



ODE TO MORTAR AND BRICKS

Is the path of my soul known
only to me?
She, who walks the labyrinth
inside, shall find the key,
Where the trees, the
mountains, and rivers run
(They stop for no one)
But me!

For I am my own holy grail,
knights templar, secret
treasure's tale
With diamonds for my eyes
Those twinkling gems like
bemused kaleidoscopes
Epitomize:
A pattern of my love.

I vow to rebuild the interior
castle.
Joyfully and with obedience
do I descend,
Into the dirty muck, knee
deep, with sweated brow
To sing and dance with all
creatures;
Dragons, monsters, golden
cows.

"Calling all whirling
dervishes," I will cry.
The angels and marching
elephants will finally unify,
Heaven and earth
Just for me!

So come you holy fools, you
serious souls,
You tragic tricksters and wily
coyotes!
You masters and margaritas,
reflecting mirrors of the
projecting order,

You divine comedians,
awkward mixers, and
numinous knowers!
You fraggle rocks and
archetypes!
And all you sanctifying tooters
of your own horns,
I Want You!

Flying foxes and umbrella
swingers,
Sweet and sour, cotton candy,
soul minglers,
I entreat you,
To revel with me
To Live, love, laugh, spoon
and fork
With me!

To Sing Wonder's music in
unison
With me
Until the very day that I am
you.
And you
Are me.

—Shoshana Lev