Die Merging

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Die Merging

The shortest distance between two points is anything but a straight line.

How many of life's arrivals could one claim any faster or at all with detours forsaken? None but the simplest, I think. And even the simplest prove overwhelming without side-road preparation.

The believer has tried the walk alone to dead ends. The agnostic first tested compatibility of a Traveling Companion.

The scholar to discover his own mind must travel mindless highways. The street-smart is aware of volumes littered on the shoulder.

Every lover has been a loner and knows the weight of solitude. The willful loner has been a lover with memories of sweet suffocation.

The dreamer first drives roads of reason then discards all maps by choice. The realist must see the Emerald City to find Kansas.

Embrace a crossroad's choices. Meld mind-sets together so not one loses itself, but each gives worth to all others.

Die Merging.

Not to fear death, but to fear living and dying at a standstill settled stagnant sane.

Revel in the sun. Know the worth of rain.
Unsettled

Destitution? Pain?
Christ versus Satan
or
a decision-making creation.

Contradictory? Necessarily so.
Contemplating disbelief
provides belief.
Believing-disbelieving
allows curiosity,
allows faith and lack of.

Faith wins out tonight
as Someone carries me home safe,
despite bits of
Antichrist,
a stranger's car wreck,
a roommate's concussion,
my schemas' absorption for the day.

Teeter-totter days
save my soul.
Not from damnation or salvation,
but from stagnation.
Observations

I never could calculate chemistry.
I could only recognize it when it happened.

Na plus Br might equal
something wonderful if anything at all.
Your soul plus mine could equal
an explosion or negation of two untabled elements.

I never could calculate.
I could only chance singed eyebrows
and accept a letter grade.

I recognize it here.
I can only chance scarred hearts
and accept pass or fail.
Justification

I know you too well now.
I'm all talked out,
and worse,
my hands are steady.

We've learned to argue already,
and use it to test the ordinariness
of one another,
to erase the extraordinariness
of the beginning.

But I have no major,
and I can't seem to write,
and it hasn't rained in so long...

no wonder I need you every day.
I had to smirk at the sunrise today, knowing you would see it soon too.

Today is a sigh day. How can affairs of the heart be connected to the respiratory system?

Giving risks a broken heart. Not giving risks atrophy of the heart, a much weightier loss.
Sanity

Have you any idea, you clan of the woods, how you annually strip me of my falseness?

Slip from the loud circle walk with me down gravel paths away from civilianhood.

Perch on the wooden jetty converse stream-of-consciousness your next tangent just might run my life off linear course forever.

Say goodnight to the double moon sneak back like Titania's fairies from this greenworld Shakespeare never knew.

But do you know, you children of thought, that you send me to sleep believing in the perfected romance of Nature and Nurture?
Things Not Discussed
at the Roundtable

Messy blond and lanky you
all coffee and Camels and denim
You are the agnostic boy-genius
who confirms my belief in my Source

Timid and redheaded beauty
with your introspective hot citrus tea
You are the disbelieving artist
who spurs me to see my Deity

Long-haired and black-clad thinker
set cynical view and sweet smile
You are the back-slidden philosopher
who reminds me to need my Savior

Children of individuation
exposing minds and arguing proofs
Though you wouldn't hear of it
your talents show me Truth
Reunion

Finally the rain came.
Cardboard shields were in vain,
and we laughed
like the teenage girls
we had never let ourselves be.
There was a time
we would've sworn we'd melt.
Plato's Passion

What used to hit
close to the heart
is not so anymore.
The hierarchy
of emotional stimuli
is upheaved.
Romance for me
is complete,
just in the mingling of minds.
Resolution

If I can separate
imagined need for you
from actual need for who you were to me,
I will find my heart smiling again,
even in January.

If I can separate
embellished memory's almost love for you
from reality's just love of who you are,
I will open my heart for another's entrance,
perhaps yet this winter.

If I can accept
language I gave you
as honest and deserved,
I will learn to give again as generously,
but not so soon...

...A wronged heart pains me less
than your betrayal of my written words.
The latter reads more tangibly,
bleeds more openly,
is sacred and set.
The pen demands more healing time
than the heart,
but will heal before the first thaw.
(No one steals my soul's voice an entire season.)

If I can close
this one-month of language
without fantasizing a chapter two,
it will be a beautiful January...
...in spite of, and because of, a beautiful December.
Disclaimers Aside

There is that sweet point
of newness-familiarity
when one discovers
how rightly one's hand
fits around the other's forearm,
how succinctly one's unspoken philosophies
slide into the other's shy words,
how perfectly one's form
learns to mold against the other's embrace.
At that point
of newness-familiarity
one can just about erase January,
nearly envision her power to write again,
and almost self-justify exhaustion
with happy sighs.
Romance comes
in so many disguises,
and its worth is found
in the unveiling,
the moment I recognize it as such...

"Thanks for the history lesson
and for owning Noxema,
for having a wide back to hide behind
and for leaving a note."
Rite of Passage

Had I not seen you,
barefoot and bare-chested
top Levi button undone
padding out into February
to retrieve your morning paper,
I might still think myself seventeen.
Aryan Boy

"Hitler's dream," the comedian called you. 
Funny that your blond hair and busy blues 
give me common ground with a monster.

Don't be frightened... 
My dreams these days are flighty, 
    temporary, 
milked only for their moments' sake, 
the moments not means to an end.

If tomorrow finds us hidden 
behind the same curtain or covers, 
I'll have loved you and I'll let you leave.

You needn't even know the former... 
I keep my own heart's secrets best 
and blame no one for being none the wiser.
Mornings

Libraries of perspective
play for power
moment to moment.

Yesterday I thought darkness the enemy
chasing me home to safety,
it's weapon the potential of falsity.

Today I fear daylight
threatening to reveal truth,
it's weapon knowledge of the known.

Solar revelations
breed accountability.
Lunar speculations
play by rules of doubt.

Campaign promises
should be made at high noon
and first kisses
stolen not before midnight.

Perspective, then,
is guided by
just how much one can afford to know
and still go forth with a sense of wonder.


Bartering

I will not believe
words whispered in dark kitchens
through beer and tears.

Tears intrusted to my shoulder
tell of yesterdays with her,
not tomorrows with me.
"My memory serves me far too well"—
his confession.

I am the transitional trance,
necessary,
and cherished like the peace
of a sunny Sunday,
remembered but not remaining long
past the realities of Monday.

I will not believe,
but I will not bail out empty-handed.
I'll take with me
three months-of-Sundays,
and call it even.
Temperament

Yesterday's gracious sun
allowed an hour
of mindless romp.
Tonight's frantic wind
demands a snap back
to panicked blizzard-reality.

It seems Midwestern weather
mimics my philosophy of disorder.
Should we mergers not delight
in the inconsistancy?

Even as children we knew.
Like animals,
we sensed the sudden grey
calling us to leap from the classroom
and seek refuge in the mystical woods.
We revelled in the unpredictability.

At some turn we forgot to know.
Like humans,
we suppress the instinctual flight,
walk/run through routines of responsibility,
seeking refuge from the call of the woods.
We boast our false insusceptibility.
Asymmetrics

For years 
we misnomered the miracle.

With sighs of relief 
in highschool stalls
little girls marveled 
when love missed
its reproductive mark.

Full grown 
perspective switches poles.

Real wonder lies 
in those instances 
when love does beget
another life.

So spook me not 
with a diagnosis 
of imperfect conditions.

I now believe 
in the proper miracle. 
And miracles 
are unconditional.
Homebound Nomads

Reststops across the country
are familiar to me.
I swear I've seen
each of them before.
Perhaps I was a foot shorter,
a bit blonder,
minus a few years' journals,
but "I was here once
   with my family."

Maybe this was our parents' vacation motive...
to provide us with memories
of security in every state.
Monuments, attractions, and novelties
were meant to make a bigger impact,
but, as it stands,
reststops link us
to the little girls and boy
who loved and were loved
without condition or comparison.

As it stands,
family abandons us on no highway.
Every fifty-or-so mental miles,
we have the option to stop,
rest with them,
link high-speed present
to wide-eyed past,
then merge back into traffic
and adult journies.
Consenting Adults

I sometimes think my romances are between me and me.
I sort out their worth alone,
the third parties being merely instigators of thought.

They tug at my heart.
I tug at the words necessary to prove myself a part.

When called to give back
I offer pieces of a notebook.
Long after parting
language of the connection is all that sticks in the memory.

Perhaps someday,
I'll write not to preserve past the inevitable end,
but to chronicle a continuous connection.

I'd rather not die merging en route to whomever's heart.
I'd rather have arrived many years back.
But isn't that arrival impossible with all detours,
and notebooks charting detours, forsaken?

If you have been an on-ramp, an exit, or a roundabout,
you have done my life's journey a service.

I only hope verbal baggage left behind is payment enough for services rendered.

All words were heart-felt if not heart-given.
Thank-you for accepting them.

I only hope they pushed you towards an on-ramp, an exit, or a roundabout you might have otherwise missed.
I'll die the happy merger
for chronology here presented
is chaotic and cluttered,
cyclical but far from sane.

There lives only One Constant
amid inconsistencies and contraries,
a holy Compass to spin the weather vane.

Caretake, cry, and coo...
Life without parallels, no boundaries.
Revel in the sun. Know the worth of rain.