

Poems

from Bardo & Becoming

Leisha Douglas, Ph.D.

Editor's note: Leisha Douglas Ph.D., the Media Editor of the *Hakomi Forum* has counseled adults, adolescents and couples for over 25 years, as well as supervised therapists. She is a Certified Hakomi Therapist and Teacher, Transactional Analyst, and Yoga teacher. She has offices in Manhattan and Katonah, N.Y., and also works internationally in the French West Indies, and as a staff member of Cap Jaluca's Mind/Body Program in Anguilla, British West Indies. She has a lifelong interest in writing poetry and fiction. Her poems have been anthologized and published in journals, including the e-zine, *The Ginbender Poetry Review*. She has co-directed the Katonah Poetry Series along with poet Billy Collins. In this offering, she shares three poems from her collection *Bardo & Becoming*. One may contact Leisha at Tel: (914) 232-4397 or e-mail Leilil@aol.com

Photoplay

Bed is now a satin and down burrow.
As a child, I practiced dying every night
bound in a tightly made bed
while the walls compressed.
I learned to hold them back with concentration
until consumed by fatigue I slept.
To wake each morning was a surprise

With moon and candle light,
this bedroom becomes a sacred chamber.
I float through scenes
peopled by strangers and friends
or drop into blessed amnesia

Here imagination modifies truth.
Communication is from uncensored sources –
parables of my life mixed
with anxiety, hope and cinematic effects
by some semipsychotic artist of the underground
who waits for unconsciousness
to show her latest feature film

Danse Leviathan

Whales leapt around
the craggy peninsula of Grand Cul de Sac.
They flung themselves one by one
in their bizarre ballet.

In the blue evening,
we all leaned on the porch railing.
The children screamed “les baleins” and pointed.
The adults silently exalted as
each huge dancer went a point then arced
into an explosion of turquoise froth.

Each ensuing day,
whenever doubt and concern
disfigured the dear faces of friends,
I prayed for numinous black monoliths
to lunge up from azure waves
beyond the jagged volcanic hills.

The Listener's Audition

(for Richard Tillinghast)

Night slurs or magnifies sound.
Cars whisper along the tarmac.
Moths patter against screens.
Heartbeats become percussion.

Beyond all this,
there is a constant palpable throb.
Perhaps it is God's eye
which has yet to close,
awake for eons
and still fascinated with
all the permutations of Self.

But I am an errant child
who continually strays from a schoolroom
into daydreams where what is here now
is ignored or remade.
Then the great hand
lightly pins me to the bed
and startles me awake to listen.