

Days of Libraries

By Ava Bird

at the library
cloudy out
street people read
sleep
email
charge phones
i sit
listen to chants
with headphones
loud
surrounded
by books of classic japanese poetry
typing keys
wildly
every now and then
looking up
monkey mind
again
back to the pen
back the writing
time to get it down
turn it out
churn it around
look up
every once in a while
and smile

Fast Breaths

By Ava Bird

the celebrity chef offered a plate

i said:

thanks im on a fast

a fast for the earth

a fast for my birth

a fast for my death

and a fast for my ass

and intestines

heart fasts from beats of hip

hips hop bouncing back

to the here again

the tick tock of heart beats

again

for this breath

hales and hales

ins and outs

blowing naturally

oxygen flowing freely

we go to the flow

of these beats

softly pounding

still

flowing beautifully

we breathe free

hopefully

we breath free

Love Text

By Ava Bird

today i texted myself:
i love you
&
dont forget
to leave a light on
try to turn on
tune in
drop into
third eye advice
if we're really tuned in
i can see the blinking blings &
lights and rooms
in houses and eyes
blues hearts, lightening
connections and shivers
sounds of saws and alarms and showers,
earths quaking under my pillow fairy's
leaving notes under cracks
saying thanks
thanks for being a good neighbor
thanks for being a good earth steward
thanks for polishing the mirrors clean
remove shoes and armor
thanks for the turn signals
signaling time
to let go
and go
ahead
thanks for the smile
and you
have a blessed day!
xo!

Mirrors

By Ava Bird

car nap
after yoga
still awakening
i look out the window
large moving truck next to me
people are moving
the side of the U-haul reads:
'WHERE WILL YOU GO NEXT!?'
i lay back
in the seat
dream for another 15
wake up
to see
red light flickering on dash
'security'
ahhh,
yes
eyes move slowly
to the left
'mirror'
i shift it centered
and wipe it clean

Here It All Is

By Ava Bird

just trying to pull in the light
just trying to let it all go
and receive
certain things back in
just sayin
non judgment day is here,
sit happens
zazen lotus
back to beginners mind again
back to the grind
just sitting
no body no mind
no attachment no gain
just being
just receiving
mind fully watching
thoughts pass by
like wind bells chiming
reminding the mind to be free
be free
reminders
to enjoy
these precious moments.

Objects In Mirror Are Closer Than They Appear

By Ava Bird

here i sit next to this heroin addict
driving on a highway in a compact car
stuck for a trip down the coast
skinny, worn, dehydrated, scars, he is still very polite and friendly
he opens up and tells me about his life, struggles and addiction
i say 'its good to be clean'
he says 'yeah, you're right'
i feel his pain
and then
i cant wait to sage the shit out of this car when he leaves!
burn incense to smoke the demons still hanging around where he sat in the
passenger seat
i think to myself: we are all one, have some compassion bitch
i say 'maybe you should just walk away from it all, let go.'
'yeah, i want to' he says 'but its hard when you love someone'
then after awhile,
the heroin addict now keeps asking for things:
'can we stop, do you smoke, i have to go to the bathroom, i need some water, do
you have a light?'
his energy runs heavy
after a few hours, i think 'fuck this heroin addict!'
yet we both try to play it normal
'we just got new carpet, i am looking for a job now, my girlfriend wants to have a
baby,
someday, i want things to be good'
yeah, me too, i think as i look in the side mirror
'objects are closer than they appear'
suddenly, i see the addict in me, the hungry ghost in me, the possibilities in me,
the potential, the dark sides,
on the flip side i say
'yeah, we are so blessed to have these moments,
to be here now, to be alive on this earth'
thank you heroin addict for keeping me clean.

Hard Days Night

By Ava Bird

hard days
night
friend walks over,
passenger side window
big smile
'hey, lets go gather the girls
and dance the day away!"
maybe
ill meet you there
tired
i say
driving away
i see her
sun on her
big and bright
smiling
in the rearview
giving me the finger
with both hands
circling
around
first laugh
all day

Ava Bird bio: Ava Bird is an American based poet, writer, editor, reviewer, producer, magical elixir maker and more! Her poetic works are printed in historical anthologies, academic journals, spiritual publications, online, recorded for radio and exhibited in galleries. She has published two books of poetry and prose 'the new now' and 'rage against the war machine' and is an organizer for the worldwide poetry movement 100thousand poets for change. Connect @ facebook:avabirdpoetic