

## ❧ A Sinuous Edge ❧

I only just realized...  
I surround myself with beauty.  
I have a row of crystal bottles sublit with a rotation of rainbow lights.  
They sit next to a colorful fan of worldwide paper money.  
I collect antique medical paraphernalia.  
And shapes of blades.  
There are a few framed items around.  
A picture of my family sits before me as I work all day.  
Their art is to my left and to my right.  
Music is my emotional lability.  
Elated, heartbroken, furious, and fiercely inspired.  
Blame a song for the first poem I've written in well over 20 years.  
I listen to music that makes me cry for what life *should* be like for everybody.  
I wear a multicolored necklace of beads and multicultural Lego heads.  
I wear soft and colorful socks and underwear and shirts.  
Color, sound, and texture are on and around me.  
Limoges porcelain is within reach.  
And empty torrone boxes.  
Well, they are filled with childhood memories.  
I face a rough oxblood wall, the rest pink, above smooth bamboo floors.  
Those are accented with floral stained glass windows and purpleheart bookshelves.  
The books are Bernini, Neruda, Erté, Roget, Culpeper and, and, and...  
They are *The Family of Man* and *Woman and Children*.  
Many are children's books about diversity.  
A few we have written.  
Hundreds more are on my phone.  
They are communication, pastry, and biography.  
There is fashion and history and creative psychosis.  
Science and faith and compassion.  
Ideasthesia.  
To name a good fraction.

Books are not the only denizens of this domain.  
You really have to see the couch and the Persian carpet... each sooo silky.  
Both the lamp and the cat are Tiffany.  
I mean seriously.  
That takes some kind of dedication.  
Beauty everywhere I look, sit, eat, listen, think, pee, and talk.  
My desktop can be Watrous or Bouguereau or Stanhope's organ angels or... or... or.  
I can hear my family laughing through the walls.  
Oh yeah, my flashlight is copper.  
And look there...  
I even made a one-sided Rubik's cube.  
And that's just my life in my office in the converted garage.  
I live in the Pacific Northwest, in a tree-filled neighborhood, with a stunning garden.  
Really, the planet in general is pretty amazing.  
I mean, have you seen the moon lately?  
Not to mention the stars.  
Fascinating.  
A traveling feast for the senses.  
Now, I do seem to have neglected the scents.  
I'll get to work on that.  
After napping.  
Because I dearly need my beauty sleep.  
Meanwhile, you should meet the people about whom I care.  
Then you'd really know what I'm talking about.  
My family and friends, most beautiful.  
All of my children.  
My wife.  
The loves of my life.  
Avid contributors of who they are.  
But I also work in intensely special education.  
Delicacy, charm, refinement and grace.  
At home, work, and play.  
So... yeah.  
I surround myself with beauty...  
and I only just realized it.