

THE PELE CYCLE - A COFFEE TABLE BOOK-TO-BE...POETRY FLOWING ACROSS
VOLCANO PHOTOGRAPHS BY G. BRAD LEWIS

The following audio CD tracks will be featured on the website.

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Track 3: Afterward (a conversation with Brad Lewis), 1:00
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Track 1 Author's Introduction to the CD

The poems you are about to hear are from a volume I would like you to see, dear listener. I would like you to **SEE** because the words you are about to hear want to flow, quite literally, over some very beautiful photographs. Photographs of flowing lava, of Pele, molten heart of mother earth, taken in Hawaii over a series of years by volcano photographer extraordinaire G. Brad Lewis...a small but tantalizing number of which are available for your inspection at www.volcanoman.com. Now, why would I taunt you--an auditory audience for whom I am grateful--with visual splendor denied you in this recording of mere words? Because what you are about to hear, a series of thirteen poems, derives from a collaboration between a poet and a photographer. I refer to The Pele Cycle, a book that will exist some day, I am sure, but which is, just

now, a protean product in search of the proper publisher.

If you could but see it, what you are about to hear would flow—graceful, gracious, giddy...but very sparely—over Brad’s astounding tributes to mother earth in her Hawaiian manifestation Pele, creating the planet as I speak.

Let us begin with the title poem...

**THE PELE
CYCLE.**

Track 2 Title Poem: THE PELE CYCLE

THE PELE CYCLE

*Every twenty-eight days
she blows.*

*Still, they say,
she’s unpredictable.*

*You never know when she’ll get all emotional
leaky
unsolid.*

*Every twenty-eight days
she overflows
inner exuberance
reproductive abundance
from hallowed hollows.*

Still, they say,
we never expected it;
we can't allow it
She must contain herself
dam that messy molten love
and fresh begetting.

Every twenty-eight days
she blows
overflows
leaks her depths
tremoring new creation
through cracks we fear and worship.
This is Pele

Fire birthing earth
fertile ooze, vibrant stain,
airborne incendiary creator force
sooty sizzling sea
writhing
mist
enflamed.

This is Pele.

No lady
we can count on
to keep it all inside.

Pele,

whom we love, need, fear
and fail to manage.

Every twenty-eight days
she races skyward
shakes her innards
rattles her boudoir
splashing new topography.
Outing inner,
the depth and force of real revealing,
Pele leaks a planet.
It's a cycle we could get used to
born to it as we are
deep as we are
expressive as we yearn to
be.

It should be old: this new-making.
It should be yes: this shuddering
emancipation.
It should be wise: this cyclic conflagration.
It should be well: this sacred circle: being's
self
renewing.

It's a cycle we could go with.
Downright transporting!
Take heart, oh human kind,
gifted with fire
and surging with new selves, undam!
Unknow! Unhinge!

Run those juices!

*Every twenty-eight days, or so,
(who knows? who counts when living true?)
we can see what we're made of;
give vent to life alight
and all-that-must-burst-now;
capriciously fling
random swirls of incandescence
every spark perfection,
as it happens.*

WHY NOT?

Why not flow with Pele?

*Oh why not
beribbon the night with tongues of fire
lush fest unrepentant
as a thousand comets roust deeply natural
secretions:
self-becoming
holy ground
sacred tale?*

For we, too, are holy ground.

We, too, are sacred tales.

*And Pele is
above all
inner.*

She does not dance alone.

*Within us, too, brew
all the makings
of epic splendor:*

*cycles to flow with,
beauty to loose
and passion juices to go*

on and on...

*There's no telling
what
we might come up with
every twenty-eight days
or more
or less
as
in-us
prompts*

and once we've stopped counting.

Track 3 Afterward: A Conversation with Brad Lewis

In 1996, having returned to the arid American Southwest after an Hawaiian sojourn, the title poem gushed from me. Nearly four years later, Brad Lewis sat on the floor in my small living room in Tucson, Arizona where we mocked up a few pages of The Pele Cycle, commencing with the title poem. Brad said: “She’s stopped now.” I asked: “Stopped what”? “Flowing every twenty-eight days,” he replied. Incredulous, I blurted out: “Did she EVER flow every twenty-eight days?” “Oh yes.” Brad affirmed. “For years she flowed every full moon. That made it easy for us to show up, prepared, at just the right time to catch a flow. But of late, she varies. So we’ve had to become more intuitive.” Which affirms that even the ignorant may stumble over truth, if inspired...

* * *

Track 4: Author’s Introduction to “Taboos”

The next poem is entitled TABOOS. Although I use the Hawaiian proper name Pele to honor the fecund outbreak which Brad records, the Pele of whom I sing is not a minor deity gleefully terrorizing islanders in the enchanted South Pacific. She’s global, interior, a major force fashioning this our planet, from its center. She is creation continual. Her eruptions, which emerge via “hot spots” in our planet’s crust, have over the last seventy million

years (but who's counting?) channeled magma from far beneath the vasty deep. Pele is nature purposive and unstoppable. Biologically, a cycle is a "course or series of events which recur regularly and usually lead back to the starting point." From apparent destruction spring fertile soil and young islands. I'll speak for myself: there are phases in my cyclic self-creation when conflagration seems most evident and fertile soil but a distant concept. To these very human moments and to the Larger Picture, I dedicate TABOOS.

* * *

Track 5: "Taboos"

TABOOS

Break the taboos

PELE SAYS.

Like me.

Watch me.

Kapu

Kapu

Blow past illusion

*Blow past the solid crust
of all-containing earth*

Like me.

Feel me

From the core
I ooze
and boundaries efface themselves. That
shopping center, that long-tread path,
no more! no more!

Find a new way! I SAY
Re-map!
Re-contour!

I spurt out truth constrained:
inner fire and earth to be.
Learn from me PELE ROARS
As I flow,
I flare,
I rage,
I renew:
deep I am
Bona Dea.
Feel me in your burning depths
and fear me not.
Seeping self from within,
I birth fresh earth.

Oh Pele spare me they say.
Move! I ANSWER

Oh Pele, why do you sear our settled haunts?
they ember to my loving heart.
Fortunate ones, I REPLY:
I cremate what was cusp

*all now becomes once
to now reveal.
Mourn it not!*

*Be like me,
oh sweetly human faint of heart,
exalt the inner
break those kapu*

Erupt!

Volcanoman's photos capture the fantastic interplay of earth, air, fire and water Pele produces on the Puna coast. Humans, it seems, are almost instinctively fascinated by the spectacle of an active volcano...I am. What I, and many others, experience, however, is more than spectacle...there is amid the magnificent display a strangely alchemical reminder of our comet origins, buried deep within and coursing to the surface, as life flows.

AND WHEN SHE COMES

AND UNDERNEATH IT ALL

ELEMENTALS, MY DEARS

* * *

AND WHEN SHE COMES

*And when she comes
spasms wrack the land
all tremble*

*from below
searing fluid
spews,
recesses flame
hollows dance
mountains release
explosion
expression
new life*

*calmed,
she waits*

AND UNDERNEATH IT ALL

*Subterranean desires
play
with molten
former-rock
sessile no more
it flows
down under
juicy
it smolders
while the surface
rests
placid
insouciant
unrevealing.*

*Underneath it all
Pele powers up.*

ELEMENTAL, MY DEARS

*earth
air
fire
and water.*

elementals, my dears,
pure
potent
permeable.

is life a beach?
do you need
to get away
to get a way
to get
in touch?
what touches you
deeply
any more?

oh my dear ones,
graced with all elements
at home with all,
at odds with none,
sweetly simmering
potent
porous
where can you go
where
core-deep
earth
air
fire
and water
are not

your stuff?

Mix it up!

*Release those ancient rhythms,
I'll show you how. I'll lead the way.
If you love my beauty,
it is yours I say;*

feel it.

*If you sense my power,
it is yours, I say;*

be it.

*If the song of every blessed thing
swells in you beyond all reason's damming,
then hum with me,
then roar with me
and glow our elemental chorus:*

*Potentiate me,
my earth*

air

fire

and water.

Call me forth.

Rise up in me,

all terror and all beauty.

Try it on!

Spit it out!

Shake it out!

with me,

with Pele

as earth
air
fire
and water
within you
alchemize
and
within you
dispatch
calcified
reproof

Unchant your cannot-a cantata!

Try this on, instead; boogie to this:

*Rise up you inner strength...
Emerge you inner self
Surge, you splendid creature
Splurge, you wisdom of creation*

Then, whiss it!

*Quake the settled!
Part your lips
melt your hardness
expel your long-pent origination.*

Ignite that subdued self!

*Oh I say,
don't be shy...*

*Let's make a new
planet.*

With apologies to an international audience, the poem which follows, **SET IN OUR WAYS**, addresses a persistent American penchant: first, we bludgeon, then manicure nature in images we fancy; next, we settle; at which point, to our surprise, we pine for more that is not yet ours. Ever voracious, ever unsatisfied, we repeat the all-consuming pattern. I, too, scurry to control my life, suppressing self and other novel creations, whereupon I lament my stale state, and seek new terrain to constrain. A cycle is a circular or spiral arrangement. And a literary form. “Originally meaning ‘circle,’ cycle is applied to a collection of poems or romances centered on some outstanding event or character [recall the Beowulf Cycle]...Cyclic narratives are

commonly accumulations of traditions given
narrative form.”

* * *

SET IN OUR WAYS

*Yes, it's ours,
this tamed,
familiar,
cultivated and yielding surface.
It's comfortable;
we're comfortable;
we're bored;
give us more!*

*we chant to
earth, air, fire, and water:*

*give us more
raw
fresh
pliant
we are pioneers
we settle
give us more,
more of the same*

to become
set in our ways,
to become more of the same

we are movers and shakers
crushers and containers
set in our ways
cozy, cozened controllers
frenzied
fit
wanting more than
manicured monotony monopoly
and finding no purchase
on
rumbling
hunger
for
purpose
for
truth
and
release
of deep good
attachments
lasting
high

ease
no catalog
can
picture
no
package
contain

what is that *rumble*?

not on our schedules
not in our work orders
right in our backyards

news bulletin:
tourist-luring lava
expresses
unsettling novelty
live action at noon...

whoosh

sizzle

slice

keeeerrrrr

pliiisssshhhh

clk

clk

life flames

life flows and fluxes

right here

Can't imagine it?

It's on every station.
Tom Brokaw's flying in.
Tape it and send it to the relatives...

We're a fire!

We're real!

We're divine...

snap

swish

soar

we are stable
pillars of society
towers of strength
settled
rocks of fortitude
arsenals of hunger
and thirst for
life
that intensely
undeniable
pulse
beyond which
we are not

on the surface
we are
we admit
dense
unmoving
dug in
ferociously unaware
of the power
within
beneath
central
all-bestowing
now,
just as it happens
lava flows

fire rages
mountains explode
forests ignite
and every stuck thing
vaporizes
we quake
we quail
we decamp

we are
deeply
moved

the unthinkable
seems strangely familiar
an awesome benediction

we must be sacred
to be so
wrent
to yield to intensity
our minor plots

and flimsy fences
our backyard pits
and thirty year shackles.

set in our ways
no more,
we dance to primal tunes
as
pele
us peer
within
bids

*to
teeming
convulsive
all-
renewing
inner
truth.*

(INTRODUCTION)

I tend to think of Pele as Mother Earth, with fire. Not as malleable as our much-violated terra firma—Pele goes deep. Several years ago, recognizing that I was, and indeed still am, happily, an unknown, a kindly cognoscenti suggested that I find someone of note to pen an introduction to this volume-to-be, the better to lure readers into its obscure fiery depths. I thought immediately that Pele might want to be introduced as she is. Perhaps she needs to be seen, to be experienced, to communicate who she is. What might she say???

* * *

*Of course,
I need
no
introduction*

You know me.

I am sacred.

Holy fire.

Earth heart essence.

Pele

Planet pourer.

Mother force untamed.

**No local goddess, dear reader;
no isolated phenomenon,
I am no
nature show
tamely trapped on tape
for a self-improving
evening.**

I am Pele

Creation continual.

I am

Your glowing core

Your sacred flame.

I am Pele,

deepest essence,

a flowing intimate balance of
earth, air, fire and water.

I dwell in each and everyone of you.

**Mother I am,
neither male nor female.**

**I am your stuff
as you are mine.**

**Inner radiance,
embodied,
emergent,**

I am Pele,

the Great Balancer.

**In these pages I bare visible proof of
who YOU ARE, how life works and
wherein lies power....**

**Such facts of life
as mothers respire
to babes-in-process:**

Inner grounds.

Heart renews.

Life cycles.

Colleagues,
Drench ourselves in innocence before
you turn another page.

Let them ash away:

The all-too-familiar,
oh so patronizing
portraits
of the rageaholic goddess---
a capricious
self-absorbed
local deity
greeting the
passage
of her cultural pull date
with peevish pique.

I am not she,
my loved ones.

Never was.

**I require no attention for myself.
Think on it,
Fellow fonts of radiant life:**

The whole earth is my center stage.

**And
rest assured,
dispirited troupes of
quivering propitiants
serve
no
True
Beauty.**

It is you---
**Lightened sources
Overflowing glow
Whose inners access primal
Whom
I
Invoke
Within.**

Oh humans,

see me

so that in and through me

you can see what you are made of

and power up

accordingly.

As Lewis Carroll's unicorn
proposed
to a startled
visitor:

*"Well, now that we
have seen each other,*

*if you believe in me,
I'll believe in you.*

Is that a bargain? "

As you visit me here,

oh reader,

see me.

Really take me in.

For if you can see me,
you can see yourself.

If you can believe in me,
you can believe in yourself.

Is that a bargain?

Tune in,
You splendor.
Light up.
Phone home.

Re-ignite.

Move through it.

We are,

most evidently,

magnificently *alive*.

Can't you see?

Warmly,

As ever,

Pele

THE NEXT POEM IS CNN TO GODDESS.

What humans divine as moods of the divine may be immanence, self peering out, swirling around and, sometimes, raging, self unfolding in staggering variety. The images on view at Volcanoman.com comprise a small selection of Brad's (and Pele's) prodigious output, yet even these few convey a universe of nuance and sensibility. As do we.

Hindus call the circuit of chakras, when full, flowing,
and, thus empowered, “the volcano.”

CNN TO GODDESS...

*oh pele,
do you marvel
at the foreign
thing
we find you,
we
who have fire
at our centers
also?*

*do you wonder,
goddess,
why we roam the earth,
ensatellite it,
yet rarely look
 within ourselves,
 scarcely celebrate
 our sacred links,
 those inner all-pervasive
 channels of grace and revelation*

which
enlighten
illumine
ignite us?

thank you,
oh goddess,
oh pele,
for daring to remind us
that we are more
than surface
more than stuck
more than star-struck resistance
and spectators twice-removed.

We are creators
yes,
We are movers and shakers,
where it counts
within
only superficially encrusted
only at our most shallow vulnerable
unyielding uneasy junctures
soon-to-be -set-free,

*do we curse
you
goddess,*

*do we fear
our very ground
ashen
ascendant
all-within*

which

*fires
every
sessile
thing.*

* * *

When I gaze at Brad's photos or stand on creation's doorstep with the scorching breath of earth tearing my eyes as fiery snakes of flame shake the cauterized ground beneath me, well...I find that power and stately self-reflection hard to reconcile with those old, pathetic portraits of a harpy diva raining tantrums on cringing natives should they fail

to douse her rocky mantle with sufficient gin or terrified propitiation. I know her better, this Mother Earth in the midst of making. And I know myself better as I attune to her.

RAIN FALLS ON PELE'S TEARS

RAIN FALLS ON PELE'S TEARS

Pele weeps.

*Searing
puddles
finger
webs
of
radiant
grief.*

*So many fear her.
They run.
They rail.
They curse*

*the
tender
fragile
goddess
who
is
only*

earth-center,
the very living heart,
piercing
staid skin,
pouring
molten
love
new
fired
desire
and
unsettled
purity
on
sullen
shackled
kin.

Caressing
from below
within
she showers
beauty compelling
cavorting
light pirouetting,
capering
good will
and earnest splendor
on land
never meant to
unleap

unglow
settle into
done.

Some hillsides awake to Pele
with
hummingbird flames
snapping joyfully,
sky racing
giddy revelation,
graceful
reckless
ecstasy
gorgeous
erupting
alight
slow
delicious
incandescent
blithe
beauty
born
nobly and
spent
full
and flowing.

Other turf
rejects
its mother,
dams her luminous pith
beneath
earth's tattered skin.

She broods,
sky-denied by
carapace
too stern for fissures,
cold
to creation's
ardor

Then Pele weeps
her mighty heart
into the
unwelcoming
hold.

Sky

drips

cold

comfort.

Mist in Pele's realm.
magic
murky
mystic
Otherworldly

when

rain

falls

on

Pele's

tears.

* * *

My first view of Pele, flying into the Kona Kailua airport, was awesome, forbidding. Ocean and lava: sapphire splendor embracing a scape I had never imagined: undulating lapidary terrain like blackened moonscape, glassy, peaty, caught mid-wave, fossilized undulation, sculpted, unending, and oh-so-silent. I drove my newly rented vehicle along the highway, a narrow two lane road, flanked by mile after mile of craggy crawling stark land, stunning, unrelieved stone, blackened, frozen in a flowy carapace, as far as I could see. Movement en-formed...but solid, implacable, barren beauty, and only that, as far as I could see, enskied in piercing azure. In the distance, mid-isle, loomed the peaks of Mauna Loa and Mauna Kea, high snow-tressed mountains. If you'd read your guidebook, as I had, you would know, but scarce believe, that an eruption of Pele over one hundred years before had covered the land from the island's center to the distant sea; you would learn, as I did, that you now drive on a slim macadam over her hardened pulse, untouched, except at the very coastal fringe, and only recently, by luxury hotels, very few, very select, carved at cost, from her centenary flow. And you might, in the course of your stay, see a cinder cone or two. Cinder cones--today, benign rises and indentations--are the spouts from which Pele poured the land over which we've driven, no one's land, immense still, uninhabited.

Cinder cones--now dormant hollows, often covered with grass--look innocuous, uninteresting, impotent; a benign phase of an awesome cycle...Has-beens? Empty sets? Re-think! CINDER CONE

CINDER CONE

*Cold
empty
hollow.*

*Old looking
helpless
clearly past it*

*No spark
flare
fury
fear
to unleash now.*

*This is where
the mighty Pele
once fired the sky
darkened the sun
scorched the land
snaked to a distant ocean
transfiguring it all*

*Quiet
near the hole
barren mostly*

no hint

of flaming Pele
fire goddess
molten transformer
awesome catalyst
of earth, air, fire, and water

Don't miss the point
the beauty
of Pele
here
now.

Null
is real.
Spent is true.
Why do you look for
terror-filled action-packed telegenic drama,
and not seeing that
see nothing
splendid?

Do you smirk to piss
where the goddess of giving
long seethed
re-making?

Don't mistake her
many forms.
Never laugh
at the spent force
of silent wisdom,
the heart spilled out
with
love

only
and
no low intention.

Why do you mock this urn of Pele's wrath,
might's mausoleum
softened
and serene?

Those who fear
their source
turn
on those who loved
them
with passion
power
depth
and truth
so evident that
earth did rock
and sky explode
and horizon efface itself
in smoldering possibility.

BITCH
snarl those who
fear
love lavished
as core must.

Never mistake the gentle face of Pele
her utter silence
peace

withdrawal

as was

as not

as un.

*For love waits
to run through
ready fissures
and eager ocean
breeds
new land
and
tender sky
fondles new peaks
and birth scars
speak
of
mother
open loins
and vaginal bliss
of inner
burst forth
of deepest necessity
scorned
only by those,
never scorched by real,*

who would resist the turning of the earth,

*inner
and
deepest
truth.*

* * *

GODDESS OF FLOWERS

*crack!
a whip of flame*

*whoosh!
hot air meets a blue sky*

pele flares.

*

* *

Track 19: Author's Introduction to PACKAGING PELE

When you venture to volcano country, you visit on Pele's terms. The Visitor's Center of the Volcano National Park: no longer there! Forbidding flows of hardened lava block the only road to celebrated views. Trails are modified by waist-high snakes of black glassy twisted stone; or by scorching fiery trespass, snapping with the heat of magma meeting tree, pith igniting, dreadful snap and cinder smell, green, tender, tremulous, breathing and then swack, gone, emulsified; or by earth-heart cruising asphalt when thwack, it sways, buckles, deranges mid-molecule; or by Pele greeting thick, high wall... hiss, gone, on she saunters. Land, streets and buildings: interrupted, reconstructed, obliterated...Highways, off and on, re-sculpted, impassable. Unpredictably. Sulfurous vog and unanticipated fireworks may enhance your visit. The next poem, PACKAGING PELE, was penned in tribute to the life in all of us that resists a plastic package, a slick sell...

Track 20: Packaging Pele

PACKAGING PELE

NO Old Faithful,

NO Palace Guard,

Pele will **NOT** pose for photos
on the hour;

NOR confine

her pith

to velvet-roped grooves.

will **NOT**

hold her

sulky

scalding

sultry

gush

at just the right spot

for capturing candor

or

glimpsing thigh

of goddess

doing her own thing,

OSHA notwithstanding.

A moving centerfold,

a furious subject,

Pele hisses to tourists:

Keep your distance!

*Gorgeous I am,
and more than show.
So get a life!*

*Mind MY attitude,
hang loose
and dangerous,
and*

*DON'T count on me
to line your pockets.*

DON'T

*even
think*

it

to

yourself

not

even

once:

that

I am the type

to

show up

anywhere

anytime

dressed appropriately

for state occasions,

mass consumption,

nature shows,

and scout assemblies.
Take ME as I come
or
leave ME
in MY

AWESOME
UNSPEAKABLE
MAJESTY.

Bliss I lavish.

Join me if you
dare!
taste fire in the wind;
smell singed becoming;
bathe in birth death
beauty terror.

If that will not suffice,
remove yourself
lest I notice
something dying
in my kingdom
that needs a spark from Pele
to remind it of its origins.

She's a hot commodity,
they say.

Too hot to handle,
I counter,
too free

*to trinket in your stalls.
This native knows no
servantspeak.
So move lively,
and mind your manners
around Pele!*

*Re-think MOTHER;
re-feel NATURE;
re-format HOLY TERROR*

*For PELE,
centered stream of new-forged earth,
cannot stop*

BEING WHO SHE IS
UNAPPEASABLE GODDESS
*whose earth-shaking majesty
and fiery might
shaped the very land
on which you stand and marvel
and by whose grace and bounty
you are PERMITTED to remain
for this instant unmolested
by HER leave
and at HER convenience
only.*

UPHEAVAL is the only poem written in my own voice.

UPHEAVAL

Pele

Pele

I am ripped

by violent truth

deeply shaken

quaking beyond all reason

miscarried of order

flowing around me all my heart's marrow

while nerves slither

once neatened parcels.

I am a fire

devastated

expelled.

Oh Pele

Pele

Pele

where is the sky I wrote my future in?

who snatched the dreamers' stars,

and stripped pliant orchids from my breast?

ripped

goddess

I am

darkness

singed

I am

bleakness burning

I am

flight denied...

I am
the new becoming
I spit forth.
Heart-ripped and coreless,
I ash courage
while hope
a thousand
frantic fugitives on smoldering breeze
escapes me

Oh Pele
how do you do it?
flare in the night
and spew creation
from center unmolested
by timidity
and involution?
Teach me,
Pele,
lavish me yet again
with recall scorching and resolute
of inner cycles
wracked renewal
and emergent essence.

For I have lost perspective,
Pele.
And flee this night of burning soul
and order ripped from heart

never fully flowing.

*And
much as I admire you,
goddess mentor,
I shrink before
the roar
I fear
to birth.*

Track 23: Author's Introduction to Concluding
Poem: FULL CYCLE

We come now FULL CYCLE

A literary cycle is a “series of poems or songs on the same theme.” Electrically speaking, a cycle is “one complete period of the reversal of an alternating current from positive to negative and back again.”

Greg Ward writes: “Western visitors to the volcanoes have tended to see them as purely destructive, while the ancient Hawaiians, whose islands would have never existed without the volcanoes, were much more aware of their generative function, embodied in the goddess, Pele. It may take longer to create than to destroy, but lava is fresh in nutrients, and soon life regenerates on the new land. On a single visit...it's impossible to appreciate the sheer rapidity of change. What's a crackling, flaming, unstoppable river of molten lava

one day may be a hiking trail the next; come back twenty years later and you could find a rich, living forest...Kilauea--literally 'much spewing'--has been in a continuous state of eruption since 1983...its lava tends to flow consistently in the same direction, down towards the ocean. Between 1983 and 1995, it added well over 500 acres of new land to a nine mile stretch of the Puna coastline. In a single hour in 1984 it let forth enough lava to pave a highway from Honolulu to New York."

Adds Scott Cunningham: "Pele is often thought of as a cruel goddess. This is untrue...Pele exists. She's a tangible physical presence in the volcano area of Hawai'i. The ground is scorched, cracked, and blackened with lava. The scent of sulfur hangs in the air and irritates the throat. Steam eerily rises from the earth. During major eruptions, lava flows scorch the earth and, at the shore line...molten lava pours into the sea, causing tremendous explosions and mountains of steam...We know Pele as a true mother goddess who creates new land with every violent outpouring of lava into the sea. She is also at work some miles off the coast...where the seamount Loihi steadily and slowly grows from the mountain floor. Eventually it will be the newest Hawaiian island." A biological cycle is "a recurring series of functional changes or events."

With gratitude, fellow spark, I leave you...FULL
CYCLE.

Track 24: FULL CYCLE

FULL CYCLE

*Pent
she's been.*

Pensive.

*Seething
stuffed deep
inside.*

*Yearning to breathe sky-blessed air,
cavort with new sprung meadows,
couple with the sapphire ocean*

I've been held in too long

Pele fumes

Let me out

I need to roam.

I've been held down too long.

Above is still,

stiff,

overgrown.

I feel it.

*Feel it:
pressure
surge
pressure*

shiver
am
pressure
shimmy
yielding
steam
and tumult
steamy
natural forces
have their way
and
rip
melts mountains
crack cauterizes night
flame
fondles placid sky.

All is transformed.

She fire
red gold electric mesmerizing
beauty
fury
ardor
encroaching enriching
passion
and loin spill
heart juice
sacred
and creative.
Molten torrents
Pele's hair

free fall
arced
fully glowing
not to be denied
into sapphire stupid depths and wonder
moody implacable ocean
wise
and
all receiving

passion dancing

now
they meet in steam
and couple
light
and bathe
each other.

each yielding difference,
otherness dissolves.

fire gets steamy
wet gets hot
air mists
flames pound
and surf sizzles
Such communion cycles epic grandeur...

Look there beneath the surface:

new earth,

fire poured and water cradled,

quickens.

Life cycles.

Feel it. Revere it. Take it in:

surface stillness

nestles

*beauty molting
trembling
undulating*

in

the

depths

all becoming

as befits

every living thing.

Pele