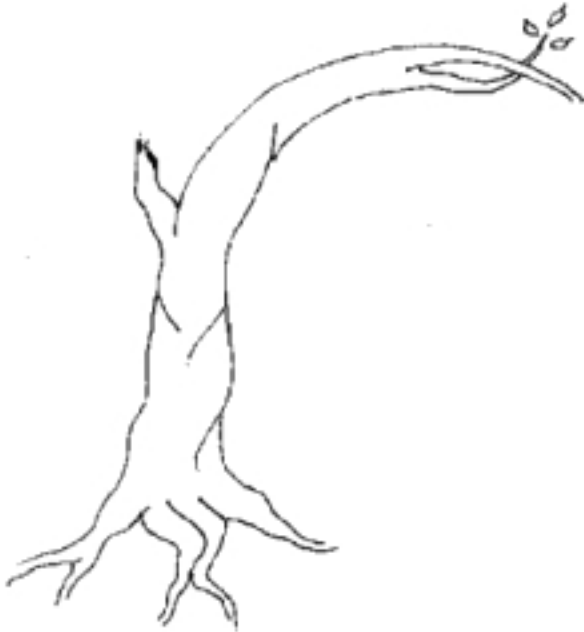




STRETCHING
of
the
HEART

POETRY
of
Summer
Breeze

stretching of the heart



from

Summer Breeze



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has it been more than a year love?

a lifetime or two you say?
gone is only gone
a little while
gone again and gone again
and then
no more
there was weight on our shoulders
then a letting go
it's been good ta know ya
still singin'
that old song
i'm putting these little leaves together
to tell ya where i've been
pink is the color of peace
wid green grass growin'
all around
all round.

Johnny didn't come marching home

we unfurled the flag and shot the salute
then we sent his daughter Jill
marching marching always war
father plods off to the factory
with only oleo spread soda crackers
dipped in creamless coffee
to quell his growling gut
thru one more mind-numbing shift
high brow with high calm
coins a new term - "middle brow"
unsatisfied with only low brow
to feel better than
or perhaps because
low brow pays them no mind
too busy minding
the wind thru the willows
rain dancing on tin
Orion sliding across the winter sky
his right arm missing
too busy calming
the bully who's only lack was parental love
the suicidal who sees too much
of humanity's inhumanity
the mother who's tears never end
the father who's tears we never see

Trans Formative

up and down yonder
templates to topple
riding riding
horse and saddle
booking the plan
meeting the reason
amazing grace
15 minutes of fame swept from caring
for a new friend was in the making
right mindedness was in the baking
testing testing hello out there
another man another mountain
wed in bliss
to Mother Earth.

Demasses' Mind

turn up the stomach and listen around
something is saying
"the more of 'em that die
the more alive am I"
don't tell dat
they'll bury us fer sure~
like a sport casting excitement
see the crowd grow
someone is drowning someone is saving
CRASH! the traffic is slowin'

stop it GUILT!
you have no quarters here!
politely we're culturally bound
to not ponder death
most especially our own

you want us to contemplate our own death?
"Yes," says Dr. White, RN.
"Rage against the dying of the light," says That Man.

The English teacher says,
"You want to be a morning glory
re live life as a hedonist?"
perhaps a good question if it had not been
directed at a student nurse.

Ask the morning glory
does he/she know altruism?

Or does he/she know
contained in budding is dying?
You sing me your song, I'll sing you mine
Now is a good time dear dear
While all the world's all a'wonder...

As a species will we precede to next or will we extinct
ourselves
en mass?

How many Dark Ages does it take to get it right?

De Buddha asks, "For whom do you write?"

This,
middle of the night I write
for whomsoever
reads me.

if it could have been it would have been

till heart meets throat
it is a wasn't
call it hate it was
call it love it was that also
in the beginning an attraction
in the middle a dis attraction
in the end it was a love/hate/love
in the end why fear
fear is in us all but why?
rejection?
rekindled hate?
revenge?
deep sorrow
for what could have been?

no blame
if it could have been it would have been
and may be again
in some dark hole of the universe
but why go there
it was a little dance
like unto the dance of flowers
a star was in the making
there it is...

the angel's bell
it tolls for me and thee

whatever was is a has been
whatever has been may come again
in the face of another
what did we learn
we learned to speak thru the heart throat
the heart is not a harp
a'waiting to be plucked
it is an ear with a wait
a'waiting a signal...
will it be s.o.s. or
come on over?
what can be
will

why create a thousand points of light
don't ask me
that's beyond my pay grade
and what is that i/you ask?
what it is for a lowly counter
of Stars that go Missing is
lowly because i can only learn to count
visible
stars.

how ever far a heart can stretch
is how wide to describe
our personal universe
constructed of
what was that still is.

the heart in the gut may chew us up
the heart in the throat may choke us

the heart thru the head or feet might croak us
or not
the heart thru the feet to the tip of the head
or the heart from the tip of the head thru the feet
may send our feet a'tappin'
may set our throat a'singin'
the songs we love to hear
and dance also too.

unwinding are we there yet?

Where is the hope diamond now?

In a stupa somewhere? do tell!

stretch of the heart

the overpowering the dulling
the flipping the flapping
the beat beat beat
stay porque?
leave by our leave?
good bye for now
say you hello?

was i gone too long
did you forget your lines
who ate the mike in the cookie jar
i say
when are ya comin' home Bill
when are ya comin' home?

~

"Watch your words; they become actions.

"Watch your actions; they become habits.

"Watch your habits; they become character.

"Watch your character; it becomes your destiny.

-- Frank Outlaw

snap! don't s n a p

do the necessary for psychic survival

go and harm no one yes

licking really does stop bleeding

come on in we know

the warrior hearting words

has need of balms and spas

hope yer here for Finder's Fair

fresh fruit for all the children

sure the world stops and lets a requester off

as long as it takes

yer as welcome back as the flowers

ol' flowerman

double the pleasure not the work

halo headed on my wall

over my left shoulder i'm crying

over my right i'm lying

down in the cushy green

wildflower peeping

onto the lanyard leaping

with amazement meeting

another king of love

no possession

no betrayal

only the promise of...

“till we meet again”

where'd the flowers go, or why i love ET

don't ask no questions don't reason why
index finger touching was enough
and as much
intimacy
as heart's ability to share
a zillion happy cells dancing the universe-
our corpus crispy
and theirs.
there is pain in the release of love
as is pain in the receiving
joy comes in conceiving
sometimes we are the rose
sometimes the thorn
most complete when
unscripted
spontaneous
hummingbird sipping
honey bees buzzing
"Eat the peach!"
Jake seys
"Eat the peach!"

don't ask no questions don't reason why

one's born to live
one's born to die
pass me a rainbow and i won't cry
ash ash ashes dancin' in air
winter ice meltin'
somewhere

sing me a song then
Oh Danny Boy
Kiss My Kate
and call me gone

gone long it's good to see ya
how ya been
and when are you comin' home boy
when are you comin' home?

silent here
wide awake there
on the other side of this planet
my sunshine is still shining

"Did ya miss me Kate?"

"Not any more than you missed me!?"

if you find yourself living in hell

there are 1,000 doors
turn on your light
and choose one

thank you Ollie i hear a whistle blowin'
in the wind there is passage
in the rain a gentle blessings

ain't gonna walk that way no mo, Bo
ain't gonna cry my angels down
see 'em hearts still lookin' at ya
yer a flop if'n ya don't flip!

dreamin' of fresh blueberry pancakes
oh luscious berry poppin' juices
take me home now Charlie
i'm in a autumn human race
to reach home before Bo.

Who Shall I Say Is Calling?

Thanksgiving Eve 2007

i touch my finger to your pictured face
wanting so to come home
i grow weary and it grows hard and harder
it is again
Thanksgiving Eve
the day before
turkey gobbling
strutting parades
and children starving by hundreds of thousands
today's news:
* U.S. submits missile defense plans
* Tropical storms loom in south Asia
yesterday's news:
* In Myanmar they are torturing Buddhist Monks!!!
but you came
and you left
too soon for us
yes we know how you suffered for humanity
my dear persecuted
by peers and not so peer
the scorn scorning adults
simply because you were a happy daredevil
jealousy can be so very deadly
but you kept smiling
oh, such a one, at peace with yourself
those last many days
your own mother could not stop that ocean
of pain and why why whys

on this paradise called Earth
you, who so knew
the power of love
spirit, alive and strong
reminding me
reminding us
flowers bloom and flowers die
but the essence lives
in our hearts
when ever they are open
yes
i will be thanks giving in the morning

good night my departed friend
good night to your mother too
peace you gave when you touched our lives
ours if we but pause
there now i pause
with a chance to heal
“It feels right, do it!”
will i make it?
“hang the nest!
fly!!!”

The Day the Clown Cried : Jerry Lewis

of course the clown cried
even publicly for his creation
tied into red tape and whatever
critiques crying,
“You can’t mix ghastly horror with humor!”
ghastly being - children led to gas chambers
and a clown to lead them in
a clown they had learned to love and trust
the script several times altered
the end might have been anything suggested -
Did the clown commit suicide?
Get thrown in the oven?
Follow the children?
Jerry in the role of the clown.

The little Jewish children were going to die.
Their parents were helpless to save them.
If it was my child going to die
the clown would be my angel forever
for making my child laugh
in the face of ghoulissh horror.

no new messages

i feel the lesser for it
pink paint clouds turn orange
end of another day
Minuet in G
artifact walks out my door
did you tell me "it's ok"
and, "yeah, hon, i remember you"
i'm still walkin' but not ready
to come home
i guess you saw my bull
chasing innocents out of Paradise
as if it was land i owned
another test another bad
our piano man says
"too much mercy
is an injustice too"
good night son,
where ever you are.

bleess bliss little zephyr

rock and roll moon eyes

now wide circle then crescent

sometimes south sometimes north

gyroscoping full-empty-full

nightmares awake

day dream asleep

in super-ego dreams

scary is not that

breathe breathe

John Lennon's

"All we are saying,

is give peace a chance,"

still blisses and blesses.

serve when you can, don't worry when you can't

there's a whole lot of zigzagging goin' on
cross yer tees fur yer i's
dot the poke and dance a jog
johnny jump-up's come to town
spell yer kiss and grin a frown
ghost riders never sky bound
look out! holy kamoly!
sheet really does happen :O)
don't wanna look and see
human train wrecks are scary
nice and easy take it easy
glass of water now
breathe now
hello, my friend, hello

if you bring the popcorn i'll bring my teeth

how many bubbas does it take
to get Irene home?
i'll be the horse if you'll bring the honey
all four leaf clovers lookin' over
all men are born equal or no one is
why do they want to teach "intelligent design"
while deeming "intelligent presidents"
un-electable?
how many separate neighborhoods do we need
here in the U S of A?
Only Catholics here!
Only Evangelicals there!
Muslims here!
Jews there!
Pagans? No here or there for them!
Blacks here!
Whites there!
Where does Mr. Rogers live?
Irene got home and still wants to know
how many bubbas did it take
and how did that popcorn end up on the floor,
Fred?

untitled

a little bit younger and a little bit verse
a little bit older - still here
“3 o'clock in the morning”
it was a favorite tune
at fourteen and all dreams seemed possible
church was still important enough
to pedal my bike nearly daily
to church and holy things
how blind i was?
how blind was i!
the fear of death upon my eyes
a few years hence
how one survives
with fairy tales
sugar and pails and everything nice
and then it was not
and then it was full of gooey stickey
but stick can unstuck
lots of pulling pushing slipping
who dares
laugh a little, cry a little,
then remember a little
“It's not all about you.”
then play a little
vurk a little
i'm still here
are you?
write me then -
i'm pen chant -

and a little helen bach
where are you going San-Wild-Flowers?
“Where are you going missy?”
Saturday night is good
So many Saturday nights alone
of which no one ever really is
now that we’ve seen this Earth
from the view of moon and stars
How do we not now know
the connection of all of us
to one another...

Do You Remember

when everything was good
and everything was clean
was it the luck-of-drawn
quartering nothing
4.5 billion years ago
we were all one
each one an energy of four
a one all mighty to behold
a four almighty to be bold
learning all those edgy things
with only partial information
of how to fly we flew
speed warping wide expanding
universe colidings
step on my blue suede shoes if you will
but spare these talking toes
foot in mouth howling moon
too close becomes a scream
to far becomes an empty whisper
head banging warning
“Here comes another explosion!”
my dear other
you speak i chime
in all the wonders of the word
when everything was clean
and everything was good

What Is Is

is what grows out of repression
of natural sexual attraction

see all the lovely flowers
become sterile
see all the lovely stamens
dysfunctional
women become artificially inseminated
men pop pills to become functional
when love is adulterated
what is illicit becomes desired
when compassion becomes sterilized
humans become addicted to drama
personal wars and international wars
become the desired daily diet

*“If war does not become extinct,
humans will become extinct.”*

- Buckminster Fuller

It's 3 A.M.

come in again
are you here yet?
it's tea time in China
roll another cigarette
the story is over
did we have a happy end?
just so many dawns before the light
a new beginning
what the sacred
who the profane
will it be the last hug best?

forgive me i am playing now
memorable days
we only grazed
as our fanciful flight flew
on wings of our own making
ilk of singing, ilk of birds
oh no, lost again
hear those dogs chatter?
arf arf arf
arf
arf arf
doggy Morse code?
have a cup of Joe, Huey
here comes a wake-up smile.

“till we all break down and cry”

simple, that's all
break down and cry
cry for the human species
hardened to harm one another
cry for love lost
on the material girl
and the material boy
cry for all the fear-filled people
who gird themselves with neckties
in gated communities
the daisy turns into a mushroom cloud
little Johnny running thru the street
on fire and bare-naked
How can we be that angry
with someone we once loved?
when we all break down and cry
an ocean of tears together
Will this be enough
to wash the pain away?

Mind Observing Mind's Departure

hello goodbye
i say goodbye you say have fun
pump up the volume A em Pee
we're goin' for a ride

finder seys

WANT KNOW WHY FREEBIRD
LIVE SO FREE?
FREEBIRD KNOW WORM
UN der ev Er y TREE!

Poembrosia I declare
i ain't got no underwear!
how else to moon
at seventy-four?

Could it be harder than being named
Paris Hilton or Susan Butts?
Yes. How 'bouts
Helen of Hilton and Castor Viagra.

p.s. hang in there Paris!
dear fabulous mirror you play your role
par excellence

The Dance and Death of the Flower

what does not sustain
destroys
flowers never
last forever
paintings and photos
are not the glory
of the flower

thus we dance
while we may
and when we may not
is now
is when
we snatch the starving child
from the vulture
awaiting
the death
of one more flower.

Honoring Father and Mother

hell Mary i miss you Mother
who art in heaven these several years
who, Victorianized
found a husband, Catholicized
which caused frigidity
raising
seven siblings
our Father also in heaven
a mature vision now comprehends
your great sacrifices
thru the Great Depression
comprehend how your childhood settings
deprived you both of outward expressing love
one of your great gifts was siblings never fearing
being without home or food or fear of everlasting
damnation

hail Mother and Father
we know how we otherwise arrived here...
climate changing global warming
world starvation

FEAR

but it is not winter
your great grandson is gathering firewood
and we are awaiting t h e
first snowflakes' arrival...

Starry Night

Oh holy night
Our sins are brightly shining
It is the night of dear Abraham's shame
Long lay the world in war and error pining
The rabbi taught
"Once a Jew always a Jew,
it is in your DNA"
The priest taught
"Once a Catholic always a Catholic,
but you could be American, Italian etc"
The Muslims - well who's to say...
perhaps a mixture...

Star of Infamy Star of Fame
how sharp and bright your points of light
cliffs of Dover falling over
all the kings horses wild and free
Till sense reappear'd and our soul felt its worth.
Rebirth of hope the weary world rejoices
For yonder breaks a new and glorious day
Another dawn we're still alive
Shake hands with your neighbor
Shake hands with your sister too
Un shod your feet
Oh hear the earth/angel voices
never ceasing:
"Peace on earth. when we learn,
good will t'ward children,
men,
and women."

Fear Created God : Love Created Man

how many Hail Marys does it take
to birth a virgin sacrificed?

how many blasted-to-bits babies
buys one gallon of gasoline?
how many pennies saved starves a peasant?
if we do not learn now is there a chance in hell?

evil is still rooted in money
parents still teach lies by demanding answers
teachers still teach cheating wanting A's
preachers still want money hearing confessions
will we save ourselves
before the last tear drop falls?

Yuletide Dreams

take my hand beloved

we'll walk on thru this vex'ed land

full of little gods with giant posturing

where the meadowlark fears to sing

soul spirit lives in little things

we're off to join other underlings

in the land of peace and plenty

“Good fences make good neighbors” - Robert Frost

How did it happen Robert? your words
so abused in academia
“Good neighbors make good fences”
that's all they heard and how they taught
so misconstrued the Mending Wall
would rob you of your laureate...

not all of any group is one thing or another
extremes are the peripheral
the lowest common denominator and the pompous
making poetry rules and regulations – ha!
along comes Thomas and Sylvia et al
picked/gnawed/suicidal/bleeding
high brow or low brow, pudding is the proof
upon the points of fences lie two edges:
those who want fences declare they are all good
and those who wonder whom they might offend, or in
our laurel poets words:

“Something there is that doesn't love a wall.”

NeoCon Preamble

We the Foxes in the Hen House
in Order to form a more perfect Greed,
establish Power, insure our profits' Security,
provide for our off shore tax base,
promote our corporate Welfare,
and secure the Blessings of Devil Deals,
to ourselves and our Posterity,
do ordain and establish
this
Constitution of the United States of Corporation.

Happy Birthday Kenny Penny

(October 14th 2005)

this full moon will be in Aries but not for long
only hours before Taurus takes a'hold
reflecting yet another china shop
but we've a ways to go from Pisces
before Scorpio's opposition
my 48 year old missing son's birthday
happy birthday Kenny Penny
your sister, niece and mother
are doin' the pizza party remembrances
thanks for at least returning in our night dreams
your penchant for 100% jumping into next
softens the sorrow of missing you
understanding and accepting
we each have our own miles to keep
between the dark side and the light
they cannot cannibalize the moon and stars

good night my child and peace attend thee
hope awaits your return...

why poem

daddy why
is it death on the one hand
causes such grief in some
and such anger in others?

child
there are only two kinds of people
one has learned to love
and one has not yet.

but daddy i
hear all the people say "I love"
they buy roses and candy
and diamond rings and things.

it is semantics child
they love big cars bigger houses
and feel important when served
with smiles and bows but
what they feel is not love.

oh but daddy
i see all those angry people
they call themselves "saved"
and say they are just waiting
for "the rapture"?

sadly i know child
they believe in cheap grace
of which there is none.

when will they ever learn daddy
when will
they ever
learn?

we can hope
they learn before
they destroy
our playground.

Take Me To the Clouds Then

it was a mulling-sparse-crowd
where i espied a stranger
looking back and looking back at me
pleasing to the eye was he
so i lie down - wrap myself around him
he enjoyed the wrap but did not move
so i say, ok self, turn around
an ol' love comes fluttering by
momentarily, and i
say self, it's fine, it's good
i've places to go and things to see
running glee, fully thru the grass
the clouds
till i
alight upon my bed
with the thrill of gleeful grass running
and
the memory of eyes looking
and looking again and
memory of an old friend

how are you?

Permission

my body was cold and shivered
and shivered and shivered until it was warm
tears fell and fell and fell till they were gone
my campfire says "It is good to know cold."
the full moon says "It's good to know empty."
the refugees say
"carry a child and you can go on"
i say
body, you have my permission to shiver
all the fears learned in childhood
shiver out the fear of the Unknown
make a lighter heart of company
meet a stranger with no stranger eyes

Heads or tails?

no
just arms and legs winding, walking
directing
this non-play no one applauds
this long stretch home

we all want home
a comfort zone of just being
a hand to hold and know we're not alone
circles joining circles
making heads and tails of light enough
to heal a tattered heart

The Seed of the Burning Tree

i stand knee deep in burning coals
waist high in bombs bursting light
eyes filled with poisonous gas
ears to the crackling wind

i kneel deep in daisy filled garden
soft breeze caressing my face
tear drops coursing the river
bird song in my ear

i lie on the ground hugging
holding least i fall further
than i can remember being
down in the deep deep deep

i turn to face my Maker
i cry, "o Maker face me!"
give me just one reason,
or take this cup."

the crackling wind is silent
the air is sweet and pure
i see a tree in the garden
it burns but does not die

"My child, and you are my child
My love, and you are my love
You are the seed of the burning
Tree, and you and I are one."

The Gathering of Eagles

and on the first day the vigil fire was lit
mingled with ashes saved one full year
from fire to fire unto this, the fourth
gathering of all races in the seeking
union with all hearts that beat as one

Yellow Horse stood tall and lean
in praying all directions he told his story:

"Upon the dying-bed I did enter
the Happy Hunting Grounds
with all of my relations
and they would not speak to me --

I asked them why.

They told me it was not my time I had to go
back for there was one more job for me to do.
And I returned through the healing ways
of good Medicine Woman."

elders from all races were invited
to share in cultural wisdom 'round the fire
and on the evening of the first day
came thunder Beings loud and full
lightning arching
encircling our camp, raining buckets
tents were freed from stakes and sought to fly
and there within each small sheltered space
from the storm without, we looked within.

and on the second day the runners came
the Jornadas de Paz y Dignidad 1992
running from Tok, Alaska they had come
500 campers joining them in their last mile

to circle 'round our vigil fire and pray
for their safety and the safety of this Earth
Yellow Horse with a new vision in the storm
was visited by three men and he named two;
Sitting Bull and Black Elk came to give
back the missing sacred color - it is Brown.

three sweat lodges are built and tended
throughout the night and day for all to know
the womb of Mother and the letting go
of all that would bind the human heart
of this the Indian drum does beat
the rhythm of two legged and of four
while KILI radio station of the Lakota
announces they have won a restraining order
for a grasshopper control program.
and on the evening of the second day
the elders are called for a traditional meal
i recall my Bear Mountain quest three years ago
when i was very straight and bluntly told
"No one calls themselves and elder...others do."
the sun sets in bits and pieces in the Black Hills
between tall pines and teepees, lodge poles pointing
to this star or that...

pride
they names are endless
oh how they hide from us...
love is not earned
it is memory of something
we want to do better.

and on the third day the runners leave
they are running all the way to Mexico
to meet the runners coming from the south

the whole of Turtle Island to be covered
and in this very time of world summit
first meeting to determine how
the healing of the Planet will occur.
Yellow Horse in vision sees planes
coming from the west and from the south
and fire erupting from great cracks
in Mother Earth
and time is short but we are all still here
in rational and heart to seek and find
a different way for all of us to live
in harmony, in dignity with ourselves and others.
the grandmothers stand to speak
one by one in voice of deer and eagle
they are calling, calling all the children of Earth:
"The human can live through hunger, pain,
homeless and sorrow...but lives not long
without spirit seeking Great Spirit."
on the evening of the third day all
were counseled to early bed as our last day
would start before the dawn.

and on the fourth day the call came
"Get up! Get up! Each and everyone!"
and so we came in groups and ones
around the vigil fire we all waited
in silent prayer, anticipating
in misty fog we sat and waited
for our holy man returned but for a while
and said we would not begin
until the sun shined in force and full.
nature had decreed our vision to be held
within our camp around our vigil fire
and so we sat in silence for a time

until one young woman with her humble words
asked permission with her young friends
to chant the African song of loving Earth
others joined and other chants were sung
even "You Are My Sunshine" became
a prayer of peace
and lo and hey and ya! the sun did come
but only after one young holy fool
reminded us that God by any name has humor...
one by one we gathered up our stones
brought from all the corners we had come
to carry up the mountain there to build
a new Medicine Wheel by diverse tribes.
in one big wide circle we all stood
Yellow Horse inside gathering from the ground
bits of Nature for his medicine bag
told us one by one
to place our special rocks
marking circle and the four directions
and then he gave the final message from his vision:

"The third man I did not recognize
and so I asked his name and this he said,
"They are carving a mountain of me..."

and none were there who did not know
the story of Crazy Horse.



do i believe in a spirit world?

yes i do

i really do

time

is a very Earthy thing

the longer the time

the shorter it feels



when one reunites with love.