

## Calling you home

I am calling you home  
from across the years of a life-time  
through the jungles and deserts  
the busy cities and the deep forest  
the tangled meandering detours  
the endless knots of highways  
and the crowds of strangers  
that stretch back centuries.

The distortions of distance  
the contortions of time  
the mysterious hieroglyphics  
and cryptic runes  
of lost languages  
have all been resolved  
so at last the meaning is clear  
and the veil has been lifted.

We have line of sight  
from one side to the other  
through the curved and folded  
lamina and lamella  
the multi-layered flaky puff pastry  
the ruched and tucked and pleated  
muffled maze of draperies  
that we call material reality.

We have person to person  
clear as a bell communication  
through the wandering worm-hole  
the curling corkscrew  
the cosmic short circuit  
the secret continuum  
the common thread  
that leads through the labyrinth  
of too many confusions.

From across the galaxy  
from across the universe  
from one side to the other  
of the blackness lit by burning stars  
and gleaming with glimmers of reflected light  
relayed by dust and planets  
moons and meteors  
I am calling you home.

From out of a sea of faces  
from out of a tumult of voices

from out of a throng of people  
reaching for each other  
in the hunger of loneliness  
touching and twining  
finding and losing  
through life times of seeking,

I am calling you home  
and I am closing the infinite space  
and I am stopping the clock  
that measured the duration  
of our separation  
so we can be face to face  
and complete the embrace  
that makes everything one again.

#### The Worst Job in the World

You don't get paid.  
It costs you.  
There are no holidays.  
Meals and coffee breaks are not free time.  
All your achievements are ignored  
forgotten  
or attributed to someone else  
or something else.  
All your failures are noticed  
multiplied by ten or a hundred  
and publicised forever.  
All of other people's failures  
are also blamed on you.  
The job is 99% tedium 24/7  
randomly interrupted  
by life or death crises  
demanding instant expert response.  
The second-worst job in the world  
is being a parent.  
The worst job in the world  
is being a step-parent.

Flavours

Happiness is fairy floss  
sweet and fluffy pink  
moments that melt in your mouth

Contentment is creamy  
rich as pumpkin soup  
dull but life-sustaining

Problems are meat  
you gnaw from the bone  
or cut small enough to chew

Potatos, rice and pasta  
are the daily duties  
done over and over and over

Obligations are vegetables  
not always appetising  
but somehow good for you

Social occasions are salads  
colourful and light  
that lift and cleanse your palate

While love and sex and friendship  
are all the herbs and spices  
that make it more tasty

And you wash it down  
with tea and coffee  
for stimulation

Wine, beer and spirits  
for inspiration  
and water for common sense

But suffering is dark and bitter  
as the purest chocolate  
concealing sweet treasures

Centres of intensity  
soft as the dreams  
of summer fruits and autumn harvest

Crunchy as memories of failure  
cool as mint winters or spearmint springtimes  
sticky as toffee and caramel hopes

Or oozing with the syrup liqueurs  
of loves long lost  
or never found

And all of them best savoured  
very late at night  
when you are alone.

## Only a dream

She dreamt she'd had a hysterectomy.  
Her womb was gone but so was the baby inside.  
The nurses raised their eyebrows when she cried.  
They said, 'But you wanted it done...'  
She said, 'But not at the cost of my son.'  
They said, 'You're the one who chose...'  
She said, 'But everyone knows –  
You throw away the bathwater, not the baby.'  
She said, 'I had an abortion years ago,  
But I've never wanted kids so I don't know.  
It was only a dream,  
And I don't really know what it means.'

She dreamt they opened up her father's grave.  
His skin was gone but somehow he'd survived.  
She screamed in horror, 'The monsters flayed him alive!'  
She said, 'Then I knew what I had to do.  
I had to shoot him with a gun.  
I was the chosen one.  
If I loved him enough to do it, he'd be saved.'  
'Well, my dad committed suicide years ago.  
He'd done some awful things, but I don't know.  
It was only a dream,  
And I don't really know what it means.'

She dreamt that she was strolling in summer time  
And happened on a travelling theatre troupe.  
'I ad-libbed great so they let me join their group.  
I was a star with fans  
And a handsome leading man  
But then I was trapped on stage  
And the guy flew into a rage  
And abused me when I kept forgetting my lines.  
Well, I split up with my husband years ago.  
We started off so good, but I don't know.  
It was only a dream,  
And I don't really know what it means.'

She dreamt that she was swimming in a pool  
Except that she kept floating on the top.  
She said, 'It was so silly – I couldn't stop.  
Even when I tried  
To do a bomb or dive,  
Or do some proper strokes,  
It was such a bloody joke,  
I'm trying to swim but looking like a fool.  
So I decided what the hell, I'll play the clown –  
I stood up on the water and danced around.  
Ah, but it was only a dream,  
And I don't really know what it means.'

## Me and Klaus and the Plumber

Like a conjunction of three planets  
no actual collision occurred.  
The phenomenon is a matter of perspective  
where the planets appear to be in the same space  
give or take a few degrees,  
or even to touch, to eclipse, to occlude  
but millions of miles separate them,  
although we did end up in the same room  
but I didn't have to cope on my own, thank heavens,  
because the responsibility had caused me some worry.

Or maybe it was like one of those logic puzzles  
where you have to ferry  
a cabbage, a goat and a wolf  
across a river safely  
without anyone or anything getting eaten.  
Obviously Klaus would be the wolf  
because he's a Doberman Pinscher,  
a trained attack dog who sees everyone as an intruder  
and especially any male as a perpetrator  
while the plumber would be the goat.

He had a moustache but not a beard,  
and was very wary of the murderous barking,  
not to mention the fangs  
and the 80 pounds of muscle  
lunging and plunging toward him,  
but the collar, thank heavens, was held  
by the owner and not by me, a mere visitor,  
so this little cabbage  
got shredded into coleslaw by nobody  
and we 3 planets conjuncted but did not collide.