

As Bright As Venus at Dawn

In memory of John Kinsman, who just passed away on MLK day, Jan. 20, 2014, leaving a hole in the world... A poem by his friend and follower and compa de lucha Stephen Bartlett

If a human's body can share and channel
the Energy of the Land
and all life that dwells in the land
and then radiate outward that energy
in every gesture, deed and word
imprinted with a bit of the unique person that
body carries



If a human's body can love the land
with the same desire a cell has for food and
water
a love that carries a mysterious power with it
that radiates in all directions as once
and infects others who come into contact

If a human's body can live in fellowship
with men and women from every corner of our Planet
and laugh and sing and dance and embrace and march
and protest, and picket, and bear witness, and organize,
and grieve for everyone lost on the way...

If a human's body is as open and sharing to others
as the land is to a cow and its calf frolicking upon the grass
building a community of friendship and a search for justice
sifting through the lies of a poisoned age
and raising up all people of good will, rejoicing in their particular
gifts and their diverse ages, shapes, colors,
genders, temperaments, foibles

Then one such body, shining as brightly as Venus at dawn
was John Kinsman's
laughing as joyously as the patriarch of a prodigious autumn hunt
welcoming all to his hearth
and into his heart...

We will miss that tender, lithe and heroic body
and the laughing love he spread around our broken world
spread like rich manure destined to become one day,
with the help of cherished bovine relatives and rich pasture...
delectable cheese

We will miss him, we will miss him all
when gazing at Venus at dawn and smelling pine trees in January
tears of gratitude falling in the snow...