



Universal Oneness

An Anthology of
Magnum Opus Poems
from around the World

360 poems by 360 poets from 60 Countries

Editor
Vivekanand Jha

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What I Know For Sure

“Write about what you know about,” they always told me in writer’s workshops... and I’m, like, “Yeah, right – you want the Holographic Lie concocted by Time and Space (Born: Whenever, Died: Often) or the crunchy, undraped, improbable TRUTH!” Because, the fact is, you and I know it isn’t really like that, is it? Reality and illusion are but functions of one another, and besides, I know you’ve stroked the grey beard of eternity, pierced the spinning shell of atoms, walked among sullen tigers, been resurrected in purloined love via stolen kisses. You’ve bitten the sacred fruit, murdered the dove... like you, I’ve glided sapphire seas, on ships with milk-white sails, consulted with mermaids, translated obscure kite songs written on the breeze. I’ve trod islands with naked cannibals, eaten the flesh of missionaries, of buffalo...captured a unicorn, wandered wild blackberry roads where the wind howls your name out loud, stalked the Hydra on sultry nights while the parsonage burst into guilty flames and truth lied.

I swam with porpoises in silver streams, cradled pythons against my bosom, tore the living heart from my mother’s breast. I’ve been stabbed by shrieking pencils, written soliloquys in honor of beloved oblivion, licked absinthe from your navel, and hemlock from golden chalices, screwed trees, kept time with radioactive clocks. In our stormy souls, didn’t we sing songs that had mute words and silent chords, spit dark notes from clandestine fingers, write shimmering theories we later joyously refuted? Didn’t we steal fire from Apollo, weep diamond tears together? ...Lay with monk and derelict, spew flowers from each orifice? ...Put Death on trial, slit Reason’s throat...? I can personally describe what it’s like to ride a raindrop to its spattered commingling with the sea, to be abducted by aliens, to sizzle like lava on burning hillsides, shatter like broken glass, melt, condense, evaporate.

I’ve been rollerblading the rings of Saturn, gone ice skating in Hell, played poker with God and bluffed. Any time I want, I can try on your face, meld with your body, steal your dreams, swallow continents whole, have sex with Godzilla. Naturally I’ve been keeping cool, man – real cool – ever since that fire-breathing dragon I’d been using as transportation to the writer’s workshop broke down... yeah, I’ve been laying low, but in case you’re interested, I *have* heard there’s this train leaving soon (you dig?) bound for The Farthest Horizon, and I just happen to know Somebody who knows Someone who has this Friend, see, with two free tickets to the Absolute Elsewhere....