

James.....(c.2022)

The Park Dwellers

We stroll past them quickly, the inhabitants of the park
With our nostrils held high practicing a daily routine
And if we give a blessing, an extended hand
For an exchange of pocket change, We never look into their eyes
Because we fear we might discover that we are kindred, human
Because we fear hunger, to be the ones looking into restaurant windows
But never dining, see they remind us of our own vulnerability
They open the windows of our souls, to the mirrors where images never change
But we say that their life is somehow deserved, to disassociate ourselves
Knowing fully well that we are one paycheck away from this fate

A twinkle of hope still resides in the eyes of the children here.
Their smiles bless passers, who parade in a hastend pace
In this atshopere there is no haven of safety from the elements
They deserve warm cloths and meals prepared by loving hands
They deserve to have coats zipped up in winters by loving hands
To be tucked in bed sheets by loving hands

The old ones still dream of warm seasons past
Memories of a kitchen, with a large wooden fork and spoon
Hanging high on faux wood panel walls, and checkerboard floors
They recall the garden tomatoes, potatoes, and collard greens,
But with a stroke of bad luck, a bad choice, an addiction
They find themselves in a city of tents
Where crock pots are replaced with waste bins,

Together they are the phantoms of the twilight that disappear into alleys
The seen, yet unseen passengers
Traveling under moons, and suns, in a walking purgatory
Praying for rebirth and rejuvenation
Waiting for us to show compassion and mercy
And until then they dwell, sit on benches and tell their tales
And on beds of concrete or cardboard,....dream.

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Ayansha (The Indian Girl)

What past life glory, what marvelous feat,
Was attained to earn such a child
She travels like a wish,
Through honeycombs of parallel worlds
To find us, to touch our hearts

She wears her tiara within, in humbleness
It is the beauty of her inner world we see
A lighted soul, wading in dark waters is she
A lighted temple, on a shoreline of prayers
From brilliant cities lit, on crystal lakes and rivers
She is the nightly observer the twilight watcher
She understands and is accustomed to loss
More than a child should know in any measure
She is the courageous one, in a fearful time
The festivals and holy days have quieted,
Sickness has increased the earthly vessels forsaken for eternity
Creating grim lily pads in the river Ganges
Alongside swaying candles in water that glow and flicker at dusk
Alongside frankincense and jasmine scented flora afloat in leaf cups,
Now is a time filling the ranks of the ancestors
This is where angels are made, to now know the secrets of men

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We are the refugees lost, and adrift in a sea of dreams

We are the wayward pilgrims, seeking to worship
The lonely poets observing time
Strung together in spirit like pearls
Strung together in spirit like tears
For it is the children, who are unjustly charged
To make the world a better place
When they have not yet lived....

James.....(c.2020)

“Toys”
(For Omar)

He aligns his cars
In a straight lines
And stacks his blocks
By six, in perfect columns
He Jumps up and down
With enthusiasm,
For his autism speaks
In action

At the moment
He prefers the color green
And is reluctant to noise
So he sets his hands upon his ears
And disappears to solitude
While I am left
To await his return

But because I love him so,
I have learned
To enter a room quietly
To sit and await his attention
Just Like his toys
I remain silent
For his acknowledgment

He surveys me
And in time
Grants a smile and then
A sudden warm hug
He giggles within my arms
Cocks his head and stares
As if to say
Don't worry grandpa
I am in control
And then runs down the hall
With glee

Yes
We are all his toys
My heart burns with joy

Literally, burns with joy
A spectrum of emotion within
Aching and hurting
With happiness,
With hope,

I shed a tear in joy
For this lovely boy
My Genius