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

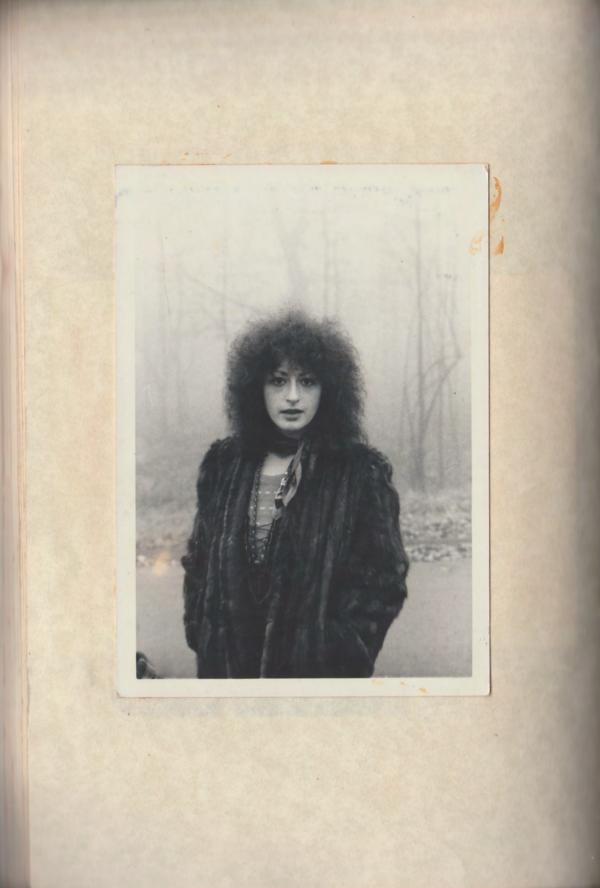
The gift of love fire in the storm a salt tax a fuel tax a flashpoint to use again Vive la France! repression buys false time a gift of inspiration how will your devotional fire spread? nothing to lose but the chains that you'll never wear your historical memory propels you in harsh winter conditions 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.