

MESSAGE IN A BOTTLE
(Seal Cove, Maine)

On that day in late March, all my hours tumbled into one... One brief hour...
Or maybe two or three... Of endless desire with the one I loved...
Love... Till death do us part... Until... A new dawn... Another sleepless night...
Tears... A gaping empty space... Heart and soul... And good-bye...
But where this dream would shine within sadly sleeps a mandolin,
The hollow core of a musician/poet whose only purpose is to expose the profanity
Of this eternal absence of a shared bed... And its here my poetry becomes
Creations heartbreak, winding through a cautious path of lyric's past,
And lyric's future, unspoiled by the nymph

Who unknowingly participates

Aroused and renewed were love to exist for her

Other than as a scattered dying hallucination...

As the hand of my mind slowly fills box upon box with insignificant stuff –
I find the impenetrable bruises of the in-betweens of interval silence...
Picture postcards of glassware and utensils, pots and pans, and those gifts
Of yearning imagined we make for ourselves, the lift-off stains

Of life we take for granted...

She and I? Oh yes! Still present... Still here... Still there...

Still everywhere...

Even though the evidence is clear – she is gone!

Noon

And over snowy meadows, the sun drinks my shadows between the walls
Of my empty room... And there sits an empty wine bottle atop
A bookcase shelf starring down at me as if in its loneliness it belonged –

Vacant, taking up pure space,

And absorbed in this hour raised by memory... It was a bottle she and I had shared...
And I had saved it as a symbol of togetherness, forgetting not the lingering taste,
A clairvoyant relative of God, still fresh on the minds vine not mistaken – drink...

Time

Arise oh images of closed eyelids – drink –

And we made love...

I shiver... It's so cold here in my apartment... I haven't had heat in over a month...
I have no money... I can't pay my rent... And just yesterday, my gas tank on empty,
I had to hitchhike to the hospital for my chemotherapy treatment... I am weak...
I am tired... Damn this life... Like a branch broken from its limb, slowly dying –
Damn these footsteps within me heard with my eyes... Where is she now?

So please forgive me if I think of her as my only hope

And

My verbal wind of thought... It's not fair, I know... But it's the only thing I have
To guess upon, and to know that alone, I am allowed to say, "my dearest,"

And to pencil in a destiny with her that includes me –

No one ends at himself, each one is all in another all, in another one...

In thought deep

I took the empty wine bottle off the shelf, and placed it on a box

Of poetic manuscripts I had written – to ponder its meaning... An hour later
I wrote a love letter to her in words without beginning or end, and in weightless
Moments beneath this sun of time, I wrote a poem... And in whispers soft

I placed both

In the empty wine bottle with a picture of her and I, along with fresh rose petals
From two red, red roses I could hardly afford...

I then corked the bottle as tight as it could be...

Huge moons see every moment of day and night

Forever changing places...

And like joy upon sorrow I ask, what will come of tomorrow not in tears

Dripping throughout these pages in shadowy floods...

This must be our fate, a dream within a dream oh God

Can I not save?

A smile crossed my face as I walked down the road not caring about the distance

To Seal Cove, or the temperature cold... Quick sculptures of the shadow

Beside me gave this hour the shape of a pause – I am the air she doesn't see –

And the air talks to itself as it talks to me, keeping me warm

In shadowless words – speak...

And I prayed... Dear God, let the sun's light of day not pass into night

Before I get there...

Sand and rock, sea and shore, body and soul whispers, calling my name...

Come... Come to me... Set her free...

Yes, oh yes, we, she and I had once walked

This expanse of beach, combing hand-in-hand the sights and sounds of this place

Where heaven touched the earth

Feeling the picturesque touch of God's love – and our love –

Both asterisk and etcetera underlined by the poet's pen drawn in the sand...

But now in misty magic solitude, waiting until the tide in distant fog, wind, and sky,

Flies to the horizon of dreams unfinished, I must toss the bottle onto the seashore

Waters edge, to be swept into a current loitering in affection,

And touching all thought,

My spiritual ritual complete... No, we can't always direct the wind, but we can

Adjust the sail, oh message sent sail – sail with the words,

“I love you – sail...”

...Set sail with me – sail”

“Let the earth of my body be mixed

with the earth my beloved walks on...

Let the fire of my body be the brightness

in the mirror that reflects her face...

Let the water of my body join the waters

of the lotus pool she bathes in...”

Sail with the words, “I love you – sail...” Taste... Taste the tears... Tears...

Like rain falling from the sky... Send me a dream dear God... Make my tears

Taste like the wine remembered – sail...

On that single mooned late March eve, snowflakes began brushing against
 My swollen cheeks as a hand from nowhere lifted me up, carving a trail lost
 Along the streets of where I now must go... I had set her free... Free unto the wind...

Free...

Tomorrow is just another day in the doubt of my cancers fate... And a day when
 I will again go deep inside my tears, and stroke my poet's pen...

Cry now –

Don't give into the madness... Hope! Hope that someday she'll remember
 Seal Cove, Maine, the walk we took, and us,
 And come looking for my door...

Hope!

Cry no more...

...And I ask

**What is this human inheritance
 That strangles my soul?**



Seal Cove, Maine

On the sunrise sky the daylight grows so bright he (the poet) can see the next darkness
 already forming inside it, unfaithful by nature, the Sorceress; by mist and fog of night:
 a thing in the landscape; augur, thread, thirst, secretly allied!