

## The Light of Your Being

By Jay Frankston

In the cave behind your eyes  
there's a fire pit  
and wisdom rises  
like smoke from a smokestack  
at the top of your head.  
There, at the soft spot  
which was warm to the touch  
when you were a tiny baby.  
There, where your mother's kiss  
absorbed the sweet smell of birth  
from the fuzz at the center.  
There, where your soul  
entered your body  
when you were six months old,  
The light of your being emanates, radiates,  
and illuminates the aura that surrounds you  
and makes you visible to flowers and trees  
that put on coats of many colors  
to acknowledge you and celebrate  
your indispensable presence  
in this world.

## The Bumble Bee

By Jay Frankston

I felt the sting of the bumble bee  
and everything turned upside down.  
I lost my balance  
fell off my feet  
and tumbled to the ground.

My speech got slurred  
and nobody heard  
my incessant cry for help.  
Somewhere in the distance a dog was barking  
a loud and screaming yelp.

My eyes were blurry  
my head was pounding  
there was a whistling in my ears  
all my senses had lost their grounding  
I shouldn't have drunk all those beers.

## I Laughed

By Jay Frankston

I laughed when they asked me.  
I didn't know it hadn't rained for years.  
They were all waiting for me  
when I came through the door  
and I hadn't brought any.  
I was the source and the source was dry  
but somehow my blood didn't seem to coagulate.  
It was all moving so fast  
my head was spinning.  
Soon they'd come for me  
and all I could think of  
was the playground of my childhood in Paris  
where life was hell  
but painted itself into nostalgia.

I heard the siren through the fog in my head  
and we all ran into the bomb shelter  
and huddled afraid together.  
But here I was alone,  
stretched out in the ambulance  
a lifetime later,  
red lights flashing all around,  
flashbulbs going off in my head  
and the interviewer asking me  
something I couldn't quite make out,  
something about what I had come to do  
in the first place  
and all I could do is laugh.

## Sand Sculpture

By Jay Frankston

You don't get off the train  
while the car is in motion.  
You let the momentum  
propel you into the unknown.  
Fall on you knees  
and feel the earth with your hands,  
make mud pies and sand sculptures  
of women's bodies,  
lithe and tanned.  
Let them rise from the sand,  
walk into the ocean  
and swim off into the distant horizon  
where some beautiful island  
lies hidden behind the sun,  
or let the waves swallow them  
and return them to the shore  
as the grains of sand  
they started off as in the first place.

**Jay Frankston bio:** Jay Frankston was raised in Paris, France. Narrowly escaping the Holocaust he came to the U.S. in 1942, became a lawyer and practiced on his own in New York for nearly twenty years, reaching the top of his profession, sculpting and writing at the same time. In 1972 he gave up law and New York and moved himself and his family to Northern California where he became a teacher and continued to sculpt and write. He is the author of several books and of a true tale entitled "A Christmas Story" which was published in New York, condensed in Reader's Digest, translated into 15 languages, and called a Christmas Classic by many reviewers. El Sereno, his latest novel, is a short epic set in Spain with authentic historical background. It took ten years and two trips to Madrid to complete.