

“songs of innocence and of experience”

There is a fountain in a sacred deed
—Abraham Joshua Heshel

A fine freedom thrill
flows up our vertebrae
when we demonstrate
for peace for civil rights to save
the bluegreen planet, when we cross
the line, some call it shakti, some
call it shekhinah, some say
spiritus

Imagine a stream rippling
under crackling ice glaze
on a chilly march morning
imagine stiff curled leaves acorns
branches frozen in snowdrifts
imagine sap rising in maples, wet granite
boulders starting to dry
a bear meandering partially awake
stumbles over a downed branch
squirrels leap chitter
imagine the scent

Some call it the endocrine system,
rapture in the adrenals is the
reward of goodness, like sex
or eating it
pours all the way through
the libido the ego the superego-
we feel alive then

So do the thief, the liar,
the killer, the conqueror,
the enraged—
envious as a black hole—

tiger, lamb, tiger
raccoon—

we are that mixed animal
you are that mixed god