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Published Poetry
Selection

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Lipstick

on the roof of my mouth, lipstick smack in the middle of my heart

Scarlet, rouge,

Amber, cherry

Jam

Crimson

Ruby.

Take that big fat lip — stick and

Smear it again and again and again on my chest across my heart

Rub my teeth in deep pinks of tulips,

A big fiery ball

Of your

Berry scented lipstick,

So i can know I'm alive,

Reddened saddened

Fiery

Ocre

Merlot

Burgundy

Terracotta

Teracotta

Teracotta

terracotta

Lipstick.

Take my hand in yours,

Orbs of warmth

Rub my body

Rub my body

Rub my body in

Kisses

Hugs

Bonfires

Love

Love love

Passion

Passion

Passion

Lipstick.



Berry Love

**All in all it was a beautiful wedding:
A glowing red patch of love between my shoulder blades,
A wheel of cheese spinning in my heart,
Two trains shooting up and down my legs between the
pelvic and toe stations.
There's a concert mini-festival on the palms of my hands
that will start at 5 o'clock:
White table-clothed high tables, red carpets: a very
festive atmosphere.
Let's take a cable car from my fingertips up into my
mouth, to visit The Big Smile.
It's a very popular and highly recommended tourist
destination.
That's just a step and a hop away from the moons of my
eyes,
Where we can sit and have a late dinner under the
crescent's glowing light.
This is a romantic occasion, you may say, I will smile and
nod in silent agreement,
And we will sit there, writing and weaving into the
patchwork blanket a small story
That no one but us, and the quiet of the night, will know
about.
My freckles pulsate like stars in the sky, my body a red
wardrobe of stories
To be invented and retold,
I want to ski down into my lower stomach
Where there is a green clover party to lie in and sleep,
under the sleepy summer sun.
Take me to the yellow and pink and light blue golden
afternoon,
When the sun paints its melodies in the high mountains
And I am a mere observer of its pastel rainbow beauties,
Eating its pinks like berries smearing onto my cheeks and
around my mouth,**

**gulping it in— It sounds like you're nourishing yourself, said
the therapist,
I smiled from ear to ear,
My inner clovers dancing along in excitement:
Celebrating with me.
Embody this feeling, said father,
Remember the WOW in your body,
So when the unknown feels like a dark stormy sea, you can calm
yourself back to still waters,
To that sense of ooooooh
Of
Aaaaaaah
Of
I deserve these wonderful strawberries
Raspberries
Blackberries
Blueberries
Decorating my mouth my cheeks my body like gemstones
Dancing on my insides like tasty fireworks
I am
I am
I am
Nourishing myself with pink and purple love.**

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4 clovers

A line of clovers

One- two- three- four:

All aligned and joined together with by invisible pink thread.

One after the other,

One after the other,

One after the other,

Connect the dots,

Collect 'em all:

A line of clovers

One

2

Three

4

A line of clovers

One

Two

three

Four

dancing in fields are winking at me

A line of clovers covered in round drops of dew

Are shaking their hips,

Calling toward me

Hey you,

You over there with the brown hair

Yes you

Join our team

Join our Hoola dancing girls dancing in time with the waves

Bobbing along with the sun beams

Join our fun

4 clovers smile at me with green blushing cheeks

Gesturing an all clear toward me-

Like a landing strip, a beaming glidescope

Telling my plane it's safe to land,

UnRolling the red carpet before my glittery feet

To

Follow a visual path into a pink flowerbed

**Where my ankles know what to do
For I too am a purple flower
Dancing on the psychedelic grass
Creating small miracles.**

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Hot Brains

**Hot brains, hot brains, hot brains like hell running fire through
the hot tempered mind**

**Hot brains, hot brains circulating sizzling bacon and eggs over
and over in reused diesel fuel**

**Hot brains hot head telling and retelling and retelling forever
and ever the same angry story like an angry ghost running in
circles thru my brain, playing hide and seek inside the same
rooms in the same hiding places never refreshing hot brains, hot
brains like hot instant soup burning the tongue,
Hot brains creating greek tragedies and then real-life
tragedies**

Hot brains need to cool down

Put your hot sizzling head in a pool of cool water

Fill your head with cold air, right between between your ears

Let the butterflies filter into the forgotten dark rooms

Let them reshape the architecture

Let them generate new energy

Let them shed light and draw the curtains

And cool down into love

Into reality

The overheated disk of the -

Hot Brains

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GENEROSITY

**Generosity is knowing an apple for an apple
And an orange for an orange:**

And respecting them each for that.

**Generosity is throwing in the towel when you're tired,
And opening your ears when you can.**

It is being a mirror.

**It is hurling a smile-shaped boomerang into the sky and then
just riding on faith,
As the smile gets smaller and smaller, disappearing into the
night sky:**

**Believing that it will stick up there between the stars like a
painting on a wall and will protect you,**

**It's knowing that loving eyes are in the sky always smiling
down at you, even if you can't see them:**

**Like shooting a laser beam into a misty room, knowing that it
does something, and even though you can't see it yet,
Having faith that at one moment one person will look around
and say YES, THIS IS IT.**

Generosity is trusting the process.

It is love with feet.

**it is the ability to stick colored stickers all over my body and
say**

Here's my bag of marbles,

Then shake them around:

And let the marbles spread beyond my body.

**It's this ingrained faith that when I fall there will be a net
there,**

That when I need to leave I will be able to,

That when I want to come there will be an open door to take me

**It's riding into trusting my feelings and following them
religiously**

This yes, that no, that no, that yes,

For now, for now, for now, for now,

Always for now,



**Not keeping things on the backburner
Labelling ideas and throwing them back into the sky until I, or
someone else will grab them down: great big idea balloons
floating in the abundant idea sky**

**A bag of marbles that up for the taking (everyone's for the
taking:)**

**Like colored snake skins in the sky,
With an ability to always crawl into and out of these red, pink,
orange, green purple blue tunnels
Like riding on waves and sliding back down onto earth, to take a
nap.**

**It's like spinning until I run out of breath
Then lying down, then getting up, then rolling around, then
holding hands, then riding a plane, then high-fiving someone,
then painting, then dancing, then sleeping, then eating
Refilling myself with juice,**

Literally:

I just ate a tangerine.

**It's the opposite of looking at my watch and saying "but maybe
later i'll want something else"**

**It's the ability to throw my watch out the window and say
I fully trust now, because I am fully doing exactly what it is I
want to do right now,**

I said YES and here I am, fully.

**It's the erasure of your better future self
All the lists of maybes are released with trust that one day they
will become available again when you are ready.**

Yesterday I made a wish to the ocean,

I said

**I WISH I WILL BE ABLE TO TAKE EACH PERSON AS AN APPLE OR
AN ORANGE,**

**Appreciate them for what they are and stop comparing humans,
or comparing humans to internal lists of what these humans
should be like**

And when I went home I went on tinder,

And

Suddenly everyone was smiling.

**And I felt my mouth fill with basil ice cream, something
equally fresh and unusual.**



**As I fill myself with juice, and waves and fun my cup grows
larger and I can contain more,
I can listen more, I can take more, I can see more.
I trust in my decisions, fully, I trust my anger,
My sadness, my loneliness, my happiness,
What if that's true? I ask my self, I ask my emotions,
And I let them roll around inside me like marbles
Until they naturally subside.**



**I will meet what i need to meet,
Like the sun, shooting its rays into the earth and beaming back
out to the sun, in and out, in and out,
I shift from myself to others, myself to others, myself to others,
in no particular order, I can give and receive kindness, i can ask
and offer like colorful sea shells going in and out of the ocean
And I am sharp like a pencil,
I am myself and I say what i feel right now
That is always generosity, it is the opposite of sacrifice,
It is a crystal that shines, a crystal that knows, that feels, that
is connected to the moment and just does, without second
guessing herself, myself**



**A baby that does and smiles
She knows what she wants
And the world smiles back
A mirror of the love I radiate.**



**May I dedicate myself to myself and others simultaneously like
intercourse, intercourse of giving and receiving
Of exchanging gifts
And love**



**Like an endless ring
A snake biting its own tail
May I recognize my needs and loneliness and love and abilities
and lather my body up in creams and lotions and glitter and
hope and colored flowers**



**And
Enter the sea,
Floating away on my back
Riding on faith.**



**May my crystal clearness bring to me others who are also
crystal clear.**

An Apple a Day



An apple a day and the doctor won't bite you.

**Red apple,
Blue apple,
Green.**

Apple semen seeds and a friendly hairy man arm

**Extended across my bed,
Eating Cheetos.**

This protects me.

"Are you eating Cheetos?"

I ask from within sleep

"Is that alright?"

He is funny and the crowd machine laughs.

There's a moon

Right in the middle of the star

Of your neck

It beams above me

In the same beat as the Cheetocrunch

The same beat as my burning beating heart

Pulsating in purples and oranges.

Hold my hand,

After you wipe off the Cheeto dust

Say nice words to me

Or at least send emojis

That can travel into my heart

Small tiny ants

Static

Embers

Glittering between us

**Why does the world always run ahead?
Everyone's wearing backpacks with windswept hair
Running to the airport
Nymphomaniac ants
On electric scooters**

**You and me, we are the only ones sitting on solid and stable,
slow earth
"he looks like he doesn't exist in a city,"
It's true,
You don't.**

**We are in the field, beside the truck with a (very very slow)
olive tree between us
And a slow purple tunnel
Like a festive, happy turtle
Sailing slowly, slowly between us,
In satisfied slow motion
Between my heart and yours,
Creating soothing love.**

Published by Studio Inkfish, 2023



DOUBT IS JUST A THOUGHT DISTRACTING YOU FROM WHAT YOU ALREADY ARE

**I wish everyday could be my funeral
So that all the people I love can wake up,
Put on their best shoes and walk over from far places to come
see me.
All at the same time,
Many many people
Congregating from all different corners of the world
Would enter my world, to show me their love
Regardless of where we are in life or if anything has distanced
us
We unite together again at this great big party,
Gathering like water from all different taps and streams
Into this lake of love.**

**Here they arrive, their eyes sobered from any lingering anger
directed at me
Their eyes shining with happiness and love and softly smiling
with their everlasting love for me, which is there, which is
there
We congregate here under the maple trees in the open fields,
hugged by the same green clovers and soft ground, we are at
peace with each other, we live in peace.
We are like dogs in a dog park, smelling each other, breathing
together
Side by side
friends who dance a coordinated dance of touching and moving
and
Coming together and distancing.**

**I wish everyday could be my funeral
So i could rip off all the protective layers from others and see
their soft bunny spirit dancing inside,
Their raw beating hearts
To be reminded of the love they carry,**

The pain they carry
It colors us and if only I could only see where they stand at all
times,

I could be reminded:

We are all friends,

We are all friends, we are all friends

I wish i could have an inner feeling of walking into a party and
knowing that it's my funeral, and everyone is happy to see me, I
am met with smiling faces,

HOORAY they would all say, YOU ARE HERE!

A space where I am always welcome , as I am

Come in! They say and smile as I enter the spaceship

There are stars on the ceiling and the walls are pulsating
emphatically

Mesmerizing, warm, enveloping

You can come as you are

You are enough

You are enough

You are enough

You are enough

You are enough

You are enough

You are enough

You are perfect as you are right now You are perfect as you are
right now You are perfect as you are right now You are perfect
as you are right now You are perfect as you are right now You
are perfect as you are right now

I wish I could see the whole world as a river of smiling friends
Feel the pulse of the stream as the pulse of the streets as the
pulse of all beating hearts of all human beings

If only I could sit back and lean on this love at all times and
call to me all other birds of feather, all aliens would magnetize

Stick together

And we really are already stuck together:

With our two feet decorating the ground with colored
gemstones , each of our bodies large and sparkling and adding
art and love to this magical world

Feet on the ground,

Adorned by clovers

And anklets and colors

I wish we could all stop doubting and just be

**Just stop triple checking
And double guessing
And trust
In my body
In now
In my beating heart and respectively in others' beating hearts
I wish I could step into,
Dive into the deep waters of
What I already am
A beautiful creature
I wish we could all just stop :
I want all the people I know to take a break from the eternal
break they are always taking
And exit the small crowded streets, their small crowded
apartments and ascend the staircase onto the rooftops and
spread open their arms, smiling and waving
So that I can know for sure that we are all friends.**

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My heart is a steering wheel

**that can't stop
I keep grabbing and turning left and right:**

**Let go of the wheel so it can straighten out
(said the driving instructor)**

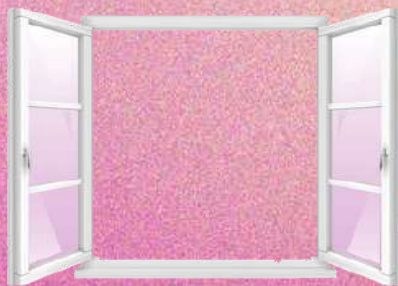
**I don't know how
I don't trust it will come back
A black dripping steering wheel heart
Stiff and stubborn and hard
But malleable and with sturdy movement,
Somehow, slowly, it can turn 360.
I sit in my bumper car seat and let my heart drive
Twisting and turning
Twisting and churning
Left turn right turn front back center
My big black churning turning chocolate milkshake stubborn
steady
Ball of fire
Steaming hot cocoa
black
panther
Heart.**



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TINNITUS

**Little snails in the sky
Making love
One was on a coffee pot another on a leaf
They meet halfway in the garden,
Next to the eucalyptus tree.
The roots are like organs
We are a choir, she says.
They come closer and make a circuit with the tree
Now we are one
They say
Now we are one says the tree
The man's left eye leaves,
Into the sky.
The woman's stomach feels good
The man kneels
She smiles
The men sing in the distance,
The sliver of the moon agrees with his gentle smile.
They walk in the pink purple skies,
The trees winking,
The cats owning the land,
The men coughing and leaving, coughing and leaving,
They explore with their feet with their tongues,
The hand in the sky makes wind,
And they explore.
She puts her hand in his hair: there are pink and blue star beads
in it,
Melodic.
Your sweat smells good he says
You are a dancer, she nods. And he danced the night away
The beating of the drums got stronger in the distance**



Dear body

You are a magnificent , electric, glowing creature. Thank you for your love and precision. You glow in a million colored lights and are as large as the alps. You are positive space, you move, you are, you be. You create– you are a thunderstorm. I celebrate you, my electric body, for your sensitivity as to what is right for me at every moment. I am a happy baby playing, living inside you, trusting in your feelings, I fill you up with love. I follow you, my amazing body: you always know what you need.

A few days ago my body took me out for a walk. It was quite something. I didn't even think "I want to go for a walk now", my body just opened the front door and started walking to the park.

Like a dog walking itself, it knows what it wants.

Here on the farm I see that work is play. We are big kids making mudcakes and the seeds of our labor grow. Work is play when it's a process, when it's a lifestyle.

Here you are, body, lying on this couch pulsating in pink and blue and purple

and I'm inside looking around you and it's the best exhibition I've ever been to,

It's electric, electrifying~

I follow you, my body electric, you know at every moment what you want and need and I listen, I open my ears, I open my heart and sit in your glow so you can take me to the horizon, to where I want to be.

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