

No. 1

Last night
one woman with no teeth
tells me she has no money for a hotel.
tight lipped smiles-clip, clip, clip-
I can feel with my slow steps and hurt looks I am making people feel
soft.
their eyes less hard.
that is a skill?
everywhere is flashing-
a megaphone here- fierce
laughing giddiness
in being part of something
that is right?
It is getting dark
But what I am carrying is so heavy.
I focus on the red sweaty creases between my knuckles,
The trippled folds of my knees walking in chalky black tights.
I am anchored in every step by a heavy, black cased violin
the price of which, would buy this rally- what?
3 months later I am in a small church with a whole lot of flags. Red white and blue,
how do you do? And I want to know, I want to know
which of these cajoling, yelling, marching parties protect and comfort those
Whose tightly gripped, too well-worn ID cards are shoved hurriedly out at me here
in this place of worship turned voting booths?
I work here and they come, hurriedly, softly, urgently- (I don't come or go anywhere
I work here)
Those who walk softly, like me, on that night. but wait-that night, I am sure I will not
be shoved out of this place, I fit, like a perfect Styrofoam human in the clay mold of a
college night protest, near a pizza joint. I make people feel things with my hurt eyes
and when I sweep my clay eyes back and forth across lines of green uniforms I
watch them cringe, feeling my power.
please-
tell me who, tell me who is protecting the real soft ones.
They who have learned to walk on air because they have been told their ground is
not their own, and even when the laws change- even though they *have* changed, I
told them,
The laws have changed, my voice straining under the pressure of trying to make it all
OK with this one sentence, hoping beyond the heat and mugginess of these small
room that this person in front of me will just please look less scared but
-they do *not* because they have good reason to walk softly. perhaps, unlike me.
I demand of you, stranger, outside this fluorescent pizza joint
Who stands for these soft ones and should it be me.

No. 2

What if we were Star Creatures?
When we greeted we would shine
To ask the other how were doing,
Whirl and twirl to say we're fine.

You would be all lightning gold,
with flecks of shining blue,
I would be much of the same,
Though greener in my hue.

Salud! My fellow Star Creature
I'd say to you each morn,
You know I kiss and bless the day
That you were born.

O ho! my dearest Star Creature,
You'd say right back to me,
There's no other creature in this galaxy
By whom blessed I'd rather be.