

## Hendecasyllables

### Longing for Daughters

We took a Chinese scholar to the Cascades.  
She has a husband and son called Quark in Beijing.  
When in America she calls herself May.  
May saw Smith Rocks, Crooked River Gorge, Mount Hood,  
peaks named for presidents and three sisters.  
In China her son cannot have any sisters.  
They cannot adopt a sister or brother.  
We mentioned that we had adopted a sister  
for our two sons for zero population  
growth, but China has a one child policy,  
at least for in May's urban situation.

In the western wilderness when walking toward  
trail for the head of Metolius River  
a white couple pushes a pink stroller with  
an adorable Asian baby smiling  
in sunshine waiting to be loaded in car.  
May wants a daughter very much. As she walks  
to the trail, it seems so unfair and so sad  
that little girl has to go so far away  
when May would have so loved her own baby girl.

Her husband's sister had one son and then died.  
This family lived in America and  
he went back to Beijing to remarry then  
brought her back to the U.S. Through this marriage  
Quark gets two American step-cousins but  
his grandparents may only get first son  
for their family and for China visits.  
May will visit Belfast for a month next, but  
at forty, living in China, May will have  
no chance to have a daughter of her own now.

**Hendesyllabics:** Each line has 11 syllables. A favorite of Catullus and ancient Romans. Variation: You could choose any number of syllables for your own purposes. Create your own name for it.

## Angels of Mercy

Most people don't know that there are angels whose only job is to make sure you don't get too comfortable and fall asleep and miss your life.

Saying on a drawing called *Angels of Mercy* by Brian Andreas.

Lorna Byrne has angels in her hair keeping  
her entangled as visionary mystic,  
healing and revealing guardian angels  
who are gatekeepers to our bodies and souls.  
If we pay attention and listen, our lives  
may not be comfortable, but can't be missed.  
We are all cared for, when awake or asleep.  
She can see and talks with angels all the time.  
She believes everyone is born with angels.  
Our angels never leave us alone, on guard  
dispensing light energy in our darkness.

I collect inanimate angels. Perhaps  
I hope and dream they animate when alone  
dispensing mercy vibes to anyone near.  
I can't see or hear my guardian angel.

On red-eye flight I met someone who can.  
She can draw them for others, she knew the name  
of her angel. I smiled when she said, "It's James".  
I was very comfortable to fly then  
and did not sleep, anxious not to miss this flight.  
Debarking on my uncomfortable knees  
I counted on mercy of patient angels  
to keep me not only awake but also mobile.