

castles in the sand

they say my name comes from alexander, as in
great warrior destined to conquer life's battles
but i say my name comes from the sea
sun-lit crystals born of ocean pounding rock,
filtered blue and aqua light, salty sailing wind
conjuring shades of soft sky, translucent stone, distant mountains
this house i live in, as fragile as undulating waves

when spoken correctly my name can be music,
toning, dancing in the sunrise, singing operettas to the moon
my name means faithful lover and caring mother
freedom bird from a latina rainbow
a tumbling merengue
wildflowers in the green garden, the flight of a wing
sometimes my name means peaceful calm in the hurricane's eye,
a hermit withdrawn from the one-thousand things,
the zen of quiet wondering,
the azo of yellow, the alizarin of crimson
a giant heart filled with the imprint of many names
the lush rain forest,
the rushing river through this mysterious earth.

my name is nothing like the sounds of battles,
guns blasting or bombs bursting in air.
not a warrior who chooses the fight
but a healer with magic hands and juju words
that ring deep in your inner ear
picking up pieces to make us whole with the wealth of ourselves.

there are no ghettos here hustling fast-talking illusions for sale,
no dark uniforms strapped aside the threat of bullets

my name is the dark forest where doves roost
and tree frogs sing lullabies at dusk,
it is gentle and precious
like a newborn,
a glass of water
a small speck of life ever changing form
a chameleon you almost don't see
unless you are ready to embrace the image of love
reflected in the mirror.