

Monet's Garden

You walked in the garden
you saw flowers

I saw kaleidoscopes of color

You saw water lilies . . .

I saw explosions
filling whole walls

You saw scents
& variations of sweetness

I was overwhelmed
My senses stunned

o v e r c o m e
I painted as if in a drugged stupor

Beauty overwhelmed me
stunned me

112

I gasped for breath
only art would free my lungs

You saw little flowers

I saw a universe
of color . . .
. . . of sound
of magnificence . . .

Drown me in beauty

Colors swirl
in an ecstasy of the senses

Pastis
brings me back to the real world

In the licorice liquor
a brown lens
to bring me back to reality

##

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Ah, a fine soft Irish day

In three shades of green
gentle hills
covered in children
rolling, tossing, tumbling

a rainbow of smiles
dimples
bright eyes
brown . . green . . blue

Long dresses
Fringed Shawls
at humble whitewashed cottages

rotten potatoes
moldy, smelly, uneatable
small faces fallen
small bodies
thinner & thinner

rough graves
marked with rocks
people as shadows
painfully skeletal

noisy, bright, hills
now barren . . & eerily silent
the many children's voices
stilled forever
merry dimples cursed
by the famine

As the English sit
fat & pompous
before six course breakfasts
ignoring their neighbor's plight

The wind sighs
The rain cries over the millions
dead & destitute
no well as deep as Irish sorrow
inbred in the population
drowned in whiskey or Guinness

Half the population
decimated
a hundred years later
still . . . the green hills
are silent

& country spaces vast
full of sheep, rock walls
low hung clouds

the laughter of children
lost forever
caught in a rainbow
or a moment of sun

as the land across the water
bursts forth
with Irish immigrants
fighting
the Civil War

building
the White House
NYC Subways

a fighting, cheerful people
never giving up
to the death
Upright
&
Unashamed

taming the new land
the way horses in the old country
were tamed

Irish blood built America
Irish blood spilled for America
Irish blood fighting the British

The children,
lost in the old country
are born anew in the new world
always grateful for work
... for freedom

Fresh fire
birthed in suffering
for a new nation

##

June, '90

Danny, 1 @ Jesse, 2

Bouncing across the floor
while still strapped in
his high chair -- (!)

Little Big Eyes
competes with
makeamess himself

flour in his hair
vacuum t o s s e d
improbably.....impossibly
down the laundry chute

entranced by an
open fridge
sucking up jello

with a big straw

at the outer limits
of mom's patience.....

he falls asleep
curly baby head
crowned in a bowl of beans

s o o o darling
s o o o precious

###

With Morris and Tim

Like two parakeets twittering and fluttering

In their cage

The two old ladies flutter

Around their tin trailer-cage

Anxious for everything

But having need of nothing

Wisps of people

In a scrap of time

Soon to be evaporated into eternity

Like talking to the wind

As the breath of God blows around them

Calling them to Himself

The . . . curtains first, no dear, the rugs

I can't do it

Can you help me

The corners, yes, the corners of the bed

Yes, that's him in nineteen and ought seven

A good man

Her eyes filled up

Yesterday became today

Human life . . . a commodity or precious???

##

*** The Man of God ***

A soul is plucked
from the burning fires of hell
then another
& another . . . ad infinitum

A pre-birth promise
bursts forth
covered by the Eternal Blood

Who will go?
Who will tell?
Send me Lord . . .

Hell trembles & quakes
before the
soul winners work
!! NO !!
Not another one!

2/5

I groomed him
I planned for him
I set every temptation in his way
this one was
M I N E

eyes softened
tear-filled
as a new spirit
enters the lost, hardened man

the Lord
Lord, Jesus, Lord
Yes, (((a s i g h)))
I believe

The devil screams in torment
!!! N O !!!
He was mine
mine, mine, ALL mine

2/5

I told him, I told him
every day, many times
he was "too smart"
to believe in God
He believed every lie

The Soul Winner
becomes over-filled
with souls

as they fill every cell
to bursting
and overflowing

like a radiant heater
it becomes obvious
& visible

Sir !!

Who are you?

What must I do to be saved?

Oh, I'm a sinful man

Could the Lord ever forgive me?

** Evangelism **

becomes

like the four winds

searing

the North Dakota prairie

in heavy winter

Lord !

Help me!

What must I do to be saved ?

Don't abandon me !

Under What Name ??

in Heaven & earth

can men be saved?

4/5

You, YOU
You . . . Know
Tell, tell, tell

the pressure mounts
the steam whistles
people press
the blameless man of God
visibly burns
like a hot coal

Who WHO
{ { are you } }

What must I do to be saved?
E v a n g e l i s m
becomes like a blood disease
Treat it . . .
. . . or die

##

515

Out of Egypt

*I called you, my son,
out of Egypt*

*the full moon reflected
off your infant face*

*glancing against
the shadow of the Sphinx*

*Your first small steps
were in the sands of the Pharaohs*

*Egypt watched over you
Egypt did not hurt you*

*I want to bless my own
to watch over Egypt*

*Sons of Abraham
Return to your God*

As you protected
the Blessed Mother
and my Only Son

So my heart loves you
forever . . . and a day

Stand up for yourselves
and I will help you

Bow down again
to injustice

and it will crush you
Rise Up !

As man creatures
made in my Own Image

And I will
open the doors of life for you

##