

Love and Poetry, a Poem Book
by Sara Kumar

1. And Let The Sand Gather

And words and words and many intuitive prints
And humility could be this
It came to me, and I needed to write it down
And let the sound gather around your toes
When the sun has cooled down, and you can walk
without pain

And sit and watch the coming in with the friend,
who comes
What are you gathering today?
I don't wish to steal, and I think others have felt this sand

And I'll stand and let you stand here for awhile

2. Brave Hearts

on the feast of Louis Mary Grignion de Montfort, 2024

for my friend

And I searched for the place where William Wallace was killed
But I found Tower Hill instead

And lyrics at Templeton Place are needed sometimes
And a place to rest tired feet

And I asked a man,
“Is this where Sir William was killed?”

And he said,
“No, this is the site of St. John Fisher's death.” Kyrie eleison

And I said,
“And what about St. Thomas More?”

And he said,
“And him too.”

And I said,
“What about, Sir William Wallace?”

And he said,
“He was killed all over in various places with limbs cut off
as they went.” Christe eleison

And I saw my mom saying the rosary, and the man smiled,
so I bowed ma head and prayed
at Tower Hill

And lyrics at Templeton Place are needed sometimes at
age twenty-nine

And a place to rest tired eyes

And he looked at me when I was fourteen and said,
“No one asks about St. John Fisher.”

And I said,
“I'm so glad you told me.”

And I saw a nearby Church
Where John Quincy Adams got married, and I went
there, because it was lovely, and I read the plaque and
thanked God for America and democracy and life

And I was fourteen years old when I did this, and I was
sixteen when I returned, and I was twenty-five awn ma
way to Rome via a path along the Mediterranean Sea, as I
said in ma heart at Gatwick one day, and thought of the
Church where the American was married

And Penny Lane reminds me to save my pennies, and I
think about the year 1983
And writing about a tree in seventh grade science class

And when I looked out the airplane window when I was
twenty-five years old, I wanted to stop for some more
time, because my friend spoke of Cambridge
And it was a long journey to Rome
Where I saw fountains and ate at McDonald's across from
the Pantheon with two friends
And I stared at the shape of the ceiling

And Willy Loman was about the mind of a man and
memory, said a friend
And what is the shape of a mind?

And I stood awn da ground where St. Thomas More was
imprisoned when I was eight, and I thought about
freedom.

And I've never been to Tyburn Gallows, but I've heard,
some of Wallace's remains are there.

"His head went off at Tyburn Hill,"
said a guard, and I was fourteen. Kyrie eleison

And Beatles lyrics on the wall at Templeton Place
And I was twenty-nine
And strawberries without sugar
And Kipling going to Center Court
Is for the players to see
But I don't mind triumph, naw I don't mind dat
And da triumph is Jesus, the Risen Lord

48 Doughty Street pamphlet
Near the British Museum, and I was twenty-eight years
old
I was staying at Templeton Place
Near Earl's Court
And thanks be to God, and thank God fer dis

And sittin awn da cushions at The Globe, when I was
twenty-nine years old
I thought about right n wrong
And thought about singin a song
About lyrics on the wall
And sittin awn da lawns at Wimbledon
I thought about right n wrong
And callin and callin it right
Is what I needed to do
And sittin awn da lawns at Rice when I was eighteen
I thought about what to do
And callin about a test
And doin what was right
And sittin down at ma desk
I prayed about what to do

And lyrics at Templeton Place are needed sometimes
And a place to rest tired heart
And money needs to be cared for
And friends need carin for too
And when we needs a talk
We really needs a talk
And let your heart be well and sing
And lyrics on the wall
And lyrics on the wall at Templeton Place when I was
twenty-nine
And Mary and Joseph too

And a film about a family came out in January of 2011,
in the United Kingdom
And I met friends awn Christmas Day, after an Anglican
Liturgy

Let ma heart be well
Let me do thy will, Lord
Strawberries without sugar
Coke when watching a film

And lyrics on the wall, if we may, sweet friend
And kisses on hands when there are knocks awn doors

And Kipling going to Centre Court, when I was twenty-nine
Is for the players to see
But I don't mind triumph, naw I don't mind dat
And da triumph is Jesus, the Risen Lord
And when's the finest hour?
And when's the final plea?
Let it be, Lord, let it be

And colored handkerchiefs and flags, and I'm forty-two years old

3. May I buy you some plumbs from the grocery store, dear friend?

I'll wait at the door when I hear a sound, that sounds like a driver arriving
And we can eat plumbs
And think about fruits of the Spirit

Come, Holy Spirit
And cupcakes for fire station workers, who serve and take care of
checking for blood pressure and elderly people in the heat, and
let's stay here in the air conditioning this July, as we wait on,
a sacrament for marriage and grace

Water with spritz, and slices of strawberry too
And lavender towels in the bathroom

What picture would you like?
And let us be chaste and holy in our love

4. The Glory of God is Beautiful, Our Lady is Beautiful

Beautiful lady, said the boy after attending the Divine Liturgy
Shine some part color dark and some part
less beautiful color dark, no.
See God doesn't say that, does He?
Lady who lived in Egypt,
and dark colors are beautiful

And when you were assumed into clouds
that had moist air,
Did you believe you would find happiness
without suffering?
Let it be without, Lord God

Shine some part gray and some part orange clouds soft
Maybe He sees it like that, but I'm only human
And love has to do with this, doesn't it?

The glory of God is beautiful
Beautiful lady, said the boy after attending the Divine
Liturgy

Shine some part gray-eyes-beautiful, and some part
blue-light-touch-soft-can't-reach
the clouds right now, Alabanza, Señor Jesús

And I awoke,
and he came, and he called me friend,
and let my best be for him,
and let me rest with my Beloved Friend,
the saints are with us,
and he was always with me and inside,
and when a newly loved friend comes,
to see us newly, we can rest.

The glory of God is here
And digs deep down into the universe, shine
In one part here, and in this dim corner too

5. There is honking at night, dear Lord God

I walked by George and Ira's apartment at night, where George composed "The Rhapsody in Blue" on 501 West 110th Street in Morningside Heights

Sir Ken Robinson spoke about a dancer for a musical

I see a disabled veteran at church
talk about Vietnam

Did Gershwin type late at night, do you think?
James Baldwin Way is at 128th
between Fifth and Madison, and can we go in God's time?

SCULPTURE OF GIRAFFE IN FRONT OF SAINT JOHN THE DIVINE
CHURCH

I SEE A STUDENT DANCING IN A CLASSROOM AND PLAYING A
FLUTE THAT ISN'T IN HAND YET

6. For Claire,

Keep dat dream, child
Of swimming underwater
And seein a platypus dive

I can't swim so well
Naw I can't swim so well
But I need da color blue

Like I need black and gray
And I met a man, who ran to church
And said with his eyes, I'm dignified

And I said, den I see ya
And I see ya when ya fly high
And if ya feel low den
I been der too

And we'll go to Manhattan
And we'll go to Manhattan
And sing wid tears o'love in our eyes

Don't cry, the beautiful artist said

And I'll say I needs to be guud
I needs to be real guud
I needs to be real guud and strong in Christ
And sometimes I needs sleep too
Lord God, I needs sleep so much

And sleepin don't hurt dreams, when it fit guud
And I'll go to Manhattan
And look at a platypus diving
And say dat creature needs water
And it see somethin down der dat it needs,
I think, y'all

And we'll move wid water, and dream wid a journey,
on da way
And we'll see rain fall down sometime,
thank Gawd.

7. For Anna,

And keep your dream, child
Of singing with a man playing guitar
And we'll go to Manhattan
And we'll go to Manhattan
And sit in a place we love
Keep your dream, child

8. I need that same same song, remember dat time on the C-Train?

And someone in the neighborhood was practicing French horn, an practice some more

An dat same same song, helps me think about Manhattan,

An da French horn helps me be s'well

An da French horn helps me, ma heart be s'well

An I'm thinking about Harlem, but I'm in Frisco

And I'm thinkin about a beautiful Black man I saw

runnin to church in dress shoes

And a beautiful Indian man, who blew a conch shell

An marching bands on da field, fer high school football

An coffee with cinnamon, and Autumn leaves

An holdin hands when we need

An let that French horn play

And let it play

And be where you need, I hope I can know your name one day,
and say,
Have you heard the man practice dat French horn,
like I did dat day?
an let ma heart be so well, sweet Lord Jesus

9. Reminding

And I've traveled many places.

"I'll remind you, I'll remind you."

And I've seen so many things.

"I'll remind you, I'll remind you."

And I've stared, and I've forgotten.

"No, I'll remind you, I'll remind you."

And I'll travel many places.

"I'll remind you, I'll remind you."

And I'll see so many things.

"I'll remind you, I'll remind you."

10. The Glory of God is Also Here, Dante

“La gloria di colui che tutto move
per l’universo penetra, e risplende
in una parte più e meno altrove”

~from Canto I of Dante’s “Paradiso”

Let us go then, with paradise light, both of us
When the evening is with the moonlight
Like a child waiting for his father to arrive
Let us go, through unwieldy pebbled streets
And unlit corners with God’s light
Of restful nights in staggering pieces
With gray lined huts and seashells
Streets that follow like meaning
Of hopeful sighs
And a somber hope
Can I live without love?
Let us go and attend

The glory of God is here
And digs deep down into the universe, shine
In one part here, and in this dim corner too

11. Thoughts

And Winston belonged to a brick layer's union
And painted landscapes

Do you think about the Jewel in the Crown?
Mr. Mountbatten was a viceroy

I've never laid and brick nor a stone
But I live in a house wid bricks

And Winston wrote about the history of the world
I write about the history of the United States

There's a statue of Abraham Lincoln not too far
from the basement rooms in Londontown

And don't smoke cigars, because they cause illness
And I heard about hot dogs at the White House
when Winston came
In winter, wasn't it?
He needed naval ships methinks, and let there be
no war.

The glory of God is here
And digs deep down into the universe, shine
In one part here, and in this dim corner too

India gained its independence in 1947

Singapore became a nation in 1965

I think about war, and let there be no war.

I think about Peter at Gethsemane

The glory of God is here
And digs deep down into the universe, shine
In one part here, and in this dim corner too

When do we need to lend a hand?

What do they think in Moscow and in Rome?

I've lived in Singapore where houses are built up in
tall buildings, and I've seen many are very small

Probably we should live in many places is what I
thought when I was in high school, because of point
of view

I've not had to shovel snow very much, but now,
Texas is too hot, you see

And it may be time to head North

Brick layers are suffering here in Texas, and I think
we need to look at what to do

Can we stay moving together? I wonder what the
weather is like in Singapore today, because fewer
drive there with so many trains and buses that are
safe to travel in

If we could, it wouldn't be bad to build a train track
along the coast of California and see the ocean
while riding

People love the ocean still, but Galveston is not a
safe place for wading

When you love someone, you want to take
care of them, even if they are ill

The glory of God is here
And digs deep down into the universe, shine
In one part here, and in this dim corner too

And let them see the places you love

And say there's a bookmark here in my mind for a
reason, and I need ta show ya something here

Let's find a home we love and think about it

The glory of God is here
And digs deep down into the universe, shine
In one part here, and in this dim corner too

12. At Home, Blinds Open, Shadowy Love

The bean was in bloom
Leafy shrubs through in, green cherry covers
Didn't see within, though
Now it's growing here

The tongue don't mind bitter
No, the tongue don't mind bitter

The traffic was there, on the 405
To the 101
When the day was done

The visual realm in the sky
Looked bleak
I needed a hand, on the steering wheel

The tongue don't mind bitter
No, the tongue don't mind bitter

The glory of God is here
And digs deep down into the universe, shine
In one part here, and in this dim corner too

At home, I opened up the blinds
Today, love there, like there's shadowy love

We're not pilots now, like we used to be
The painting has color, like shadowy love

We've been in offices, with shadowy love
No, the tongue don't mind bitter,
And I ain't no plane

Today we can order in shirts, with shadowy love
And dream of holy rooms to rent with yellow
daffodils

Speak Lord, now You know I'm listening
Need, Lord, desire so sweet and patient too

The glory of God is here
And digs deep down into the universe, shine
In one part here, and in this dim corner too

Love, love, seep in, don't mind bitter
Coffee beans can grow
at a temperature of 74 degrees sometimes
And sometimes, they may need
Cooler temperatures
I can put this song poem
On our refrigerator, if you need me to, Jaan.
What kind of coffee do you love?
Love, love, holy love,
Love, love, I worship You, Lord

The glory of God is here
And digs deep down into the universe, shine
In one part here, and in this dim corner too

13. Our Clothes Were Touched by Light

I have spoken about my dreams, on occasion,
and some have tread unkindly,
but now friendship is not like an anchor,
no, but a feeling of anchor still holds,
and warm cup of coffee,
can help a woman feel secure, at home,
dreams and money, are often thought of
when friends are meeting,
and still we survive, and still we survive,
and still we need a threshold, in a home,
and grace come in and feet feel soft, something good

The glory of God is here
And digs deep down into the universe, shine
In one part here, and in this dim corner too

to say, see how I've been dreaming, here
please help me light a holy candle, here
and cloth, and earthly cloth, is touched by Heaven's light
and let's not wait for Christmas, let's dream even now

14. The sun will soon set, on a Saturday,

See the orange, there, so lovely,
I do think of a "A Tale of Two Cities," really

where is the mystery of the new person?
does it dwell in my soul, Lord God,
or is it there, being known, with feeling too?

the sun sets everyday, and lovely to be known,
by a same friend, who has seen a sky,
and who has known me for so long

let my soul be a sanctuary,
in which, you can dwell, Lord God,
in a mystery, ever there, ever new, ever home.

The glory of God is here
And digs deep down into the universe, shine
In one part here, and in this dim corner too

15. Dear Kahlil, this is my prayer

I think I have grieved,
when I parted with friends,
and let grief be sweet now, Lord God,
amen.

And I awoke,
and he came, and he called me friend,
and let my best be for him,
and let me rest with my Beloved Friend,
the saints are with us,
and he was always with me and inside,
and when a newly loved friend comes,
to see us newly, we can rest.

The glory of God is here
And digs deep down into the universe, shine
In one part here, and in this dim corner too