

## MOSAIC

If you come up close and watch  
then stand away and see the representation  
the Flash colours the Artist's hand  
that crafted me so well  
Oh yes I do indeed well occupy my allotted space

Come closer. See of what I'm made.  
Of stones of matter broken into pieces  
Broken into pieces and lying on the ground  
before the Higher Intelligence  
has organized them into what they will become

Come closer still. Can stones weep?  
Of course they can Things know pain and joy  
All is affinity, all love.  
When those pieces broke they hurt.  
The hammer came down unsuspected and crushed me  
I thought I would never survive and I did

Come closer still and touch me. Agreeable is it not?  
Bodies are made for comforting draw strength from me  
as I draw strength from you my love  
the moment's now not after the hammer poised above  
that can descend to hit us any time

Caress me. See how I mirror your warmth  
you who give me your body but not your being  
you who give me your being but not your body  
you who drive me mad with speech and  
you who drive me mad with silence  
watch me with patience you will see  
how a stone can throb

Pick me up and hold me closer still  
I have been leached by a million tides  
So long was I on that beach  
I thought I'd never change I did

I changed because you touched me  
don't you know?  
How can it be you do not realize?

But of course you don't You idly  
picked up a pebble to skim it on the waves  
And in that brief moment before going under  
I did hold the Galaxies in my grasp

Because your loving hand on my body  
reactivated the volcano that made me long ago  
linked the elements together  
brought the animal into play  
and changed forever the matter of which I'm made

And now you walk on down the beach  
and other stones do catch your eye  
no more no less interesting than I

Remember me. I was not long with you my love  
But now I have a job to do You will obey me now  
Shut your eyes take three steps back and open them again

See? Now look at me. Where am I? You cannot see me here  
What you had within your hand is gone  
and yet before you spread  
amalgamated into a wider being

Cherish me. Stone is passion and passion stone  
I saw you take three steps I was inside you then  
and then you took three more and I was gone again

Look on me. Recognize me. See me in this dance  
and you will see yourself for I am you

and if you're joined to me up here  
associated we will be  
forever and a day

## TIME ENOUGH

May I have a quarter century please  
I've got a little project on  
a short history of modern art  
with philosophical intro about where we're from  
and where we're headed for

All right then how about ten years  
I'll write a fictional account of emigration  
how the disasters of the world make victims  
who move elsewhere wake up and become the men  
whose destiny is to assimilate the changes that are to come

What about a year then  
I've done ten pages of this book about a terrorist  
who learns about his anger  
decides that no-one is to blame  
and frees himself from the magic of the bomb

If I had a month I could do this cycle of poems  
starting with the womb and working backwards  
through the genetic fingerprint to where affinity began  
where life leapt into being  
when we recognized another

A week would give me time to order my work  
I never revise enough  
my poetry peeks through the unpaid bills on my desk  
like morning-glories in the dewey dawn  
how about a slim volume to represent my life

A day might enable me to get my typing done

there's good stuff noted on the backs of envelopes  
no-one can read my handwriting but I  
always thought there might be something worthwhile  
in all that bumpf I scribbled when a student

An hour would give me a chance to pay respects  
to those whom I love and those who love me  
to those whom I begat and those who begat me  
surrounded by my favourite circle of admirers  
I'd proffer words of wisdom before I took my leave

A minute would give me time to say I'm grateful  
to those who showed me how and how not to  
to those who were my mirror or who let me be theirs  
to those who made me strong to those who unmanned me  
completely  
to the men and women who were milestones in my life

A second is not long enough I must ask a moment more  
I've run out of ink no matter my blood is good enough  
to bear witness that when the time came I did not think

of my mother my father my brother my sons my wife  
my teacher or even of the mistress of my heart

I thought:  
to you, Lord  
that's all  
I'm ready now