

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.