

Namaste The Unknown

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

In solitude, he namastes the unknown.

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

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 her to
Unloved or Not Yet Loved?

Or is she Beloved By Me?
And is she 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 her,
I will never find her again.

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

She is who I am,
I have seen her,
she is no other than the one,
the same one that I am.

I cannot lose her,
she cannot be lost,
my heart be done.

The Unconfined Room

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

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

She 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 her,
even as I ache for her 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 women they'd 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

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

She is not near my heart.
She 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 her, 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 her eyes.

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

Why not know them both now?

The Secret One

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

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

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

*Let me burn, she 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 her,
I let go of her and all her sisters.

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

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

She has condemned me to this single moment,
where I met her, where I know her, where I see her.

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 man lives inside his lives like sleep,
and then one day he 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 Loves

I have two loves for her,
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 King 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 She.

She 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 her.

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

My true nature is fire,
my thoughts are tissue.
She 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 her face, I love her body,
I love her hair, I love her bones,
I love her skin, I love this world
in its precious beauty,
in its free and deadly truth.

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

Being Itself bursts into existence
and soars within her, Being attacks
her clay and flings her 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.