



# Music She Hears

The ocean sounds like jazz  
with all its noises,  
some flow as liquids; the saxophone  
is a stream of smooth sound and wild rivers,  
the raging rapids that shake are from a trumpet  
or hearty heart,  
while the bass is steady straight and narrow  
to calm souls on troubled waters,  
as an unpredictable curve comes next  
from a trombone's slide,  
and the tight drum beats as the waterfall hits  
the bottom with a splash of sound.

The music can be beauty when it flows together,  
enabling her to sing in harmony.

## Jackie as a Butterfly

Felt like I had paper thin wings twitching  
as a tiny insect, kept  
in a jar for years being fed sweet things every day,  
it seemed, then released on stage to breathe freedom:  
I was me and the earth opened up like a hand unfolded  
telling me secrets in a tick-tock of the clock;  
I could see the colors of life  
on a stage of black and white  
as horizons came and went.

The sun, orange in melting away to start anew,  
then sunburn bruised the tender wings  
of my heart, turning crimson  
till the night. I rest.

To the tops of theatres my voice climbs to the sky:  
These memories will I chase with gentle winds  
that carry me into the future.  
Will my heart pump the blood of desire to sing  
and flutter full of sweetness for all who want to hear?  
Will I fly to other flowers on earth  
to spread my sounds of love?

## Above it All

This song bird drinks silky milk for her throat  
as her vocal cords are happy of sound;  
she is like the lyrics of the song she sings.  
She makes wings of her white sheets in her  
night bed of dreams, and flies on notes here and there,  
this and that, and even friendly ghosts hear  
her voice and come to touch her hair,  
dancing in the dark world of night.

Her midnights of dark cannot hurt her,  
as she knows the sun will shine on sunny days of song;  
life is not always pink peaches and sweet cream,  
but also, small stones on the path  
of her, at times, windy journey.  
It is not one still picture frame of time  
as the moments disappear in memories, dissolving  
in violent winds that silence her.  
Singing as if an orchid in a bouquet of flowers,  
She cherishes the notes of her song like day and night:  
this song bird will fly and trump all...  
and sing above it all.



## Jackie's Vacation

Her thoughts are an ocean  
that she simply cannot fathom into words:  
sand between her fingers, sun in her eyes,  
then gone with the tide. No matter how hard  
she tries to express all those pent-up emotions,  
she ends up building sandcastles that crumple,  
never a masterpiece that withstands  
the test of time;  
a note-book gathering dust, a swirl of emotions  
gone in an instant and not a single idea to write,  
but in the autumn crisp air  
she will get a second wind  
and write some songs.

# Safe Land

Does Jackie sometimes think she is  
up the river with no paddle?  
The ebb and tide of uncertainty crash upon her life  
to the shores of her mind, where once  
it was calm sailing on untroubled waters;  
but now, it begins to rumble from the dark  
deep passions, causing uneasiness in her inner core:  
it wants to overtake her with unkind thoughts.

Will she make it to safety of mind and heart,  
or be carried out into troubled waters?  
She thinks, and questions herself in the  
unfair midst of misty turmoil.  
With uncertainty, she will carry on to shore,  
better for it, and, indeed,  
land safe.

# Let's Call Her Jackie

A young girl of 16 goes to a ranch of sick kids:  
let's call her Jackie.

She wants to learn of life,  
she wants to help children feel loved,  
but at the end of a week the sick kids made her feel loved.  
She witnessed miracles she never thought possible  
as she learned how to love; she believes this place  
to be a magical camp; she held up a boy to let him  
pet a goat that made him happy;  
she went on a coaster ride with a boy with cerebral palsy  
who said, "I am not afraid", in his cute voice,  
and then they went on a zip line ride in a special chair:  
he looked and felt as flying in the sky with  
the biggest smile of all.

She meets a ten-year-old boy with cancer  
and she looks into his pure blue eyes of fear of tomorrow;  
she sings to him, "What Makes You Beautiful", by One Direction;  
she would swing his arms in a dancing motion;  
she knew this boy needed love, for, with no hair,  
kids at school may treat him differently;  
she knows somewhat of that herself.

One boy had no legs and would tell people he always  
wanted to be a standup comic;  
he wanted no pity.

When Jackie returned home, she felt a little different,  
as now she has an appreciation of her health more;  
she wishes more teens could experience the healing  
power in these children who are having fun in their lives,  
and, in turn, she has learned valuable lessons  
about love, and the magic of living life to the fullest  
and of changing lives forever.  
Indeed, a magical day for all.

# The Opposite of Exercise

The opposite of exercise  
Is sleeping late, which isn't wise,  
Ben Franklin said. He must be right,  
He exercised by candlelight  
Each morning and was rarely ill,  
And on the \$100 bill  
He still looks great, I hear. Why spend  
A day in bed? – fill your agenda  
Like Franklin did, with self-improvement,  
Beginning with some healthy movement:  
A fourteen-mile morning run.  
Be sure to wake me when you're done.

## On a Cliffside

Overlooking the ocean, she sings  
as foamy waves from the ebb and tide  
of untroubled waters rush in,  
to try to lick her feet.

Sea gulls fly above in a soaring circle  
over this lovely sound from this beauty of a human;  
a friendly hawk is also seen, blue skies and blue hues  
melt onto soft drifting sands.

Hush. She is singing as white, happy, puffy clouds pass  
slowly over her as to listen: gentle breezes touch  
her hair so lightly, and her face is pink as a salmon.  
Her harmonizing flushes human tears  
for a wedding day.

The view is for Queens and Kings, and her voice  
they hunger for more.

The tones reach faraway seas in time,  
but this time, “go time” is for Jackie  
and the “only time” ... on a cliffside.

