

Shining on MTV  
by Sara Kumar

"La gloria di colui che tutto move  
per l'universo penetra, e risplende  
in una parte più e meno altrove" ~ Dante

The glory of God be movin all things, now  
The glory of God be movin all things, now  
And Tina Turner said what did love have to do with things?  
I saw this on MTV, and her brown-brush-bangs made me happy  
And her red-lipstick was something I saw

The glory of God is with the image of red-lipstick, and I remember,  
my co-worker who I called Charm wearing red glasses for readin up close

Dear Blessed Mother, the glory of God shimmers and glitters  
And when you taste something like honey on your lips  
that isn't too sweet but fills a need inside, I want to be so lovely wid this, and say, Alabanza,  
and some lipstick is so tasteful to me, and it actually tastes well, and shines

Shine some part more and some part less  
See God doesn't say that, does He, my beautiful Lady?

Shine some part dark and some part darker  
See God doesn't say that, does He, Lady who lived in Egypt?

And when you were assumed into clouds that had moist air  
Did you believe you would find happiness without suffering?

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?

And here where sensation is felt so much, it's hard to walk  
And bended-knees tremble, because senses are incomplete

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

I'm thinking about the girl not yet a woman who saw MTV  
And wanted to feel so much emotion and saw Mariah Carey's curls and wondered  
how they stayed that way

Shine like hairspray on curls of brown-brushed-bangs falling into forehead, and sometimes we  
need to heal, so let me walk with you like a child waiting for her father to arrive with ice cream  
and a song that helps heal, because the Dreamlover is not human

And love has to do with it, and the beat had me tapping but not with it, because I thought about  
Mariah Carey singing in a black evening gown about a  
hero inside of her

And she stood still, with light, and children with shining seashells in gray lined huts could hear  
the song in villages in India on MTV five years later, because I heard  
the song there

And here in families, we gather and reason togetha, and our eyes shine with tears  
sometime when we see somethin that help us love

And so my question that I jus gotta ask is

Can we gather seashells and listen to our voices and attend  
to what our senses are truly needing?