

## Dear Healing Walk,

Some believed we were fairies.  
It's true we were gay, but we hadn't  
yet developed wings.  
We had lots of problems, and they made us  
fly.

We enrolled in Love School.  
The classes were very demanding.  
And I'm not talking about sex.  
Sex was the easy part.

But after we touched, we started  
to love, and then there was so much,  
piles of homework.

We flew over the Tar Sands.  
I saw my cousin in a Hazmat suit shovelling gravel.  
Another cousin was a dead dummy  
guarding a tailing pond--to keep the geese away.  
We were bound in prayer, the dead cousin and I.  
The living cousin saw it all as a job  
until her breast gave way  
to cancer.  
Then she prayed with us in the form of sugar

poured into a pipeline.  
My new dead cousin called my cell  
with opinions and onion breath.  
In the afterlife there is only yesterday.  
A scowl where a breast once was.

We biked back to the toxic beach  
and took off our clothes.

If you really want to know  
we too  
were already considered dead  
but still had a little  
patience and six good hours  
of sleep.  
Six hours in a tent--  
waking to cold coffee and ravens,  
the lake and the drums.

## Rhapsodic Trip

We tripped the CEO;  
he was late and bruised  
to the meeting.  
Yet they can't be classified as "terrorists,"  
seeing as we never see them  
outside a suit or a boardroom  
where they detonate suicide belts  
and rise in smoke  
to form another corporation  
out at sea, beyond the spills,  
riding to their islands  
on oily dolphins.

Here in the city, good company  
of thieves and skaters, bicyclists  
believing in microbrew.

Someone down the block without a watch  
building a stone wall  
in the rain  
asks the time.

Wake o'clock, brother.