

My Desk Sets Sail

Again this morning my desk sets sail like a schooner from its harbor. It is a fragile craft easily shattered on the shores. So far good fortune has accompanied me as if soggy old Poseidon were my friend. I lick my finger and raise it to the wind as I've seen sailors do, though I do not know what this portends. When I am hungry, I cast out a net. When it's time to sleep, I stretch out on the deck. I travel for weeks on this little galleon. Rowing with only a pen. Then I approach an island and natives paddle out in their long canoes to escort me to their shores where their shaman is waiting. He calls me *son* and leads me toward the bonfire they've built in my honor, shaking his rattle along the way. He says I'm shorter than I seemed in his vision. With a little less hair. His warriors lift my desk up out of the waters and tie it to the trunk of a palm so the tides won't carry it away.

The Art of the Moors

Last night the Moors loaded their artists on ships and sent them abroad. They believe they have designs that come directly from the divine and want to share them with us. They would like the keys to our churches. Our schoolhouses. Our subways. So they can fill them with floral patterns. With the patterns of peacocks. And such small deer. To demonstrate the purity of their intent, the Moors have covered the hulls of several ships with wondrous blue mosaics. Just now one is sailing into our harbor. It looks like a mosque turned inside out. Or an Alhambra lifted from the land. Their kind-faced artists are waving from the deck. They seem anxious to join us on the piers. The choice is ours. Shower them with flowers. Or place sentinels on the shore.

Chagall's Blue Horse

When the blue horse arrives in my dreams, I take it as a good omen and treat it like a prophet with four legs. It does not obey the regular rules of equines. So I never know what to expect. I've ridden deep into the past upon its back where my young grandfather was brushing my grandmother's hair. I've met people of notoriety . . . Napoleon. Cleopatra. And Buddha, who fed the horse an odd little apple then squeezed playfully at its muzzle. Once this horse took me to the edge of the universe where I watched the dark womb squeeze another galaxy out. Sometimes the blue horse carries me to a pasture deep inside myself. He grazes there a while. Then lifts his head. And turns. As if trying to teach me something so obvious, no one ever thought to give it a name.

Curry

I am drawn to those blue gods with four arms. And I subscribe to the holiness of cows. I fall easily under the spell of the sitar. As if the cosmos came with strings only the pure can pluck. I admire how Hindus bathe in rivers where goddesses reside. Though I'm reluctant to wade into the Mississippi chanting sutras of my own. Where I was brought up, cows get led off to slaughter. Saints are too sad to dance. Back there you live only one measured life. Then trot off to your reward. I lean over this platter of curry. Close my eyes as if in prayer. Inhale its aromas. And pause. Like a pilgrim at a temple door. Removing his shoes before he steps inside.