

Anima

Dedicated to: The feminine side of my man

This morning I woke up
ripened to face our morning's sun
ripped from a deep sleep

to wonders of me as your anima—
expressed in more ways and words
available to lines on this effervescent paper
or each lifetime handed to us.

How many times have you reported
that we were siblings in a lifetime long-gone
while on alternate days wishing

you knew me during my last adolescence
and how you would have taken me,
had your way with me on countryside roads
only to be left to our own devices

with our alien fantasies
as you were chased by barren bar mates
when returning to their fender-bashed cars.

At our sextagenarian age now
we cannot teach them those tricks
of a youth lost beside barren roadsides,
near unidentifiable road kill

in a world where minds are painted
with unfulfilled fantasies still condoned,
and like all nudes, bile seeps where

they crave a good night sleep
as they touch body parts
of completely naked strangers
in darkness of your anima night

bringing forth to elicit
who has been hiding inside its
dark corners for centuries of times gone past.

Remember how they unconsciously knew
as the anima sat across a table
begging for answers about living and giving.

You were my reason to fend off the dark side

nestled in your own contemplated death
given permission by the voices in your head
and the bright agent orange

of your dead sister's past and the ghost
who continues to knock at your closed closet door.
under these conditions
do take your anima with you

Tucked under the security of your armpit
to places you once called home
at this very first moment
of that next life you are about to live.