

INGLESIDE PRESS

Second Verse

by Barbara Bennett

People and Places

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People

Jackie, Oh . . .

Yes, Christina, she appeared to be
A gold digger.
Famous, wealthy men
willingly forked over jillions
for her . . .
She was a treasure, you see,
they gladly paid dearly for . . .
as though she were a
rare, rare gem . . .
A diamond, like the
Kohinor, the rarest
at one time.
The owner would rule
the world, or so they said,
but also be in danger
for his life.

She was like that.

Attracting moguls
with her brilliant
deep-set beauty
born from a
heat. A suffering
that she wore
like a crown jewel,
enduring hard pressure
without a crack.

Luminescent elegance.
A transparent purity
she reflected to us.
We felt treasured

To be reflected by her . . .
This Diamond.

Then the dagger's handle
From his sword
Entered her heart,
repeatedly,
though he had tried to conceal it
at the time.
The news came later,
through others, of
younger days,
and yet she endured
Pressed ever more brilliant
with each of its turns . . .
being created into a beauty
for him.

Until one day,
one blow,
perhaps one tiny grain
of dirt --
of indiscretion that
had evaded her before,
one tiny grain of truth
rubbed up against her brilliance
wronged,
and her resistance wore down.

That hard blow
deep inside,
shattered her.

She went home,
sparkling even in her
dimming hour.

Places

On Climbing Mt. McKinley

The tape I made,
my inner voice,
became my companion.
. . . Important part in my continuing.

Put your foot here . . . keep yourself moving . . .
Don't sit down . . . Keep yourself going . . .

Step by step,
I take the mountain.
I relax.
I make myself ready.
Always alert.
I watch. I wait.

Know when the storm will blow
and work aligned
with my voice,
toward the goal.

When I reach the summit,
once on the summit,
I feel no joy.
Not a jumping-up-and-down-feeling,
but a quiet peace and calm.

A place of no color.
No wind. No Air.
A blank and silent place.

On returning, once more
the green and color
extremely felt and

observed.

I move through air as a
vessel in water, its
pressure resisting my movement.

And I hear sounds
other than the voice
in my head and
the wind.

In the end, climbing
That mountain wasn't
technically so challenging
or difficult,
as the matter of my willpower
to keep on.

And on returning,
keeping the summit ever ahead.
. . . keeping the silence within
while moving midst
bright color and sound.