

Lady Madonna . . .  
Fairbanks, Alaska

Quonset Hut  
A giant Soup can  
cut in half  
Fifty ... below

\*\*\* Z E R O \*\*\*

Tlingit Princess  
baby at her breast

around the table  
black shining mane  
Innocence unveiled

corrupt  
middle-aged  
abandoning wife  
& five children



for the Clarion Call  
of sin

Lady Madonna . . .  
children at your breast

escaping  
middle America

five small faces  
five small mouths

Papa !!  
"What did we do wrong?"

The butterfly woman  
flitting from  
man to man

belonging to none  
belonging to all

2/5



the proud man  
afraid of his mortality

deserting a l l  
for nothing

Lady Madonna . . .  
queer soup can  
enshrouded  
in ice fog

& layers  
white ice fog  
& endless lies

the odd little man  
"I never loved her"  
((believe me))

3/5



Indian Princess  
Lady Madonna . . .  
Children at your breast

}} Why don't you know  
he is lying to you }}

From the timeless womb  
of Alaska  
her shining face  
accepts  
declarations  
not able to discern  
the truth

as she flits  
from flower to flower  
like the heedless butterfly

HIS



the honey  
becomes bitter  
to the odd man  
whose children  
call out to him in dreams

Lady Madonna  
children at your breast

##

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The Lion of the Tribe of  
J U D A H  
or  
Godly, Biblical  
PRAISE

The Lion sleeps  
all day  
... for days

s a t i a t e d  
{surfeited}

alive !  
somambulent

His powers hidden

in another realm

Dreams  
of sun BURST days

Distant s t a r s

whiskers twitching  
w a i t i n g

dozing ... for the next meal

a l l  
His power  
... & strength  
& majesty ...

[on hold]

until He should  
BURST forth

1/3



like a blazing  
c o m e t  
[of fury]

& lightning  
SpEEd

!! Master of All !!  
!! Servant to None !!

The very leaves  
t r e m b l e  
as the King awakes  
& arises

His muscles  
r i p p l i n g  
in the  
fullness of His strength

the Lion of the Tribe of  
JUDAH  
has awakened  
arisen

d e v o u r i n g  
all the power of the enemy

forgotten  
neglected  
rejected  
PRAISE

has at last awoken !!  
from a centuries long sleep  
r o a r i n g  
slicing thru lies  
like a razor  
through meat



releasing  
prisoners by  
multitudes

from  
depression  
oppression  
sickness  
SORROW

a HURRICANE  
from Heaven

to lay  
waste  
the powers of the enemy  
now  
&

forever

##

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My Lord, My God  
of the Pomegranate

or

CeCe's song

or

Peter's wife

Underneath the Sycamore Tree

The Son of God

leaned

casually against a tree fork

Dust devils

swirled at His feet

The juice of the pomegranate

ran down his beard

and dripped

in a delicious clear red

on His robe

His lips as luscious as cherries

sun burnt

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pursed in impossible beauty  
over the rough skin  
of the pomegranate

The leaves of the Sycamore  
dappling the sunlight  
at His feet  
in cross hatches of light  
& shadow

He pursed His lips  
& smiled  
as if the sun arose  
on a flawless morning

His eyes burned  
eternal, everlasting love

Are you?  
No!  
You can't be Him!

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Liar!  
Blasphemer!  
You can't be Him!

The Lord smiled  
mysterious  
innocent

gesturing gently  
to the over-wrought woman

who could only cry out  
like a cat . . .  
screeching & uncertain

You can't be Him!  
He, He is evil!  
He stole my husband!  
my fisherman

314



Simon goes around like a madman  
no longer  
concerned with his boat  
& the fish  
& US  
his family . . .

##

414



M.M.

Blood red dress  
cut too low  
draped  
in dramatic folds

delicate abalone earrings  
dangling  
precariously  
from tiny, seashell ears

gold bracelets  
clanking  
all the way  
up to her upper arms

small  
sandaled feet  
lion's head sandals

wrapped  
Roman style  
from ankle to knee

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curls

tight

&

furious

around her

piquant face

the darling, petite woman

wondered

Who is He?

Where did He come from?

Blood red folds

dripping

like tears

around her dimpled elbows

I have to see Him . . .

. . . I have to find Him

My Lord !

My God !

2/3



Have I gone crazy?

How can such a one exist?

the sun . . .  
like melted butter  
poured over the dry horizon

as her eyes filled  
with longing

her lashes,  
steeped  
impossibly long  
like needles of the Northern Pine

tears sparkling  
as delicate diamonds  
on the pine needles

When?  
When will I see Him again?

##

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