Love's Ferocity

Cry Crimson!

Cry crescendo!

Cry D against E until

the strings catch fire,

Cry the flash of the bow

ablaze with desire.

Cry agony!

Cry ecstasy!

Cry the ache and the arch

of improvisation,

Cry the wild feral wail

at the heart of creation.

Cry mystery!

Cry alchemy!

Cry cacophony and harmony.

Cry the pulse of photosynthesis,

The primal chord of coupled bliss.

Cry tiger!

Cry stars!

Cry below with above.

Cry the sound of God's longing,

The ferocity of Love.

Love's Longing

Darkness, stillness.

Darkness, silence.

Shroud-like death.

Absent breath.

All hope gone.

No-thing's won.

Nada. Nothing.

Voiceless, voiceless

Vacuous

void.

But…

Wait…

Shhh…

From the virgin point

Of emptiness,

Of nothingness,

Of mourning,

Of morning, just before the first bird sings…

Just before…

Love's Rending

She who sings the Blues

Gives birth to song in breach;

Knows the thrust of things immense

Intent on breaking forth

Through slender space.

She cannot hold it back,

But opens up herself in places

Where there are no easy

Seams or folds.

Bending low,

She takes the wild and bloody thing,

And lifts its arched and wailing form

Into the night.

Love's Bending

It all comes down to the small things…

this moment,

this place,

this now,

this here,

this song,

this poem,

this blossom,

this gesture,

skin to skin,

bone to bone,

this hand reaching for yours.

The immensity of love made particular,

ventricular,

perpendicular,

down-ward and ground-ward bound.

Ten thousand possibilities for manifestation

only made real through incarnation.

It all comes down to the small things.

And every moment counts.

Love's Rising

Sing resistance!

Sing insistence!

Sing the wail of Mahalia,

(a rich, suffering elation),

In the key of defiance,

Sing exaltation!

Sing passion!

Sing Passion!

Sing as boots strike the pavement

In strict strident time,

Sing the songs that will ravish,

Unbind, undermine.

Sing beauty!

Sing beauty!

Sing as wars rage and roar

And as worlds are ending.

Sing singing from ashes,

The phoenix ascending.

Sing always.

Sing forever.

Sing even in winter

And in the face of death.

Sing music still rising,

Lift your head, take a breath…