

ALL THE BEAUTIFUL SINGERS

All the beautiful singers
of sexuality,
Blake, Whitman, gentle Roethke,
all fathers of desire
clear and whole as nature,
androgynes all strong and loving,
recognize the female
imprisoned in the male,
struggle to set her free.

They know conquests of sinew and soul
vastly sweeter to all
than the issueless mutilations of
Bull Run, Verdun, Mekong.
They praise the life of the body
and the spirit,
the one life running through all.
Strong they sing the strength and tension of desire
rising to wiser, more starry battles
than corporeal war.
Brilliant they sing the hosts of desire,
the red dragons and sun-clothed ready women
who embrace them,
creating new life each upon the other,
filling their need with each other.

The fathers of desire sing
the male and the female embracing,
equal and whole.
They will us to be their life's sons and daughters.
We must extend their song,
pursue the new being loving and strong.
We must move to new myths
where there shall be no more mutilation.

The blood we must sing
shall be only the life blood in every being,

the female blood of every month flowing
legitimately, not in wounds,
no more unnatural martyring holes in flesh.
We shall end crucifixions.
The blood we accept shall be the blood
of nine months waiting,
the blood of sweet natural birth
where the mother sweats and pants and labors
among others who breathe with her,
hold her up and encourage her.
And it shall be this blood
wiped away by the exultant father
who takes new life
from the warmth of the womb
and celebrates bright day
without aversion, without fear.

Blood will not mean death for us.
Blood shall be the beloved color of dawn
and sunset, of red oranges
sailing from Valencia on the sea.
Blood shall be only the color of desire,
beautiful,
set free.