



# FINGER PAINTING: A HANDFUL OF POEMS

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**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.  
Hissssssssssss

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!

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**HIRO BOGA** is a writer, master 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.

Over the past three decades, Hiro 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 teacher, Hiro blends transformative energy technologies, the magic of story, and grounded spiritual practices with pragmatic business strategies.

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