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Cameo People, Cameo Times

Pat Redjou
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Where do these people come from
Who touch my life forever...
Then vanish, go!
They leave behind a seed, a sprout
That flourishes throughout my
Veins and blossoms in my brain.

They drop a word,
An hour's conversation,
As lightly as a summer zephyr
Cools my skin.
Only later do I realize a spark
Has kindled deep within.

A white haired smiling lady
Rode beside me on the bus
When I was very young,
My first house within my trust.
She whispered in conspiracy words
Living yet among my dusty corners.

"Who'll know twenty years from now
If your windowsills are spotless?
Look out. Look past.
Enjoy your world my dear!
Walls are only to shelter behind
In times of storm.
Nature needs your footsteps.
Don't keep her waiting!"

I can be depressed, forlorn,
Under Saturn's gloomy spell,
When some soul rich in merriment
Will verbally kiss, and make it well.
Outside a tavern's restroom door,
Afraid to suck my stomach in,
One such fellow gave a grin
And motioned with puckish courtesy
Across the hall.
"Gotta pee? I'll guard the door!"
He's in my mind's eye forevermore.

And where did he come from,
The retired engineer,
Who chatted with me and
Stilled my fear?
He spoke to me of baking bread
And making ruby wine.

A poor swimmer, I, in the
Human sea, I'd found it
Surging in on me.
But he made me a raft
Of living yeast and
Turned a Zombie-crowd back
Into a feast of humanity.

Where do they go, these people of mine,
Who show up at needful times
And drop a flavor into my life?
They fill holes in my reasoning,
Supply a thought, some seasoning,
I didn't realize I craved.

Do they exist beyond my mind's appeal?

Pat Redjou