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Reflections for May

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VACATION

Vacation I

I cannot tell just
Looking at you,
Mountain,
If you wake each day
Hearing Greek or Italian or Turkish.
And the wave I follow
From ship's bow to shore's end
Hits sand that calls itself
Only "Earth."
How petty, how arbitrary
The lines we draw between cultures.
And how freely we share now
At sea.

Vacation II

"My brain just does not do 'relax'
"As well as I would like it to,"
She said. I will need to push myself
To practice.
Quite satisfied was she in this
Certain defeat of purpose.

Vacation III

Some of what has accumulated has
Taken care of itself.
Some of what has accumulated has
Developed further than the first communication
would indicate.
Some of what has accumulated
Wasn't worth the energy needed to hit "Delete."
Some of what has not accumulated has made me
proud
That the sometimes shaky orchestra has learned to
play in counterpoint
Without a conductor.
Lead well,
And you shall be deserted
By those who become your most worthy
Successors.

FAMILY LIFE

For My Father

You lived in a self-made cage.
And, like everything you made,
It was beautiful.
Gilded, unique, perfect.
The unfortunate product of
Only "of mine" is worth knowing
And needing "of others" is weakness.

Its beauty made people say,
'How wonderful that you have this outlet for your
talents.'
But like all cages,
It had no outlet.
So you decorated and decorated and decorated it
From within
Until the wall space and your passion
Ran out.

For My Mother

You and I made them laugh.
We were the joke.
It was not funny.
But it was rewarding.
We even made each other laugh.
Now that was funny.

Social Economics

It is not easy
Living in a Marxist family
(From each according to his ability,
To each according to his need)
If they have all the need
And you have all the ability.
But they are all that is left
When the evening descends
And the silence envelops the dark.

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