eat life, shit love

*Be anything you like, be madmen, drunks, and bastards of every shape and form, but at all costs avoid one thing: success. -*thomas merton

*sorting cans, jars of peanut butter*

*at the community food bank,*

*checking expirations*

what is my shelf life,

my “do not sell after”?

how would we live

if we started with the end in mind?

if daily we kept death before our eyes

as exhorted Saint Benedict.

what would be our output

if the finish is just down the road?

*placing bags of rice and baby food*

*into a box*

*for the families.*

do they fearfully fret

over gross domestic product?

or worry about metrics,

letters to tell us how we’re doing?

ROI, EBIT,

KPI, EPS

would we still be Americans,

if we purchased less?

if consumption and production is not the mission,

how then shall we carry on?

maybe instead of consuming stuff - I shall eat life!

***this*** will be my vision.

I’ll bite the blinding blue sky

and nibble the babbling creek.

munch the orange wildflowers and

sip the saxophone’s savory sound.

taste warm laughter among friends

gulp the color of words in a poem.

gobble grandma’s girlish smile

devour my daughter’s off-balance twirl.

deeply inhale the children holding hands,

and slowly suck on the setting sun.

chomp the crack of lightning over the hills

and carefully chew that couple’s kiss.

“Oh, he’s mad!”

“Indeed, it’s sad!” they’ll say.

so full of life, so stuffed I’ll be.

my soul’s ready to blow!

I’ll shit love everywhere,

no longer can I keep it in.

it flows out of me

in a big embracing mess.

I poop a smile

at the angry man

dump a load of kindness

onto his fiery head.

droppings of love

shall litter my trail.

if life is my meal,

output shall not fail.

*closing the trunk after loading her bags*

*I help her with the door*

*she winks at me and smiles*

*“I hope to see you more.”*

**van duivenbode, feb.24**

**royvanduivenbode@gmail.com**