

When the pod (once calyx of flower)
 Ruptures finally into soft beginnings
Of the thread which must be spun and woven
 Grieve not for the roots of the passing seasons
But release all into the harvest process
 Fruits unfamiliar and appropriate
Overtaking the changing seedling's
 Supple stick with the woody hollow
Wind's flute keening the song of a simple spirit
 In the fruit & the seed and the earth's womb always

By Eugenia Macer-Story 2009

One more for Shango

A pocket of lightning in the steamy darkness

Moving quietly like a secret taxi

Sits folded in the breeze of ancient rumors

Carried forward into continual sunsets

Whispering what you said you did

Softly as a stormy song

Flashing what you said you sang

Quickly into the usual rain

Like an exotic dancer waiting politely for a train

I sit beside your heart in the depot

A similar ticket in my hand

Mutually traveling to separate destinations unknown

Secret dances within the thunder

Distantly heard as the railroad's tune

By Eugenia Macer-Story 2008

Drum pulled tight at the rim of echoing hoop or hollow logs

Sounds deep from the empty space inside

Rhythms beat out on stretched surface time

But is this sounding chamber really empty

Or filled like the hollow earth with molten lava?

Only seeming to revolve by solar attraction

As the disappearing centre pulls the surface inward

Beating like the hidden heart with vital fluid

Under pressure: rhythms pulsing upward

Into the hands and brain of the drummer

Who is beating these out again onto the pulsing surface

Tightened within the hollow loop of Now

As cloudy notes puffed from the surface of darkened stone

Seem touched by the on-again, off-again traveling sun

By Eugenia Macer-Story 2007

From her chapbook "Fast Luck Botanica"