

Devotional Candles

A small token of my devotion from my small town on a river
This being a holiday season I feel the need to send some light
The candles burn for you
Christian Muslim Buddhist Hindu or Jew
Atheists anarchists philosophers critics and non believers too
You might not know that you are in my thoughts but my dear
étoile brillante my shining star it is true
I love sin I love sinners saints and solo acts will also do
I am a firm believer in redemption community and solitude
There is a healing power in sacred profanity and profound blessings
You and them.... a hymn of a world no one can control
A string of colored lights in a small towns mist
Little puffy creatures glowing from within
Evergreen and smoke lingers in the air
The sky is a golden crown
People are working
For joy
Another place is full of rubble, dust slag and schist
Stiff figures emerge from piles of frazzled tin
Cordite and sulphur fume from this lair
Where once there was a town
Children are wanting
A toy
Small coffins on a full moon do nothing to calm my concerns
Not to be too dark or morbid but I prefer automatic writing to automatic weapons
My heart is beating next to yours
Where ever you might be standing
It is a signal
Like drumbeats across the water
There is no distant shore
Metronomic throb
Science has discussed this at length
All they can determine is that there is some truth
To non-verbal communication
I feel like a whale in the ocean
Or some dolphin at play
Every flip of my tail sends a ripple
To you
Who ever you may be
The lash of dusk blows away the day as the dawn light blinks
This is my morning
Not a window full of elephants
Not a sandlot without a dinosaur
Sometimes I am overwhelmed with it all

I just want trees to grow and birds to sing
I know I am not alone
So I thank you for running through the room laughing
We all know how serious that is
I send you more than words
This may or may not be a poem
As you wish

XXX
Robin Winters
Dec24 2012