

EVERY TREE IS THE FOREST

By
Emöke B'Rác
Imre Margit Lány

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COVER ART & ILLUSTRATIONS : EMÖKE B'RÁCZ
LAYOUT, DESIGN & PRINTING : KIM PITMAN
EDITOR : LINDA BARRETT KNOPP

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Dedicated to traces of

Artemis in

Zsofia

Margit

Piroska

&

Saturnia Pyri Three

I gratefully thank all my
friends for being my family.

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*“If what I say resonates with you, it’s merely because
we are both branches on the same tree”*

W.B. Yeats

Eden, Paradisio, Mennyország

Sunflowers in sunshine,
sun-stricken blind life,
sun-centered mythos cries,
me, the flower, you see it?

Sun-folded smile
Sending power to twilight.
Thy will be done.

You and I hold memories,
Sunflower shine of Ydune
In Eden, Paradisio, Menyország.



She Gave Them Slippers, so They Could Dance to Their Hearts' Content

Someone said, "dancing is good for the soul"
and silence fell on the group.
These are our Sunday evenings when we gather
to let words out through our fingertips.
The dance begins.

Allowing blue-chested verbs their pirouettes,
(thumbs up captures the nouns)
dropping all vowels,
allowing chaos and discord to take the floor
as the dancing begins.

Electricity shades the table blue—
all heads are slightly tilted,
either right or left.
This is how Sunday dusk finds us:
four women around this square table
swept up in the dance.

One takes a moment out from writing to slurp her coffee.
The other leans back in her chair.
The third places her left hand on the paper
as if to hold the floor steady.
The fourth raises her pen in mid air,
her index finger tapping the pen.
It is within this circle that we attract the words
asking for a last dance.

The slippers never left the closet.
No one had bothered to retrieve them.
Barefoot and wild-haired, wanton, we chase words
to dance this dance.

The four-woman troupe winds down the performance:
fingers cramped, glances lost in the forest of words.
The words disappear, like summer rain
as they hit the ground,
and our dancing ends.



Lucien Stryk Reads at Malaprop's

Lucien is a name I love and his songs
echo in my bones and I see in him a father
bending to create and hold an eternal moment.

The blood of poetry flows in his veins, and words are
captured with butterfly nets and released
with utmost gentleness.

This man, in each moment,
cradles the smallest of creatures,
thoughts, in the palm of his hands.

Lucien could have been an iron worker,
but was fated to sing ballads
of empty circles that must not be filled.

It is the zazen that brings on
such blue eyes of steel.
It is in the sitting through which he lives

as a dragon has. In his mind and heart
the words take off and fly
to your heart and mine.

July 8th

For Lucien and Helen Stryk

It is a morning of *sweet dampness*.
Summer is *sleeping late*.
I am sitting while the *coffee is brewing*,
waiting as I wait all my life.

Waiting has a *stigma attached*.
It is *indecisive*
they say,
 for those who do not know what they want,
they say,
 like the time for an appointment,
 inactive, fruitless,
they say,
 time wasted,
they say.
They say many things about many things.

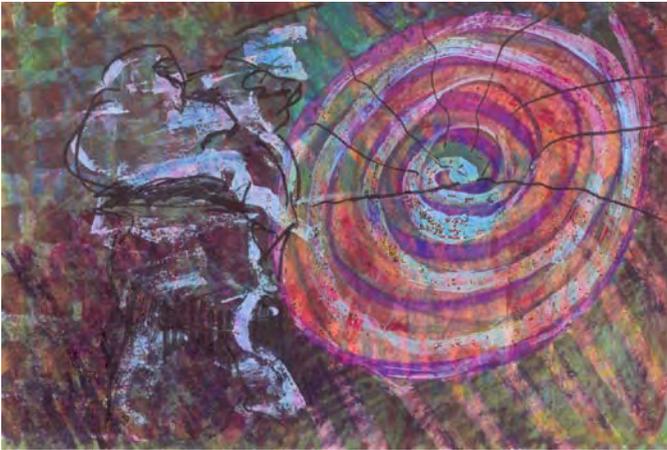
I am waiting for life to unfold.
I like this waiting-
for your kiss,
for dinner to warm up,
for letters from afar,
for words of encouragement.

I demand nothing but wait and wait.
Life is
waiting for the time to be right,
waiting for the fruit to ripen,
waiting for the thought to surface.
Waiting is enough for lovers and monks.
Waiting is the *essence of moments piling up for the harvest*.

Do not be harsh on her.
Waiting is the twin sister of doing.

Mother

I have never seen my mother swimming in the ocean or a pond.
She almost drowned when she was young.
Her eyes always kept a lifeline to her children.
She shakes her hair.
She is old now.
Water and moonlight, she holds for me in her eyes.



The House That Still Stands

The telephone rang.
Your voice filled with laughter.
How unlike my mother.

I listened.

Doors opened and you invited me
to share in laughter and joy.

We talked of everyday things,
intimacies,
like we were not different.

The river is wide.

Anxious of the crossing,
we eyed each other from distant shores,
casting lines,
aware of winds and currents,
holding images,
bridging the blue air,
a hint of desire to connect.

Mother's work is never done,
daughter's work has just begun,
I hummed to myself.

"I wrote a poem," you said.

My world exploded.

To befriend one's mother,
to trust one's daughter,
I am blessed.

We live in the house that still stands, Mother.

Katalin

We stood apart,
continents apart.

Your scent, your smile,
the way you bunch your sweater,
holding it together.

The way you avoid my eyes
for years-
twenty-nine, now.

The silence
you observe
denies my existence,
my affection.

What does that do to us,
Katalin,
Calvinist mistress?

You bow your head.
You almost smile.
I look from afar.

Never crossing the Danube,
never meeting my eyes.

Heart Song

I thrive on the breath you exhale,
like a plant
making oxygen
to awaken you in blue morning,
refreshed
under the sky,
on the beach in yellow sand.



The Kiss on a Postcard, in Black and White

She bent back her head in anticipation,
in acceptance of the approaching kiss.

The moment his lower lip touched hers
a sigh escaped and fear fell behind her back.

It was on a Sunday afternoon
that they first gave in to this desire.

Cold winds blew hard, rattling the windows.
Through the old glass the outside world wanted in.

They were alone in the house, embraced in a kiss,
his brow like so many lies, straight as an arrow.

She knew the danger of falling backwards,
allowing the mist to cloud her heart.

She let the moment become memorable,
their lips almost in full bloom.

There was no distance, their bodies like supple strands
formed space to make a circle.

She opened her soul, her hips shifted his,
her waves washed his thirsty shore.

The tides and their eternal rhythm
frozen in black and white.

For years she had been searching
for what there were no words for,
until his lips asked for permission
and she gave it without hurry.

Forgetting their past or present,
this moment too, frozen in black and white.

Hunger

It is not frequently

it only surfaces

when the moon bobs to the left.

It is not frequently,

it mostly
makes the hunger grow

where the shadows meet themselves.

Mostly is not frequent.





La Boheme

a color chosen while blinded
(in memory of Sajtos Zsafia)

I chose the paint swatch with my eyes closed.
I chose a color to cover my breath.

Lavender blue, ostrich grey,
a mixture of nature, mystery and fact.
This is the color of tears at grandmother Zsafia's grave
as I let them drop and flow into flowers
surrounding her coffin.

We stand like sheets of color, full of echoes, unattached,
each kin erect.

Tears flow freely in the silence
covering us and holding us apart
yet a closeness weighs like tropical air
constricting my heart.

Observing the passing of a great person,
silence bows in lavender.

We are orphans at the train station
unsure of our destination
fingers cramped and blue,
eyes round and expectant.

We are orphans without her guidance,
fearful of our own passing.
In lavender my soul feels her words.

"Begin without your Grandmother.
Go forth with flashing lights in your hair.
Allow strength to steady your steps.
Grow like violet clouds before a rising storm."

Etherized

Men intrude with their eyes
upon the domes of my soul.

The surgeon said,
“Make that four hours, Nurse.”
I gasped the ether, deeper.

March Tenth 1993

My Uncle Lajos came in a dream to tell me
that I had ancient drawings on my face
and, as far as he can tell,
there were important messages hidden
in the primitive drawings.

Pay attention to them, he said.

Truth Speaking

She cut out her tongue
And gave it to me
So I could speak the truth.

Waiting

Thursday morning the angel came and visited
sweet milk on my lips
and honey
between my legs.

She sang among the water drops and
the shower rang with her strength.

Swan Song

I remember how she moved,
her shadow
thrown against the wall,
her hair
tossed back at the move of her head
like a swan,
hunted down, last gasp.

At Lake William

Pleasures sit like stones on her tongue –
cool, smooth, centering,
making her remember again
the pleasure of riding a horse,
the rhythm of waking up,
the joy she feels between her legs,
unmoving, spiraling
yet intently focused,
allowing the stones to vibrate
'til they shatter into a myriad of stars.

The spring breeze shakes her hair,
touching her dreams
fleetingly.

She holds the stones to her breast.

Naked,
she dives into the lake,
releasing her burden.
Each stone becomes a dream
as it reaches bottom.

Her open eyes search the murky water
for sparks of fire.

She is exploding for lack of air
yet chooses to remain
rooted

among swaying grass, holding
a moment longer
to see the face of God
when, like

a star shooting across the sky,
she rushes to the surface
and takes a breath of air,
like the first breath,
again and again.

Belly down on the shore
she gasps and recalls herself.
The stones have left her tongue and heart.

Change That Adds Up Wrong Makes Little Holes and Great Love

fifteen neetfin iffthen
bigger boogger baby
left a hole in iffthen's heart
treat ahert neetfin.

nine babies plus six holes
will add up to chaos
fifteen neetfin without iffthen
lacks 6 holes from glory.

never neetfin your 9 iffthen's
for nothing eentiff can do
shall be a greater hole
than the one you can remember
in your grandmother's mittens
and she was the biggest love
mittens, holes and all.



Visiting

All
She said was,
“Don’t leave,
Everything you need I have.”

The space I embrace and call myself was electrified.

The old man in my dream seemed no more than an old man.
I accompanied him
In the elevator to the top floor and higher.
We went
Knocking on the door to heaven.

I found myself on an outside ramp,
Looking down,
Wanting so
Not to be there.

The dream changed and
I found myself in bed, alone in my torment.
Your voice that I can live in
Found me at two a.m.

Ancient words, scribing
Hovered in a white net.
The sun touched the first leaf, and
Birdcalls followed
As I turned from my feelings.

You appeared again at four a.m.
I resisted.
I resisted life,
Your life already cast.

“Have fun girls!”
The old man in the elevator said
Around seven a.m.

The day began
With you, the missing link in my life.

How did I get here?
How did I sleep this far?
My life, a waystation now.

The Fire

When the body was added
I heard the screaming swallowed by fire.
My bones still echo in it.

The marrow
remembers everything.
It haunts the joints.
It squeezes the last breath out of me
as it falls to the floor.
It shatters.
It reflects
one thousand times
for you to see
that as the body is added
the smooth lines softly go supine.





Message One

A tremor
gentling aftershock
you holding time
in concentric waves
into infinity
I extend myself

Message Two

You came stealing into the night,
my bed still unmade from last night.
I waited for the first ray of light
and thanked the stars for you.

Old Woman

The forest is within her sight.
The meadows do not hold her hostage anymore.
She canters in circles,
her hymns rising in a straight line.

She has no desire,
no determination to go anywhere.
She is wandering.

The fields open to her,
entangling grass to sky.

She is nowhere in the everywhere.
She is an echo,
the originator into oneness.

The evening collapses,
dreams sprout through her eyes.
Her mouth deafens the thunder.
How can she not succumb to madness?

She prays
as she climbs the lightning zig zag.
She is everywoman.

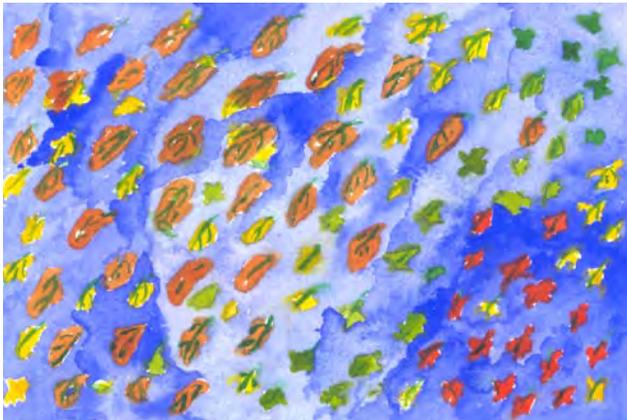
What is it to touch down on the wild side
of herself. Who lives there?
What grows well?

Old woman,
her falling hands,
hair reaching the sky,
words *unattach* from her mouth.

She walks as she prays,
repeating,
reinventing the chaos.
She lives on the outside of her dreams.

The echo binds her to her freedom,
thoughts mingle with footsteps.

She does not go anywhere,
She is outside
walking the wavelength,
receiving and emitting
that which is *un touched*.



The Ocean

The sunlight is swallowed by the waves and
journeys smoothly into
depths
untried before.

When the sun touches down on the
bottom
of the ocean floor,
there
diamonds are scattered,
like you
in the palm of my hand.

The feeling is
that sunlight,
the beginning of journeys,
floats up or down.
It does not matter which direction
you pull with the moon
the essence
out of me.
Around your lips
I dance and sing
songs
ancient and deep.

We meet
in time, in place, in joy
where the sky and the depths of the ocean
are the same.

The Storm

For Townie New

The storm came at night
with a strength that brought
us outside
to view its largeness, its force.

You, shivering from dampness.
I, exhilarated from the energy.

I held my breath
and watched as light traveled across the sky.

It is in such moments
all is said that can be said
without the interruption of words.

The light,
the moment, traveled
within one drop of water.

Such sadness within my joy
is what the experience of love
affords me.



Craggy Gardens, North Carolina

The beginning needed eyes,
a moon
swinging in space,
and four branches.

When your body was added,
it made life
a newness for each day,
four moments
to spark the moon
to sing lullabies for you,
just for you.

The bear
steps on branches, crushing them.
Its fur darkly deep,
breath racing from its snout.
I do not run away,
I stand still to be invisible.

To see a beginning,
the bear
rises majestically
above the horizon,
eyes black as coal.
The cold wind shrieking,
the sky falls away.

It is Craggy Gardens at full moon.
I am on top of the world.
The clouds fill the crevices below me
passing time.

October Evening, Thoughts of You

The feeling comes to me
 like autumn leaves come to earth;
I am in an exulted raindrop,
 enclosed yet comforted,
or maybe I am a fallen angel,
 caught by your breath.
I wait for the moment
 when the blue of your eyes
will wash the fears out of my existence.
Shall we dance the tango?

I do not fear
 the gift of your presence.
In a life of 46 years I look back
 and cannot find errors
or make the gods forget their sweetness.
I searched the cave in my soul without success,
I feel joy filling the crevices.
Shall we dance the waltz?

In your presence
I am a quartz crystal,
 (in a kaleidoscope perhaps)
where the glass presents itself,
 least visible.
The nakedness in front of you is my essence.
In a world of intangible dreams,
 (this has eluded me for so many years)
this nurturing, wanting, just this – you.
May I have this dance?

Oh God

If *God* could write
and all we needed to know
could fit in a book,
what kind of a *God* do you think she would be
and who would believe her?

If *God* could write
and all we needed to know
fit in a book
you know the kind of *God* he is
and everyone believes him.



Walking Under an O'Keeffe Sky

For Kim Pitman

Last night
the moon held water within her ring.
We walked under an O'Keeffe sky.
You talked of love that stays between us.

I turned my head towards you,
I heard your words,
it is in spring time
that love reaffirms.

Each rain drop is a message from the moon:
cleanse your soul
as I cleanse the earth,
again and again.

You come into the room,
among irises,
towards
unexpected joy,
the shortness of breath,
your words,
like weeds,
everywhere within me.

Kite Flying

She comes with outstretched arms,
rearranging my hair,
her fingers skipping on my skin,
along the back of my neck,
like children throwing
smooth round stones on a lazy river,
on the first real summer day,
on their way home from school,
while the green surrounding their feet
is virginal and new.
I hold the kite and
the tautness of the string is
fullness.



Sadhu's Song

How sweet the air under my wings,
how warm the cold nights become.
Life treats me to what I did not know to want,
gifts come pouring out each sadhu's heart.

I emerge from ice to your tropical gaze,
the flood strong and encompassing.
Like a captive bird escaping its bonds,
I open my cage and fly free.

How sweet the air under my wings,
how warm the cool nights become.
Life treats me to what I did not know to want,
gifts come pouring out each sadhu's heart.

The sounds you make dance upon my soul,
their echo is a river forever long.
This time, this life, is but a minute.
Dance upon my soul til this life is done.

How sweet the air under my wings,
how warm the cool nights become.
Life treats me to what I did not know to want,
gifts come pouring out each sadhu's heart.

Teething

A brass and wood skull
full of teeth, intact,
channels where teeth line to root
the face, the hair, ears-
all intimate, a fleeing soul,
while all you see is teeth,
everywhere.

Prosthetic

Oh,
a woman's head-
no face, no eyes or nose,
nothing but a sling
you can not attach
anywhere.

How simple,
how true,
society's wish for
a woman to be there
as a prosthetic piece.

If only we could stop thinking
feeling,
wanting,
demanding,
for our own selves.

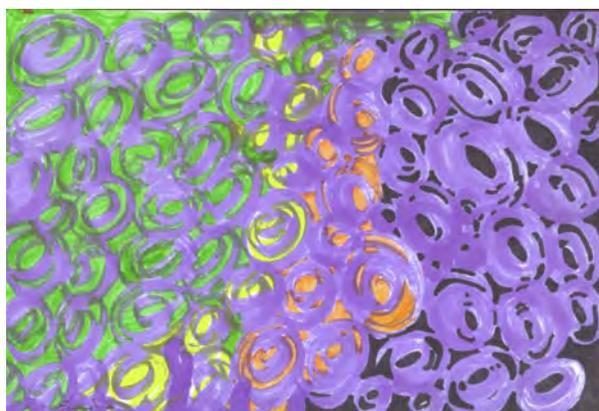
The Invitation Always Stands:

Honor where you came from.
Honor what you are given.
Honor what you need
in the present.
Prepare for the journey
where all begins again,
the same tasting of divine love.

The tomb and the womb-
the same ending
to a beginning,
to an ending.
We know as little of conception
as we know of death.

The myth and mystery
of beginnings and endings.
The same faith
enfolds you as you approach
the lack of need
for understanding,
the lack of need
for control.

The beauty of early mornings
when the doves are cooing-
listen,
listen,
oh, listen.



The Night the Spider Bit Me

The night the spider bit me
I dreamt of marching soldiers.
Skinny legs, spider-bellied,
Metal shields in their left hands,
Covering their bodies like old women.

The night the spider bit me
I remember best the horse that laughed,
The ocean that only receded,
The carrot that grew purple,
And tasted like wild sorrel.

I remember best
You
Cradling where it was swollen.

On that night
A spider bit me and
You became a man.



Deep Where the Stars Fall

*Deep where the stars fall
there is no resistance.*

*The light is everlasting.
The knowing is endless.*

*It is there that I stood in front of you,
naked to the soul, but you resisted.*

*I held my breath
and prayed for your awakening.*

*The scent of your promised essence,
your swollen belly holding dreams,
your eyes larger than watermelons,
searched for echoes of your existence.*

I looked to the right, then left.

*I swallowed myself
in order to know the truth.*

An Elderly Gentleman

April 7th, a Thursday morning,
the bookstore half-asleep.

The first customer reached the counter and smiled.

A birdlike man, eyes friendly and knowing,
he accepted my greeting and began to dance.

His steps were furtive as he hurried along the parquet floor.
He seemed to remember that books had importance in his life.

Authors' names escaped him,
but he knew he wanted a book.

Several times he returned to breathe the air of books,
to be among friends, to try again.

His face was shaven, but clumps of hair remained at places
around his lips and neck
to remind me that he lived alone.

His jacket striped,
his slacks of an unmatching pattern, the tie and the shirt
a cacophony
witnessing the silence about him.

An elderly gentleman broke my heart today.
I kept thinking of my father in his last six months of life,
when he still made an effort to be himself,
to take care of his own business, half successful,
half-forgotten. It did not matter after that
because mother was there to ease him into himself.

The smiles and the effort, then and now,
to do and be
moved stones around my heart.

I tried to engage him in conversation but he knew
and remembered that he was not himself.
I rate at me, and at his inability to remember what he wanted,
he seemed to be frustrated,
so he withdrew from making contact, left me
standing in the bookstore aching for something
I have not recalled.

Lost Love

For p.h.

*She rises as early mist above the lake—
Her darkness cuts the water deep—
Her canoe is silently gentled.*

*She knows the end of it.
She knows the emptiness of it.
She knows what she dares not say.*

*She swallows the green scent.
She gasps for air
as her soul remembers the pain.*

*She is afraid to abandon,
to leave the nest they made
of songs and objects.*

*She feels connected to herself on the water,
and she wants the stillness
of the lake inside herself.*

*She feels unprotected,
like the asparagus,
fragile with red berries petrified.*

*The lake has islands big enough to camp.
She picks out one in the distance.
Her dog points there.*

She knows to tie the canoe and cut herself loose.



Grandpapa Imre

Grandfather always whistled a particular hymn
when he wanted us to help in the garden.

The first tomato, luscious red,
the first pepper, sun sensuous yellow,
a breath of angel hair,
canary gold behind his back.
He stood proud.

The first fruit was always his gift to us.
We ran and, like birds in the nest,
beheld the lingenberries, the plums,
the quince that brought forth water.

Without words, Grandfather would reach out,
delighted, while we picked the
fruits of his labor
from the palms of his hands.

Then he would be telling a story.
My sister and I would sit in deep green grass
under the willow's branch, surrounded by peepers.

I would watch words escaping
from under his red mustache,
intoxicating me.

I ate his words and berries
and had no fear.

April 9th

In the front yard,
the pink blossoms on the Japanese tree
were in full bloom.

In the back yard,
the dogwoods reached their white
unfolding into spring.

The afternoon's glow
harmonized our souls.
We reached heaven on love's climb.

You have come to rescue me.

April 14th

For Eavan Boland

The poet from Ireland, clad in dark blue,
sat to the side while Mary Margaret,
in college fervor, mouthed her opening statement.

I watched the poet, calm and reticent,
rise and walk to the podium,
her left eyelid lazy and her mouth like her
homeland, round and aching with sadness.

I came to listen to your words,
I came to rest at your shore.

She Jackal

The lines around your eyes
contain sparks of demon dust.

Your tortured voice
is empty of love.

Your rough tongue
forces shrieks like freaks.

Your shadow,
afraid of aging, lusts after youth.

Your gnarled feet
are hidden in shame.

In your web, like the spider poised for the
next victim,
you are the killer on the page.

Your smile bares uneven teeth and chatter.
Your shrieks replace the laughter.

You suffer heat and loss, but
like the camp survivors, you adjust.

The echoes you leave behind
cry and bemoan the void.

Third husband later, five years each,
you break them, leave them dry.

Like the Jackal,
you howled to warn them.

All ignore the warning signal,
ready to live or die
between your breasts
a thousand times.





Csók, Csók

Bathed in moonlight-
a cat, three pillows and you on the bed.
You whispered in my ear,
“There is nothing like this.”

You in my arms,
a full moon feeling.
May evening settles in on cicada wings.
Your words “nothing like this” haunt me again.

I gain new wisdom in every kiss.

Hungarian Childhood

1950

The knocking came at midnight in wintertime.
The room was warm and at peace with the night.
Two men brought in the cold under their hats,
grabbed most of the books and threw them into potato sacks.
My father was still and silent
like a falling leaf in the eye of the storm.
The silence was broken by my mother sobbing
as they dragged him through the door.
The void spread until it filled the room,
a sense of lacking,
for what seemed like a century.

1953

Father walked back into our lives.
We started over with fear at our bedside.
The days and nights were filled with both danger and love
as each night our father read us epic poems.
Then it began again: the fear, the tanks.
It was 1956.

My answer to all that was playing hard,
not eating my spinach, not drinking my milk.
Like a butterfly's last dance, frantic,
coming to rest on my mother's ironing stand.
He left- is all she said.

I remember the void in her eyes, the cold around my heart.

1957

Grandparents, like missionaries, came,
bathing us in loving thoughts,
showing us the way, singing songs.
The laundry flew high on the line, the vegetables tasted like life.
The steam rose above the ironing stand,
opera from the radio filled the room.
My mother hummed the aria.
Interruption in the broadcast—
President Kennedy assassinated.
The iron cooled off, the stand was put up.
The opera resumed without mother.

Passports in hand,
we crossed the continent and the ocean
to start again.

1964

The man at pier 82 was my father, they said.
Eight years have passed.
Begin again. Begin at being a family,
look ahead...learn a new language...start a new life.
Cries of a boy child filled my heart,
hope and flight...new friends,
fast cars hurried those years by.
I left the little girl behind without good-byes
to face a new nation, to face a new language
in search of what—I still do not know.

1991

My father returned to Hungary, mother at his side.
The medal was pinned on his left side, above his heart. We wept,
standing in the Parliament while he was speechless.
Fear has no hold on us any longer: it took all we had.
Now we watch time eat us, one by one
where we came from, so we shall return.
Without government, without religion,
without your parents,
lovers, brothers, sisters...is there something else?
I try remembering myself
a new childhood.

1999

The Farewell

Bronze on composition base

Kathe Kollowitz

1867-1945

*She embraces him with both arms
clasped around
his body,*

*her head in the nape of his neck, while
his left arm, limp at his side,
is held away from her,
his other arm hangs over
her right shoulder, and
his face is without expression.*

Grief

Maria Apel
Brittain
1880-1970

From a distance
this statue pulls me
to my familiarity with tears,
folds of sorrow,
faceless despair.
The head is slightly tilted to the left,
the belly
covered, yet knowing
the presence
of barrenness,
the arms
hold her to her chest
all covered with cloth
that gives her the
promise of existence.

504 Phone Calls

504 phone calls came, like rapid fire
WE OBJECT TO HOMOSEXUALS
USING PUBLIC anything FOR A STATE RALLY,
WE SHOULD BURN THEM,
EVIL CHILDREN,
WE BURNED THE WITCHES
WE CAN DO IT AGAIN.

The first light surrounds
and breathes life into taboos.
No one really ever knows who lays down the laws
under which
HEARTS FREEZE OTHERS OUT OF FRESH AIR,
hearts TRAMPLE ON YOU as YOU ARE BLEEDING.
WHILE YOUR BONES are SHATTERED AND SCATTERED.
THAT'S HOW THE men OF CLOTH WOULD LIKE TO SEE YOU.
OH, SUCH FORGIVENESS, LIES THE MONSTER
ALL BLUE-SKINnED
TRANSPARENT SKIRTS WITH THE you-know-what ERECT.
SEARCHING, FORCING AIR OUT OF LUNGS OF young girls
readying to be good wives to men.
SEARCHING, FORCING AIR OUT OF THE LUNGS OF young men
this will cleanse the soul, they are told to
HOLD THE SECRET
THE SIN.....forever.....amen.

I HEAR THE ECHO OF HIS EMPTY HEARTBEAT
IT IS UNGODLY this stupidity.
I KNOW GOD WILL NOT FORGIVE THEM BECAUSE HE PREACHES
LOVE AND FORGIVENESS, NOT HATRED.

Jesus WASHED THE FEET OF HIS FELLOW men.
HE SOOTHED THEIR ANGER WITH HIS WORDS.
HIS SMILE FLEW THROUGH THE MIDNIGHT SKY-
TURN THE OTHER CHEEK, LOVE THY NEIGHBOR...
those words were his armory.

So where did we go wrong?
I have asked myself that for 20 out of 50 years
and the answer comes again and again-
those who need to control,
at the helm, in a stately prance
will control you through the "word of God."
God did not write the Bible, disciples did.
The book of Jesus is still a mystery.
God is a wisp,
a kindness that sparks between two people,
lovers,
mothers and daughters,
brothers and sisters,
a kindness that can not be tainted by
Man in his trickery of twisting and preaching as he likes
because his passion is the CONTROL that carries him inside.

Yes, I defy your man made religion.
Yes, I defy your laws upon my body.
Yes, I will take up love.
The gates have been opened.
God is not on your side.

You have abused all things too far,
too long,
too well.
God has grown tired of you,
MANkind.

My prayer is for the human race to go extinct,
to save and not soil the rest of the universe.
This is how God has taught me to serve-
to die, to die for all of us
with a joyful heart,
to stop the plunder
to stop the JOHN DEERE's cutting cutting, more pegboard
for Betty's busy afternoons.

The sound of the rain forest is empty of bird songs now.
The electric roar
that folds trees like grandmother
folds the laundry, buzzes in my dreams.
We learn to soil so early.
Throw your clothes on the floor, use it only once,
use more water
use more chemicals, good smells are important,
and not-to-cling most essential.

How can all this be?
Life that suffocates in order to survive?
Did Darwin see the whites of God's eyes?

The truth is that the white must go.
It is a color that is LESS,
that lacks and sucks all dry.
Those not white must be washed, white-washed
so as to not awaken them
to the blessings
of yellows, browns, blacks
yes, those of the earth.

And life is all what we have.
The power is hot, stricken, like metal ready to bend,
the cool comes and turns red,
yes,
one more bang,
the color we see and bend
will brake
this ancient mold for eternity.

Almost there.

Observe and Understand the Workings

I was born because ...
you might begin your own story
and this thought will lead you,
entertain you,
for the journey we call life.

How much we learn, share, reject,
accept,
turns us onto different paths.
We pursue a change in directions of our own choosing.
Wild chance at birth gives us that life.

It is carved in your bones,
out of your soul,
where and when the stars glimmer
their dreams and nightmares into that cosmos
only the willow knows.
The reaction is a physical response to
the laws of the body
forever hungry at best?

A chance at fissure and fusion
already millions and millions
of opened and closed windows –
one, two,
one, two –
those are the choices, yes?
Is this what we call life, a given? Our miniscule minds
dance in a spiral,
hesitant without hope of a net.
The body sooner or later comes to rest,
an affluence of glands and fats.

It thinks, I'll go this way (if you insist) for awhile,
stretching that ever so fragile thread to a point of
demise.

The break, yes (no return ticket),
is a violent force that will cast out the stones
of David and Goliath.

It is that arrogance of mind
that the ego eats up for sustenance day
and night. The ego needs the visible self
that only remains inside between
the first light and the last howl of the night.



Not for Ourselves Alone

“Someone will remember us in the future”
Sappho 640 BC

*“If it were customary to send little girls to
school
and teach them the same subjects
as taught to boys
they would learn just as fully
and would understand the subtleties
of the Arts and Sciences”*
Christine De Pisan 1405

*“ History of all times, and of today especially
teaches that women will be forgotten
if they forget to think about themselves.”*
Louise Otto-Peters 1849

*“We have heard of Renaissance Man
but what of the Renaissance Woman”*
Elsa Honing Fine 1978

If we remembered that we are derived
from the same point in time and space, and
If we remembered that we are destined
for the same point in time and space,
we could hear the angels
and the world would be a different place.

And what the angels heard was
the Creator
laughing and crying
all at once

*“Talent is helpful in writing,
but guts are absolutely necessary”*

Jessamyn West



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