

The Carbon Cycle

there is an ember of a fallen star
in the hot springs of my veins
fuel of a fusion's fire
we burst aflame and then expire
I lay my babe
down in the water

I sing: a body
born of wonder, born of pain
everybody
we shall pass just as we came
in fire and flood
the earth gives issue
steam and mud
blood and tissue
thunder rolls and then it rains

flesh is brief, and labor tires
I'm bathed in sweat and tears
and swollen with desire
in every cell, a coiled viper
of wisdom and despair
birthmark that I bear

I sing: a body
born of wonder, born of pain
everybody
we shall pass just as we came
fire of fossil
leaps in black coal
fuse of a missile
deep in my soul
thunder rolls and then it rains

when my heart is filled
with fear and hunger
the storm and thunder
will surely tremble
and subside
I know I will be lifted higher
into the light

I sing my best in the choir
I put my faith
in the wounds of the martyr
I send my hymn out on the wire
release and reunion
in the eternity of fire

I sing: a body
born of wonder, born of pain
everybody
we shall pass just as we came
a child is born
a billion years old
diamond formed
of a hot volcano
thunder rolls and then it rains

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Checking The Arithmetic

if life were a cool calculation where all of the numbers compute,
then one could sum all of creation and reduce it all down to the root.
but my mind is a multiplication of chance and illusion and doubt:
I'm confused and impatient, a fool at foundation.
I never will figure it out.

am I just a mutation with a curious urge?
an endless vexation, a mistake that recurs?
a singular statistic, a product of the dice?
checking the arithmetic, it's not quite right...

I questioned a mathematician: my life is uncertain and strange,
tell me what of the human condition
can the priesthood of science explain?
she said life is a state of transition, a pattern of chaos and change:
of loss and division and love insufficient to answer the problem of pain.

am I just a tangle of jumping nerves
or a point on a line describing a curve
flickering in physics' cinema of sight?
checking the arithmetic and it's not quite right...

if I only know what I am feeling
and can't prove the world outside,
then standing or kneeling
or staring at the ceiling
you've gotta have faith as your guide.
the world of sensation
is a puzzling equation,
a persistent hallucination
so you've gotta have faith as your eye...

am I just an ache in a painful world
dreaming awake in a reciprocal blur
i'm baffled beyond logic and searching for insight,
checking the arithmetic, it's not quite right....

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The Satellite Sky

I'm calling
an impulse of light
in the vacuum of night
can you hear me?
I'm swallowed in
the heavens so bright
but no one in sight
is near me

the satellite sky
vast and empty
the silence of existence
that we signal through
await your reply
lost and lonely
a siren in the distance
sounding deepest blue

calling for you
for conversation
linking up and signing off
never getting close enough
to quiet my heart
howling to rue
a separation
a longing we can't satisfy
we are satellites, you and I
echoes apart

I'm calling
an impulse of light
in the vacuum of night
can you hear me?

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The Homing Instinct

I'm guided by the homing instinct on a mission through the unknown
fiercely longing, strong, insistent, intuition pilots me on

love is the bearing I hold in my heart
a compass unerring, the goal and the start
the light of a beacon when all hope is lost
the sight I am seeking, an ocean to cross

home, to the warmth of my nest
home, to the one I love best
home, how it beats in my breast
home, let my heart be expressed

to be alive, to span a distance through the clouds, and by the wind blown,
to face the storms of my existence navigating by faith alone

eternally going astray to discern
the wisdom of knowing the way to return
in the spring of my nature to soar from this earth
wings over water, the course of rebirth

home, to the warmth of my nest
home, to the one I love best
home, how it beats in my breast
home, where my heart is at rest

migrating birds on the radar screen
gliding homeward
magnetic fields glowing green
under polarized light
by the stars of my memory
i ride the jetstream
climbing onward
the hum of the engines
propelling my dreams in their flight

I'm guided by the homing instinct
on a mission through the unknown
a fiercely longing, strong, insistent,
intuition pilots me home

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River

river, where will I be
when the ashes are scattered and gone?
forever the music and the mystery
that splashes in water moves on

river, in thy melody
a voice is laughing and crying
for all I have been and all I will be
in the course of living and dying

in this moment
the current is flowing fast
but it holds on to nothing
as it's going past

when I reach my limit with travels infinite
the empty places to fill
I slow down a minute and look at what's in it
'til everything seems to stand still

river, in my memory
I drift in the shimmering sun
deliver me please from my miseries
when all of my dreaming is done

river, is it my destiny
to journey back where i've begun
through the geography of my heart to the sea
where everything flows into one?

in this moment
the future hurtles toward the past
to vanish and return
going nowhere fast

when I reach my limit with travels infinite
the empty places to fill
I slow down a minute and look at what's in it
'til everything seems to stand still

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