

Poems and Songs

looking into your eyes

- a wave flushed over me

what I saw I did not know

but now I remember



the deep forest trees

the flow of the river, friends by the fire

the scent of the evergreens and my wildest dreams

what I was and what I will be

and what that means

my soul aches from the knowledge too much to bear standing by this steep fall you touch deep
into my heart

as ever

thinking of the child, the mother

of the sister and brother

thinking of the lover

and the father

I reach further

in an attempt to surpass the limits of bad poetry I write these words

You will always be in my heart.

love,

kai



The Ohio river at daybreak
stirs--

heavy with sleep,

sluggish from the weight of
night,

hazy blue under the orange-rimmed sky.

Birds carve the dewy air with trills, warbles, cackles--

the sound of murmurs before becoming words.

Day is imminent.

Breezes ruffle through papery leaves,

accounting a relentless dream.

The Ohio river at midday lies still and polished like glass,

reflecting everything I ask of it.

The present, the past -- a parade of faces and names

appear effortlessly.

Permeated with light.

Before you can begin to heal you have to forgive yourself.

Where I began seeking after my own needs, I saw that others needed as much as I.

And I appeared as a giver.

My story written on the margins of the river --

my tracks encased in mud on the riverbank --

get softened by the lapping water.

The Ohio river at night becomes a doorway in a dark abyss.

The earth is dark.

The trees coil with sleep.

Everything I see falls within itself except for the river,

still luminous with its own sense of light.

Was this a dream--

did I, like the trees, enter into sleep--

did I hear words--

or were the crickets just singing?

Maria



MAKING

Words fragment, letter by letter,

dissipate,

fall into blood silence.

Can I paint this experience with

the material of my

DNA?

To the particulate that is

my language and

all things I have been,

add these wide waters.

Mix dark pigments of

presence beyond color.

Images surface out of time:

masters

then and now,

the same.

Movement across canvas:

slow roll and slide,

slow woven thunder,

slow love.

I am stricken from

my self and,

without frame, I am

unmade and

made anew.

ema 5/31/07