

Texts

I Walk

Out
in the earth garden,
blue globe swirling
underfoot.

Making tracks in my time—
one breath in,
one breath out.

Beating feet,
throbbing heart,
timing my aliveness
to the drumming.

Pine siskins twit,
cedar scents drift,
tender rain sifts from
clouds on a march.

I walk
on a flying earth,
alive.

Come To Me

Come to me.
I am the flower
rooted in place.
You are rain.
You travel with clouds.
Come to me.

Come to me.
I am bound to earth,
sprung from the soil.
You carry my sustenance
and shower my strength.
Come to me.

Come to me.
I bloom with your love.
My fragrance exudes.
You extricate my beauty.
My petals reach to you.
Come to me.

Morning Glory

Morning glory—
yes, indeed.
How could something
so lowly
speak such truth?

You,
traipsing along
the edge of the pavement,
beautifying the ugly
on a morning like this.

Buttercup Day

Somewhere there you awake
within the folds of winter's skirt.
My scouring eyes await your spring burst,
long to see those bright butter wings
flex and spread.

No conscious delay,
no weight of concern—
your anticipated act is unthought.
A higher power
by its sheer presence
beckons,
and you will soon swell to full,
each petal in earnest stretch.

If I add my weighted longing
to the pull of the sun,
will you come now as I scan the bank?
Will you add your hue to my view
and remind me now of the beauty of bravery?

Bloom, come bloom.
It's a buttercup day.

Smoke Rings

The clouds are blowing smoke rings,
lamenting their brevity,
signalling me.

**'From where I sit
it looks like you have it made.'**

They sit on high
puffing,
conveying,
lecturing.

**'You have all day
maybe tomorrow too,
next year, next decade.'**

**'We, on the other hand,
will be vaporized or transformed
any moment,'**

**'Never again to watch your antics
from up here,
to see you pretend you will live forever.'**

Dandelion Fluff

I am dandelion fluff—
silken, soaring, spinning,
floating fluff,
with no knowing of then
or next.

Scorned by those who love fences,
cherished by young eyes and freedom lovers—
I move without knowledge of bias.

I am a vessel of life and death.
I am a reminder to the living
of what awaits,
a vision of hope to the hopeful.
I am too full to regret
or fulfill expectations.

I feel only my own lightness
and wind moving me where it will.
I only know the fullness of this moment—
the pleasure and the wonder.
I have no time—
only freedom, feeling and beauty,
and time to enjoy this potency.
I am sailing under power.
Just being is a blast!

Persistence

The jays tell their story
of my cat in the yard.
Echoing his meows,
shrieking shrill warnings,
they scold with persistence.

Some elders are daunted
by my low-stalking friend
having previously lost a winged love one
to a stealthy feline—
a neighbor's,
who scaled the feeder's six foot post
then hunched beneath waiting.

In the case of the jays
persistence furthers.
Cat comes inside without having snagged
even a feather on his sharp claws.
In his bathing he is persistent,
and when finished we watch the birds from my window
together.

Clouds

Floating wealth above,
showering gifts,
sheltering.

Your drops might well
be gold,
your shade
a womb.

I would travel with you,
soft in your embrace,
seeing my being
from there.

Your gentle partings
present the truth.
From your heights
wee problems wee,
simple breath of love.

And I would be light
like you,
floating and honest
finally.

The Three-quarter Moon Sings “Glory to God”

California quail listen,
distracted by my indiscretion
as I sink naked
into the hot tub after skiing.

My bubbles have disturbed them
from within our spruce,
and their voices bubble
more authentically,
more nervously than spa jets.
Like eight swimmers
at a tree swing on the river,
they line up single file,
pausing nervously
to watch the moon’s mouth
in dramatic enunciation of “GLO-ry”
before joining in “Ooh WEE who.”

Now the plunge to the neighbor’s plum—
one at a time,
in time with the plum, themselves, each other
and the glorifying gibbous.

Falling Star

Birders usually double-check
staring intently through binoculars until
a flutter of wings reveals
the i.d. positive of one mere movement.

But the shooting star indirectly seen
leaves room for doubt—
no second chance.

Was it a speck of something
in the eye?
or a moth darting fast and furious
for the fire,
this flash in the peripheral?

Heedless of human eyes turning late
to verify or identify through some lens,
this final fling occurs
with just one silent fall,
in quick and calm indifference.

Falling

I wonder if the leaves resist the fall,
spreading wider to slow their descent,

Or if they leap willfully,
flinging fading shells to a final decay?

Perhaps they know that all is beauty
even in death.

Not leaping, not resisting,
they embrace their present existence
or non.

Leaf

I am the leaf tossed out of the collection
of perfect beauties.
Not immaculate—
flawed, I think.
Oddly shaped and bland coloration.

I coast back to earth
not especially disappointed
at not having been selected,
content to be left outdoors
in crisp, crackling air
amidst others not chosen
because of some particular in-distinctions.

Golden

The golden shafts of your embrace,
so brief but sweet this time of year,

When sun is low in southern sky,
and summer frenzy has flown by,

When coat of deer grows thick and brown,
and leaves lay dying on the ground,

When all the wild prepares for snow,
warm rays through maple hold me dear.

Finest Selves

Their colors have faded with the first frost
the vibrancy of earlier times,
times when memories of the loamy summer lingered,
when the heady scent of new-mown grass
still drifted in a warm twilight.

Their identities still blazed a short time ago
each unique, distinct, a visual feast
stopping me mid-stroll,
urging me to view them in awe, in wonder,
to wonder why I never before noticed this radiance
in the dying.

Still they hang on as I watch respectfully,
their subtle colors nearly opaque, yet
displaying richness in their delicacy.
They hang on while the wind throws itself against them,
while snow considers gathering.
Even as the leaves know death looms
they hang on,
displaying their finest selves
to those who will pause and adore.

Old Trails

I took the old trails yesterday,
the ones from years gone by,
where children trod when they were young
in search of mates to play.

I took the trails to other homes
where parents still remain.
Now they know themselves as grand.
Their children's children think them old.

Anthills fill the trails at points,
and ferns sprout in the path.
Fallen limbs half block the way,
and stones moose hooves dispelled.

The ants can't know the hearts that skipped
and thrilled in deepening woods.
Ferns grow free because small feet
no longer tramp and leap.

Old trees survey the winding path
so much the same as me.
We know the growth, we know the loss.
We know the price of change.

We know we too so soon must leave,
will vacate and be gone.
Will younger ones remember us,
the space we filled in time?

Too Closely

Sweet sharp death,
I can feel your eyes on me.
Your waiting wings,
like hummingbird with feeder near,
whir and hover.

You and I dance perfectly
attentive to the other's step.
Your quick breath
on my neck is a moth-wing,
a reminder—
ours is a delicate involvement.

While there's music and rhythm,
while I feel the wind of life
coursing,
I can still enjoy.
When time is no longer kept,
you will have your way with me—
this I know.

Until then
this garden party is lovely,
and you do not hold me
too closely.