

19195

WHOLE CLOTH

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Table of Contents

Did you Get It?	1
Decision Enabler	2
Nightly Watch	3
Limitations	4
Urban Punctuation	5
Safety First?	6
Embarassing Insight	7
Complaining	8
Genesis of Sound	9
Mandarin Cocktail	10
Unsung Hero	11
Safe.....But Sorry?	12
Pastures and Cities	13
Cosmic Context	14
The Kingdom of Sort	15
Program Boundaries	16
Seeing Around Corners	17
Locus of God	18
Fight Fire With Fire	19
Perennial Drama	20
Sure Bet	21
Possible Paradigm	22
Poignant Wish	23
Whole Cloth	24

Did You Get It?

The glory
of a fine
winter day.

Copy that!

The sense
of security
that cash
in the bank
engenders.

Copy that!

The awareness
that life
has depths
seldom plumbed
and strange
beyond
imagination.

Copy that!

The song of
appreciation,
bursting
from heart
and mind,
reverberating
in a cosmos
we can barely
know or explain.

Copy that!

Decision Enabler

A sensitive,
caring
listener
who never responds
with a wilting
"should,"
she values my
emerging story
and budding
insights
more than
a manual of oughts.
She has been
where I am now,
but does not intrude
with lectures
on her own
experiences.
An angel
she has become
and always
will be--
one of my
inner council
whose voice
resounds
with skill
and integrity;
I continue
to listen.

Nightly Watch

Scintillating
radio sounds,
bubbling
legends of
jazz
plucked
from the air,
invisible
strands of energy,
comfort during
the long, tedious
evening of
watching
and listening
to ensure the
integrity of the
cavernous, empty
office tower
and its
envelope
of security.

Sensors and locks
go part-way, but
human presence
is necessary
to close the loop
of awareness,
providing
assurance
that gadgets
continue to work,
and that safe
is true.

Limitations

Arching branches,
vines looping
into one's face,
exotic tendrils
linking treetops
and ground,
 oppressive,
 suffocating
the damp closure
of vegetation
seals the sky
from senses,
forces
attention
to horizontal
progress and a
questionable hope
of finding one's way
so far from paved
streets and
blue sky.

This amazonian
scenario offers
a taste of
forbidden
adventure
as distant
from me
as a ride
to the moon
or the orbit
of a wide-winged
space shuttle.

Urban Punctuation

The staccato sounds
of gunfire
filter through
morning traffic
and past the
half-hearted
barrier of
window-glass
to strike my ear.

My brain responds
with several
scenarios,
none of them
even potentially
lethal to me,
but I move
to cover
anyway.

Not so seldom
happening,
I admit, but
always at a distance,
not on my block.

And there is
no purpose in
worrying or
imagining--
so I blot out
the possibilities
and return to the
business
at hand.

Safety First?

It is not enough
to be safe,
for that would mean
no interchange
with the wacky,
surprise-spawning
world around us.
One cannot
refuse to have
relationships
for they simply
exist as the network
we are thrust into
or choose, such as:
everlasting
blood ties
sealing our heritage;
commercial
requirements
that push us
around;
covenantal
promises that
shape our future
with gifts
and demands.

So what is
safe enough?
Our lives
answer the question
eloquently
as they unfold
each day;
we are as safe
as our
choices.

Embarassing Insight

No interest in
the television
program
blinking into my
mesmerized eyes.
I wince with
dehumanizing
regret that
writing has been
set aside.
Postponed
housework
gnaws at my
delinquent
consciousness.
This foolish
dilemma
could be
resolved if,
in this moment,
I would rise
and do,
banishing
hateful inertia
and leaving
unwelcome
denial
behind.

Complaining

There are
so few moments
when things go
easily that
I wonder
if anyone
is in charge.
Telephone tag
is the norm;
aches and pain
are endemic;
my goals and
honest efforts
clash with
those of others,
and I distinctly
hear the sounds
of mirth from
the skies
around me.
To take
charge
severely
myself
does not
accomplish
the honoring
of others
I intend.

Yet I know
assertiveness
is mine to use
to protect
my interests
and those
of the planet,
and I continue
to ask about
the rose garden
I was promised
by a deceiving
faith.

Genesis of Sound

Music was
there before
I learned
I was listening:
the rythm
of my heart,
the gurgling
of amniotic
essence,
the smothered
sounds of my
mother host,
the intrusion
of a world
bringing
indiscriminate
noise to
resonate with
the tides
of my own
fetal being.

I know
these things
only now, so
recently
have the
realities been
detailed,
and my
listening
having become
a part of my
consciousness.
Sweeter than
a symphony
the sounds of
life to a
person in the
not so silent
womb.

Mandarin Cocktail

Wrap your toothless gums

around this furtive jello!

Reach for the mandarin orange slices

buried in their opaque tomb.

The search is far more difficult than that for

a green olive in a pale gin martini,

For jello and mandarins tend to become

indistinguishable from each other

when being slurped.

Unsung Hero

Seldom seen,
even less often
heard or
touched,
it seems
not to need
praise
to voluntarily do
its assigned
tasks. Meanwhile
it calls attention
to teeth and cheeks
forming the cave-like
space where
it does its
unique work.

When it does
appear--
licking the lips,
devouring an
ice cream cone,
enhancing sex--
it is shy, not
accustomed
to day's light.
Gratitude to
this insistent
hero for
linking us to
the evocative
world
outside.

Safe,... but Sorry?

Armadillos
are barely
ambulatory;
they craft
an effective
plated shield
at the expense
of rapid
perambulation.
Not being
thin-skinned
is one thing,
but innocent
invulnerability
is quite
another.

Pastures and Cities

These days
we are trained
to make
cities the
center of our
lives, no matter
where we live
or what our
primary
engagement.
In a century
the balance
has shifted
from rural
to urban.
There was
a time when
one could go
for weeks
without being
touched by
news of the
cities; now
it is an
hourly experience.
Most of us are
urban. Yet
we often
flash back to a
country road,
a village, a
school, a home,
with such
nostalgia
that we
sigh deeply
before we are
swept back
to the urbanism
of our present
lives.

Program Boundaries

Between
promise and
action is a
giant, gray
gap which all of us
take advantage of.
We assume
that we know
how to bridge
the gap--
but the gap
quickly turns
from gray
to surprise.

That is what
our days are
made up of:
accounting for
the effects of the
unexpected.
A boiling pot
overflows,
a pragmatic
postponement
to avoid conflict,
a need to
renegotiate
an agreement.

But would it not
be boring to
have everything
come off like a
shuttle launch,
turning our
wills into
programmed
perfection?

Cosmic Context

Time speeds by
at an unprecedented
rate; with little
consideration
of our innermost
needs
it flits and
dodges like a
hummingbird,
allowing an
occasional taste
of the sweets of
life before it
flies on with us
to new
adventure.

We seek with
determination
to harness
time for our
own purposes
but seldom
succeed, for
time does no
favors. Our
shopping list
of values is
dishonored
by time as it
moves at a
rigid, regulated
pace to achieve
its own cosmic
purposes,
freighting only
part of our
agenda of
human
self-importance.

The Kingdom of Sort

Things seldom
come in
category-labelled
packages,
sorted from
other things
neatly and
identifiably.
There is an
eternal process
we must perform
that groups
apples with
apples, pears
with pears,
ripe bananas
differing from
green or
overripe.

It is the
process
of naming
that enables
the sorting.
The necessary
naming we do
is the record
of distinctions
we inevitably
make. How to use
naming and
sorting
without a
pejorative motive
or hurtful result
is the key to moving
beyond racism,
sexism, and other
detrimental patterns
of expression
we all possess.
That could be
our central
prayer in a
pluralistic world.

Seeing Around Corners

Scenarios
are utilitarian
and spiritual,
futuristic images
of what is
to come.
We create them
when we shop
for groceries
with our selections
based on an
imagined menu.
We plan a
day in the
mountains
beside a cold,
flowing stream.
We create
a scenario
of our health
and how we
will survive,
or how we
shall die.
The same skill
is indispensable
as a basis
for planning
the future
family,
community,
nation,
world.

What we see
and articulate
is our version
of the will
of God.

Locus of God

The gift
of messes
is that they
are evidence
of God's
activity;
for while the
being of God
is a theological
mystery
distorted by
everyone
holding to their
preferences
as to his essence,
the activity of God
can be seen,
heard and felt
routinely.

So the tendency
we show to
create messes
is as much the
activity of God
as the initiative
to clean them
up.

Both sin and
righteousness
have their roots
in God's activity.
The Divine
does not
create us
so much as
we create
the Divine.

Fight Fire With Fire

When two
giants of any
sort try to
deal with even
a simple
decision they
manage to
make it more
complex and
say it can't
be done.

A third party
with interests
in the decision
must devise
a careful strategy
that deals with
both giants
at once;
the key is in
naming the
problems
and showing
both arguments to be
irrelevant
or benign,
so a constructive
conclusion
can slip through.

It is a moment
of joy when
resolution happens
favoring rationality
and coherence,
but such a hope
is never
guaranteed.

Perennial Drama

From snowy
sparkle
to sunny
sizzle
the overnight
metamorphosis
reflects the
grand sweep
of seasons
that we expect
with a sun
rising aggressively
toward its zenith.
Leaves and buds
leap to the
prominence
they have enjoyed
before;
desert sands
become
exponentially
warmer;
children again
sell watery
lemonade.

In a million ways
we meet
the new season
as an inevitable
wonder with
blessings to be
claimed and
certain traits
outwitted.

Sure Bet

Soft, wet snow
sifts silently
to its bed
like moonfall
on the Sahara;
winter clings to its
annual promise
to make spring
difficult.

These two
all-prevailing
tides seem to be
at war with
one another--
winter surging,
gasping with
cold and wind
as spring laughs,
growing and
retreating with some
grand strategy
to conquer earth.

Winter is
much too serious
about holding on;
spring outflanks
her opponent
every time.
Clearly, even
the sun has
chosen sides.

Possible Paradigm

Plaid is the
color of Scots
and fashion-
conscious
ladies and
gentlemen.
Does it also
give us a model
of the complexity
of multi-faceted
life on Earth?

Poignant Wish

Perhaps
caring about
greenery
can redeem my
insufficient caring
about
people.

Whole Cloth

To think
is to be
the one
who has a
plan of action
ready for
implementation.

How shaken, then,
when a genuine
feeling such as
doubt
shows itself,
or one
finds himself
committed to
an irrational
plan.

It takes a
supreme effort
to become a
whole person
or to create
in others
a sense of awe
at the vision
of wholeness.

Yet the
universe
celebrates
when even one
person makes
the journey
and draws
an incremental
step closer
to that sacred
possibility.

BIOGRAPHICAL NOTES

Terrence Charles Wright was born in 1935 in Bertrand, Nebraska. He has the degrees Bachelor of Science in Architectural Engineering and Master of Theology. He has worked for 25 years in the field of architecture. For the last thirty years he has been an active volunteer with The Institute of Cultural Affairs. About fifty of his poems have been published in such periodicals as *Poetry Plus*, *For Poets Only*, *Family Earth*, *Feelings*, *Poetic Eloquence*, *Writers' Exchange*, *Smile*, *Moments in Time*, and *Poetry Forum*.

Terrence is retired, divorced, and living in Denver, Colorado. In his writing he strives to articulate mental pictures of some aspect of reality and then pushes with thought and feeling for the depth insights that emerge.