



Hope Matters

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**WITH A PREFACE BY
SENATOR MURRAY SINCLAIR**

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CHAPTER 1
RAVEN CREATED ROMANCE

I AM OLDER NOW

Falling in love is a misnomer
We rise in it, flying high
Witless about the drop
I am older now
I rise in it sooner
Fly much higher
The drop is farther
It is the landing I mind

THE BEGINNING OF THE WORLD

Long, long ago,
before anything was,
save only the heavens,
from the seat of a golden throne
Sun God looked out on Moon Goddess
and found her beautiful.
Hour after hour,
with hopeless love,
he watched the spot where, at evening,
she would sometimes come out to wander
through her silver garden
in the cool of the dusk.
Far he sent his gaze across the heavens
until the time came,

one day, when she returned his look of love,
turning eyes of wistful longing
toward her distant lover.
Their thoughts of love and longing
found each other,
they met halfway,
mingled,
hung suspended in space...
Thus: the beginning of the world.

WHEN THE SUN REFUSES TO GIVE THE SKY TO RAIN

Hungry charcoal clouds swoop down
devour whole mountains with a deep diaphanous kiss
And Sun, he hoards the sky sitting atop his desire
Water drops pound out a percussive lilt
pressing tin jazz symbols into the sea
with every drop of Rain's plump liquid players
each penetrating push tickles, pulling whitecaps
onto the gelatinous skin of the Pacific
Sun blushing, screams
at his palpitating urge to enter
to possess her cool, soft, watery cells
Sun licks, groans at his palpable tumescence
burns Rain's puckered bite into breathless steam
as he begs for her liquid silver to spend
and temper his worn and tortured heat
His discontent, hot and mounting
slides easily into her swollen silk seduction
feeds her full and pouting swells
with each burning star-thrust
And in the darkness, entangled in their wet hot storm
they find electricity
rage through the night and into each other
until they come into a wind-swept blindness
a moan spent and fragile
without the strength or desire to scream

BASKETS

You lay your shoulder against mine
Smile and I lean my head back
Pillowed by your voice

Your lips tender press my dripping soil
Your warmth lifting and dumping my heavy baskets
Places I've hid
Knowing my baskets lay open for dreams of victory and intimacy
To climb to a long time ago I poured my heart into this earth
When I built my dreams on threads of gold and spilled roses
I poured my heart into this earth from my mom's womb
Onto the back of my father's tongue
I listened to her goodness
As he lashed out with his words
Didn't want her essence to slip through his mouth
Her kindness
Her strength raising children
His children

Bullets missed me as a child
Alcohol soaked me, but didn't drown me
Smoke blinded me, but didn't suffocate me

I have come so far

You listened
I heard you
Building your house closer

One day
You will hear me read this to you in that same sweet voice
Remembering my dreams, as I have told them to you a million times

RAVEN CREATED ROMANCE

I want to see raven
feel her desire for love
feel the wind of passion
see her feathers ruffle
watch as she inspires
two sockeye pairs to mate
as they leap and play in the sea
I study their romance
imagine their spawning
their depth, imagine
unswerving love
consume the experience
taste sockeyes' romance
and feel overwhelmed
by their surrender
to one night with...

ALMOST

In a recent yesterday
I tripped on a wish
Punctured my flimsy shield
Of reticent appetite
With a homeless sliver of joy

It ignited my desire to belong
Didn't mean to like it
Tried not to engage

But I couldn't see the small chink
In the dragon skin
I had bought
From the boneless woman
Who sells purple orchids
On the corner
Of Wither and Dye

Was unable to stop desire's heat
From scorching through the bark
And biting into my hidden places to feast

Didn't mean to sound out
This dove-cry for more
Like some brittle, insignificant leaf
Under siege of noonday sun

My ugly scabrous need to be heard
In all my authenticity and nakedness
Caught me in the act of
Promulgating my own need
To a choleric and splenetic ghost

Perfidious desire betrayed me
Backbiting its way through sun fire
Its nihilistic cachinnation marked with the prick
Of an obtusely doleful heat

And still, for a moment
I could almost feel again
The exquisite pain of it all so
Explosive and resplendent

For a wink I could almost
Comprehend the need for...
Could almost
Feel the excitement of
Could almost
Almost see the light
Stab through shadows
To unveil hope dancing
And moving through memory
Time

 Ticks

 Forward

 A

Gluttonous and exacting measure
Of your stolidity and disgust
At my abortive emotional writ

Through clenched teeth and spit
I sink back into my skin
Am flogged and wrapped
In bloody strips of
This inordinate mortification

Dignity bolts from me
Like Montana summer lightning

And in a flash-wink, blinding light
The wish for almost is gone

The humiliating brush fire of its collapse
Fogs sweet memories
Weeps for me where I cannot
The fumes screen the aftermath
And I am cradled in a void
Where smoke fights with wind

Gutted of laughter and tears
I am left to reflect on
And impotently mourn
The pathetic lie of

My could-have been

Hoping for

Almost

I

Grab at the smoke and choke on the wind
Wait to be pardoned from the chains
Of love-need and self-loathing
I struggle to scream back feeling

Almost

Memories of intimacy

Almost

And tender moments
That convinced me
That my almost
Was real and true

REFLECTIONS OF LOVE THROUGH BROKEN GLASS

I would rip apart the perfect rose
So as to un-hearse the earth that grew it

I would stab at every piece of flesh
So as to cradle the moment that claimed it

Dear Love, Dear Lie, Dear Lost:
No matter what the cost

If criminalizing my sanest self,
Hacked at fragrant flower and fragile flesh,

Would bring me closer to your love
Like you once in song did sing it

I would hack
I would hack
I would hack
My slatternly
Haemic way
To it

THE MORNING WE BECAME FIRE

The morning
We fanned the flames of
Burned through the fears of
Love
In the winking eye of dawn
Our heat glows
Sparks passion
Ignites lust
Incites the embers of love
The morning
We
Became
Fire...