

Untitled: Alone and Angry?

18 April 2004 Radicaeth

Life is abundant, even within the area
of the Earth between my outstretched legs
Maple seedlings - the helicopters of our Youth and childhood
so full of vigor, innocence, and potential
(Am I referring to the Maple seedlings or our Youth? Or could the
referring amusal be towards both?)
Tree limbs (sticks)
clovers
ants (what species?) foraging
moss
Which direction -- sacred direction am I facing?
Which sacred direction is facing towards me?
North?
South?
East?
West?

Feel the wind blow currents of fluids through the tangled, yet
untangled portions of my braided (controlled) mane
Listening to the sounds of pollution coming from anthropogenic
sources and functions
Listening to the birds communicating to
each other in a language that I have
yet to decipher
watching a couple of brown squirrels

(another of our descriptions - not their own)
playfully jest in a relatively open green
and brown area

Left the prison-fortress (school) to breathe
a sigh of relief in an unenclosed
habitable region of time and space
Looking for answers, yet asking more
questions

When was the last time cold morning
dew softened the monstrous print of the
foot's path on a hurried journey to a
known and expected destination

Whatever happened to the diligent
patience allowing for slow movements and
for reflection upon Creation around us,
within us, and occurring all within their
own time

Reminiscent tales of laughter and tears
of sadness and joy stain the facial tissues
as the long day full of vibrant sun's lit
dreams age on

Wishing that the subtlety of living to Live
for joy and purpose would simply replace
or even erase Living for Jobs/school
one's purpose is surely much more than the

latter,
Right?

Though one can not see with our naked,
unaided eyes, worms, microorganisms, and a plethora
of teeming beings live beneath my body sitting
upon the Earth, watching the shadows
grow longer and stiller as day here turns to night fall
providing a better glimpse of the Moon
than during the day perhaps

This may be the best expressions of freedom,
being in the midst of an evolving Creation and
having no control to make these events into
my own vision

Let be what will be

Radical roots pull me back closer to my
Earthly, spiritual mother as she shows me
the paths which lay upon her body
Realizing that with so many choices, many
thoughts must be filtered through
or simply I could just Live and not
force what is not meant to be
Just let be what shall be

Allow for the Earth to heal Herself and
ye too shall heal too
Allow for Her to grow as wild and

full as possible and ye all shall be rewarded finely

White

Violet

Shades of green

Shades of brown

Shades of yellow

Shades of black

For these are the colors of my constant
memories of walking barefoot and barelegged
around la tierra - mi madre (the Earth - my
Mother in Spanish)

Robust litanies of flying insects dispersed
by flailing objects from trees - seedlings or
leaves, perhaps, falling down at an
acceleration subjective to Newton's
gravitational pull, perhaps (maybe] one day we'll
know how accurate such a muddled
approximation could be

Love is in the air, this Love can be
smelled and felt by all as the gentleness
or turbulence of the winds pass all around
us in a myriad of directions

Trying to make a poem like yours, like
the last one, can't happen like that all the
time.

Sitting here reliving the anger pageant of
my dreams

We sit on the sidelines as the triumphant
musical interludes of the marching bands
announces the coming of the paraders upon
the starkly heat-receiving engineering pavement of sorts
There was anger with passion wearing some
ridiculously ravageous revolting ridiculed red-like restive vest
There was anger with flowers- a dozen
red and white wilted roses screaming out for
some affection, some attention

ANYTHING

There was anger with no heading back -
harsh words were appallingly courted in multiple
directions with neither being wishing to
take responsibility for the havoc that
each one has now been put through

There was anger with green envy and
jealously -- speaking on the conditions of
anonymity about how better dressed and all
that that this particular parader was than all the
others assembled in this momentous
celebratory cause of negative emotional
feedback

Reflecting back on the journey to the
“Great Outdoors”
places me in a different tonal mood, filled

up with hope and passion, not resentful,
suppressed relics of anger unresolved

Did you listen to the winds?
What did you hear?
Did you listen to the trees?
What knowledge did they bring you?
Did you listen to the birds?
What songs did they sing to you?
Did you listen to the Universe(s)?
What messages did they bring you?
Did you listen to the ancestors?
What hope did they send you?
Did you really listen?

Close your eyes and open up your full
heart and listen again
Not for me
Do it 4 UrSelf
Do it 4 tha Future
Look beyond UrSelf
Open up UrSelf
Love ThySelf
Quiet the chatter of your mind, close
the racing tracks and be still and
quiet so that U can hear what
they're trying to say to U.

Be appreciative for what U have been
bestowed and blessed to be stewards of, please

do not take this to mean: Destroy, dominate,
and control.

Let it mean be cognizant of the complexity, respect true
biodiversity, respect and honor all Life, allow for balance, and
recognize evolutionary adaptability in all of Creation.

The winds are blowing good tidings and blessings
in this here direction as this one poem comes
to a close while striving for the rootedness of an
ancient Sequoia so high up in the sky and deeply rooted
in our common Mother. Listen to my woes of loneliness
and see that will Life all around, NO one is truly lonely or alone.