

and if I am brave I will

why can't you just let me do this
in my own wasteful and wicked way
bring the trash to the mailbox
chuck the mail into the garbage bin
work counter clockwise
and forget to do first things first

this is me don't you see
who sows seeds in late spring
indoors
germinates for canteloupe and acorn
squash

just when i've got
a million other things
tasks here
and tasks everywhere
there is not a moment of peace
time

to consider wars with irak
and the bin laden ghosts
of terror is what everyone
wants to get rid of
and we sit here in the doing of
lesser or higher

meaning

that in the circum-essential world
we are placed here, ants on the globe
to do the
small acts of great intention
that is me
not the writer of exquisite scientifics
nor novels which change
the world or any
thing
chat at the wrong times on the phone
turn at the wrong exit signs

go through transitions
in a whirl of self-absorption

it is i
it is i
it is i
try
to do the right thing
and i do,
at the wrong times
this talent is not one of mine

i, to tell the truth,

work
to be
the
artist
for the
life of me,
and write
without a worry
books and poems
in no hurry
to mean

absolutes

my drive is to dream
on the road of
a new path
up to mama's
mountain
nest with the unknown,
come home
closer to the body of me
and listen,
listen
quietly

to the running of waters
the innate soul of each creature.

i fancy a champagne
a fizzle
without the fuss
of knowing which way
the cork grows
and i follow the tail of laughter
god has given me

to pop your way
this is the old i have buried
spirit of the original
susanna
sanna

susanna

in a world where i
have but a small portion of
importance
i can think of no other way
to be important
except to
act

because you are so
important to me
universe, earth
people, innocents
sons and daughters
fathers and mothers
long lost friends
near ones
dear ones
i open for all
birds in a cage.

—Susan Morales Guerra

Background photo: Maridalsvannet water
reservoir in in Maridalen, Oslo, Norway