

Wild Fire

— for Bobby

Bright orange stars
blaze through redwoods
a constellation still shines in smoky sky
we ignore evacuation

It's a ghost town now
a bicyclist glides by
in the middle of River Road
we wait for Blessed in the town square

I break the spell of precious two weeks on the river bank
for radiation treatment back in condo city
heat wave traffic jam back to the river
it's the end of the world at the beginning
I faint in a seizure
you catch me before I crash to the floor
outside the palette is only orange

Road blocks emerge
convicts fight fire
we return to the balcony on the river

Next day a helicopter over the Russian River
over our front yard
announces mandatory evacuation
we wait 'til absolute last possible moment
comrade in danger
I remember Valencia Gardens
your fearless audacity
you challenge three homies
who called out to me

Synthesis of orange sunshine and brain cancer
go well together
we watch Arturo Ripstein's Deep Crimson
on a deep acid trip
you say Blessed comes from a different strata
chants and prayers are made in my name
I'm a lucky kid
I can't believe we're still here.

Epiphany 2019, 60th year of the Cuban Revolution

– for Gilets Jaunes

The gift of love
fire in the storm
a salt tax
a fuel tax
a flashpoint to use again
Vive la France!
repression buys false time
a gift of inspiration
how will your devotional fire spread?
nothing to lose but the chains that you'll never wear
your historical memory propels you
in harsh winter conditions
protest doesn't wait for spring
France that rises
France won't wait
France who knows how to collaborate

Will your fire be misunderstood
will it inspire
will it require unholy alliances
will you hold the lines until Spring
when glad reinforcements arrive?

May cadre grow in the cold
may non-strategic violence end
may the militant open letters flow this winter
inspirational words to rally comrades
only two months in
you've just begun
you'll go deeper
with all good love and solidarity
our international
our tiny world
Vive la France!







Come back

come back
said the heart
to the memories
as they bid a graceful farewell
and wandered out of sight

Ode to the Sun in San Francisco

a kinder sky
windless and soft
you try to be warm
but barely know how
and when you bring true heat
many complain

for Tate & Tongo

San Francisco poetry 2021
the sunshine kid
and a coptic priest
O what a bounty

Aphorisms on Love

Love never fears, love never calculates, love enters
the great unknown fearlessly.



The gift of love is its own reward, no expectations.



True love can never be threatened.
It withstands all forces
including time, distance and death.



There is no loss with true love, i.e. there is no possession.



A love affair is a constant crisis in faith, reaffirmed and deepened.
If it doesn't deepen it's over.



To love is to remember and to not violate the memory.



Love as a gift cannot be qualified, it simply is.



To love is to die.