

INTUITION SONG

Jonathan
Cook



At Last

Today I meet the wave,
As it carry me upon its cresting.
And each brother and sister therein,
Find time to wriggle between my toes
And kiss my cheeks with salt and dew.
First, I slip the water aside.

Today I meet the sun,
As it reach down and show the path,
In footsteps white glow on water and sand,
Cradle the smooth pad of my foot
And lead me up by strings and rhythm.
Two, I meet my mother earth.

With Abandon.

Across the field of firelight I go,
And dance a frenzy with all who gather.
Upon the sky dark reflecting I dream,
And each star apart, rise pure anointed.

While Asleep.

Today I meet the mouth,
Of hunger, deep and true, and silent,
Where the sea proceed the movement

Of heart leaning in step, in time
And quench dry thirst for the patient.
Third, though it stir me.

Today I meet the hollow,
Underneath the ground, swollen lip,
And it reveal some treasured secret,
The fortune's oracle speak
And tell where I must follow.
Quatrain, my ear is beside you.

What Presence.

Across the muddy bank I go,
And meet the raft that carries us,
Upon the river of concern I float,
And these legs bend for branches.

Which Pardon.

Today I meet the grass,
Which turns from root to bird,
And when a stone appears therein,
In rows I mark my present course
And leave memory to perfume the air.
Fifth, a moment appears.

When Resounding.

Across the edge of doorway I move,
And place my hands against the wall.
Upon the night of day I wait,
And listen for my breath.

Will Refrain.

Today I meet the silence,
As it touches my skin cleverly.
And each hair and nerve within,
Prepares for what is newly near
And stands with me upon tips of toes.
As last, I quietly become.

24 September 2011

She

She hides from me
She waits
Her lip below the rim pursed
Ready to kiss rough hewn stone
She knows these
bones of giants
Risen from the streets
She watched their seeds
Regrets their fruit
As I do

She whispers to me
She sighs
Her water slowly pooling of roots
Around the reaching streetlight
She tells our
Ancient mystery
She watched him forget
Beckons his return
As I do

She watches me
She smiles
Her fingers branch and beam
From willows weep and fall
She gives over

Chasm cleft
From crevice deep peace
Unburdens herself
As I do

Will she come to me in the night
Unravel the naked shivering blanket
Of darkened sky
Light the embers of shooting stars
Inside the eyes of one such
As me.

30 September 2011

Treeline

never know me
shut your eyes and go to sleep
your bed is on that ground
where the trees shade
and the water is still
the insects are so quiet
that i cannot know
my footstep
descending slowly
against the direction
of your skin
until dawn
and arc of that rain's
hidden light
wakes us from
ill-wondered slumber
i will walk
the treeline

2 October 2011

A Payment of Pennies

the ones who had stars in their eyes
now breathe from the ground
at least of our memories and debts
payment of pennies for the boatman

penance for us who stand at oaks
looking down for stirring green
of spring that grew from god's steps
wandering westward as the sun

my father
my mother
my sister
my daughter

who shall i repay first
what i gave away foolishly
and now struggle to return
should work for my loving

the stand of oaks lays over me
i patiently wait for sparrow
and finch wing to blossom
feathers are in my hair

3 October 2011

Untitled Whisper No. 1

to find the blessed place
of wrapped arms
and head on your knee
bent to hold up the world

4 October 2011

Untitled Whisper No. 2

There's a sweet something that lies outside
Sleeping under the stars
Patient and undemanding
Our eyelids meet inside of its warmth

6 October 2011

Come Here Close To My Heart

Come here close to my heart
Hold it, open and warm
Against your lips and cheek
Under the arch of your eyebrow
Where my soul might live
Past the day that ends

Oh find my morning here
With birds that light
On dew-laced trees
Will you sing with me
This the softly, sparkling
By the sun and dawn?

You have favored me
And I am in answer, yes,
To cradle your curved hand
And walk by your side
Dance, smile, wonder
At a moon slowly full.

Come here close to my heart
Hold it, open and warm
Quivering against yours
Through the layers of

The spirit that raise us
Above the roof of branches

Oh, to touch your face
And trace your lines
Listen to the inside self
Speak to long and patient road
Of peace, true, following
Sweet intuition.

8 October 2011

Untitled Whisper No. 3

There's so little time
And words I've swallowed
Hidden in my throat
Spoken like characters
One at a time
With carefully drawn shape

8 October 2011

She Did Not Turn

I slept with my guitar beside me
But she did not turn in the night
Nor hold my cold body to hers
I am denied her softness
By the weakness of my fingers
And the too far of openness

This weight, I have borne
For too many people
And in too many times
My heart thrums slowly over

I slept with my bed empty
Along the floor my form crawled
Not even my own eyes could rise
I am interred in fate
By the grain of the wood
And the nonesuch who witness

Hidden away now, she will not
Look to me with one eye
Nor will she speak
Her timeless waiting patience

I slept with her photograph in my view
But she left the frame like a ghost
Not to be with my image cast
I am inside her though, through ether
By the silver cord threaded
And the distance of honest

All the perfume of composition
And the curve of kindness
All the essence of intimations
And the body of presence

Please let me be led
Through dreams into safety
From limbo into awakening
Though my eyes continue to close
Please let me be led
To the shape of this woman

10 October 2011

Dancing

We rode on a train
Into a city on a hill
Looked down at
Feet alighted

Oh the branches
That cradled us

That our hands found
Each, palms crossed
We didn't really
Have to ask to know

The same places I'd seen
Where my lips are led
Met, felt, and too
Knew with no more searching

Are we those angels
Dancing like pinwheels
That live in imagination
Infinite and bright?

10 October 2011

The Quiet Incanter

I would like to hear those silent prayers
Incant them, kneeling by your bedside
Oh, private world between two straightened palms
Sending out to angels and guiding spirits

A hand can make the sign to speak your name
Each finger bent as a letter
Each letter a binding
Of light to your dawn

A knee can lay the burden down and free you
Each weight but a simple coin
Each coin a payment
To the keeper of the day

11 October 2011

Just Sometimes

I should make my thoughts enter the world
Short and sweet – like you. But sometimes, just sometimes
I can't help that our hands are raised above our heads
And life becomes a twirling dance once again.

I won't lose your hand, warm in mine
Until you catch the wind and fly
I won't let the music stop if my heart can keep
Up with its beating rhythms.

Put your cheek right there, next to my ear,
That there be no end to our breath in great circles.

I want to smell concertos. I want to taste
"The Kiss". I want to see visions in my mind
That fill space in deep blue, then gather
Into the soft pink bow of mouths met.

13 October 2011

Heart and Home

Part the words for me
That hang between our simple wish
And the layers of grief and suffering
That have grown over the path

Part the words for me
That I may take my arms and wrap
Around sharp edges and discomfort
With all that I can give

If you ask of me,
If I am let free
And let go to let living
My heart and my home

15 October 2011

Bridge Over the Potomac

Where the mist rises in still circles from a mountain's side
Clouds hover over the distant horizon to soften and engulf sunset
Above the water, we move in our wheeled ships
A fence curves above our heads, obstructing our view.

Why do we imprison ourselves with concrete and steel?
I refuse to believe that there is danger.
Neither in our eyes raised to meet one to the other.

15 October 2011

Longer Than

Day lasts longer than day here
Night lasts no longer than
 Earth breath deep into caverns
Dawn starts and ends in the corner
Of a young woman's eye

Midnight holds as still as stone
Dusk forgives me slowly
 Sky painted wide across mountains
Sun meets and becomes the silhouette
Of two who walk alone

16 October 2011

I Saw a Message Named "sky" and If It Was the Sky, It Would be You

I turned and my lips parted and the gape of my mouth bore only
small stones

falling

falling stones

I blinked and my lids parted and the shape of my eye took only
old crows

telling

telling crows

I crouched and my hands parted and the shape of my fingers
made only gray bones

praying

praying bones

We parted and the shape of my heart beat only once slow
flowing

flowing ...

18 October 2011

More Than

I could tilt my head back
And land with my eyes like tiptoes
Stand with my feet like fingers
I could be on those stars

Skipping rocks
Hopping madly, splashing
And smiling more than ...

You could tilt your head back
And lay in a hollow like cradles
Play in a meadow like wandering
You could be on that earth

Racing circles
Singing boldly, jumping
And smiling more than ...

Be the great curve of the ground
Be the great span of the sky
Be with all of us
Rise and fall and rise and fall
More than ...

21 October 2011

Honeysuckle

Like wild,
Like honeysuckle,
Like scent that blooms.
Sweet, find, light.
You – florid diaspora
Wending and winding
Down the path,
Through the trees.
Come meet with me
Under clouded night.
Where our eyes will shine.
Dripping golden petals,
Like the moon of this earth,
Like the meadowed place.
Like warm
Becoming

21 October 2011

What is the Day

III.

From the highway to the west
I came to the waterside.

IV.

Breath left slow beneath, branch
Seated upon spine, stem
Earth and root
Here there is a river from which to drink.

One hand moves to introduce
While another shakes and departs
And there are many memories that they bring
Together

What truth might live in these past, I have lost
Into the night I pressed it to my lover's chest
Because it was my heart and only soft skin
And I didn't know the secret of its muscle

To let me smile, first absurd
To let me smile, enraptured
Portend to loose from holy catacombs,
That promise made only by a child

V.

The voice of an angel drew as light settled
Upon the far face of mankind
Her impossible intuition, nevertheless
Received through an astra

Image of her voice, beauty of her tilting
Again I fall away unbidden
From a place of stillness
Into sweet ether outside the stream of time

VI.

In black, In black, through thicket
On dark trail
As a rider borne on booted feet
Borne home, in night.

Touched
Lit with peace and pleasure
A madman, perhaps, as Rumi was mad
As Ginsberg called out for all to be free

In black, In black, over hard highway
through constellations
As a shaman walking the yellow line
Borne home, in darkness.

VII.

From the west the truth came
By another name.

VIII.

In the void became

IX.

By the wilding meadow an arrow caught
We chose each other
There I came to be, as you have me
Known by another name.

23 October 2011

Look Here

look not to the hollow beside your moon
where tears collected
many, long, many years

here under a night's reflection
are the waters of life kept
anew, young, new again

look for then at the slope of the wood
where age sculpted
holy, sacred, holy limbs

here in the mother's consummation
the secret of belonging held
close, together, close as one

look where the high home was stood
where roof protected
child, wife, childlike

here on the sliding down mountain
at the root we lay down
hard, stone, hard lesson

look still when the wild magi loom
where faith possessed
hope, love, hope gain

here before word is redemption
and their cold tongues taste
warm, heat, warm rain

look dearest to my heart in bloom
where each vision escaped
shine, bright, shine eyes

here where light in separation
at angle of blue sky blessed
all, one, all pray

look at the swan, she marries the loon
where feathers gathered
soft, down, soft bed

here under a night's reflection
are the waters of life kept
many, young, many stay

23 October 2011

Untitled Whisper No. 4

The drops of rain that fall softly down the winds' cheeks
Dry soon under the opened light
I saw a pool there in the corner of the wood
And in reflection there was
No longer any sadness

27 October 2011

The Sound

The sound in my heart is love, love
The sound in yours, and I, too
And this thrum and pressure
Move something more than blood

Move something, with your hand there
It will move my hand, here
As if I was a puppet, but, no
I am simply singing with this body

The sound of your heart is love, love
The sound of mine, an answer, too
And this song and movement
Press towards the farthest shore

Press towards, with our chests met
To pass echoes through our chests
Beat for beat as a circle
We are simply dancing in these bodies

The sound of our hearts is love, love
The sound of our hearts is, this, too
And your yin and my yang
Above, below, together, more than love

29 October 2011

Snow In Fall

The winter is coming with her warm coat
And her blanket of clean white snow
I will bring boxes up from the basement
Weary of finding
So many things missed when the shards
Of lost ornaments formed
But if I am to meet her, I'll need my own coat
I'll need the wrapping paper that I didn't want to keep
To make christmas out of paper dolls and years
That I wished only that I could believe
And if I can share it
If I can see a child's smiling face
Innocent of lies dressed up as Santa Claus
Maybe I will learn
What all of the ghosts teach.

28 October 2011

Untitled Love Poem No. 1

I touch your closed eyes with the tips of my fingers
I am given to follow the blush of your skin
From your cheek to each of your tender hollows
Where I hope to learn precious secrets
And precious secrets learn my name

I brush the back of your neck with the desire of my lips
I am given to follow the taste of your skin
From your collar along the curves that I would know
As I come again to gaze upon your aspect
My gaze resplendent with your flame

I stretch you across the soft spread sheets and linger
I am given to follow the folds of your skin
From the crease of your hip to that lush meadow
Where I press the rose of my voice and pay respects
Fervent, impassioned, to allow your claim

On my mouth, my tongue and my lips
In my hands, my fingers it slips
On my heart, my love and my kiss
I will to you be joined in this.

29 October 2011

Today You Were Far

Today I missed you.
There was snow on the ground,
So my foot uncovered emptiness
Where there are meant to be flowers.

I had a dream.
I left those flowers on the ground,
So that you could meet with me
Where their fragrance is caught by light.

Today I missed you.
There was no path to your hallows,
That I could tread in my loneliness
Where I would find you waiting.

29 October 2011

Please Come To Him

Please come to him with half-lidded eyes,
Please come to him with your touch on his shoulder
Beckon him down to lie with you and open.
From all of your words, you are made flesh
And the flesh of the word is round and pink
With the passion of breath.

Please come to him with opened arms,
Please come to him with your touch on his waist
Drawing him to your breast and your parted lips.
From all of these moments, you are made one
And the flesh of your communion come thunder
With the quickening of pulse

Make of him a canvas with warm breath of you
That its fire might burn a trail of caress
And return perfect circle to the
Gentle and firm moment where love is caught

To wrap around each, limb to limb
Cheek to cheek
In breath that comes ragged
With your readiness

Falls upon you, your lips and
Face, softly, softly like a snow falling
And your love and your fierce desire
Are ready to meet here, at last
Where no other has e'er slept

You have your own stars
The ones that you name for each other
That explode with brilliant excitement
Of creation's first dance

Prepare to welcome him
Prepare him for your glory
With a single soft kiss
Prepare him to lose himself

And you will build and build with the rocking of
two as one in transcendence
Pull him into you, he is a visitor
Play this song with he and his body

You will make no map to find, but embark upon
A journey to a farther shore
He'll crash in waves inside your caverns
And cascade as purple light through
A perfect release of blended heat

30 October 2011

Untitled Love Poem No. 2

Oh wise woman, I will not waste the gift of you
But tell me how to thank you and I will make of it
the truth above all
The banner of nations, the voice of children at play
The silence of sleep for the weary
The moon in the sky informing the stars
The ground that my feet walk upon for all of my days
and on our sides we will lay and make one breath
Your hand in mine, always.
And I will kiss the tear for it, too, is a kiss.
There is no time,
our love is proving me every day
. . . healing me of frustration and anger
I believe that we are turning with the world
and cannot be stopped from reunion

3 November 2011

Confusism

I've got to keep my eyelids shut
I've got my eyelashes smashed together like a broken zipper
And against the inside, where I can see my heartbeat
Slowing down impossibly...
Frame by frame against the background of the world unmoving
I am staggering, you are lurching, the ground is awake and angry
And as the edges of each step are measured, falling
Forward towards the stone under my feet
I've got a story exploding in me that is going to burn me down
I've got disconnected nerves pushing at my heart
And until the way home opens, there's no path to walk
A broken marionette unstrung...
Frame by frame against the background of blinding sun rising
I am without connection, I am floating, the sky makes to swallow
And the silver cord stretches

I am lucky to remember time, and forget again.
Though I wander outside the limits of what can be borne
The weight I carry is of all that I will receive
And all that I will lay down when I learn
That all of my lifetimes are there inside my optic nerve
And flowing out of my open, upturned palms
Is the between-us, of me, the between-us, between

I've got to keep my eyelids shut
I've got my eyelids touching like two lovers
And inside my chest, my heart
Is steady

10 November 2011

Your Tide

This too is our patience
I am kneeling over you in soft light
In transformation of circles on skin
Into warm surrender and invitation
Inspiration skin to soft breath
To hollows

You will exhale your welcoming spirit
And settle like a ball of fire in my hands
Turning with each small moan and murmur
Your legs, your hips, twisting to meet me
Eyes half-parted and mouth shaped by
Love's peaceful pleasures

I sit above
My gaze narrowed to feel your pulse
Quicken, and slow

My mouth stealing so many small kisses
On soft arching shoulder blades
I rise and fall, press against

Clearing a path for our merging
And emerging energies
Needing you, kneading and
Blessing a line from your heel
To your lustrous crown
Oh my two hands of prayer's caress

I fall into you
You turn to enfold me
And bring the blood of me forth
You are my moon, of rising tide
You pull me, pull me and
Lead my body in dance

With your hands on the side of my face
And drawn to your breast
Inside I am turning and turning
In this, love's waltz
And you, softly exploring
The edges of your lips

To then find mine and
Give like consecrated wine
Tasting of chocolate, roses and spice

Your kiss of me a map to make
With limbs entwined branches
And falling hair like leaves

Don't tell me what you do
When you meet me on this night
The air captive around us
Let our movement surprise
With teasing glimpses of
All that can and will be

Let our foreheads touch gently
And carry all our potential
To the starry sky
Pulling, pulling like the moon
To the waters
Your tide, our love

11 November 2011

Temple of Divine Love

We two - laid bare
Laid upon the nave
In the temple,
Oh, in and of

Divine Love -
Ring out true,
Two perfect bells
Tuned by God.

Announce
The eternal moment
When time is Born.
Bodies necessary
To touch this
Golden surface.
We choose life
And the silver chain.

We two - laid bare
Lie upon the ground
In the temple,
Oh, in and of
Earthly Love -
Sing our breath,
Two lovesome hearts
Trusted to God.

11 November 2011

Will the Grace

Will the grace of god
Show its face again to me
In this lifetime where
My love and trust are
Owned by sorrow?
My tongue is thick and
Slow, as my heart
Now darkened, now stilled
Now entombed in a
Rusted bird's cage
Will the river of life
Soothe my throat again
In this desert whence
I have been given
To wander?
My hands are heavy and
Shaking, as my breath
Now closed, now stilled
Now interred in a
Hollowed wood

15 November 2011

Two Birds

I am the rain that meets your cheek a teardrop
Still shower down and cling to your heart
And if you come to me where I lie in wait
Loose your cage
There at the end of a rainbow,
Having fled from peace
Perhaps we can join the sun
Two birds who carry one olive branch

16 November 2011

ALEPH

I am ALEPH I cannot be counted in the days of this life
nor the next

I am ALEPH I am Breath

I am ALEPH I am under every step that is taken
and before

I am ALEPH I am Home

I am ALEPH I cannot be counted in the stars of this night
nor day's rays of light

I am ALEPH I am Word

I am ALEPH I am inside the recollection of your years
and apart

I am ALEPH I am Life

I am ALEPH I cannot be distinguished from movement
nor from will

I am ALEPH I am Order

I am ALEPH I am full and yet I must continue to wander
and seek

I am ALEPH I am Patience

I am ALEPH I cannot hide behind the ether of time
nor the wheel

I am ALEPH I am Water

I am ALEPH I am to be counted in beating of hearts
and thoughts

I am ALEPH

I am ALEPH

I am ALEPH

I am

16 November 2011

The Shadow

I am ripped from your chest like a ragged breath
Torn, thrown down upon jagged shore
Outside the temple of Divine Love.
The sound of raging ocean

Promises to grind me against these stones.
They like sharpened knives
Will shape my skin into a grotesquery
A coiled serpent around my rotten heart.

I offer you a chance to eat of me
I will be your sacrament - and your lips
Will shine the reversal of days upon
That dessication I am holding too tight.
And I too will consecrate you
If I am let, if my blood be let
If my tongue and throat be loosened.

Even so ripped and so made to wait
In silence within the lack –
The lack of Home, the lack of Solace –
There are prayers that echo through
My feet. A journey is begun and moment
A fool is once again alone.
A shadow follows me
That I hope is your love.

17 November 2011

Many Traces

The pinion feather falling from your outstretched wing
Had written upon it the fate of some world, some pair like us
And you traced the letters and the image
With an eye that cannot be held

The lesson of waiting
The great magic of living without
Shall it please you darling
For the earth to hold me
Instead of your words
Your voice
Your arms?

I have made many roads
And yet I have never
Traveled for myself upon
Never shall I, dear

My crying eyes jest
Tightened throat choking chuckles
It cannot be, but look!
See them gambol
Upon the throne
Of my face and hands
Stream of sorrow
At any sign or symbol

Whispering secrets from bare branches home to birds
The wind your secret messenger
Of intuition and covenant
Come to slowly burn away my skin
To bone branch bones
And tiny birded heart

Gathers me in late autumn like leaves to turn, to snow
Paler and paler your cheek, your breast
And why should you be so cold
With your heart that can be but broken?
If nothing else, let this my burden be some fire
Lest you weary of your solitude

I hold none responsible,
Except my pain, for my failures
I counted them in these my seconds.
One. Two. Three.
And I counted them between my seconds.
One. One. Two Three. Two.
I know that I could be
More kind
More true

But if I was, if I did
If I had such strength
If I was more your man
And you more ...

Such pure folly for both

What
would
you
answer
me ...

29 November 2011

To Whom Should I Say Good Night?

Oh, Good Night Moon.

To whom should I say good night?

Good Night Dear Sister.

I don't know why you care for me.

But I will accept and try to keep it close.

Good Night Cloaked Heart.

You hide my pain,

Taunt me as I tire

As threatening as you are

I know you as my only hope.

Good Night Friends.

I have forgotten you.

If we ever touched, I am sorry

That I cannot hold on.

Good Night Strength.

I don't want you anymore.

You've worn out your welcome

In this hard-to-live-with me.

Good Night Parents.

I am living your lessons.

I was always the best student.

It's cold here
My eyes are heavy.

Good Night God.
Tomorrow I am New.
I won't ask you for Miracles.
I don't know if I ever did.
But, please let me
Know your light in Her.

28 November 2011

About Intuition Song

Intuition Song is a collection of poems written for one woman.

There is no true end to the Intuition Song,
as I will continue to write poetry to and about her.

Intuition Song is also a Journey of Becoming.
It began with a request for a poem about a journey,
which appears here as "At Last."
It ends with another beginning as the
new day is born from the "Good Night" of yesterday.

The works shared are very private.
I tend them here as something of a garden path.
As I tend my love for my Intuition —
though time, space, and circumstance occlude.

I wait

- Jonathan Cook
29 November 2011