

Mango García Poems 2017 - 2019

6 December 2016 - 23 November 2019

Manuel García, Jr.

<https://manuelgarciajr.com>

Your Love Is My Challenge

I must say "I love you" two hundred times a day
and every single one of them is heartfelt and true.
I must say "I want you" a hundred times too
for every minute of every day my body yearns for you.
There have to be some other ways to show you how I feel
besides bouquets and hungry hands whispering my appeal.
What more can I find to offer, and what else to accept?
How can my creativity expand my love for you?
Can I ever hope to open up the mystery of time
to let you ramble that braided weave of all your dreaming lives?
Can I ever hope to lead you back to the hidden spring of life
where you can tremble with that flow, and melt into that light?
You touched me and I came alive, reborn to live with you,
now let me open up this world so your love flowers through.
I rise to meet the challenge of championing your love,
my heart is open, my spirit full, my vision clears to you.

(2-22 November 1988), 16 February 2019

That Radiant Feeling

I love cool, crisp autumn days after a rain
when the sun etches the clouds into the sky,
the quavering crimson-golden leaves,
and every luminous blade of flaming green grass.
The limbs of trees cast textured shadows
on white vibrant walls,
and glints of light burst out of puddles
exploding into space.
Strands of spider silk streak flashes of light
in the breeze
as jays and hummingbirds arc through that
electric breath of day.

I walk with my jacket open through this celebration,
feeling the coolness brush against my face and chest

as light soaks warmth into my body.
Birds twitter and chirp out of view all around,
while breeze pulses through the leaves
expiring like tidal foam evaporating on a tropic strand.

How good it is to be alive,
to feel this refreshing radiance,
to savor the shifting collage of cool, moist autumn fragrances.

I am so fortunate to experience this,
and so happy to realize it.
I think of you darling, of the love we share,
and the walks we have taken on days such as this.
I carry the warmth of your love in my heart,
its radiant grace refreshing my days.
I savor my moments of living with you,
be they softening sleepiness or sharp surliness.
Come — let us walk together, you and I,
and explore far pathways in the ripening sun.
Let us be with each other alone for a day
alive in the present, in love and at play.
I find peace in your love, and I look for no other,
you offered me freedom my darling sweet lover.

(17 November 1988), 16 February 2019

For Men: How To Attract Women

Have lots of money
— (and spend it on her).
Know how to dance.
Look good.
Smell good.
Own a restaurant.
Cook
— (very well).
Listen forever.
Wait forever
— (the prime directive).

Don't make her wait.
Don't interrupt.
You always like the dress and haircut.
Guess what she wants
— (and don't be wrong).
Don't notice
— (what you're not supposed to).
Give compliments
— (that sound genuine every time).
Don't criticize.
Accept criticism graciously.
Don't look at other women.
Don't do anything with other women.
Be nice to her mother.
Be nice to her children
— (and pay for them).
Tolerate her girlfriends.
Do housekeeping
— (or have it done).
Don't make her jealous
— (by paying attention to your car).
Don't go out with the boys.
Don't drink more than she does.
Don't smoke more than she does.
Eat what she tells you
— (on her mealtimes).
Watch her movies.
Don't make her watch your movies.
Don't watch sports
— (unless she does).
Freedom is frightening:
don't be a husband off leash.
Remember:
she needs a safe man to say no to.
— Or —
don't worry about attracting women.

6 December 2016

My Best Friends Are Strangers

My best friends are strangers
who find my quirks to their taste.
Unknown by me they read my thoughts,
unseen by me they share my visions,
unheard by me they speak my words,
out of time with me they live my lives:
present, past and yet-to-be.
An atomized mass of shared understanding
dispersed irrelevant for evolution,
sunlit grains of sand sinking under
rising seas of cold extinction,
dancing sparkles of consciousness
flickering across the surface ripples
of unknowing, dark and fathomless.

2 January 2017

I Will Be Great Again

I need attention.
I can't and don't want to progress,
So the country has to be pulled back
And you have to regress
So my world-view can be preserved
By everyone else conforming to it.
Then, I will be safe, honored, important,
And my pitiful innocence can be exploited
By the big money-makers of the day,
And I can share in their success with envy,
With satisfaction that those who tried to pull away
Were held down and kept from gaining what I lacked.
And I will feel powerful again,
Not weak, and alone, and left out.
I will be among the deserving.

I will be strong because they will be weak.
I will be popular because they will be gone.
I will be smart
Because no stranger will be allowed to prove me ignorant.
I will be great again.

25 February 2017

Worst Disease and Best Health

Capitalism is the worst disease for a planet.
Addiction is the worst disease for a body.
Bigotry is the worst disease for a mind.
Greed is the worst disease for a soul.

Compassion is the best health for a soul.
Rationality is the best health for a mind.
Moderation is the best health for a body.
Socialism is the best health for a planet.

24 April 2017

The Touch Of The Open

(Between An Open Love and A Greedy Heart)

A butterfly surprising me
landed on my palm and made me see
the radiance of life's floating smile
burning through the haze of my blue ennui
to melt my heart so gratefully
into your redeeming love for me.

But I know you're that kind of grace
that must weave through life at your own pace,
and so I walk on fear's knife-edge
dreading unknowns that might come to be,

standing in your glow between
an open love and my heart greedy.

If I close you in, I will crush your dreams,
If my love is open, you will float away.
If I keep you here, I will kill beauty,
If I love your freedom, my heart will break
when you leave
as you must
to be the wonder in this world that you are,
a butterfly
floating free
through the sunbeams of old age memories.

A butterfly surprising me
landed on my palm and made me see
the radiance of life's floating smile
burning through the haze of my blue ennui
to warm my heart into love for you
and feeling that incredible high to be
the world's heart now beating as me,
the fullness of all this joy so free,
as big as the sun to life can be.

I'll think of you in future times,
smiling, knowing I could love so much,
grateful to remember how
you made me flower into springtime love,
a timeless grace flitting heart to heart
linking minds forever in your sea of love,
immersing those soon left behind
into the touch of the open,
the touch of the open,
the touch of the open...

23 August 2017

Fuck Yeah!

Marijuana bong-filtered through Crème de Menthe
in a dead-of-night college dorm
and fucking to the ultimate orgasm
- a mutual orgasm, a shared high -
with a black-haired brown-eyed beauty
just as driven to the end of consciousness as me,
a writhing body-long muscle of humping lust desire
with a mouth to suck down all my knowing,
and big enfolding tits to smother love into me,
while The Doors blast "Light My Fire"
reverberating perfectly with our primordial love spasm,
the focal sourcepoint of the universe,
my soul melting through my dick in her cunt
clenched by her gut-teeth in a quivering conception
of the entire total All.

Fuck, yeah! We beat death,
however long we live after this,
even in the barren zombie America
of yesterday, today and tomorrow,
we beat death,
the death of the wasted lives you fools all live.
You can't touch me, I've been there.
Love you, honey, forever,
we created the world
and none of them will ever know it.
We'll meet again on the other side of time.

22 December 2017

You Asked

If I told you the truth
you would be unhappy.
If I lied
you might later find out
and then be unhappy;
or you might never find out
and then I'd be unhappy.

A child's best gift to a father
is to accept his wisdom.
A child's best gift to a mother
is to reassure her love.
Parents' best gift to their children
is to let them live their lives,
and let them see you live
being happy without being afraid.

4 January 2018

April Springs

I've outlived my dreams
and discovered true achievements
have all been unseen, now
traceless remnants I left in your pasts
reward me as
life's glints scintillating memory's deep
- a net of gems -
moments with twinkles in certain eyes,
sudden smiles across certain lips,
visions of grace rim-lit by cascades of light,
skin soaking warmth through hair tingling breeze,
the sound of breath holding me close in hushed dark,

bursts of emotion on seeing your face,
the touch of your hand walking timeless through space,
smells of your earthy excitement that sparked me alive,
your joyous abandon in muscular tussles,
the beating of hearts pulsing each other,
the image of your sweet repose,
the beauty of your thoughtful care,
the tolerance of your silent anger,
the gentleness of your just revenge,
the fading of sorrows trailed by regrets,
desires mellowing to insights on youth,
the blending of memories to soothing acceptance,
the calming of passion becomes gratitude
and awareness sharpened by time becomes peace.

9 April 2018

Everything

What you're doing
is unimportant,
What I'm doing
is everything.

Thinking is terrifying,
Denial is essential,
Distraction is the refuge,
Fate must be surprise.

I can't wait:
Fill my wanting
all with spectacle,
all with distraction,
all entertainment
until final blink.

I drew a line in the sand
and said
beyond this you will not pass.
My will
is the Rock Of Ages,
the Eternal Unmovable.
The dome of my sky
is ablaze in glory,
the Sun of my world
breathes heat into Life.
I am the Eye of Everything,
I am the Aye of the Universe,
I am the I of Eternity,
I am the All, I am Everything.
A breath of sea
blows sand in my footsteps,
the sky blue blaze
glow ripens to orange.
The fathomless tide
planes my traces in sand,
sinks my feet ankle deep
in the wetness of beach.
The featureless strand
contrast mirrors
night's twinkles,
glints on the foam
are Moon's scattered smile.
The dreams of my knowing
are the silence of stars,
the Eternal Unmovable
is the void of unthought.

10 July 2018

Poverty of Feeling

So heartbreaking to see
people blinded by their envy,
imagining rewards
for serving the Confed'racy
and waiting like Godot
for thanks from White Supremacy
for kicking south the immigrants
fleeing their own slavery.

You so want to be loved
by the rich who'll always hate you,
and be part of their gang
to get all the stuff that they do.
You say that you deserve
to be just like them, is that true?
and get to fine'ly crack the whip
on immigrants beneath you.

Your dreams are envy's hopes
for a gifted lush salvation
from tragic history of
ancient heartless exploitation,
but undeserving is
walling off all your compassion
by walling off the refugees
of bombed-in devastation.

20 July 2018

Dawn Will Come Again

As our globe rolls towards the Sun,
our horizon flames into dawn.

The old white men
dour, dreary and dull,
have again succeeded in holding back
the fresh, vibrant, resplendent visions
of our young;
and have kept their arid world —
their gray, turgid, moneyed world —
safe from their worst fears:

the fear of
the magical power of women,
those incomprehensible creatures
that enthrall them so,
and own the womb of creativity;

the fear of
the fast scintillating rainbow of alertness
rampant
among the young, dark, numinous people
whose intense unfathomable awareness
is so confusing and uncontrollable.

But, once again, they have prevailed
in holding back the outbreak of rebirth:

so relieved
to have slowed to a standstill
the efflorescence
of those perennial human aspirations
that give warmth to the soul;

so relieved
to have kept their world safe for:
productivity, gains, exemptions,
well-funded exclusivity,
civility from the service class,
deference
from intellectuals, scientists, artists;

so relieved
in their continuing placid drift
of supreme satisfaction,
without impudent, jarring interruptions
of scorching reality;

so relieved,
as oblivious as possible in existences
completely superfluous
to the life of the human spirit.

As always, we await a new dawn.

I want to drink ambrosia,
like Apollo.
I want my mind clear,
I want my spirit drunk,
so I can regale you
with my lyrical dreams
of impossible happiness.

The dry leaves of exhausted summer
must brown, shrivel and fall
from dead brittle limbs
to crinkle underfoot,
beneath winter snows,
before a moistening thaw can return
budding hopes new and green.

And so,
praise be to the glory of youth:
dawn will come again.

5 October 2018

You Are That

If your happiness depends on others,
you will never be happy.

If your liberation depends on others
banding together to secure salvation
for you and your people,
you will never be free.

If you are waiting for humanity to awaken
to enlightened solidarity,
you will have wasted precious living.

Your happiness, your liberation, your salvation
will not converge on you
from the external world,
they can only emerge from you
if you choose them to unfurl.

The living body is the focus
of the universe reemerging,
the unclouded mind is the viewing
of that endless panorama.

You are that.

28 October 2018

Can't Jump Out

The World's on a careening joyride
snaking along Cliff Drive
high above the moonlit surf rocks,
with drunken Frat Boy at the wheel,
motor gunning, tires chirping,
and you blank-staring down the edge
married to Knuckleheads' fate.

It's not a tragedy to die alone,
but it is to die lonely.
How do I want to die?
Quick!
But if it has to be slow,
Let it be with Brompton's Cocktail
and a 100 micro-gram chaser
of L.S.D. 25, twice.

Enough plastic's in humanity's gut now,
38 years into the blinding dark,
to pop out shrink-wrapped shits.
My days are numbered
but I'm not counting
for I keep faith with Nature:
fresh nectar's in the Hummingbird glass
and it's December,
Flat Top Johnny's 78th.

Postwar began 26 July '53,
and the '50s ended ten years later
22 November.
The '60s launched New Year's '59
and crashed cold and hard late '73.
The '70s flat-lined sputtering out in '79,
and America died 4 November '80.
34 days later
the Bloody Blackness took us down
our hallucinating plunge
god-gifted insanity hypnotized,
untouched by real awareness:
if ignorance is bliss
this must be paradise.
My castaway's wish for shining youth
is glorious triumph over our bones
and lost hopes' ashes greening anew.

8 December 2018

The Western Desert

Wild
expansive
empty
dry airless heat
choking windblown dust
the forgotten dreams of forgotten souls
now grains of salt
left by a lost ocean of tears
their songs now crunching tracks being laid
by chance wanderings of fleeting life
shifting from the unseen to the unknown
evaporating in time to ripples of light
and fallen crystals of grit.
My sunset will emblazon a vast horizon
for I jettison stuff in trade for space
and I jettison illusions in trade for time.
Tranquility, a timeless peace, is time with space
reconciled to casting away fear, desires and friends
illusions imprisoning bits of time
liberated for mindful living
all too soon just dissipated heat
the forgotten dream of a forgotten soul
empty
expansive
wild.

9 February 2019

Translucent

I found myself in a cloud of unknowing,
surprised
after journeying with intention for so long.
Everything had fallen away,
renewed emptiness gave life clarity ahead,
bleached of the past,
a wild tropic strand glinting in the blazing dazzle
of liquid crystalline awareness,
the light of day alone in its pristine expanse,
a surviving castaway whose old world drifted
as ghost mist evaporating far out at sea
while fresh footprints in the sand
led from moist cool to dry warmth
up to beckoning verdant meadows deeper in.

It's a kindness to remember the old moorings,
but I'm no longer there, unnoticed still by long habit.
People don't annoy as much when not around,
and there's no reason to explain what isn't needed,
unthrottling time, dilating space,
receding horizons, demisting vistas.
Things all have their times
and all times fade to nothing
beyond the reach of entangling rescues
by urgent nets of anxiety and possessing wants
left echoless in the wake of this absorbing quiet
filled with possibilities of thought.
Don't worry to reinter me into old illusions,
I'm not lost, I'm free.

4 March 2019

Looking Back I See

I could'ov lived a poet's life
roving 'or the world of my dreams,
but wives 'n kids would not'ov stood
for unplowed furrows 'n nights unseen.
Hitched-up horses and dogs on leash
reassure more than mottled gleams
of moonlight shadow rippling 'cross
tomcat's wandering wild screams.

Longing's fear in ignorance
threw chains on artist caperings
with love and safety held so dear
one's spring and sparkle cooled and stilled.
An unburnt candle casts no light
nor wax-drip sears the hand 'holds it
but blaming others I cannot
for all my grasping at the wind
to root unlikely chance to ground
as time invisible slipped by.

Freedom's mooring to throbbing life
is owning choices one has made
both all the triumphs and regrets
breath and heart have passed through beating
out life's stream of incidents that
flow words thoughtless 'n wordless thoughts,
rising smoke in forgetting's night,
mist burned clear in oblivion's light.

Trust can be a rock secure as
haphazard happiness drifts by,
each man's an island on his own
every woman's a hurried sea.
The randomness of time and tide
lap eddies onto shores of mind,
a poet's life must always be
lost starlight glinting on the sea,

harmonic chaos elegant
is understanding clarified.

Money is all evils' flower,
evil is all money's root,
Commodifying, life's reduced
to lowest cost at highest price
in great lovelorn America
misled by those who make you see
the poetry in guillotines.
Why weaken truth, dull clarity
placating insecurity?

Poetic thought dissolves at last
in old hens' prattling done and drowned,
Dylan Thomas died one night
from swelling of the brain, infused,
and so doth booze insight expand
the oft crabbed musing consciousness.
A failure I would bound to be
if questing life eternally,
but be assured this won't be so
of me being free curmudgeonly.

12 February 2019

Mister Yes-Know and Mistress No-No

People live, people die
People laugh, people cry
People love, people lie
People lose, people fly.

Don't say what I don't want to hear
Don't do what I don't want to see
Don't think what I don't want to know
Don't feel what I don't want to be.

Mister passive-aggressive co-dependent

Mistress obsessive-compulsive unrepentant
Acute anticipatory anxiety ascendant,
A mystery inevitably uncomprehended.

Sometimes my art is of quality high
Sometimes my art is of quality low
However it crosses the public eye
I'm always delighted, I love it so.

31 March 2019

Moby-Dick

The red arm of the doomed American Indian
in his death-gasp
nailed the harassing American Eagle to the cross
at mast-top of the sinking Ship-of-State,
hull stove-in
by unconquerable purity of majestic Immensity,
the pulse of Nature
that had been so monomaniacally pursued,
a blind raging exterminating profiteering quest
to capture, kill, and boil down its essence
for liquid fuel
burning in that self-annihilating hunt's engine
only to be quenched out steaming
by the precipitous plunge into cold finality
of eternally billowing oblivion
in whose dark depths Nature ranges free.

One chastened orphaned wanderer
vomited out of the deep illusory unconscious
by random pity,
buoyed unconfined by lost despair,
drifts beyond prophesy he now knows
will ever be unheeded
and yet fulfilled.

7 August 2019

Night and Day, Being and Nonbeing

Matter, energy, space and time: the entirety of physical existence. Einstein unravelled their truth: they are all entwined, a four dimensional yin-yang, the image of gravity. But, what gave him pause that he could never fully overcome was the yin-yang of existence and nonexistence: quantum reality. And that is what we live within and are: matter, energy, space and time, existence and nonexistence, flickering on and off in rhythms seen and unseen, known and unknown, felt and unfelt. And consciousness, like gravity, is manifest through that dazzle while itself untouchable — a void — infused deep within us, the motivating core, the suns of our solar systems of individual being: life.

I step outside my warm bubble of house-air into the cool fresh oceanic night, which sucks my awareness out to the farthest reaches of its fathomless inky blue-black vacuum, punctuated by pinpricks of light beyond the frontiers of experience, whose inverted depths are a dark crystalline silence, the infinitely dissolved horizon past the tenuous haze of our shared breaths with green life lush with the fragrance of August flowers eddying through the living tangle of Earth's surface in my forested canyon laden with ancient expirations cooled and moistened to sparkling renewal.

This velvety opaque transparency pulses with drones by crickets and unfolds unseeable vistas of distant sound whose tides are brought near, washing resonantly through me and absorbing me into the totality of this timeless sequence of unthinking scintillating instants, pinpricks of existence flashing out of an eternal sea of nonexistence like glints of moonlight on ripples of a four-dimensional ocean, the unbounded immersion.

I breathe in my share of this pregnant unconscious and sense the capture of two or three molecules released millennia ago in the funeral pyre of that great poet's expended form, its brief journey of genetic transport finished as mine will soon enough be, and I embed that molecular poetry into my blood and sinews until its time for release comes with my organic disintegration into pure fleeting memory. Coyotes howl with bell-like clarity through the dark effulgence, and my moments of eternity come to rest for this night. So, I turn into my house-bubble for sleep.

Dawn fog in the canyon: I am looking at the sun just rise over the crest of the ridge, and light pour through the fog into the canyon, making it glow as it flows up the stream-bed and through the trees along the hillsides, with blue sky above, and birds darting through the panorama framed by my vision, the warmth of the rays descending into my body as I face before it, immersed in a cloud of light, evaporating. A bird chirps. Mist rises. The ground of the forest lights up. Leaves emerge glistening green from their silhouettes. The voices of the forest call to each other, silence fades into the light of day. Rebirth. I am who am once again.

25 August 2019

<><><><><><><><>

Forever and a Day

The opposite of death is love.

Come now sweet darling
Don't be that way
The world may be changing
Fire 'n ice have their way
But don't you be fretting
For come here what may
I'll be your lover
Forever and a day

We'll shiver in winter
We'll sweat in the heat
We'll drink the brown water
We'll live without meat
Your young skin will toughen
Under hot suns
Your young brow will furrow
As years have their run

We'll find our right living
Beneath ashen skies
We'll always be yearning
For young dreams' reprise
The world's always changing
Uncertain to be, but
With my arms around you
You'll always be free.

For our world is burning
Its green hopes lost smoke
As our hearts are learning
To hold strong as oak
The wars will be fearsome
And peace will elude
But love for each other

Will give fortitude

So come now sweet darling
Don't take on so
Though our world is changing
Our love will grow
And we smiling through
Our sweet time alive
For each we'll be lovers
Till forever dies

And this world will crumble
Freeze, burn away
Our lives flicker out
Must happen one day
The red suns are burning
The grey moon's cold hope
Lost children are turning
From fear's lonely yoke

But fret not my darling
For all things must pass
Yet there is one constant
One thing to last
Despite all the grieving
Our love is so brave
The smiles of whose being
Will live past the grave

We are so lucky
Past mere survival
We can both dream
Of nature's revival
Mourning the children
Lost in the floods
Whose stilled lives are bubbles
Of me in the bud

Memories wistful
And not a lament
Hearts filled with love
And spirits unbent
The loss and the lack
Cannot kill the soul
Where love for another
Has once taken hold

We've been so lucky
In this life so graced
Though our world is changing
And we'll be displaced
Amor y candela
La noche nos dará
Corazones contentos
La vida brillaré

So fret not my darling
For come now what may
I'll be your lover
Forever and a day
Yes, our world is changing
And our time will pass
But through all the dreading
Our love will last

Come now the winter
Come now the drought
Lost is salvation
Of that there's no doubt
The fire and the ice
Will each have their way
But through all the changes
Love constant will stay

So don't you be fretting
Come now what may

You'll fill my tomorrows
Like my yesterdays
Through all of the changes
One constant will be
That I'll be your lover
And you will live free

Come now my darling
Send fear away
Though our world is changing
Our love will stay
Don't you be fretting
Your sweet grace away
We will be loving
Forever and a day

16 November 2019

<><><><><><><>

Forever and a Day

17 November 2019

<https://manuelgarciajr.com/2019/11/17/forever-and-a-day/>

<><><><><><><>

Teetering on the Edge

The dead that from us borrow
Are buried in their schemes
The children of tomorrow
Are left without their dreams

We see the steaming kisses
Of fire and the sea
The long bleak shoreline hisses
With all that used to be

The victors celebrating
Within their hoards entombed
Tomorrow wanders searching
Beyond bunkers of doom

Below a dusty red sky
From waterless burnt hills
We peer far out and ask why
We let your false pride kill

The air now ghosts of flowers
The sea now grains of grit
The green that once was ours
Our dawn that once was lit.

8 December 2019

<><><><><><><>

Teetering on the Edge

8 December 2019

<https://manuelgarciajr.com/2019/12/08/teetering-on-the-edge/>

<><><><><><><>

Oakwood Smoke

Dewdrop jewels adorn the berries
Golden waves reveal wind in the field
Fresh clean water refills the well
Forgiving sun warms moistened earth
Vibrant green shoots
Coat radiance on hills
Clear light infuses forest breath with live warmth
Evaporating dawn's misty caress
As lush garden greenery emerges from shadow

Crisp little rustlings of foraging beaks
Crinkle through velvety silence
Mayhaps our longboatmen will hook us some fish
To grill over oak fire this evening
When maybe cider jugs in the creekbed will froth
With lively spirits for singing

May the Youngsters seeking sparkly rock treasures
On the beaches and in the clearings
Delight hide-and-seeking their imaginary friends
While we tend to the houses and the patching of clothes
To keep frosty rain from becoming surprise

In afternoon balm I'll auger fluteholes
And string the guitars for serenading
Dusky appreciation into the night
As smooth river rocks in our fires swell heating
While we rim flaming centers with our circles of being

I might think back to recent times yet long ago
When the old world melted in the freezing drought
And burnt away in hopeless wars
Of taking all pushing everyone out
Till nothing and no one was left anymore
Each disappearing in private endings
To emerge from survival and gather as we few

Unknown to the others, in time to be
Alive together alone no more
Intimate strangers braided as tribe
By hidden streams of experience
Though of course they know nothing of you, my love
For we each keep sacred memories buried

Tomorrow I take Young Lad up Piney Meadows
To teach him about the bow
We'll find pliant stalks for arrow shafts
And ready ourselves for the hunts to come
Young Lad only knows this new tribe life
And for that he is the better
Because it keeps young hearts pure
And young minds alert to aliveness
In time he'll move off having borns of his own
As precious to him as mine were to me
By then I'll be feeding my gone away tree
Returning my spirit to the forest

We old men and women must store up past thoughts
Mending the things through the seasons
And make savory scents that coil up in oak smoke
To fill tribal bellies with contentment,
Showing the Young without using words
That conduct is the temple of one's presence
And our lives are life's leaves
Meant to cycle as seasons
On and on as nourishment for each other.

9 December 2019

<><><><><><><>

Oakwood Smoke

9 December 2019

<https://manuelgarciajr.com/2019/12/09/oakwood-smoke/>

A Soaring Hawk

I walked beneath a freeing sky
A soaring hawk winging thoughts aloft
The calmed remembrance of old dreams
Clouds aglow with swallowed light
Drifting by on silent streams
Of stories I will never speak
The light of day unfurling space
Illuminates my winding path
Unshadowed hills of grit and green
The finest ripples of my palm
A fading wake of memories
Seeping out into the light
All so common yet all mine
Connecting ever each to all
By light on silent distant thought
Adrift alone on warped time's seas
Beyond horizons of each one
So mind must soar up like that hawk
To look to where experience ends
Perhaps to catch a glimpse of you
Oh so very long ago
When warmth was shared between us two
Till now forgotten urgencies
Cast us away to different worlds
That drew our lives out as we've seen
Remote from those that now begin
As my regards go out to you
With hope your journey has been sweet
For mine was good despite the storms
And I survived to now breathe in
This freeing sky with soaring hawk
And see descending light infuse
Reflections burnish life anew.

23 November 2019

<https://manuelgarciajr.com/2019/11/23/a-soaring-hawk/>