

Poetry Series

# **Renee Marie**

## **- poems -**

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## **Renee Marie(12/11/60)**

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on-line sites:

[http: //www.randomintentions.wixsite.com/mysite](http://www.randomintentions.wixsite.com/mysite) [www.daypoems.net](http://www.daypoems.net);  
[www.writingretreats.org/Journal](http://www.writingretreats.org/Journal)

# Stubborn Stiff

How tired your eyes must be  
When straining over veils to see  
How far your hands must reach  
When clawing over cliffs to teach  
How long your heart must run  
Unrelenting till the cause is won  
And who's to say which contrarian  
Is the Good Samaritan

Renee Marie

# Hands Hunger

Touch hungers to author life  
Before mind interrogates  
Or eyes discern  
Novelties of excitement  
Teaming with seduction to be or not to  
Be extinguished through false indictment

Renee Marie

# Caught In Love

Love is a frantic flame  
A secret recipe  
That makes the world go round

Love is caught  
Never truly bought and blindly  
Wide awake to psychedelic magic

Love is grasped  
When you give-it  
Away

Love is enslaving  
Yet durable  
Having an eternal capacity

Love is a protest  
For passion  
Responding to no logic

Love is insane  
A never-ending marathon  
A high-altitude sickness

And if love is a fool  
I too am a fool  
In love

Renee Marie

# A Manufactured Mind

Prepped in perfect privilege  
Entrance here is gained  
Honor rules of 'etiquette'  
From challenge we'll abstain

Posture brow and jaw  
Furrow nor clench be seen  
Then neutral here we learn  
Zipped lips though mind be keen

Your err a pompous flex;  
'enlightened' egos teach  
Stamp your student puppets,  
An 'A' we're left to seek

For you have made it plain  
Oh far-left demigod  
We'll not dual principles  
Nor dialouge to clog

Just keep things running smooth  
Our master never bore  
Your brilliance blinding me  
I grope and bow some more

Fierce swaying left and right  
My balance never won  
Eighty-thousand later  
The cap to air is flung

The truth be told just once  
The world had hoped of Thee  
A tug-o-war might yield  
A mentor out of me - but

Serve me on a platter  
Here at last I stand  
Will it ever matter  
That compliance made the man?

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1999

Renee Marie

# The Dying Dollar

Twenty-Sixteen Through Twenty-Twenty, No Man's Land

The Dying Dollar

The COVID19 deniers who holler

Rampant death and destruction

The Democratic reduction

The beautiful and the broken

Drive through for their token

One loaf of bread, one pound of cheese

Four years we've endured the demonic disease

The Cult is among us; a brazen White Clan

Forty-Five is their Master but he sure ain't no man!

Renee Marie



## If I Could Be Anything.2

If I could be anything  
at any moment of my choosing  
right now  
I am a resting osprey  
scanning with precision sensibilities  
perching on the highest vistas  
all day experiencing strategic patience  
and success  
with gratitude  
and always emerging  
with more  
than enough  
to share

Renee Marie

# If I Could Be Anything

If I could be anything  
at any moment of my choosing  
right now  
I am the sea  
hawk  
gazing upon the sprawling watery banquet  
a raptor flirting with precision free-fall  
all day  
with speed  
agility  
focus  
and always emerging  
with a prize  
unapologetic

Renee Marie

# Expansion

In the presence of sky  
I expand  
to release the yearning  
to inhale influences  
to revisit the changing of direction  
the turning of pages  
over time  
across the ages  
and I am  
an empty vessel  
renewed

Renee Marie

# Yearning

In all possibilities  
the yearning  
influences  
the changing of direction  
the turning of pages  
over time  
across the ages

Renee Marie

# Activists Boot Camp

In Activists Boot Camp

I carried an illegal umbrella  
it was electric blue  
with hundreds of little, yellow happy faces

The Drill Sergeants made me do pushups  
every time I got caught  
showing it off

Why?  
Joy is a non-negotiable  
strategically critical  
force multiplier  
AND  
my birthright!

Renee Marie

# Oh To Be A Poetree

Oh to be a PoeTree swollen with memories oozing  
from the most inner veins as passers-by  
staple my de-barked tower with "For Rent", "For Sale";  
and "LOST Pet" signs and prick me  
with peace buttons and architects discern  
the best cut lines and lumberjacks  
auction off the most majestic girth  
for the insatiable  
amusement  
of others

Renee Marie

# Covid19 And Liquid Amber Seedballs

Seedballs fallen from a Liquid Amber tree  
lie scattered brown prickly spheres ignite delight

I gather and fill a one-gallon Ziploc bag  
Some prick me poking through with infectious hope of escape  
I surmise.

COVID19 closes our campus in March  
I remember my bag of sequestered seedballs  
They resemble the microscopic Virus  
which now sequesters me

We cautiously unite these prickly seedballs and I  
to make peace  
to make art

Renee Marie

# Crude Awakening, A Black Snake In 2016

Answering the call to support  
Direct Actions in silence  
is the art of a Servant-Witness  
I went prepared to be shot.

Water Protectors rallied from around the globe as  
Standing Rock, North Dakota Lakota and Sioux  
leaders tried to decolonize our fantastical indoctrination and false privilege  
First Nations' Sovereignty is stained with capitalistic colonialism.

The phone number for Legal Defense was written on our right legs  
If I was arrested or made unconscious on "The Line" of Non-Violent  
Actions  
by rubber bullets, pepper spray, sonic weaponry, Shepherd attack or baton blows  
someone would discover who to call.

Nights I slept were frigid in the Veterans For Peace WWII Army tent  
November snows and wind slammed uneven drifts against brittle canvas flaps  
Thanksgiving meal was served in a geodesic dome donated by Burning Man  
and Jane Fonda.

In December, over 4,000 fresh Veterans would arrive to ask for forgiveness  
offering themselves as human shields facing militarized police  
profiting from ancestral oppression of Indigenous people  
reduced to tokens of tolerance.

First Nation burial grounds and water rights were rendered to the highest bidder  
bloodied treaties broken over and over and so  
in the presence of The Chief  
I could only bow my head, close my eyes, rest my hand over my heart in  
apologetic silence a Servant-Witness to the White Man's  
pious manifest-destiny.

The day I left Camp Oceti Sakowin I came upon The Flag  
flying in distress.

Renee Marie



# Two Queens Dancing

You are the lover of birds and cats and things that don't talk back  
You feed and nurture and adore them

I am the lover of you

You are the lover of fairy gardens, flowers, and fruiting trees  
You prune them to near perfection

I am the lover of you  
distantly loving me

How does it feel  
to swarm like bees all over the flowers of dreams  
I wouldn't know

One Queen begs as another bows-out  
and always farther  
away

You are the lover of birds and cats and things that don't talk back

I was the lover of you  
hungry for a sweet honey  
left forever  
stung

Renee Marie

# Writers On The Air And Other Open Mic Venues

Poets drop their chins  
at the microphone.  
Eyes follow in obedience,  
collecting courage.

I pant Adrenalin  
awaiting my turn.  
Like song birds  
craving to mate,  
my brain coos  
a melodic rehearsal  
at the sideline.

She began to chant.  
Remembering orchestrates writhing gestures.  
Words scratch scabbed wounds.  
Phrasing quickens rhythm.  
Confidence cracks glass.  
Endorphins pontificate on  
a full range of emotions  
now sweating out!

The audience came  
for inspiration  
and stood applauding, volcanic gratitude.  
Fresh ideas, erupted through their veins,  
beginning to ping-pong all over the walls.  
Few could stay to chat...

Hardcore poets dropped their chins,  
eyes followed in obedience toward the exit,  
toward the pristine page of a fresh chapbook  
poised to become  
finally  
published



# Atheists Awaken Too

Have I been remiss?

White Nationalism was a brewing bliss  
demanding the spotlight of god's own  
creation then sent back  
to their collective,  
invented hell.

Renee Marie

# Neologisms, Redactions, And Cult Culture

Pollercoasters rank politicians  
Individual One was redacted  
Teflon Tyrants profit nothing  
Bigly lies lasso the light  
Under Investigation is perpetual  
Legislative bodies suffocate truth  
Legions of sheep bow and graze  
Scaravans are scapegoats for nativists

Renee Marie

# Four Hands

When I was just a thought in someone's mind  
did that someone know  
just what it meant?

Perhaps they join, for pleasure they might find  
but they join- dis-join  
her seed already sent

They I arrived all wet and softly crying,  
they introduce me to this world  
forever stretching

Their four hands which pass me, still denying,  
their two mouths never usher out  
A blessing

I'm okay now  
Though my strong bones did break  
send me out to walk cold roads for miles

Sure, &quot;lovingly&quot; and all for learning's sake  
I'll rise and fall to know  
those &quot;deeper smiles&quot;.

Now I know  
where the fire burns and I will not go  
their four hands will not reap  
from me what they did sow.

© Reneé Marie

Renee Marie

# Hurry, Get The Guy Lines

There's always been a thing or two  
I take the time to learn to do,  
YOU?

This time I'll have to call my Son,  
Yes, the HE who looks at me as if  
I am the expert in everything, somehow  
refusing now to take responsibility  
for this leaning tree which begs to grow up straight!

I admit, I need his muscle to push against the trunk  
while I ratchet-up the guy lines  
and hope that the metal pole doesn't snap back  
against my unprotected cranium  
&quot;Is this dumb&quot;;, I ask myself;  
should I seek professional help?

All HIS life, whenever we worked together,  
he'd watch me don personal protective equipment:  
ear plugs (vacuuming or movie theaters) , ballistic eye wear (using power tools  
or shooting) , a mask (sanding wood or mowing lawns) , gloves (stripping paint  
or trimming medical cannabis) , flak jacket and Kevlar helmet (last minute  
adjustments before heading out to the Combat Zone) .  
And HE remains, the watchful participant, a strong-hearted-hand  
Inspiring confidence in my self-growth.

The Leyland Cypress is a fast-growing evergreen but  
again this year, she begs to be supported against the wild winds  
of Sacramento's rainy, winter pounding.  
We go to her and consider  
all the tools we need to anchor her with guy lines  
and deeper into Earth re-purposed poles  
should secure her upright growth.

Democracy is leaning  
Please tell me she's an Evergreen.  
I fear that She's about to fall.  
Some dark abyss looms above the canopy  
of The Republic.

I don't know if I need to don personal protective equipment,  
who or what can help to shore her up  
as WE, the LEFT leaning  
sour against perpetual storms of  
performance anxiety and grab at straws of hope

I just Google It

;

("a new kind of Civil War", "becoming an expat",  
"sustainable civil disobedience"...)

I just Instagram and Tweet Hashtaged-attempts

(#GuyLinesMatter, #TreesMatter, #BlackLivesMatter, #ShoreHerUp,  
#MeTooStrong, #Persist, #RESIST #TakeAKnee, #HandsUpDontShoot,  
#MarchForOurLives, #OneJobIsEnough, #MiniWiconi, #NoDAPL,  
#Need2Impeach, #NoSalute45,  
#LelandCypressStrong, #ShowUpOrShutUp, #MayPeacePrevailOnEarth,  
#IsTheDemocraticRepublicDying, #Unite...)

I have all that I need to melt down my AR15.

I no longer care about shooting EXPERT at 600 meters or strategic compensation  
of windage and elevation using ONLY iron sights. I AM NOT an Army of ONE;

In quasi-retirement, I strap on a new tool belt, stretch canvas, shoot paint  
through cans, pen poems, straighten-up trees that bend into a new, sullen  
reality.

Day and night, night and day, month after month, year after year,

Hoping against reality that I alone

cannot crack hashtags into action

The CODE OF CORRECTION

is encrypted beyond my capacity to decipher,  
alone.

I call my Son and Google

#EvergreenGuyLines

Reneé Marie

Renee Marie



# Awakened States

Artivisim, like activism,  
is often a scream tuned in a dream  
showing all that we crave,  
on canvas and stage,  
forged through the brave,  
the awakened.

© Reneé Marie?

7/18/18

Renee Marie

# Fight Till Someone Is Bleeding

What monster  
held your brain     your heart

What damage could a child really do!

You stood there  
demanding that we "fight till someone is bleeding"!

What rest, what reason, what end  
were you looking for?

When you laid down,  
to create,

did you know  
it would come  
To THIS?

Now you have died     and we  
are permanently scared for your lack

of love,  
of protection,  
of counsel;  
of course     what child wouldn't be?

I am permanently hunting  
for resurrection  
from the death  
you created.

I will find a way  
back to the beginning  
and fully forgive     without the understanding  
you couldn't gift to your  
'beloved' children.

Renee Marie

# Spring Fall

Some come in with veins of steel  
deflecting every gale.  
Others come equipped to feel  
those thrashing whips and fail.

I will gather in and hold so close,  
those who fall too soon.  
And we will know  
no other song  
but "turn thyself toward June".

No guarantee was granted thee  
when bud to bloom to canopy;  
we danced in Danger's sky.  
And here we are together now  
when once we both  
were high.

© René Marie.4.15.16

Renee Marie

# Happenstance

I am dressed  
in circumstance  
draped in the textures  
of time worn thin  
so I begin  
around the eyes  
of my remembering.

I am wrapped  
with attention  
to every nuance  
I have ever witnessed,  
I have ever caused,  
I have craved to caress  
and those I have cursed.

I am dressed,  
like you,  
by time's happenstance  
mixed with the deliberative and acting  
as if I am somehow  
in charge of anything  
anywhere with anyone or anything.

©? Reneé Marie  
2/24/18

Renee Marie

# Fall She May

In its season  
the leaf fell.  
Bugs drank  
her juices,  
killing the softness  
to shrivel her tender edge.

□

Life and time  
have scarred the fallen one  
and chewed her colors away.

We fall many times  
in one season;  
defenses are torn,  
the frame lies  
tired.

It is not a sign of weakness  
to fall but a sign of strength  
to hold the soul together  
among her scars.

© Reneé Marie  
1978, Camp WAMAVA, Virginia

Renee Marie

# Beyond The Surface

Deep in the stomach of a flame, a rebirth dances.

Deep in the feast of contentment, a curiosity grows.

Hold us, wordless, where mountains of calm cannot be moved.

Hold us, gently, where power loves peace, fire cradles water, feasting marries contentment, Me becomes We.

Deep in the stomach of a flame beauty can emerge, again and again, shaped by your perspective and your will.

© Reneé Marie

6/26/18

Renee Marie

# Language Is Power

Beat your universal drum,  
whistle your tunes,  
pen your poems of love and longing,  
waltz your passion through, all the way to the ears and heart of another's aching  
~  
to connect.

©? Reneé Marie  
6/26/18

Renee Marie



# I Like You ~ I Love You (To My Sister)

I like you;  
I want to pluck you  
from your most cozy yet tired couch  
to rekindle our joy and peace.

But  
I love you;  
so I know to leave you in place  
to grace the lives around your cozy spot  
where you water love and hope  
and never cease  
to delight us  
with your dreams, Sister.

??

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2/20/17

Renee Marie

# The Human Spring (Haiku For Fran)

Falling into sea,  
caged songs to bluest sky;  
you and I will set them free.

© Reneé Marie  
3/10/17

Renee Marie

# Ice And Canaries (Haiku For Fran)

The Human Spring

Falling into sea,  
caged songs to bluest sky;  
you and I will set them free.

© Reneé Marie

3/10/17

Renee Marie

# Smooth Stones (A Haiku For Marianna)

Moving in water  
caressing our jagged stones  
hungry for her bliss.

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2/19/17

Renee Marie

# Tragic Empath Laced With Cognitive Dissonance

I watched an Artist make a paintbrush from a dead bird's feathers  
I saw a Leader making a gavel from an amputated iron fist  
I saw Children making trust out of certain chaos  
I saw a Girl making sex out of gang force  
I saw a Family making breath out of suffocating shock  
I served a World making peace with war and war with peace in cycles never-ending

I offered a broken olive branch to a bleeding battlefield  
I joined, an Idealist  
I separated, an Optimistic Realist  
I persist, with Adrenalin-doused eyes  
I soothe tired hearts with stained pearls of hard-won wisdom  
I caress calloused hands yet hold my own presence  
Less worthy

© Reneé Marie

2/20/10 v.2

2/19/17 v.1

Renee Marie

# Lakeview Beech, Battlefield, Usa

Here, in the cold-blue evening-quiet of South Lake Tahoe,  
ease and gratitude expand and retract.  
At first, the air is uncomplicated, thin, damp.

I drift back to Kabul's  
snow-peaked mountains,  
just like these.

I hear the MEDEVACs coming in.

The billowing, gray sky still hovers  
even after black tire-smoked clouds undulated their way  
deep into the lungs of forever where we learned to breathe  
while running, regardless of foreign particulates laced with hot rubber and feces!

In South Lake Tahoe clean hope appears, at first.  
Prevailing in the distance is an undulating political madness  
hijacking even THIS sanctuary.

Did I survive The Surge in Kabul  
only to live in a perpetual battlefield of corrupt power,  
emboldened by a stranger enemy?

© Reneé Marie  
1/5/17

Renee Marie

# I Am You!

Let us never forget  
what it feels like to  
be BULLIED!

Most people alive  
have felt BULLIED.

Millions have died  
by the hand and ego of  
The Bully  
and The Bystander.

We grieve for ourselves and  
for one another.

I AM YOU;  
assaulted  
and bullied  
and bruised  
but STANDING!

Never give-in to apathy.  
Never allow the confusion or conclusions of language  
or culture  
or faith  
or non-faith  
or color  
or pain  
or privilege  
to determine  
YOUR destiny.

We must resolve to EVOLVE, together.  
I AM YOU, standing!

© Reneé Marie 1/8/17

Renee Marie

# Slip Through, Take Nothing

Certainty drips  
through hope of outcomes  
feared.

Uncertainty occupies  
all space left unclaimed yet  
still revered.

I am certain  
of that which I see,  
touch,  
taste,  
and hear through careful discernment.

There is no bondage  
more common  
than "knowing";  
turned into spears.

In "knowing";  
do we invite exclusion?  
In claiming truth  
do we sequester progress?  
In "allowing";  
can we slip-through, unscathed  
in witness to our years?

Bathe me in silence  
beside you.  
Cuddle my busy mind and  
rock me gently  
through your cooing songs  
and our primal tears; for I am as yet,  
undecided.

© Reneé Marie  
4.25.16





# My Child, My Friend

Listen, my child, and your ears shall be filled.

Tell, my friend, and your words shall be heard.

Seek and perhaps you will gain or prosper from your findings.

Do not keep secrecy for your findings should be known among others so that they too may prosper.

Acknowledge the things you see for you shall be able to speak freely your feelings.

Meditate in yourself for you are one of a kind.

Abandon evil for you shall live in eternal peace.

My child, my friend, heed what I have said;

keep yourself pure always for you are just a seedling and I love you.

© Renéé Marie

1972

Renee Marie

# Poem-Ing And War-Ing

When is poem-ing like dancing  
or more like working?  
If poem-ing is linguistic creation,  
is warring the egos' destruction?  
If common sense were common  
would the question need to be  
asked?

©?Reneé Marie

4/6/18

Renee Marie

# Broken Is The New Beautiful

I feel her dancing  
I feel her joy  
I feel her compassion  
I too employ.

Forgiveness is the gift of life.  
Broken is whole,  
humbled in strife.

©?Reneé Marie  
4/14/18

Renee Marie

# Yosemite Valley Gratitude Cry

In awe  
we knelt  
to thank her.  
In quiet splendor  
we closed our eyes and kissed  
the sky.

©?Reneé Marie  
5/19/18

Renee Marie

# You Almost Own Me

You almost own me.

When I get up, in the middle of the night, I don't look at her!  
I've talked with others who feel the same way.

I've written songs and poems about her.  
I've studied her essence hoping to synchronize with her aloofness.  
I've tried to make peace with her passing.  
I've talked with others who remember too.

I've received her and gifted her.  
I've fallen backward and even sprung ahead for her.  
I've watched her come and go.  
I've talked with others who remember too.

I've worn her on my body.  
I've carried her in my pocket, tethered by a chain to a saggy belt hoop.  
I've had a love-hate relationship with her for over forty years.  
I've talked with others who can easily relate.

I've cried for lateness  
I've celebrated early arrivals.  
I've broken into a full-blown sweat of anticipation.  
I've talked with others who share in these exact experiences.

I've listened to her.  
I've wound her up.  
I've hung her on the wall, set her on the bedside table and the desk.  
I've talked with others who have done these things.

I've cleaned her.  
I've replaced her.  
I've lost and found her.  
I've talked with others who have done these things.

I've felt punished and rewarded by her.  
What is this thing I love and admonish?  
What is this thing that we're always running out of or away from?  
How can I fully embrace her presence?

Can I buy more of this certain uncertainty?

©?Reneé Marie

4/6/18

Renee Marie

# Semantic Distractions

Ripples river,  
racing mind,  
divers deeper,  
darkness find.  
Thinkers thought,  
thrown away,  
sorry sunshine,  
sometimes rain.  
Angels alone  
in anxious pain -  
Can we ever make much sense of it,  
is there some grand design;  
he has false answers to cast  
to feed the starving swine.

© Reneé Marie  
4.7.17

Renee Marie



# April Is Close

Marching by  
with the cadence of tired Winter  
are gentle  
afternoons  
lingering  
with  
warm tea,  
a swaying hammock,  
and a new notebook.

© Reneé Marie  
3/19/17

Renee Marie

# Swollen Words, Attraction Is A Game

Is there something else that I can do to reciprocate this crush for you?  
April is the month to write the poem that holds this crushing lite.  
Sentiments on paper seem less to fear but oh my dear.  
When our grasp is tight till blue it steals the lyric from me and you.  
If synchronicity were my last name would you choose to play this game?

© Reneé Marie

4/7/17

Renee Marie

# The Visitor

Life flies  
and lands  
for  
an  
audience of appreciative  
wonder  
just as fleeting.

© Reneé Marie 4.1.17

Renee Marie

# Just Live

"You ARE enough",  
the therapists claim!  
How can I agree  
when I'm always to blame?  
How can I prove it,  
and stop the debate;  
rewrite the song  
removing self-hate?  
I'm tired of faking,  
pretending I'm less;  
I am good enough,  
in fact, I'm the BEST!  
The therapist said,  
"our work here is done,  
self-loathing has turned  
into something more fun"!  
Now one thing still lingers  
and this might be true  
I paid them too much  
and I already knew!  
I dumped out the bottles,  
my resolve was made tough;  
life is the medicine  
and I'm good enough!

© Ren  e Marie  
4.6.17

Renee Marie

# Overnight Webs

Even  
in sleep  
we spin  
webs of worry  
about the prey  
never caught  
or the danger  
getting too close and  
the sticky, hyper-overdrive  
collides with paths of indecision  
mapping trails of recurring vulnerability vomit - webs  
across the unconscious hemispheres.  
As we awaken,  
the milky-white film,  
crusting our eyes  
and hanging in our stiffened throats  
impedes clarity  
until the black  
coffee  
is poured!  
We are but skittish spiders in a sinewy web of self-destruction.

© Renéé Marie

4.2.17

Renee Marie

# Rich Grounds

All in and spinning against the sharp blades, oils bleed out  
but cling to the shredded beans.

With measured precision  
and predetermined portions,  
she adds boiling  
water to bathe  
last night  
in a rich blend  
of morning  
promises.

© Reneé Marie

4.2.17

Renee Marie

# There's Nothing Like A Tree

From tiny seeds  
in souls sown,  
through drought  
and famine,  
some  
have  
groaned.  
I hear her song  
as I walk near  
'I did persist'  
from fear  
to fierce!

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4.2.17

Renee Marie

# Surreal ~ No Push, No Pull, No Pain

Knowing that somewhere  
someone is drenched  
in un-welcomed surrender  
keeps one tender.

Knowing that somewhere  
someone is celebrating  
the gifts of peace  
gives one hope  
but faint  
relief.

© Reneé Marie  
4/4/17 FB

Renee Marie



# The Memories Are Real

I met a man who didn't rinse after  
washing dishes.

I met a man who rinsed tear gas from his eyes  
with bottled water.

I met a man who collected rain for  
growing strawberries.

I met a man who hauled buckets of river  
to wash a muddy truck.

I met a boy whose poisoned tears  
could not flow.

I met a man buying rights to pure water's flow,  
to sell as 'Liquid Gold'.

I met a man who called memories  
'fake news'.

© Reneé Marie

4.5.17

Renee Marie

# The Winds Of Change

Do remember where you were  
the moment you realized  
you could never  
enjoy red  
again?

We  
chose  
purple;  
a gesture  
of sincerity,  
a breath of fresh air  
in the winds political madness!

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4.5.17

Renee Marie

# Round The Ring

Close my eyes an' I'm back  
in front of you;  
lookin over Jo's shoulder enjoying the view...  
We talk of the scenery.  
I talk of the ring  
an' imagine my kiss run-down-round that thing!  
I'm caressing your voice  
an' no one can tell  
that my hands find your chakras all up in a swell.  
We talk of the scenery.  
I mention the ring  
an' imagine my kiss run-down-round that thing!  
You slip in with a tease,  
a smile and sway.  
There's nothing more sweet than to feel this give way.  
I'm shakin' this off.  
This dangerous flirt.  
Then my mind sees you wiggle like a worm in the dirt.  
I'm diggin' the memory,  
gonna keep it inside  
an' smile when seein' a worm wiggle by.  
See, gardening and lovin'  
they're kinda the same  
caressing a flower leaves you flippin' insane!  
we talk of my journey  
Then I'm spinnin' my ring  
an' I see me right back kissing down-round that thing!

Renee Marie

# Sometimes

The total eclipse of the moon is of NO significance  
to someone, tonight.

The heart is eclipsed by shock.

The eyes sting from a laser gone wild then  
aimed with precision!

Right at that moment between  
awe and surrender where rage fuels action  
sometimes, Cancer doesn't win!

2015

Renee Marie

# Living With An Open Heart

I may behave ONE way

I may FEEL another way

I may inhale worry

I may exhale fear

but whatever I may, may I share it with others I trust and  
may I embrace honesty as they hold a mirror to my stories.

Ask me to live and love with an open heart  
and remind me of our authentic imperfections

Renee Marie

# Saudade

In my HeartSpace there is a picnic table.  
Sister and I sit there sipping red wine, playing Scrabble.  
We snack on cheese and crackers and poetry.  
We listen to Itzhak Perlman and Yo Yo Ma in a symphony of outdoor delight.  
We reminisce and smile and take selfies with our smart phones.  
We send them instantly to our kids!  
This has been our strange world of wishing, for as long as I can remember.  
We carry this heavy HeartSpace - a sweet and sour saudade for us ALL,  
Siblings, still missing.

Renee Marie

# Rip And Repair

Rip, cut, tear.

Wet, press, prepare.

Reclaiming fiber from rag...

Find it, free it, feel it BRAG...

I AM alive!

I AM a song!

I AM the message!

I DO belong!

Face me, touch me, watch me still

Making sense of this 'free will'

Renee Marie

# Ordinary Magic

Underneath the skin and bones, this heart hungers.

Underneath exhaustion, this mind expands.

Underneath the dying hope  
that we arrive on the same, shore,  
I continue thrashing for you.

Will you ever thrash for me?

As I vacillate through imploding sorrow, all I want to do is stop sipping coffee  
together, stop swapping new dreams, stop planning our next adventure  
so certainly devoid of passion.

I remain gripped in your coy rejection.

You'd rather do a million other things than delight in my presence craving your  
touch.

Are you really comfortable as a bystander to my perpetual cravings, as you  
remain exhausted by DOING and I in BEING undone?

Where is the peace in this calculation?

Why do I want you, STILL?

This is no ordinary love

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Renee Marie



# Aching With Wistful Restraint

I am aching to find my way  
into you

vacillating with resentful acceptance of your  
preoccupations and aloof self-restraint

Where is the door; 'handle it', I admonish myself,  
until the longing ceases even as I crave to find  
you, surprisingly, unexpectedly, finally opening only  
in my imagination  
again and again.

Why are you so obscured,  
overshadowed by revolving, safe, predictable constrictions  
I surmise and so  
I feel sorry  
for you  
and I stay  
in our familiar  
emptiness  
careful not to be too endearing  
too vocal  
too anything

I imagine the door, sealed  
a very thick, heavy steel

Why am I always standing  
on the outside  
with hands tied and eyes widely  
blinded by pretending  
it's still enough for me?

Why do I continually wait  
to be invited as if it's ever going to happen?

What if you long to have me barrel-through  
but I don't know how to even begin to believe that  
or how to soften steel!

I want a break-through to dissolve the years of restraint  
I want it to be honest, mutual, spontaneous  
Delightfully, authentically full of absolute surrender and safety.

© Renéé Marie

v2 12/8/20

v1 2013

Renee Marie

# Evidence Of Desire

Horizontal, merging into one-thousand thread count,  
Egyptian, cotton-white to emancipate  
dim light, yawn-sigh, orchestrations  
of magic finger tip-toes round about  
your hip knows how to lure me into  
teasing corners begging me  
“don’t stop”!

Premature dawn draws me warm in you and  
evidence of desire becomes  
a whispered lady song – ooh lah lah  
“don’t stop”!

We had not slept long through those steamy nights IF  
we slept at all, it was only  
trance-like, twilight bobbing for more breathlessness.  
But hours are the right way to be suspended  
in articulate  
tongue!

I know she’s true. Brain curves round - her  
body in view behind nearly closed eyes and mountains  
of hunger -  
I massagé her wet bed. Inebriated on  
sensing and sipping.  
Nothing  
else  
matters  
much like: crickets playing, migrations squawking overhead just at climax  
or being found so deliciously lost squealing the lady song –  
“ooh lah lah, don’t stop”!

After mint-lip tea, I have forgotten how to walk sure-footed,  
naked, down the hall to the bathroom –  
and we shall laugh at this many times before it’s over.

Renee Marie

# Peace Is A Verb

Doing peace  
inside  
yourself  
means  
first  
wrestling  
with your own demons.  
Memories do not  
own you.  
injustice  
does not  
justify more crimes of hate.  
Make peace  
with your demons,  
your memories,  
the injustice.  
Come back to the human  
family...  
ready, confident, honest,  
open and hopeful.  
Come back  
eager to share ideas  
we can all LIVE with!  
We need you to be  
fully engaged and present;  
PEACE  
IS  
A  
VERB.

Renee Marie

# Choking On Don't Ask, Don't Tell

I think I'll choke,  
NO JOKE.

My turn's up?

Wanna fill my cup with your applause before I step-foot?

I hear my "cause"

sweating secrets hiding deep in

pores beneath the floors of yellow-bellied axons banging into my  
dendrites!

Can you keep me sacred and true and employed after I bear trust in you?

Yeah,

It's my turn up - wanna fill my cup

with standing ovation, my Nation? Perhaps we have

carried the burden long enough for you to love US out loud?

Hear my "cause" but I trip over myself. I might

choke, NO JOKE, nerves get the best of me swelling in my throat where well-  
behaved

silence has no enemy.

Wanna set me free tonight?

Like we were meant to be tonight

and all those yesteryears held prisoner will exfoliate

It's NOT "too late"!

But who

of you

will listen tomorrow when I am DIShonorably discharged

for my "honesty is the best policy"?

Will you

choke

Renee Marie

# We Humbly Bow

Take me to a land where Soldiers are not needed.

Take me to a place

where land is well seeded.

With food enough to feed the hungry

and trees to offer shade,

where every heart knows the price

for freedom paid but chooses

sweet forgiveness... take me there!

YES, I will give-up all my comfort,

whenever the call will come, and wear

this Soldier's uniform until world peace

is won! But it has never been a Soldier's dream to suffer long

at war. Please,

hold the hand that's next to you, your heart

the open door.

War brews in the moments where one-to-one breaks down

– road rage, phone rage, grocery store rage, school rage,

break-ups, break-downs. Who's left to bandage pain

when all the Soldier Medics have left town?

Take me to a village to raise a laugh

and dance right now, the golden path!

This is our birthright.

This is our hope.

For peace

we humbly bow.

Renee Marie

# Blushing Bride

The blushing bride wears pink and white  
without desire to break some old tradition.

Daintily she parades up the center isle,  
angelic glow and radiant her smile.

Dad is walking with her now, clutched  
tightly to her side.

From one hand to another, a sobbing transfer;  
merchant to consumHER, he will "chance her".

He is strong, that hungry man, yet he whispers

In her ear; "despite what is said here, to get this hitch done,  
you shall honor and obey ME from rise to setting sun"!

The storybook bride, so ignorant in bliss, took this man's vow and  
empty kiss.

She thought his charm would keep them  
"swinging from the rafter", now off they go  
miserably ever after!

Renee Marie

# Art Is A Verb Moving

Everywhere, movement turns  
to stillness and  
moves again.  
Art happens while you're  
not looking -  
shapes in paneling,  
patterns on floors,  
person-hole covers are street emblems,  
nicks in bricks,  
shifting stone walls,  
wrinkled textiles hanging everywhere, eyes,  
petals,  
wings,  
skin,  
water,  
snail trails,  
saxophone, feathers,  
dried marks on the chalk boards of yesterday and  
these, all of these,  
become us as we find them changing with the light  
or the very present mood you're able to see with  
your fleeting attention.

Accidental art is the inkblot of life; calling our attention -  
so I capture but don't disturb  
for this art,  
like life,  
is a verb moving free  
for our random delighting.

© Reneé Marie  
4.7.17 Draft 3

Renee Marie



# Anti-Venom

Don't drown me  
In balsamic words;  
Driveling frothy sarcasm and  
Leaving me tongue-in-cheek full of  
Shock-puckered spasms,  
You rabid dog!

At the mere untwisting  
Of your verbal crap;  
My jaw clenches!

Un-straddle your  
Lemon-wedged wit  
From my clear, half-full water glass –

Life was acidic enough from dew to dusk!  
Now I tend to the sweet nectar of the gods  
And hear that you still spin a murky cynic's malt and even sweat  
Dirty, brown.

The years I walk away,  
Farther and farther  
From your shit-eating grin,  
The more I love  
This joy I'm in; sweet anti-venom called  
"Poetry after Divorce"  
Saved me.

Renee Marie

# A Storm Without Thorns

1

Ice-rain pounds windows.  
Branches dance against cold wind-sky scratching two-pane glass.  
I, huddled naked-pretending under blankets of remembering  
you, softening life.

2

Our bodies hugged in visceral elation.  
Again, I'm wrapped-in your pulled-back, braided-up hair,  
mocha-brown eyes, smiles you just couldn't hide and your  
"hold me closer, all-night" princess cries!  
You, Drew hot, humid breath on my neck hairs in  
patterns that wiggle-round to my hard, waiting  
nipples where you gather all of me, arched-wet, into your warm, full mouth.  
We, felt surrender waltzing deeper into this offensive embrace.

3

Sensual teacher, unzipping my coats of Armor, truth lies hushed and hungry  
beneath this  
skin on skin wet when everywhere-within a smoldering heat sends this brave  
Soldier  
into attention goose-bumps  
running wild like the candle-light sprinting her slithering designs  
up those white walls,  
those naked  
curling toes claiming calf contours as far as I could go and she giggles,  
casting trust off to the dim hours we should be sleeping;  
she,  
gives-way.

4

Our "red flags" are weaker than our hunger will succumb to.  
Even blood-red roses, holding-on to life with the power of my wanting from  
which they were sent, refuse  
to die -  
We, are certain of our lustful influence!  
Together, we are the rose without thorns,  
the visceral storm as outside weather pounds  
against the panes.

© Reneé Marie

Renee Marie

# A Distant Lover Claims Me

Standing naked at the foot of the bed  
body dancing, stretching, rounding to the nearly  
wakeful-state.

Lovers, pounding routines like it was  
the first time I was just about to tongue your pearly-whites  
You wiggled and giggled arching your sexy back.

Thin glass, little sips of early-red wine,  
the essence of decadence exploding us closer to  
our lustful-state.

I hold on to barely THERE  
long enough to finish you off;  
evaporating into sheets of Egyptian Cotton heat.

What the hell,  
let's hover in this distant place  
where only the best of us undulates  
and flirtations tip-toe her finger-tips...

Never wake me when we're here!

Renee Marie

# A Miasma Of Hormones

Raging toward 50

Biology wins again never asking for my permission

even at 3am; who would allow

such interruption, the soaking of down filled pillows, the cold December on clammy skin, my own personal summer-like inferno underneath wet cotton sheets.

NO, I

did NOT give permission at this ungodly hour!

I might as well just

get up and put the stupid T.V. on again.

That

might put me in a coma. Hell, maybe I'll

go for a walk – god forbid anyone tries to attack ME;

I'll put THEM in a coma.

OH MY, what's happening?

This miasma of hormones, sweat-letting through my tired ass

has brought me to such lowness of thinking? NO, I'll

take a hot bath. NO, a cold bath. NO, a lukewarm mineral salts bath.

YES, that's it! And I'll play that overpriced Shamanic Dream CD

from the Chopra Center, sip a little glass of red wine, tie my neck up to

the spigot so I don't drown in case the wine and music and this equally

overpriced

Lavender-Spearmint Dream aromatherapy oil

puts me to sleep...

Or, I'll just lie in my puddle mess, finish that chapter in...The Punishment of Virtue

yes, that's it, read; the ultimate sleeping pill I work so hard to resist during more

delightful and untormented hours

Renee Marie

# I'm Not Your Mother's Friend

"It's an abomination        and you  
haven't even known her long enough to say  
I love you"!

I won't tell her        about the way I fall in love  
over and over a cup of tea  
or our peanut butter  
and jelly picnics.

I won't tell her about        the bottles  
of Turning Leaf Chardonnay, our  
wine glasses wobbling silly  
at the grassy edge  
of scenic overlooks  
near West Point where we giggled  
at my first salute as our tipsey eyes  
chased dragonflies

I won't tell her of our        giving-in and curling-up  
and feeling twenty-four  
instead of forty-two.

I won't tell her about        sparklers on the deck  
With Autumn moon nectar trickling  
Down our chilly throats or how she  
likes cool lips  
these cool lips  
just after feeling breathless at the touch  
of feathers 'cross her mocha belly.

No, I won't tell her        how much I desire  
her Mother  
in countless simple ways, 'cause I'd  
say it all wrong,  
tripping all over my love-sick self  
in the presence of her calculated criticism  
and perhaps reduce my expanse of joy  
to an endless defensive discourse which a  
fearful Daughter needs so much

to win.

Renee Marie

# That I Am ~ My Mantra Poem

A carousel  
whose horses aren't mindless i  
am the round n' round i  
am the up n' down  
an' my back is never unsaddled but  
jus' soon as that ol' music gets-ah-goin'  
i gets all hoofed-up  
forgets about the heaviness an' i  
sings, sings, sings.

Renee Marie



# I Pledge

I pledge allegiance  
to the path  
of world peace and social justice  
and to her people  
for which it guides...  
ONE FAMILY,  
interwoven,  
with self-determination  
and security  
FOR ALL.

Renee Marie

# Please Don't Shoot Me Today

(entering a large, Post Office after listening to an update on the "DC Area Sniper Attacks", Muhammad and Malvo and "Lose Yourself" by American rapper Eminem)

I'm beggin' you please don't shoot me today.

I'm just goin' out in a usual way; filled up with love steppin' through the door;  
I just wanna live, I got so much more to give today!

When I turn my back will you attack?

Is it YOU, or YOU, her, him or them?

Not feelin' so right? Too tired, too angry; every breath is your fight? NOT ME!

Did you "gulp-it-up", sippin' too long from the dark, lonely cup of rage;

they say "all the world is a stage", have you been played the WRONG song;

buying into the part where you get to decide who lives and who dies today?

Is it YOU, or YOU, her, him or them?

Is it in your eyes, I wish I knew for SURE what to do to live today while I enter this line just to buy stamps

and my stomach greets me with deep worry-cramps. Is this precisely the wrong time and place to feel safe?

So I'm beggin' you please, wherever you are, don't take ME there!

I work it all out with my heart, not that you care but I'm still hopin'-an-beggin' you please, DON'T shoot ME today!

I'm not toxic or sly like a fox it may seem simplistic while you've gone ballistic!  
And I - - still like to watch birds at the bath, chirping at the feeder, flying south;  
these simple things, a sanctuary in uncertainty.

GO ENJOY THE BIRDS!

Back in this line, I wonder - will your weapon of rage get crammed down my throat?

I just want to LIVE, I got BIG love to give - please don't shoot me today.



# Spirit Of Creativity

I am here,  
come knocking.  
Devour me,  
in blissful surrender  
then:  
Open my eyes,  
guide me.  
Move my hands,  
become me.  
Bring me a far,  
show me.  
Unlock my mind,  
expose me.  
Arrange my thoughts,  
eloquently.

Spirit of creativity,  
hurry,  
come knocking  
and empty this full heart.

© Reneé Marie  
2/7/78

Renee Marie

# Metaphor As Insight

Whatever esoteric thing  
One can experience  
is,  
in the end, a glimpse  
at the simple,  
concrete,  
absolute  
blink  
of  
knowing that  
no "thing"  
and every "thing"  
can explain ITself  
and "OTHERness"  
and "ONEness" and  
every word and  
no word  
can touch it (THINGS)  
but One laughs, trying  
all the same,  
to figure ITself  
out.

Renee Marie

# Poets Must Love Too

Stand and speak your truth wrapped in flesh and pulse, wounds and wonder.  
Get and give  
more of that good thing  
drenched in global, hope-filled knowing that  
everything is nothing,  
nothing is everything,  
all is one and none of this is permanent  
Poets must get some and give more, love.

© Reneé Marie 11/7/12

Renee Marie

# Breaking Up Is Only A Matter Of Time

Is it just a matter of time before our hearts break for the last time?  
Do our minds accept the truth of who we are, together or apart?  
Will we find safety in silence, this time?  
Is there a way to let go,  
to want nothing at all to change?  
Kisses are hallowing trees groaning for sun so out of reach.  
My tired limbs wander and my psyche over analyzes how  
I could draw us closer to the picture my heart knows.  
Monsters of mental madness paint us in the corner - black and blue.  
Zip-lines speed us back and forth over familiar chasms of anxiety and blame and  
then we  
halt, again and again, aching for respite on the other side, of repetition,  
repeated.  
We collide as reflexive infants rooting for milk.  
It's always just a matter of time  
before we get exactly what we want.

© Reneé Marie

8/21/12

6/28/18

Renee Marie

# Giants In A Combat Zone!

On my bunk board, conex container, room number 132, Camp Phoenix, Kabul, Afghanistan,

I found these words penned  
with a black Sharpie:

'If I have been able to see further, it was only because I stood on the shoulders of giants.'

☐ Isaac Newton.

I dare to tremble.

Later, I enter the Commander's first 'Battle Update Briefing' and take my place, shaking.

I am the one female of four company commanders.

In the BUB, I am obediently perched in my wheeled, vinyl arm chair, trying to blend in with weary Staff Officers

at the Vermont-made, heavily varnished, solid wood conference-styled table in the combat zone!

My right palm rests over the handgrip of my 9mil.

This is real and so ridiculous!

Breath is too shallow to shake anxiety off.

I tremble, knowing I may fail at feeling 'competent' for this assignment in hypocrisy!

My Power Point slides seem so elementary;

bullet points may incite laughter from the audience of so-called comrades sitting at attention around this windowless, secure plywood, Task Force Long Trail, Headquarters.

This is so trite and pompous!

None of this babble matters now and will not matter in a hundred-trillion years.

I want to see the truth even when I feel like a fraud. We serve two giants at the same time.

We speak of winning hearts and minds of the Afghan People yearning to BE free, on our terms.

We never speak of the seduction of perpetual war for profit.

'If I have been able to see further, it was only because I stood on the shoulders of giants.'

I open my briefing with the quote found written on my top bunk board, one hour



earlier,  
casually clearing my throat where my heart took-up a swelling residence ten  
minutes ago.

I am 'different' but I try not to care.  
How dare I 'care' about feeling real or comfortable  
in my own skin - in a combat zone!

For the remainder of the year, I am the dwarf;  
the 'hippie Commander of the Medical Company', feeling still like I  
must be called to do giant things  
but I haven't found the map or deciphered these cryptic messages we proselytize  
for profit.

© Renéé Marie  
December 2010

Renee Marie

# Common Discomfort

Listen up,  
stand tall,  
zip tight,  
endure all.

Breathe, but don't make it clear;  
as insides are breaking and shaking in fear.

Lighten up,  
who, me  
desperately craving  
the way to live free.

Breathe, but don't make it loud;  
as insides are screaming in a deaf-only crowd.

Lighten up,  
who, you?  
let's awaken together,  
it's all we can do.

© Reneé Marie  
2012

Renee Marie

# If I Could

What if I could slam myself into something,  
break into a million pieces, and never feel a thing.  
Could kindness be there?

What if I could look out into the world,  
bleed into a million gentle hearts, and never hurt again.  
Could kindness be there?

What if I could hold a million confusions,  
my hands dripping with thick truth, and never speak another word.  
Could kindness be there?

What if you could know how hard I try  
to want so little of anyone, to ask so little of anyone, to understand why words  
and love gets so hard to understand.  
Could kindness be there?

What if we could slam into fearlessness,  
embrace the truth of vulnerability, and never have another growing pain.  
Could kindness be there?

If only it were as easy as words typed alone, thoughts untangled alone, feelings  
accepted alone,  
and everything is bathed clean in understanding.

The words "could" and "kindness" start with the same  
phoneme yet different letters!

And happily-ever-after they did grow.

© Reneé Marie  
8/18/12

Renee Marie

# Heart Space

Please....

Don't kick me

Don't jerk me

Don't slam me

Don't hurt me.

Please....

Ask me

Invite me

Observe me

Delight me.

...Please....

Don't doubt me

Don't fear me

Just hold me

Just hear me.

Please....

BE Free to BE your most beautiful self

and I will share my best self

freely

with you.

and let's remember... "wounded" hurts and hides away but

"wonderful" is where we stay -

only as we feel it's safe

to BE our whole selves

in heart space.

Renee Marie

# Travlin' Home

I be comin' home  
with gifts from afar.  
I be comin' home -  
I are, I are.  
I be thinkin'  
'bout luck;  
our sweet honey in jar -  
...I be feelin' this luck,  
I are, I are.  
I be watchin' the clock  
while a'tappin me foot  
an' the hands move slow  
an' me heart be a hook.  
But I be comin' home  
with gifts from afar  
An' me loved ones be waitin'  
like a twinklin' star.

Renee Marie

# Ego

There is no world we can create  
without some cornerston;  
a sweet fantasy,  
a full color dream,  
so selfishly our own?  
Is there good,  
is there 'evil'  
in every episode?  
Still with hunger for perfection -  
In starvation WE exploed...  
LET EGO  
GO.

Renee Marie

# Ground Me

## Ground Me

I will place my two feet on the ground and feel my breath beyond a lover's gulping desperation.

You are ground!

I am askew with urgent wonderment, again, where breath doesn't really matter accept that I might

inhale you a little longer if you hold me wildly, present.

You are ground.

I will relax into your quiet comfort, your delights, your dreamy re-enactments of every untold desire, awakening.

You are ground.

I place my two feet on the ground even as my wings glide me ever softly, daringly, precisely - deeper into to your distant core.

You are ground.

© Reneé Marie

Renee Marie

# If

If we spoke a million words  
would we articulate the core of  
meaning

If we paint a million pictures  
will we capture the central  
theme

If we cry a million tears  
will we cleanse  
humanity

If we laugh a million full-bellied laughs  
can we make the stars  
giggle back and  
if we just listen,  
to the wind,  
will we hear the universal truths?

In sunshine,  
in moonlight,  
in perfectly imperfect possibility;  
will we give ourselves the chance  
to take a lifetime  
to try it all  
tenderly?

Renee Marie



# Drumspeak

I speak, you speak, we speak drum - on Sundays in the park, beside the roses.  
People passing speak back, first with eyes of wanting, yet fear of entering the  
universal circle of language without syllables, without dictation of meters or  
rhymes, pushes them further away.

Some pause, some enter, inch closer then choose, then hold, then rub rhythm  
sticks,  
then shake, then tap tambourine, Maracas, frame drums, Egyptian Riqq, Tar  
Drum, the Bodhran, congas, timbales, bongos, djembe, dun dun, balafon,  
timpani, snare, didgeridoo, beatbox the voicebox and then even you speak drum  
in many tongues -

Latin, Indian, African, Japanese, Fusion, Anglo  
The harmonies open wide, the hands move wildly, faster and faster  
melody is woven even in these broken beats.

The drumspeak is the heartbeat native in every soul;  
our tonal communication is won as one.

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Renee Marie

# Yuma, Arizona Border Patrol Mission - Cry Baby

On the Border Patrol mission I stole a piece  
of rusty barbed wire from God's desert.  
115 degrees, Yuma, Arizona,  
one quarter-mile south of my Army shade tent -  
the new Wall is being built.  
Self determination requires maps drawn in blood and Pesos  
and Dollars.

Nearly  
every time I hear or say  
The Pledge of Allegiance  
my heart expands and contracts and  
feeling this vacuum  
I yield to tears breaking free  
and the Earth Flag waves-in all the other  
colors  
languages  
hopes

On this rusted, twisted metal; D.N.A. chants  
a heart song. I couldn't just leave it there -  
their history - without even a grave.  
I squeeze and bleed and listen and rewrite  
the World Pledge to include  
Everyone.

Some say I'm too sensitive to  
be an Army Officer  
Too honest  
Too expansive  
Too idealistic;  
a "Cry Baby", just because I tear-up for Pledges of Allegiance to  
dignity,  
no vengeance.  
To peace,  
no privilege.

I want to wear this two-inch barbed wire around my neck  
with my Dog Tags but I'll get cut or tetanus and damage

Government Property.

(First published in Sacramento Poetry Center's Poetry Now, Fall, 2008 Journal)

Renee Marie

# Gulping

Place my two feet on the ground,  
feel my breath  
beyond a  
lover's gulping  
desperation ~

I am askew  
with wonderment  
again ~  
Breath doesn't matter  
accept that I might inhale you a little  
longer if you can hold me  
wildly, present.

When will I  
relax into your  
comfort,  
your delight,  
your dreamy  
re-enactments  
of every desire, unmet,  
awakening us.

When will I place my two feet  
on the ground even as my wings  
glide me ever softly,  
urgently,  
hopefully,  
daringly,  
intentionally -

to your core.

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Renee Marie

# Frissons D'Amour

If  
I am silent -  
will it ever matter?

If I am well read -  
but silent;  
will my cognitive prowess  
emanate?

If I am silent -  
will anyone see  
my heart's IQ?

If I don't care;  
who cares?

If I am silent -  
will I know myself better  
against any volume  
of bantering  
nonsense?

In silence, perhaps there are more  
shivers of tenderness  
undulating -  
more  
frissons d'amour  
tingling  
ever so faint  
but will we  
ever know?  
2008

Renee Marie

# Toxic Pond

For Christ's sake, please  
don't tell me about our polluted planet again!  
I need to hear the train whistle,  
church bell chorus, noon-time town siren,  
and flip these veggieburgers.  
Please don't ask me to watch the news:  
Torn oil tankers, war's bloody wastelands,  
Katrina's millions of home improvement  
project liquids leaking into every pore of Mother Earth. Now,  
my bubbling bio-pond,  
soothing organic garden plot,  
Vermont barbecue moment  
screams back at me:  
'Radical simplicity is not just  
another tofu-eating, grass skirt-wearing  
wind energy-buying, neo-feminist,  
metro-sexual fucking  
bumper sticker!  
Walk-the-talk, poet, or fall  
into a dirty, toxic sleep  
where even dreams are acid rain  
on butterfly's wings, and dandelion wishes  
are blown-up in smoke-worlds.'  
I turn glassy-eyed, in slow motion, away from this familiar  
inner monologue only long enough to ask in monotone:  
'Would you pass the pickles, please? '

Renee Marie

# Privileged Palettes ((Happy, Starving Artists))

Those I know  
who don't 'clock-in'  
that doodle or dream  
at home within  
whipped cream worlds  
where words engage  
slippery minds with stretched  
canvas  
or pristine page,  
they float  
across the rooms  
and parking lots  
and crowded streets  
and stand in lines  
that take too long  
and they keep breathing  
way down deep  
as if  
no clock  
had ever  
ticked  
at all.

Renee Marie

# Death To Tears

A lachrymose sentimentality mourns over  
the intensifying acrimonious political wars dividing our  
United States of America.

The Libtards are exploding with rageful empathy.  
Republicons fill the swamp with a new, toxic sludge, daily.

No one and everyone is up to bat-away  
at our more perfectly bruised and bleeding union.

Cowboys in Washington  
cannot synthesizes a substance called pain.  
Anarchy is the demand for self-determination.  
Here, all the man-up gunslingers  
and gold-diggers open-carry their own brand of AltWhite entitlement!

On Capitol Hill, lacrimation is starved to death,  
suctioned dry yet swollen on insults rich in silver spoon.

I am drunk on WOKE ~ so utterly lachrymose that I've taken out  
flood insurance on myself!  
I practice laughing so I don't forget how.  
I watch my own back, a closeted agnostic, social humanist who came out of the  
Lesbian closet decades ago!

The religious war against reasonability is profitbound!  
The &quot;He-Gods&quot; have had their chance.  
Cries of the world are groping blindly toward safe,  
level ground all too sequestered by the moral cliffs of clever hypocrites.

I gather and blend screams of vivid, global tongue  
hoping to hurl them deep into the core of ancient articulations.  
Cowboys sling slogans and gruesome sights of beheadings to curse dissenters  
back into barren crouched hearts bearing no apologetic compromise.

I am drunk on WOKE and long to wake them from  
their comatose discomfort!

EXTRA, EXTRA, READ ALL ABOUT IT;



the Nation empowers stagnation  
silencing just indignation  
counting on the sheep to force-feed you sleep  
on a lullaby, work-a-day lie.

They hemmed and hawed  
anthems of false conclusions;  
"Sons of Bitches" ALL  
and they painted the towns in Red, White and Blue and tried to etch  
"MAGA" all over me and you!  
But WOKE IS THE POKE that proves you're called  
beyond the rant and rave from the tribal cave  
clamoring for Trickle-Down crumbs of redistribution  
strangled restitution, deliberate confusion  
as those cowboys ride the raging bull  
The Sons of Bitches are plentiful and we don't sleep!

Do cowboys always get what they want,  
regardless?  
Is there no higher ground,  
to find our level ground,  
to stand upon?

Trails where we cried,  
are lined with men who only want to dominate with  
White-washed cronies who never sweat  
or shed anything but thick,  
black, fossilized control only meant to lubricate their square wheels  
of progress for profit we still consume;

Comfort and distress,  
comfort and distress;  
cycles of crazed humanness!  
I'd still rather be drunk on WOKE  
than rest.

EXTRA, EXTRA, READ ALL ABOUT IT;  
Pass the tissue  
then vote  
your issue  
it's all that we have left!

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6/25/18

Renee Marie

# Her Hands

She  
has hands  
that shoot  
moonbeams  
of comfort  
into  
sleepy  
cold  
Earth  
where peppers grow  
sweet

She  
has hands  
that cradle  
dreams  
into  
rock-a-bye baby  
mother me  
where life's knots will go  
untied  
and drip away  
through  
tired eyes  
and volumes  
of "thank you".

She  
has hands  
I want to massage  
until they get their fair rest  
but her hands  
are the best.

Renee Marie

# Honey Is A Drone's Vomit

I'll never forget her  
carefully guarded lethargy and  
verbal repertoire:

"Well, I'll charge your insurance company  
and, at the end of each fifty minute session,  
you'll pay me ten dollars. It's all very simple".

Her tired eyes drift behind dark Indian lids.  
It felt so capitalistic, flimsy, yet strangely  
seductive; her, stroking my artificial  
super-ego, luring my mind  
to drip through her  
four-color pen in shorthand, I presume!  
My introduction was precise.  
I'm quite self-assured in my cognitive fortress.

"I know what I want but I'm restless".

I told her how my newest Cinderella  
rammed her glass slipper in my mouth  
and left me spewing shock like chewing  
shards of broken glass.

"Sometimes",

she offered on our second visit from high eyes  
over black rimmed glasses  
balanced half-way down  
her profit sniffing, upward tipping PhD nose –

☐.you string words together like pearls".

Just then, I knew, with the deepest clarity,  
no matter how sweet,  
no matter how many more Cinderellas break  
my heart  
I'd never go  
back

to 'therapy'.

Renee Marie

# Water On Water

From a backyard in Fair Haven,  
Vermont,  
a long, distant train whistle feels  
like water sliced thin by my  
all-day skipping  
stone thoughts. My  
restful,  
lazy,  
summertime, train-whistle thoughts that go  
jumping and skimming and sinking  
finally into starry night air  
weightless. I exhale in-sync like  
water  
on  
□ water. Like restful,  
lazy after soft rain still lake-water.  
Early morning, early night, long-fading, sweet train whistle  
evaporates  
time.

Renee Marie

# Good Morning Neolithic, Triune Brain-Boy

Good morning Neolithic, triune brain-boy  
looking into the backyard reflective pool  
because you choose to!

Are you satisfied with all  
that you see and  
if you close your eyes  
and remain crouched there  
in huddled stillness

while soft wind  
names you "real"  
because you sense her and

if you listen to sun call you  
"turn to face me squarely, child";

will there be something more  
to long for?

As intimately deep with exploding life  
a backyard is, you  
my son, are equally inimical  
to peace

yet so capable,  
I hallucinate.

So, will you be leaning-in,  
feeding pollywogs,  
throwing-up all over your self?

Drink a little sunshine boy,  
while it's still free.

Renee Marie

# Public School Pain

Public school pain  
Wipe my brow in vain  
Each day bleeds the same  
Kids act-out, insane!  
Heavy hearts with shame  
    Hey Miss, daddy's in jail  
    mommy just got out  
    Auntie beat her kids-up

And you should have no doubt  
We know what it's about  
The great divide in America  
Where the movers with access  
Run from families with too less  
Blame whom for their lack  
Of taking some little piece of pride back  
Blame everyone for giving-up?  
We beg the Lord to 'pass this cup'  
Yes, I too am tired of putting-up  
walls around my heart beg to shut  
    Hey Miss, I need money for lunch and  
    did you know I set myself on fire  
    'cause my baby brother died, see, I'm  
    no liar

Working in the trenches is tearing us apart  
Where do we start?  
I'm even tired of pain's dirty smell  
Dirty clothes and mouths that tell  
The stories so well, so matter-of-fact  
How many kids have already been cracked  
Beyond repair!  
This is public school pain  
Come get to know America's despair

I urge the pencil-pushing powerhouses  
To come on in and clean their houses  
It's really not fair



This public school pain  
Where each day bleeds the same!  
Now give the kids another 'test'  
Let's see them do their best.

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Renee Marie

# Terry's Black Skirt

Terry, sweet Terry,  
you darling dancing flirt;  
you glide up and down  
in that slit black skirt!

Oh Terry, sweet Terry,  
your eyes scintillate.

You smile; never frown as you  
negotiate!

Terry, dear Terry, I know you  
never shall seem worn 'cause

no matter what the cost,  
sweet self thy shall adorn! Yes,

swaying and waltzing, and  
primping with such glee then

teaching to be 'lady-like', she gave  
the skirt to me!

Oh Terry, dear Terry;  
I wonder if you knew

your slit black skirt  
is just a closet billet-doux.

Renee Marie

# Fountain Tableau

I know to seek falling water  
or float in deep sleepy states  
with crystal awareness,  
my face tipped skyward to sunbeams,  
mysterious balm,  
kissing, healing  
the tiniest wounds.  
Naked, centered,  
I interpret the language of roses;  
bold, blood-red roses  
rambling free round and round  
my fountain feet.  
All that I need is here.

see the companion pastel drawing here: [http:  
//writingretreats.org/Journal/Journal\\_Four/mariem.htm](http://writingretreats.org/Journal/Journal_Four/mariem.htm)

Renee Marie

# Saved By Our Forgetting

Seared.

Sore.

My brain, that is!

Thinking so damn hard;  
my shocked jaw still so low,  
makes the Grand Canyon look  
like a puddle!

Why do I have only some  
of the answers?

I forge ahead not  
to feel you knotted still  
in me.

Seared.

Sore with thinking no thought  
can explain  
my heart's rummages  
for the quickest forgetting.  
How I loved us so.

Renee Marie

# Spring Is Coming

I was simply where I had to be today,  
nothing more and plenty less than my best.  
I'm a bit sick with fermenting dreams souring my smile.  
I was where I had to be today; auto-pilot got me there  
and landed me safely back to bed, holding a warm bowl of 'Chicken Noodle 'I  
Love You' and  
'Everything Will be Okay' and  
this spring I will garden again,  
alone.

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Renee Marie

# Every Forest Cries

Flip silk pages but  
they were once young, hungry trees  
now soaked with black worlds

Renee Marie

# This Twin Bed Feels So Huge

Hello hallow night  
right here  
in the middle  
of my heavy heart  
darkening hope  
that the lonely seconds will dance swiftly  
toward a bright tomorrow  
when wild abandon winds us back  
to the beginning  
of hello  
and our eyes water-up  
with deepening affectionate laughter.

Renee Marie

# Still Soft

My journey  
knows to seek falling water.  
Still, soft, sensual inside centering;  
she floats in a deep sleepy state  
with crystal-clear awareness.  
Satisfaction holds eyes closed.  
Face glows tipped skyward  
inviting sunbeams to carress  
the tinest wounds  
through floods of mysterious  
balmy warmth.  
Speechless,  
still, soft, sensual inside centering;  
she interprets the language of roses.  
Bold, blood-red roses ramble free 'round  
and 'round her fountain feet  
and all that she needs is here.

Renee Marie



# Radical Wrong In The Classroom Of Compliance

Prepped in perfect privilege  
Entrance here is gained  
Honor rules of 'etiquette'  
From challenge, we'll abstain

Posture brow and jaw  
No furrow nor clench be seen  
Neutral here, we learn  
Zip-lipped though minds be keen

Some err ~ a pompous flex;  
'enlightened' egos teach  
And stamp their student puppets,  
An 'A' we're left to seek

For you have made it plain  
Oh Far-Right demigod  
We'll not dual principles  
Nor dialogue to clog

Just keep things running smooth  
Our master never bore  
Your brilliance blinding me  
I grope and bow some more

Fierce swaying Left and Right  
My balance never won  
Eighty-thousand later  
The cap to air is flung

Truth be told just once  
The world had hoped of Thee  
A tug-o-war might here yield  
A Citizen out of me

But you serve me on a platter  
And here at last I stand  
To whom then will it matter  
That compliance made this man?

Reneé Marie

Renee Marie