

## Annie Frazier / CROSSFIRE

*a poem written in call  
and response*

The morning light casts such shadows,  
this lasting temperament  
of sunlight  
reflecting  
images  
of rainbows  
on the paper.  
Classical music,  
violin concerto,  
splendor  
bath tub waiting,  
Haydn symphony,  
breakfast time for children

I SEE, YOU'RE MAKING LUNCH,  
MAKING MEMORIES  
TAKING APPOINTMENTS,  
TAKING OFF  
IN YOUR MIND,  
IN YOUR EYES,  
TO A PLACE  
FAR AWAY  
WHERE COMPROMISES FULFILL THEMSELVES  
AND THE SEASHORE IS CLOSE.  
HELLO! REALITY CHECK!

smell of coffee  
ritual beginning  
alarm clock

is NOT broken.  
Anticipation,  
obscenity issue on the news  
road block  
flying rock,  
dissonant sounds.  
following the moment around  
a fan, a fan of the moment  
a moment groupie  
of the 90's.  
pages turning  
memorizing  
the look  
the sound  
the look  
the sound.  
A female impersonator  
am I?

MAYBE  
IN YOUR LAST LIFE  
SOO, WHAT'S UP??

these contemporary  
political issues  
take it  
make it  
a hardhat weary deal.

YOU SEEM LIKE A GOOD PERSON, SINCERE,  
SIMPLE  
YET COMPLICATED,

UNIQUE,  
YET RECEPTIVE TO SAMENESS.

YA KNOW  
SPIRITUAL.  
SO ANYWAY..  
YOU LOOK GOOD..SO...  
WHAT RUNS THROUGH YOUR MIND  
WHEN YOU  
RUN OUT OF MONEY?

poverty liner,  
putting on the eyeliner  
painted lips,  
these manufactured colors make you  
forget  
for a moment that the fridge is on empty.  
This life of  
on the verge  
over the edge  
on the edge  
over the verge  
of extinction  
endangered species  
needing distinction,  
front page  
daughter content with little  
National Geographic  
living, crying, dying  
right in front of you  
not  
a thousand miles away

material are we??

#### NEWS UPDATE.

A bullet-proof vest does not protect children  
from the rounds of fire  
shooting from a loaded mouth..  
meditation helps,  
for a moment  
priority is unity.

#### REMINDER:

Does the Buddha know that love and gentleness  
won't pay this empty demand? O Great Spirit!  
hand  
to mouth  
a sense

of  
lives  
virtues

won't  
put  
shoes

on  
empty  
feet.

I keep telling the paper!  
if I die tomorrow,  
this wounded bird

needs to be heard.

IT'S A DEAL  
I KNOW HOW YOU FEEL.  
SOMETIMES,  
WHEN WE NEED TO REACH OUT,  
OUR PAST  
BECOMES OUR FUTURE  
WHERE NO ONE HAS A NAME  
WHERE NO ONE SHARES THEIR PAIN,  
NOT HERE,  
YOU CAN TELL ME  
YOU CAN TRUST ME  
I LOVE YOU  
I LOVE YOU

these lost thoughts of love melancholia  
only remind me of  
the father  
I never had  
the mother  
half-vanished  
with the dream that disappeared,  
the tears that fell  
in the closet  
after the fact,  
after the apology,  
after the after..  
Pablo Neruda, Henry Miller  
help me to pick up the pieces,  
they fit back together  
differently

everytime  
wearing this Picasso portrait

AND THEN WHAT?

I look in the mirror

..WHAT DO YOU SEE..?

molecules  
molecules smashing together  
atoms,  
neutrons,  
protons,  
electrons  
abstract, rearranged  
deranged,  
like a two-legged  
correctional facility  
trying to make a comeback  
in the middle of a *crossfire*.  
Pacing the streets  
following  
late night sirens  
leading to muffled  
voices smelling of alcohol,  
alcohol  
and urine  
searching for a spot to rest  
searching  
only reminds me of the  
feather quilt

when silence was my sanctuary  
when silence was my sanctuary..  
silence is my sanctuary.

#### AND THEN WHAT?

I go to this gala affair  
where every woman there  
spent more on her evening gown  
than I did  
on my childs  
and my  
wardrobe  
for the entire year of 1990.  
Drinking your expensive champagne,  
toasting  
“you look fabulous,” ...  
what have you saved lately?  
a someone or a something  
while outside  
the homeless  
stand  
unsheltered and hungry.  
What do you do with your 200  
dollar a dinner,  
gala affair  
left-overs?  
is it buried,  
along with the real issues?  
You,  
can save a forest..  
but save me a doggie bag.

## AND THEN WHAT?

Pacing the street  
trying to make a comeback  
a come back  
in the middle  
of a *crossfire*.  
Following late night sirens  
late night sirens  
leading to muffled  
voices smelling of alcohol  
alcohol and urine.  
Searching  
searching for a spot to rest  
searching  
only reminds me of the feather quilt  
when silence  
was my sanctuary  
when  
silence  
was  
my  
sanctuary  
Silence  
is  
my  
sanctuary...