

The Pack

I can walk down halls filled with people, and be alone as I can be

But not alone

In some faraway, wild place

Where all you can hear is wind, and the toiling noises of your own hands making a fire

Water for washing is the Ocean
Water for drinking is the Stream
Grass for bedding
And Wood for burning
Fish for eating, cooked on the Fire

Where was this place but only in my mind as I walked through the crowds, unnoticed

The music was birds and my own voice upon the breeze

But I could use none of these
For I walked toward an office where I didn't worry about warmth or comfort or food

Yet I wondered how long the office would stand, its edifice never smiling or beckoning to me as the trees did on my long, quiet beach

I live in the woods
And move through the trees
The darkness does not scare me
It is my cover
And the animals do not come at me

I wake in the morning to take a different form
So that I might move among the flowers in the cities

My true form, my true heart's desire, is to fly with the darkest of creatures
To pad along pathways of green luminescence among the moss covered expanse,
masking my footsteps on the plushness of carpets
To lie down in the deepest of leaf covered beds
Awaiting the Pack to settle into each other's bodies

For warmth
For comfort
No words
No names
Just long sleep
Resting now from the journey of hunting
Quiet now from the tearing of flesh
No longer alone
And now dreaming, together

A Change of Mind

I wonder when her hope died
As she soldiered through the dark

I wonder when her eyes dimmed
When her life was cut apart

I wonder when her hate grew
While her dreams were put away

And I wonder when her love died
As her lies got in the way

I wonder where the girl went
When the woman wrecked her mind

I wonder where her blood went
When she embraced her words unkind

I wonder where my friend went
As she disappeared so slowly

And I wonder why I didn't care
And watched her fall below me

And Then She Said

“Can you hear that Erick?”

The June Bug rang out like a call to arms – seeping into their ears until the sound reflected the breathing of the Earth.

“Did you see that? There are more of me here, and they are echoing me.”

With every word and breath, her echoes bounced about the River Valley, hitting rock and skipping off the water top, and like Sprites bounding left and right around her head.

“What is it Erick? I can’t control it! I can’t feel my body!”

She was feeling a nuclear realization, an intensity of all feelings at once, in an instant. Clarity was too clear. Her defenses were down as her Selves Whirled around her, waiting for her to slip.

Erick said, “Come back to where I am. Don’t let it control you. You control it. Come back to me. Come here.”

And there on Father Rock, as her Soul nearly made it out, she sucked it back in with the will of the Inner One who was watching. It had tried to make a small rip in Time as it struggled to break free to taunt her.

The rip was a mirror of what was around her, the air, the molecules. These could be seen.

She stood at the cusp of the World and could hear voices from corners - all corners – clamoring for her attention.

She could hear the most delicate symphony. Suddenly, she knew how each instrument would play, and knew every stroke of every note of every sound.

They played for her, the Selves she could not see. The words made sense to her – “And Then She Said” – As if it meant when the Sun rose an unseen voice would say, “And Then She Said, ‘I have Risen! Greet the Day! A new Beginning is here for you!’ ” Or that the female waves would lap at the shore, giving permission for children to play. Or that when the male wind would blow it urged you to listen, because much more is blown than air and debris.

And Then She Said, “Touch me, I am real.”

It is an embodiment of each breath.

And Then She Said, “I can Breath, I can Live, I can Love.”

She stood there, at River’s edge, and boomed out her voice, “And Then She Said!”

He heard her and understood. They both could hear all the others there agree.

And Then She Said

I give you my Flowers
I give you my River
I give you my Currents
I give you my Earth
I give you my Word