



Catharsis: Soul's Seasonal Lament

In loving memory of Jenna and Rachel [22 Oct 2011].

*There are no words to explain such loss, only words
intended to comfort the hearts of those in disbelief. </3*

Jenifer DeBellis

The last auras of an early autumn
blend into nothing more than a rusted
patina palette. Leaves reduce down
to a skeletal parchment of what was
once vibrant as they fade (as flowers
must also fade and fall away) from
glory to glorious glory. Sometimes
seasons shift out of turn or the story
jackknives, bobbing upon the edge of
sustaining life and derailing unto death.

Now exposed—in undeniable detail—
are bare, brittle branches that reach
well beyond any healthy extension
will endure indefinitely. For no one
can predict the exact instant tragedy
will transpire, halting time in its steps.

We are conscious in our knowledge
that we are born of the dust and must
return to the dust, just as we are aware
there are no guarantees or bargains that
will buy our way out of living to die.

If to live is to die and to die is to gain,
does this sum explain life's meaning?

Awake, sleepwalking soul, to the sound
of your name as it is called to life with
the same purpose those trees break free
this season's leaves so they may become
the compost feed that fuels next season.
Though some leaves will be released be-
fore they wilt and fade and fall away of
their own accord from the wrath of angry
storms or freak twists and plucks of fate,
they leave in their wake those who must
carry on and fulfill their issue of service
so in due time they too will be the very
sustenance for the path of life to follow.

Peep Show, a Tango

Jenifer DeBellis

Even before the invited spectators wriggle
free from the safety of their second skin¹;

before anxious feet shuffle single file
down a hallway² built for queens and kings;

before the swarm of expectant excitement
drives these voices above a beehive³ vibe:

a release of testosterone pollinates⁴ the air,
tickling my senses, intoxicating my mood.

I close my eyes lest a single ounce of guilt
infect the great reveal—the big striptease⁵.

Pull back the shutter⁶. As pure as the love
that formed these curves, I'm yours tonight.

Spring has sprouted a leak that overflows
with milk and honey in this Promise Land⁷,

diverting ravenous eyes away from the i-
mpending storm. Enjoy now, atone⁸ later.

¹Transparent reptilian shells like wim-
pled latex litter the threshold, bidding for
a time.

²For the road is stretched far and wide
while the predicated pathway is narrow.

³Through a convoluted maze this militant
mindscape moves as one in its mission.

⁴This: the blush of vermilion petals
fallen upon fertile earth, one seedling at
a time.

⁵Welcome gentlemen; follow the curves
that fashion these hands, these thighs.

⁶Peel back forbidden's veil; dim the fil-
ter of understanding; freefall into ob-
scurity.

⁷Here lies the tree of knowledge. Par-
take of its fruit and behold this carnal
harvest.

⁸Does not transgression's fine outweigh
what can be upheld in a given lifetime?



Poem inspired
by Giorgione's
Venus Sleeping
Image borrowed from
www.luminarium.org



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