

Earthquakes

Earthquakes of uncontrollable anger,
blood-boiling rage,
turning my face various shades
of red and pink.

Huffing and puffing,
and crying hot tears
which roll down my cheeks.

It has happened over the years,
earthquakes of stupendous joy,
of wondrous changes,
transformation of the self,
of my identity.

Love lost and found
across the landscapes
of concrete and bars,
like cool, sweet, juicy grapes.

Earthquakes in Pakistan,
geopolitical spectrums
from Washington D.C. to Japan
are erupting and shaking.

The world is on the brink
of war and mass destruction.
Too much hatred and violence,
we need more positive production.

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Earthquakes of consciousness,
spiritual and political.
As I read and think
and pray to unknown deities
I don't know what's next,
but I hope it's something good.
We should all pause and think
of what it be and what it should!

Do you feel any earthquakes?