

## Namaste The Unknown

A woman gets up from his chair,  
she politely crosses the busy cafe,  
and goes into the restroom.

In solitude, she namastes the unknown.

Her arms rise and spread like great wings,  
and the being that defines an eagle  
or an angel emerges from her  
and engulfs her.

## The Greatest Love

The greatest love I have ever known  
is not attached to anyone or anything.

This love is a disappointment  
to my long life of naming desires.

As I feel love engulf me from within,  
I hear my life wimper another loss.

Every loss gives a new burst of freedom.

## The Awakened Heaven

Quietly, gradually, inevitably,  
my sleeping beauty rose up  
of her own accord,  
I have no one to blame,  
no one to give credit to.

Leave her alone,  
she has nowhere to be,  
but here, nothing to do, but be.

It is the love song of all beings,  
things, and creatures, when I love her,  
I am sure she loves me, too.

I said to myself,  
whenever you love me,  
all goes well, you see how  
beautiful she is.

Beautiful fighting queen,  
her castle is here in my heart,  
never has she left it.

## You Have the Eyes

You have the emptiest eyes  
I've ever gazed into, I have  
empty eyes for you, as well.

I cannot fall into your emptiness.  
There's no in or out with you.

I open my eyes  
to your open eyes.

This opening never closes,  
I'm neither lost nor found,  
I'm out of the question.

There's no question in your eyes,  
no question in my heart.

This love swallows its own name.

## There's No One Here

There's no one here but here.  
I am means *I* is *am*.

The movie can't watch the movie,  
but watching can, and sense can't make.

I miss you. No such thing.  
Missing you is what misses you.

When you are here, you are here  
when you're not here.

The pain I think I feel  
when I feel your absence  
is only when I feel your presence  
and try to keep it.

This pain is holding the glimpse  
of heaven I call you, is me.

Yes, my body misses you.  
My body misses everything.

## I Miss Freedom

I miss freedom, I miss love,  
I miss joy, I miss you.

The greater my loss,  
the more present I am.

I long for freedom,  
I yearn for love,  
I ache for joy,  
I lust for you.

I am consumed by all I cherish,  
an invitation to absolute surrender,  
this ignorance begets perfect knowledge.

## Among the Angels

Every night I welcome you,  
some part of me clings  
to unhappiness.

From my seat among the angels,  
I hear the annoying whine  
of an unfavorite dog,  
several miles away.

No, nearby. No, it is here,  
within my dogged mind.

## This Love of My Heart

This love of my heart  
has given me to see  
how far I am willing to go  
to meet the Beloved.

Shall I compare him to  
Unloved or Not Yet Loved?

Or is he Beloved By Me?  
And is he Beloved In Me?

How far within the Beloved  
am I prepared to disappear?

## This Accented Love

The plan is for this love to fail,  
a long life to follow of searching,  
regrets, loss and despair, to name a few  
of the masks the mind makes of love.

Here's the catch; love cannot fail,  
but only be gone away from.

You may go away from me,  
but this accented love  
is an arrow into the heart.

The arrow always aims in,  
toward the heart.

Loss lingers  
at the abandoned bow.

## My Love Feels Small

My love feels small  
when there's any fear in it.  
The only fear in love is its loss.

My love feels small,  
until I breath it large again.

My love for you is not confined.

My love is not mine,  
except, when in fear,  
I try to pinch between my fingers  
the invisible sleeve of Being Itself.

## The Truth Being True

If I lose him,  
I will never find him again.

He is here in my heart,  
I can't live without him,  
I can't live without  
the truth being true.

He is who I am,  
I have seen him,  
he is no other than the one,  
the same one that I am.

I cannot lose him,  
he cannot be lost,  
my heart be done.

## The Unconfined Room

Because I love him  
as much as I love him,  
I remember not just him  
but the room  
he has appeared in.

Roomless room,  
roomier than we are,  
I cannot confine it to him  
or him to it.

He is greater  
than my narrow hold  
on what I hold close,  
so close it cannot be held.

## A Thing That Cannot Be Held

Now is the hardest time in love,  
to be free of the aeriest bondage,  
to let go of freedom, to let go of love,  
when love itself is the freedom,  
and freedom itself is all love.

But these names do not serve  
a thing that cannot be learned,  
cannot be held, cannot be  
known by a name.

Even as I ache to hold him,  
even as I ache for him to hold me,  
I unache my freedom, I unache my heart,  
I unache my love, that feels like tearing  
my heart from my chest, tearing the flesh  
from my heart, to toss away this small thing  
I hold, in favor of what, unheld,  
holds me.

## Some Shape of Perfection

The Italians once wrote poems of unrequited love,  
love poems to perfect others they would never know.

This errant deification is an awkward imitation  
of love of being itself, discovered, by accident,  
in the house or on the street.

How else can a human being hope to claim  
some shape of perfection, that's come to life  
in the simple heart, in the ordinary moment,  
between the last breath gone, and the next  
breath, not yet breathed?

## Love is the Only Thing

The pain of love is meant to teach us  
to forget love, until we can see  
nothing else but love.

These true love poems  
are about lost love,  
so that all the waves  
are lost into the sea.

To lose all love is to discover love  
is the only thing that cannot be lost.

When all love is lost, look where love  
is never lost and never found.

Where can I go  
and not know love?

## My Heart Remains

He's gone away from me,  
I have not gone away from love.

He is not near my heart.  
He is not far from my heart.

My heart remains everywhere.

## When Light Goes Looking

Whenever I believe I'm being deprived,  
it is deprivation asserting its claim.

Deprived is a shadow,  
unable to dance in the light.

Everywhere light goes looking,  
it cannot find the dark.

## Tickled by Rain

Why must I lose him, I think,  
because thinking thinks like that.

Buried in this torment is a gift.

I lose this time of love,  
to gain love that laughs at time,  
as the ocean is tickled by rain.

## Let It Become Itself

My love can live with this other one.  
My love can live without this other one.

The source of love is sufficient in itself.

Let it become itself, so all can see  
how it can become two, if it will.

## Why Not Know Them Both

When I die, I will be with  
the love I see in his eyes.

In his eyes, is the love I will  
know without ceasing when I die.

Why not know them both now?

## The Secret One

I love him because I can see  
that wild sanity within him.

It is the secret one who burns to be free  
and will be free, because it has already  
met with itself in love.

He is the phoenix that rises  
from the ashes of the self.

*Let me burn, he says,  
until I am fire itself.*

## In Memory Like Dreams

To stay in this love I discover,  
I let go of all other kinds of love.

To stay in the love I've found with him,  
I let go of him and all his brothers.

I can say this, now,  
because it has already begun.

He has destroyed me, he has ruined me,  
he has made it impossible for me to love him,  
or anyone like him, in the same way, forever.

He has condemned me to this single moment,  
where I met him, where I know him, where I see him.

All other love affairs are turned to paper houses  
in wind, in rain, in fire, in memory like dreams.

## In Any One Moment

I've lost all sexual desire,  
even though I can imagine it,  
and have fond memories of it.

Even as I kiss your lips,  
even as I caress your skin,  
even as I feel the heat of your thighs,  
I cannot keep my mind on sexual desire.

In any one moment,  
all the joys of the body  
are exquisite and immediate,  
what's the sense of desire  
for anything else?

Do I desire to breathe, to exist,  
do I desire to be in the heart  
of a sensual heaven?

Yes, and I can't remember when  
it was over there, somewhere else.

## My Other Water Self

The growing ambition of my silence  
is to disappear into the fabric,  
like water drops on cloth,  
with you, my other water self.

Our love for each other  
become a testament to absence,  
as water drops fall onto the ocean  
of no name.

This burst of ambition runs through my body,  
like a sudden shower rattles the windows  
and brings all life to life, followed by sun.

My ambition is to become lost  
inside this love, with you.

Only that is big enough,  
now that we have met.

## Without a Moment's Ceasing

This life is not nothing,  
you have proved that to me,  
like a vision of death, this vision of life,  
since we have come together.

For these many years, I teased with love,  
like a style of clothing sometimes worn,  
and you have stripped me naked,  
to love you without a moment's ceasing.

This life is not nothing to be left for love.

This love gives and removes  
nothing from everything.

A woman lives inside her lives like sleep,  
and then one day she is born awake,  
lifted up, like leaves in a whirlwind.

## As Strong as Courage

You are as strong  
as courage hopes to be.

Are you strong enough  
to give up completely?

I surrender to you,  
no one is stronger,  
I am strong enough  
to disappear in you.

It takes only a little fear  
to stay away from this love,  
but I am fearless, like you.

This is the only definition of love  
that doesn't lie, just a little.

## All True Faith

All true faith  
is a leap of faith.

Insanity!

My love wants me to leap  
out of every skin I've ever had.

It wants me to promise my own suicide  
and leap before the note is written.

This love wants me to dynamite  
the alphabet, to renounce my tongue,  
and garble the message.

This love I feel, feeling nothing else,  
terrifies my capacity to imagine it,  
until even my terror is swallowed up.

This poem is a letter  
tossed back to the edge  
of the rapidly receding precipice.

## Two Lovers

I have two loves for him,  
two lovers live in my house,  
one waits, the other loves.

The one who waits, waits alone.

The one who loves, absorbs  
the other to a disappearance.

One is fearful and crabs out  
the space with absence.

One is fearless and fills  
the space with presence.

The fearful one  
is the Queen of Romance,  
and the other one is nameless.

The Nameless One  
could be called  
the Inventor of Love,  
its Master and its Servant.

The Nameless One  
could be called He.

He and the Nameless One  
are the same.

## The Mind's Wise Prophecy

My thoughts won't believe  
that love is my true nature,  
though they grudgingly admit  
the possibility that I love him.

My thoughts tell me I will  
wither and die without him.  
This withering and dying  
is the mind's wise prophecy.

My true nature is fire,  
my thoughts are tissue.  
He is likewise flame  
in a paper wrapper.

We are drawn together,  
fire to fire, flame to flame,  
light makes love to light.

## I Call My Love

I love his face, I love his body,  
I love his hair, I love his bones,  
I love his skin, I love this world  
in its precious beauty,  
in its free and deadly truth.

I love him in his flowering,  
in the split-second of her flesh.

Being Itself bursts into existence  
and soars within him, Being attacks  
his clay and flings him into life.

How can I not love  
the exquisite moment  
of unsurpassable beauty  
that I call my love?

## Apologia Pro Vita Amor

I apologize  
to my love.

I say I don't know  
how to make love.

I can't find  
where it begins  
and where it ends.

It begins everywhere,  
and its end cannot  
be found.

## The Echo of Love

I cannot pine and mourn  
for my absent love.

Who would come home  
to misery but misery  
in another form?

My unhappiness  
calls out  
for the wrong return.

Is joy the echo  
of despair?

I sing in,  
to the heart of the heart,  
where even grief  
awakens in the angels  
the unseparate song  
of perfect love.