

Life Goes On (1986)

There's still flowers,  
bright-colored balloons...  
and this is not an all-consuming thing.

There's still food,  
crazy emotions...  
and this all-consuming thing called Love.

There's still Nature,  
always Flora and Fauna...  
and this all-consuming dream that's mine.

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Daydream (1987)

Holding doors open with elongated limbs;  
stretched out in desperation, grasping and pushing.  
I trip over the stair, slip on the soggy doorknobs.

My hands silently claw at the lintels...

The light outside spills and flows  
into the hallway wherein I crawl.

Pushing against my aching muscles,  
the doors attempt to close me into that hallway.

The clockhands race forward...

My sweat trickles over the cobble,  
mixing with the condensation of age, time, and sacrament.

The Ganges is created before my eyes,  
where women bathe and men in tangerine colored robes  
dip their shallow wooden bowls to the water.