
Open sky is all it has
And an open sky gets cold at night.
As I'd looked at the stars
In the angel sky
I'd wished I had another blanket
to keep me warm at night.
(We must take care of ourselves,
We have no parents here.)
Beauty
Gospel singing
Is speaking with the sincerity of tonight,
The clarity of this night.
There is nothing hidden,
This night is beautifully open.
This night could last forever
and the emotions I feel right now
will only grow in their beauty.
This night sends a vibration which cannot be heard,
But is sensed in some other way, in
some other place. That vibration is what
Makes gospel music.
Bono calls it soul music.
It may be called the blues.
It is also a vibration beyond sex, yet
sensuality is very much a part of it, so is freedom.
This night is silky,
This night is somehow pure ...

This unheard vibration
is what makes soul music,
(or gospel music or whatever name fits.)
This night is a mother's womb.

There is nothing which can surpass this night,
As there was nothing surpassing the mountain meadow,
Nor anything surpassing the bank of snow.

Beauty is Paradise
(Beauty is beyond the "five senses")
a song of Eden

Well God made Adam of the Earth's rich loam,
And through that rich land he did roam,
Then Eve came to stand by his side
And hand in hand they walked side by side

And as they walked they freely sang,
Yes, as they talked sweet beauty rang,
But something happened under that apple tree
And now they aren't quite so free...
To sing...
To sing with no inhibitions
That is my goal
To even say one word
And mean it with the energy of a child
  (child smile)
To sing of the river
And mean the sky
To sing about God
And learning to cry.
Can I Really let go?
Can I Really let go?

yes I can,
And we all will see
some day.
Blue Tonight

The stream overflows...
Stretches out from the backs,
to tear the trees from the earth...
and flood the fields...

    Its dark flow,
    Its dirty, dirty dark flow,
    floods the fields tonight...

Tonight the sky has opened the gate,
and the rain comes down...
to the
    soft ground.
Washes the soil away,
carries it to some other place...
and all I can see
Is the rain comin' down on me,
as I stand here tonight,
in this field,
tonight...

the rain beats down on me
    Until I can no longer see,
The sky above my head,
    I know,
is full of stars somewhere,
but I cannot see them tonight...
As the rain beats down,
on this field all around,
where I stand here, alone,
tonight...

    The stream has flooded its banks,
    tonight,
And the trees are ripped from the earth,
tonight,

And the fields are filled,
    with the dirty mud stream flow,
    and I do not,
do not know...
    what to do...
As the rain beats down,  
on my head,  
this soggy crown that I wear...  
My hair is soaked,  
and my clothes are not dry.

As I stand here  
In this field, alone,  
tonight...

tonight...

The stream has flooded its banks,  
tonight,  
and the trees are ripped from the earth,  
tonight,  
and the fields are flooded  
with its dirt, mud flow,  
and I do not know  
where to go,  
tonight...

Tonight,  
When the sky has opened the gates,  
and the rain falls down.  
Fast.  
Irate.

and the sky,  
is full of clouds tonight.

Where are the stars tonight?...  
Where are the stars?  
Tonight...
balloonman

He climbs into the mountains and holds his breath.  
His face is turning blue, just like the sky...  
just like the sky...  
Some days he'd like to scream, but today he holds it all in,  
So he starts to float away, just like a dream...  
just like a dream...

He swims in the sea, Seamonsters looming bright,  
And heavy waves are drowning everything that's light.  
So he holds his breath and goes down to the bottom,  
Soft down to the bottom, where he's buried in the octopus sand...  
And there he is forgotten,  
just like a dream...  
just like a dream...

In the mountains  
and in the sea he flies away to be.  
He flies into the sun, knowing that he'll get hungry.  
He didn't pack his lunch,  
forgot to pack his lunch,  
knowing full well  
that he'd get tired along the way.

He is a leaf that's falling down  
to never touch the ground,  
so he holds his breath,  
and like a balloon he floats away.

watch him fly...  

watch him fly...  

watch him fly...
Blue
the sky is blue
the sea is blue
the earth is blue
and some eyes are blue
when the light is blue
the shadow’s blue
blue paints on a canvas

on summer days my lips turn blue
  when I swim in the stream too long
my mother tells me to get out
  and go to sit in the sun

in the sunlight
  on the side of the hill
I listen to the stream run
  down the side of the hill
  to the valley below
full of melting snow

from the mountain tops
  above my head
that drift down to the valley
I sit here in the sun
seeing all the blue around me

the sky is blue
the stream is blue
  and it leads to a deep blue sea
some eyes are blue
and I feel blue
the earth spinning around me

if I could dance in the stream
and feel the life around me
  maybe then colours besides blue would become me
the sky is blue
the earth is blue
the sea is blue
and some eyes are blue
when the light is blue
the shadow’s blue
blue painting a canvas

when Billie sings her notes so true in her solitude
and Bono sings songs I can relate to
they touch part of me that I struggle to see
something that I fight with
all the fights I’ve ever had have been inside of me
I remember once I had a bloody lip
and I beat some one down to the ground
but somehow I’ve hidden that part
someplace deep inside of me

the sky is blue
the sea is blue
the earth is blue
and some eyes are blue
when the light is blue
the shadow’s blue
blue as Picasso’s canvas

and Billie’s voice...

and Bono’s words...

and all the colours...

of the sea...
Floatin' in the Middle of the Sea

Well there's water all around me
'Cause I'm floatin' in the middle of the sea
And I haven't had a bite to eat for days.
I see no relief in sight, haven't even seen an island,
And no ships, no ships have passed my way.
But somehow I do believe
That there's someone watching over me,
Some invisible hand that I can not see.
But as far as I can see there's no end to this sea,
And as far as I can tell there's no way out ov this hell.

'Cause I've been floatin' in the middle of the sea
With water all around me
And I've even seen the belly of a whale.
Well I met Jonah there, and sittin' 'round the fire we made
We told each other a few old wives' tales,
But I didn't like the company
So I got back into the sea,
I came upon an island
I met a man, and I said to him
That I've been floatin' in the middle of the sea
With water all around me
And I haven't slept a wink in days (or nights).
"You've got a nice island and, Mister, I was sorta wonderin'
If maybe, just maybe I could stay." (And he said,)
"I am real sorry sir, but you just can not stay.
You see, we are all blind here
and we'd sorta like to stay that way."

Then I dried myself off before I got back into the sea,
And ever since about that time
I've been trying to let that hand guide me,

'Cause I've been floatin', in the middle of the sea
With water all around me
And I haven't stepped on dry land in years.
When I let that hand guide me
I hope that you can see
I've got fewer troubles,
   fewer worries,
   and even fewer tears.

~ ~ ~ ~ ~ ~ ~ ~ ~ ~ ~ ~ ~ ~ ~ ~ ~ ~ ~ ~ ~ ~ ~
ii.

TOGETHER
I trust you
You trust me
We are both people
That I can see
As the snow falls down
Outside my window
I can see
How the world does grow

How the world does grow...
Summer Song

If we took my two guitars tonight
And went to touch the world,
How would the world respond
To our touch

If we took your ink and brush tonight
And pictured every thing under the sky,
How would the picture look
When we saw it with our own true eyes

If I stop to think on the brink
It will all let go of me.
If I stop to think on the brink (of release)
It will all let go of me...

If I took this pen tonight
And walked on the rainbow covered moon,
Could I bring the picture back to earth
And set it down in this room

And I see that desert again on the brink
With tall shadows and bright lights.
I see that desert again on the brink
So hot we dare only cross it at night.

If I stop to think on the brink
It will all let go of me.
If I stop to think on the brink (of release)
It will all let go of me...
Two people walking through the forest trees
   Making a wonderful world that they believe
   A place where they can reveal their hopes and dreams
   Sometimes people act older than they seem
   But the child within is always found
Sometimes people that we love wait and drown
   In the rain that falls down around the crown
   And we want to stop, but earth still turns round
   Then we realize what love has given us
   See the fresh winds that rearrange the dust

   then we realize all that love has given us.

the porch step

   We laugh a friendly smile
   to you (two) coming back from your walk
   with wet lips, comfortable smiles,
   and loosely held hands.
   We playfully ask where you have been
   and what you've been doing
   when you return to the porch step
   from the night.
Open...
She kissed my lips,
(even though) she was too young to know,
she was old enough to take action
and hold my hand in a starfilled field.
(How did we walk there?
Why had we gone there?
Had we known we were going to kiss?
Had we decided to hold hands
or did it just happen?)
Small lips kissed mine
As we embraced seconds after I said we should not kiss,
Softly, timid as two fingers touching a child’s cheek,
--- she kissed me, and I held her,
and she kissed me again,
then I kissed her.

I don’t remember the kiss,
I don’t remember if it was strong or soft,
and I doubt it was passionate,
but we kissed with our mouths
open, under a starfilled moonless sky,
open, over a field at night.
A touch
Nothing so simple
Nothing so complex

+-+--+-++--+-+

she bribed him
tried to get to know him
(with a kiss)
she tried
to unlock his soul

~ ~ ~ ~ ~ ~ ~ ~ ~ ~

This is not the time
to kiss and tell lies
A marriage of convenience
rather than of love.
A marriage, not for power,
nor for land,
A marriage not of pregnancy,
nor of hatred,
A marriage seeking companionship
And to hold someone's hand.
"My love," say I,
I Love you so
But it hurts me deep inside

The Blood carries the message
It would cause nerves to break
The Blood carries the message
And it is on fire tonight

Darling, I Love you so
But it hurts deep inside

I must leave tonight

Bless you

(Bless you, my love,
Bless you)
Trembling
I cannot say this
But I must
I know these words will crush you,
But they would most likely suffocate me
if they are not said.
I cannot stay with you
Because
you are not beautiful.
Masturbation
I remember reading someplace
That most first sexual relations
Are basically masturbation,
Whether it be alone
Or with someone else,
To create sexual pleasure
within oneself.

But hopefully pleasure
Never becomes habit,
Because habits
Reduce pleasures' gains.
CONVERSATION
kissing
and "making love"
should be conversation
rather than masturbation

my, my, my...
mmmm...
what a pleasant conversation
what a complete way to speak
Lancey's Words of Wisdom
I was talking to a man once
And he asked me if I had a woman friend, a lover,
I said, "No, not now. I'm looking for someone special."
He said, "Ahh... If you want to find a special woman,
you must BE a special man."
Reunion
She kissed me
with the passion of a woman in love
Kisses are "thank you"
and "I love you"
and "I am thankful I can kiss you,
I am thankful I am with you"
and "I am in love with you"
Honest, Conversational
Kisses
Admiration
Compliments
While expressing love
Make the experience
And relaxation
Complete
The entire person is soothed
Every muscle refreshed
Lips tingling
And spirit whole
Because more than silence was said.
Beautiful Trust
The complete trust
Of giving to another person
and sharing with another person
Physically
Knowing that where you go
Is fully in both of your hands
-- the hands of the both of you --
Knowing that you are free to move your hands where you please
And trusting the hands that move upon you
Trusting every motion
Trusting every response
Trusting every movement
Trusting every moment

All is touched with Beauty
Every touch is trusted
    Given and Received
        in Beauty.
a kiss on the eye

A kiss on the eye,
I knew it was a pleasant gift
to give and to receive
But I never knew it had
such a pleasant powerful sound
until I heard it in a song.

I wonder how many people
who could spend their lives together
walk by each other without saying a word

I wonder how many people
who have true talent beyond belief
Let their gift become a parlor trick

you have the kind of glow
that makes people want to hold your hand
and think about kissing you.
Rave on Love!

I want to cover your feet with kisses
And your knees, and your ears
All those places that one might hide
Which are full of sensation
Then I will kiss your nose
    and the lids of your eyes
Then I will kiss your ear again
And your shoulder
And the soft skin of your back
Following the curve of your neck
Then I will ruffle my face through your hair
    smelling the scents of your shampoo
    and the scent which is naturally you
My eyes are closed now
I'm not sure where I am kissing you
We are floating, formless, touching lips
    Rave on Emotion, Rave on

I want to cover your feet with kisses
And your elbows and your closed eyes
I want to hear you smile
    as I pause to lick your cheek
I want to hear you laugh
When we both pause
    to look into each other's eyes
    Rave on Emotion, Rave on

    Rave on Love...
KISSING
NECK BENT
HEAD TILTED BACK
BREATHING SWEETLY

NAKED SIEVE
HOLDING NOTHING BACK
OPEN LIKE THE SKY
ON A CLOUDLESS, MOONLESS NIGHT

BREATHING
WITHOUT THOUGHTS
BUT TOUCHED BY EVERY BREATH
EVERY RISE OF THE CHEST IS FELT
AND RECEIVES RESPONSE

"WHAT DOES IT MEAN?"
I SCREAM AT THE TOP OF MY LUNGS.
"WHAT DOES IT MEAN?
I MUMBLED IN THE NIGHT

BUT I DON'T THINK OF IT AT ALL...
when I hold you tight.
Breathing your breath
Smelling your scent
Knowing you are breathing and smelling me
touching flesh.
Naked

If I
stripped myself bare
what, what would we care.
If we were alone in this room
what would we care...

If I
would walk down the street
with no clothes on my back and no shoes on my feet,
what would the neighbors think
and what would I think of what they thought...

If I
had no clothes on
and lay in a field full of sun
birds singing...
green growing...
sunlight warm...

If I
took my clothes off here
in this room
what would you care?
what would I care?
what would we care?
would we care?
would we care?
For the great yoga of life
we should all find partners
we are comfortable with.
Marriage is
An expansion of the body
"through sickness
and in health"

The person you choose as a mate
Should be one
You are not afraid
to become naked before

<<<<<

We never picture marrying someone
to whom we are tethered,
rather we envision someone
with whom we can fly...
we at peace

It is night, far away from city lights
We walk through a pathless field, our way lit by the stars and the moon. Holding hands. I take off my jacket and shirt, spreading them so they flatten the calf high grasses. I look into her eyes, she looks into mine. Eyes still touching, still expanding, she unbuttons her dress, pulls her arms out, lets it fall to the ground. She steps out of it and lays it next to my jacket and shirt.

We stand like volunteer trees in the field. We hug.
We take off the rest of our clothes then lie down on the bed we have made. We kiss. We love. We are at peace.

---
She was still . . .

One morning he woke up
And looked upon his wife
And he realized
That she was Beautiful
She filled his eyes
Before she even awoke

He woke up one morn'
And discovered that his wife was Beautiful
And he couldn't help but cry
In the silence of their bedroom
He let his tears flow, flow freely
For his eyes could finally see
Her Beauty
   Her Beauty
   He was free
   He was free...

~ ~ ~ ~ ~

All barriers broken down
He let the tears of all the years fall down
How long, how long he had feared,
Fear filled his soul for so long,
   And now he knew...
   She was Beautiful

She filled his eyes,
She filled his eyes with Beauty
As she lay there asleep,
She was still asleep...
On his way to stop the sun...

She was happy to see him
Their hands met and fingers entwined
They had to answer to no one
On his way to stop the sun
On his way to stop the sun
He could have been anyone
On his way to stop the sun
He was no one, but himself...

a beautiful moment

It must be a beautiful moment
to be free.
It must be
a beautiful moment
to be free
when you can be
anything
that you want to be
and all that you
want to be
is yourself.
Beauty

We stepped out of the water
into dark air broken only by candle light.
Warm candle light. Chilled air. Skin feels alive
with sensation. We are naked as when
we were born. Savoring our nakedness,
we look at each other, occasionally touching,
wondering if skin feels the same on
another person's body, wondering how the touch
feels, not wondering at all.

The touch feels good. Sparkling sensations.
We towel each other dry. Slowly, smoothly,
much more gently with another person's flesh
than my own. Our nipples are hard,
goose pimple flesh all over. We hold
the tension. There is no rush for release.

With fingers light as air, I trace
the ridge between her waist and ribs,
Still floating on air, I feel every curve of her breath,
then lower my hand to touch hers. She
touches my arm lightly and moves her hand
to rest on my hip.

We do not move. All is so dear,
we do not want to shake the beauty.
Damp skin flickers with the candle's flame.
We listen to each other breathe, I listen to her
breathe, I listen to myself breathe. We are
closer now, but still holding onto the beauty. Her breath
on my neck, my breath touching her hair. Beauty . . .
naked

I would like to sleep a night with you naked
I would like to hold you in my arms and feel the flesh of our bodies touching
I would like to talk to you and be silent with you and feel no rush for words
I would like to be alone with you long enough to let almost everything slip out
I would like you to feel comfortable with the body that you are not always comfortable with
I would like to feel comfortable with my body
    and let every untomed muscle and near roll of fat be touched
I would like to have my toned muscles caressed
I would like to touch you and speak words when they enter my mouth or touch my mind
I would like to hug you with nothing between us
I would like to sleep naked with you tonight
the stranger and the lover

WELL I LOVE YOU
AND I'M NOT REALLY SURE WHAT THAT MEANS
I DON'T FEEL ANY FIRE RIGHT NOW
AND I DON'T RECALL YOU IN ANY OF MY DREAMS
YOUR "NAME" IS NOT STRONG IN MY HEAD
NOR IS IT REALLY FLUID LIKE A STREAM
BUT IT DOES SEEM SO SIMILAR
LIKE TWO PEAS IN A POD
I WONDER IF WE WERE TWINS ONCE,
THE STRANGER AND THE LOVER.
THOSE TWO NAMES SEEM TO FIT THE STORY.
I WONDER WHAT THEY'LL SEE
AND IF THEY WILL EVER TRULY MEET
AND/OR BE TOGETHER WHEN THE STORY ENDS...

IT SOUNDS LIKE THE TITLE OF A BOOK,
THE STRANGER AND THE LOVER
OR
THE OUTSIDER AND THE BROTHER.
I WONDER IF OUR PARENTS KNEW WHAT THEY WERE DOING
WHEN THEY GAVE US THESE NAMES
AND I WONDER IF WE'LL DO THE SAME PLANNING
WHEN WE DECIDE TO DO THE SAME.
WILL WE DECIDE TO DO THE SAME?
ONLY TIME WILL TELL
AND AS THE DAYS AND THE STARS AND THE MOON GO BY
WE CAN MOVE WITH THEM
OR SIT BACK
AND WATCH THE TIME FLY BY
I feel slight sorrow
That there are sometimes words I would like to say to you
That I cannot say
Or emotions
That I can find no words for
But still,
For some reason,
I Love you...
Complete Love

I wonder how many lovers
Are not completely in love with their loves,
Or whether "complete" love even exists
How many men can kiss and love their mate
and not look upon her face and say
"You are beautiful" with an honest open heart?
(How many then say nothing
and try not to look away?)
I wonder how many women
cannot hold their lover's hand
or turn away
after a kiss they did not want
I wonder how many lovers
Kiss then hate each other
Then love again.
I doubt there is perfect love
And I doubt any love is complete
But there is "right" love,
Love that belongs where - and when - it is.
Love that is right
Is not perfect
Because perfection - if not completion -
Exists only in dreams.
Completion, perhaps, if it does exist,
Exists in each and every action
Each action,
no matter what it is,
is complete
And complete love
must come
with every loving action.