

THIS MONTH'S



SPECIAL FEATURE

Poetry and Art
from Robin Hiersche



Dancing Pink by Robin Hiersche

things we already know

It's none of my business
and never was
interventions don't work
and it's every woman for herself
in a tough old world
and nature is beautiful
but life ain't fair
and suicide is murder
with the same karmic fallout
as any garden variety
or serial kill
violence being just violence.

and though life is hard
and the pillow is soft
sex ain't love
and love ain't sex
and satisfaction
ain't an overnight thing
and honey is sweet
and peanut butter sticky
and parents can be demons
and children are happy
only when they're allowed.

the earth revolves around the sun
in the company of her neighbors,
a beautiful, living ball
juggled by cosmic forces
in a simple and intricate dance
of which we are all a part
and every step we take in that dance
alters and fulfills it
and the wind and the sun and the moon
make patterns on the water
and that whales can slow down time

and song is born into us
and we can raise the dead
inside us
every time love triumphs over fear.

and most everyone
could use a little
esteem and confidence
and affirmation
and it's good to be warm
and curled up next
to the one we love
and the winter wind
makes our cheeks rosy
and television sucks.
and addictions grow more powerful
as we feed them
and if we court the muse
she will reward us
with her presence
less is more
and we only see the light on the object
not the object itself
and when we let go of ego
we begin the journey
and letting go ain't easy
and that this consumer world
steals our dreams
and sells them back to us
highly inflated and
totally counterfeited
and if you play the greed car
too hard
you end up with nothin'
or worse yet,
something
you don't really want at all.

and not to fix it

if it ain't broke
and once it's broke,
it's broke
and when we're alone,
we're alone
and that the body desires to return to balance
and most of the time
everyone is doing their best
without conscious ill intent
and forgiveness is just
getting the big picture
firmly in mind
and mind
is just an illusion
that it's all just chopping wood
and carrying water
and no one sleeps in a graveyard
and nobody really knows what happens after we die
and some things just aren't worth doing
and some things are, although
some people just throw it away,
some fuck it away,
and some just use it up.

and the creation of a beautiful thing
isn't an occasion to strut the ego
but to rejoice in being a part of the act
and humility and humiliation
bear no resemblance to one another
except in sound
and courage is found everywhere,
all the time, in everyone
and love takes too many forms
to experience in one lifetime
but no one needs a faithless lover
or a cheating friend.
fear kills and love gives life
unless the ads and the paraphernalia
confuse that eye.

and innocence
is an original thing
that can always be returned to
as an overflowing fountain
or eternal flame
as if there really were a
a God

do unto others
as you would have them do unto you
and not, necessarily, as they have done
and to listen to the sound of
one hand clapping
when the other is
broke and hanging
really heals

and small towns
may be the ultimate environment
to discover one's own integrity
and usually
people will keep their mouths shut
but not always.
In fact,
even when you got material for blackmail
you can't count on it.

Measure twice,
and cut once,
because life cuts deep.