

2.

leaned forward til
and up, and through

I fell in

the shadows of the trees
spirits seen and unseen

Swirling and reaching, Above and below
Never seeing or knowing which way to go
Ever mindful of light and dark twisting
along the breeze
Forever loving the pain of growing
Exploding amongst the trees.

Spirits of the seen, the unseen
Beckon me
Dare I see, the inner eye must
everything and nothing at once
a part of something
greater than melancholy's
approaching storm
She, the conduit
his fuse electrified the momentary masses
clutch
in the silence she could feel her heart beating, the
challenges, the future. She stood brave and
defiant, reborn.
The moment dripping like fresh blood
from her lips

3.

They say it was a void, but all this energy
Had to come from somewhere—
Somewhere inside, pushing, pulling
Ineffably growing until it was
Born./ purple seeps forward into the
flame of our waking dram
spins, loops, puffs forth

Brandishing Light

CREATING CREATIVE SPACE

and never forgetting the beauty of

one's inner life, never ever at any
time
or your face in the daylight
—eyes looking up
smile in the shadows
the realization
we are light bodies, water bodies
elevated states of consciousness
embodying physical form
The Vortex which pulls you in,
simultaneously thrusts you out
Cosmic gas and God particles
as we leap from thread to thread
Set fire to the stacks

4.

SOMETIMES YOU CAN
& SOMETIMES YOU CAN'T
SOMETIMES YOU FEEL
AS STORNG AS AN ANT

Always be a Trashcan not a Trashcannot.

Congratulations on 8 years!

Whiteness is a dis-ease
Black/brownness has been seen as the enemy
See your self, call people out...
If you choose not to speak...it's on you.

You are light. Chanukah. Solstice. Kwanzaa.
blacklit, brownlit, reflection of the cosmos. light. healing of dis. ease.

Roses are red, my name's Dave, this poem makes no sense, microwave.

8 is oo standing straight up

OO INFINITY LOVE RISES ABOVE ALL
ELSE IN THE UNIVERSE, RISES ABOVE
THE NONSENSE AND NOISE. LIKE A RED ROSE
IT IS SWEET FOREVER.

Never Knows best

5.

Not for nothing, 8 years is nothing
to scoff at—wipe your nose
shake your ash tray—get your
booty on down to the stars
today—that angst we live with,
that angst we feel as this whole
wide world closes in on us...
because one day we're all going
to die – returns to dust –
blessings of angst!