

"Words' Worth" Poetry Readings

Poets at the Culture, Arts, and Parks Committee of the Seattle City Council.

Love is Love by Reynaldo Gaon

On the backs of those who love him
they enthrone him
he throws spirals of undocumented origami cranes
trained
to do nothing but protect
from devil-wannabe and haters
maybe later
is no longer available
from one rib or so it claims that it made her...

his eyes open and shut by
breathing fresh air of life
fear of death creeping anxiously as he pinches the last grain of rice
finally he heeds his mama's advice
anak, you just have to do what's right
for what it is, is what it is

and he opens the book of days
while his people recite poems of stranded literature
i said his people recite poems of stranded literature
and the mantras of suffering
be love
be scripture
written on the foreheads of kayumanggi warriors
sounding
a ba ka da
unwritten in king james reading
a li ba ta
embedded in stone
he be son
he be brotha
he be lover
he be
pa ga sa

and what it is...is simply what it is
when love is love is.....

and what it is...is simple what it is...
can you explain it some more anymore...
not so much more without a whole bunch of tears
is what she whispers...no more

and its as simple as time
and its as simple as beauty
and its as simple as believing

yet he

chooses life
living side by side
two by two
indefinitely
congruently
parallel to the universe he chooses
native tongue with fluency
beautiful mahogany eyes to watch and need
for his sanity and health and future sustain-ability
truly
more than just revelations or "that's what you get" destiny

and
he too chooses
fewer words than the change in his pocket
the truth is
he hasn't laughed in awhile
let alone rocked it...
open up the beautiful microphones life to love will to live
and he lost it....

behind the ears, upon the sleeves
turn around with nothing left to see
but the darkness
and he lost it...

the thoughts of normalcy
the dreams of youth for his future relevancy
and he lost it...

the chance to love through Buddha's third eye
and all he wants to do is live he don't want to die
and he lost it...

and i
i reopen the book of days
and in it i see reflections
of karmic situations
relations

i adhere and redeem without concentration
of what is and what is truly revolution and revelation
love is love
without some concentration
of instinctual habitual habitation

"wont you help to sing...these songs of freedom...is all i ever have..."

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