

Magnolia Dances, Part I

*Golden, stunning, elegant
Caressing me softly
with her mind*

*She is not whole, but she is healed
A chipped blue crystal vase
holds the white rose.*

*Magnolia Dances
We danced the dance of eternity, dancing
the waltz of goodbye*

Orange Pekoe¹

*She offered me tea, and said,
“Will you have Orange Pekoe
or Chamomile?”
I said, “Whiskey, please.”*

*So we made love in my mind,
instead of hers.
Cluttered as it was
from months of solitude.*

Falling²

Riding boots

High heels

Hot interior, cool exterior

Contrasts

Handsome, androgynous, courageous

Being happy is less about happiness and more about being

I am strong and I have risen like a Phoenix from my own ashes again and again

I am old and I have finally come home to myself

I love deeply, tenderly, sincerely, and sexually

I am intensely focused and dedicated

I am a woman, not a girl, myself not a label

*I have worked, dreamed, cried, laughed, hoped, cared, wanted, needed,
and desired*

I have won

I have lost

Because I have lost, I have learned

Falling I have learned to fly

Falling in love

Magnolia Dancing

Flying home

And what of ecstasy?³

How does the flame continue after the candle is consumed? Is the candle created again to burn the flame or does the flame search for another candle to light?

Does my heart find love or does love finding me worthy fill my heart? Had I need and the woman found me or did the woman create the need in me? Was my love eternal or was I eternally loving? Was I spirit of flesh or flesh of spirit? Was she the white rose?

Had I always known her while she knew me? Where did it begin or did it never end? And in the not ending it begins again. Like twists of eternity we circled one another, around and around, sparking a fire or did the fire spark us? Like a waterfall flowing into itself we have found one another.

From death is born life, spring comes from winter, from fire is born water. From a death of love is born a spring of love. She has blossomed from the San Luis.

I have poured the fire of my heart onto the paper and it has quenched my thirst. I stand at the top of the valley a broken yet fulfilled human being. I wait for the first breath of spring knowing in all seasons a completeness. My spirit has come home in this lifetime.

. . . and what of ecstasy . . . what of ecstasy . . .

The San Luis⁴

You are the woman of my dreams, the woman of my heart, the woman of my soul . . . the woman of my tent. I come to you riding hard across the valley . . . leaping off my horse. I enter my tent to find you naked lying in my furs. A wanton look is on your face and I know you have been waiting for me. I approach you, softly and gently, reaching my hand out to you, and you reach upward to me, pulling me down. We embrace, our cheeks touch. I feel the velvet softness of you, I smell your rich perfume, I run my hands through your hair, clasping your neck and pulling your face towards me. I gaze at your lips. We gaze into one another's eyes . . . I know exactly what you are thinking. You are as aroused by my presence as I am by yours. Your skin takes on a reddish glow radiating your passion; your lips are damp with wanting. I kiss you. Our tongues mingle. We make love to one another only with our kisses. You begin to undress me, unbuttoning my doublet and pulling it down over my shoulders, exposing my breasts. You stretch out in my furs. I touch you, and caress you, and kiss you, until I bring you to the moment of orgasm, and then I stop. I do this over and over . . . Finally, I blow on you lightly, not touching you with anything but my breath.

. . . and you leap into the void with my name on your lips . . .

I move up your body and into your arms. I hold you, and gently rock, and kiss you to sleep.

When you awake, we begin the dance, again, until our ripples become waves, and the waves, finally, subside into mirror calmness . . .