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PARADOX

PRESENTS

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I.

Erasing from your net of nerves
all distractions of despair and stress
can be as effortless as spouting
roses from your finger tips.

Life's just a trick the boxer said, a sleight
of thought, a nimble here and there, easy as kids can make
skipping seem like flying.
Old age boring through your life

cannot compete with happy bafflements
spinning lilacs from the snow, even the animal
sadness of being hated, the dizzy sweats of a life
you love and cannot help, that tips you over day after day,

cannot compete with the alchemy of chance that makes
the mortality of every moment so much more than enough.

II.

The junk store twirls and sparks with stars, becomes
a myth of the marvels of plenty.

Toasters, highboys, creamers, owl and pussy cat

salt and pepper shakers, costume treasures worth a ransom of
candy,
dented pots and stained pans, worn tools like gorgeous hands, long
stemmed
ashtrays, loved toys of every kind cascade

like diamonds, wishes, pearls from Ali Baba's cave.
Cranes call loud enough, sometimes, to wake the dead
end in us so sunlight startles us like dawn escaping through

orange nasturtiums on the window sill without a moral,
and you see your own wild eyes as lights in an empty place
on the map of night and know where you are at last.

Being found is as simple as losing your place. And in the meantime,
every moment is so much more than enough.

III.

Slick river stones round as caressing,
hawks swooping, we know, for mice who might
escape out of sight, haters turned into dust
devils like tornados drooping
into soggy drafts, our neural net of stars
can change their constellations

faster than surprise; breathing in and out
amazes us as much as the warm, sweet, mulled
missingness we feel in the absence of the fear of death;
around our brains the star rose and heavens of the angels of our
lives,
those magicians of sweet luck who give us to ourselves because
they love us only as we are, their gifts to us are like

choirs of laughter from worn kids who sense
every moment is so much more than enough.

IV.

Pain dominates our neural nets,
it's usefulness, like fear's, is undisputed.
We're alerted, and we might survive
in this sumptuous place where living means
eating other life, where what we most adore

cyclones into trash on vacant seas,
where loving can expire in killing so preposterously vast
no can one remember why, where germs use us as food,
where weather in its normal flux
can obliterate our cache, our citadels, our temples

like blowing dust from stones. Is this some kind of hell,
the magician of paradox a devil in a cheap disguise? No, it's just
a trick of fact. We see through it when we sense that every moment
is all there is and so much more than enough, if we just believe it.

V.

The inside makes the outside every time.
Cats billowing with silly speed, or slow like cold honey on the prowl,
bat bones so perfectly uplifting in the sheerness of their beauty that
bats can fly,

being childish with our pleasure, under penalty of death,
we thrive on what the Rule of Food, that ball and chain of all eating
all,
finds quite superfluous: the cosmic triviality of happiness and feeling
good,

which lurks more secret and ever present just behind our luck
than all the normal wickedness of fear and blank disaster known by
pain.
Once we learn the trick, that sub atomic particles combine and so
relate

to create a planet or a thought, that love is a property of life
which is itself a property of light, that we are made of the same
space time in which the cosmos now unfurls, we know that even
though

our time is smaller than a single now, an only once, that every mo-
ment
in the miracle of minds and stars is so much more than enough.

For Jim