Lady Madonna . . . Fairbanks, Alaska

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

*** Z E R O ***

Mingit 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

the proud man afraid of his mortality

deserting a 1 1
for nothing

Lady Madonna . . .

gueer soup can

enshrouded

in ice fog

& layers white ice fog & endless lies

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

Indian Princess

Lady Madonna . . .

Children at your breast

EE Why don't you know he is lying to you 33

From the timeless womb

of A I a s k a

her shining face

accepts

declarations

not able to discern

the truth

as she flits from flower to flower like the heedless butterfly

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

Lady Madonna children at your breast

##

The Lion of the Tribe of
JUDAH
or
Godly, Biblical
PRAISE

The Lion sleeps all day ...for days

satiated {surfeited}

alive!

His powers hidden

in another realm

Dreams of sun BURST days

Distant stars

whiskers twitching waiting

dozing ... for the next meal

all
His power
... & strength
& majesty ...

[on hold]

until He should BURST forth like a blazing comet [of fury]

& lightning SpEEd

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

The very leaves tremble as the King awakes & arises

His muscles
rippling
in the
fullness of His strength

the Lion of the Tribe of JUDAH has awakened arisen

devouring all the power of the enemy

> forgotten neglected rejected PRAISE

has at last awoken!!
from a centuries long sleep
roaring
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

##

My Lord, My God
of the Pomegranate
or
CeCe's song
or
Peter's wife

Underneath the Sycamore Tree
The Son of God

I e a n e d

casually against a tree fork

Dust devils

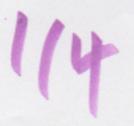
Swirled at His feet

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



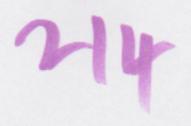
pursed in impossible beauty
over the rough skin
of the pomegranate

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!



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

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

##

M.M.

Blood red dress

cut too low

d r a p e d

in dramatic folds

delicate abalone earrings
d a n g l i n g
precariously
from tiny, seashell ears

gold bracelets

clanking

all the way

up to her upper arms

s m a l l sandaled feet lion's head sandals

wrapped Roman style from ankle to knee

1/3

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 ...

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,

steepled

impossibly long

like needles of the Northern Pine

tears s p a r k l ing as delicate diamonds on the pine needles

When? When will I see Him again?

##