

Rickie Lee Jones

"Carried into redemption"

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i know that lizards like jelly, because i have fed wild
geckos on the roof of my hut in the seychelles islands.
she was called the morning lizard, and i would drop
clear ponds
from the tips of my fingers for her to drink, and drop
gobs of silly flavored jelly on the counter for her to lick.

i know that it is possible to become intimate with a
stranger, from a distance, across time and continents,
because i have knelt before a young master in a very
private tea
ceremony. i watched him move, whisk, wipe, fold,
touch, offer, drink, enter, exit,

well this one wasn't so good.
i have debuted at carnegie hall.
i have been homeless, panhandled on the streets.
i have witnessed death, and birth, and graduation.
i have been told to leave, and invited to stay.
i went to a big new years eve party in new york city, with
many famous people, the mayor, baryshnikov, jessica
lange,
i was at the opening of the film which one best film that
year.
i was kicked out of high school
i was given the key to the city of baltimore.
what a kick. i'd like more of those. i was arrested
i am the highest point of my family tree. i call them to
fruition, i sing them themes about the beautiful sky, but
they cannot see it. there is a canopy above them, being
woven out of determination to grow. out of the legacy
of pain. i call them but they do not come, they cannot
come, no sun hits them.
i have swum with turtles in the open sea.
i found ancient, rusty nails on the shore.
and written about the boat, the sailors, and their homes
, from one piece of survival.
i grew up in a hospital, watching my brother die.
i grew up in a hotel room , watching my mother bring
home left over food.for our dinner.
i have cried my self to sleep by the cold sea, with no
coat or blanket or dime for the phone,

and awakened in the warm sun, in his arms, hearing
his grunts and the rustling of his leaves, his great
purring
and measured love by these things,
and so love became a fearful calm,
and i have always run
back to the storm
the lion completed, weakened by love,
send me back to the hunt
my lord
i have turned my back to the sunrise from hotel rooms
and called out the name of the setting sun from the
desert floor
i've been where it was happening
i have made it happen
i have walked down tiny lanes alone, for miles
i have planned revolutions
i have carved myself into moderation
i abandon my own shadow
i have been attacked by droves of red ants.
by crazy horses
by crazy people
i have been carried all the way, by someone, now and
then
but he is always too tired to stay then
and i hate him for loving my weakness
i have been in a helicopter, flying over the alaskan
glaciers, and i have been in the concord, faster than
sound.
as much as i have learned camouflage, i have left my
broken body on the plains at dusk
i been in a jet when the oxygen masks dropped
i came out to the car and my daughter was gone from
her car seat.
she had followed me in.
all of it is written over and over again.
i have skiied, water skiied, raced in the water, i have
played baseball and cards.
i learned chess at 8, when i learned my funny
valentine.
i met bob dylan. He called me a poet.
i rode with maximilian shell, and leonard cohen in the
same elevator.on different occasio

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