

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

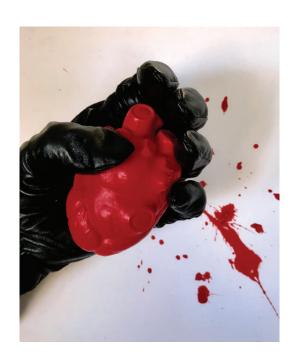
My words are for you dear reader and they will change us if we allow the transformation from soul to soul

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/rethink as clouds of memories escape into the ether of afternoon running from the mind fields of the golden pasture

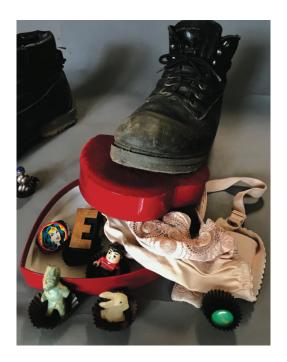




DURING

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!"







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After I swallow the reds my friend and I thumb a ride back to the city The reds come on and my life slows down 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
all involved in a life experiment
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
with my drug demons
She is just another pretty lady
She says no to my overtures

She wants to get home see her old man in jail 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 right
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

