IMAGES 1997-1999

* 1 Oh friend gone now,

I pick up my pen and write these days
without so much desire to please you
but to please God; and so you are mentioned.

* 2 Oh poet's eye,

I was lost on the rim of a wide circle,
ever widening, and content there!
How singularly odd that this is so;
that I have attached myself to
a wooden hinge.

* 3 Oh my Lord,

Is it not redundant to ask your hand,
To delve into the earth with both?

* 4 Oh honored prayer,

The sound I make is braking on the night:
my heart wants to be simple and to rest,
to find its peace;
The hawk hill seems farther away today.

* 5 Oh endless march

Oh Universe, my Universe! My soul descending;
ask me not my name, this time, nor condemn me to myself.

* 6 Oh my friend returned,

My paintings approach a song and, noting the latter,
describe a realm to vast to hold;
will you go there with me and dance with the Gate?

* 7 Oh my soul,

When I think of what Christ did, really think,
I am silenced with the pain of his hands
and the red wagon is pulled along.

* 8 Oh my God,

I remember Your martyrs like so many Islands
floating; my heart aches at the inseparable distances
between me and them.

* 9 Oh my Lord,

I can not remember my sins, though I start now
and count forever; they onslaught and multiply.
Even less do I remember You. In truth I see
no difference between the dark and light.

* 10 Oh my wayward soul,

However much I love my God can't compare
with all the doubt that proceeds from me directly hence,
I open up my heart that I might spare
a separation of my all as recompense.

* 11 Oh friend returning,

Do I talk of my love of God to your distress?
More could I talk of my self drawing near.

* 12 Oh hearing God,

My heart has been joined in bond to you;
I pray this bond to you in every silenced street;
Silenced with the shearing of the lambs.

* 13 Oh wailing storm,

A man who is sleeping is in heaven;
I can see him, but he is in heaven.
His feet rest comfortably on a table

before the lightening;
I am ready to go at any time,
as you were ready.

* 14 Oh forged mind,

I give you a personal challenge: that you and I are witnesses
of a day so bold that Christ returned in the Glory
of the Father. Everything else I write is mere
speculation.

* 15 Oh my heart,

I nail down my life and crucify my pen;
then these are my means.

* 16 Oh running wind,

The white wings of a man you can only measure.
by taking steps in a direction, and as gently
as you are, in the silk grasses of the great plains.

* 17 My breath, breathe!

If I refer to myself it is my shame.
I watch the sunset and rejoice in my own heart;
I can watch many endings and their glory and
still be here. The scarlet fields will feed me.

* 18 My Muse, hasten!

Do I dare write that I am made sick putting
down these words? In some minds this may
make me an infidel, but today I am a poet.

* 19 Oh empty temple,

If I have lived anything to tell you it is that it is
a comfort to write so. I am reduced to this template.

* 20 Oh sacred season,

I'm fear this hour must pass -
and every new one in its wake.
My heart seems neither gold nor brass
but eaves upon a tree that shake.

* 21 Oh wandering soul,

If I talk of my love of God to your distress
more could I talk of my love for you.

* 22 Oh fate determined!

The fire I walked through changed color.

* 23 Oh my soul,

I can not stop laughing in the camphor honey;
my fourth heart has been stolen.

* 24 Oh my Lord,

I am embarrassed to write these words to you:
they are so simple and modest
and take their meaning from every sunrise.

* 25 Oh one not forsaken,

This night is not over until the frayed hems
on my garments are sewn,
neither is a child ever far from heaven.

* 26 Oh highest self,

I feel like I can tell you all I know
and heaven won't collapse
nor will it abate, and I will
certainly harken and sing.

* 27 Oh silent paradox,

Whenever I'm alone in the morning or in the late year
and its peace I am aware that I am powerless
in a way nothing can stop nor anything delay.

* 28 Oh my Universe!

Of all the lines I have connected
In pursuit of my final goal
none have been as tempered
as these.

* 29 Oh frozen vessel,

I take my only fate
and my life within my hands
and offer them up high
over mountain and clouds and all
and perfect flowers yearning.

* 30 Oh passing shadow,

Of things that blow in the wind
I will tell you only what I know:
they are, at times, a closest friend
or I diary I long to read.

* 31 My Muse, hasten!

Open my mouth O noble Muse, let me speak
and sally forth from my chambers to the street,
utterly indifferent to the spiteful dream,
and speaking a Name to foe and friend alike.

* 32 Oh feeble thorn,

Of everything that matters the past is blest
and my future is crowned. A royal chest
is brought for me to search and choose
as mighty birds soar above the rest.

* 33 Oh blind mirror,

A man has a soul or he is dead;
you know this and I know this.

* 34 O spoken mercy,

A door adjusting to a summer squall
rushes me haste to make this life
another reason
to try before a greater will to live.

* 35 O end of days,

I can neither end nor begin without a nod from my Lord;
you may turn your way and laugh at my dances
as I can laugh at myself with you now.

* 36 O lost paradox,

I am placed within these walls that
I might grow rich. Abundance overcomes
me and I have yet to start.

* 37 O my Soul: soften

I like your vest, your suit your charm,
be mindful of the Day of harm!
When traditions great and small are seared
like tar upon a head that's smeared.

* 38 O my eternal shame,

I sum up the legal terms of my life and death:
oh would that I do a fair deed!

* 39 O simple name,

I describe the insanity of my station,
beware my name you never mention!

* 40 O changeless world,

When we reach there we'll rejoice
our separate selves and common voice;
without the pith of an unholy spirit.
A Holy day will be a Holy day.

* 41 Oh my faith,

His Name is Restless, test not the steed!
Nor ask for what's beyond your need!

* 42 Oh blatant day,

I write knowing nothing except what I know.
It is best you follow what you know,
and see, at the same time,
the things I see.

* 43 Oh mother, my mother,

With the heavy rains come the birds:
the white seagulls and the black crows,
the little speckled ones their necks
bobbing and probing like wood carvings
on a rocker. If we can see this
then why can we not see Your eyes?

* 44 Oh restless page,

If I recite what I have written for this Day,
forgive the proud ignorance that is mine.

* 45 My Muse, hasten!

I am lost for words; they once hovered, buzzed
and stung until the pain awakened; I am an
audience willing or unwilling. The grandfather clock strikes
nine to deafen the roar that is made by a strong wind.

* 46 Oh tempered fear,

When I meditate on my soul a sound breaks,
one not indifferent to all things that are from God.
"Say: all things are from God."

* 47 Oh full glass before the day,

I have eaten what was forbidden by men
and cast off their lonely shore.

* 48 Oh history possessed,

I can only speak for myself when I say
love is a host that fails not; it is the Law
and the Way that every Prophet announces.
Direct from my heart: i am an echo.

* 49 Oh fated journey,

I saw death the other day sitting on a bench
drinking dew. The morning showed a brown
visage building up in the big white sky.
In a way, I saw my own death.

* 50 Oh my God!

You said one was to be honest with every passing day:
I heard behind doors voices call my name.

* 51 Oh lifting moon,

When I am lifted up at night
by the sound of angel's song -
that night I am wakeful; my peace
fills the shores over and over.
I comb the shores for
gifts left by little fingers
'till I watch the sun rise.

* 52 Oh one in God's service,

To teach! To teach! To teach! Another Rumanian Queen
is always in the making straight from the
earth marching to God's speech.

* 53 Oh gathering day,

Of all that breaths a single Breath is all
it takes to vanquish every sin down
history's line.

* 54 Oh hidden tide,

I swallowed Eden but it was not mine
so I coughed it up and rode on its back ‘till I slept.

* 55 Oh mast and sail,

I have come to see in myself the God I seek;
and the sea swallows Eden.

* 56 Oh last hope

I am standing in his Presence;
“I saw him only for a moment”
but now all deeds rise.

* 57 Oh ceaseless soul,

I speak the name of God. At times
I remember God; at all times
I am remembered.

* 58 Oh eternal duty,

I have lasted beyond my hopes,
and my dreams now follow me.

* 59 Oh Lord, my Lord,

If your arms were birds I would
seek the existence of a feather.

* 60 Oh red paradox,

It was to be a short season of mistakes:
a butcher’s rind; the salt to steal;
an axe to cut its green plasm
that burst.

* 61. O hopeful bird,

Love will make the sour dough rise
and take it to the market;
maybe my dough will be a whale
that swallows my child.

* 62 Oh lofty zeal,

I crash and crash on the shore;
the waves run before my anger
and a turnstile marks the time.

* 63 Oh Russian muse,

My reward, tangible now, hammers like a runner.
My sins on every sandy beach thunder down.

* 64 Oh my God, why?

Oh Lord, You have died so many times for me,
why do You continue? To continue to accept
the pitiful shame and damage to your Own?
If I were not already as one dead wandering
your halls endless doors I would ask why do
You persist! I have asked my own soul to beg
an answer: why do You persist in your love?
Have I done such greatness or small deeds
to warrant an association with You? Greater
the sound a child makes nursing on You!

* 65 Oh Hidden Orb,

If I had a boat I would go out in it
just like I have written all this for you;
Your love is like a shallow bay with some
deep places where reliance is taught.

* 66 Oh my empty pen,

I am lost beneath an ocean of plumes.
I cry out “My God, be near” and waves
move like runes over a hill of parched birds.

* 67 Oh my doubts, silence!

“If there were five stars in my heaven
where would I go torn, as I would be, apart.”

* 68 Oh numbing Fire!

I think of You and scream dry praises
that fill only my ears. But where do they come from?
May God speak through me and send a rose.

* 69 Oh dreadful Might!

I can not think of what ought to be said!
I am a dry tree, shaking and no forest to hide.

* 70 Oh wailing man,

“I am dumb with awe when I behold Him,
I sit in corners and watch Them eat.”

* 71 O my God,

I am placed within your laws
that I might grow rich;
poverty and powerlessness overcomes me
and you are pleased.

* 72 Oh hapless seeker,

Would I sum up the terms
of my life
in a search for legal matters?
Better a saint’s life or a martyr’s last deed.

* 73 Oh voice in the shadows,

I have described the sanity of my station;
beware its name you ever mention!

* 74 Oh fair reunion!

When we reach there we'll rejoice
our separate selves and common voice;
within the swath of the Holy Spirit
we'll watch with the eyes of Layli.

* 75 Oh my lover,

I'd like to marry you and take your arm:
we must be mindful of His sweetened charm -
that meets the mindless on the road,
that eats its weight of God in gold.

* 76 Oh all creation,

I don't know what to do with this beautiful
day;
I open my mouth but who is speaking
other than the birds in their song
and the waves in their crashing.

* 77 Oh breaker of bonds,

I look to the heart of God:
I look to the right,
I look to the left,
but, being a thief,
My hands are gone.

* 78 Oh ancient vase,

I come upon a wailing man,
he sits and wails and wails with glee.
His tears have made his skin as tan
as God who sits and drinks his tea.

* 79 Oh hidden wealth,

How often have a company of men
been discarded as expendable;
how different are the ways of God!

* 80 Oh restless sea,

In my sleep arise all my tests;
and I eat them like plucked grapes.

* 81 Oh invisible land,

I have listened through the walls when God
talks to Himself;
but being created, I am not there.

* 82 Oh timeless earth,

His tears annulled the debt on peasant farms,
they granted asylum to each poor and wretched soul,
they granted protection from every lance that harms,
each savior who takes on the Savior's role.

* 83 Oh ordained virtue,

Singing a persistent lyric that owes
its moral code from the Maker of virtue,
the Prophet struck a rock with a spade,
which made a spark fly. In the spark
he saw the crowns of Kings and Queens placed
in a vault embedded deep in God's mountain.

* 84 Oh timeless warrior,

Running, a beggar runs behind his king,
reminding him he is but dust and how much more
he claims is but his own undoing
if he does indeed endure.

* 85 Oh ever mindful,

I am sleeping on a lawn
when a traveling man calls
to my pain and grief
and hands me
eternal joy.
Being asleep,
I awake to answer.

* 86 Oh open book,

“It takes a village to raise a child”.
For an unknown reason this thought
brings tears like warm winds through Spring trees.

* 87 Oh clear vision,

I was putting skin on a piece of wood
when a deer, hopping, ran on in front
of a flood light.

* 88 Oh vessel unheralded,

On ship or on the land my height aspires
in places we can only be escorted to.

* 89 Oh soul with no doubt,

On contact, the man believed, and God,
seeing him trimmed, made him return;
“I can’t believe this light. I tell you,
I can not believe this light.”

* 90 Oh wistful tree,

Worshiping the dust
the man fled his house
and sought another
time wedged
then fleeced his bones.

* 91 Oh tempered city,

In the face of bleached streets
were seen the thousands who had
passed that way; hundreds of
hundreds clad in unearthly white.

* 92 Oh celestial day!

“All of this has everything to do
with that portion that rears the divine”
this was said in sequel to my arms sweeping
the clouds’ armor, piercing and lancing.

* 93 Oh poet’s tongue,

How much pain flowed under the bridge?
I finished with an orange, its meat tinged
with the color of glowing water.

* 94 Oh blue circle,

But what of it if the earth flashes
for an eternity?
Your neighbor is known, the fragrances
are known,
the stranger under the bridge is known.
When happiness resides in limbs,
and limbs are lead by chords,
the truth will be fulfilled.

* 95 Oh infinite haven,

Who can cry the right tears for this Day?
A Day the rains fell for,
a Day the townspeople broke their banks for.

* 96 Oh wondrous nature,

A horse is lifting up: my friend standing
on the shore is five heads higher.
There is no end to what a ship can fathom.

* 97 Oh valiant one,

Sacred things in a suitcase
Travel to a far off home.
In a deadened weight winter comes
and the souls of apples fall.

* 98 Oh land of two moons,

Who can cry the right tears for this Day!
He who drank the ocean and the seas
then poured out new waters from a silver vase
into the palms of flesh.
My life is in the rivers and, someday,
God willing, will end up in such a decanter.

* 99 Oh infinite wisdom,

The dance of the flies
halt not,
neither do the movements
of the Lord.

* 100 Oh city of light,

I am smitten with envy, and God envies back;
I am crushed with desire, and He crushes desire's name,
I covet thunder, and it comes.

*101 Oh last reminder,

I can see a stand of trees
and be visionless.
I can see their souls and cry.

*102 Oh tangible world,

Why does the noise
of building a home
hound me so!

* 103 Oh waiting attar,

One by one they go down,
the saints go down to the ground:
will I go down with them?

* 104 Oh Forest calm,

The men in white are moving
through the trees:
why are they men?
I want them to stop.

* 105 Oh open book,

I see the Lord,
I know I see the Lord;
you and I will see Her together.

* 107 Oh blue rapture,

I am forced to think
        of the beauty of the woods;
and of your Beauty
                there are no words.

* 108 Oh inner sight,

One red flower is worth more
        than all my own,
unless the half that is in me expands.
The eyes in the burls of trees
                don't see me, but only
                        your flower.

* 109 Oh waking Forest,

The lake wind has returned;
the wind that comes
bends the trees every way.
        My blood rises,
        the trees are rising,
                and I am gone.

* 110 Oh lost universe,

I move my eyes an inch every hour
        from where they rest;
by night time will I see Your universe?

*111 Oh book displayed,

There are four directions that
are forbidden and four that
are given: the breaker of trusts
will teach the former, while
the latter we have been told.

* 112 Oh sacred dust,

What I once knew in secret
is that dawn
is known to the heavens
and what all know
God spoke first and veiled;
that dawn's tender power
is for all to know
and that it is still a mystery.

* 113 Oh white lamp,

Few are seen as they are while
the Lord of the world is ever present.

* 114 Oh generous Lord,

If water were to run down
my head and over my body
would I be more worthy to meet you?
I have attempted to claim nothing
while all is claimed.

* 115 Oh harvest season,

The feathers that cover the heart
give warmth, even in death.

* 116 Oh endless tide,

I would sum up my life in these terms:
I met His Presence and obeyed.
I would sum up my living in other terms.

* 117 Oh blue rapture,

By the hour I sat and listened,
and the hour talked and spoke
only of unlimited things to come.

* 118 Oh lonely heart,

I read my heart every day and beg forgiveness;
God's mercy preserves my heart in all other ways.

* 119 Oh sacred season,

When the August winds bring fruit
I will happily eat them; will I be polishing my name
that is a on a tile on the floor next to the throne of God?

* 120 Oh tangential world,

The whistling through shallow waters,
of reeds whistling through reeds,
of feet that move them aside
        as they bounce in the waves:
how can such a moving fire not kindle
        such music in still waters.

* 121 Oh silver paradox,

I am clothed in what I wear,
and the meaning therein unwinds
a thread each day, so when I
leave this earth I will be naked.

* 122 Oh visible haze,

A bright and friendly righteousness
                rose up to meet me
as the sun faded and the earth sang.

* 123 Oh red maple,

The presence of time scattered all
        the animals in the forest;
what surrounds and is within
                is its destiny.

* 124 This brown earth,

Oh rooted tree! what do you desire,
why do you
        desire to grow?
O love of God, O God's sweet love,
there is something I need to ask of You.

* 125 Oh forgetful world,

The whistling wind through
a hollow beam
can only hum the name of its maker;
even so, all stop to listen.

* 126 Oh forged intention,

Such a breath talking warm of air
is healing for my soul.
With eyes closed I rest my head in my hands
and leave my all to God.

* 127 Oh turning story,

The friction under foot wants
to walk with me and travel;
there is a saying that tells of
journey and night prayer:
to journey and pray bring
the greatest blessings.

* 128 Oh Winter's plight,

The purity of new snow falling:
What color does it really mean?
Is it white, the lover of justice calling?
Or oil rock with a rainbow sheen!

* 129 Oh sacred trust,

A defensive posture in my wife's
shoulders
has saddened me. She suffers so
inside I want to be there and sing
sweet melodies to nerve and cell;
to tell, to tell, to tell, to tell.

* 130 Oh late sunset,

The darkest tree in the forest
is wet with age. I can almost
see myself, as in a dream,
nearing it to bring it light;
only then I see my folly.

* 131 Oh last peninsula,

Of the spider's web I can say this:
after the peril of the storm,
it is resurrected.

* 132 Oh rapture flowing,

Every day I feel as if I am coming
to the end of a long search,
and in these moments sparks of ecstasy
tender living tissue, bone and limb.
Call it what you want, it is nonetheless true.

* 133 Oh sleepless bridge,

My heart is happy to write. These
pages have been torn from another
book, and by doing so, they lose meaning.

* 134 Oh torn paper,

What clarity of vision, given in the light;
the lightening makes the mind clear
as the mind filling up with light.

* 135 Oh morning glory,

And then there is the thunder
honing down the hills, it
has made the sharp hills
softer,
so I am happy with the thunder
for it has been so kind to me.

* 136 Oh forceful river,

Now the light is gone; it is
gone unto the sun.
And now my heart is done,
it goes where Christ has gone.

* 137 Oh fragile moment,

In looking through glass, the sunset is
sending sounds, and now less…
and now less.
So quick His Revelation that all
were drunk on drinking silver.

* 138 Oh silent worshiper

A search for the world beyond
began in a place like an opening
up of wings,
and begat a colony
of light fearful and unafraid.

* 139 Oh silent lamb

When… I am done I will lay to
rest
the most precious trust, the ears
that heard Christ's new Name and the rest
that followed.

* 140 Oh my home,

In my heart of hearts I can feel
tranquility surging and humility
walking beneath the dust, and as
tomorrow must return and end, so
must I.

* 141 Oh sleeping Forest,

Oh hummingbird! You came after the
lightning and before the thunder,
and in that time we talked; we talked
about what only contrite, refined
hearts perceive.

* 142 Oh wakeful elders,

From the foothills of the lake
mountain the old ones are screaming
to me to tell their story; nothing is
forgotten beneath the eyes of God.
So much genocide unheeded.

* 143 Oh traveling heart,

I am certain there is another land
where I will find my loved ones.
If you see them before I do,
huddled around an ancient
throne and talking with an elegant
Spirit, learning the ways of their
new life, approach carefully…with great joy.

* 144 Oh seeking heart,

I have said as much as i can say,
but God bids me continue;
I am ready to leave this life,
but God bids me continue;
I am anxious to be free
from the world's sins,
but God bids me continue.

* 145 Oh boundless grace,

The hearts and souls of the innocent
of war are gathered around
the Messengers and Prophets.
They will be telling Them their
stories for eternities.

* 146 Oh blackness divine,

The dark tree trunks on my left,
against the fluorescent blue waters,
receive the storm that surges.
Around my heart there is another
rage who can see a rage?

* 147 Oh unknown deed,

If, God forbid, God were dead,
then what, I ask, would live?
Of most murderous of all
Is the night falling without prayer.

* 148 Oh night loon,

A thousand times a year I make myself mad.
If you see me between these lines,
please remind me I am glad.

* 149 Oh great hunger,

A classical weight was on his brow;
He had stung the adder and eaten it whole.

* 150 Oh center of the eye,

Of black and white there are many names,
the flash and pitch of two hands shaking
in the light; both hands are visible and are
moved as if by an unseen host.

* 151 Oh heart in hiding,

I am lost and walk with the lost,
we walk up a shattered mountain
with no place in this world;
but ecstasy occupies our hearts
and joy is fluent on our tongues.

* 152 Oh eternal city,

Pioneer with me tied to each other
                O Israel
With bracelets snared shut!
We will go to the pine havens
and the shedding trees will adorn
our robes like spotted wolf.

* 153 Oh cedar vast,

The blue poppies beside my pacing,
the blueberry that, by scent alone,
                can save my patience:
        they tell of another world
        and hurry me along.

* 154 Oh arms waving,

These two trees that bend towards
each other;
if I could only hear their song
I would never doubt nor hesitate.

* 155 Oh rippling waves,

This perfume that moves with
great speed;
is it a messenger bearing the
wind of God, or a lake in love
with the land?

* 156 Oh roving muse,

Again and again I repeat: every word
I attempt is from a vaulted ceiling
with crystal lights
shedding rainbows on a spring day
wall.

* 157 Oh divine Author,

I feel hunger and know You are near;
your loneliness has spread through
the earth, and Babel's voices have been united.

* 158 Oh red earth,

A dog's bark is a mighty force.
I have seen great men without
such force,
and their talk is like crushed bones.

* 159 Oh bounty's harvest,

Summer corn sweet and thick,
Summer peaches sweet and thick
rest on the table in front of my
enemies;
and who are my enemies?

* 160 Oh tangible world,

When a cat plays with a mouse
our inhumanity plays with him,

and our humanity is stilled.

* 161 Oh Lesser Peace!

Oh Nations of the earth! Am I fit
for you, to offer up my dearest wish
that your boarders will run
free from strife?

* 162 Oh ever forming,

A square rock is just as good
a judge
as any other member; it points
in a direction I need and in
directions I don't without
changing shape

* 163 Oh sacred ways,

A sweet looking grass has been
washing ashore; it comes in
pieces and then bundles
against the land. In the
meantime there are feathers
and footsteps to follow.

* 164 Oh minute passing,

I glean the slightest movement
and take it at its word.

* 165 Oh happy woods,

The chanterelle mushrooms are being
eaten in the forest by the bugs
that gave them birth; my tongue
remembers their orange life.

* 166 Oh green memory,

My left hand is seeking, and my
right hand is seeking; the maple
leaves are turning but, I will never
know what they know.

* 167 Oh dark memory,

When the sharp of a bone comforts me,
then the spirits of the dead and murdered
tribes of the New England hills
gather round my fire.

* 168 Oh hopeful night,

I have met the living, and, by the
righteousness and might of God, they
gave me life. Do not scorn them neither these words.

* 169 Oh bounty forever,

I turn to the left and see a face;
there are no eyes, nor ears nor mouth,
but it is a face that has seen God.

* 170 Oh last reminder,

A tree that has been there I see for
the first time, as are Your words
that I have read a thousand times.

* 171 Oh empty mirror,

The four chairs of my apocalypse
are empty as are my four fears.

* 172 Oh Virtue descending,

I love Your words but they are
with me so much
I am forgetful.

* 173 Oh light unknown,

A woman in a blue shirt walks
between the trees and up to a man
dressed in white; there is something
sacred happening, but then the thicket,
blown by the wind, intervenes.

* 174 Oh restless moon,

I miss my home. It is so far away
and long ago. My heart can only

be homeless now, and, then, there
is the Placeless.

* 175 Oh inner desire,

The loon that circles overhead
will not rest on its lake;
it has left its breadth and depth
to wake the land.

* 176 Oh possessed flight,

A man took a loon from his pocket,
and threw it in the air, saying,
“Go forth and wake the dead
waiting in the mountains.”

* 177 Oh obsessive page,

What would make a loon to leave
its lake?
Did the water rage to fire,
Or did St. Peter’s gate stand
upon the waters!

* 178 Oh twilight waking,

The wings of the loon play on the
trees
and in my dream the loon is angered
and the lake sad.

* 179 Oh happy muse,

Once I have stopped the bells,
there is still the wind
and the waves are unrelenting.

* 180 Oh great veil,

The muscles in my lower back contract,
and from this my song
is loosed to the world.

* 181 Oh sleepless day,

I seek everywhere happiness,

and the sword that cuts my way
moves through trunk and rock alike.

* 182 Oh invoked trust,

The boats are gently rocking in
the harbor,
and the people sleeping in them
are dreaming far from God; yet
He walks in their dreams.

* 183 Oh other than God!

In the morning are you there to
gently wake me?
And in the daytime are you present
to protect and guide me?
At late night are you there to comfort
me?
Then be gone with your imitations.

*184 Oh vision concealed,

The sap that runs up the tree
by the wind
can not stop my voice from
singing;
only You can stop my voice
from singing, and so I keep singing.

* 185 Oh Trusted One,

If every wave was a prayer rising up
and I rode to every town on every wave
proclaiming the Greatest Name,
Your threshold would still not be crossed.

* 186 Oh turning arm

The woods behind me hold,
in a sequestered part,
the vision I look for;
the woods in
front of me
hold the same.

* 187 Oh my world,

My heart is sick today;
its decay can not be measured.

* 188 Oh invisible pearl,

Some watering in my eyes
speaks to the wind
that takes its meaning
back to God.

* 189 Oh stolen light,

I wanted to talk so much more,
to tell the people of my pain
(and to accept theirs)
but not to make them run from God.

* 190 Oh changing light,

I hide my pain because I am
forgetful;
my God has told me this will
happen.

* 191 Oh naming day,

Oh God, my God, I am wasting away
with each wave that hits the stony
beech;
oh the haze, the noble haze!

* 192 Oh covered eye,

The wind that is here thrusts
its lance into the overgrowth;
the deep rooted weeds in my heart are
plucked and I cry out.

* 193 Oh sentient tongue,

The wind smells warm like water and pine.
But today what passes through me is purer
and I concede.

* 194 Oh stunted voice,

The men dressed in white move
down the hill to the lake;
they appear and reappear through
the trees.
Oh how I wish they were come to take me home!

* 195 Oh cloudless space

In my helplessness there is a place:
I will take you there
in its house.

* 196 Oh Unconstrained!

I see you in the distance
and call your Name
and when I awake there is
so much telling can not relate;
I have told of you in many forms
to many people
and not one of my words could
see its source.

* 197 Oh Fidelity's truth!

I can watch the sunset
and watch your love
and my eyes are red
from each proof.

* 198 Oh patience bled,

I turn over stones
and eat their contents
and still I am mad with your love.

* 199 Oh never forbidden,

It is better to eat the last stale crust
with Him,
though the loaves of the earth
be eaten by mice.

* 200 Oh poet's right,

This painted stillness vaunts
itself;

But God will see me past its doom.

* 201 Oh God, my God,

Oh Lord! Why do you love me so?
If your love were elsewhere
I would be occupied with the light
of Hades,
but from eternity to eternity you
have always loved me,
and the reason for my love
for you is beyond me.

* 202 Oh Lord of prayer,

You talk to Yourself in the night season
and let us hear the whispers and cries
of Your love for your
own Soul!
How, then, can I cry out to Thee?

* 203 Oh vested defiance,

Your love is where I turn,
Oh my Lord;
but how can I rest when
the trees are moving?

* 204 Oh Faithful One,

It is insanity that You should
let us hear You talk to Your own
Soul;
You make the poor to dance
like mad hatters,
and the learned to flee
their ice mountains where they
hid themselves in the breach
of great icebergs.

* 205 Oh Lord Who hears!

How can my ears listen
to the messages
of Your love?
My own soul is so far away,
and then I read of how You
console yourself with sweet

Arabic words;
how can I sit still in my chair
when one of your words
revolutionized
the world
and all therein.
If you have always known Your
love for your creation,
tell me, what is there
left to do?

* 206 Oh waning praise,

I sit in my chair with high resolve
to love You,
but the coming darkness dims more
and my light is hungry.

* 207 Oh land before time,

The trees are over thirsty and
can not migrate
to where the waters lie.
I can not go to them now for I must
drink for them

* 208 Oh measureless chime,

When a Prophetic Cycle ends
in the history of a world
it can end but once, and so what begins
is unique and beyond measure and yet the same.

* 209 Oh land of Justice,

There are books that drench the soul,
and others that parch the lips,
and both are either approved or rejected
in His Book.

* 210 Oh drenched souls,

Wherever His lovers are found
if one looks closely one will
find, nearby and all around
the place where they stand,

the scent of God; and who can
smell the musk of God!

* 211 Oh secret dome,

The last time I saw a house like His House
was over a thousand years ago; it was brave
and redeemed itself many times over. Then
the news of it spread like cool waters
flooding the plains.

* 212 Oh life for the asking!

Of all the dreams that follow and appear
the ones that reunite and fuse me to
myself are held in trust and turn, in
their turn, from copper to gold in their
own mine. Everything returns.

* 213 Oh Unity!

Somewhere there is a rainbow that has
a certain specific meaning that grows
with time and is categorized as a
miracle everywhere it appears.
I have stood in a place and waited
for it to surround me and it never
fails.

* 214 Oh City of light!

There are men and women who stand intact
when confronted by the powerful ones
of the earth for they see no power in them
and can not be touched by such feeble deeds.

* 215 Oh hearts steeled,

There is a feast being held. At it
will be my friends who have suffered
for their Lord Who stands with them and
councils me to be lowly before them.
Everyday this feast repeats and every
citizen of the world has been forewarned
of its appearance..

. * 216 Oh crystal demeanor,

I sit and struggle with words that are
like water through glass;
for water to move through glass is easier
than for a man to find himself.

* 217 Oh Thief!

A helplessness passed before my eyes;
it entered in and sat down
and told a story
that recoiled my soul.

* 218 Oh Revelation!

Hallowed are the words that make men
lift their hands up;
Hollow are my words that speak
diligently of God.

* 219 Oh stinging season,

I have passed over as a wanderer;
the pine needles sting, the butterflies
hover on their boughs
and go from conifer to conifer
and in the garden of the cave
the philosopher waits.
The trees in God's garden suffice him.

* 220 Oh aspiring chastity,

I speak often of myself but I mean nothing
by it and seek no credit
and deeply fear an envy unwholesome.

* 221 Oh patient friend,

If I have ever offended you, or said
that which would chill the soul
or inflame the heart, it is to me
that the cold and flame returns.

* 222 Oh vast cave,

I seek an entrance through a locked door
in a deep dream

and its meaning must needs come to light;
you were on the other side when the dream
opened and, meeting God, we remembered
other meetings.

* 223 Oh deft robe,

I long for no former times, save that which
was spent as seed
and ready now to harvest for all time.

* 224 Oh day foretold,

There is a courage made to break at dawn:
to find the way to go… to go on and on.

* 225 Oh hidden worlds,

I have crossed over a boundary unseen
and vertical
where levity and laughter are perpetual.
Even so, my flesh born eyes must cry
So many ways…so many ways.

` * 226 Oh fluttering hope,

My heart is spoiled and its mind
has spilled,
a dry voice weaves the two to one;
I am left without speech but the noise
of an old burrowing owl.

* 227 Oh Rumi!

I am crazed. I know and admit this
openly;
for who else would knowingly
yearn to die,
and, being alive, live as
painted murals.

* 228 Oh piercing voice,

Looked on from aerial heights
our eyes were dazzled by such
rich movement as went through,

circling round as sea going
birds over tree drenched hills.
When these birds called out
        my heart was heaven.

* 229 Oh waiting star,

I looked at the Queen Anne's Lace so hard
                and unremittingly;
What faces seen, saw all my grieving
In the goings and comings of me to this place.
The Lord alone can bring me lasting joy;
I have felt His mercy and known His
forgiveness and they finally lifted me from this dark land.

* 230 Oh pilgrim's path,

The rocks grind like teeth underfoot: grind
into a fine powder like so many words.
But its refinement is agreeable to the Lord.

* 231 Oh Father Abraham!

We have left the lake and lost another end;
        what is to begin will start
        with water from the Friend.

* 232 Oh man with no feet,

The stones we walked on,
                the sounds they made;
the shade we stepped on
        and what sunlight played.

* 233 Oh trust descending,

A poet's heart should be on display:
        I am angered by this
                but it is true.
A poet's heart should be on display
        so all the people
                can understand.

* 234 Oh long awaited!

I stood in my favorite place;
        oh the breath I breathed!
My eyes looked upon the face of God
        and the sky was blue

with copper clouds.

* 235 Oh wingless flight,

A man who gives up violence
has done two things:
he is a source of joy for others
and in his own soul he is
resigned.

* 236 Oh you who are running,

At all times there is peace
and harmony
that is with us;
but so few know that this means
it must needs be within us.

* 237 Oh unknown martyr,

The wealthiest woman may be a saint,
and the poorest man a phantom,
and neither will know heaven
nor hell
without His approval,
but only know the riches and poverty
they posses.

* 238 Oh shinning Tree!

From the left and from the right
the sun is rising;
all around the sun there
is no death,
and life is rising.

* 239 Oh first light,

Do not be discouraged at the table
of Death,
for death brings the repast
and fruit of life.
Our good work does not end at the
end of this life, but we go on to

such joy and nearness to God that
nothing in this insignificant world
of shadows can equal;
the womb of the world must needs
give birth.

* 240 Oh second deed,

Why do I hesitate to open the window?
Is there that which must come in?
I have closed the window to God's
breeze
for so long that the breeze has
sweetened and is now a king's ransom.

* 241 Oh Maker of faith,

I am lost to every saying and, barring none,
I have stood and seen what each one has
to say;
a vast confusion flares on both flanks
while overhead and underfoot the doubt
is trebled; and so I have become homeless
in a world I used to know and go about my
business in another, beloved land.

* 242 Oh numbing Fire!

How many times a day does the rain
cease from falling? And even when it
ceases the love of God is constant;
what true metaphor can't yield fruit in any
of His seasons?

* 243 Oh astonished one,

I long to write something that, reading
ten years hence, will have flowered
and will deftly challenge my
understanding of God's direct
inspiration.

* 244 Oh broken walls,

Because of many and various ideas, the
multitude of peoples have formed pacts
with each other not to trust in God.

* 245 Oh standard sought,

I seek to watch over the souls of God's
loved ones.
After God gave me these gifts and told me how
to inspire His special friends I set down in
various ways how to yearn for an atom of his love.
The words are from the heart and the images
are from the heart and the healing is of four realms.
Pray for me that we will all of us be free.

* 246 Oh rainbow, listen,

Of blue and red I will say this: their beauty
is of such nature I would be less a man
without their wisdom.

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* 247 Oh promise unfolding,

I love to write and talk about His mercy,
His love that tells me to be current
with death,
to be in its face, for, at any moment,
there could be deliverance.

* 248 Oh radiant stars,

At last as peace descends a measure
is made;
a vehicle with many wheels bright
and spinning
collects its aught to be and nothing
in the forest moves.

* 249 Oh paradox reflected,

I am one of the first sinners to publicly
declare my love;
which came first, my sins or my declaration
of love
is as yet unseen but it is known that they
both happen daily.

* 250 Oh first that is last,

And, lastly: I have gone beyond the normal tone,
the texture of the touch that grips us to hold
onto the last and first book we will ever read.
Such are the verses of His Book that mine
are a dot.,