

Like A Boaatt (*but spelled differently*)

I am from the Wholey land, Jerusalem
Succotash road,
the Wholey-Schipp humble abode,
(a residence sinking.)
I am from a red-brick village,
painted rocks by the sea,
from trees of red wood,
and love affairs built of old sheds.

I am from feminists, academics
and stentorian cynics.
I am from the hippies, mathematicians,
teachers & nurses,
from matching moccasins
and *Harvest Moons*.
I am from obsessive minds,
from unclenched tongues,
searching for shapes
opinionated in the clouds.

I am from an artist-
dyslexic,
gone 18 years.
I am from a saint-
organic & recycled,
she skis to work.

I am from walls covered,
photographs for days,
taboo scrapbooks,
and tissue covered floors.
I am from John Lennon & Van Morrison
James Taylor's *Mexico*,
from oil painted canvas,
and a Martin guitar.
I am from negatives, slides,
Double-exposures & missing lens caps.
I am from color & words,

clutter, chaos, constellations and cameras,
from *A total eclipse of the heart*
and *Tears in Heaven*.

I am from fudge pie,
anything with cheese,
Orangina, a cran-orange blend,
hummus & whole wheat
and butter on your tie.

I am from Spanish spoken tongue
Irish eyes kept open in the car.
I am from traveling salesmen
a mattress in a truck,
from camping, campaigns
and hitchhikers with long hair.

I am from a place
lost & found,
of dreamers & imagination,
books and fascination.
I am from intimate conversation,
people-pleasing being.
I am from a place
of deep thinkers,
unintentional intentions,
and full of meanings- that'll never leave me.

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