

## Paradox

- I. Obsessed with the light.  
Consuming the light,  
Consumed by the darkness.  
  
Walking with the darkness,  
Walking through the light,  
Consumed by the light.
- II. The secret of life  
is its poetry, with  
a gentle and patient  
breathing of rhythms,  
a movement with metaphors  
that are not really symbols,  
but universal realities of life.
- III. I listen to lavish maple leaves  
And starkly rasping frogs  
Below the grandeur of the firs,  
  
To the pattering drops  
On roof and raincoat  
Clearing the air that  
Embraces my lungs.  
  
I listen to sound sages of kindred spirits,  
To the collective drumming of our hearts,  
To attentive gifts of care and confidence.  
  
I listen to silence.  
Space and fullness.  
A soft motherly voice  
That lovingly nurtures  
My too restless soul.
- III. "Consumed by guilt"  
brings to mind  
a huge hungry ogre in black and white  
a stubble-whiskered giant from an old Disney cartoon  
with a boisterous laugh and a large gaping grin  
he holds a big sandwich with his two thumbby hands  
Jack's head peeking from between the white slices

with his long mousy limbs flailing about

- IV. Keep your feet on the ground  
They said with the best of intentions.

And I did.

Until my shoes were imbedded in concrete  
holding me down so close to the earth  
I was one of the flat people  
Who couldn't see the contours.

I cannot breathe  
in this deep cave  
that I have fallen into.  
The air is so oppressive,  
hot and heavy like  
a thick blanket over me.

- V. Tears are prayers,  
a gentle spring of holy water  
streaming down your cheeks  
from the depths of your soul.  
The purest of waters from the  
deepest wells of your sacred being.

- VII. A guardian angel comforts me  
with the grace of her laughter and solace.  
Unselfish and abundant in her love,  
her tender words light my many tunnels.  
Her quiet touch and gentle kisses  
soothe my wounded wanderings.

Her beauty derives  
from her humble celebration  
of the sacred in each of us.  
She assiduously listens to our hearts,  
and we glow in her presence.  
Lightly, the breath of the angel  
draws us up from the depths of  
our unnecessary intensities.

- VIII. You thought you were listening to yourself.  
You thought you knew who you were.

But sometimes on a quiet walk,  
there was an almost forgotten voice inside  
telling you that the dialog wasn't you,  
that so many of your voices  
were not really your own.

Between the diminishing storms,  
you saw that the only way  
you could help others  
was to free yourself,  
so you took a deep breath and  
headed down that path.

You now knew you must walk for a while alone  
listening to the silence between the beats.

IX. My ancestors comfort me  
in the soft breeze stroking my cheek,  
the dancing clouds delighting my eyes,  
and the hooting owl reassuring my soul.

X. The most sensational colors of the day  
are the waning moments before twilight.  
Spirited flames melt into subtle hues.

We quietly watch the sonata  
as the conductor blends the tones.  
Ethereal trumpets and woodwinds  
mirror off of the tranquil water.  
Loons lovingly call to each other  
in their haunting tones.  
The campfire crackles behind us  
as the full orange moon rises  
above the firs across the lake.

No need to talk.  
Enough is being said.