An Eagle's Chains

There is a
monument possessing
a mountain
it is
so
gentle
with its
ambient weight
the mountain
loves its pressure
there
is an
eagle on the earth
standing on its apex
it is
an eagle as large as the
earth and when it rains
the
eagle
cries for its home
across the seas
cringing
in
the light
is foreign to
the eagle and
humility
its
choice of home
the means to salvation is
gripped in its talons and
there
are a people who
love this eagle deeply
Its wings were
made of chains welded

Ridvan

The tree is gone
the bulbs are gone
light
flies
away
another speck of dust falls
laughter in the halls
rumors speak joy
for another Ridvan
coming
eagerly the Fast
awaits

Crafted Water

In the halls no compromise
they're scented with a rose
columbines wait until
the Siyah-Chal opens
to creep up its walls
crafted water drips
the sublime
chains
rest on walls
no longer on necks
making song
the world will hear
liquid
drip on noses
upturned faces
catch red drops
in eyes that see
immortal
breaths
the heaviest chain
more
than a very small man
worn on His neck
the Beloved put his hand
over the
Book
and knew it was
home
He leapt off the
cliff
holding the book
and knew
He would
fly
a thousand
ages

beat down
crafted like strong
mead
bees came
He was a bee
to
His honey

Stern is the Morning

The card on
the
mantle
overwhelms
its
space
blues and reds and browns
call
to jump in
and disappear
a small happy
letter in an endless
book remembered
is all I need
to be
stern is the morning
light
where all dust
is seen
and bears
witness to life
settled on the card
and
grim the time that
fades it

“O SON OF SPIRIT!
My
first
counsel
is this:
Possess
a pure,
kindly
and
radiant
heart,
that
thine
may
be a
sovereignty
ancient,
imperishable and everlasting.”

Baha’u’llah,
The Hidden Words

Pumiced on a Stone

Obliterate! Obliterate
The t.v calls out
habla la puerta
and
we walked through
to
the other side
the seed of self
pumiced on a stone
oblivion then calls
grafted under the skin
a
new
race of human type
appear
ato
and bring the many faces
to the forefront
teeth
open to receive a
new
communion
politics aside
heaven will intercede
to unbalance the equation
reunion's the only
sweet
incontestable
reward the grandfather
clock
strikes four
the t.v opens its mouth
and consumes
pages in a book
turn themselves
and rejoice

To Savor Vision

A box was delivered
to an angel's house
this happens
every
day
light spreads
all
along the water ways
the inlets and hills
grasping the ethers
contesting the incontestable
refining
the potion
used
to savor vision
is the cause of all causes
now angels are laughing

A Red Substance

When I am down on the ground
where we all
should
be (should we all be there
will clouds still walk with me
will the comings and goings
of
generations
relinquish a red substance
known to all?
Will my mis-spent youth
walk tamed hand in hand with me
Will I loathe what should be,
(though nothing should be loathed
let all
walk
in
one Path
free uncontested
let
all
breathe
in
flight
then something else came in
through the door the dry leaf blew in;
leaves that balanced
living in the air yet well grounded
came in
and
settled
calm
to end

“O Son of Man!
I loved
thy
creation,
hence
I created thee.
Wherefore, do
thou love
Me,
that I
may name
thy name
and fill thy
soul with
the spirit of life.”

Baha’u’llah,
The Hidden Words

After Singing Handel and Watching Glory

O Lord, sing me down low
Let the Mozart in your right hemisphere
consult with the Beethoven in your left
and
    lift
       the soul
that all may be equal in temper
that thy songs be raised
in grades of equality
that in so many scores of years
as it takes to win the hearts of old
sing
     it
      down
let the Center that now ever holds
be blessed in the hearts
The Ancient Beauty
pours
        out
            grace upon grace
that none may go hungry
except the bayonets
for these let them be hungry and starve
Let them march down into the cornfields
and be lost and confounded!
Drowned in the sea and made
toothpicks for the false sea-gods

None the Less

A stairway
leading
on
upwards it climbs
ever more
beautiful
a Sun beyond
so
far
but
nearer
than
ones
life-vein
how can one
so
flawed
stand
in the light
but this happens daily
and
the
light
is
none the less for it

Cities of Wax

A city of a thousand years
clay moulded with council
    His night flight
through a Holy Land
cities of wax
                burning
five hundred millennium
hanging under a Name
     a Sword
chosen by a Deity
of many Names
and how much must be written
to be
     a Prophet these days

On the Ground

There is no distinction:
a song bird's song is a rose
and what is so important
with
a name dost the rain
so
life
giving
proclaim itself before a crowd
Does humility feign its time is done
when song is in the air
Down, down on the ground
is where
all life is known
to be

Salt Lavender

Reservations for a Book sent down
are made;
seated at banquet tables
we dable
in eternal sauces.
crevices like clock arms
in Mount Carmel's face
move across its heights
we climbed to for 1260 years.
This new Book
without
or
within
a cover of lilacs - for the moon's
appointed terms
for all -
joined a Family to a
Book
perfect gem-like
creation buffeted a mountain
worn
to a single speck of sand -
a Point -
that lasted one score minus one.
Part of that City
a thousand
years
tasted salty lavender drops
stuck to a tongue with pins,
speaking in tongues -
speaking
fortunes
of a Cause far and near.

The Spot Grew

Down in the valley a spot
(like
  a
  blip
on radar or a speck on an x-ray)
moving, as it was, to meet God,
to beat down the attack,
coalesced, a target for arrows
      of
      fortune
and He moved toward the speck
like
 it
  was His closest friend
and the spot grew its stature
sutured by His love to make whole
the torn and tormented
a speck of a fleck into a mountain
of
  jewels
       counted and cut
an alabaster countenance
a face, polished
through eternity ever brighter.

The Taste of Light

And ‘Abdul-Baha summoned us
to come
up
and somehow we flew, or more
accurately
lifted upwards and ascended
where He waited, which seemed
to be twenty or
thirty feet off
the ground. He then took
us to a room
saturated with
ambient light in which souls
sat in chairs. The taste of humility
was in the room.
These souls
were
sculpting
light
that resembled their own selves.
Refining they were
their countenances that
were like pristine white marble
soft
as
mercy and love
was being imprinted on
and imbued
into the light filled
alabaster like
sculpted
faces

Traces of the Sun

Trace of letters
in
  the
    sun
a word spoken
beneath
  the
     ground
a civilization springs
       to life
hanging on trees
until the tree is gone
O where has the beneficent
touch-stone been
these
   thousand
            years
Cardinals scream with color
with no trees to land
forever these birds one flew
against
blue-blue skies
truncated definitions
arose
     and walked
no spears of grass to feed
the multitudes
tragically the burden was met
ardently the waters
           came down
a new world is born crying

“O SON OF BEING!
Thy
Paradise
is My
love;
thy
heavenly
home,
reunion
with
Me.
Enter
therein and tarry not. This is that which hath been
destined
for
thee
in Our
kingdom
above
and
Our
exalted
dominion.”
Baha’u’llah,
The Hidden Words

The Black Standard

They bested the stuffed straw men
faces half in dark
then past went
the
ways of the past
to govern and be governed no more
new prodigies soul savants severed
from
every past
trace witnessed a new dawn
felled were the men standing
until another picked up
the fallen flag
black in its standard to a Core
expanding a woman
unmatched in sword display
descended
in soul
and
Zenobia
waved the flag and fell

Crazed Poets

They were called crazed poets
these Prophets
though un-contestable truths
notwithstanding
their plight
experienced joyous uplifting
to the fourth mark where waters
grieved with the widows
made through the turning of
wheels
just as
all
things turn
clockwise here in the north
like an existential religion
invested in supermarkets
with
too many choices
even though the “Mother” the “Secret”
the “Soul”
granted equilibrium in the ethers
through the
wood blueberry picker
shaped like a nautilus shell
or a dove curled into itself to sleep
dreaming
of
prophecy

Vision of Roses

All food is tasting like roses now
strawberries delicately mimic
the famed flower
the blueberries
like
rose oil
lift the soul high off the ground
O where but to the sea does all return,
where rose petals wave after wave
break apart
the granite slabs
conglomerate amalgams to very dust
of history's lateness
the hundred year respite worn down
to a
single
rose
even rocks smell like rose
and the missing millennium is blossoming
there is only hope rising to meet us
though we
crawl out
of caves

The Suitcases

Bring the suitcases bring the dying stars
packed away
so
  tightly
      with care
the cases implode and explode
making constellations the fabric
of a new creation tunneling through
time
   that
     new smiles the children make
gleaming white teeth in the black sky
every planet sings with songs never heard
gorging on
          chocolate like bismuth
for ailments that
          crash through
                the mind's skylight
where unity is known
the Messenger
            mimics the
                  Creator
in perfection One to One
they are Him and He is them
but they are His servants

Unity of Nations

The elders sit
singing and drinking
coffee all
around
drums pounding angels
stand beside them
grafted
to
them like clothes on
a hanger
conform to bent shoulders
at the Baha'i campgrounds
feathers from molting Eagles
wash
up on
shore
and are given out like diamonds
and jewels of great value so
true
and honest and humble
nothing on earth can equal it
another day at Lummi the unity
of Tribes
becomes
the
unity
of Nations
and nine Eagles come from
the North at the end
of the sacred fire

The Snakes are Falling

Horses transcendent in
nocturnal dreams imprinted on life
songs in the heart nightmares
carry
    us across
        the void
entire families have horse songs
running like the hanging of snakes
from
    trees moves us
to take nothing for granted
we were all there when the snakes
fell
down around
and the dancing and singing went on
not like the snake in the garden
but another story true as the story
is long
    in coming
evidence is now amassed
that the windows to the soul
are more than eyes but
an entire
        song in
            revealing destiny

Love Incites

Love incites the leaves
to fall
through every arm draped in black
which
tries
to stop
them from
touching ground
there is no greater trait
than Fall's sentience
of fruit upon the vine
that
mellows and
ferments
making drunkards of birds
that consume the red berries
with drunken
consequence
though the fire of youth consumes
the whole of everything
love incites the minds to riot
and rail against
the downturned
soul
in the world within there are the twins
love
and joy and naught else save
what has been ordained
I have seen and felt these twins
and am a witness to testify that they are
a reality of Reunion
and
heaven is but
a mirror
of their felt and deathless
range

A Liquid Throne

There is a Word living in a cage
with feathers preened to fly away
and
when
the Prophet speaks
the word “Fashioner”
creation rises listing
to its starboard side sailing to the
right hand of
a Throne liquid in form
liquid in that all flows by its grace
and no metaphors are allowed in
its presence
only substance is in-between the
Place that is known and its world
crying like
the lover
for her Beloved
in the youth of her prime
harboring the songs of animals
and
feathers
left behind
the telltale
sign
that the Word was here and left
that Baha’u’llah was here and
suffered
that we
may be saved
a personal Savior and a world
Savior and what poem is
worthy of its language, let alone
the Word
revealed
in perspicuous verse

The Branch is Bowed

Of knowledge there is little known
to speak of for the Branch is bowed
excited, though the north wind blows
and we
are walking
hand in hand
crowns can't make the man a king
nor cakes with candles make him old
but the knowledge of the Youth
is ancient
and reveals
in tones
the passing of the Winter's night
that Spring is come is evident
and needs no proof but must have rain
just like
the Truth
has served the wind
to all directions that it blows
the wind is feared, the wind is craved
there is little that it needs
that is
left to guess and know
in the twilight that it seems
of knowledge there is little known

The Baha'i Faith

The Baha'i Faith is simple
and then complex,
(if we bend to touch the sky
does this
mean our life
will end
is there light within a sigh
and does this mean a sigh
is found to be or not to be
the center
of the world
what say you? speak now
or forever hold your heart in
hand
spurious is the eye closed
that states it is just another
so and so;
it would be as easy to mention
all of creation and every other
religion
and say
there is no
difference, no distinction
we are not better than any other
no religion is superior to another
to say
this without
metaphor
and poetic
speech is needed now
I bid you adieu adieu

Crazed Poets Again

Are crazed poets culpable
even when the sunset rises
where grief dissolves
into
    a sea
        of afterthought
Grimacing faces turn bright from
warm sands under foot accidental
in portraying the father
                and mother
as enigmas if not detracting from
            the whole
needless is the atmosphere
to coalesce what is unified
under the
        giant white pine
                glow
the embers of faith grown
delinquent through years
greet it
        mercifully
in trust that the poor will be
delivered from such illegal
soul
     devouring
            downtrodden
plight, for never would justice
bequeath such fate Prophets
were told
        they were crazed
                poets which is
where we started, and so let
the beginning be the end even
as it is so
        nay more!they are
          identical twins

Silence

There is no bird upon the branch
no Cardinal preening red to sing
there are
no thoughts
that plague the mind
with waves that mingle with the day
there are
no cries
of men
who long
no fact that delegates the hour
that action is always based upon
and opens
every heart and door
there are no hours that announce
the coming of a way
silence
proclaims itself before the hour
there is no
place its arms
can't reach
it is the soul of every atom burning
the moment the Word is spoken
what is preceding comes to be
like silence enshrined

Horses Run

Through the pine trees
horses run,
no prescient singing
but song nonetheless
hurries them on
through the grove
in another day another time
snow flakes
melted before their hooves
this is in their memory
and they are moved in its feeling

As Raindrops Fall

Full sails tilt the ship
one lone seagull follows in its wake
“the damned fade as none are damned
thinks the sailor
as raindrops from within a lone cloud
drop on his forehead
and lightening and thunder
crack the silence

Lightening Bugs

When I started this poem
the world was one
unity was on the brow
of every soldier
in an army
like lightening bugs
bringing joy to every traveler
(and still they are caught in jars
which once made me especially happy

The Palette

Smells of a fresh newspaper
the same as bringing a puppy home
for the first day with newspapers down
on the kitchen floor
the palette in the frame is unsigned
while the etching of Lady has her
cancerous limb inflamed
she died just before I became an artist
futility is snowed under for a fortnight,
while a generation is always twenty years
away - my brothers both raised Labs
as my father's family before us

“O SON OF UTTERANCE!
Thou
art
My
stronghold;
enter
therein
that
thou
mayest
abide
in
safety.
My
love
is
in
thee,
know
it,
that
thou mayest find Me near unto thee.”
Baha’u’llah, *The Hidden Words*

The Smell in the Air

Picasso is a magnitude
like my closet with all the clothes
on different angles
the shoulder to the shovel
the calloused hands to the fence wire
he is all these to me and much more
in high school he was an abstract room
and i wrote about him forty years ago
and here we are: the smell in the air
the chair leaning back, all these are here!
(Baha'u'llah foretold all this, and wrote it
down; He spoke the word fashioner
that determined the apex the apogee
and the heart surrender

Muscle Shells

Blue lines and a muscle shell
red lines a half white face,
these bring happiness
credibility is askew,
but intact in that it is whole
four heavy black lines are soul
everything in creation moves on
to its point of departure
this can be written
behind the glass is writing
on the wall; what can be said
a wood carving like Thor
sat between legs of lamb
and shoulders of beef
the end is near; it can be tasted
like a wine only smelled-inhaled
the blue lines echo
with the animal
in every color
the red lines
speak menacingly
among the nations

An Iron Band

There is no love that ends
it walks with hand in hand
a love that hates is timed
iit wears an iron band

The Synthetic Moon

Are we wasting tears
does salt in a wound
predict the reply
as the lighthouse with crimson
light (if its light were crimson
and tokens of fidelity
rise to
an answer that butterflies
and moths circle
the synthetic moon
and, in a seeming lullaby
fall upon the rocks and waves
to rise no more nearby the
Killdeer's broken wing play
and ultimate charge to defend its nest
delineates another kind of answer

A Chalk Mark

On the living room floor
there is a man who wants
to wield a sword, another
who kneels but wants to rise
in between them
is a line of truth
a chalk mark
with muscle shells
the dark-dark blue with
pearlescent head hanging on
and teacups all turned over
I used to scour places
looking for still life articles
you might have seen me
rambling among the isles
(the touch-stone apple
is ever present
even in
the beginning
when what was meant
came down hard and fast
and truncated the grief
of the bereaved
of the headless

A Headless Baha'i

They say a headless Baha'i
is worth a bird in the hand
in Iran anyway these days
Such has been the way of
things from the beginning
when Baha'is were exiled
with Moses and Abraham
and who doesn't walk the land
when tyranny is born to reign
(But sovereignty walks taller
even as Certitude commands

The Killdeer

A Killdeer plays it's wing
is broken
to lead a predator
away from its nest
For some unknown reason this
is very important to me I have
seen them do this and it is
amazing. Life mimics death
before it happens a whole
scale of justice sways in
the wind like the guilty hanged
in a storm
it is incontrovertible
like the running of the bulls
is running from more
(more than Picasso's minotaurs
everything has intense meaning
every atom is carried on the
shoulders of a Hercules
Every Killdeer will die for its eggs
and young

Burnt Sage

In the painting a man dressed in white
walks with a crowd another man
covers his ears and there could
be screams in the air the smell of
burnt sage permeates throughout
Three people bent over
in the lower right huddle and talk
intensely. Secrets are shared
In the top right quarter figures
gesture and one tries to hand
another something. A green figure
flies horizontal to the others while
another green figure moves off the
piece. They are all standing on water
and its ripples flow without

Without Warning

Four eggs, speckled grey and black
are very hard to find in a field with
black and grey speckled rocks
The mother is somewhere, and I
take photographs of the eggs
Another day the Killdeer is on
the nest, which is no more than
the gravel and pebbles as I get closer
too close - instead of trying to draw me
away from the nest by pretending to have
a broken wing, the Killdeer without
warning, rises up and charges at me
I fall back amazed and a a little
frightened how is this poetry
I wonder ut knowing I am worshipping
by writing these words is even more
I want to continue but must
first feel the words remorse does
not figure in so I must be aware

O SON OF MAN!
“The light hath shone on thee from
the
horizon
of the
sacred
Mount
and the spirit of enlightenment
hath
breathed
in the
Sinai
of thy
heart.
Wherefore, free thyself from the
veils
of
idle
fancies
and
enter
into
My
court,
that
thou
mayest
be fit
for
everlasting
life
and
worthy to meet Me.
Thus may death not
come upon thee, neither
weariness nor trouble.”
Baha’u’llah, *The Hidden Words*

O Son of Spirit,

There is no peace for thee
save
by
renouncing
thyself
and turning unto Me; for it behooveth
thee to glory
in
My
name,
not
in
thine
own;
to
put
thy
trust
in
Me
and
not
in
thyself,
since
I
desire
to
be
loved
alone
and above all that is.
Baha'u'llah, *The Hidden Words*

So to Speak

How to put down words on paper honestly
is more than the form this can change
from poem to poem even, and one must
be wary this is a journey and I've only
become deeply aware of this this year
or I would have written sooner about it
as my mom says, and her mother before
honesty is the best policy so, to continue
the Killdeer come back each year to
the same field, and I didn't take my
sheltie walking in their area a
development project at one point
threatened that area, but we stopped
it in its tracks so to speak

Nothing Stirs

When the April showers rain
a poet has written
the greatest drama unfolds
the truth sends its roots
into the loam and life blood
fractured across millennium
the opposite creates the void
and silently waits. It must
become the darkest
before April will return in all its
manifestations nothing stirs
in the bosom of the world as
the trumpet of the Swan meets
the Pleiades the mouse in its
movement greets the dawn
in its usual ways, monitoring
the flow of the seasons with
no regrets the mole stirs in its
den, and the sounds of the shrew
echoes in reply all is good even
so, Nature must take its course
and as the drama unfolds
things not wanted sting with
necessity. What expands
must meet what contracts

Every Journey

The beginning of every
journey must be apprised
cleaning
a tea ball
is a
hands on thing just like
eating tomato sauce must be
savored
these are
beginnings
the rune
on every
moon
must be deciphered and the
tea leaves read in keeping
with the
whole
everything
moves on in measure nothing
is
forsaken the engine of harmony
is relinquished to none the mention
of God,
so
distasteful
to many today
is turning and will be renewed
it will be fresh and subtle it will
taste
of
destiny and insight
like a good marinara sauce
foretells its maker

A House of Ravens

Wings of a host of ravens
flash shutter-like before my eyes
nothing else incongruous happens
or matters at this instant a flutter
of flutes sounds in the dell,
marking the birth of the coming;
and who knows of the coming
other than the One returned
the Raven as known in the red land
of the setting sun brought
light to the world these thoughts
move around as I rise to make a cup
of coffee and remember an old friend
half Irish and half Native American,
a six foot six inch man Charlie Prive
a Baha'i of remarkable abilities now
in the next world he would drink coffee
at night, even late, and said it didn't stop
him from sleeping. If these words are
ever remembered let him be known

A Single Dot

The book opened, sending shrill screams
throughout the worlds; as songs of flight
screams that
rise higher
with the drum
and remembrance of the Persian Baha'is
what have they done? Why are they in prisons
when asked by
a child what
does one say
how to reconcile and sleep to dance to leap
How to feel joy while descending the stair
what is left
to do
but to fly away or regress to the
child there is nothing left, and all is vanity!
How true it has been written but left out that
much is not vain
the songs of the heart
all things of the heart
in this world great deeds and small ones are great
when done in service to the known and unknown
the pauper
and rich shall
eat the same meats
these words may be great deeds one done in
the service today
attracts the
jealousy of
bygone saints and martyrs one may become
a Daniel or Isaiah! what is left to write how
does a clothed one descend the staircase
how does one
swig a draught from a beer stein
and not fade away from "What hath God Wrought"
like a rorschach with a single dot.

Giants Steps to the Sea

An inkwell like the truth is savored
by the scholar drawing near
birds in
flight announce
the victims
of tyranny in the densest terms
freeing all from oppression
the apple's eye
announced the dawn
creating the purpose incontestably
that all were made to know and
be known
giant steps
to the sea
mark the depth a birth can make
never
taking the rose for another flower though
the name remains the same and what
happened to
the man in white
with walnut skin
reflected what the scholar thought
to resolve the connection of the Beloved
and the lover,
like black
eyes mirror
what is before and after forever simply.
Do not take the victim lightly nor salt
the unknown
to eat like
God sautéed
over an open fire a man mad in all save
God cooking and eating him this man
the Ancient Beauty met and loved his
honesty and candor and the ink and quill
defied the night

Laocoön

to be bitten by a poisonous snake over and over
the torment of guilt identifies the abstract
O Laocoön!
where is your wife
where are your sisters and your daughters

Oh Take the Knife

the oak leaves won't let go
they hold the fort with pride
never saying no
that all must film the day
where is the black dove's heart
she wears upon the sleeve
a sister to the snows
a mother to all who grieve
then ten counts down to nine
of this we must agree
that Winter's hold lets go
and grabs the salted wing
O take the knife in hand
and make the brother's pledge
that love may truth secrete
and form the dark sweet wedge
the oak leaves hold and hold
they rattle in the wind
a child in his crib
would make such a sound
my brother died so young
he takes me to the place
where joy replaces cold
and sweet peaches are the meat

It Walks the Night

the equality of women is not stained
it walks the night with the Dipper's bowl
that we may graft its hidden dreams
and filter ash with a plastic sieve
the equality of dreams is so relived
it marks the roads with paint so fine
that traffic forms within the brain
and stops to see the icon's mind
then jealousy invades the places
set aside for the shedding skin
that's healing from the time felt truth
that's talked about without within
then after all the river moves
to the places wending far
where the salmon prove their eyes
by seeing what attends their death
as they lay on the sand and see the skies

“O Son of Man!
Veiled
in
My
immemorial
being
and
in
the
ancient
eternity of My
essence,
I knew
My
love
for
thee;
therefore
I created
thee, have
engraved on
thee Mine image and revealed to thee My beauty.”
Baha’u’llah,
The Hidden Words

Fly Away

there is no heaven that's a home
fly away! fly away!
but a place where God does roam
we'll just fly away home
far greater is the distance made
fly away! fly away!
by a nearness cleaving heaven,
through the blood and sinewed mass
that offered up Its Life as leaven
though bullets never grazed His face
fly away! fly away!
and nearness promised all that knew Him
we'll just fly away home

in this heaven nearness rings
though moons go tripping over stones
fly away! fly away!
and we get nearer to Providence,
we've been so far from Coincidence
that we'll just fly away home

O make the trip do you know what's free
fly away! fly away!
where heaven meets the abrasive sea
and cold creeps in so silently
and boats and sails can dot the waves
and there will we fly away home
another heaven coming down,
where nothing's hidden, all is known
with joy intense and love surrounds
we'll meet with Him where life abounds
and there we'll fly away home

A Brother Steeped

A brother steeped in family
slid towards a new place
he took the way of light
and joined it to the river
that flowed by thrones and thrones
above the moon's bright sliver
how many loved his smile
his laughter and proclivity
to make the whole feel joy
in flight to skies above
He died so young, so bold
he left behind the question
that asked where did he go
was it to the Place so told
I was told we romped with joy
in leaves piled wide and high
that flew each other way
with laughs that never cried
of this I do not remember
but only one thing done
when he came to me in a dream
and said he was so well
he was so full of joy
of light surrounding him
it melted me inside
in a world so cold and dim
now I sit and sit and ponder
of a way to bring me home
to meet his glorious self
with rhyme and no denial

The Moon has met the Sun

We are lost upon a sea
where nothing sleeps or cries
but starfish
crawl on board
leaving traces of the stars
oh crave the knighted sea
that ever
slides and roams
beneath the ink black sheen
with points
of lights
so dim,
all this can not compare
with the sun in our own heaven
what Baha'u'llah
is like
shining on the petty earth.
Oh why has this now happened
are we
worth it
after all
does the love that made the stars
love us so It had to suffer
this is
evidently so
for what other answer is there
it can not get more simple
it's not complex or obtuse
the moon
has met the sun
and come in all its glory

Why do I Cry?

Why do I start to cry,
and why have I not sooner
we always
held hands,
soul coming up through the Iris
to greet us on the path
the apple trees
with our cat
climbing its limbs
we held hands
wherever and
whenever.
It was so beautiful I had never felt this
no words can work to ameliorate the loss,
no poetry
or words of
wisdom can tell
what this bipolar
depression did and undid
(it would have been
better if one of us had died
holding hands is a veritable heaven
if you want to communicate more you
squeeze a
little tighter and
she does so back
massaging the heart and mind in turn
perhaps Van Gogh could paint this with truth
certainly I
can not write it down this way

A Sumi Ink Wash

She took my hand in hers
leaving cares in tandem with time
great was the levity of the clouds and trees
in the apple orchard the white blossoms
careened the neighborhood, freezing
out idle thought incongruous to life
Our cat meowed from the branches
and we laughed and laughed
and she held my hand tighter and tighter

A Sumi ink wash of a letter found a host
of copper clouds revered breathing in
the intoxicating form of them I am a casualty
of a war of genetic mishap a living death
now I am feeling somewhat better, and the
memory of holding hands invades and
assaults the frontiers of the un-benign
bullets and bombs can not overrun this
fortress Oh, how I love to cry

What can I quote what depths of rhyme
The obvious to me is most sublime.

Joy was Mine

Have you ever met the essence of Love
walking down a Summer street
O in a
sailing ship
upon the sea
or a taxi car riding to the airport
I haven't but I have in a dream
met this
very same
one for I was
moving towards a most peaceful
universe ike conglomerate
emitting
soothing light
so glorious
and this Light was Christ and Christ
was Love and a feeling of such unbelievable
and intense
joy was mine,
and power too
just as mentioned it was beyond words
the closer I got to this Source of Joy the more
intense the
feeling an equation of
Mystical Science and just before I reached this
Universe and became absolute nothingness
a hand
pulled on my
shoulder and
I awoke. But having been there now how can
I find peace in this nether world of suffering
even if all
peace were mine
in this world
how can
it compare

And Spirit Grew

There was a peace that funneled down
catching starlight on its way
O would that words could package it
for it came from Christ and pulled me on
intense! intense! intense it was
this joy that Love procured
beyond the measure given me
at birth when starlight was my crown
and Christ was Love and Love was Him
there was no difference all around
like eternity this love did taste
but more in that it ever grew
so I savored it at last
and power with it hand in hand
this power stilled the universe
the suns that made all things to grow
no explosion equaled it
the universe itself was halved
and put into my pocket's space
Then temerity was changed into
a courage for the age to hold
proclaiming all to vie with light
And closer as I came to Him
the joy and power did increase
in such a way my skin did melt
and spirit grew in manifold
But not my time to leave this place
that I wore upon my brow,
and something pulled me back to earth
and woke I did to tell His ways

Ode to Life

O Chastity!
Gone are
the sorrows
of death!
O where
are those
who are
jealous
over
those who are wed to thee?

Over and Over

A long poem can be a burden
creating ponderous ejections
of soul sustained.
a long poem is delicious
so many ins and outs
and places to hide
and to die and be born
many times
backlit they walk the stage
that time may consult
where one can say again
over and over then change
them to heroic chants
a long poem is delirious
to look back on, fashioned
like a child learning to use
a lasso and become a cowboy

“O SON OF MAN!

Thou art
My dominion
and My dominion
perisheth not;
wherefore
fearest
thou thy
perishing?
Thou
art
My
light
and
My
light shall
never be
extinguished;
why dost
thou dread
extinction?
Thou art
My glory
and
My
glory
fadeth
not;
thou art My robe and My robe shall never be outworn. Abide then in thy love for Me, that thou mayest find me in the realm of glory.”

Baha’u’llah
The Hidden Words

Shadow of the Wolf

When it becomes unreal
this sadness magnified
genetic as a rule
tormenting in its stride
anxiety is timed
to beat away the feel
that stops euphoria,
and kills the formal bard

when anxiety was healed
the highs came from within
from thoughts that tread the coals
then I felt like I could fly
or be another soul
one with famous names
but flight had taken hold
like butterflies and pins

the shadow of the wolf
was forever there
or maybe the soaring vulture
that took life everywhere
O pain beyond the known!
you seem to move me on
to where the pastures, green
have never been consumed

Light as Birds

This depression steeped
in water hot as oil
bubbling from the depths
though sometimes light as birds
that land on window sills
partaking of the hours
that pinch and poke their beaks
In shadows making sound

there is no heather known
that grows but to give joy
but not when illness comes
and stays for many years
it is a torment felt
beyond the measurement
of clocks and instruments
that are with tidings come

take out the movement down
that turns before a chair
that's turned into a throne
in houses stripped and bare
No one has listened to
or heard the ardent pain
that collects like acid falling
without the rain to measure

Oh take the suffering
of all the days I spent
in torment beyond numbers
like Plath with head in oven
should this be sugar coated
to appease the wonderment
of those who stood before
yet couldn't grasp it all

The Other Paths

Oh would that the forest was near
and all the paths then come
to voyage through the limbs
and clear one path to tread
the time that went before
the other paths would heal
stern is the waking truth
that made the trees to fall

The Other Love

Are there two kinds of hate
there are two kinds of love
the fencelessness of fields
is proof that one is good
the echoes of the dread
talking from within
take the hand of the other love
and welds it with it's twin

The Siyah-Chal

In the dungeon of the East
in the darkest form of walls
crept the insects and stagnant pools
where sat the Lord of lords
through the cutting of the metal
that pierced the flesh and bone
a Maiden soon appeared
that bid Him rise and sing
And verses of a kind
that fluctuated found
its intonations colored
by what His God had rent
dismantled was the past
and remade in His image
that time would sail to shores
though torment was the passage
and more was said that made
each moment bound by fate
though bitten were the wrist
and feet that smelled like rose
though time could well afford
to climb its life in tomes
the smallness of some minds
imprisoned Him for an age

Many Paths

Some say there are many paths to the truth
and others maintain there is one path
that all are
walking on
maybe these
two are the same
and there is no contradiction this is what I believe
no religion or people are superior to another
the sun that lives and breathes shines
on all equally
and the love
of God
shines on all with the same intensity and splendor
when I stand before another person he or she
is my sister
or brother and we
are one in God's eyes

The Sunshine Cast its Light

Faith is so much more than all misconceived
creatures shedding on the demonstrated
belief beyond
the ordinary
and moving up
to where
is solved the
unknown with sighs with laughter with tears
and silence
wherein prayer
does live and abide near
solitude but connected to all things
the parameters of Faith increase organically
as time and
sunshine cast
upon it wealth
that can only be
severed from God
faith contrives to bring peace and joy to the
weary and poor and to the rich a good friend
to all who
call upon it
there is wealth
unalloyed

Faith

Faith is a flight of doves
without the wings or song
that nevertheless fly and sing
the ancient tome of prayer

the older the elders get
the greater the faith becomes
and this is then passed on
to the young whose faith is youth

when the geese have gone to fly
they form to travel far
and as the skein moves on
the wedge is never broken

to love the unknown
through science of the heart
that the rains and sun will come
and the books will come in time

Oh take the L train home
though the soot is in the nose
a train that goes to heaven
where the doves will carry on

Its Daily Food

Justice is the sun full and bright,
illuminating
all regions.
Even the caves
and crevices
are invaded by its light;
no place on earth is too sacred
or sacrosanct to
obtain its beauty;
gracefully it lives and dies to live again and never
does this
justice-process end
or have limits.
Eating as its daily
food the grind and
grist of all who suffer,
this silver-gold thing rejoices in being greedy for itself,
ever yearning for
more and more justice;
and the One that
sent this King
David of the realms
of prayer is Love Itself;
Justice is Love's emissary and ambassador and is the one
that trains all things
to grow towards
itself, towards heaven,
which is reunion with the Light and favor of God
through the Manifestations of God.

“O Son of Spirit!
The best
beloved
of all things
in My sight
is Justice;
turn not away therefrom if thou desirest Me, and neglect
it not
that I may
confide in
thee.
By its aid thou shalt see
with
thine
own
eyes and
not through
the eyes of
others, and
shalt know
of thine own
knowledge
and not through
the knowledge
of thy neighbor.
Ponder this
in thy heart;
how it behooveth
thee to be.
Verily justice
is My gift to thee
and the sign
of My
loving-kindness.
Set it then before thine eyes.”
Baha’u’llah, *The Hidden Words*

Where Justice Laughs

Of spirit speak of skies
the reddish hue of skin
that's from another world
a place that walks with dawn
there justice intervenes
and wears a plaid tweed coat
walking through the heather
where laughter's mixed with stone
it makes a concrete mesh
where love is nailed like wood
and makes a frame for all
to come and sit and feel
Thus fear is made to prove
all souls within a cage
where God first taught with numbers
until we came of age
then love was sanded down,
and the dust made into past
to fill the deepened cracks
that justice is now made of
a Flood then came to clear
away the boards and struts
and the broken columns
where man made systems false
Now there is a place to be
where Perfect Guidance roams
where gold replaced the steel
and many are the tomes

The Pondered Means

Is there oneness
catching feathers
where children
are casting leaves up
to fall inevitably?
The living bough
the pondered means
that unify the soul;
"…wherefore dost thou grieve?"
is worn upon the sleeve
proudly marching forwards
flags flying high
with victory
'Abdu'l-Baha
wrote down
like all things
sere and green
through a seer
He was born
to uncover
the world
a world unraveled one stitch
at a time click clock click clock
a world demolished then upraised
to His reunion the quest
sits on the split rail fence
nodding to the passerby
yellow teeth from age
but a heart so pure he
is seated on a wooden chair
talking beyond the winds
and clouds chopping the
world with words setting afire
the trees

The Pioneer Goes

There is no oppression today in the mountains
they are soft and I can afford their beauty
they
sit
like
camels
odd
shaped humps perhaps covered with jagged
edged ferns that soften their edges I read about
oppression
today the
greatest form
not knowing
which way
to turn in the sun or in the dark there are crevices
where wealth is stored around the next bend
always
around
another
bend
the pioneer goes, and where do bends end
crafted like a fine wine the mist rises at the base
topping
the
mountains
with
ether
in the morning
definite shapes
that disappear
and you long for
them to return soon a good friend to serve coffee
too. O take the feather in hand and lead the soul!

_*To Accept or Reject*

Baha'u'llah wrote with a Voice
that
dwarfed
the
tallest
trees;
nothing but the Word of God
can
be
heard
from
every
letter;
He summoned all humanity
to His council, and either He is Who
He
says
He
is,
or a
fraud
and
imitator of divine scriptures. One
must accept or reject; there is no
middle
ground.
Either
He
is
the
Promised
One
of
all
the Prophets, or a "crazed poet"
or something along this way.

Lift the Mountains

Oppress neither moon nor the sun
tighten your grip on their light
their rays like swords that splice
the soul to be magnified and studied
there is nothing but love to reconcile
to be born again causes pain to the
earth that will tell out her tidings
but come the pain will lift the
mountains from their base and focus
the eyes to see them clearly
that nothing short of destiny
will conform to the ponderous
weight inflicted on the minutiae
the smallness of numbers
confuses the dialogue whereas
the oppression of numbers
releases their grandeur
this language is so
feeble to convey
to bestow on the
least of all what
can and must be
pondered
so it
is

I Take Flight

There is dust to clean and dust to bury
beneath the deep blue sea a cobalt color
made with
dawn
and a
pinch
of evergreen
compressed with great compression there is
another dust that moves and talks and communes
that
gratifies
itself
through
removing
self
from
self
through a prayerful bout of sanity with the insane
of love a dust that circles the sun and is happy
to be there oh would that all dust could be
thus more precious than gold or gems I take
flight and pray to draw nearer In sleep I seek out
a way to find myself and be naught but content
that blue could be blue and a spoon of honey
be mixed with every color how can one be more
equal than another

“Just as the
conception
of faith hath
existed from
the beginning,
that hath no
beginning, and
will endure till
the end that
hath no end,
in like manner
will the true
believer
eternally
live and
endure.
His spirit will
everlastingly circle
round the Will
of God. He will
last as long
as God, Himself,
will last.”
Baha’u’llah, *Gleanings*, page 141

There are Many Suns

Let us go beyond the bend
and the next bend and another
to where emotion stirs the earth
that the knowledge is forever
we'll go farther than the stars
where the path is situated
between the galaxy and the
stars that can grow dim and dark
going in and out of life
like the child sleeps and cries
in between the laughter's mind
there are many suns to know
and their meanings coming down
where the men through pastures roam
seeking out the meaning thrown
oh go to where the winds grasp
what is being held and felt
though the stars will fall to earth
or be raised to where God's will
takes the hand from out of space
plants it like a seed in time
that it grows to reach the place
knowing what it means to breathe

In the Dream

I hovered over the garden
horizontal to its furrowed mound
six
feet
off
the ground four columns of
un-numbered things
to learn
came up into me symbols
far
away
and
understood
were revealed
the way the chard
and spinach grow
in the dream they were
easy to know and decipher
and their symbols healed
my own apocalypse without the
dark skies and oppression overtaking

Above the Fields

A painted horse was given with such love
red hands and black birds on its body
under a tree that smelled like faith
near a bird cut in white alabaster
then up above the world there are…things
moving with the flow that governs flight
way above the fields with grasses tall
where the angels live and sing and roam
for every angel starts on earth
not a life on clouds of ivory white
in this world where all are metaphors
every atom breathing its divine
what did I learn today, and where has it gone
it has gone with the Canada Geese and the Swan
wherever they go it is wedded to them its turn
oh how glorious is the day we are born into!
how self-sustaining its clear voice rings
beyond the measure of measurement it lives
taking with it all that is loved and beloved
from our ribs has ben taken one and created
a soul incontestable!

A Charcoal Sketch

The mountains across the
valley were burning last year
one mountain in particular
burnt and left a patch scorched
a patchwork quilt it seemed
a charcoal sketch powerful
in its beauty no houses were
burnt to make this creation
I wonder about the animals and
how many escaped there are no
walls around fire the contagious
thing gives itself freely though
mercilessly it can seem is there
ever a timorous hint in its nature?

To Count the Suns

Oh how to count the Suns and know their Names
though I love them all they are unknown
and far removed it seems yet closer than
skin to my bones how much these Suns
have willingly forgone and suffered for me
my personal savior and educator without bounds
if I wrote like Shakespeare would it justify my means
whose bounds are limited only by the stars?
Would I know the resplendent Suns any more?
I can ask questions and revolve around a single
point and question but only know myself a little
better each day this is all that's required I believe
though the Suns rise and set from different
horizons are they any less proficient in revelation?
Is not the purpose of every one to effect a change
am i not now changed and a different soul related!
There is another voice to speak in and confound
where the animal in each of us prefers to howl
How I long to rise and rise again as the poet says
and be a magnet for my own soul shouting aloud
from the rooftops about the mercy of the Lord
counting the ways to rejoice through eternity
that Baha'u'llah has guided me to His shore
how to end the day and spend the night in touch
with Him which is to spend the night with God
to speak of love and such things is now a cliche
or so I am told but I need to break these shackles
of love unrequited to pierce my back with
eagle talons and pull a great weight is needed

I Breathe in Deep

I go
(that I may live)
to words
spelled with
His
name
a puzzle
to the rest
that I may
reach His sea
I breathe in deep and calm
and leave the world to that passes
my bloodshot eyes will perish
before I see aught else
what kind of answer this
that founded worlds and souls
with cherubs carved in stone
beneath the midnight skies
with moonlight felt around
near Akka's gates it was
the portal of canon balls
stuck in the warp and woof
of the cell He pondered near

Such Voices

The depth of the ocean sends
vibrations soothed in sound
a
song
of a kind
is made
by joining shell with stone
a revelation near now
is
used
to consume
the plight of famed Persia
where Baha'is are made to sigh
this sigh is magnified
a thousand fold it seems
and is mentioned in a form
within a field of the blue greens
of songs of the persecuted
then singing is performed
on a stage
the measurement of which
is
an apocalypse of a kind
such voices that are heard
are beyond the normal ken
of paradox of death and life
light and dark
then justice overcomes
the sounds and clear voice
that everything is made
to feel their hearts
then the voice of God
removes an ancient curse
that makes the heavens spill
and Persia find peace.

Beyond the Life

By aloneness is the perfect felt
God's Emissaries freed and dreamt
that
every
minute
secreted
time
and left Them first among the pure
“The sun of oneness shone”
grafted to the Tree of Life
through the pain of agony
that obliterates self
as joy then eclipses the skies
and heavens filled with tenderness
tell the way to why it’s gone
beyond the life some would prevent
then something happened, wholly good
that changed the face of countenance
the Dove of every meaning flew
and changed the hearts of all on earth

The Maypole Turns

Oh give all life its credence now
while the Prophet's town is made
that this town is no doubt found
near the Prophet's happy days
round the Maypole goes the child
ever turning ribbons found
clearly then this never ends
this spiral of eternal ways
then joy that intervenes in laws
taking task to living space
turns the living into life
that twice it's made unto itself

oh what is this green cloth
that moves through the landscape?
What still life of living things
so artfully demonstrated
is the town we came to know
so renowned it has made the fields
to sing, or the rocks to flow?
Where is the knowing glance
directed that all may be reborn
that all may internalize and grow?

The Towers of Trees

In the White Sean cafe in Ireland white swans drifted by
down a small water fall where a poet can lose himself
Oh how a poet needs to lose himself
and yet be attached to write and feel life!
There are two worlds to savor and know
for walking across the stage demands it so
Baha'u'llah strode across that stage
to say He was the Second Coming of Christ
and, in fact, the return of all the Prophets.
When I find it hard to write this is where I go
this is what pulled me across America
this land I love and hold so dear
to find Christ's return in all its manifold grace
I can never say goodbye or farewell to a fellow soul
I never want to leave its presence or feel this loss
for my walk on this stage is identified accepted
now to bring this to all waiting ones who yearn
to hear such a momentous thing - this thought.
I cringe not nor hesitate in the light except by a Will
that says to do so: I say only what is given
to say, and announce the Day and Place.
To the towers of steel I greet the towers of
trees growing tall and verdant to the places
poets go to the places artists tread I go
I go to where everything beloved before has gone
I go where all have gone before and call aloud!

The Winds that Blow

They talked about cold winds blowing
from the center of the country
about an
economy
of winds
in plentitude
everything is in some way an economy
when done in moderation - a balance -
like the
see-saw
I remember
playing on
at the schoolyard how playtime and recess
are remembered like an exact equation of economics
when
God
sends
the winds
there is an
economy
even when they blow so hard there is an economy
but not every wind is from God or knows its source
even
though
everything
has a
reason
scientific
as it
may be and often is. There is a science to everything -
miracles are scientific in their divinity.

It Proves Itself

Intuition is its own evidence its own
harbinger and bringer of knowledge it is one of
the ways faith is carried out and manifested
it is a
science
of the
soul that
proves
the existence of another world eternal
and wholly spiritual the main Sciences of
the soul are taught to us by the Messengers
and Manifestations of God I have heard
say
that
intuition
is like a
muscle
that gets
stronger the more it is used and listened to
intuition is a woman standing on a road
there are no road signs and she has no
directions independent of all knowledge she
moves in a certain direction knowing it is
the right way to go but how can, some say,
one know things without knowledge? This
seems irrational and outside of reason but
intuition is its own reason and proof it proves
itself.

I Was a Mountain

Love is the black of space
dying to be filled
longing to be codified
in a Book open-ended.
Love is the greatness of mountains
shaved to fill the land
the valley that receives light
in the kingdom of the Sun
Love is the pettiness of strides
changed to make men walk
with the Universal Mind;
it is a gratitude of means
to feel the heart once void
I was dead and heartless,
and I know what I speak of
I was a mountain believing myself tall
and now worn down to talk with all
I was the blackness of space
and am now filling with light
this I share with you that you
may know I have changed
that change can and does happen
that this Baha'i Faith can do this

Mercy's Gate

I stare into skies
and graze on words
speechless through
the bright of day
silently do they scream
and toll picked apart
by the writer's pen
the mercy that they bring
is countless,
numbers factor not in song
"perspicuous verses" resonate
bringing all to mercy's Gate
I was forgiven before my birth
having taken part in light
granted I had not spoken words
or committed deeds to seal my final fate

Counting Verses

What I remember of being fooled
to believe I was better than
other races and people beautiful
a racist doctrine then unspoken
but this new life has freed my soul
from counting verses like a child
explanations in His Books
tamed my savage heart grown wild
nay worse it was than savage realms
where savage honors who they fight
like the times men may eat men
to steal their strength and might

In a Name

What is in a name is stilled
before the name of “traceless”
and then the name is spent
before what’s seen as “faceless”.

She Loves

The great
Artist
can not be known.
She loves every pure vision
vermillion
    clouds
stalk the
       skies
as She makes
Her way to Israel
there are
other ways to know
                through
Her works
that come in clouds
veiled from eyes so taciturn
She dreams between the veils of light

“O SON OF JUSTICE!
Whither
can
a
lover
go
but
to
the
land of his beloved? and
what
seeker
findeth
rest
away
from his heart’s desire? To the true lover reunion is life,
and
separation
is
death.
His
breast
is
void
of
patience
and
his
heart
hath
no
peace.
A
myriad
lives
he would forsake to hasten to the abode of his beloved.”
Baha’u’llah, *The Hidden Words*

Little Birds

Holly bushes cup the snow falling
dark green leaves hold their color
little birds huddle under them
and pull their wings up over their eyes
or so I imagine I would if I were
a small bird
as I pull the blanket over my face
the mountains are gone this monster
of a storm with snow lightening
settles in It is the first snow storm
of the Winter everything moves
in some direction I hope to dream

So Many Places

If the mountains could be seen
through the snows would they
seem closer after being so unseen?
would I rejoice in seeing them
fresh and new a long lost
friend? So many places to hide
there are in mountains with the
pine and cedar in the Winter
my brothers are so far away

Into the Mountains

The Blue Ridge Mountains
force one to dream to wander
where
would
I be
if I
were
not
me?
or a different me? would I be more
like a Cedar tree? a Pine? a towering
Oak? A giant boulder once under seas
covering
the
earth?
Could I
disappear
into these mountains and never emerge?
forget myself like days I don't remember
but
happy
and
free.
Is
there a
Maker
a Fashioner that made these mountains for me
to wonder and ponder? A Higher Being?
Unknown to me my questions had been answered
before time, before the me stepped our of eternity

If Leaves Fell into Piles

If leaves fell into piles, would children play?
Would birds migrate or the full moon have rings in mist?
The
moonless
night
has
memories
that
come
in
sleep,
the trees hat lose no leaves drink deep of dreams
Surreal would be the landscape
dreams would flourish before the sun
perhaps
racism
would
never
have
been
nor slavery foretell its fate before the courts
but leaves do not fall in piles nor life outstrip death
souls
are
brought to account for all they do and don't do
but today is different racism will end and all be united
and this will be done out of joy and choice of our will
and the will of God of course
even though leaves will never fall in piles

True Justice is the marriage of the love
of
God
and
the
wrath
of
God
within
the
vision
of
God's
mercy
the spirit
is to the
mind as the mind is to the brain the true mind
is
directly
connected
to the
heart
and they
mirror
each
other
by
complementing one another this is
something I have come to believe and live
Baha'u'llah
talks
about
the
"rational
faculty", and this is what I mean when I say the mind

Baha'u'llah is exalted above numbers
just
as
all
the
Messengers
of
God
are
He is granted immunity from error
just as all the Messengers of God
are
He
is
the
Maker
of
all
that
is
holy,
just as all the Messengers of God are
through Him has been generated all
created
things,
and
all
the
Messengers
are
possessed
of
this
power
in the Book it says there is no distinction between
them and so none of their followers are superior to others

A Forest Floor

If whenever light strikes orange pine needles
on a forest floor a soul is born
or when an apple falls from the tree
a soul passes and dies what does this mean
to the poet's words? That if a branch at a
certain time and place falls on the ground
a king is dethroned or died? Who would
know this? Before the rooster crowed
a Man knew another would
deny him three times but He loved
this man above all others and made him
His chief Apostle Moses slew a man
and was chosen as God's Prophet
Jesus was born of the Holy Spirit
and Mary and was likewise named
God's Prophet. God's ways differ from
man's ways. All are tested and sifted.
I know what it's like to suffer greatly,
and would willingly offer up my life
that others would find Baha'u'llah
for to find Him is to find all other
Prophets and Messengers of God.
Perhaps I fall through a skylight roof
and pierce my ribs and leave this
world like the Purest Holy Branch.

“O SON OF THE THRONE!
Thy hearing is My hearing,
hear
thou
therewith.
Thy
sight
is
My
sight,
do
thou
see therewith, that in thine
inmost
soul
thou
mayest
testify
unto
My
exalted
sanctity,
and I
within
Myself
may
bear
witness
unto an exalted station for thee.”
Baha’u’llah, *The Hidden Words*

Warm Winds

March is on my mind
its changing force grips me
its winds warm my being
the Fast of last year dominates still,
it was so bountiful,
so confirming to the soul.
There is a Science to spirit,
with laws that mirror the world;
to know these is to know ourselves,
to tip the balance and remember
being here two thousand years ago.
How i love this Faith that crafted me,
turned me on a lathe into a bowl,
fashioned me into a chair for Him to sit in,
a Platonic chair that received first light.
A chair Van Gogh would have painted
as if it were no imitation but original;
painted from the First Chair itself.
Plato, therefore, would be happy,
and consider Van Gogh of the kingdom.

A Rabbit Runs

A rabbit runs in right angles
I learned this from hunting them
hunting with my two brothers and father
and our dog that we loved this
often ended in death
but with the fellowship of hunters!
The cubists painted in right angles
I learned this hunting for images
to inspire my art this always ended
in life In Bebop Dizzy Gillespie played
at right angles and his music hunted
and haunted the universe to pick out
truths and invent them some people think
in right angles some are linear thinkers
my mother sits in a right angle
next to me in this there is continuity
and completion.

Somewhere in Time

They nailed their hair to the wall -
their long un-turbaned hair;
they swooned away when
He revealed His words
and would have hit
their heads on the floor
emotions leaned up
against a wall
like a Prophet.

Somewhere, later in time,
a woman cut her long braids to
fend for the rights of a Temple.
This woman nailed her
hair and faith to the great
Temple Cause.

Not for this World

We are not made for this world.
The animals are given all they
need to survive in the wilderness
fur and feathers homes they don't

have to pay rent to live in food
without having to buy or grow
but we have to work many
hours to earn an income

to pay for shelter and food the
animals are educated by their
parents with all they need to know
and we have to go through years

of education to live and function
The wild plants and flowers
likewise have all they need
to live. (The lilies "neither
toil nor spin").

We are not made for this world.
But we are given something
special: spiritual knowledge and
education, the hope and faith
in things unseen,

of a world glorious and beautiful
and the ability to feel and experience
a palpable joy and happiness
emanating from this Source
and Center.

Little Birds

Oh little bird come down
that I may know your mind
of why the world's your crown
and everything that's in it

we work and toil and strain
to make a life to live
while you fly in the rain
and feed on fields so vast

the pit of peach is life
the other side then death
until a life that knows no bounds
like a bird that never breathes

Inside my cup a speck
of coffee ground that's fate
how much more are tea leaves
if coffee tasted life

on the edge of my cup a bird
came to visit in the storm
and ate the pit and laughed
so nonchalant of death

We never see birds die
in the wild forest night
they sleep in worlds so clear
but different in their fate

A Paint Box

Little birds that scratch the snow
and find the seeds beneath
a paint box covered with a cloth
a painted pony's colors
there is a string to tie the box
and all these together
that the bird may sit on the pony
this can happen peck peck peck
peck peck peck
go the little birds in the snow

Tea and Crackers

To distill a song is reason
to spread it on crackers
and serve hot with tea
a neighbor walks with a hawk
whose eyes are covered in leather
feeding it raw meat I invite
them in for tea and cookies

Gentle Hearts

Under the Holly bush the birds land
on the ground are seeds put for
them to eat we used to feed
elephants peanuts in the zoo
they were gentle as the birds
even the bloodthirsty animals
are at heart gentle there
are people who have
reached such humility that
amaze even the little birds hungry
in the snow, then there are some
people who are more savage
than the most bloodthirsty
of animals

There are Families

In White Horse city in the Yukon
the hills have such peace I am
amazed mosses and lichens
five inches deep cover the forest
floor there is a sound given by
everything to disturb this seems
sacrilegious to walk on the green
carpet an affront of all creation
there are families of Native
Americans there who are Baha'is
they have become friends and I
look forward to seeing them again
though maybe not here there
is no word for goodbye for them these noble
people are peaceful and humble
like the mosses. trees and lichens….so pure
they will indeed lead all people
spiritually and have been doing this
for generations

“O SON OF
UTTERANCE!
Thou art
My stronghold;
enter
therein that thou
mayest
abide
in
safety.
My love
is
in
thee, know
it, that
thou mayest find
Me near unto thee.”
Baha”u’llah, *The Hidden Words*

Baha'u'llah

His chains were wings
chains linked and welded
and silk His robe, so to speak
woven with silk and insight
He flew these wings
to places no one had
suffered what we couldn't
that we may be with Him
which is Paradise
like Jesus Who I have met
so to speak He spoke
only what He heard
what Baha'u'llah said to Him.

A Kind of *Haiku*

O Baha'u'llah!
Eternity You wore for us.
Your chains were wings**.....>>>>>>>>>**

Winter Breathed

The day is melting
a white blanket shrinks
while moisture invades
little birds wait for the
thistle so we feed them still
Buena Vista came to a halt
winter breathed in easy
and exhaled
in Seattle there was no winter
we never thought of
feeding birds just the rains
the unbearable rains and
the indescribable grayness.
a year before I left I finally
enjoyed the grays, and so
it was time to leave —-LOL!

With Eyes Closed

Snow grows food in its time
verses spring to the top.
Leaves protruding follicles
another time a wasteland
grinds to a halt the living
to hear the unbreathable
silences so strong and felt
the hum like a drum inside
the mind blood sprouts
fruits in tangerines violets
reds with eyes closed
in the light

Winter Ends

Death blinks its eyes
Winter ends.
Poor Death, poor
maligned Death!

Across Space

If I could hear
deer walking over fields
would I then hear even more

the spirit darting across space?
The little birds today
are plentiful I'll be like

them and fly would I
meet myself in space
and ride the deer that shed
soon with the long light!

Two Wings

For some religion and science
cause a riot in the heart
but like two wings they are

stitched together like a doll
half black and half white
the unity through diversity

breaks the dawn and the
miracles of science are equal
as of those of spirit.

The Third Wing

Two wings of the bird are sung
the third being guessed and hidden
a Baha'i prophesy foretells that women
will gain equality with men that in
the third wing they have excelled.
A hawk over the hill seems closer now.

The Hill is There

A gray-white hawk that holds
a nearby hill every Spring
must have known my father
who loved hawks and hills
As i do love them.
This year the holiday lights
wouldn't work, but the hill is
there, and I await the hawk
and my father's soul.

Flies with Hawks

January 17th, 2010, my father dies of Parkinson's disease. Almost exactly a year later I was in a psychiatric hospital, believing that time had slowed down and feeling like each minute was an hour and I couldn't stop thinking of suicide; it was an obsessive thought that wouldn't stop; suicidal ideation it is called. My father flies with the hawks now, and I have met Christ and await His call to hasten on to Baha'u'llah.

“O YE PEOPLE THAT HAVE MINDS
TO KNOW AND EARS TO HEAR!
The
first
call
of
the
Beloved
is
this:
O
mystic
nightingale!
Abide
not
but
in
the
rose
garden
of
the
spirit.
O
messenger
of
the
Solomon
of
love!
Seek thou no shelter except in the
Sheba of the well-beloved, and O
immortal phoenix! dwell not save
on the mount of faithfulness. Therein
is thy habitation, if on the wings of
thy soul thou soarest to the realm of
the infinite and seekest to attain thy goal.”
Baha’u’llah*, The Hidden Words*

Laughter of Children

Sounds of the snow underfoot
are very gratifying: crunch, crunch crunch -
like the stepping on dry leaves or
shells; this has been mentioned before,
but I am childlike, greeting sounds with joy
of fallen timber shattered by the cold.

The laughter of children is heard but not
seen sounding through the woods, the
hooting great horned owl sounds through
the night. Like the upturned Pipe praying,
there are sentences running on
describing the exact placement of
where and how to touch the Pipe,
of smoke rings circling the children,
of laughter in the forest so intense -
so real the lost dog finds its way
home across long distances,
running over shells and leaves
and hearing the children laughing.

Far From the Sea

After the last snow it thawed and froze.
It is crunchy underfoot the taxi
had to wait on the main street.

We are snowed in and waiting
while bird tracks are seen on
the white blanket and many deer

have been sighted. (Ulysses
is thought of and for some reason
Martin Eden too.) I am far from
my sea.

Death Disappeared

The Canada Geese and the Loon
are friends; they invited me to
hear them sing one day. It was
New Hampshire and as I was
otherwise not engaged I listened:
I heard the song of innocence.
The next thing I saw, foot tracks in
the snow, followed me home, and wolf
calls I never heard followed me around
the room. Death disappeared, though
I invited him to tea; we have become
better friends, and his smile so
sincere I felt moved…obliged. There
is a word for everything but for what
matters these days. It is a world of mystery until
you get to where the end begins.

Making Marks

There are cows in the snow,
even the coldest snows. Two dozen
birds congregate and a person
watches the universe, waiting….waiting.

How many constellations are
two dozen stars? I draw my own
cow in the night sky and laugh,
imagining Vincent painting this.

I draw my own conclusions in the
sky, making marks that look like
diamonds in a constellation
of eyes looking for life.
The Grim Reaper
dissipates before the Northern
Lights, while the universe is
bequeathed to me in His will.

A Tea Cup

Crafted was the Ship of days,
sailing land and seas and skies;
the little mouse scurried across
the floors, feeling safe and free,
the light pulling us towards It.

Two thousand years evaporates
into a vessel the size of a tea cup,
which I quaff in a single draught,
(feeling like a man of the seas at gales).
I say goodbye to no one, and move on,

counting the stars one by one, entered
in a journal of immodest proportions.
A single singed breath of Baha'u'llah's
covered the world in glory.
Contours of the soul speak.

Shards of Metal

The thought to pray for peace
for seven billion every day growing until not.
It is just as easy to pray for one.
God is merciful and All-Powerful -
even with the car battery being dead
and the winter holding on (but ending
soon), still the need for prayer
for peace will be implemented
fusing nations like broken
shards of metal into a priceless vase;
fused glueing pieces together again wit cold.
the future is so brilliant we are
dumbfounded! Israel and Iraq will
hold hands and walk together
as lovers; Israel will send Palestine
chocolates each day;
Israel will be a pride of nations,
a jewel on the diadem of countries;
Iran and Iraq siamese twins,
true — all nations will be sister
and brother, but oh the trials to
get there!

The Equality of Women

The equality of women is not stained,
it rises as the gentle dew from earth,
conforms to heaven's everlasting life,
divine - in every sign of time's own birth.

There is a Depth

The word Fashioner becomes a fashion,
worn on the brow with some consultation
from other poets. Spoken one letter from His
Voice made these words happen,

the same way the red of a cardinal
is bright as the red of a road sign
reflector. The fawn darts through the
woods after standing behind a tree for

some minutes, and I am distracted
but always happy to see the gentle
side of myself. Then there is a depth
I am trying to reach that a mirror can't be

cleansed without some help, as the fawn
comes back running, literally darting
through the trees as i try to dart through
the space and place of soul.

Delicate

Delicate is the fury of the Lord!
Sensitive is the wrath of God!

Baha'u'llah's Chanting Voice

Winter is at its wits end and
Spring is insistent on coming;
Winter tries to hold on
giving single digits at night —
Deer darting through the trees
are not there today — yet…
but the bull and matador lean
against the wall; rich yellow, green,
red and blue attack the winter.
One time in a dream I painted the
very spirit of black, and another time
the sincerity of an angle, a line.
A few years ago there were
mice scuttling across the wooden
floors making noises I imagine
crabs make traversing wet hard sand.
Now the deer are back! Little deer
playful they are scampering through
the pine stand. In the forest every tree
is the last tree beyond which there
is no passing; that the unity of God
rests on the Manifestation's
infallibility. Baha'u'llah lived in the
mountains and woods for two years
with no place to sleep or food to eat,
but each footstep possessed infallibility,
the way the deer walk so perfectly
with each step. In my ear's mind I
imagine I can hear the deer walking,
and Baha'u'llah's chanting Voice.
I saw His slippers in Haifa, and
years later imagined wearing them.
i am a poet on a string.

Skipping Stones

Skipping stones is like prophesy;
each ring of water is a decade reached,
a place in the heart made new,
the defeat of time through its virtue.
Stomping ones foot to the drum
is like skipping stones; visions are
reached and places visited in an eerie
light reflecting the source of justice
found. For what good does looking
into the future in this world bring if
not to find justice to bring back alive!
What grace found if not among
the living freedom of heart surrender?
The fawn is back today. Its mother
and herd must leave it there each
day to wait for their return. This must
be justice and love in the natural world.
And if all recognized the fire that blazed
in the Bush on the Sinai of the heart,
the humility of the deer of understanding
would blaze forth resplendent and radiant!
Soon will the snow of despair be lifted
and the fires of wars cease and desist,
for this blanket of ice and snow will not
last forever but must give way and yield
to the hyacinths of love and unity;
that skipping stones will bring its fruit
and the drum of the heart break forth!

An Injunction

People accused Baha'u'llah of many things,
of running away to save His own life;
but it was the people who ran away from
His presence and feared His authority.
They accused Him of taking the scriptures
of old and stealing them by using them
and claiming they were His own. But He
wrote over one hundred books of
divine revelation, more than all the other
scriptures and Holy books combined.
All the Prophets of God have been accused
of such specious things. Some said that
Baha'u'llah laid claim to be God, also that
He devised a lie against God and that He
came to "foment sedition". But it is now known
that He offered up His life that all people would
come to know God, that God commanded Him
to offer up His life, even as God told Jesus to
offer up His life on the cross. Baha'u'llah never
went into hiding or locked and bolted His doors;
He openly met with all people and unlike in days
of old where people would seek out the
Messengers of God, Baha'u'llah contacted all
people through His writings and actions and
deeds. People of every age have accused the
Prophets of such things, just as they accused
Muhammad of being a "crazed poet" and the
Bab of being a man "smitten with madness",
a slander Baha'u'llah heard said about the
Bab from one of the divines.
In the early days of the Faith in Persia,
upwards of twenty thousand believers were

killed as martyrs. The clergy were the main instigators of these persecutions, even as they were in the times of Muhammad, Jesus, Moses, and other Messengers. In a book by the foremost Orientalist historian of his time, Lord Curzon of Keddleston, he mentions in the book he wrote called “Persia and the Persian Question”, that the people or Persia had perfected the art of torture, and the followers of the Bab and Baha’u’llah were murdered in the most horrifying ways. And the book Nabil’s Narrative describes these methods in some detail I will mention them now. Some include being blown out of canons, being burnt alive in caves and being hacked to pieces with any imaginable cutting device alive. Yet these martyrs loved their country and its citizens and offered themselves up as sacrifices that all may find the truth. One example of Baha’u’llah’s love for all people is that He suffered severely in a Black Pit prison, called in Persian the “Siyah-Chal”. For four months He and some of His followers suffered greatly in conditions of confinement that were hard to imagine. In a dark pit, three levels below ground, they were kept in the dark with no lights or windows, no flow of fresh air or sanitary facilities. The other people in this place were criminals of every kind. It was in this place, however, that Baha’u’llah first received His revelation; this is described in books and is a wonderful account to read. At every moment and with each step He took, he offered up His life for all humanity that they may find the truth and eternal life. Another time Baha’u’llah’s feet were beaten with the bastinado and He was led through the dirt and gravel streets with bloody feet. These were just two instances

of persecution He suffered over forty years of His ministry. It could be argued that He suffered more than any of the other Messengers of God. As to the suffering the Bab encountered, words are hard pressed to accurately recount them. The manner of His execution is so beyond comprehension the reading of it leaves one dumfounded.

Likewise the followers of the Bab and Baha'u'llah arguably suffered more than any other followers of God's Prophets gone before. And today the Baha'is in Iran continue to be persecuted by the Iranian government. There is a program of persecution instituted at the highest level of government down to the common man on the street to strangle the very life of the Iranian Baha'i community. They are accused of being enemies of the state, a heretical sect of Islam, pro Zionist among other accusations, which has all been proven untrue.

“O SON OF GLORY!

Be
swift
in
the
path
of
holiness
and
enter
the
heaven
of
communion
with
Me.
cleanse
thy
heart
with
the
burnish
of
spirit,
and
hasten
to
the
court
of
the
Most
High.”
Baha’u’llah
The Hidden Words

A Tufted Bird

A tufted bird
walks in a line,
eating broken bread.
Another bird walks
behind eating what
is left. I sit and think
of snows gone by
and drink my coffee
black; and different
coffees too I have
but one path
brings me back.
This one path
feeds me everything
and others so are fed,
it is so wide I sometimes
fall but never from
a lack of food.
This many paths
on one path;
how brilliant!

The Trumpet Hiding

A few minutes ago the Fast started;
the special virtue then encompassed the world,
circling the hearts of all that have turned.
A few minutes ago a resurrection began,
soul stirring as a personal apocalypse.
“Free thyself from the fetters of this world”
is heard from every direction, followed by
“and loose thy soul from the prison of self”
is heard echoing around each corner and bend.
Then “Seize thy chance, for it will come to thee
no more”. In conclusion with a great crash of
the trumpet hiding in the thunder between
the flashes of lightening; that history happens
between the lightening and the thunder,
the way the next world watches and works in
response is something I’ve read from a historian.

The Primal Request

That the Manifestations of God are the closest we, as creation, can come to God, so Jesus is the Word of God and the Force through which all things are created; as all are Baha'u'llah and all the other Manifestations, during the Fast is God's primal request to approach these Manifestations in the purest form we can; that their Presence is the presence of God and the true Paradise and the Heaven of heavens. Flowers in the field are nurtured by one earth and one sun, and that sun has many meanings and stations, and nurturing can happen in many ways and all is good. Baha'u'llah tells a number of the meanings of the word "sun", and how a couple of meanings have the sun being darkened. Others illuminate everything, some in this world, others in the hidden worlds of God and that Fasting as prescribed is one of the main doors opening the heart to those worlds. In four minutes now the first day of fasting will come to an end, and I've found a prayer that has helped in more ways than I know, as is the case with every prayer and wishful thought. Baha'u'llah also says that if He had ten secretaries to record His interpretations, it would take up to two years to do this.

A Dog's Compassion

There are tears for every occasion; I believe there are different chemicals in different types of tears, and that animals like dogs can smell and sense these different ones. If an animal can tell the difference between, say, tears of joy and tears of sadness, and even show different reactions to them, how much greater can God know. A dog can even show compassion to our human state of sadness and joy to joy. Cats are the same, but in different ways. I didn't grow up a cat person, but was converted in my 30s. I didn't grow up a God person, but was converted in my 20s; neither of these I ever saw coming, and now, looking back, I am better because of this. The deer fawns have not been here today, or maybe it's because I've been elsewhere — shopping and singing! (or maybe singing and shopping). It is a good day to live, and I hope not to die until I have done the things I feel I need to do in this earthly life. Deer can tell where its safe to be during hunting season, and a person can get a sense of when he is going to die if he listens to the wind, as the saying goes. (It may just take an owl eyeing a mouse scuttling across a forest floor and announcing to the world its hunger.)

Wild Horses

To imagine an eagle stealing a fish from
a fish-hawk in mid air! What aeronautics
this takes. Yet it happens. And during the
Fast we can steal the bounties of God
in mid air of the spirit, and God applauds
such actions. I saw a news show about
wild horses being struck by lightening
and wondered what was so special about those
particular horses.

To Paint a Message

If I write with a pen, what does it do? When Baha'u'llah wrote with His pen, it brought into being new creations. When His hair moved across His face, like His pen moving across paper, new constellations formed, like a paint brush moving across not a blank canvas, but one painted on by other Prophets gone before. And when a new Manifestation of God comes to paint a new message, all must follow their teaching until the next Prophet comes; like todays news is read and yesterdays become a vital part of history. The new divine message is read and followed, is experienced and assimilated. And when on a swing on a porch at four years old with a good friend, a first love, there is a purity that is remembered and hoped for at times; hearing such a message is real, at least as real as the long hair that falls in front of a little boys face.

Everything a Story

Are twins Biblical, conjoined or otherwise?
Do birds and other beasts give birth to twins,
or is this just in the human world? My guess
is that they do. The twin Manifestations,
the Bab and Baha'u'llah, are epoch
making; their birthdays are regarded
as one continuous celebration, their stations
out-stripping all those gone before. Everything
is a story with a twin somewhere also an epoch
in the making. Every atom and the path they take
are known by God, all its energy and mass
are likewise known and cherished. Especially
those atoms being part of martyrs. There is no
room for pedantic powers in such humility, and
the proverbial light that shines in the darkness
can not be overtaken by dark, and the dark has
been "chased away" by its twin opposite. Oh
how gloriously this benefits the soul, this light
rising in the east of the conscience "He doeth
whatsoever He pleaseth." and travels to the
west of the words, " He shall not be asked of
His doings."

“O Man Of Two Visions!

Close
one
eye
and
open
the
other.
Close
one
to
the
world
and
all
that
there
is
therein,
and
open
the
other
to
the
other
the
hallowed
beauty
of
the
Beloved.”
Baha’u’llah *The Hidden Words*

There is Movement

There is movement abroad, shinning down,
taking the furrowed soul to the journey of mind,
awakening with such tenderness that love
cascades with diamonds in the light moving
to the right of bounty. In this day, such bounty
flows through Baha'u'llah and His ways which
are wholly given up to God. He proclaims,
and His word is the truth," I have desired for
thee that which I have desired for My Own
self." In the academy of Your Love, the actors
on this stage turn to You alone; nothing
intervenes! A depth of devotion can be reached
in privacy and before the crowd; i have yet
to be there, and with the Fast upon us my
hope grows.

A Congregation

There are phases of the moon which are like the brightness of the Beloved shining on the lover; this can be the light of God reflected on the Prophet, or the Prophet reflected in the human heart. Spring seemed to be here for a day, but March sprang up with a snowy, stormy day. A congregation of little birds is eating seed on the ground. This seed is like the spiritual food the Fast brings before the Springtime, given by the Prophet in countless writings. I am a little bird. I can not know God directly, so a message and Messenger were sent for me, personally. And but for the longing of the heart of the Prophet to know a God they can not know, creation would never have been. So the lover can never know the Beloved, expect as the person can know the sun by its bright rays.

Never Before

A photograph was taken of Baha'u'llah! I have
seen one in Haifa at the Baha'i World Center.
Never before has there been a likeness of a
Manifestation of God recorded for all to see.
He looked so tired, but so majestic. As the
poet says, "if a clod be washed
away by the sea, then Europe be the lesser."
and Baha'u'llah's passing was like an entire universe
disappearing entirely.. But He left a Successor
in the person of 'Abdu'l-Baha His son
to be the perfect guide, and 'Abdu'l-Baha left
in His Will and Testament Shoghi Effendi as the
perfect interpreter of the writings. Baha'u'llah
also left the Universal House of Justice as
possessing perfect guidance on everything
not written down by Him until the next
Messenger of God is sent. So there is perfect
guidance on all matters until the next Messenger
of God comes. Nothing like this has ever been
instituted by God in this world. I don't know how
else to say this, how else to convey just how
amazing this system is. Every one should
investigate it and judge accordingly.

Unspoken Joy

The miracles of science: the most seemingly mundane achievements of science are ongoing miracles. Science and religion are like two wings of a bird. I can have a headache and pray with nothing happening, then take an aspirin and the headache goes away — this is the miracle of science; it's all a matter of perception, of perspective. Then one has ongoing headaches and uses homeopathy and this stops the headaches; this is also a miracle of science. And another time a prayer does stop the headache: the science of the spirit says pride comes before a fall, the science of the world says if you jump off a cliff you fall. How does one tell the difference between the two wings? Maybe consider the good that can come from pride: if one takes pride in ones service to community, and because of this serves even more, being more self sacrificing this is good pride. Then there is the science of all miracles, that sees no distinction, the kind that Baha'u'llah performed by raising His hand, or blinking His eye; by what He didn't say or do, every unspoken joy and movement that He laughed or cried saved the souls of all humanity. Such is the authority of all God's Chosen Ones.

Where He Walked

The dissolution of arguments in a sweet cherry pie,
though some arguments save an assembly of days,
and try for even sweeter pies; these are like my mother's
shoes that tread through snow to get the mail in;
that they walk a certain path; the path 'Abdu'l-Baha
walked was immune from error, where He
walked and where He didn't walk is where God
walked and where God didn't walk. The Exemplar
took the warmth from snow and made Spring,
He satisfied the divine decree of God's Will,
and is God's personal Servant in this world and
now in the world to come.

Oneness of Lineage

Just as there is one creation, there needs to be one language for us to talk in. This universal language is one of the major signs of a mature world coming together. So along with our own native tongue, God has ordained and prophesied that this world language will come to be in its appointed time. That this world language with help unify all humanity, and once implemented in the world traveling to any place will be even as traveling to ones own home. Just as there is one creation, and there will be one language, there is, in every age, one main Prophet sent by God to rehabilitate the world and its peoples. That when that new Manifestation comes, all are supposed to follow It until the next Manifestation arrives, also at an appointed time. This concept of oneness is the main feature of the Baha'i dispensation: that there is only one humanity we should take pride in, even above and beyond our own national pride, which is important and has its place in the world. But this concept of oneness evolves as all things evolve. There is no end to the understanding of God's oneness. For just as in the primordial substance which the human reality once lived in, in a form perhaps like an ameba, this form always followed its own path. Just as an apple seed will always produce apples, and a pear tree pears, the human seed has always evolved in its particular path, never becoming animal or any other creature. This is oneness of lineage, of divine purpose of being. And If there were more than one Prophet sent at a time, how would this reflect the oneness of God? for God could make each person a Prophet reflecting the radiant Orb of Truth. if God so desired.

Safe Passage

"Darkness hath been chased away…" peeled back—
black that the stars may shine through as it is
torn and ripped up that only daylight comes
through; the sound of its tearing crumbling mountains;
far louder than thunder rumbling in Paradise.
There is no other source for light than the
one Sun of the Ancient Being; the Pure One of
the Beloved Beauty, "….the dawning Light of the
Mercy of thy Lord…", the royal Falcon on the arm
of God, bright red through which all sunlight flows,
generating all creation in this world and the next,
shredding the darkness, its fierce talons bringing
the Light of distant and more recent times. Then on
Carmel's height, the Queen shatters each night's
dark, guiding ships into safe harbors, heralding a safe trip
home — even as the the Bab in life gave safe passage
to tens of thousands, and now millions, and in the
fullness of time the entire world. The positive
darkness has been raised and reinforced, and the
negative darkness healed and reinstated to heaven's
bowers. The heaven of the Kingdom is in the black
pupil of the Lord, the eye that scans souls, looking
for what pleases Him. This black of the eye is as a
sword, severing the old from the soon to be chosen
and new, the old world ways of prejudices and
fanaticism, corruption and other old ways. The world
will not literally end, just what is used up and spent
and no longer needed. But all that was and is and
will be that is good will be eternally preserved in God's
secret and never to be read by human eyes scrolls.

“O Son Of Spirit!

Burst
thy
cage
asunder,
and
even
as
the
phoenix
of
love
soar
into
the
firmament
of
holiness.
Renounce
thyself
and,
filled
with
the
spirit
of
mercy,
abide
in
the
realm
of celestial sanctity.”
Baha’u’llah, *The Hidden Words*

Naught but God

" He is the All-Glorious" is what is written over and over and over; and He proclaimed at all times the warning and promise that, "Verily, I am God" a word the Bab ordained that He would say at all times and under all conditions, even during the most severe persecutions He proclaimed "Verily, verily I am God" in as much as He is the closest to God we can come and above Him there is naught but God.

The Trees Will Rise

Four horses began at the center and galloped from
there in four directions; one horse from each direction
to return at a certain designated time, at an End of dDays.,
which is today, but not a literal end of days.
A breath of wind from their nostrils snorting blew down
all the trees along the way, and so I sit down and pick
up pen and write (which is worshipping) having talked
to one of the horses walking over a blanket of coats
cast down on the dust before it. The horse talked to
me in that it told me to be sincere when I write. As such
work is worship in this Day of days. That when done in
in the spirit of service to benefit the good of humanity ,
all work is worship (as Baha'u'llah established and
confirms). Every tree can bear some form of fruit,
even the pine, cedar and spruce: the beauty and
comfort they bring to many. Baha'u'llah writes about
every tree must bear fruit. That when the four horses
return to the center, the trees will rise again and be
three times taller and twice as wide and will talk in
one tongue; having outgrown the age of many tongues.

A Honeyed Tongue

About prophesy much is said; the Beloved speaks with a honeyed tongue. But prophesy is not always about what God has ordained, as Baha'u'llah explains, but what God foresees happening based on human events of the future, how one thing leads to another and the pawn is knighted, the butterfly hovers like the hummingbird for an ever so brief a moment history is re-written. Even as He has foretold that the next Manifestation or Prophet of God will be persecuted, as they all have been, not that God has ordained this, but simply foretells a domino effect of changes based on innate knowing and telling. And revenge is not the only outlet of prophesy; divine retribution through human hands not the only means for rendering the unpainted a painting. But without human hands and intervention how could this prophesy come to pass? How else, except for the harm the people bestow, could the mercy of God be revealed? How else could Paradise accept the untamed soul in its trials? And in this day prophesies also happens in the form of teachings, inasmuch as all the teachings of Baha'u'llah will be fulfilled; each one will be actuated on this physical plain of existence. Think of this! It is prophesied that, for example, women will attain full equality with men, prejudices will be removed from the hearts of people, and all the other teachings of Baha'u'llah will come to be.

A Balm of Peace

The evidence is: according to Baha'u'lllah a most great "festival' is taking place in the next world; intense sustained joy and power is ravaging the next world - it is being consumed! The Prophets of God hasve been ransomed that this may take place. What greater reward for the firm of heart than over riding joy, of knowing the hidden secrets of all that's unknown, of all sciences and arts, of painting with spirit which I have been taught to do; of taking the unformed and making it in the image of its new self. A balm of peace has exploded, spreading its influenced over every sunrise and sunset. Will we sleep in the next world?—rest from feeling elated at all times and from every direction? I think not.

An Ally in the Furrows

In the future, if there are poor in a town, this will be a great cause of shame and remorse for that town, inasmuch as poverty and excessive riches will be obliterated by God's love and justice; that people will have what they need to do their professions and services to humanity, to raise families and other necessities and not money in extreme excess. That all will have work and jobs and there will not be those out of work for long; all who are out of work but desire to work will be supported until they can find it. That it will also be a cause of personal shame to beg if one can work. Death shall die indeed, and be reborn a friend, an ally in the valleys and mountains of the Lord, and no longer be just a helpmate to the poor and destitute, but a friend to all welcoming the mortar and wealth of the Spiritual Institute. The teachings of Baha'u'llah will achieve all this and more, much, much more.

“O My Servant!

Purge
thy
heart
from
malice
and,
innocent
of
envy,
enter
the
divine
the
court
of
holiness.”
Baha’u’llah, *The Hidden Words*

Of Cicadas Dancing

From the ceilings and rafters
the spices are hanging; the
names of the herbs are in the noses
of all who drink the coffee there.

Amazing though it may be to
know what has happened to the
souls who dwelt among these herbs
as they grew in the garden “of the

heart”, an even greater awareness
proclaims the diadem upon the brow
of a Queen who recognized her Lord,
whose empathetic heart swore to

uphold a system in cadence with
cicadas playing in moonlight.
A vision of death remained;
a messenger of joy that’s named.

It Would be Wrong

There
are, no
doubt,
atheists
who are
more
ethical
than people who profess to be religious;
I have
met
some
and
they
are
shining
stars
and
will,
I believe,
be honored by God in time.
It
would
be
wrong
to
be
prejudiced
against
any
person such as someone who chooses to be gay or lesbian or any other life style preference, inasmuch as prejudice is against the law and way of God, and there are very wonderful souls who are gay, often more loving and kind than other people — who serve the welfare of humanity with greater intensity and conviction than others.

A Personal Interest

Against the door Winter
took a personal interest —
if we had been there
we would have been
blocked in. The Scottish
handyman shoveled out
snow that added to almost
one hundred inches so far.
A black lab against the white
was in the digital he sent,
reminding me of our lab
which was such a big part
of our life as children. We
loved that lab so much.
Maybe dogs and cats are given
shorter life-spans than
humans to prepare us
for the inevitability of death;
that we may realize this
and focus on what we can
take with us when we leave
this life — which is the love
of God. This, alone, can we
bring when we die and this,
alone, will grant us ever-
lasting life.

Of Stones Melting

We all sat in the room not as many
but as one—music attached to
our sinew and bone. We
laughed and laughed, saying
what life meant and where it
has been. Over the music then,
after the words were made,
more words flowed in tune
with another world, another
music — the Inevitable. Out-
side mist moved in waves
flowing by the foothills of
oceans of mountains, of
fluid stones melting—times
etched in the flotsam.

Of Snakes Dancing

Cinnamon and nutmeg sprinkled
in just proportions—remembering
Solomon's choices. An apple pie
cooked to perfect the daylight

enhances the nighttime; about
the cherry trees and cherry pies
of old; about how the microwave
helped the heating happen. Gone are
the days of innocence, the hours
of snakes in the hand, of good
wishes, of the Inipi sweat at Mike's

to re-connect with this innocence in
context of now and the future life,
of sweating out cinnamon and nut-
meg as offerings rise upwards.

Of sacred herbs made with care;
of visions of snakes dancing on
rooftops on a Holy Day concentric
to a matrix lit from the inside.

The End and Winter

Baha'u'llah said His fears were not for His own Self, but for the one Who would come after Him, that the way of God's Prophets has always been that of suffering and persecution. A father polar bear will sometimes eat its own young to survive; a father gerbil will often eat its young. And there are always some who will perform deeds fouler than the meanest of animals, who will consume the spiritual substance of the meek and lowly who are more often then not the chosen of God; "Were the eye to be anointed and illumined with the collyrium of the knowledge of God, it would surely discover that a number of voracious beasts have gathered and preyed upon the carrion of the souls of men.."
And how severe the persecution if it comes by the hands of the clergy of the day, the divines of power and authority, as Baha'u'llah states over and over in His Book the Kitab-i-Iqan. But if there will be few if any clergy left at the end and Winter of the Golden Age, who will do the persecuting?

Holding Hands

We made an apple pie, the fragrance
reminded me of salty sea breezes at five years
on a porch swing with a girl my age;
my first girlfriend — tethered through time.

That first love. Winds move through
the pine trees in the grove giving that
soft whistle that soothes the soul and
mind, walking hand in hand with another

love. Now, in this Fast to deny the love
of all save the Most Great Love these
other loves have their place; so gently
disappearing in the forests of longing

among the apple orchards hunting with
brothers and father, bringing apple cider
and donuts even when nothing was shot,
though the wind through the apple trees

was never heard by these ears. Why is
this so? Did holding hands take away
hearing the wind blowing through the trees?
Does holding hands break the code of
hunters?

The Butterflies Hovered

Do not tarry too long below
the tide line; the tide rushes
and can trap you when fog
rolls swiftly in. These thoughts
have come before, sipping
hazelnut coffee, but just as fast go
onto more pressing details.
The revelation of Baha'u'llah is
what we have to work with: a new
tide it rushed in so violently — its
meekness crushed monarchies;
the butterflies hovered like
hummingbirds in His day; all
things took on the character
of other things and were brought
to the same level, mountains
collapsed filling the valleys.
The fog of doubt gave way.

A Fixed Will

God does according to a fixed Will,
never grandiose, but infallible.
Nothing tells this Will what to do,
perfection is its council—given in total.
The Prophet is the Word that generates
constancy—permits us life. Countless
are the worlds we pass through, but
there is one Paradise; thick paint
on the palette, books that collect dust
layer on layer prove the innocent
are provided for in all of these worlds.
That this fixed Will has always been
astounds and causes laughter of
amazement and delight; that it is
infallible in the supreme is prayed
for in all ways. He walked by towns that
dot the seas, every step brought constancy
to every person; every unspoken action
created volumes of constancy among
the righteous.

The Same Tsunami

Four days left in this sacred time —
what will happen when it is over;
have I obtained my portion set aside?
Will I have to wait for the next Fast
to obtain what's yearned for? Is there
time to roll up my sleeves and count
the ways? There is a single number
to mention to obtain Paradise, a simple
phrase to sing as key to the kingdom,
but it is worn on the countenance and
seen clearly by the Prophet as acid
etching copper, as daylight timed by love,
starlight timed by compassion. A thousand
times a day I turn my heart to the
Beloved, then why am I still here?
What do I have left to do? This Fast is
a surging ocean, waves reaching to
Hokusai's dreams of little birds feeding
on the new Spring. I will walk the beach
at low tide to find the sanctified shells,
to set my footsteps in sand to send a
message across the seas, to click on
"send" and be done with it, that there
will always be another Fast. The Word
Fashioner is heard each day; this Word
a prince of Words, imbued into every
poem, makes every creative way come
to life, every play come real, every number
and phrase dance and shout! That the ways
of Baha'u'llah are the ways of every Prophet;
that they are the same Name, the same full
moon—the same Tsunami.

Even Assassins

What a pyrrhic victory the enemies inflicted,
a hollow sound on the edge of reason. What
combinations of treason to the Holy Books
did they inflict, they that rose up against
the Bab and Baha'u'llah? Where is the ardent
prayer through night to catch a vision of Their
Faces, to hasten naked as they were born
away from ecclesiastics to the poor and the
illiterate? Not withstanding some four hundred
clergy surrendered through the dead of night
coming up glorious as hot pebbles in mid-
Summer's heat; hot sand to the bare feet
walking down to the last visit to the sea; and
what does a man such as me say to this
finality so reverently put down like royalty
serving tea? Such service is the true victory
and filled up with remembrance. Even though
assassins were hired to kill Him, (and one
did kill Tahirih), yet they converted in the end,
copper to gold they were in an instant and no
treason blamed their immortal names.

Faith and the Void

As long as there has been stars
there has been faith; if there
were a void before it all,
there was always faith; it
made the universes appear;
it moves with theories—like
blackberry thorns drawing
on concrete walls by the wind.
The screeching hawks make is
close to this sound, but amplified.
Everything has a song that sounds.
Faith is every blank canvas or heart
yearning to be painted on, it is the
night knowing the dawn will come,

His Soliloquy

If you knew when the moon
will be full, did you or your
lover make is so? The same
is said of God's prescient Will
that harkens in His Soliloquy;
if no ones hears, is it then the
less? God’s Will yearns to be
heard; love makes it so.
Then that full moon: science
knows its course and predicts;
then there is a science to
prophesy that a few are given.

How many Guns

How many guns are in a firing squad? What does it take to kill one man this way? Then why were 750 rifles needed to execute the Bab and His disciple, with 10,000 people watching from the streets and rooftops? What was the message they were sending, those who decided on this course of action. Certainly it was not that they feared they would miss Him, or that He would somehow disappear through some form of magic? Did they fear that God would intervene and ruin the message they were sending? And what message was it they are sending? Were they trying to instill fear into the hearts of all so that no one else would declare themselves a follower of His? But their machinations confounded them and brought attention to this which spread through out the country. Nothing like this had ever happened in the world before. At no time was someone put to death with such a commotion stirred up in the hearts of the people. Christ's crucifixion had great effect effect, as did the Martyrdom of Imam Husayn, but never on this scale. These 750 bullets mashed the two bodies of the Bab and His disciple together, but the face of the Bab was untouched. What greater proof was there for the Cause of the Bab, than suchfear that His Faith would succeed? And the over 20,000 souls who converted to His Faith offered up their lives peacefully with such devotion that amazed

the people. Immediately following this spectacle a wind and dust storm of exceptional violence rushed through the town, blocking out the sun and darkening its light from noon until dark; ancient prophecy was fulfilled. “They wanted to scream and cry from fear, but the dust storm choked their voices.”

Hear the Light

Of all the things eyes have seen,
take to the market the love letters
stenciled on leather and made into
moccasins — hear the Light
sing for our worth, move us to be
at the forefront of the advance
guard, that the doves of holiness
will be stilled at our voices—be
amazed and remade in Its Image.
I want to scream with cheer when
I leave this world, be fulfilled as in
the dream where I met Him— when
parables evaporated and Reality
stunned me and knocked me out
of my shoes, each new Reality
its words scribbled on my feet
to keep me firm on the path.

March 20th, 2015

Pilgrims used to walk from Akka
to Haifa, kneeling in the dirt and dust
along the way, looking as though they
were searching for gold among the
ruins turned to dust. When their foreheads
turned brown and grey they knew they had
attained their Beloved's feet. They were called
madmen for their endeavors, sifting
the dirt through their teeth to taste
the bounties of their Lord. One story
told of hoards of flees, out numbering
the princess of Persia, digging through
carpets used for blankets; no clean
water to bathe or drink, illness on
epidemic scale. Terror never struck
their hearts, only peace and content.
The Greatest Holy Leaf sustained mountains
of iron crashing down without blinking
or hesitating (that dreaded hesitation);
The Purest Branch fell through the roof,
crushing the earth to rebirth, leveling the hills,
filling the valleys that all would be on the same
level of " Verily, we all come from God and unto
Him do we return", and in the world to come the
dust and dirt of this world will be savored and highly
prized, even paving paradise so soft under
foot.

A Good Fast 3/20/15

Today was the last day of the Fast, and I'm not sure yet how it went. Now it is the Holy Day, and another year is under way. What began as an unknown consummated its power in ultimate destiny. There is little to say except that this Fast was relatively easy with only a few difficult moments; a few hours. Last years Fast was very good, and spiritual growth happened from it, and if the changes brought about by this Fast hold, there will have been more growth. I've been told there are certain things I need to put in the hands of God, or my Higher Power as some put it. So this is what must be done! A sanctuary is called for, a place to protect and ruminate about the past and where to go now. "The time is come when naught but the purist motive, supported by deeds of stainless purity, can ascend to the throne of the Most High and be acceptable before Him." This was literally the last thought I had as the last minuter of the Fast struck, a good omen for the New Year. Then there was "Observe My commandments for the love of My Beauty." The purist motive. The second poem in this collection speaks of the Fast and Ridvan; how they were eagerly awaited. Now Ridvan will be dominant among my spiritual emotions.

Geese Returning

Spiritual emotions are what the Master lived and breathed, “My thoughts are turned toward you, and My heart leaps within Me at your mention. Could ye know how My soul glows with your love, so great a happiness would flood your hearts as to cause you to become enamored with each other.” He says in the 8th Tablet of the Tablets of the Divine Plan. To feel these spiritual emotions is to have a foretaste of Paradise, which is none other than reunion with God, Soon my geese will be returning, (if they are not already here). They will be sounding the timeless trumpets of Spring, they will find their mates for life, linking the breath of God with all their travels; their V flying formation that they are renowned for—that is the way people can work together to fulfill Baha’u’llah’s Tablets with such tenderness and clearness of vision: such tenderness of purpose, with unity of hearts. If such things are accomplished by Nature, how much greater can be accomplished by people with hearts filled with His love:to willingly offer up our lives for each other.

“O SON OF LOVE!
Thou
art
but
one
step
away
from
the glorious
heights
above
and
from
the
celestial
tree
of
love.
Take
thou
one
pace
and
with
the
next
advance into the immortal realm and enter
the
pavilion
of
eternity.
Give
ear
then
to that
which hath been revealed by the Pen of Glory”.
Baha’u’llah, *The Hidden Words*

_“O Son Of Light!

Forget
all
save
Me
and
commune
with
My
spirit.
This
of
the
essence
of
My
command,
therefore
turn
unto
it.”

Baha’u’llah, *The Hidden Words*