



INTRODUCTION

The brightest light comes
from the darkest night
if we will walk
through the shadows



FOREWORD

Join me
in the story
that changed
my life
imprisoned me
for years

Know that
only
when I began
to shine light
share my story
did my healing begin

Join me
in celebration
of my journey
of transformation
made possible
by love and light



DEAR READER

Read these words
in a candlelit cave
with your fingertips
or by a flashlight
in a closet with
your eyes closed

My words are for you
dear reader and
they will change us
if we allow
the transformation
from soul to soul

ISSUES OF INTIMACY

This morning
I walk a mile around the house
wash dishes/clothes/windows
open bills/while
horses and cattle wander
the pasture next door I herd and
corral dust bunnies/mop
floors/vacuum rugs/water
flowers/take a shower
wash my hair/ponder what to wear
running from my words

I begin three verses three times
chase remnants of a dream
research/think/re-
think as clouds
of memories escape
into the ether of afternoon
running from the mind fields
of the golden pasture





DURING

In the dark and dead of night
at the Hells Angels camp
I am trapped in a trailer terrified
lying on a bed being eaten
by one Angel after another
with at least ten more
waiting at the door
I am aware of funky smells
scruffy beards scuzzy hair
filthy Levi's leathers chains
buck knives jack boots

They have instructions
to eat me because
I have the curse
a blood rite in reverse
One Angel says
"If you try to run
we'll kill you!"
Another Angel says
as he sucks out my blood
"Go on admit it
it feels good
you like it!"





Inside

/

die



After I swallow the reds
my friend and I
thumb a ride
back to the city
The reds come on
and my life
s l o w s d o w n
as we stand along
HWY 101
and a cop stops
picks us up and says
"You can't hitchhike
on this highway, girls!"
I sit in the back seat
Stetson hat in hand
with two more reds
hidden behind
the beaded hat band
I toy with the idea of telling
but my fear of Angel rage
is stronger than the law
so I am silent for twenty years
I swallow my secret
with another red
will my body dead
kill my feelings



So my small self
wanders in those dark woods
in tears too scarred and scared
with fears to hear
or heed the call for years
to tell my tale

ALTAMONT

(AKA: Woodstock West)

Decade is dying
Angels are too high
Stage is too low
We are too cold
too jacked up too spun out
too weary of waiting
for the Stones to sing



When dark descends
they take the stage
begin to play

Suddenly

Jagger in his devil shirt
stops singing
stares into the crowd
as an Angel thrusts
a knife
into the back
of a black man
in a lime green pimp suit
with a gun/holding a gun/pointing a gun

300,000 people and I
simultaneously
take one step back
up a hill
in a human wave of

pandemonium



VOICES

*To the person in the bell jar,
blank and stopped as a dead baby,
the world itself is a bad dream.*

—Sylvia Plath, *The Bell Jar*

BUCK KNIFE

What else can I do
as you prepare the pie
not the kindest cut
into the V
between your thumb
and index finger
Mount of Venus
and Line of Mars



snap shut
soft flesh
bitten and still
you don't wake up
smell the Angels'
blood lust
just over the horizon

ACTOR

Street theater
is my life game
I changed my name
became part of the Free Family
now live on and off the land

in the fool's school
a Marin County commune
overflowing with women
children artists drifters
druggies wanna-be-Angels
all involved in a life experiment
a counter-culture statement
against the suburban nightmare



choosing life on our terms
winging it at the end of this decade
of change and upheaval but
the experiment is failing
and I am dueling
with my drug demons
my lover and my libido
She is just another pretty lady
a warm body to love for a moment
She says no to my overtures

She wants to get home
see her old man in jail
She takes a ride with a stranger
The driver is up to no good
I know but I say nothing
I too fear Angel rage
and retribution

DRIVER

I can be an Angel
if I pass this test
Late at night
I drive to the commune
to find a woman
for the Red Wings Ritual
"Don't come back without one!"

These chicks want
a ride back to the city
I'm trolling for a fish
and I hook two!
One is a stranger
One is a friend and
with one look
we cut a deal
for her silence



As I drive west
into the woods
instead of south
into the city
the stranger senses trouble
tries to escape
when we stop
at a coffee shop
I grab her leg
force her to stay
Then wild-eyed
paralyzed with fear
she sees too late the trap
I drive to the camp
deliver my catch
get my reward

FRIEND

I am a hippie chick
with a heroin habit
I came to the free farm
for a few days
to get away from
the gritty city
and where have
all the flowers gone?
Have there ever
been any flowers
except poppies for me?
Do you think
I've ever recovered from
my childhood burn trauma?
I'm scarred
from neck to knees
with swirls of skin
shaped like waves or flames
Should I blame my mom
for that crepe paper
Halloween dress from Hell?



Where did I get matches
at that age?
Somehow my mother knew
I was on fire
found me in the woods
and saved my life
That's when I learned to love
those pain-killing drugs

Tonight
jonesing out here
on the outskirts of nowhere
I just need some junk
So I trade my girlfriend's
body for a fix better
than trading my own again

POET

I am a belly dancer
beaded jewelry maker
beat girl bard Buddhist
flower power poet
famous for my erotic
exotic love poems
unhappy now
since descending
into the dark world
of the Hells Angels
I am sorry
I can't save her
can only soothe her pain
with sedatives
after the Red Wings Ritual
I must follow my sweet lover
willy-nilly tumbling down
into the underworld
of fallen Angels flying fists
fast Harleys and
I am rapidly coming
to the end of my run



FLIGHT INTO LIGHT

My work in prisons for thirty years
reflects my self-imposed lock-up
Even though the cage door is open
I see shadows of the bars
on the window shade
How this jail bird wants to be free
to take flight toward the light



QUEST

Seeking sacred truth and beauty
even from profane secrets
I often travel to the dark side
searching for the light
Just look at my life
Oh sure I have been in therapy
in 1965 during my turbulent twenties
with a Scottish psychiatrist
who had trained with Jung
in 1976 living with a young daughter and aging parents
with a marriage and family therapist
in 1987 after divorcing an abusive addict
and single-parenting a teen
with a clinical social worker



since 1994 after surviving brain surgery
and asking the question
"Why am I still here? What is my purpose?"
with a transformational psychologist
who assists people to discover
or recover their creative identity
in personal or group sessions
and guides small groups
on Dream Quest Expeditions
to Central America
to study the ancient and interact
with the modern Mayan civilization
Of course he knows all my secrets and stories
In 1995 on a trip to Guatemala
he suggests "Write the story of your rape"
I say "I will NEVER share this experience"
He says "Oh yes you will
this is your historical research"



On a later trip he says
"Tell your story of transformation
through pain and suffering
of shining light into the darkness of your soul
to free you from the prison of silence and shame
to flower your creative expression
from the heart of the universe
through the wisdom of possibilities
You can live a larger life and be of service to others"
Oh I have written on other subjects
but these poems always interfere
and demand to be done
I have alternately worked on and
run from these verses for years

