



reverberations

the sound of light

mudsong

Patience:: the quality of being able to endure suffering without complaint; being quiet while waiting for something to happen.



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wizardry & magic ::: enduring thanks to Keegan deBoheme for helping set this voice free as it wanted to be.

Some things take patience to be **heard**. Only on the far side of the canyon's wind will you catch its vibe. Sometimes what you **see** is beyond what you can comprehend. Only on the far side of the canyon's wind will you know what you saw. Sometimes, what you **feel** is beyond what you can endure.

Only on the far side of the canyon's wind will you know how strong you've become. Patience, then, is to listen to the

reverberations of life's experiences...

and find their words.



*enduring gratitude to the giver of song
and the players who continue to play them into being with me.*

namaste, mary o.

SUN, SUN



SUN, SUN cannot get enough of you. Tracing shadows for your clues. Sun, sun, whipping me like hurricanes peeling off each membrane. You strip each eye unblind and leave all things revealed; I stagger 'neath the weight when nothing's left concealed. Sun, sun, whipping me like hurricanes peeling off each membrane. Sun, sun, pining for a break from you and your gripping solitude. When I agree to see the stark realities, the pain that spears my mind is unequalled in its strife. Sun, sun, pining for a break from you and your gripping solitude. Sun, sun, waxing all my waning moods, I caterwaul to beckon you. As solstice does its winding down of day to night. I'm thirsty then I plea, return the light to me. Sun, sun, waxing all my waning moods, I caterwaul to beckon you. Sun, sun, cannot get enough of you. Tracing shadows for your clues. I'm wearied by the pull of my compass toward your light, but without your healing gaze I would not survive.

photo graph



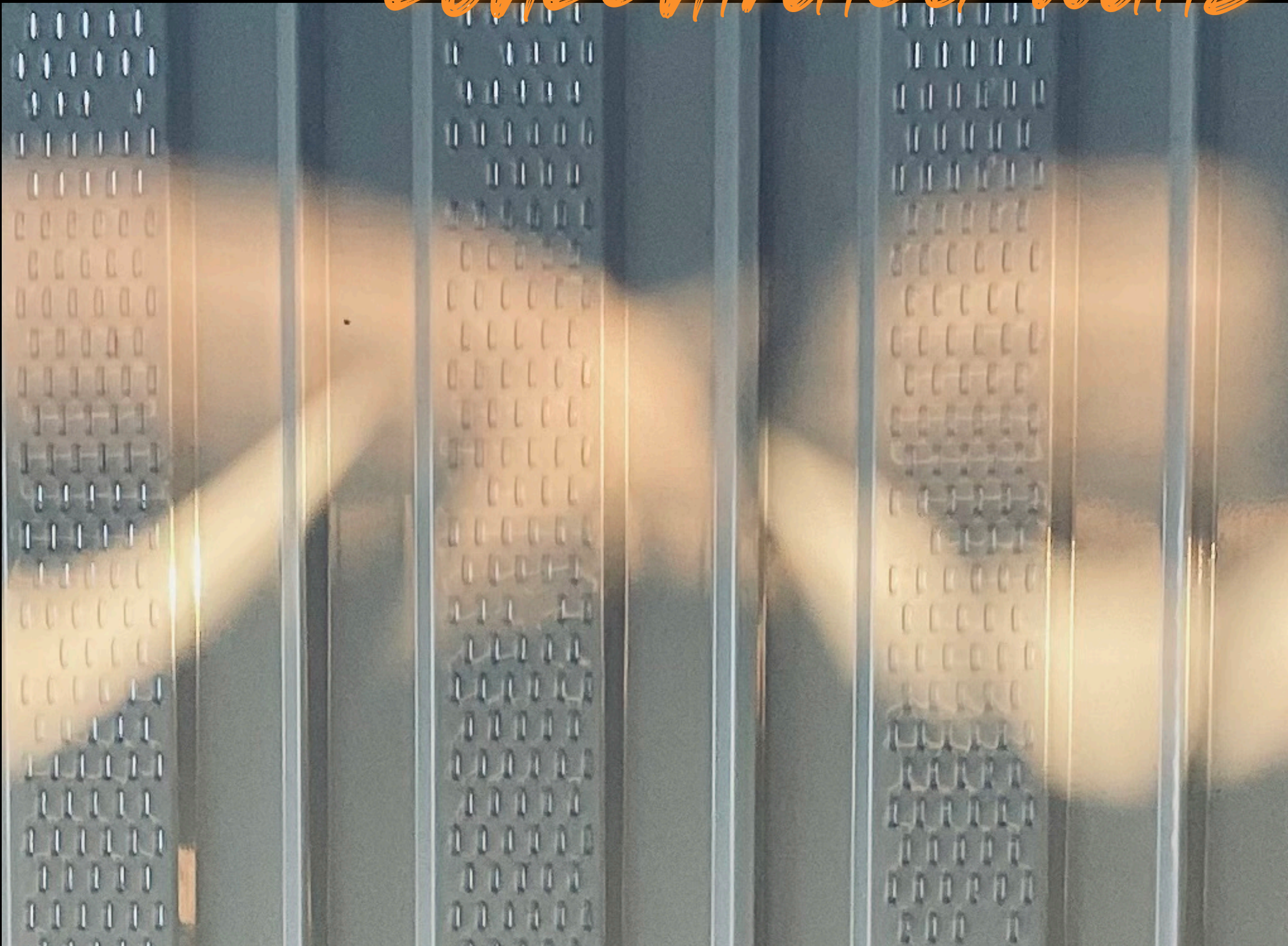
Ah this question's on my mind, what exactly is a *photo graph*? For these thousand words I find scattered in each photograph. As the words they find their rhyme, they develop into photographs, become Love letters bound by Time, fragrant bound as photographs... **Oh, I'll record what I know through this prismatic skin and what's left to behold once the world's leaves its imprint on me and made its memory.** Born sensitive to Light, I capture life as photographs. Each inch of skin my eye for all these Earthly photographs. I touch to see then write, streaking through each photograph. They can't fade beyond their prime written down as photographs... Long exposed to Love and strife, I shudder all these photographs. Record the shadow and highlight found in every photograph. Write what's underneath behind to dig into each photograph while heart's camera angled wide to hold in view each photograph... Used to stuff my memory quiet with loads of triffin' artifacts so I wouldn't have room inside to take these living photographs. Now with skin drawn oh so tight. I'm nought but built for photographs. And the Light it wants to write, so I let it take its photographs.

humming birds



This lullaby appeared a time I needed its melody when what's here squeezed its squeeze, and left me so thirsty. How does this body know to hum to soothe a troubled heart? All I know is I'm relieved when it mends what's come apart. **Will everyone find their song to sing? Let everyone find their tune. Let everyone hear like my people hear the songs that mend and soothe.** Born to a hillside long ago when our hollers plum gave out and left our tongues tied down to where they could no longer shout. So they murmured each tune along the breeze to sneak close enough to peace, to still the troubles of our souls that might never be released...A darkness overcame us once, stole most of what we knew, waltzed into our waking nightmares and drowned our Voice in truth. So, now we sing around the house when our spirits feel the squeeze of all the things we don't want to know happenin' our family...The coda is the place to sing the things that can't be said. The part you hum the rest of the day to keep your spirit fed. So I'll leave you to your lines of truth, plus the courage to say, speak them into this song's plain chords that rock you in their sway...

concentrated waltz



The sound is all so dense. Its pungent thrum offends. Where else could I go? How can I unknow this sound it takes to breathe? these contraptions? this machine? It fuels a day's nightmare seeing them end up here. When I stand and see, no life signs, just disease. A death camp masked and veiled where a soul cannot inhale. I can't be the only one? Able to see what is gone? Hogtied in oxygen lines pretending what's left is life. We're born to let light into the fissures that split the skin of our hearts who bear the ache of Love and what's left in its wake. So, forgive my rage and bile. Can't agree to be so guiled when I hear the sound it takes to beat a heart refusin' its break. If we see it from ago how our life might end like so, unable to breathe in, cannula snugged to skin? Would we free our hearts to breathe all that hurts to see? Let the spirit of Love lap our banks, in rivers and tidal waves and knock us to our knees with all we were born to breathe.

beans n rice



Sometimes I cower up for the day, 'n beg my lowly breath won't be swept away by jeweled fragments of pure Light. Oh, gimme *beans n rice* ... seems nowhere I go that I try to know the meaning of a shard of a day 'cause I can see how darkness seeks to knead into all we're given to breathe. Three seconds is all it can take to bang my heart headfirst upon Beauty's awesome face, then I stand dumbstruck in her Quiet...Oh, I wouldn't have it another way except these ordinary, extraordinary days where I feel resplendence and its strife...So I'll walk this Earth in Beauty, both feet first, while the heartache is never far behind. At times I wanna scream this is all too much for me, I can't inhale all this Light. Gonna pray for the strength to endure all these trails toward the wounds, all the songs as the cure, and see it all with both eyes... And I'll live between poles- one eye for dark and one for hope, it's the only way I know to go. Because what's good won't climb to the surface for its shine unless the mud's mucking up its rise. So I'll fall facefirst and I'll risk to break my heart in two, evenly in grief and bliss and stagger through each paradise...When I spy the slice of one hidden smile, I trip its unseen shine, lose time for a while, cause I've heard what was shading its shine...

SOCs



The Greasers and the *SOCs* been at war for the most of the time we have stood on this Earth. Ah, back in the cave's light, if we didn't have the quite right food and tools, it launched our concern. Now, we wake in a cold sweat, in that chimpanzeed mindset believing our lack means we're dirt. When will we let it shine that little light of mine? it burns as the proof of our worth. The fear of being low class, being god-forbid some white trash, fuels most the what that we do. We don't want to be seen, as anything but pristine which keeps us from living our truth. So we scramble and we rage as we discriminate, never seeing exactly what we do when we hate on the parts we cage in the dark, for once they emerge, then we're screwed. So we front and we mask making sure we will pass for the tribe that we want to fit in. Buff our facts and our speech with rank banalities, being dumb is the worst kind of sin. But there is no divide 'cept that black line inside that runs 'round what's wrong and what's right. when will we let it shine this little light of mine and bring our wholeselves to the Light?

W(earth)



You'll soon regret the poisoned words that you've said for your heart feeds the Earth which then keeps your heart fed. Your words plop down into the rain-soaked ground. The Earth don't discriminate it sows what it's found. It nurtures everything, every word that you release. So be mindful of all you say, words don't go free. They tumble one on to the other then take root and you wonder why you're stuck here paying their due. Nothing flies free or crawls on out to space. All we are is Earth. We need its saving grace. Your words plow their rows, you only reap just what you sown. You're lost in the dark of what you said when you failed to keep your heart fed. The soil beneath the places you will tread needs care from you as you speak your daily bread. You're tempted to unleash, let your hatred fly but the ash of your anger can only multiply. So recall one thing your ancestors taught you in rhyme. You sow what you reap; it all bears fruit in due time. So tie the binds that make you truly free. Prepare the soil of your mind to feed your barefoot feet. Warm your heart upon the Earth with a poem, lyric. Find your words. Be gentle with what you speak. Your words aren't free, they drop like seeds.

harvesting sunshine



If sunshine were a thing to plant I'd gather zillions of its pop-rockin' seeds and scatter them to the edge of blue to grow a forest of sunshine trees. Then instead of squinting its single glint through stand of slant-back pine, I'd fling my tongue out to catch each seed, raining in cottonwood drifts through this sky. **Ah, Darkness will only breed with itself when it's left to seed. Light will drive it out with its glow, so I'm gonna harvest, plow, then sow...** If Eeyore's doubt was a thing to weed I be cloaked in its thistles and burrs, 'cause my knees and elbows cannot be seen under the heaps of it I dig up and churn. Was it my Pops? or the Pops before him? on that it's hard to say. All I know is I hear the minor chords soundtracking a slice of each day. I been calloused like the trees I've known. Armed with my wound's wood, I'm gonna harvest, plow, then sow. Thinkin' on how it must be to love a woman with my gaze, 'cause I am the first to see what's overcasting the sun's warming rays. There are times I will not see the forest but each single tree. Yet it's only with both eyes open wide I appreciate all possibilities.

aubergine



Aubergine on my arm where I could not reach for you 'cause my belief was so hard 'bout what lovin' you would do. It uncurls my fist that I made to resist what Love wants me to know, and how it burns its scars into your soul. How we've been loved we'll never reach, that's not ours to perfect. But where Love does seek, that's the place we ought protect. Aubergine on my face leaves its mark of disgrace for how long I tried to escape the awesome weight of forgiveness' shape. It birthmarks me in Love, the kind I run in terror from because I feared what would be if agreed to live what it asked of me. While I often still beg and still plea to be released, I'm branded in humility of what it means to lean. Aubergine in my throat. Oh, lord, it burns so and it goes down so slow, beneath my pride it writhes inside these notes. Where Love is patient Love is kind, keeps no score of wrong inside, will not jump up to its rage but hopes and trusts for always. I'm as shiny lipped as can be on my carrion feast as I taste what my fear did in its shock of all that went unsaid. With these miles of insight, since my heart absorbed its blows, I'm humbled by leaning in to taste this purple-bellied crow.

stitches



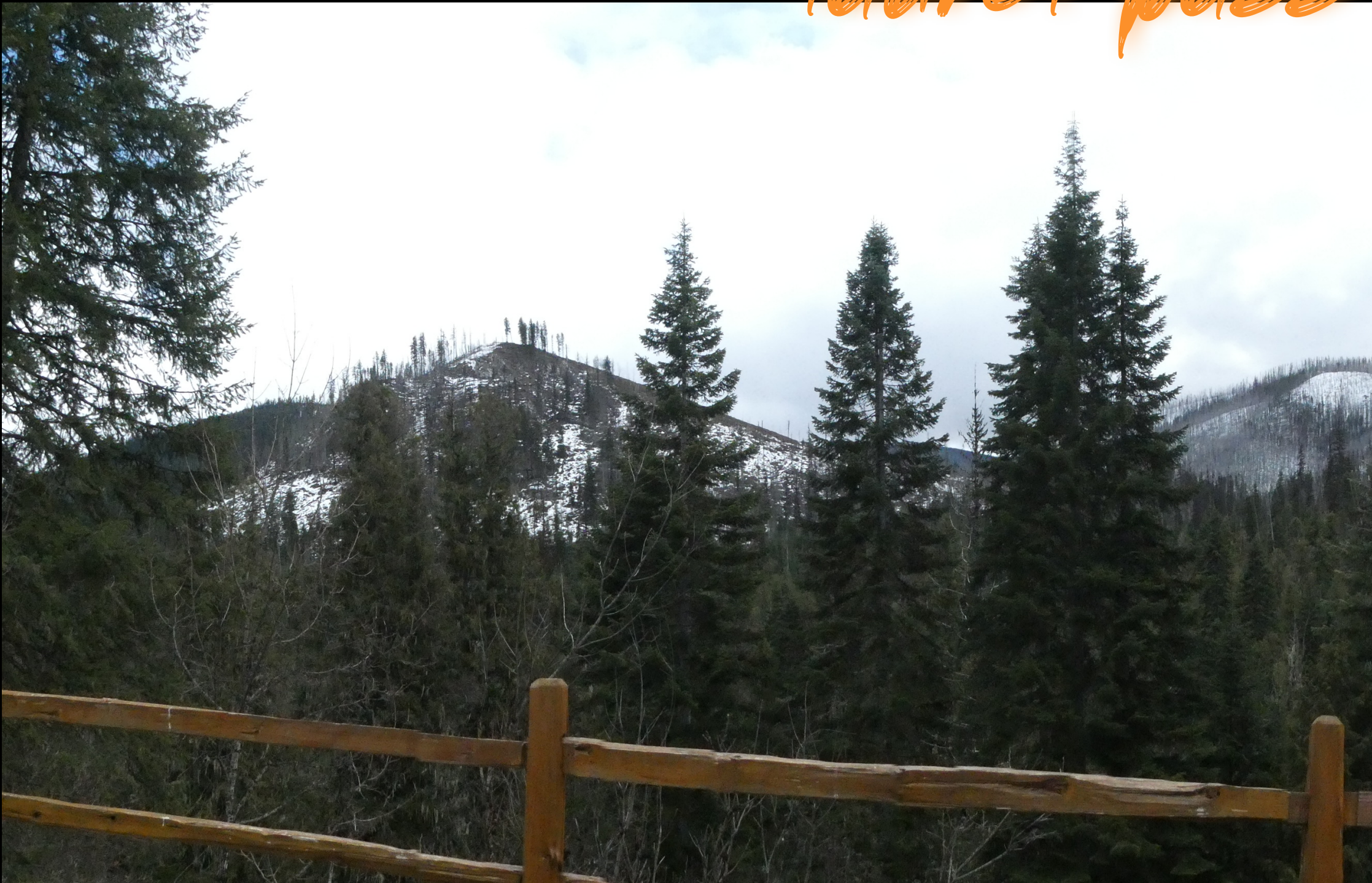
There's piles on the floor of what came before. We're tripping through each of their rhymes. No warning for what's gonna close up our hearts to live it through one more time. We teeter toward what used to be cause it's only us we'll let see whatever we'll eventually find as the root of this troubled mind. I wish I could help you, but you bite through my hand sometimes when I reach it your way. We gotta live this script out till it writes its own ending and all we're left to do is pray until we return to where we can feel. Strip the armor that keeps us concealed under the weight of what we've thrown away in hopes it could simply decay. Ah, Love is stronger than stone than ice, it worries down troubles in waves. But mine's human made, it cracks and breaks, dumps its Hope and then loses Faith. So I stand with my shame in my hands looking down because can't stand the look inside your eye, when I've become a trouble of your mind. So when we stop to bend over to see this pile of what we don't want us to see, know we're here in Love; it burns with a truth that refuses to let some things be. These messes are ours to make. So I'll continue pray for the Faith, for the Hope, the Love and the Strength to pick up this mess that I've made.

solstice



As sunlight hankers it down so low and sets into its dark so cold where winter's endless night wants known, I lose Hope...It happens even though I'm old, beheld each sun's return each snow. It's like I never learn as I go there's always Hope. **When I falter then I run away, you make it hard to shake from you. Long arcs of night surely bend toward day, it's so hard to shake from you. The only light that will never fade, I'll learn to never shake from you. I can feel your warmth cupping my whole face, thank God it's hard to shake from you.** Light's sticky like a web that's spun to hold you when your Hope's come undone. Light's the only thing that never decays or fades away...So when all of your Hope is drown beneath what you can see right now, tilt your gaze to let its silk rock and sway in its light of day. There's a line between hopeful and naive where you agree to see how dark it could be. That contraction down to black is what feeds Hope's cherished seed...So I'll hum this brown-eyed tune when I'm low. The melody strums up like a rope to follow in a storm, note by note, to where there's Hope.

laurel pass



If I'd known about this winding road 100 miles ago and where it's inviting me to go, would I still want to wind its way when holds me in night, keeps this blue sky so faraway? Where will it lead me to? Would I take my first step or still lose my faith like I used to do? Would I turn back away? saving myself from all of this heartache? I cannot stomach this lack of view, ridge after ridge after ridge endlessly. I wanna puke. Snaking in its serpentine - resisting all attempts to conform into a straight line, that would ease my mind. No horizon line. I can't exhale. Cornered within. I'm locked up in this awesome jail. Until I get my healing done, I'm destined to wallow my lone way through these canyons. Can't pass on through as metaphor. Experience each mile until its wisdom can be poured, into each pore. Revisit my remaining fears. Each fogged in road, every single unseen frontier. I still goat-toe so gingerly placing each step down in fear of what could come to be. Get thirsty and then grow tired, hungry, and lonely some, Oh... knows with every wind. Swallowing these beauty swords. Double-edged blades of Love cut me through to my heart's core. One side for the two, the nine which sings its sound of longing, prone to being blue of mind. The other for eleven, four, slicing like sunrise toward the Hope of its resolving chord. You're supposed to find happiness avoid suffering, but that's not the nature of the quest. Yes. I'd do it all again. Pack myself up some Song and their Lyric to stitch and to mend. Bring some armor that's been designed to deflect all the lies seeking to lodge inside my mind. Each mile you travel in faith, forgo the planned, the hope fored, the desired, the even and the straight, brings you closer to the breath that animates your soul, your courage to complete each step.