



Finger Painting: A Handful of Poems

Hiro Boga

© Copyright 2012, Hiro Boga

hiroboga.com

All rights reserved.

CONTENTS

Finger Painting	1
Going Away	3
What You Know Now	5
When You Come To The End Of The Path	8
Kali, Queen of the Night Sky	11

Whoever wants me now must hunt me down
like something wild, and wild is anything
beyond the reach of purpose not its own.

Wild is anything that's not at home
in something else's place.

– *Wendell Berry*

FINGER PAINTING

Sea foam sparkles on the waves. Sea lions
roar. Foam shivers, flies
into the wind. The tide holds its breath.
Hisssssssssss

Ganesh's belly rests in his lap. His trunk
caresses tree, root, sky. His feet can't be so
small, can they? To hold up such a big heart?

Black grapes in a white bowl. Thick skin, sweet
wetness on the tongue.

Giraffes nibble lilac clouds.
One gulp. All gone.



Follow this dimpled eddy down down down. Blue-green
sea green, azure, mink. Murky mists. Sun
shines up from its sea bed. Stars shatter across the sky.

From the beach below, a springy rainbow path
sends a formal invitation. Walk on water. Walk on air. Walk
through the stars. Walk...walk...walk...out
to the edge...in
to home.

Yesterday, you were a tired old man. Today, you're
three-and-a-half. Today, you rule the world.
One flick of your pigtails and...off with their heads!

Roses. Spicy-musk. Hidden under the floor-boards. Exuding
rose-ness, a tang of cloves.

Tomorrow, a whisper curls around every ear.
Have you heard? The tide is here!

.....



GOING AWAY

Strolling on the beach with my son
yesterday, sun licking our faces, a sparkling sea
washed over our feet. I breathed a prayer:
Thank you. Thank you for this day.

Fronds of seaweed licked the tidal sands, flickered,
receded—
returned twirling on the next wave.

A little boy, maybe ten years old—freckles,
sandy hair, nose
buried in a melting ice-cream cone—wailed:
My ice-cream is going away! It's
going away! His mother looked bemused.

Vanilla ice-cream dripped, a bone-white froth
down his fingers. His mouth a jagged sob, face
flushed, furious with refusal.

All month, since I moved from my beloved
home, a ten-year-old in me has wailed:
My home is going away! It's going away!

Next month, my son, my beautiful baby
boy – six feet tall now, and married to his love –
is going away. A new city will hold him
in its lap. A new home. He's going

away. No no no no no. They're all
going away.

.....



WHAT YOU KNOW NOW

1.

Empty of sight you gave yourself away
to those

who were blind to your gift—
as you were. You.

They devoured your sweet juices,
spit out the pith and rind of you
as you did. You.

2.

Years went by. Watchful, rind-thick, rind-bitter,
you cradled the memory of your treasure—

buried it
in a mountain cave

guarded by the stench of dragon breath.

You did. You.

3.

Your sweet citrus selves, deprived
of light, of air

shriveled, curled their pithy threads
around your dwindling heart.

In your dank cave, you dreamed of orange groves—
the sun-drenched country of your becoming.

4.

Now, on this dappled mountainside
you've built your home.

Windows open wide to a curved horizon.
Skylights, for visiting stars and spilled constellations.

A floor and walls of hand-rubbed stone.

You made this. You.

5.

Strangers sometimes climb the rocky path
to your front door.

You welcome them with cool water,
oranges in a blue clay bowl.

You do not give yourself away.
You do not withhold.

6.

You know this, now. You were always
yours to give.

Yours, and more than yours—
to take, to bury

to hold, nourish, offer, radiate.

.....

WHEN YOU COME TO THE END OF THE PATH

When you come to the end of the path
it isn't obvious.

There are openings under the trees
where small streams have carved what looks like
a way forward.

The forest floor is golden with fallen fir needles
and at first you think Ah yes! Here's a trail
or at least a deer path to follow.



A half-hour later, maybe more, you find yourself
lost. The same heavy-boned trees all around

the same openings that lead nowhere.

The drip drip drip of drooping branches. Weird creaks
and groans, echoes without direction.

You lean against a slick black rock, slippery with mosses
clusters of emerald stars in no visible constellation.

You're not afraid, exactly. After all, there are paths
through these woods. You've walked them before

on Sunday afternoons much like this one. You have
a nodding acquaintance with several spectacular ferns

and at least one flaming arbutus tree whose scarlet trunk
you pat fondly whenever you pass by.

Now, you sniff the air the way you've seen dogs do—
that keen alertness, that panting relationship with geography.

Maybe you'll don a dog's intelligence when you assume
its stance – the hidden pattern of the woods revealed

in your canine nose.

The trees stand, inscrutable, silent. No sun-dappled path
appears magically before you, inviting your foot

to its ordained destination.

You're hungry, now. You're cold. The light
thins overhead.

You lean your heart into the slanting rain
and walk.



KALI, QUEEN OF THE NIGHT SKY

Kali, queen of the night-sky, your skull
necklace rattles on dancing breasts.
Blood stains the cavern and corners
of your mouth. Your obsidian face gleams;
your ruby tongue defies all who claim dominion.
Your many hands grip many lethal weapons—
swift swords and whirling discus; lightning
cracks open this labyrinthine brain, its convoluted
folds sizzle into mist. Silence returns
to the sky, to the heart.

Around a demon's hair, your hennaed hands
are curled; his severed head swings above
the earth; ragged droplets drip scarlet from his
neck's stump. Broad, black feet – your feet – stamp
on his headless body; your eyes are fierce
coal-stars, every eyelash a cluster of
constellations. Such power, milady, I
am breathless at this naked red display—
my own long shrouded in seemly white.

I'll strip off these penitent robes, unpin
my hair, let it float above my roaring
chest. And shout, a bawdy barker bellowing:
come, take – enter if you dare!

Hiro Boga is a writer, teacher, and energy alchemist. She mentors creative women who want to shape a world in which soul and entrepreneurship, passion and profit walk hand in hand.



She has helped thousands of clients and students reclaim joy, freedom, success and creative sovereignty in their businesses, their relationships, and their lives.

As a mentor and workshop leader, Hiro blends transformative energy technologies, the magic of story, and grounded spiritual practices with pragmatic business strategies.

Hiro offers two signature group programs each year: [Become Your Own Business Adviser](#) and [How To Rule Your World From The Inside Out: The Art Of Inner Leadership](#).

She also works [privately](#) with a select few creative entrepreneurs and visionary leaders to unfold the miracle of their lives and businesses.

You'll find Hiro online at [HiroBoga.com](#)

Connect with her on Facebook, & on Twitter [@HiroBoga](#)