

On the Great Waking-Up Morning

On the Great Waking-Up Morning, Hector went out
on his porch,
Saw Helen, next door, in her yard weeding,
Looked over at her with brimming fondness - which
surprised him.
She straightened up and turned around, - and she
was feeling that way, too.

He gazed at her for a long, long time.
So familiar she was that she seemingly was him.
She gazed that way too, and then they could see
that the One that they were was the One
Without Second.

Tears and awe, indeterminate time,
then, slowly emerging, they saw everything fresh,
beautiful, absurd. They started to laugh.

They'd been quarrelsome neighbors, indignant,
fuming ~
fantastically funny now, as the joke became clear.
They laughed 'til they hurt, and the hurt became
laughter.

Uproarious laughter attracted more neighbors:
starting off cautious, cracking a smile,
then blowing away in great gusts of glee.
A policeman came to quell the disturbance,
but, seeing it happening all down the street,
felt absurd, so he laughed 'til he cried.

Great Waking-Up Morning all over the planet.
Everywhere clusters of people were gathering,
laughing together as never before,
and the sound of it echoed down streets and
across valleys.

Weeping there was and gnashing of teeth
but there in the heart of that terrible grief
was the One.
The past was a game of such intricate vastness,
we couldn't have known.
Now we knew.

Global eruption of tears and elation.
Bosnia writhed with forgiveness and joy.
Stockbrokers rolling on trading room floors
Evangelists, Senators, Stars, and Professors,
tumbling free-fall in the equality of laughter.

Spasms of mirth ended serious warfare:
whole armies bent over, slapping their knees.
Structures unbudged by any revolution
crumbled as holders of power cracked up.
Really big men, with a lot to lose, lost it
in sobs of remorse, and then blessed laughter

Days later, subsiding (breaking out here and there)
we knew all the walls had come tumbling down:
no problem too big; no unresolved issue.
With laugh-opened lungs we sighed,
took a deep, collective breath,
and started to build the new world.