

# Anthology of PACollin



Presented by

*My poetic side* 

## summary

#34

Awe

Grief at the Door

The Healer

Mother\'s Day

The Mountain

To My Fledgling Poet

God... perhaps

Sumon the Refugee

The Balloon

Melancholia

#35

On the stories we tell ourselves about ourselves

A churning in my soul (For reasons I don\'t know)

An April Snow

Depression and Fidelity

SENSUALITY AT MIDNIGHT

**#34**

So what is this?  
it's love, but how and when and why?

It was easy to count in the beginning.  
the beam in your smile, the kindness in your eyes.  
you were playful and mischievous.  
you lit up with ease and gave me light too.

It used to be a river, mighty  
but I could still number each stone  
if I chose to spend the time  
in lieu of lying in the refreshing beauty  
as I let your waters rush over me.

It's the ocean now.  
I couldn't find a stone if I tried, they lay too deep.  
your current doesn't overwhelm me anymore  
it has enveloped me. I am the current too.

When you ask why I love you  
it isn't on the tip of my tongue  
because it is tied to my soul.

It is no longer your smile or that look in your eye,  
not just a touch from your hand or a stolen kiss  
it is those things, but it's more and elevated.

Your laughter is mine too.  
your vision is all I can see.  
our hands know how they fit together  
the kiss is passion, but also love, loyalty  
and a bond unbreakable.

You are mine, I am yours  
we are the ocean perfectly positioned  
because of the effort made upstream  
while we were still in the river.

## Awe

There are moments  
fleeting, yet sticky  
not like the  
theater floor,  
rather like  
the scent of a  
freshly fallen snow  
that lingers on your coat  
long after hiding it  
away in the  
closet near the door.

These moments grip, too.  
Not like the vise  
that holds the plank  
ready to cut,  
rather like  
the loving toddler  
fastened to  
your hand  
allowing the  
daring crossing  
of a tepid  
mountain stream.

The moments are found  
in solitude and silence  
when the subconscious  
can be explored.  
And in the great  
and grand with your  
feet perched upon  
the precipice after

you summit the  
mountaintop.

The heart skips,  
the senses heighten.  
You soak in  
the moment.

Now forever chained  
to your soul,  
the picture in  
your mind  
will pacify  
your frenzied life.  
As you are  
escorted backward  
to view again  
your moment  
in the sun.

## Grief at the Door

A father is shaken.  
With unfocused eyes he receives guests  
that he cannot see.  
He has been dispossessed of his sight  
and his vision.

A mother is cruelly severed from her heart.  
Processing the pain would feel like  
navigating a barricaded road swept away beneath  
a swelling river.  
Her tragedy brings love too,  
but she can't feel it.

Brothers are worlds apart.  
Pain and regret are worn openly,  
and they grip like a vise.  
One folds, one works.  
They replay songs that were theirs,  
but they can't hear the words.

A sister, a companion,  
an exemplar, a heroine.  
She feigns a smile to prevent implosion  
She spent days holding him,  
but she can't embrace him now.

## The Healer

I am not  
your family,  
most of them  
are gone.

Within  
the week,  
we'll lose  
you too.

I am here  
at your bedside  
telling you  
through hazy eyes  
that your  
days are  
likely few.

I cant  
perform  
the procedure  
you desire.  
Your thinned  
blood makes  
the risk  
too great.

What I  
can do  
is care and  
encourage  
and flounder  
and cry  
as we try



to accept  
this fate.

## Mother's Day

We held each other  
in the crumbling driveway,  
my dear ones waiting  
in the idling car behind us.

You hung on for forever-  
forever, wrapped in what  
felt like loss, or love,  
or love trapped by loss.

It was a speck but familiar,  
repeated over decades  
it became a Mother's love  
and her heartache too.

She has bridled well  
these warriors of pain and grace  
but she can take care now  
as I invite them to melt in to my arm.

She pulls me closer,  
which is telling and brave.  
Thank you for the proximity, I whisper  
thank you for your molding grace

Thank you for this speck,  
the moment confers a license to feel.  
I turn to the beauty in the idling car  
resolved to hold them forever too.

## The Mountain

You see me, but not inside.  
what stands in the way  
is majestic, it's steep.

Take my hand,  
hold on for the ride  
climb with me to find the deep.

## To My Fledgling Poet

For a fledgling poet  
not 7 years lived  
these words may sound obscure

Can I convey the anxiety  
bound to the ghost  
of the lost Lenore?

Our eyes gather and  
swell with tears  
as with Lord Byron we die

Then Maya bestows  
our defiant creed,  
"I rise, I rise, I rise!"

More precious than  
the air I breathe are  
these moments we two share

Where we quietly absorb  
the depths and heights  
formed with passion and care

I love you more  
than I love my life,  
your spirit enlivens me

May this goodness  
shared through poem and prose  
be ours eternally.

## God... perhaps

Has God's music,  
entrenched and resolute,  
been quieted?  
Perhaps.

Perhaps the tune was never sufficient  
for every man to hear  
as it was played to the select  
who presumed they were elect

Perhaps the music ere made  
could never reach the world  
It is not reaching us now  
We have seen too much of the soul

We finally note the plight of the meek  
We suffer with those who were once impure  
Perhaps turning obliquely from the sound  
removes the fear that prevented our empathy

Now we begin to play  
Our music, collectively composed,  
is a new and beautiful melody.  
Our tune can weave through culture and time.

The percussion begins,  
followed precisely by the strings, brass, and woodwinds  
as they enlarge the sound.

The vibrations reach those  
long hidden from the music  
by literalism and fear and ignorance.

We still love the classic,  
we revere it for its composition,  
it buoyed us before we could play  
we have built on its structure.

But unless the composer  
can evolve his voice,  
he will continue playing for the select,  
not the elect, while missing the plea from his child.

Maybe God's music never was  
the delivering hand of the composer,  
but the interdependent relation  
between the players

Perhaps, God's music was ours all along.  
Perhaps through kindness I can play it for you now.

## Sumon the Refugee

My life may sound incredible  
but it's all I've known, or seen  
the camp cultivated this tarnished soul,  
that I can now afford to clean.

I ponder the dearth of my former life.  
where a dollar made a man rich.  
still in the dark in my American home,  
with no hope to find the switch.

Still trapped in my mind after 5 years,  
I can't seem to make a friend.  
they send me to therapy every week,  
though my soul is too broken to mend.

My thoughts don't float to Nepal  
because the camp wasn't home to me.  
I don't exist they told me once,  
I fight it, but can't disagree.

13 years no bread, just rice  
I stole, I cheated, I thrived?  
My life would have continued this way  
until at last, in camp, I died.

13 years of sharp solitude  
diminished my stature and call.  
though still lonely, I carve my path  
because I once had no path at all.

## The Balloon

Can a green balloon reach to heaven?

No, but It will have to do.

I heard of a pink balloon in England once

that joined a separate two.

That balloon flew with precision and grace

to an Angel, transformed to friend.

My green balloon was hesitantly released

with a hope that your hearts can mend.

In lieu of holding your sweet young boy

we watched from from the ground as they flew

With resolute spirit and tears in our eyes

we'll start each tomorrow anew.



## Melancholia

Sylvia, Anne!

How can you write in this sorrowful state?

Where a mood hangs like a coat of stone,  
its icy weight relentless and paralyzing.

Your fear is realized

as a casual encounter triggers

a rehearsed cheerful facade

with death behind your eyes.

Your mask has become so refined

by the sleepless hours spent

perfecting the detail of a fictitious smile

you hope will resemble the real McCoy.

All while hating yourself for

carving it in the first place.

## #35

We were two lovers spinning in a radiant mountain field  
just as the wildflowers reach full bloom.

You were beautiful  
You were by my side

At first incapable of seeing the formidable path to our left,  
we lay together over blankets of undisturbed grass.  
Then knowing we can no longer delay, we stand.

Side by side

In step we furiously conquer the boulder. Often we struggle  
bleeding and parched, to climb from the lowly field. No matter,

You are beautiful  
You are by my side

You and me! When we recognize the promise of a well hewn trail as a ruse.  
When the scrapes and sprains don't make us cut and run.  
Through brokenness and insecurity and loss.

You will always be beautiful  
I will always be by your side.

## On the stories we tell ourselves about ourselves

It's alright,  
tell your story.  
I'll probably tell mine too.

But, pause a minute,  
don't get stuck.

Kill your story  
when it attempts to tie itself to your identity

Send it crashing to the ground,  
run a mile  
and watch it from distance

Let it evolve in space  
observe it's turns and corners  
and remember, or newly discover

The story of you  
Is not you.

## A churning in my soul (For reasons I don't know)

For reasons I don't know,  
I'd rather be judged a fool today  
while my damnedest efforts sail astray  
than imprison my heart and my soul away.  
For reasons I don't know.

For reasons I don't know,  
I'd rather sit and play a hand  
with the smarmiest dude in all the land  
and risk my life being short and grand.  
For reasons I don't know.

For reasons I don't know,  
I'd meet the bear charging from her cave  
over the safety of the cottage, where I'd miss the grace  
that our God, that raving lunatic, gave.  
For reasons I don't know.

This pull to chase some star unseen,  
to wrestle with life's mysteries,  
to dissolve contentment in my being,  
is a treasure unknown to me.

## An April Snow

Its snowed last night, there's more on the way.

The stark white frosting preemptively strikes against the onslaught of radiant pink flowers on the weeping cherry at the corner of the yard.

Each locked in a battle for attention.

Spring wants to bloom but like any renaissance we see fits and starts

Every brilliant bronze sculpture worked by the hand of God through Ghiberti is met by the regressive preaching of Savonarola, who unknowing, will be burned at the stake yet again to carve a path for progress.

Yet we know the renaissance will come

as every blade of manicured grass recalls the radiance and precision of Donatello's Penitent Magdalene.

We can strain to see Michaelangelo's majestic Deposition in the snow capped mountains that surround our high desert valley.

More, we will feel the rebirth within, crawling from it's winter slumber within the ileocecal valve at the deepest cavern of bowel where it lay dormant for too long.

It beckons us outward and forward toward rediscovering each other and our truest selves.

Push through spring! I am counting on you this year more than ever, rid us of the dark seed winter has planted and carry us to the burnt orange warmth of your reckless sunshine.

## Depression and Fidelity

A screeching chaos surrounds us as our plane falls from the sky.  
I can't hear anything except your mournful cries,  
I can't see beyond the terror of your face  
until the oxygen slips from it's quiet home  
and I slip it over your nose and mouth.  
I feel you breathe an impossibly deep breath.

Our survival is far from secure  
as the plane rips apart in the ocean.  
I clamber over the wreckage to locate it,  
yanking at every piece of rubber and fabric  
until I find the bright yellow vests,  
I clumsily inflate one over your exhausted body  
just as I was carelessly trained to do.

We lose and regain hope with each toss of the waves,  
you are my priority now.  
I can't keep the sharks of your soul from circling below,  
but I will keep you afloat to give you a fighting chance.

The rescue boat is distant at first, it feels miles away.  
I will push, pull, and drag you as best I can.  
You need to see it too, if you can't all could be lost.  
You need to kick your feet, If you won't, all is lost.

Safely on board, we slide into comfort and rumination.  
The light of the sun feels warmer and brighter now  
because of the darkness that enveloped us.  
We are vitalized,  
someday we may understand the key to unlocking human vitality  
is to lose it once in a while.  
It's too soon for all that now.  
If that darkness gently ensnares us again,

we will remember our times solemnly adrift  
and strain to feel the warmth of the light that is waiting for us just beyond the next wave.

Side by side, you will never sink alone.

## SENSUALITY AT MIDNIGHT

This bed is like a stone  
I toss and turn,  
tonight I turn to you  
Your skin is like water  
I toss and turn  
toward the warmth of two  
With gentleness  
I toss and turn  
your breasts exposed tonight  
A receptive pull  
you toss and turn  
each narrowed gap feels right  
Acting on instinct  
we toss and turn  
lost in a breathless race  
I think tonight as  
we toss and turn  
I'll kiss your thighs to slow the pace  
Hurriedly now  
we toss aside,  
our clothing hits the floor  
Rhythmically,  
we ride and turn  
with the sweat of love, Amor