

Contemplating Shirley

We worked well together
selling mystical books
to mystical people,
honoring their Visa cards
and their souls.

Our store was fragrant with packaged incense
and alive with hermetic energy from crystals.
Our books contained
the most magnificent perceptions
that money can open windows
into.

We played music all day
of flutes and harps
to reach our customers' hearts.
In a kind of preheaven we glided
through our store hours
with no eye to the time
or the weather outside.

There was the cancer, yes.
It sounded an undertone
in your voice
and added a depth to your eyes.
The chemo stole your hair
for a while but you kept on
selling inspired books
on healing and wholeness
until your curls grew back,
more blond and beautiful
than ever.

Now your body has transformed
into a clear vapor and a few ashes,
but I still see your warm eyes
and reserved smile
as clearly as when body
was your instrument of being.
I hear your quiet voice,
not the words but the quality,
and I know you are fine.
You left behind a gentler world
to come back to.