

Red

(1990's)

Red

Red is the color of passion
Of danger
Of wildfire
Of the flames
Of fire
Between my legs
Pulsing
Pleading
The secret space
Between my breasts
Burning
Blazing
Every molecule moving
Every atom yearning
Waiting
Wanting some certain wise man
To move me
To move in me
To enter
To open
To offer
To wrap me
In his big
Bold
Beautiful
Deep
Dark
Potent
Presence
Arms around me
Embracing me
Fully
Without fear
Or doubt
Or denial
Safe
In the steady stream
Of warmth
And depth

Of his knowing being
Easing my soul
To rest
Assured
And come alive
Alive
And sigh
And shiver
With delight

Soft
And open
Mouth
Over mine
Generous
Yes
Generous
Gentle
Genuine
Daring
And devouring me
With wonder
In me
Over me
All of me
Intensively
And metaphysically
Investigating
My every pore
With pleasure
In his earnest
Honest
Plea
For ultimate
Ecstatic
Union
Inundating me
Initiating me
Introducing
My every willing cell
To his sultry
Self

And so soulful
Exalted spirit
Searching
As he reaches
For mine
Touching me
Tasting me
Honoring me
As I am
And with delight
Speaking to me
In tongues
I recognize
Ancient tongues
My homesick soul
Has longed
To return to
For all eternity
I seems

With every move
Every beat
Every breath
Telling my body
Beckoning
My being
To rest
To rise
To rejoice
To bust open
To wail
With delight
And silently
Continuously
Calling my being
To his
His being to mine
A liquid heat
So sweet
And personal
It makes you wanna cry

Drowning in most delicious delirium
Blending all internal
Eternal fluids
And rhythms
Ebbing
And flowing
Ebbing
And flowing
Freely
Going
And coming
Coming together
Together
As a whole
Huge radiating fire
Of a heart
Of heat
Of warmth
Of powerful
Potent loving
Of loving
And more warmth
Of loving
And loving
And loving
And trembling
And sighing
With gratitude
And delight

And whining
Wailing
Screaming
Sighing
Surrendering
With a solemn prayer
Of immeasurable
Gratitude
And delight
Immeasurable
Gratitude
And delight

Red

Red is the color
Of raw flesh
The throbbing
Gaping hole
In your heart
Like your guts
Being ripped out of you
Red is the epitome of rage
Of raw rage
From historic intimidation
Humiliation
Violation
Red is the color of raging fury
And fear
And utter terror
Of some selfish
Sick
And slimy
Disrespecting
Domineering
Demon
Of a maniacal motherfucker
Ever even thinking
To come anywhere
Near the open wound
In your chest again
And dig
Daggers
Deeper
With the kind of trouble
Of a terrible touch
That only takes
Taking
Taking
Only taking
Till you're used up
Abused
Raked over the uncaring caustic coals
And coldly
Arrogantly tossed away
Without another thought
Of the magnitude of the casualty

Red is the color
Of the life blood
Drained from you
From loss after loss
And disappointment
In yourself
And in life itself
And from deaths
And more deaths
Of loved ones
Sick and suffering
And wasting away
As you watched them
Powerless to save them
To help them
Except to love them
And love them
And lose them
As they lost life
And you lost faith
Dark red is the color of transfusions
That didn't hold
And platelet counts
Too low to count
When his ailing body
Just couldn't make any more
No matter how damn creative he was
Stinking
And red
Is the stagnant blood
In your veins
When you can't find
Any energy
To peel yourself
Out of bed
Or one good reason
Why not
To want
To die

Something
Nothing
Vague
Is the color
Of fatigue
Tired
So tired
All the way down
To the empty
Lonely innermost
Depths of you
Flaming red
Is the color
Stuck in your throat
Of the silent
Violent scream
Of desperation
And denial
Of death
The severe intensity
O which you dare
Not unleash
For fear
Of sure
And instantaneous
Annihilation
Thus the impacted
Blank
And bloody
Eyes
That cannot cry
Red is the color
Of fresh raw flesh
Of wounds that won't heal
No matter how long
Or how hard
Or how much it costs you to try
Nothing
Is the color of nothing
Nothing
Is the color of nothing

Red

Red is the color
Of new beginnings
Of soul initiations
Red is the color
Of the whoosh
Of blood flow
Just as birth breaks through
To new life
And baby cries
Red is of the combination of colors
Of deep
Sensual tones
Sung from a place
Rooted
And harvested
From the rich soil
Of torments
And trials
And all that you've lived through
And fought through
And grew to
To open your eyes
To see that
Red
Is the color
Of the magnificent
Soothing
Sunset
Over the water
When the most rigorous work
Is waning
And the magic
Of night
Eases in
To let stars
And spirits
Rise
Red is that flush
Just under the skin
When the music is so intoxicating
And hot

And full-bodied
That your own body laughs
Loose
In spite of itself
And starts to move
Slowly
Beyond mind
Beyond confines
And the dancing
Gets so good to you
You know
You know
You just know
You're alive
And why
Red is the color
Of new beginnings
And of the first little spec
Of a seed
Of life blood
Of hope
Harvested
From the core
Of creation inside
When you reach down
Even deeper than the pain
To that first flame
Of the very impulse of life
And a woman cares
A woman cries
Because she is moved
Because she is alive
Red is the color in a blend
In a brilliant
Yet gentle sunrise
The impetus
The catalyst
Of hope
A vibrant vision
Of a chance
A new life