

# *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](mailto: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.