

Ode to David
November 26, 2024

David.....

You are on the other side now.....

Grateful for our momentary touchings..

The Marysville house

in my memory - on stilts

Up the stair

To a boardwalk

Blue house tilted on hillside

Your stack of books

Several taller than me

seemed Leaning to the East.

You pulled out a title from mid-stack

as Jacqueline pulled a warm, round loaf of wheat bread out of the oven.

We smiled around the table as our heavily buttered slices dribbled onto cheeks.

Fog rose from the valley, enveloping us in cozy cloud.

Back in the moisture days.

We all carry bags of unrequited Love.

We each knew the toll on the shoulders of each other - one of those silent and acknowledged knowings.

She was your life's love.

You would capture me

Your knowledge a lariat around my center when I would come into the Holter on Sunday afternoons, a quiet time to look at art.

The lariat squeezed until I paid my full attention,

Wanting the opportunity to go on the Literature Path

but in high alert, a slight panic - Can I follow his thinking/pulsating brain down the trail of ominous connections - being lost yet thrilled at the same time?

You opened me to Literature's web of Humanity.

Always a Hafiz, Rumi or one of their obscure cousins leading me to a blanket of mirth in between worlds.

You knew I would like them.

Just knowing there is a shrine in Iran to their Beloved Poet made me weep for days. In this country our poets mass together in clusters of companionship, tumbling down streams, gulches, arroyos. So much unrecognized Beauty. I make a pilgrimage in my heart to Iran and carry the clusters with me.

And your history of who influenced who over centuries!
I'm totally lost in the canyon lands of your brain but glad to be there.
Thank you David! I stand alert!

Back from Nepal a week, from three weeks of walking as my main motor...

You understand when I walk down to the Holter on a Sunday afternoon with a large brown pottery bowl full of quinoa, peas and carrots. No plasticware! Cloth, ceramic, small bowls and spoons, heavy! Determined not to drive yet, to bring some of the village back.

Jeff is putting up an exhibit. We share lunch in pottery bowls, three of us on the floor ~ a way to bring the East to David, a place he loved and walked.

I knew I had to go see you in the hospital ~ a year ago.
Hello David. What are you doing here?
His delight, mirth almost and had a quote for me.
I want to reach back in time and scribble that quote down.

My prayer through these transparent layers of death and life is that you bequeath to me that quote or any other you deem good for me, in my Life now.

I'll wait.

Then overcome with another of my crazy imperatives...

I must make you a cake!

I left it at your apartment door one day, soon after you were back...

Gluten free
but with lots of sugar
and dark chocolate icing dripping over edges.
Hope you got it!

The sweet small time I last saw you at the Gold Bar
Halloween night...
I was dressed for occlusion,
Crone mask and wig.
I sat by you for a moment.
Hi David, I said softly.
You look at my eyes
Through the wrinkly mask and said
with a certain blandness,
tinged with mirth,
Well Hello Jennifer.

Thank you David for giving me these moments
of inclusion,
knowing
deep education.
I stand alert.
Ready to hear from you...
I wish you Godspeed - you would like that term,
for you are with your God as you knew him - broad and expansive,
an ocean view,
as you knew her
close to the breast of mystery,
in the heart of Earth.

Jennifer Thompson