

****The Artist and the Dancer****

OR

****The Artist meets his destiny****

Singing to each other
His tapered artist hands
Wrapped in her golden waterfall
In perfect tuneand, guileless

The love-touched couple

Crossed

Each other's universes

Like two comets

Or falling stars

Brief.....intense

*****Startling *****

Between the two.....like colors in a rainbow
Or tiny birds bursting from red berried mistletoes
As youth cried to youth
In the symmetry of life

In a beauty beyond beauty
The dancer
Like a multicolored tropical bird
Never silentnever still
Enjoying the sun
And many treats offered
Every fruit imaginable

To keep her amused
Suffer boredom.....never
Suffer sorrow.....never

All bright
All beautiful
Fragile as a soap bubble
Bursting in the air

The love that Almost Was
As the Dancer flitted away
A whisper in the windy lucid green
A thousand shades of green
A depth beyond depth

Hiding herself in the stream of humanity
From real life.....too young to commit
And too old to turn back to childhood

And the artist
Bore her noiseless escape, not running but ever dancing
In a flurry of paint
And a languishing eye
That held her form in its artist's pupil

Sorrowing, yes, for a time, beyond time
In the midst of time
(but not defeated)

Bored, yes, for her brightness lingered
And hovered
Like a blue-green dragon fly
In an ozone-saturated afternoon
Lulled to stillness by the stifling heat

Shaking off the heaviness,
Rising, to clear his vision.....and look beyond
The tropical bird
Who had woven her brilliance

In the midst of his every breathless thought

He noticed, relieved, with a laugh, the sun still shone

And rejoiced at life itself

Beyond the shadowy recesses

To ascend

To ride upon the high places of his own creativity

And sing

Until his song finds an answering note

Perhaps in a sparrow-spirited girl

Not quite so brilliant

Willing to be bored

And not always entertained

Suffering sadness for love

Her feet on the earth

And hands up to God

Not like a comet.....

More like the compliant, lovely Willow Tree

Always bent towards

the Artesian Wells of abundant life

The Artiste Extraordinaire.....

Finds a devotion his heart craves

From one who watches, shyly

her eyes, adoring and adorable

While the dancer dances on

In beauty and grace

Leaving a mark on his heart

Only flickering, briefly,

At the toss of a bright head

A certain smile.....

A flashing dimple.....

Like a candle guttering in a darkened room

The Willow Woman

Becomes intertwined

With the soul of the Artist

To mute the Dancer's light steps

And offer comfort

In peace and reticence

He becomes her all-in-all
And the mystery
Of the two becoming One
Is birthed into Be-ing

As the Dancer fades.....
Not in beauty.....
But in memory.....

The Artiste.....no longer in chains to a dream
But -now----- completed
By the Willow woman
Whose fragrant green-ness
Offers God back to the Artist
Along with the gift of herself
((J. of the flaming hair and heart for God))

##

L.

Like a deer
in a Northern forest
she has dove's eyes

Long-legged
stepping gently
s h y

temperate
hiding behind
the mossy trees

Skittish
running at a dissonant sound
p e e k i n g

between
berry laden leaves
trembling slightly

leaving adolescence
t r e m u l o u s

1/7

life yawning
like a canyon

stepping delicately
on mossy
river driven stones

finding herself
through
the foliage

in gentle ways
&
kindness

#

R.B. In Memoriam

How you
thundered & crashed
across the stage

217

In movies
as the multitude
watched

mesmerized
Your voice
was Him

King Richard
Anthony
Anbody.....

Your gift
exalted you to the skies
perfect diction
perfect acting

A talent from God
No matter the problems
the alcohol
the divorces

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We saw only
the magnificent
actor

When you transported us
to another age
another person

like a falling star
you left your maker

thinking Him
*** undeniable ***
*** infallible ***
*** awesome ***
H I M

as a nonentity @@@
a fable @@@
a joke @@@

Oh, look, just LOOK
at my Beautiful Body !!
the soul cries in torment

4/7

My Jesus.....!!!
My Lord.....!!!
My Master.....!!!

I want you NOW
I need you NOW

N O W
Lord
N O W
##

For Heather, dear

Baby girl
Don't listen to the devil

Darling child
with the elfin smile
in the multicolored dress

You are NOT
who they say
you are

517

She is a predator
she doesn't love you
she is a devourer
of your soul

R U N
as if from
a forest fire

God loves you
He made you
listen to your mom

"she" loves only herself
she despises you

it doesn't matter
what people say
it matters what

G O D
says

617

FLEE

&

Pray

God will help you

Don't betray the
lover of your soul

she has death
& bitterness
in her eyes
she hates you
& has 'love' only for herself

be lonely
do ((any-thing))
but don't
join your soul to hell
(it's a power trip)

**

717

**Danny Pancakes/Dec.'90
one & a HALF**

**I !! TURTLE !!
ohhh, sick!
I gotta oweeeee !**

**kiss! Kiss! KISS !
Tuuummy !
I'll r-a-a-a-h you -
Ba-ba**

##