Each of Us is in an Egg

Each of our souls is in an egg
in the other world
though our bodies be on this world.
Angels stand around us
nurturing and waiting.
If we reach the apex of love's font
heat like a force not unlike nature's lava
will crack the beginning and the end
terminating envy, pride, lust —
all the negative spaces
where the void lives.
The suns come and go
rising from the easts and the wests.
I climb a hill to meet my soul,
in a dream a woman sitting on a chair greets me.
She sits on this chair with a deep dark
Velvety shadow from head to foot.
when the shadow rises,
White Buffalo Calf Woman sits.
This deep dark velvety shadow
Is what the egg's shell is made of.
At first what is in the shell is moist,
when the shell is ready to crack
some crack and let the void in,
others crack and let the moisture out.
The universe consumes itself
and is born again; a dragon consuming its tail.

I look to my Blood for Answers

I look to my blood for answers;
“Why haven’t you stained my hair?”
it asks.
Nocturnal winds grasp the unchartered;
the night watch is kept in all seasons.
Kings and queens percolate through sands
Crossing Ben Gurion Avenue to ascend.
My hair was left there years ago
When my blood and tears were quantified.
Stone cairns on Ben Bulben summoned Yeats,
Dooney rock recapitulates the oneness of seas
while Insihfree stands upright as a bull.

As has been mentioned times before
1/12/2019

As has been mentioned times before,
scarlet rain floods through the open door,
Scarlet Johansson's world fame
soars above steel and glass towers
as peregrine falcon spirits
combat the national 9/11 crises.
Our nation was conceived
800 years ago in the Iroquois Nation.
The song is re-written,
monsters under the beds
of the superstitious ilk wilt,
cables to Tokyo
set ablaze the ancient empire
while the lobsters that dance
upon the docks*
are being freed
from supermarket cages
by symbols of circumstance
as has been mentioned times before.

An intense Explosion of Light
1/13/2019

An intense explosion of light -
like unto a woman falling in love -
traversed from beyond our galaxy
to find us awake for its
greeting - card - like - message -
as - if - the beloved's love
had found the message boy
and sent a harpoon tipped like
message back to tell the explosion
not to bother reminding us
of "death and shit", as a local
New England philosopher says
no one is willing to talk about
either in private or in public,
for it is of death and shit the world
wants not to hear about
as if one greeting card is all
we want to read each year.

I found a Paper Bag
1/13/2019

I found a paper bag, bigger than
a lunch kind, with my name in script
written on its face by another's hand.
It wasn't Mom's writing nor
my dogs or cats;
then it hit me like light exploding
it was from my institutional stay,
one out of five or six,
wherein they placed my
clothing I brought
to change upon a midnight clear
in that large brown paper bag
that i may whistle the hours
and days by as if a concerto
by Mahler in the after glow
of a distant solar system exploding
of a dream I had of a nuclear bomb
dropping on the major America city Boston
and we, being outside in the streets
as the blast sent us homeward -
ascending as we were not
escorted by angels crashing -
like a billiard bar with pool balls
being thrown violently
in great jest. As we
rose up and into the center
of our hearts
i recognized some people's souls
from that city who
i had known on earth
and was very happy to see them.

I am looking for a Woman

I am looking for a woman who can swim
the great Euphrates using her eyelashes,
who can suffer the endless turn of tides
and never needs to close her soul's eyes,
who sees me as a manifestation of God's
love to her,
who would not let my death hinder or
stop her from ever greater service to humanity,
who would sing her birdsongs of love
to her creator and to me through the creator
and to me directly.
A woman who would yearn for death of selfishness
as her greatest service to humanity
and would bless rose water to sprinkle on all creation.
A women who would always sing with the loons,
who would gladly disappear to haunt waters
with them,
who would bring justice to herself above
any one else and never judge or criticize
anyone else
no matter how vile that person may be,
and never see anyone as vile to begin.
I am looking for such a woman who will swim
to me in her dreams each night as we lay asleep
beside each other and I will swim to her in mine.

Fields of Lupine

Fields of lupine, buttercups teasing,
Meet foxglove with open arms.
Cloudless gray skies turn to butter
when the sun strikes them at evening's call.
We climbed fruit trees and got caught
in orchards laughing,
Lily ponds dotted with sacred pink seek refuge
from every passing eye.
Let us walk to the ocean and jump right in,
hesitating not in the Summer ether.
Let us vow to make forgotten deeds chaste.
While plover skip and dance through waves.
New clouds come in many variations
of charcoal grays.
Is this the end: when I find my soul
hovering over a mountain lake
like May flies rising o're rainbow streams?
I must not rest, I must not rest
until my soul has met its self.

Garlic and Onion Fields

Garlic and onion fileds
cover tombs of Indian Saints,
so many they cover the earth.
Gathering storms collect souls
who, traveling to and fro across the earth,
watch over land and sea they so love.
Thousands of daffodils are planted
while many more wait to be with cedar hands.
My love, who I may have not have yet met,
waits with sage slippers.
Native souls are born into white forms.
Michelangelo, still coming to and fro,
sculpts my loved one with Diana's arrows.
Marble hands till the kingdom
with songs falling like twirling maple seeds.
Spring, my Spring, will come and bring
my love home.
My waiting arms hug the land
and every pine and palm tree.
Beyond the beginning and the end
stands a Tree beyond which there is no passing,
All animals circle it,
and nearest to it are the buffalo.

Boats Anchored off the Shore

Boats anchored off the shore ride storms
like feverish sons calling for their mothers long gone;
they cry.
Purple vases with money penny from Summer
wait their turn to be put away for another Winter.
Souls wink and laugh, knowing all things.
So why not remember a death
of a tender younger brother?
Small yellow butterflies remember death tenderly.
Woolly Worms in late October cross the
sun drenched roads
one last time to feel life's warmth and joy.
Again and again and again, Nature martyrs Herself.
A woman's heart remembers a lost so. Judgement
is meted out from her throne - tears testify
before a multitude.
Nature never squanders Her existence,
her footprints are found everywhere and nowhere.
Fog now blocks the boats, Albert Pinkham Ryder-like
boats
that seek freedom from existential storms.
Thousands of dragon flies, humming in a marble hall
cripple non-existence at its roots. Another season
ends.

Dreams gather the little Calf

Dreams gather the little calf
through the heather, through the fields
to the man's shoes - he standing still
with a heart that ever feels.
A day of rest, a thick wool tie,
Praying that the Lord will come.
Now to the pub and a heavy glass
tipped — though he feels the Lord has run.
Run two thousand leagues over books and pages
soft to his feet from his children's years,
scattered on roads by the Summer winds
written by poets, bards and sages;
infused with the candor of a baby's sneezes.
Night tosses the little calf
To the feet of a woman's shoes;
high heels stuck in the hardening mud,
carts roll on fields she will never walk or till.
An eagle landing on a lion's mane —
Just clouds against a cobalt sky —
told that her Lord has come again,
and she and her kin would never die
when the Daffodils are here.

Breezes of Religion's Breath

Breezes of religion's breath barely raise a wing today,
the science disproving a literal risen Christ's body
falls on ears like the death voice of fallen angels.
Humanity can not soar beyond a mountain's soul
without two lovers equal in passion.
These lovers complement like faces in mirrors —
endless faces on an all saints night.
Gripped in the beaks of red ravens
Burning pine needles burn: a missing millennium
rides from Akka to Mount Carmel.
Two thousand years separate the lovers
from their Beloved.
Children filled with sadness miss their parents.
But there is joy, only joy, only joy
Where the body of Christ was finally laid to rest.
Religion's wings are equally strong now,
Measuring New Jerusalem, it's slouching haunches
now flying high over clouds.

Storm's levitation

Storm's levitation downs trees,
Pigeons mass behind doors.
Live wires hunt the sparrow hawk.
Wooden doors thick and loud open —
crash shut when voices plague the land.
What's said behind them tames the
ruffled grouse.
Thunder in my hands I put to my temples,
chimneys cut space like a plover's flight.
Candle wicks curl down dry and black
the way my depressed head used to
hang down.
The dawn of joy beckons like
unto the meadow lark
that hurls itself against the wind and sings!
I can not deny my love has grown tenfold
for what is joy but love's song manifest.
Streams run away and join their brothers.
Snakes curl and dream of being streams,
streams dream of serpent's powers,
seas dream the endless dream;
my love needs dream no more:
we are one.

Like the running Dog

Like the running dog
with no leash nor master,
serendipity I once met.
It was a cool August night.
The stars, each in place,
set like meditations on Easter.
The waves that lapped,
the cat drinking,
all conspired in their
own way in meeting
serendipity. She stood
there sipping tea, the
writing on the wall
flashed neon high
overhead being drawn
behind a plane for
a valentines card.
It was the night
for greetings. There
was nothing one could
do but approach.

I Drink Your Sweet Love

On St.Steven's Green espressos tend the gardens,
bridges over Dublin streets tend the thaw.
Great is the city known for its justice;
will bulls in Dublin's streets be what I see?
Would Lincoln and Pocahontas speak
of red coats and snakes and dandelion wine,
and, planting in earth the spreading seeds,
"Crush the oppressor that flourisheth"
while river Tigris turns towards America?
There are directions known to hell and heaven,
and the minds of serpents know them,
for God never had a new born Son:
It is just a metaphor for connection;
The Lamb of God goes by many names.
Grace will don the tweed hat.

Flames Lick the Kettle

Flames lick the kettle
the way my cat curled her tongue
around clover.
Red and gray horses charge to the left.
Everything will be taken away save
the love of God,
and all that God loves,
and all that we love that is good,
the way cat o nine tails last a hundred years
then sleep.
In the flame that touches the bottom of the wax
is seen two millennium of riderless horses galloping
the way my cat curled into her body, slept
and dreamt flying through corn fields row after row.
Flames dim and the kettle cooks:
a new age ravages the world,
flames sputter, sputter and die.
But the soul contains the flame like joy
set free from a tin box.
A new flame, high on a bird's wing,
casts shadows from the other world:
the kingdom which is the only reality.

When my Days are gone

When my days are gone
will I sing a final tune?
My beginning tune will answer.
When my days began
the song I sang settled me
As I purified my ways like
Seagulls at high tide sunning.
Maybe faith stampeding
With my heart and universe
beating, beating
With my days
like time being stitched
after rented by history's fables
the world's peoples were bewitched
from eating the fruits of myth
dowsed in literal interpretations.
Our superstitious situations,
planted medallions in such foreheads
as treason to one's soul.
Following the passing of life's myths
I'll take a break
Hovering eternally o're
Tupelo honey.

Tsunamis Bleed Rage

Tsunamis bleed rage:
bleed the dark augur of Fate.
Greed has a blank face:
blank as a soulless facade.
When they join together
Winter's night ejects bones
from its gut and plants seeds:
a new Spring germinates.
In the center of a Tsunami's turmoil a
man is drinking tea, a last cup
of tea before he rises from his
chair to clean his house. He
does not see the Tsunami and
his house needs to be cleaned.
Waxing moons bleed on the earth,
tear down walls that shudder
before the passion of children.
In a wall of water, a hundred
feet high, every Season is found
and elated; every man and
woman, greeting the host of
mountains flooding their
former selves with indentured
words, collects the rage to
make new wisdom from.
My future grave surrounds me;
expeditiously I rise and find
kin bound to kin, friends
bound to all that moves:
the Tsunami carries souls
across the world, fermenting
what is meant in the best of song.

The Winds have come

The winds have come now.
Apples, turned inside out, bare
their teeth to greet me. Tsunamis
claim victims of circumstance
recreating with a fervor the ways
of apple orchards making little
smiles into crows' sounds waking
up people at dawn, taking the
greed that occupies minds, and
granting a good end to the object.
That the subject is pervasive grants
the one who slaps the face of God
a new direction to the hearts, covering
endless triumphs that the first slap
foresaw.

How High the Heather Grows

How high the heather grows
how low the flatlands lie,
I have grown rich resting there
guarding my paradise.
In such a place there is only rest
guarding the hearts from their own
inquisition
gathered on the plains below.
We are here now to form a nation,
a single world nation, free of self.
That nation will be called 'Nameless';
Your voracious wind will make it so.
The women have prayed, the men have
Prayed, the children are praying day in
and day out.
Dawn peeps through sending clouds
the color of crayons, perhaps a dream,
a red dot coloring the forehead of creation;
a yellow dot coloring the ears of all creation;
a blue dot coloring the eyes of all creation;
dot dot dot creation thus formed.
The first dream was a song, a vertical song
hastening faster to earth than the salmon
leaping to the moon. Then that song was
sent horizontally through the wilderness.
The song came from a meeting of the cross -
with humanity sedated for a time -
the singer of the song shunning all other life
than the song,

Like a General

Like a general all over flu of silence
the world watched and waited while Nero,
reborn as a saint walked the urban, suburban
and country
streets of America with new bugle in hand attempting
to awaken the people from their slumber
when on one of these dusty paths he came across
a soldier of fortune, a woman of the New World Order,
who, looking for fortune of a soulful kind,
sang arias in the mid night sun while Nero played all
night on his bugle to the angels who, never sleeping,
circled moth-like around street lights
flickering on and off with buzzing and humming
sounds on a hot humid New World Order night.

An Intense Explosion
1/13/2019

An intense explosion of light -
like unto a woman falling in love -
traversed from beyond our galaxy
to find us awake for its
greeting card like message of love
for the Beloved had found us
and sent a harpoon - poison-tipped -
back to remind us of the truth
of “death and shit” (as a local
New England philosopher
down the road says
no one is willing to talk about
either in private or in public).
For it is of death and shit the world
wants not to hear about
as if one greeting card is all
we want to read each year.

As has been mentioned
1/12/2019

As has been mentioned times before,
scarlet rain floods through the open door.
The Master's un-worldly fame
soared above 9/11 steel and glass towers
one of which my father worked in,
as peregrine falcon spirits
combated the national crises.
The first democracy was conceived
800 years ago
when the Iroquois League of Nations formed.
The song is re-written.
Monsters under the beds
of the superstitious ilk wilt.
Cables to Tokyo from the Guardian
set ablaze the ancient Empire.
Lobsters dancing upon the docks
are being freed
from supermarket cages
by symbols of change
as has been mentioned times before.

My harder Self has died

My harder self has died,
milk toast into the starry night
crusts of bread seeking life;
slave to the dark I ate dark;
creamy sunsets pasted on my brow.
Once there were dandelion voices;
and dark grey tarps over dirt piles
stacked high as Jacob's ladder
blocking my sight of the blue;
eclectic electric triumphs,
rubbed souls between fingers.
'Slow down my son, slow down'
is heard in heather thunder
as pinochle is played.
'Speed up, speed up'
comes a voice from a roses's core;
guitar riffs gradually sooth coagulated blood;
words - velvet starlight - descend;
connections plugged in vibrate.
Fog, destined for greatness,
burns like lyres's music at my self's wake.
Sun breaks through.
I am still one.

Sunlight is a Color

Sunlight is a color,
sunlight is not a color,
she is all and nothing,
everywhere and nowhere;
ubiquitous she lies to us,
defying our senses,
telling naught of herself.
The only true portrayal of her
is in turning the heart's mirror to her
paths of sunlight on oceans
and bays. Small thin
waves in the path coming to our eyes curl
into themselves; pure gold light folds
so so loving tenderly
children's pure hugs to our eyes.
Senses can not reflect her such as she is,
words trying to describe her crumble and disperse
into many colors so we must be content.
Sunlight is a color,
sunlight is many colors,
sunlight is not a lie.
I am just happy for sunlight not forsaking me,
for not letting me fade away into nothingness.
I won't have to die a thousand
Shakespearean deaths every day now.

For John Prine

Even if you could smoke a cigarette nine miles long
it would still come down to the last quarter inch
as it came down for you Mr. Prine and it will
come down to my quarter inch so soon. You are the
friend
I never met and we will smoke soon a cigarette
stretching beyond the stars and into the infinite.
Because you died I heard of you and not
before except a name and what is in a name anyway?
Now I have searched the new air waves and heard
so much not about you but from your music and that
really
is what is about you isn't it after all? I can only hope
to make
a few people happy as you made so many happy.
And if I do not it will have been worth the smoke.

The Day was Smoky

The day was smoky in my neighborhood
when I went to take a walk. Someone was
burning leaves and a low pressure
front kept the smoke down. It forced me in
my contingent world to find another
place to walk up the road at
a field that once belonged to the Navy. One
part of the road was still snowy and icy the
way ones thoughts fluctuate between good
and evil so I was forced to take a walk by
the woods where I couldn't see the Bay. Pine
needles covered the ground in the forrest
and the memories
of everyone's Christmases were in those pine
tree woods. If the woods had been all snowy
and I were in a snow sled with horses I
would have stopped by it and communed
with what looked to me to be the Milky Way in them
painted in many blue and purple pastel colors.
I stopped by the
woods and stood deathly still, not so much
because death was in the air or in my mind but that
eternity stretched from here to there and the silence
that generated the formation of the universe was in
those woods in abundance. It was not the stillness
that brought silence but the silence inherent in all
things that brought the silence. There were many
eyes in the forest hanging on the trees like
shiny bulbs. I know now that silence is linked with
love;
is a cause of destiny. If I had thrown
a hotdog with souerkraut and mustard undulating
like Armour hotdogs thrown at a baseball game
into those silent woods it would have

disappeared then re-appeared sprinkled
with relish stardust.

As Sunlight Folds

As sunlight folds on water's crests,
I sit on a sun bleached log,
Waves follow waves - light on light -
Small waves rich as morning
Burns off suddenly like fire,
Bursting through amnesia's hold.
Even light must sire,
And hasten to a realm within.

All Voices are one

All voices are one,
power eclipses even the dandelion.
Was there not more to reconstruct
in the dead of night when Icarus slept,
dreaming of a father he never really knew,
who never gave love?
Grit in shoes moves us faster
to get home and shake it out,
or, if we choose, to run up mountains
knowing grit can be good.
Icarus could have started
with mountains; even hills.
I like to imagine that after
the wax on his wings melted -
flying too close to the sun -
and he fell to earth,
he pulled himself up,
brushed himself off -
and started climbing hills.

Some don't Mourn and Weep
(looking out our Bay Windows at the Garden full of Sun Flowers)

Some mourn and weep
when a sun flower
bends its head down.
To see true humility
like a camel's hump -
is unbearable to some.
The hummingbird, rising underneath
the sunflower's head,
tickles with love
the long yellow petals.
No need to mention
Summer or Fall,
for love's petals are sweet
in all seasons.
This sunflower is well known.
Tall though it may be,
yellow like the sun,
love's kisses are
drawn to it
for it is humble.
The bear, the lion,
the wolf,
too are humble
like the sunflower.
Though they tare,
mame
and kill
when their time comes
they lie down to die
without a fight;
though fighting

they are made for.
So some mourn and weep
when a sunflower
bends its head
down.
But some don't mourn and weep
when a sunflower
bends its head down to weep
though grasses
can reach twelve feet tall,
though clouds can take
the form of lion heads,
of bear heads
and wolf heads,
some don't mourn or weep
but rejoice with rejoicing
when sunflowers bend their
heads down.
And why won't they mourn and weep?
Is it because the sunflower
could be the proudest
flower of all and those
who don't mourn or weep gladly
follow it?
Only those who
do not mourn or weep
know the answer
why they do not mourn and weep.
Maybe they feel joy
at the turned down head
of the sunflower.

2/22/2020 Stillness

I would convey to you stillness.
Stillness is in a soft breeze,
even a violent storm surge.
Stillness everywhere.
Crows can make a sound
somewhere between a dog
barking and a seagull crying
and be still. I am walking and am still.
I am still and I am still. I stop every
hundred feet on my walk
to be still. Over Casco Bay,
out beyond a far Island, seagulls
crying out sound harsh but soft
and their sounds electrify me
the way fallen power lines from
ice storms dance
and jump but are still.
Sunlight pounds against
a concrete sea-break wall.
All things stilled by
the light. Sea ducks with white
collars and white rings around
their tails clean themselves in
the sea waters. They dip their
heads and necks below and
beat their wings. You would
think their wings hitting the water
would make a sound like hands
hitting the water - making
a slapping sound - but their wings
are cupped so a sound of popping
air comes out instead. All the time
stillness. On a natural rock jetty,

spines rising up like dinosaur backs,
rainbow oil shale standing out, a sea-
gull is breaking apart with its vice-
like beak a shellfish of some kind.
The minute another seagull comes close
the first gull cries a warning. Food must be
protected at all costs. A loon by an Island
between me at the end of Potts point and
Perry's Island sends out its soulful lamentation.
But all I can hear and perceive is stillness
on this unusually warm day in February.
The stillness in me.

The Sky pulls

The sky pulls its blanket up.
Tangled trees wait for signs
To turn their knotted hair green.
Coffee slurped through a straw laughs
Through my mother's bells palsy lips.
Hilarity, not unlike renting of cloth,
Says heaven is alive and well.
Stillness returns underfoot.
Redwing blackbirds marshall
Soldiers. Cat-o-nine tails,
Tall with dark brown heads,
Would make a taste like milk chocolate
In heaven. Sandpipers - the eternal need -
Made out of cloud and sand, tip toe.
Repeated dreams of my dog and cat
Float with smooth-warm hope against the sky.
Reed pens and pentagrams stumble upwards,
Revelation streaming through social media.
Morning gone, afternoon quivers.

The Stillness

The stillness of tides is never still,
neither is the ark of deliverance;
walking on the mudflats I scared a gull,
I saw the tides collide and flatten.
Tide ripples are elusive diamond light.
Lady slippers crunch popping seaweed
underfoot. The Harpswell causeway,
once under my little toes,
vibrated as lobster boats passed by.
My mind, like the sun's rays, warms me.
Walking is productive on more than cobblestones.
Standing still enough two tides are heard, three
predicted
at the same time if our ears are open.
This, anyway, is what the legs of crabs reveal.
We can tip toe over our lives like little angels
breathing
and get a sense of what everything costs,
then walk and walk holding hands with winds
knowing there will be more low tides.

Early Morning Fog

Early morning fog quells mine eyes
like locusts grifting through Summer tree'd fields.
Wisps of fog envelop Summer fields,
birds come and go;
is it sacrilegious now to
mention fields of snow?
My cat never curled around my legs,
she seemed to live in a fog
and so we got along pretty well.
The land beneath the fog will heal,
we will tell our grandchildren
of all its former ills
as we all sit on our verandas,
black, white, red, yellow, brown
men, women, all orientations.
The elderly will live much longer lives,
their great grandchildren will take care of them.

The Lupine Are all Gone

The Lupine are all gone;
The world moves.
Peonies, in all their glory,
Replace the swan.
Rain can not help from falling
when it falls.
Seasons turn,
lightning strikes,
love flows through us
like sound
when we play.
When we leave our
shadows behind
the Beloved collects them
and puts them in a book.
All our shadows are one.
Daisies have come now;
and the smallest white
and blue flowers adorn the fields.
Summer talks through teeth
bleached white while lovers
adorn the skies - clouds in their glory.
Tall billowing white summer clouds
change shape at will
while eagles rule the skies.
Thoughts like these are put
into a box, a box never to be opened,
a box never to be thought out of.

July is Our Hottest Month

July is our hottest month in Harpswell
(Spindly grasses sharp as Nietzsche's tongue).
The river Seine would evaporate on our newly hot
tarred road. Our old road, the one we loved, was
taken by the new tar. On the way to town and back on
123 we were identified by our old road with its faults
and frailties, the road's cracks and upheavals defined
us. Cracks from Winter freezes and snow ploughs,
water freezing from small culverts going under the
road lifting up the road, swelling and making humps
we drove over like a roller coaster.Then a new tar - a
new country - foreign in tongue to
us - smooth like a tyrant's speech came.
We needed to take back our road,
so seagulls dropped their droppings,
seagulls dropped clams and oysters
making cracked white shells.
Cars drove over them and spread them out
making a galaxy of shell-stars.
Heavy trucks left deep wheel marks
in the soft black tar, dirt from tires made statements
we are still here; twigs were pressed deep into the hot
new tar like new born fossils,
sand crept over the new tar edges bringing victory,
pale brown pine needles and dried leaves from last
Fall, scattered by winds, diluted the newness of the
road. There are still no lines yet on our new road,
but it is August and our road is once again ours.

A Glass Palace or
Sherry's Poem

A glass palace of clouds
Proclaimed a sun
Sitting like a king
Upon a throne.
A glass palace of clouds
In the young at heart-laughter
From crabs nibbling on toes
Behind a throne
Standing on the waters.
In the glass palace of clouds
Anchors holding shape to shape
Bobbing shapes tethered
To spheres influenced
Like hand holding hand
In love fragile
As the wings of butterflies.
In the glass palace of clouds
A man in the Autumn of life
Standing next to a woman
In the Autumn of life
As gulls mocked
Men, gulls with large forked
Hands seeking food
In the muck and mud
Beneath a glass palace of clouds.

What Rose Defending

What rose defending sequences;
bird flight wings dipped red sunsets.
Flies arrows defending life's tourniquets
through this Summer's madnesses.
A virus creeps, emulating a slouching beast,
the credence of rhythms texts nomenclatures
defending what is left of sanity.
Oaks and maples turn, another virus permeates,
the shameless flee before Aristotle's decrees,
the young turn grey in midnight's glare.
On the other side there is waiting,
watching like bulls and buffalos at the bit
wanting to descend - scent - puffed out with answers
like bird swell in the chests.
Greennesses replace Winter; then are uprooted.
Japanese beetles change their name,
Taking for granted sequesters lust and games:
The virus spreads.
Now all children go to sleep
while mothers grieve wanting
to give wishes and answers.
Another day, another virus;
anxieties foam like fox fever.

May 9th, 2020

The snows of Kilimanjaro are
far from my window, a big wall sized bay window
that looks out over the Maine rocky coast
and the Atlantic ocean.
There is snow falling today.
Yesterday there was bright sun light
that hit our window and bounced
off and landed on the patio outside.
I picked the light up like soft healing
shards of glass and put it in envelopes
and mailed it far and wide to family and friends
and to seven billion people I do not know.
As for myself I kept a portion I know
I can take out and hold and be irradiated by
during cold dark Winter days.
It is May 9th, 2020, and the snow is very light,
barely a flurry, not sticking to the ground and
will most likely be the last snow until late Fall.
Although it has snowed even in early June in Maine
before; nothing ever sticks to the ground on
the coast this time of year.
The snows of Mt. Fuji, the snows of Mt. Rainier
seem clear to me as my healing soft shards of light
do,
some of which I put in my blue-jean pockets.
Forsythia in the next yard minds not the snow,
but simply waves in the famous Harpswell breezes.
I lick the shards of light to see what taste they have:
they taste like all the beloved memories I have had -
and all those forgotten now come to mind -
brought to the surface from the sun in them which
stores
all the good memories of all the people who live

and have lived and will live on the earth.
Its taste has just the right amount of sea salt
with a slight hint of sweet taffy, or maybe
it is a lobster roll savour, or perhaps raspberry juice
mixed with the yellow colors of daffodils
and the red of fragrant wild roses.

A Good Poet

A good poem is like a wolf:
It can devour people's arrogance.
Ahkmatova, Anna that is, showed
me this in a dream where there
were many men lusting after her.
I saw them get too close too her
and were ground
into meat. She showed me the meat
in her refrigerator and
said "now we have plenty to eat".
That was the dream, an odd one
I admit, and now I am writing a poem
that really is stringing some sentences
together in a poetic fashion. It is an
interesting way to write poetry without
rhyme, balancing thought against
thought. A good poet can shape shift like
a professional shape shifter,
and all the poets in the world are created and
consumed by one word from a hidden realm.
Poets like Ahkmatova are always created,
consumed, and re-created by each new word.

The Breezes did swell

Jury-bent the breeze did swell,
Whirring through the tall pines trees,
The deep strong wind came flowing down,
Bent on teaching life's lessons to me.
As sea swells decponstructed rock and shell.
I walked with the wind and it with me
Tangling what little hair I had left
As nebulous clouds hovered o're the Bay.
Perhaps it was an ancient dream
That I had had the night before
Of a cross bearing the world aloft
That made me walk to the point that day.
Perhaps it was from an innocent dream
Whistling the way a tea kettle steams.
Down by the town dock, near the causeway,
Nearby a dozen sea ducks preening;
'Tis Winter still but Spring is begging
For Winter to let go
Of its innocent scheming.
Back at the house - and safe from rain,
I looked at the sea and our house aloe
From our couch looking at the shimmering sea
I in a world of subtle ease and flow
Behind the glass of conformity;
Do tell, do tell, do tell, do tell.
Maybe it was the scent of coffee brewing
That flavored now the Islands' names,
Names brought down like naming children
Grafted to the Islands like children's games
Of memory's soft and pleasant ways
Disciplined by way of life's armaments.
Winter has softened (though wants to hold on),

Just as her breeze, though strong and cold,
Will become a gentle one soft and warm
And yield to the sprites with their new song.
These memories drift the way kittens sneeze.

Without the Peace

Without the peace of Peace
strings of guitars would mince words,
hangers in closets would dance alone;
endings would be wordless.
Without the peace of Peace
arms would not lock together,
they would cast stones
to the forefront of all wonder;
they would accost the blest,
they would drown the weary.
Without the peace of Peace
every harbinger would choke on his words,
the merry glasses would remain un-raised,
tethered hopes would not be severed
nor would the fly anoint the Spring.
Without the peace of Peace
pools of grandeur would dry,
birds would cease to fly
without the peace of Peace
whose name is love.

We drink Our Tea Black as Night

We drink our tea black as night,
forfeiture of love delivers love,
flagpoles dance still as monuments
through vibration's feast.
Great the chance the pools of death
manifest light gravitas;
peaks of snow peak above clouds;
we drink our tea 'till twilight.
Now, as then, the berry pickers meet
to discuss what is never mentioned;
spent May flies descend.
Riverbeds, dried like chalk babies,
see the light and are saved!
Floods rush down.
We, our brother's keeper,
jump rope 'til midnight
repeating prayers with each
thump, thump, thump.
Daffodils to dogwoods to gods
we try to lift the fog.
Spinsters, alone in memory,
walk isles of stores to find home,
their high heels hung from trees.
The night, tender as a bruised apple,
begs for mercy as shades are drawn.
Another dawn another sigh -
the peek-a-boo of light through shades
reverses tides as minions fall.

Oh Fire flicking on the Wall

Oh fire flicking on the wall,
tell of life, speak of death;
rage and rage against the scene
that Jacob had to hold.
Nettles cooked, saved by butter and vinegar,
spreads the lie that must be saved.
The light that shines on death
casts shadows through to worlds
of joy unseen.
Joy, meant for every soul,
ordained like raspberries in Fall,
creeps beside us unseen.
Cactus in bloom - blossoms screaming -
prick the night's black coat
which bleeds and nurtures every lie
until the fruit of harvest comes
to sweeten our bitter life.
Do tell, oh fire, just what you have inside
that makes the nettle taste so grande;
Is it salt, or is it sand?

Another Day of Non-Existence

Another day of non-existence
filtering bagpipe flies blown like Lester jazz.
It is dawn and fire again nips my ankles
like the sheep dog once did leaving Dromahair,
nipping me to commune with my spirit; hence God.
Not to say I am the One, but my fragile fingers
once held a gun.
Once, when I was nocturnal, I scorned sleep,
resting only when my vernal self equated doom;
now I lick a sugar room, wall by wall dissolving.
There are constancies broken by brooms,
swept away just like when Jack and Jill fell down.
Tahoma looms, white-capped - a frozen wave -
a symbol, a shadow proclaiming this non-existence.
I walk the painted lines, juggling balance foot by foot,
the I in me casting shadows covering these lines.

Deep Wells, home to the Many

Deep wells, home to the many,
seep water down to were the earth can't go.
Sheep, grass fed for slaughter,
roam wherever their sheep dog allows.
Below the earth, down below
where pilgrims feed, there are constants
fixed for letting fields change and rearrange.
Sequins, stitched on cow girl dresses,
flicker in dark's armor. Sequences of
feasting roasted lamb with Sunday choirs
flash before the eyes of multitudes.
Clashing swords swing down Crusade Street
on a hot Summer's night. Racist doctrines,
nailed on crosses, are healed by a Knight's brigade.
Nothing to do now but love.
Nothing to know now but love.
Justice must be re-instated like
tearing down walls. Flim-flam
must be overcome by overcoming hate.
Fate knows not its own fate
in the face of change.
Dull orange trees in Summer are a sign
that wisdom is in hiding.
They betroth the wind and their offspring is fire.
They clove the earth with cloven hooves
waiting, patiently waiting, for answers to blossom.
The deep wells call its young of heart
flourishing amongst the shepherd.

When I become My Father

When I become my father will I be home?
The North Pole circles where I live,
cooling hearts the way lions dance.
My father did not hunt lions -
but he danced with them.
He lived in a lion's world
and came out whole.
I do seem to have followed in his footsteps.
Mulch made of hay condescends
from the farmer's hands the way
the future is told by Madame Bovary.
We all condescend sometimes.
When the future is known
things will get better;
farmers will buy ploughshares
from Isaiah's store;
tinsel dragons will dance down Wall Street -
where my father worked -
along side angels of Revelations and Imams' stories;
birds singing on New England's shores
will song with Texas nightingales and marry.
Indecent charms will give way to holy alarms
in the midnight of grail which will be everything
and everywhere.
And this is when I will become my father.
and be home.

Tears like Raindrops

Tears, like raindrops, thread the world.
A majestic chord - limping nonetheless -
a queen of forests like the lioness.
Tears threaded in the darkness.
Cousins to all, they bathe things:
Tissues of wonder, rising wings.
Tears pressed and waxed into books
igniting candles on holy days;
Rising stardust to a haze.
Rainbows still exist, kittens and puppies,
licking faces, climb laps of eternity;
in dreams we find them.

My tears taste like macaroons,
spiced with pepper giving form,
eaten with God on afternoons;
could this be my new?
The taste of God fills my gut with joy,
joy, though, mixed - shaken, stirred -
the two are wings tomorrow
high flying like one bird.

The Night comes down

The night comes down polished sin,
shinning from the grim reaper's charms.
There is fight and flight;
Doors of thought transfer their mind
to the other side. Children laugh;
all must take a polygraph.
Silver slippers dance 'till noon,
awake all night they clear the halls,
skippers of tall ships call out sin's names.
The sea absorbs and cleanses all.
Time, in a runaway town,
fastens lost memories to
the clock tower's walls.
Looking through windows
some memories return,
but age grows thin as rose petals.
Hulls of war ships glide o're waves,
to war we have become as slaves!
To be right we fight;
to be thin we think of ways
to remember the night.

A thousand Years of Nobility

A thousand years of nobility -
fear suffering on the quarter decks
not wanting to let go of stringless cellos -
years of wants and needs and change
grafted to burden the undercarriage of justice
onto innocent trees.
Streams flow - bottle flies whiz -
fear of change hardens the widening skies
as Arthur's myth comes back in style:
fighting with wooden swords to conquer self.
The moment lives, the moment dies,
another moment lives like spider webs
catching phoenixes as Rumi wanders
through a door to lead us home.
Ignoble we stray, I myself divide in half
as the glass half empty retires its soul.
Hope, though, strolls through the door
like Fred Astaire pied-piping the fallen.

We must be able to watch

We must be able to watch the death of time,
in rhythm to gnats and flies choking on smoke
in endless valleys, falling down, tumbling
like so many armies after Armageddon
drinking blood one last time to taste
the taste of victories lost. What a cost
to blunder only to find mercy where
so many cast ashore are brought back
to life mouth to mouth, as tulips spread
in every clime their daintiness -
history revealing what happens in time.
We must fight the good fight with words and deeds -
not with swords, - with love and justice
permeating the undergrowth
where sparrows nest,
where ploughs vindicate
the rule of rapture
as it spreads like frost
to cool the death of time.

The mystery of Smoke rising

The mystery of smoke rising is not known,
galaxies flux with fox tails in the wind,
could it be that this kind of smoke does rescind
all energies of life that flow and bend.
Harbors of innocents dock ships with blinking lights,
children's answers give hope to hardened hearts,
this smoke is made of answers from questions asked,
tall cities with so many tall ship masts.
But we are smitten by the bees of wine,
half choked as as we drink smoke down,
coughing on the rings of Saturn's brine,
telling children's stories 'till midnight is gone.
Mist also rises. With a snail's pace forms
armies of minds prostrated, flames determine
the candle's life like the way waxy smoke rises.

Like a Child He moved a Leg

Like a child he moved a leg,
sitting on the edge of things;
he had made the longest
journey home. just as his mother
told him, he was there to be
longing now to travel. A song
sung to him strumming down
his spine to where his heart lived,
conversing the way cats purr
with his heart all along the old fort.
Astounding as it was to see him sit -
soul wrapped in soul - motionless
as pure spirit conversed the way
light houses active in the night
blink their share of wisdom
speechless; the guitar now ending.
He had some good years left
old as he was his granddaughter
singing to him in Cree;
she moved the way a fawn moves
compared to his concrete fluid
stoic motion.

We stitch the Land

We stitch the land and sew it closed,
then draw a sword and cut it's chord;
we remember better days - then sleep.
For a while - in a strange sleep - we feel
no guilt, then wake to find harbors
of it with monuments of grief standing
on shores. In a bread basket of confidence
our love reaches epitomes of tombs;
swarms of insects greet the dawn
until we are forced to awake once more.
We sleep and wake - we sleep and wake -
until we are tired and wake to sleep no more.
Then the dawning; oh then the dawning!

A Sun with Tongues

A sun with tongues may not comment,
a tree full of fruit declines to fall;
how many a time does the sun turn cold,
and the fruit, sliced and pitted,
buried in the underworld,
becomes life's blood.
I am that sun and that fruit
that needs to flex its muscles
like the river needs to flow;
I grasp at straws until I follow,
and following begin living
the way an old dog can not dig
in the dirt anymore, waiting
for its master to bestow love.
Then as time worries over numbers,
and houses' shutters begin to blow,
a sound like ashes making music
rises to the halls of the ancients;
clinking, clinking - with tambourines.

I hear the Voice

I hear in the voice of many the sound
of submission from grief's and sorrow's;
sounds coming down. I step in directions
not known, then tread down to town.
Today monasteries toll out lost joy;
winds bend the whispers of monks.
Across universes sounds reach
out like bounty hunters to hunt
down and bring in the griefs and sorrows
of pasts now forgotten and make of them
rich beds that future harvests will be richer.
Oh when will the humbled be requited
for their indifference to their grief and sorrows!
Why does the defense of inaugurations of
tyrants last past sunsets, or the few
inebriated with love go unnoticed
like fireflies when we sleep?
None can know the answers save the few;
none can fathom the deep oceans's breathing,
tumultuous as it is from volcanos beneath.
Will I be one of the few…to welcome
grief and sorrow as I would welcome
dancing with my beloved? To be an
ever deepening channel for love's amours?

I can not breathe

I can not breathe without the wind,
nor be destroyed without an end;
I shrink and wither; then like a feather
attack all that's known and win!
An endless harmony of sorts
betrays and all is leveled to the ground.
I stoop down low and build all up again;
we are returned like newspaper's each day.
Gifted moments fly and find their homes;
withered wings still fly with naught but bones.
Each day storms sweep up the floors;
the earth becomes once more a beginning.
My grasses are bent down from rain.
Will they lift up? Will they die?
Perhaps there is no death but
only reconciliation. Three crows
fly across my eyes; black as night.
Beyond, the channel undulates.
I can not reap nor will I sleep
until all feathers touch the moon.

If We tell it

If we tell it on the mountains
will the valleys die? Or will the will
of many fill the origin, leveling both
until those that till the earth fear not.
There is an easy answer - but it
is not easy to bear! Levels of gray
clouds stacked like marmalade
in canning jars testify so. Jaunting
through the forest - bare feet on
orange-brown pine needles - heals
with cedar scent. Making room
for elephants freed from circuses
is the will of all; talking of things
to come summons the minotaur;
it runs away as hope fills the forest.
On another day the roads to salvation
decked the halls for each question
is its own path. Wrath, emanating
from love, dies, filling in the valleys
and freedom, as it is said, can not
be free until justice walks the forest,
and liberty, it is also said, will not
prevail until submission to the heart
reigns supreme.

Have you ever tried?

Have you ever tried to capture
a thought in your wings?
Butterflies dancing making merry.
Laws are made for freedom
when freedom captures memories.
In time, boxed in places unfold;
Siamese cats meow their stange meows to heaven.
I have driven the back roads,
and the freeways measure beyond
the taxidermist's smile. So I must leave.
Where will I go? Will I be that thought
and be trapped in memoires?
Will I come to a dead end and park and walk,
get lost only to find all answers to all questions?
This is what happened and now I watch
butterflies through binoculars;
talk to my soul and begging for true freedom
when I'll yearn to impale self on self;
when my lover's arms will be made of toothpicks
strong enough to hold down houses during storms.

If Time passes

If time passes like the wind,
why do eagles waste their time to fly?
What is waiting around every bend
supplies the sunset with its own breath;
the living that lived then are on a path,
precluding all that is in the way;
the snowy owl wearing summer's hat,
varnishing the fields with death.
Eagles of the night they hoot out their tones,
toes of little children curl when they hear;
time pauses when the time has come
to dream of comfort from the wily bear!
I dreamed last night of nature's wind
that blew right through me and took hold
of all I loved then it was gone
leaving me forever young.
I danced, I bled - I shed my coats -
paving ways to follow through the lands;
to one path devastating all that's known:
the living time of love's bright mind.

Like a Child She hugs

Like a child she hugs, downing the dire;
holding the trees, the birch, maple and fir.
What can be said…the way the branches sway,
about the drip of honey…on a rainy day.
Grip and let go are in order; they tend
to destiny the way soldiers march
down the beer gardens, picking roses.
Call all the soldiers home and marry them
in fields of four leaf clover; they will bear
fruit in covered wagons and remember
how they came to be; securing another
destiny: peacemakers all in a row. Slow
to love but quick in following; gradually
turning the way trees bend in old age
against steady wind. There is no end;
there is no beginning to format a phrase
when when when when comes down!
There is time, there is time for a mime
or clown to lift days of labor to heights.
We are the ambiguous ones in head lights
tending the mother shore like the time
dried sage whispered in cornucopia's ear
to smudge with the soul of a child's hug.

The Gallows carry the Weight

The gallows carry the weight of the world,
its spindly weight; its story told, bending
before St. Augustine's words, turning in
the turnstiles of the east the way buttermilk
tastes after it is churned before it curdles
in August heat. The beat, the beat that Louis
set in motion churns the seas of hearts and Dizzy,
like a statue frozen in winter's clime, greets
the kingdom's timeless time. Song Sparrows
timeless song bequeath a monument of ears;
tears flowing down. Are we nocturnal like the
bats, or do we greet the western winds
at dawn, chewing beef jerky and country songs.
Do we blind our eyes to slavery remnants?
To the justification of a cause beaten
down by a just war, a war that
persists like the sucking of tics, spreading weakness
through our country's bright flame before it will
be tamed; do we want to forget the regret; the
way the west was won by deceit and lies, stealing
lands once walked by timeless sky people, human
beings tending before the rape came.

It is Organic to Bleed

It is organic to bleed. it is the way, the form;
the norm for those whose seed spreads like
the sword of Damocles in the afterlife; afterglow
of a million sunsets building temples. It is one!
Feelings of discontent rise with ashes from fires
once content to breathe millennium's hope; the dope
to indoctrinate with love the fanatic's insidious decent
into madness; a confusion; a chaos; an ecstasy
of telling all is all right; of seeing clearly in the dark.

From Shore to Shore

From shore to shore, under each pebble,
he looked for a way to atone. Juxtaposed
to the railway stations of his birth he sought
flight. Temperance taught him meaning -
tempered the way gold is roasted and
refined. It is. It was. It will be. Life on the
outskirts of towns were screaming; teaming;
overflowing the way rivers over-swell with
knowledge of the dead and past. Why last?
why not lay down the baton and seek
beyond the tree tops? He picked up his
conte crayons and drew a magnificence;
tumbleweeds of bleak days turned golden,
flowered pastries sent to royalty from shore
to shore; from sea to sea; approved by
mothers surrounding song; waiting, waiting;
wailing against a wall the way children bounce
balls on foreign soil. It goes to say there
will be a day; it has been approved; moved
from town to town in a chrysalis of smiles.
He walked the extra miles.

Rapacious Butterflies

Rapacious butterflies of change;
stand vigil over all quadrants of the night,
waiting for time to re-arrange
docents of history's memories.
I killed the first rays of dawn,
sewed them up in a sheet of cotton rag,
buried it were it could not be found,
tucked away in a corner of pure light.
When gone will I be pulled back like
the tide, diminished then reborn
where I stand? Will I congeal and
leave no mark, in the sea or sky
or land? Duties to defend the sacred
night, make one speak in riddles,
proofs and then demand; that all must
bow to a place that all call home,
and humble self minuets of change.
I will dive, I will fly, I will walk and do
my most, to get the point across
that there is no bleeding ghost.

The Scythe that cuts

The scythe that cuts the heather's bond,
freedom that pins the body down,
toss and turn in the pale moonlight
when liberty's balance sings its song.
I am near to you, you are near to me,
what exists between is what is within;
willows of innocence, swallows in barns,
gently make love to the north wind's arms.
I am you, you are me; we are together!
It is one, it is two, number's multiply
in the dense thicket of light; even in night
does the tune the ocean's sing bring peace;
even in storms do the horns of yesterdays
betray their innocence. Cutting to the quick
the little boys leap. Their little feet make
a path for naught but love and little wrath.
The scythe that cuts the heather's life
frees the heather from fields of shame;
the scythe that cuts the children's game
frees the moon as it screams a name.

Let the Dreamers come down

Let the dreamers come down to earth,
let the earth souls rise,
and, meeting in the middle,
and seeing in the middle,
let them live like baby's lies.
Where for art thou not -
what lives down in-between -
the seminal function that tricks
what has and has never been.
I knew a man that died
because on tv he had heard
there was on earth a shrill whistle
from a little bird. Now that all the stars
are black, and the light comes from
the day; we must whistle too
our lives away. So determine for yourself
why the pastures are so green,
that the dreamers came down to earth,
and souls raised to meet them
as they gather when the hands of fate
knit for them a robe of time.

A rainy July multiplies

A rainy July multiplies in sighs;
a buzz, a franc in a slot machine
tells of magnificent dimensions.
A sun breaking through delivers
timorous hesitation to the underside.
Dinosaurs pranced once; died once
as all things die. Precarious notes
lilting from an orchestra of hope
provide glue for holding souls together.
Even a rainy day in December can not
dissolve such a bond! Grifters try to
steal great distances between mountain
peaks to save for snowy days in sugar
bottles. All will be delivered from evil
whether we like it or not; whether we
believe it or not. Sour grape juice,
drunken on purpose to purge hesitations,
tastes like grandma's ST-37 smelled.
Light breads as casino gamesters
speaking with french accents break
the bank and are cast to seas.
Meanings hesitate to come forth
as another fourth of July passes.

A Genocide of Children surfaces

A genocide of children surfaces;
between Canada and the United States
thousands of Native children
have been killed by schools run by
the governments and churches.
At no time before has child genocide
ever been conceived let along carried out.
Call it as it is. Mean what you say.
As we grow old we are whales with
barnacles to show, when we are whales
we grow young and plunge the ocean deeps.
These children are whales that now plunge
the deeps of the afterlife, they traveled
before their time and those who committed
genocide are growing older or are dead
and have barnacle leaching their souls
that have been judged. Mercy though,
being infinite as I hope it to be, even for them,
corrects their evil into sieves of song.
Thick glasses are needed now for them
to see the light but in time even these will
be gone. Perhaps even nuns, nurses, teachers
who let this happen suffered greatly after they
ascended yet I pray that, even if gradually,
their barnacles dissolve into joy.

A Wind blown Tree

A wind blown tree, tall as a man in October's arms,
free as a juniper walking coastal limbs,
combed its long hair juggling.
We ourselves are as free as anything we can imagine,
loping along the way judgements against the wind
blow backwards catching non-existence.
We dance to sounds stars wax envy over,
as theologians give questions -
notwithstanding slouching towards places.
We quote the demonstrable though
long word's meanings hang on the corners
of the moon. My love for you waxes greater as feats
of sacrifice entail frail selfless givings, paradigms
of shifts meant to polish the unknown.
Grandparents talked to as if here release
what we want to know into the air -
like ancestors breathing over our cribs.
Soon…and so far away…we will know.
Non-existence will know the meanings
of all things, wind blown trees with a rush
and a hush followed by death and then life
will become what beauty has always been.

Moving like a White Swan

Moving like a white swan the preacher said
to deck the halls and polish the lamps;
serve the tea and tend to the sinner's cramps.
All are sinners except one, and in time there
will be no sinners to leave behind. All will
be taken to heaven, no hell to spell or condemn
the innocent; no idiom, no snake skin to shed
in the flowering grasses; no secret passes
going down the Autobahn of Nietzsche's
death hangout. If young is being foolish then
any age can set that stage; any dance jump
upon that stage and strut and prance.
I must think outside this box; but I must first feel;
then like a dervish reel. You laugh! You say
I have been cut in half! Yes - by choice it is so.
I am like Summer's heat and Winter's snow.
I too am a white swan; and a sinner planted
in a garden row; planted young to grow old
and be foolish no more like the way a leopard
will not enter the tiger's den (to Schopenhauer's
relief). For he too is in a world not so far apart,
and the leopard and the tiger and Nietzsche
are playing music in the kindergarten of the heart.

I can not lift my Lips

I can not lift my lips to sing a song
that has vanished in the wind; I can not
please the gods that are gone once the sun
has burnt through morning fog. Once upon
a time there were things to do, places to go,
hither and yon; now one path opens wide
enough to let Noah's Ark through on any
day with benedictions flowing. The size of
the Ark has multiplied to encompass a world
of saints and demons. Nay! That there are no
demons but only a life of joyous luxurious of spirit
with eyes crimping; with full sails determined.
In a drunken stupor we come forth;
in a raging stupor we go forth!
We are one with complexity
and lurk in the shadows.

An Arsenal of Song

An arsenal of song betrays the dogs of war,
creeping, the musicians wrap themselves in bliss.
There is nothing time won't tell, nothing time won't
bleed, nothing time won't fell, nothing time won't
need. Over the yonder - catching glimpses
of lightening - soldiers read of peace.
Jason's fleece smothers flames
of despair; do I care, do I care, do I care?
Boats in the harbor, ships in the bay,
carry to the other side souls awake now;
Hades - the purgatory that lulls us to sleep -
finds rest. I must go down to the sea
so I wake at dawn. A little girl doesn't see
my shadows because she is blind. We meet
at the sea and she guides us to eternity.
All these thoughts and feelings flurry like the
feathers carrying us home where there
is no more war.

When the Signs of the Time turn

When the signs of the time turn
I must go down and turn around;
roll on the ground and soul surrender
not unlike the ocean that churns.
I long to leave but beg to stay,
to live to sail through harbors blue
where I may find souls beneath the waves
sleeping in the island's bay.
And as the sunlight penetrates
deeper than the ocean's womb
soul's awake - they spin and shake -
and from their midst ejaculates
servants teaming with bright eyes.
Dowdy gents with torn blue jeans,
kings and queens defending rights
from tongues that speak in dowdy lies
This is the way of every time -
buttresses the space-time rift
as burning signs proclaim the end
with new beginnings caught in rhymes.

Burn off Oh Medusa!

Burn off oh Medusa! Be ye gone!
There is a song I'm going to in the glen.
It will lift beyond proximity as the dandy
approaches the feast and nun.
Oh how I long to travel and walkabout
while Prometheus, shuffling cards,
has won his freedom to be home.
Under a dome a meaty bone
waits for my dog's soul to consume
bastions of faith swimming the Euphrates
in the afterglow of hollow men.
Reapers shun the immaculate while
downtown stores open their doors
to crows yearning for incantations
like unto Nostradamus flying in the
twilight of his birth. The way back
from the dead is mimicked by time;
the way home from the store
is followed by wine. Juxtaposed by
the sentiments of mother's crying
are the limits of the new immaculate,
limitless really as are the infinite stars
forbidden to know the lightening.

How Black Shadows cover the White

How black shadows cover the white;
her gown, glowing in the rain answers,
giving flowers room to grow.
The glow, the glow, the glow, the glow -
the snow, the snow, the snow, the snow
now gone like paradise in the brambles.
Our house is now in paradise.
Believing, as every opinion does,
that her hair was fair and full of locks,
she walked downtown where shadows grew
long. The sun touched her shoulder's curls
as she strolled along. An answer
came between the blips that sail masts
make as chords played against its steel:
blip, blip, blip. She sang along as she
walked and walked. She jumped over ropes
with high heels dodging cracks. She felt good
like on a quest to find a demon that suggested
a dance around the universe, she then felt sad,
the quest stopped, she took a ball of wax
and straightened out her curly locks.

I hit the Sky

I hit the sky, the wind falls - lovers leap off cliffs -
sailors in the harbor dance to old schooner songs.
The wind stands and walks upright like a man, like
me,
selling pretzels in the streets; salty days follow death.
Sweet is the thought of my death, arms wrapping
around Rumi's Beloved. Carousels nocturnally hum
grafted to electric signs. The wind rises higher. It flies.
A sun the size of a pea expands as dreams flit and
dart
in and out of space the way ice cream trucks dodge
the meaning of life. An eternity ends. A new one
begins.
Always this is so. The sky hits back, it is always thus.
We defend ourselves, but in God we trust. Many are
the days when dense haze conceals the Significant.
Many are the days when souls are mighty like gods.
Many the days when souls are the meaning of life.
I cut and pare my toe nails with a knife! It says thus:
'You are sent to the meek to be meek; you are sent
to the prideful to be meek; you must return and return.

If We hold a Candle

If we hold a candle through the night,
maybe the flame the way Vincent did,
what would be the need of doctors's potions:
would we need them, would we heed them
to scare us into submission? I, for myself,
am so wrapped up in the transitory self,
a co-dependency with dark, ills me like
all the myths gone before. I write this
with the ink of fleeting shadows, deep
black ink, the kind that swallows shadows,
that you may know quantum feelings
of the souls twin, tin and thin as wisps
of dragonfly wings. Do not lie down
and play dead, dig up the roots that
metabolize life, for in the end they make
one strong; for now the time has come,
come to cry out from preverbial mountain
tops to all the corn that grow in crops,
grows like the way sea swells pitch and toss,
suffer such loss when viral winds descend
creating havoc then passing like a lullaby.
So we hold a candle through all fright,
turn to where the tip of life turns the self
from the weary to the strength of oneness.

He is a Fool Who dances on His own Grave

He is a fool who dances on his own grave
before he is gone, as if the winds of fate bit
its own tail and wouldn't let go,
Then why do the many outweigh the few yet are
beaten in the end the way the rooster chases away
the lions to their den? We can begin to understand
when we band together, we can know the meanings
while dancing along the cliffs so tall there is no going
back, no returning from whence we came.
We must fall. We must fall and learn to fly. Put trust in
the Trusted. If we are intoxicated, inebriated the way
honey bees are to sunflowers, perhaps there is hope.
Perhaps there are meanings within meanings
ad-infinitum and joy increases with each. The dead
have now conquered the night, they walk in the light
as pin holes in the sky shed light upon them.
The pin holes reveal the sacred steps of a child,
pure as a hidden candle singing daylight songs the
way a child knows its mother's songs, a pied piper of
sorts gleaning the infinite the way wax burns and is
forgotten. Can one dance on ones own grave? Can a
blade of grass bend without breaking?
Can not bending break the spirit yet strengthen its
core? There is more. Mercy, in the end, is the bend.

Forgiveness

Forgiveness is a stringed instrument played by Dali's
mustache, or heavy cream whipped turning sweet at
the break of dawn. We must forgive if we are to move.
Not to say more but there is so much more to say like
the time you powdered your nose and the rain
washed it away; licked the whipped cream off
you fingers and sat down and wept. Now I have hurt
your feelings, hurt the one thing you have left to be
proud of, exposed your feelings when you wanted
them kept secret. I will punish myself by running the
extra mile, beating a new path that you may be
happy again like the days and the ways and the many
times. I will not today speak in rhymes. I will not today
beat myself up over what I have not yet done. There
is a sensuous curved white cloud that just appeared.
Its life may be the starting point of mine.
Now it is fading. I must forgive it and ask forgiveness
as I forgive myself, greet the morning hours with long
thoughts, meditate on the afterlife of bees,
roundabouts turning and turning in the gyre
of the absolute.

The Christmas Ghosts that find their Souls

The Christmas ghosts that find their souls
tell stories of the means to overcome,
the marches from Selma to Montgomery's hold -
Bloody Sunday's victory to overturn -
spelled out a scrabbled halt to racist's runs.
Now, like ever in the mist, returns the supremacy
of hours, for time will pass and equality persist
in time for unifying hours. This is so bold! -
these are the stories etched into the souls of flowers -
that they will not bloom with ill conceit, but fathom
the salty deeps of ocean bowers. For we will
overcome; overcome the wily thief that purchases
the debt of all in hope to find relief. For we have
overcome so much that spells out our benedictions
in relief. And when the final march is made upon
the bridge, and we have been content for many
times, we will move as if the thief has
found its self and like the poet that has now
found more than Christmas rhymes.

I am the Death of My Soul

I am the death of my self,
the pardoner of my fate
that tricks the long road
into thinking of self.
Oh why do the birds -
the many many birds -
peck at my eyes as
they see the light?
Do they want what I see?
Are they jealous over
and covet the light?
The Beloved is very happy
with me and told me so
for I am the essence of sin
and begged to be changed.
So many birds, so many birds!
And so many trees I can not see
my soul from time to time.
There are beautiful metaphors
And chords revealing life.
We must conceal all sins,
love only as if there were none.
Love only to make justice
the call of love your neighbor
as ones self that all may be treated
with the same love. I am burnt out
with fancy speech; must say only what
needs to be known; take my fate by
hand then let go.

9/19/21

I cut my time it half, there is no precedent for this I have found. To my detriment, I cling to self and mark internally my hate. Around, beneath, above, on each side kneels covertly sounds mocking time itself as windows run with rain. I was in pain. Mentally tomorrow's Sundays list to each side. Last Sunday was torment…the way each rose petal dies.
If wind had hands what would be left to stand the earth? I rip my shirt in two to tease the wind's bringing of the end. To be gone is nothing more than the leaving at the door all pride that tried to burn the sun. Now we run! now we run! The Beloved's nest bears a token of kingdom's fate, we live like inchworms cut in two, each walking a different path among the birch trees standing tall of late. We rest, we take time. We tiptoe through Tripoli. We crest the Rhine.
Then on a rumor from beyond we pierce hate with joy, we beckon to yesterday's pains to unite with tomorrow's joys. There are screams of all kinds, but nothing ever binds. My fears, gone now - like plastered slate - sink and end.

I have put My hands on Stone

I have put my hands on stone
to touch the secrets of the Fall,
walls tumble down
by frost heaves in their time.
In the smoke rising from chimneys
lost days rise again,
signals to find the orangeness,
coupled with chill winds,
means sleep of Winter is coming.
I will prepare to go down slowly,
measure what is left of green grasses
and think on Summer's muse.
I find no excuse in pity's harmony!
Rather there are markers marking
the way there is so much to be known
but only one way to know.
Overthinking the little indoctrinations
to confusion's speech go beyond
the super ordinary reach to plunder
the ways and means of democracy.
We make the cut. Ravens caw
and strut. Winters are now alive
and no longer synonymous with death.
Story tellers huddle and put their hands
on stone; numbers counted say we can
atone.

Is Anyone Home?

Are we alone like an albatross, saddled, weighted, heavy that a can no longer soar? Do we dream alone with no one to look in on us, none to mourn us? Answers pound the shores looking for questions; is anyone home? We climb the watch towers in mid day looking for stars; do we stray? Clematis bloom and wither; purple is released and Winter crawls past. There is a place, though, where we can go; it is neither here nor there. We can wipe our face with silk kerchiefs laced with gold and be lonely;
but there is a place. I can take you to mine and you can take me to yours. We can meet in the place where shadows fall away with glass eyes
trampled underfoot. Corn silk from the wanderlust sutures videos to eye sockets. We will not retreat and we will watch the movies we have made
in another form and place. Underneath there is another place, while overhead it's twin takes on new form. We progress from hour to hour while the suns demonstrate their birth right. Light-words unfold like a peacock's tail; heavy words fill a microscope's eye. Perhaps we can live the way our ancestors dreamed - fill a void with peppermint savor and reach for the stars. There is a place! Hasten there dressed with the firmament of baby's tears.

10/3-10/5/21 early mornings

And then it was done, and then it was done,
the pinnacle of lies swept under the rug exposed,
eons of dust jammed in jars, mercury boiling,
dead tissue devolving into blinking eyes, until finally
the truth was known. And then it started; then its
wings unfolded; its ancient tones resolved to flex into
mass graves and be known; Native sons and
daughters uncovered. Heartless servants of the Lord
caught between the burying of stars and the courting
of death are now known to have stolen and murdered
these same sons and daughters of indigenous
landlords who kept the land pristine until it was stolen
brutally by force and blooded and raped the way no
animal does to another. Pinochle gamblers delivered
morse code; fashion mongers reach for the stars and
get burned; but steadily things change and rearrange;
things appear to move backward while progress is
made; remains of Native children's bodies are
returned home; drums and song are given; hands in
circles are held; bastions of faith newly attained
magically tame the ways of wild bear; tears are
made; all is one again.

Invitations

When reinforcements come and the eye's complete,
it will see speckled beaches and the turning of days,
soldiers of sight will march through darkened streets
and sweep away a plethora of mundane conceit. This
is the time of year when the sun breaks through walls,
low on the cat's horizon it wails, waiting now for
invitations when blinds are lifted letting light flow
through. This is the time of year when leaves are
changing, when adjectives share meanings and
change faces, when death and life rise and change
places. While along the Autobahn deer lick salt licks
and chase the horizon. We must do what we must do.
We must not do what we have always done, even if
the Sirens mock mortal ways. We must not substitute
what the gold we see for iron chains binding us to a
world gone mad. We must lift our hearts to places
glad! We must reinforce the over-walls of the over-
man; climb empires to the skies; note down
the times and places where and when we began so
that when monarch's fly we will follow.

When Elm Leaves Fly

When elm leaves fly with seagulls temples fate is shifted; longings for the life of light give way to massive sorrows; tempura's golden grain lifts out of the fog as sorrow texts a note telling the sun all is now well when sun rays stream and warm our souls the way confidences stay hidden. Pillows talk to wise women as the sun rises; sugar coated fancies devour le musée de paris as leather boots cross the Rhine. Boots shine as they emerge from the undertow, while elm leaves continue to fly so thick they coat the air. A shiv enters between two ribs and creation is born again, the rich are taxed and sense is made…
for a time. Reds, yellows, oranges, browns, sepias and ochres hasten to rub dry fields into flames. The tilt, the lilt, the lifting of things congregate and our work is done (for a time) when elm leaves fly
with seagulls.

All in a Dream

The flame that sits before me is my Monk.
Tokens of the towns I walked through hanging
on the walls betoken history's fire of innocence.
I have read and assimilated knowledge and screen
my guilt and dissolve its stone of life into a bath.
In a dream a stone statue with likens, mosses,
dirt and soil plunged into the bath and a grecian
marble masterpiece of knowledge was born;
one of sympathy; of power; of wisdom passed down
from heights that none can reach except the
Formidable. All in a dream. All wrapped up within
worlds too close to be denied; yet denial flows like
mountains to the sea. Bedazzled paintings sprinkled
with star dust eat the universe; a serpent of Might
consumes the day's tail and all is forgiven. This flame!
this flame! this flame! What can be said? Can one put
it in a bottle and sell it like a brand? A bumper sticker
of delight, perhaps, to quench the violate thirst of
nocturnal light. There are no more answers needed
than the beauty of the flame!

Donegal Hovers

Tall wheat waving;
its light that shadows know
born on a Sabbath day.
Silvery strands of hair
reflect what little light is left
at days end. A figure
on a funeral pyre
burns away with the wheat of old.
Growth now spreads like
wildfire at the strand where
Donegal hovers.

Ode to the Song Sparrows

Will you make it through the winter my loves?
Your hearty wings folded over your crown,
a minuet dance you are making
to keep warm. You have made it through others,
you move as you move in the winter,
no despair on your down.
In the louvre of my love for you
satchels of sugar coated love
combine to wish you well.
What will you eat and where to sleep
In the Wintry wonder? You have been
made to confuse death with life? Have my
conversations with you behind pane glass disturbed
the afterglow in your eyes? My eyes
pray without words for you,
my loves. You are humble like
ecstasy love. You are made from love -
rooted Daedalus and the cedar.
I would invite you in, but you need
space to gather up the wind.

This Buttery Dream

Life! This buttery dream for some spread out
to the four corners - light on water
with such brightness it is as if
built up like four feet of snow gone
in a single moment. Islands above
and below give answers why and when
everything went wrong. All in a song.
All in a chord of fiction written on skies.
All in a database too long to remember.
All while falling in love with sweet kisses.
All while riding on the back of a
whale, fathoming the situation. Short hand
is what my grandmother wrote in, trained
for business with my grandfather. They
lead a buttery dream. They raised monuments.
They raised their eternal salvation.
There is a way to build a road to hell
which leads to heaven, bypassing
the unknown. It is a road made of shells
and barnacles; of seabird bones broken.
It is a road of memories; of diatribes
and sweet songs; of buttery dreams.

I was Gone

I blinked and I was gone - gone to oblivion.
It was comforting to be unknown.
Then a tyrannosaurus thought
found its way into the unknown to be with me:
“I am lonely but I am free; it is good to be lonely
when you are free; good to feel far above
guns and shunning. Will we all walk into the light,
be intoxicated when we tie our shoes?”
Once upon a time there was darkness;
the story never ends, it only has beginnings
and endings then more beginnings.
In the undergrowth of reason,
we are allowed to feel pain. Creeping
on the ground grow vines of denominations
someday to become a mighty tree,
a tree virtuous as the mole burrowing,
a tree whose sap bleeds out of joy.
I blinked and I was gone.

Glimpses

Have walked beneath the rain
and known its power,
abstinence from fire
brought me home.
Climbed a high tower;
thought I saw the unknown.
Have sought and found.
Saw self standing
holding something round.
Moon landed,
stars shot power,
grey horse, a roan,
carried me.
Drink coffee
'till midnight.
Dunk biscotti
in the Milky Way.
Have not landed.
Have not behaved;
O bring me
to Bethlehem!

Smoke

If you see fire, do you smell smoke;
if you smell smoke, to you see fire?
Do you peel the skin off sunburn and die?
Once upon a time has there always been fire,
smoke to beckon the hungry?
Smoke has always been the fire that circles;
the density that tells stories;
what promulgates and defines;
what defies and makes histrionics palpable.
The hungry will always be hungry if they
are lucky. Will always be nearer.
Song registers DNA at birth and sings,
it is contained the way glass is within rock,
it burns the way children march on the schoolyard
macadam and are not blighted by denial,
the way delight comes from the first summer burns.

Memory in a Rock

Placed a memory in a rock,
placed it on an untouched field.
placed another memory in a rock
then more…built a wall.
A town was built upon this field;
it tore-my-wall-down.
People stole some of the rocks.
I picked up the rest…
built another wall in
another virgin field.
Stayed awake for a thousand years
guarding my wall; mothering.
Was awake and vigilant
for a thousand years more so no
town was built. Grew old
and all my rocks were taken
by a mighty river flooding,
flowing through the field;
torrential rains followed
by drought. My rocks
were left in the virgin field
the way candles on an old
man's birthday cake are placed.
Slept a thousand years
and died, my rock wall
surrounding me, each rock
flaming.

When it Snows at Night

When it snows at night
and the moon is full
the world sleeps later,
the sun comes up later,
there is a blanket that
covers, making sleepy
thoughts to wander.
When it snows at night
and the moon is full
birds lie on the ground
rolling around playfully
the way diamonds
shine in the moon's
dark night: glittering.
When it snows at night
and the moon is full
things unspoken happen;
wild ways turn sideways
and the fire of innocence
burns away the waters
of myth and matter.
When it snows at night
and the moon is full
sleepy dreams awake;
the cat stalks the owl
out of sweet revenge.

In the full Sun

In the full sun the cyclamen bends down,
it can not stand what can not be.
The foxglove, on the other hand,
stands tall in blistering sun.
Cloud cover comes, the foxglove bends,
the cyclamen stands tall and straight;
and I, my Beloved, bow down to you,
then stand up straight and lift my hands
high to celebrate your praise.

12/27/21 am As the Clouds Parted

As the clouds parted my wings came to me;
I climbed the sky and I sang my song.
It was a melody I had heard before,
near a peacock's tail in a far off land.
As the sum of seasons blistered,
I sought the coolest shadow,
it stretched across the deserts -
the seas, the mountain's fame.
My wings hovered near me,
waiting to be joined
when harmony was singing
and my final journey began.
There was a moment's doubt
that vaporized the rivers,
that caramelized the colors
in the peacock's feathers;
the moment passed
the sunrise came;
Oh I miss
my far off home!

Trying to make Sense of Dreams while Waking

The open door is waiting,
the closed door may open;
vixen of the seas lead
a tabernacle choir.
Palates of aristocrats
taste delicious savors;
Picasso minotaurs chase ladies
around museum floors;
chastened flowers
lead to seismic wars.
Flavors of the afterlife
have telltale signs to show,
grimaces of children
dictate which way to go.
Tall moments make for merry,
Mary is a lady,
turmeric tastes lovely
on a Summer's eve.
Cactus bloom on holidays,
holidays are flavors
to run around and laugh on,
to savor and to grow with.
With the comets coming,
running like a windstorm,
flavors of the here and now
taste the way life means.
Wind seduces like a skin touch;
storms of Summer
age the world and show which
way to go. A monocle of masters
greets a prayer at dawn;
minotaurs of meaning
fight vixen on the seas.

When I was done

When I was done
with the curfew placed
on my soul, when mercy
had downed trees pock-marked
with dead pith - the meaningless
march of disunity's prejudiced ways -
a halo of delight progressed around
the world, inciting riots of joy.
Summer's heat had reached its height
from which none may return, except the
burn; the burn of rays recounting what
had come;
recounting, in a prophet's manner that which
will be incarnate: new trees
vibrate to the core of truth's delight.
A daily hymn progressed to intercede
between the new pith forming,
and the delicate waves -
the sea's adorning.
When I was done,
when my words littered the streets,
and were swept up by deeds harrowing
down back alleys, I lay me down to sleep,
to count proverbial truths like the ones
on old maple syrup jars,
then cried out truths that tear apart
false gods, like gods of prejudice's
jaws that yap and speak but do not say.

The Wind is blowing

The wind is blowing;
it threads the sunrise,
making a quilt patched
with fever too intoxicating
to hold onto. Clouds try
to dim the event horizon;
sleep vanishes into the
haze of innocent touch.
Much to do about nothing
snowflakes can not bend
the raptured fire to the earth.
Howling now the cold wind will
concede in time to its demise
to warm zephyrs of delight,
to mountains so tall they
reach half way to the moon.
Guns of youth proclaim
the mother load of life:
time still marches on.
Time, like a sweet guitar
plucked to allay the fears
of critical events,
vanishes before inebriated
hearts; before the parting of seas,
the fire in the bush of hearts.

It is absurd to wind a Clock

Is it absurd to wind a clock,
when all about you are winding theirs
and losing time on you?*
Discs in the sky text notes
of deliverance from bottomless
depths of self. Candles
of unity take over the world.
Blasts of memories etched in
mahogany burn away time and
turn to ash, as brigades of inmates
change their names marching
to the seas. Mythical pinnacle from
ages past that once numbed the mind
and limbs of history is washed by
a new river running to the sea;
oneness of all things pervades
as hearts are drawn and quartered
and re-united on plains of four leaf
honey clover. We wind our clocks
and wait for our departures; we form
opinions of lilies in the valleys
while judging light rays. We clove
things in twain that the ministry
above our birth gives death a run for
her money. We eat our clover honey
when the dance of life is playing,
circling down and down into nothingness.
Absolute poverty, strictly speaking, tickles
the underbelly of the beast within to laugh
and let go of its life. In time we wind
our clocks the way insects
freeze beneath winter's ice yet move
in another Spring.

1/15/22 - 8:30am

This morning is so cold the sky goddess took
a giant can of whipped cream and
spread it on the bay and ocean;
a feast for the eyes; whipped cream covered
in lapis lazuli dust; not that the mist
was bluish green but that it was so fine
and gem-like it crystallized my thought
into a pendulum of tic-tock, tic-tock
of grandfather's clock standing nine feet tall
against an alabaster wall. Viking ships could
almost be seen coming down the bay as in
a Hollywood movie of times past we can,
in fact, have no memory of. Sun so hot
through windows couldn't melt the hard earth
of winter's cold breath breathing down the
back yard valleys and fields. Only the thought
of spring's warmth could feed this harbored
house. Sea fog cremates inlet's waves……..

1/22/22 am

When will the tall door open so that
the giraffe of my soul can leave!
Straight and upright, then bent
over a broken man it waits.
My broken bones - my fevered mind -
never keeps the Lord out.
Like the time that I danced for you,
O Lord; my heart was afire! There is
only what you've done like the
time that burning clouds sent ash
down, ash purifying the all, the nothing!
you wanting our love the way mothers
want the love of their children. The way
drifting time - sand storms right hand man -
crashed through the sky light for an instant
then was forgotten. O Lord!
What you see in me is not what
I see in you. I slice a dime in half
to find your name, O Lord! I yearn to
spin like Hercules around the sun
to see what you have made
me to be. I can not deliver
myself from self without you,
O Lord!

Cotton Pickin Kids Playing

Smiles pucker on lips;
A youth wonders why;
Sudden laughs perplex -
(A banjo picks apart doubt).

They play like fire,
They are water -
The two mix - they explode;

Ducks fly north,
Robins hop:
Hip hop, hip hop -

Bees stir - bears fly -
Moles open eyes;
Blades of brown grass
Echo seagull cries.

Jawed fire spits wood,
Wind currents lift birds high,
brown and grey trees wonder -
they think bud thoughts.

Fast the seagulls plummet,
Kites they are
With strings to the sea:
Strings played like cellos.

The banjo plucked by wind -
By seagull talons -
The youth look
And play along.

Plows the Earth - 2/22/22 am

Shoulders plow the earth;
grains of wheat mark time.
Rock circles mark the dead
as the earth stirs:
once there was a time
a Piccadilly circus;
children licked lollypops
flavors akin to life
rose the dead.
Skin burns
in Summer's
whispered fire;
its hush cracks
the wheat. Children
snapped Damocles's
sword as elephants
tumbled through eternity.

Like a Father I love the Earth

Like a father I love the earth.
Barren through neglect
her birth pangs have started.
Destitute I lie down,
destitute I preen my feathers
waiting to fly - waiting to soar.
We can never die
because we are one:
because star dust slays the dragon:
because, because, because
we can not die.
When I die I will be star dust:
when I die I will wear slippers
made of silver laced with gold.
So now I live;
and I will live again,
will tell a tale refined
that all may follow,
wear spotless clothes
that I may be found -
discovered. Copernicus
told me to follow the sun,
so I danced and followed a name.
Like a father I love the earth.

Spindly Tree Trunks

Spindly tree trunk….
Forests in clover discovered.
Black meanings, white feelings
Turn over, are plowed under.
Roots push up, flowers levitate light….
Earth grows thunder.
Choctaw mommas speak…
Listen. Pebbles glorify.
Hopping robins worm the earth…
Battles in Ukraine stun minds…
Hearts baffled…trees blown up.
Roots push, levitate light…
Love may break the tyrant's hate.
Open fire's indulgence….
Maimed bodies…. children orphaned,
Black meaning, white feelings
Set in bracelets….are plowed under….
Endure branched columns of tanks
Sewing peace by the Lord's numbers.
Indifference…apathy….seduces….hunger
On the edge of light. Spiders
Weave musical strings
That sparrows sing to…
While roots push, levitate light.

Night pushed out its Birth

Night pushed out it's birth:
A new universe, born out of
Scraps of wood, dried leaves,
Withered twigs. Redolence itself
Mixes; stars are made; fear
Follows man's form. A world
Is born. Full of life. Full of mice,
Full of all that matters to knowing
Like prejudice.Hate. Bellies full of
laughter. Sunrises. Death. Faldehyde.
Sunsets. Kittens. Kisses.
(Wars). Monuments made
Succumb to battlefields
Of the mind; are torn down
By hearts. A blast rocked the world
Like a broken
Cradle with no baby - every
Meaning conceived.
Uneasy feelings
March down Broadways
Across the earth.

All of a sudden

All of a sudden a season is gone;
Wind on a hill secures the turning.
From east to west winds have changed,
Fall maple leaves have started burning.
Long before the Spring day struck
In Winter hearts there was a yearning
To isolate and breathe in snow.
But soon daffodils threaten to come,
Their heads burning emerge.
Love words, - a béarnaise sauce for lovers -
Traipse down the road to find their place;
There is a land that binds and covers.
Amongst four leaf clovers another year begins -
Another year ends. Drifters of circumstance
Track the days around
Every bend and find their words and the season gone;
A breathing of a song.

4/30/22 - early am

The gentle curve of a woman's back
turned the care free ship around
to port where laniard rope abounds.
It is a free spirit that sups at dawn
among the harbor's dockside inns;
it is superior to point out our own faults
amidst the faults of the many.
I cuddle my lover in the briars,
that my love may forever last.
I hasten to a crowned fickle wind
where the muscle of nature does flex.
Thorns of roses mistake a man
for a monster who comes to take
a rose from her lush inhabitants
where there is never any mistake.
The gentle curve of a woman's back
stretching from the sun to the earth
means the sum of the total lust
stretches back to Adam and Eve's birth.
The endless prairies….oh the endless prairies!

5/1/22 - 6:30am

Secret spires of an owl's abode
tilt towards a tent city,
bend in one spiral accord.
Diana's bow hunt down
the lions of her youth. She trips.
Lions congregate and tare.
She's forced to turn to where to where.
She joins the owl to hunt at night,
torn but feeling most alive.
Her eyes - her stars - and her moon
dazzle while men comfort her sorrows.
Her arrows, swift and straight as steel,
target dreams of prejudice, of hate
and wrongs committed in the light of day
now hidden in the speck of dim tomorrows.
She waits. She protects the city bathed in poor,
bathed and washed in mists'grey gold;
she takes her time to bind the hands
and broken bones of the suffering.

5/7/22 9:16am

Written for the break of day
words tingle…fade…drop.
Leaves they are….forgotten,
singed by time. Tigers
taste the air and run
to where their prey
bathe. Back west
Columbus vines
strangle history's fate.
Tentacles reach attach
and ride ship's hulls
that lull the ocean blue
to sleep. Words, written
for the break of day revive.
Nothing counts like alabaster crime
indoctrinating souls insistence,
letting go of self by hands sweeping
over busts of self created for this break of day.

The Moon's not for playing Games

The moon is not for playing games,
it rings our planet, soothes the soul.
Half or quarter, full or none, its tides
sweep, wash the sands and bubbles….
crabs scuttle….toes get bitten….lambs
across the sea bleat as shepherds
dance and howl the moon. A
thousand thousand minions bite at our souls,
poets feel while a world torn is reeling.
The bitters and the lees make way for
life never ending as in the movies where
they walk hand in hand into the sunset.
The moon is for playing games;
children ring around the rosie
falling down to Piccadilli. Silver leaves
catch light jingle music with little wind puffs
and big wind puffs. Sheep blah blah blah
in rhythm to the magic.

Wind, a Prophet Snake

Wind, a prophet snake,
curls round my house.
Each night it is here.
I can not escape.
The doors are barred.
It gives me time to sleep.
To dream. I leave and roam
the earth. Skies are climbed.
Oceans fall away.
A blood moon colors me.
Bond slave stars smile.
I hear the Holy Spirit whisper;
It is happy with me.
Wind is also a paint brush.
It paints death in a corner.
He waits for me.
I move freely through
the flowing. Nothing
escapes the wind.
Coverings of leaves fall.
Eyelashes flutter against the wind.
Green turncoats are blown down.
Green grasses are mustered.
Peace is on every lip.
I return to my room and wake.
The wind is called to the fields.
My door is unlocked.
I am free to choose:
I choose to be a slave
to the prophet wind.

To be found on Fire!

To be found and on fire!
What springs up
through the earth
will cover your breast.
Tender hearts permit
messages of love
to be written on
parchment of
Japanese silk.

The World is Heavy - 7/21/22 6:00am

The world is heavy
my mother says;
she wants light.
Light weight sneakers
and books,
light weight TV,
light weight food,
light weight confusion.
When I am up at dawn
waiting for her to rise,
the world is light outside
but is heavy in me;
I agree with my mother.
It is an honor to feel heavy,
to feel the weight.
My mother felt the weight
for me for so many years
and still does. But now
it is a different kind of weight,
a kind like children playing jacks.
There are two shadows from every tree,
two menorahs holding light;
my mother is a candle stick holder,
she is a tree casting two shadows -
one is fading.
We laugh a lot:
mom says she is feeling young.

When a Killer Stalks with Honey
8/4/22 - early am

When a killer stalks with honey,
flowers die, bees are lost,
but new flowers spring up,
the end begins in time,
fear spins around the sun
and death is healed in calmness.
My brother walks ahead,
I speak verbatim his words
as the afterlife spits out light.
Mini malls close, dogs growl,
skies open up, truth pours out.
Truth has a taste that cures hunger.
I butter my toast with spoons,
I put butter on my words.
A killer who stalks with honey
gradually, oh so gradually,
may taste the honey
and become a bee.

I looked out the Window

I looked at the windows
and I was scared:
they were open.
I am the wind when
they are closed.
I am a scarecrow
in a stand of raspberries
when they are open.
I turn and keep turning.
We pickle cucumbers;
we jar rhubarb.
There is nothing more
to say to the wind
for it is only a messenger:
a pox full of apothecaries.

Genuflecting like a sleeping Tiger

Genuflecting like a sleeping tiger the wind dies.
Twin cities encircle twin dynasties.
Living trusts shine on a lake.
I can not help but feel the unfeeling
dead: I have lived there before:
it is a mountain without a sunrise.
Another lake sparkles
white dandelion tufts.
A clean mirror exudes what it
stands before; what it feeds on.
Wind drips honeycomb mist.

9/18/22 am

You can not kill what's dead or can you,
For I have died ten thousand times.
You can wash yourself in rivers
but you can not stop the pain.
I have seen a thousand rainbows
connecting mysteries of tears,
I have written thousands of poems
and can not stop the rhymes from flowing
though I try my hardest to,
for rhyme is beautiful, precious, needed:
it is a heart beating with mad love:
a vibrating mind calling all to the show of life:
a savior of poetry.
Down by the shores I walk
where turmoil finds peace and calm.
I am no rolling stone I've said,
but my stone feet have no moss on them,
for I roll without rolling.

May it rain upon Me

May it rain upon me many more times
in this world.
May it rain upon me forever
in the next.
For rain to me is the sunshine
that lites on a cat's whiskers,
mana providing deep sleep
with dreams of rainbows
after the rain.

11/1/22 I have seen

I have seen the moon beheaded,
its blood glistening in the trees;
it had no body, no claim to fame.
It was worthy of our praise though
for its afterglow. An amulet
possessing love is no mere glass,
for when it is smashed it breaks,
but only it's body ceases.
This head, the moon, travels the earth
as if to speak its warning; one that reveals
our fate; one that singes the eyebrows
of every thinker. We are weak without
this moon - its blood.

Mercury is on the rise

Mercury is on the rise,
borrowed time that gives of itself
floats on breezes the way sunrises
smile. Sun on the waters of peace
bestow the fires of the ages
as if it were a child breathing gently
putting out candles on a birthday cake.
Movement in the forest is not seen
by the hunter until it is too late;
the hunter pounced upon, the lion writes
its own story in the bloody floors
of leaves and grass. Time passes.
Temperatures fall. Leaves fall.
Destiny rises yet again. Skeletons
turn to dust. Plants grow. Children grow.
Hunters hunt again. Lions die:
we can not help but eat a little dust.

11/8/22 Yet I would save

The red blood of the Raven,
the black blood of the thorn,
both drip from a white candle
upon your sweet lips.
The breezes from your breath,
cold as winter's frost,
blast down from the north,
give frost bite to my heart.
I will put your beauty in a locket
for when it is needed,
then take it out like silk starlit mornings
and soothe my stone-like shoulders.
It alway has so warmed me -
the beauty of your all -
why then is it dim in my eyes now,
this light that's never dimmed?
Wax drips on my palms
from your lips of beauty.
You are melting
and I drink you with a spoon
and live eternally with you,
you inside me.

The Room where my Father died

The room where my father died
Is now a tear drop deep inside,
A place where only fathers go:
That….I may never know….that….I may never know.

If My Love were Blind

If my love were blind I'd take her away
searching the world to find light
that only she would be able to see.
Far am I from the answer for her:
I am but one man lying
wakeful to the break of dawn.
If my love were deaf I'd sing to her in flight
to hear what none has heard before
for I have heard and do not understand
what I have, not even a single word.
If my love were mad - insane like burning fire -
I'd take her from that place and place
her on a golden lover's pyre
that she may burn and be relieved.
And if I were blind and deaf and mad,
which I have been but now do see,
I'd place myself into a ship
and sail with her across an endless sea.

Forget Tears
7/23/22 - 7am

Some forget tears are salty till they're cried -
then rubbed. When you rub your eyes after
you've cried is when you feel the saltiness,
like when you are still and think of a brother
who has died. Even though the brother has come
to you in a dream and told you he is doing fine,
some forget tears are salty till they're cried.
Some forget pain is painful till one has lied,
and rubbed the lie into ones soul against the tide.
There are ways to build a cloud with salty lies,
by dancing in a room when all around are heaving
sighs. When a child ties a swing onto a tree limb
swinging over rivers against the wind, it is told
his eyes and lips will flutter like a cough within
a hymn. Some forget tears are salty till they are
cried.

There is Something
7/29/22 - am

There is something to relate:
it is of such magnitude diaries can't.
I turn east while the wind whistles
through fingers stiff as stone.
Music has a single tone
as I pray for a day….for a day
for me to come out and play.
On stairways tears roll down,
they roll down because flight
around God's crown
can relate. It is Christmas soon,
Acre sings, the rings of Saturn
humm; voices, dumb as mimes,
cast stones.

I had Hair when I was Free

I had hair - now I'm free -
Now I'm older, I can see.
I listen to the radio,
That stings like stormy seas.
Oh would that my deliverance
Could walk on stormy waters,
Without sinking down,
And speak of what will be;
But I am tired of the lies -
Am tired of the lies
I tell myself
And desire a motive
that speaks of purity.
I want an ending
To my frivolous song:
I want a beginning
to a day so long
that it covers the earth
in rich brown earth.
I no longer need hair,
but I need to be free
so I'm going down
to cleave the sea.

f I took a Willow Branch

If I took a willow branch,
and ms[iced it to a palm,
then reached out to the universe -
and sang a song,
would the song I sing be lonely,
would it be obtuse?
When fire burns to reveal the truth
my neck yearns for the noose.
This time a song of sixpence
reverberates through time,
the songs are one - indentured -
siblings bound around a tree
shackled by a vine.

Diderot, all French Aside

Diderot, all French aside:
madness tasted like a flavor
when you died. Down among
the roots of evil bliss,
you raised up enlightenment
with a kiss. When St. John touched
the water with a palm, and blessed
it as the seasons turned
and drank it as a balm,
you held hands with him
walking to and fro, among
the cat-o-nines standing in a row.

Wit*h the Sword of Damocles*

With the sword of Damocles I shave my face.

I was up before the Birds

I was up before the birds,
I was up before the rose,
I was up to see the first Adam
Split the wood that cooked the dawn,
That kindled the fire of love.
I can not say this in truth,
For I truly was not there,
But I imagine so and want it to be
Just as the parrot speaks
What it hears in town
Then rules the jungle.

I Walked through a Gate
(Sung to a Tune)

I walked through a gate and saw the land
of which it has been written:
“Come forth and tenderly take My hand,
and you and your own will be smitten.”
Then as I took the hand of one
Who shook the nations asunder,
It was the Father who sent the Son
To make the hearts and souls wonder.

The Tall Ornamental Grasses:
Winter is Full of Poems 2019

winter is full of poems. tall ornamental grasses
bow down low before her. everything bows down
before her. stone, stick, animal, house, person;
she is different than every other season. i know
because i grew up in the winters of my youth
longing to feel love. as i look out the big bay
windows i feel love as the first snow falls and
branches bend. winter is full of poems. maybe
more so than any other season. so many see
winter as a sign of death but does one die when
one is asleep? if we could only see and hear
winter's dreams we would know that we are
asleep too, that we are always dreaming. that
we are always in love. today now the frost is gone
and the ornamental grasses have sprung back up.
they have giant heads, animal heads, with fine
gossamers that one could almost pick up and paint
a fine painting with. the way they move in the strong
Harpswell breezes as there is just so little light left
makes me think of troupes of mimes moving
against the now dark dark indigo blue sky. tomorrow
it is going to be warmer and the snow dust will be
gone. the arctic blast from Canada will join the
Canada geese now safely down south east and be
warm and happy today. the tall ornamental grasses
are smitten by the light. i must go out and measure
them. they are eight feet tall and unlike last night in
the dark dark indigo sky they were moving in every
direction it seems; the troupe of mimes moving
sporadically all over the stage today the wind is from
one direction only and they look like a large group of
school children huddled together on the playground
keeping warm together and having a grand old time.

smaller stands of ornamental grasses down by the garden look like beneath gulls doing what
they do best in the sky. over on Bailey's Island I wonder if there are any mimes standing still in the afternoon sunlight. winter is full of poems, perhaps more than any other season. everything bows down before her. now the Harpswell breezes have stilled and the giant grasses are weeping for their mother, bubbling like brooks in the little light they have left before the long night. grow taller now my good friends! grow tall to where the light never sets.
your slim tender body's stalks that hold your large heads high may never know the frost of death. now the winds are stirring again and you are laughing like my ancestors, you slim tall giant headed monsters! today the wind has changed and is coming from the other direction; right
towards me and the ornamental grasses look like they are coming to get me so they can ask me questions about the meaning of life. the light on the channel between Harpswell and Bailey's Island is like a mirror reflecting the sun. without the leaves on the trees there is very little movement in the tree trunks or the branches or limbs. the leaves act as sails moving the trees all around. when leaves return in the Spring and start moving more will it tell the ground all around them to wake up? indeed all things are involved in all things as the Persian saying goes. now the giant ornamental grasses are blowing from different directions, the ones nearest to me turning around to talk, almost argue, with the ones behind them that seem to be aggressively attacking them. this as the sun has set and the indigo dark sky is settling in. they are like two flocks of geese over on the same field of deep green tall grass, one trying to chase the other

off. but they never fight and there is plenty for all. yesterday the wind was coming from one direction and grass heads for some reason looked like a group of whitish haired older women having an animated conversation. winter is fun of poems. today the wind keeps changing directions and blowing from all directions and their fine gossamer heads are all over the place with hair looking more like that of hippies. the sky is an even tone gray and everything seems to be waiting in anticipation from something unknown and unbeknownst. two days have passed and now many of the gossamers in the large gossamer heads have fallen. is it not appropriate that getting closer to winter this has happened? just as getting closer to the winter of our lives when we eventually wake from our sleep and more of our gossamer hair falls out? when we die and wake from our dreams we will realize we have always been awake like the sun shinning on the earth. the Harpswell winds now gently blow then quicken their pace then slow down again move the few gossamers on each stalk like fingers tickling piano keys. when the heavy snows come will the stalks bend down and be broken leaving me with nothing more to write about about these stalks and gossamer heads until Spring? certainly Winter is full of poems because I am one of those who see so much poetry and beauty in getting old.

it's been a couple weeks since writing of you my large headed ornamental grass friends. so many things to talk with you about. i thought you would be sleeping by now under the earth until the Spring but you are standing tall. you have been made to blow in the strong Harpswelll winds. you enjoy it so much it looks like. even when the winds pass for a moment your stillness inspires me, and when the winds return

your motion moves me to move. winter is not officially here yet, but the winds and stillness are filled with poems. your pale amber heads justify the light cerulean blue sky oh my tall friends! it is your gentleness that keeps me strong. the ones of you that are behind the others and have cast shadows on them and are not as happy today. the browns in them call for more light but soon, too soon, the sun will sink and all shadows will become uniform then turn to indigo black again. maybe i will write more about you tonight imagining what you are doing out beyond the wall of thick windows where you will not change during the long frozen night. Winter is still full of poems.

now a month or more has passed and it is almost Christmas. your once big bushy heads are thin and spindly but still you stand tall and proud! come spring you will have to be cut down and new grass will grow up strong and tall but it looks like you will be keeping me company all winter in your pale ochre coats. the world turns at a remarkable speed but your roots will hold you and my world in place. you are my anchor.

today my companions you stand tall like Heshian Soldiers once big bushy heads dwindled to a stately demeanor; piano keys blowing in the wind your silent melodies touching my heart and mind like days of old. while blowing in the wind you scratch nature's back and help fill up her soul. i am particularly drawn to how your life blood is being sacrificed so new growth can come in some months from now. in that respect i am with you in heart and soul. my life blood is already soaking into the present and future minds and hearts and though it may be dormant for many generations, it will rise up and flourish at the appointed hour like your now spindly

heads will again become thick and heady but only after you lay your bodies down. now all your grains of grassy head are lit up by the light and are as grains of sand. the horizon of Bailey's Island has a thick line of dense white clouds over it and above that the palest king's blue. when the depth of January comes will the deer eat your spears like they eat our juniper bush? you stand tall now and spindly like Giocometti sculptures. some weeks later after snows half of your comrades have fallen and are folded part way to the ground. your once bushy heads are now only half as thick as your stalks and i fear not too far away you will be lost to me. but i will feel your life nonetheless. the part of you that is half way to the ground looks like a tall narrow hay stack and I wonder will it take you completely leveled to the earth. this winter, my winter, is certainly full of poems.

another snow storm has come and now most of your stalks are bowed down with snow on them. i pause to take a sip of coffee and think. there are still some stalks behind those that have not been bent down and they are looking at their bent over brothers and sisters. the bent over ones are saying they are prostrating themselves willingly and are facing south. they look so peaceful and their remaining standing brothers and sisters are waiting their turn expectedly. now i feel all things are waiting their turn to return to the earth in time and then be reborn. i really feel this strongly. everything is so temporal in this world. there are still some clumps of stalks of these ornamental grasses farther out in the yard that have not been bent down because they were not clumped together so closely and so the snows could not collect on them like they did on the ones just outside my window. now i will have to wait and see if your bent over stalks bounce back up once the snow melts off them. it is

january 20th, 2020 and they may not melt until spring. winter is full of poems because i am now Winter.

now the global warming days have returned with rain and the snows are mostly all gone and your stalks have bounced back. I'm beginning to believe that you will be with me the rest of the winter only to be cut down in spring that new shoots may come up. so many things are pruned and cut back in spring like us whose sometimes unsavory characters must be pruned or we can never grow good new green stalks of life. just looking at you, my ornamental grass friends, I can see a fierce determination to make it through the winter so that it can be said that you passed on to me a message of determination and perseverance. after the rains last night you look a much deeper ochre which may be your permanent color now, not the pale light ochre you once pronounced to the world. now that you will make it through the winter will I be able to write about you all year long? time will tell, time will tell, and every season will have its own kind of poems. oh my friends! oh my friends! i am so enamored of you. i still long to feel more and more love and I seem to feel some from you my friends. You are the focus of my imagination now, at least mine tends to run with love and long for ever more love the way the deer and elk run just for running. and the winters of my youth run with you my tall ornamental grasses. so much poetry in a winter's day!

i am sorry to have left you for so long my friends. so much has occupied me of late. you have been through a great deal since i last spoke to you and today a harsh wind storm with torrential rains is moving you hither and yon. you've lasted beyond when i thought you would. many of your comrades have fallen to the ground in a circle around you as if

not wanting to go far from their beloved friends. you have also suffered a few weeks ago a stringent ice storm that bowed you down but passed and melted and some of you were lost but many remain. now that is less than a month away from spring i know you will still be there to be cut down to the ground for new growth to come. I will continue to write to you for a years time in honor of our friendship. and perhaps continue our friendship in perpetuity.

yesterday was my birthday and I forgot to celebrate it with you my friends. spring is just five days away now and the blackbirds have already arrived. they live in a marsh down the road by the bay among the cat o nine tails not far from potts point. you're looking strong today, those of you that are left. through all the winter months you never once lost your graceful composure. nothing outside our big bay window I could see in nature lost theirs either. the houses though have never really had any composure I could see. just shells they are for things that may or may not have composure. when spring is here I will see if it is as full of poetry as winter was.

i have not talked with you for many a week now my good friends; even a couple months now. i have been so remiss. i apologize. you have been right with me through all the dark and cold winer months and the chilly maine spring months too. so reliable. so trustworthy. now that the last snow has most likely come and gone, it is may 13th, 2020, and you have been cut down to the ground that new growth may spring up strong and tall with new giant heads waving in the harpswell breezes and sunshine. i can not see you now but i know you are growing down beneath the soil. i will have to go out and look for new shoots sprouting up. soon you will accompany me through the rest of the spring and summer and all through the

fall and winter just to be cut down again in mid spring as you have been now. when the trees all lost their leaves the view we have of the ocean increased a great deal, and now the leaves are growing back quickly so i am, as i am writing this, taking in the ocean scenery some of which will be gone soon. but it is so exciting to see the new yellow may green leaves sprouting like so many flowers touching the sky. maybe i will go out and paint these scenes this summer with a french easel. it's impossible to predict the future but something i'm almost sure of is that you, my boon buddies, will grow up tall and talk to me for many a month.

it is almost late july now and i have not written to you for some months. you have grown back up strong and tall and all flourishing green your big grass heads have not appeared yet. i'm glad you will be with me throughout the year and into the Winter.

it is now mid september - 9/11/2020 - and many weeks have passed since talking with you. today I looked out the window and saw the first ochre light brown heads that you are famous for. now the sun has come out through the clouds and light is falling on your spears emanating from your stems, and light too is reflected off your wide tall grasses. i am so happy to see you come back to life! It is a sad day to remember today but you bring me joy through the clouds and fog that the day started with. just now I look at your brother and sister ornamental grasses down a ways in the yard just to the left of the garden with the new wooden fence and chicken wire and see that there are many ochre heads on them. they haven't gotten big and grainy which they will but when they catch the wind they tickle the sky. how long have they been out for? you didn't send me a message that they were out so I have been negligent in my

diligence because of this beautiful september month. when the fall comes with the turning leaves I wonder if i will notice you as much then. in the winter, however, and after the leaves have all fallen and the trees are barren and beautiful, we will be together more through out the long Winter and at night I will be able to turn on the porch lights and see you against the blue-black sky.

9/16/20 7:15am - i had a waking dream that i was far away from Harpswell home and i desired to come back and see you and talk with you. the wind is now blowing from the south and your heads, growing ever taller, are waving back and forth. seagulls are flying in their usual places over the tree line. late summer, too, is full of poems.

11/23/20 8:50am - is it time to move on, to follow other leads? we have gone through a year together and now you're wipping through the wind and rain again. nothing new. i need to change so that you may change. let us wait dear friend and be patient.

1/16/21 7:47am it turns out my friends that you have not changed so that I may change. you have seen me through a time i needed help and companionship and for this i am grateful. but now it is time for me to move on and so i release you from your bondage to me. you never needed me the way i needed you anyway so although i still see you outside the window there is no need to talk any more. but you will live forever in me my friends! so goodbyes are not needed. there is no word for goodbye in me and you will move on with me and we go forth together. maybe i even speak too soon and will come back to talk from time to time. it turned out every season is full of poems!

9/1/21 11:48 maybe grasses like yours grew along the nile. this just came to me after so many months and just had to be written down. you are so green now, spears going this way and that. changing greens from light reflected, greens grinning from so much joy of living in the earth and sky. now I notice the first heads of amber core sprouting forth. i thought i was done writing about you but what can be said! you are such a big part of my life, looming in this giant bay window like snow men in winter.

9/11/22 8:37 begin: i must apologize my dear friends for being so remiss. i thought i was done communing with you but to no avail. brown tuffs of seed and your amber ochre locust heads mix among the remaining greed shafts of stalks. what brought me back to you today was seeing a sparrow perched on top a head of grain eating seeds as they do each year for food sources change for them throughout the year. i can not but help thinking you are sentinels standing tall watching for ships and boats out on the bay and sea, or trying and wanting to be lightening rods for hidden secrets permeating the mystic. once upon a time you did not exist in this yard and i wonder who first planted you. now some sun is breaking through and casting its light on you making you shinny and bright. there are so many things yet to do, there are so many things yet to do and you remind me how fleeting time is but at the same time how much can be done for your tufts are here for a while and gone for a while each year.

9/15/22 8:26am - your heads of amber multiply quickly now with cooler temperatures as if preparing for battle against the coming days and storms. we are alike. there are storms approaching me that only true faith will master them; they are even being drawn towards me by my own heart and desires. leaves

jingling in the wind silver glinting beyond you towards the sea talk to you like distant lovers in the twilight of age. fall too is full of poems: the wind blowing you all around, the light bouncing off your ocher heads, the song the wind makes blowing though you, the love i have for you, the attractive power you have for me.

9/16/22 7:00am beginning. i now am thinking why I am not you. waving so proudly in the harpswell breezes, braving the storms of all seasons, enjoying with brilliance the soft spring light and summer heat. why are you you and me me? you are my right hand man and woman confidant, as i sit and wonder, pondering why, why all things are there, why things are the way they are. we are two philosophers, or many three or maybe many more or maybe one. you show me so many things: about who i am, about why i am, about where, what, why, when and who because the light shines on you, and the clouds shine on you, and the rain shines on you, and the snow shines on you; even the freezing ice shines on you because you are content with being you at all times and under all conditions.

10/4/22 - in the bright white sunlight against the blue sky and white clouds your amber gossamer heads look silver and shimmering on the side against the sea, and on the right against the dark green trees they look light golden as if the gold has been fired and re-fired so many times there are no more impurities left; such is the way of mystic lovers!

10/20/22 - 7:40am - the fall winds are blowing strong through your fronds. your heads of ochre tickle the wind and tease my eyes. the wind laughs and i breathe a loving sigh, but i have things to do today and tears that i may never cry but wish to cry. fading starlight touches your freckled heads in dawns light I summon you to join me where i'm going. so slow i feel

my flight has gone: you ground me and I see my advances. fall is full of poetry too; your stalks could be children's lances!

10/28/22 late afternoon? - shadows and high winds were blowing you around. your heads looked like animals floating through space. one head of yours crept along the white top of the wooden fence looking just like a mouse. it came to the end of the fence then cycled back and crept along the fence top all over again: all this over and over again. leaves crossing roads often look like mice to me. rorschach tests often look like mice and bats to me.

10/31/22 - am - this time of year the sun rises to the right roof of our neighbor's house. in the spring and summer it rises behind the house and even to the left of the house and in the winter to the right of the house this morning as the sun came up above the right roof of the house, it shone on you and the wheat like grains on your once amber heads shone like light going through diamond prisms. since there is a constant stream of this light flowing through you you absorb the sun's energy.

11/29/22 - 7:40am now with the approaching winter sun rising so low your titan heads are beyond silver or light gold: they are pure light! thank you, oh thank you my friends for being you. someone had suggested to cut you down but no one knows how vital you are to me as I sit here and heal. so i told them not to cut you down. you look like prophets now. i hear my mother coming so will end for now.
12/1/22 6:30am - poetry in motion is often happening with you. when the harpswell breezes blow through you i follow your motion and find stillness in it sometimes: calmness: fortitude: living in the moment. yesterday there were heavy winds and rain and you looked so dark and heavy and formidable and were

being bent this way then that. now you are standing tall again. you take what is given and receive it with contentment. soon the sun will be rising a foot over you. the sun is rising so far to the right of our neighbors house this time of year and it moves so low over the horizon. you teach me patience.

6/18/23am - you had been cut down, but now you are springing back up during this new springtime. it has been a while my dear friends. have i been amiss in my duties to commune with you? if so please forgive me. i had such a deep and fulfilling meditation this morning which has lead me to you. you are just barely tall enough to see from where i sit. soon summer will come and you will be tall, then autumn will arrive and well, let's not spoil the talks we will have then! for now it is a cloudy day and company is coming soon. we must prepare! winter is always full of poems!