

Richard Fein

Monikers of Spirit

*“The creator has many monikers.
And it’s the creator that gives its creations
the gift of voice to call the creator’s name.”*

Neanderthals buried their dead with ceremony and so believed in a soul.
From graves bedecked with talismans and blossoms,
their spirits rose to cross mountains, forests, and rivers wide beyond vision.
But if there is a soul, then there’s the judging of that soul.
Our heaven would be Neanderthal hell.
Jesus, Buddha, Mohammed, Krishna, would have been to them
ugly gods carved in our image not theirs
with names they couldn’t have even pronounced.
Then what was their heaven?
It was the earth and the campfires upon it,
the fragrance of meat from the hunt roasted on sticks,
the sight of familiar and beautiful faces lit in the flickering firelight,
and with all of them sharing that meat and dancing around the fire
while calling out the spirit names of bear, sabertooth cat, deer, and mother earth herself
in vanished voices we will never hear.

Richard Fein was Finalist in The 2004 Center for Book Arts Chapbook Competition.
and will soon have a chapbook published by Parallel Press, University of Wisconsin, Madison.
He has been published in many web and print journals, such as *Southern Review*, *MorpoReview*,
Skyline, *Oregon East*, *Southern Humanities Review*, *Touchstone*, *Windsor Review*, *Maverick*,
Parnassus Literary Review, *Small Pond*, *Kansas Quarterly*, *Blue Unicorn*, *Exquisite Corpse*,
Terrain Aroostook Review and many others. He also has an interest in digital photography and
has published many of my photos.