Ode to Mortar and Bricks

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ODE TO MORTAR AND BRICKS

Is the path of my soul known only to me?
She, who walks the labyrinth inside, shall find the key,
Where the trees, the mountains, and rivers run
(They stop for no one)
But me!

For I am my own holy grail,
knights templar, secret treasure’s tale
With diamonds for my eyes
Those twinkling gems like bemused kaleidoscopes
Epitomize:
A pattern of my love.

I vow to rebuild the interior castle.
Joyfully and with obedience do I descend,
Into the dirty muck, knee deep, with sweated brow
To sing and dance with all creatures;
Dragons, monsters, golden cows.

“Calling all whirling dervishes,” I will cry.
The angels and marching elephants will finally unify,
Heaven and earth
Just for me!

So come you holy fools, you serious souls,
You tragic tricksters and wily coyotes!
You masters and margaritas,
reflecting mirrors of the projecting order,

You divine comedians,
awkward mixers, and numinous knowers!
You fraggle rocks and archetypes!
And all you sanctifying tooters of your own horns,
I Want You!

Flying foxes and umbrella swingers,
Sweet and sour, cotton candy, soul minglers,
I entreat you,
To revel with me
To Live, love, laugh, spoon and fork
With me!

To Sing Wonder’s music in unison
With me
Until the very day that I am you.
And you
Are me.

—Shoshana Lev