

Mayan Dawn

There's a commercial about a guy who chugs cheap chemicals
From a tiny colored canister and claims he'll be energized
For the next five hours.
He grins zombie-eyed at the camera
And says, "Let's do this."
He leaves for work alone.

There's a life about a gal who cups her hands
Around her espresso drink, inhaling its rainforest bouquet
While Ix-Chel's spindle sets her day in motion.
She thanks the Barista, greets her friends on the patio,
And drives to work wrapped in a Mayan dawn.

She feels sorry for Commercial Guy whose energy comes from a can,
Whose soul is too stingy to start the day with friends,
Whose lifestyle is too impatient to wish a neighbor good morning.
She wants to tell him not to sacrifice his heart
On the altar of convenience.
But she can't break through into his non-life,
And, alas, he can't cross over into hers.

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Interpretation Guide:

Conduct an internet search to learn more about Ix-Chel. Don't get too carried away with her many personalities. She is being used as a symbol only, and the poem is NOT intended to be autobiographical. One good site is <http://www.thaliatook.com/AMGG/ixchel.html>.