

One Can Wish It for A Friend

By Nancy Mann

All are poets who have lost their careers
All travel with Rinpoche, nearly Buddha, with their baskets
He has a single valise, ours are loaded with fears
All are looking, un-sack-clothed for soft cloths
To wipe away disappointments, tears.
The irrational alarm of the creeping up of years...

Temples are few, many mosques have been torn down
Innocent's Dress'rent is her gown
Education? Brains are not learning –
Nutrition? Young stomachs gurgle, are churning –
On our highways, rigs crash –
Trucks are not moving –
Bad news for many, from surgeons –
Nothing from nurses can be soothing.

An empty-shop world
One hundred countries' freedom flags are unfurled
Terrorism, Untimely Deaths –
Threats to those unveiled –
Yes, women, wanting only their unveiling
So, clashes, suicide bombings
And urchins, correction, children, wailing.

All could invite "instant forgetting" –
Years of melodies, nursery-learned songs
Could coax some, shameless, dissolute
To kill Pan, discard his Pipe and his Flute...

Could invite me into withdrawal
Pledge for Life, Live in Less-Trying Isolation,
Emerging only for a Marriage of Vindication –
Become a Series-Game Non-Player
Bump-On-A-Log, Numb
For the Duration...

But, Love's gears go Dormant
Never really rust over

I see one I care for, as in High Meadow –
I'll stand by, a bee, hover over clover...
Wordsworth's cowled monk,
Forsworn of the World –
I'll keep vigil, set up a guard
(I was caged by Distress –
so more aware of A cry for Tenderness).
Omniscient, parting the leaves
Peer in, to absorb (never stare)
Absorb sorrow through that foliage-
Send on a breeze, my Protection and Care...

Had I a Brush – I'd be Monet with ready oil paint.
Were I Atlas, I'd toss the Globe – to catch you as you faint.
Were I Croesus, with pots of gold
I'd pay off your Oppressors.
Were I the Good Kahli, with many arms,
You to my Chest I'd enfold.
Were I Helmeted Athena,
Were I an Avenger, Diana Rigg –

If humans intervene, their Hearts can enlarge – become big...
Were I Rodin, Marble to chisel, with clay to mold.
Were I a Knight Templar, Crusader, charging
Atop hoof-flashing cloth-draped war steed bold.
Were I a Sufi –
Spinning in from past worlds
Marshaling in devotees, whirling dervishes to deploy.
Were I an Atom-Splitter
I'd be Transformer.
Turn Each Sigh, Each Second (I say Needless) of Sadness
To Never-Ending, Blessed Eternal...Moments of Joy.