

STORY OF TWO, THEN ONE

April 2010 - for the Peace Concert, May 15

It's no different now than it was
when the gospel shoes were new.
Then they were magic, the shoes
of the fisherman walking on water,
the shoes of the children who safely
crossed the desert at night & shoes
dropped from airplanes with angels
inscribed on their leather soles.

Then we believed that the washing
Of feet was an article of faith, that
the tongues in gospel shoes were
made to sing for our lady peace &
prophets spoke the truth because
their soles had immaculate wings.

Then we believed in miracles because
red poppies grew out of earth packed down
by soldiers who fell with their boots on.

Then we believed the story of two,
in genius, the dominant gene that
connected the I to the us. Ah pairs!
The sound of crickets rubbing their
wings together, the tense vibrato of
mandolin strings. That was then &
now we pray for peace in the garden
at the end of the world, where foot
prints melt in the snow, and worn
gospel shoes keep perfect time - the
invisible, indivisible, music of one.