The Station of Leaves

Their siren songs

Young man; what sound this word?
A revolution, bound by hemp,
To keep this Era tied?
Have I so lost my pocket change
That told me of this ageless lie,
Told me on the pavement where I stalked
And heard their siren songs deplete.

Nov second

Oh Baha'u'llah!
Let them recognize thy Soul,
That joy and ecstasy may spread on earth!

The Milky Way

For we are building a home. The little sun
Touches our feet as leaves pass bye.
We are stretching an ancient skin
Preexisting the book of David
And the Milky Way. Ask me why.

We are destroying the everything
and the nothing
That we all grew up hearing about:
No more ringing violence in our cheers,
Nor singing silence through the years.

Ask me why.
We are catering to every need that

Every divine one once gloried in!
By God and all creation this is true
and has meaning.
Not through any open door
or any closed door
Do we travel, (weary as we may be)
Not by any power or any weakness
that we may be;
But by our helplessness
are we moved.

I used to fear telling you this,
Now I am struck dumb with awe.
Don't ask me when or how.

Nov third

Fall is come with the station of the leaves:
torn and beaten down, strewn and trampled on,
blown and cobwebbed,
Collected by king and pauper, pressed
and prayed on;
Shorn and sleeted on, cornered in the rail
Upright and crucified; falling like a
Holy quill, a quick and sudden scattering
to impale

And, lifted by Poseidon's longest arm, they sink
And end, a bed for salmon people, a brown blanket
Wrapped to induce a lasting dream.

Nov six

Another leaf crossed my path. On it was to
Find some soil. The black macadam was vast, grinding,
As it does. But no matter to the memory of leaves.

And some were held within a tin,
And others found their glory in

A passage by a door, and dwelt there.
Of happiness is born their own,
So many there could be a riddle found
In each and every place they meet and touch.
Under and over, piled high,
their legs and arms then reached the sky!
And some of them were jumped upon
And thrown in glee the way a child
Is in the sea. These hands have thrown;
And the leaves keep talking.

Nov seventh-eighth

I am mad with words; I see them abused
By incestuous pens, and take them far away
To where their meaning can heal;
I rhyme them and rhyme them not
until they are real.
They are sick within me and issue forth,
A dog's madness visits me and comes forth,
A creature's words too guttural comes forth,
And what cup is emptied that is not filled?

I see you standing perfectly still in the light
With no reason to believe me; my corporeal soul
Has scattered all my wounds to the four winds
from where returning
I kneel like an old man: happiness
Spills. I turn and see a Youth wander in
And bring a peaceful gale: I sought and found
And now I trim my sail.

You were wrong to doubt my failures,
Each adding unto each. I have failed
So perfectly that there is nothing left
But a foreign breeze from a former town
unknown.
Ha! But my introductions humble me.
All this to say I love Baha'u'llah,
All this so you will know that
My eyes are closed before you.

By God I came back from the dead!
Twin Trumpets shattered the breadth
and length and depth.
Angels came, rank on rank, behind
A Man who bore civilization like a
Nursemaid to a rabid man.
I have walked straight until my feet,
Having born a thousand bards,
Sat down and wrote: wrote
A single equation fractured by tongues:
Whatever is the pleasure
Of the Lord is the pleasure of all,
And whatever is the pleasure of all
Is not necessarily the pleasure of the Lord!
For a dense and sickly smoke has risen
But the people, thinking it black felt,
Have made hats from their pleasure of it.
Nothing will wake them; not the sound
Of five hundred trumpets in their
Closed room of prayer will dislodge them.
Not the cleaving of the heavens,
Nor the changing of the earth:
Not even the Lord coming down in the clouds.

If He said "Leave your rooms and seek
the gallows"
They would clamor; but some would

Find the gallows in their closed room
And be slain, then rise to recapitulate
And shout, but still most would bolt
And hammer their doors and stuff cotton
In their ears. I know for I too have found
Tumble weed of cotton stacked by the
Wind in my yard.

If one could understand God's choosing, what
Need would there be for the Prophets? If my tongue
Were stretched to reach Orion where would
My love be? We could walk through the
Graveyards of the under-world and count
Forgotten martyrs and praise them
Endlessly where they lie; but to eat of the
Dust of their threshold, to taste the
Sting of violent death offered with grace
And sanguine song is better: words can be
Untied, but sacred dust consumed in the belly
Can be extracted only one way!
What was done at Teheran refueled
The center of the earth five thousand times,
But where are the burns on the faces of the
People; My red is fading and all but gone:
A Prophet's uncle is mystery enough to feed
The earths' cattle, why, then, do they eat of
Grass and milk weed? Are they expecting a
Fire to speak from the tops of dead weed?
How long could they speak, even if such fire
Spread and consumed the hills it would be
Done and gone like defeated anger.

Written on *Veteran's Day*

When anger comes to me to jest, I vie for my
Soul. Such pivotal happiness levels more
Continents than a circus clown; but it comes,

And I am leveled leaving no trace for even a
King of blood hounds. Come with me further:
I jest in earnest. I speak to my anger and
Ask it be gone in a great name whose letters
Have no end and no start so the anger
Can not commute its shrieks, its own demise.
Eat and drink with me, we battled well!
How did the anger form inside our shell?
It pecks and pecks its way,
It moves and prospers.
It will not stay long today, a veteran can smell
his foe.

And why did this Persian take his life?
A centaur reared in rage then calmed
Within a gilded cage and rather than break
A twig of His laws, he broke a lesser,
And went where I desire to go. If eyes were
most valuable, they would be of gold,
Then what does this tell you.
In the Mosque he returned his soul
To be chosen food; the choice
Was God's: and what choice is not God's
Other than all our evil choices made.
This deed was coveted by a jealous God,
Or, a dreadful sign to a shrinking world.
May the road rise and the Lord greet you
at the end.

To stand right

Returning then, I noticed an amazing thing:
My heart had grown from such a feeble tithe
To juniper burning just to burn!
Such ecstasy. And pain was there to intercede,
Then loneliness seduced a blade
And, as if splayed, a nobler half was raised

To stand aright; the other part that withered
There, was not without and lasted
My first breath that planted deep a rune:
“I went this way and died; be warned.”

They are covered

Callouses on your feet speak, young man,
Ever lecturing in the twilight of a crowd,
Every foot, every toe, every script
Longs to strain the earth for its lover.
Heaves of sod, holes large and small
Choke a field. The oak and pine, shale
And granite at your feet crumble
At your delight, young man.

Look away from your own feet,
They are covered by leaves.
Better those Most Great feet,
Bastinado shadows on the soles made
By the hands of mad men and mad women.
But their hands are puppets of the left hand of God,
Marking such skin; what marks are not revolutions
And every war and drought and tyrant.
The shores of what seas could fill these scars?
What Mississippi could suture them?

Nay! the Pacific, the Eternal Atlantic
Are lost within the maze of tissue
torn asunder
Amongst a mark so deep it swallows
Everyman’s heart and is yet empty.
To drink from His shoes is forbidden:
No ones’ lips can follow Them!

Rippling limbs

The end of the station of leaves is red.
And yellow hides in the bitter brown
And glows the longest when the rest
                                are gone.
So many in the woods a sun appears
Rippling limbs and melting moss
Against the grayness in my hair;
Shall I wear a hat and whistle?
Or be buried in the thistle!
The forest will put me on.
I went to the woods and wrote on a leaf
                                and came back emptied.

Let us see

Let us see what trees have turned
                                in the next harbor.
The last time we changed with the change
A year had all but crooned and slipped
When a rainbow of fire shed its scales.
A year of us lives in that water.
Our hearts were pure and the rest forgiven
Like the many grasses in so many fields
That run down to the sea and stop there,
                                abruptly.
We hasten to all the love we have known:
Can you sparsely fathom its coming.

There is no way of knowing, what with
The cat coming in wet on the top hairs.
Who can tell me how this cat arrived
And came through the window?
I long to take brush and paint with words
How a fire consumes my heart
In an eternal cast; and how so much joy.

From the inside most molecule
To its outer shell a growing measure
Of ecstasy abides and lingers
Like a dry cat curled into itself.
I am no longer jealous
Prancing down, the willow
Hangs its limbs,
Dancing now and knowing
How to end,
Glancing at the salmon in the ferns
Growing like a baby in God's arms.

It is the sea

It is the sea I breathe in deep.
The Reckoning smashed the shells
To build a hundred foreign walls
In cities torn and toppled.
Now I have found my home where
The ruins evaporate like summer water
Dropped on streets no feet can walk.

Speak no more of ruinous wars
Their sorrow piled in city dumps.
The light has cracked its shell
Whereby the hearts are made.
Speak no more of flattened peninsulas;
of debased time, of time debased
By spiral shores lapping in its own luxury.
Sing the heart's content!
It's bursting all parameters made and unmade
From Adam to the Gate of our time.
A new license for freedom encased in stone,
A single sided coin that shone
Beyond our attempts to clutter every field

With such fear of our own hearts;
Where malls stand where a single
Boulder would have told you more.
Speak of found ecstasy!
Of mint garments in spring wind.

I saw another leaf today;
A tree of Oak Leaves was shaking
And so many fell and so many stayed
I was confused and stood in awe.
My older brother stands in awe;
He told me so on a pier with
So many stars and catching fish
That I knew he spoke well.
The tree I say is a kind yellow
And I equate its fall with its rise.
Do not look at me that way,
I, too, do not understand.

So going to a high place,
carrying no water,
A thirst born
Lifted me graciously and left me
thirsting still.
Having drunk first light
I was bound by a command
Inescapable: to drink thereat
forever.
And fearing to spill a drenched
Letter I swore by all to know
My heart was gone and home.
Let buzzards pick my bones!
I was well hid from their
Cumbersome ranks, but they
Could not see that which I ate anyway
And so were thrown into frenzy.
It was new to form in this place
And words are what we

Move in and through, and the
Spirit of leaves dances for us.

I heard a penny once stopped the world.
It is this moment I yearn for
And don't sleep at night wondering
                If it will come
Through my window and place
The notion under my pillow.
All my teeth are not worth
Its shining.

After leaves

After leaves, they go on enmeshing
With decay and the dreams of trees.
Before they fall they pass a spark
To the dormant Jacob bud: "Forget
Not your purpose and recognize
Your own return. Abide beneath your
Tree until its roots send you out a
Limb; you remembered well when
Christ first came; remember well
He has returned and waits outside
Your door." His leaves are many and
Varied and more always coming.

Having cared

Having cared for the leaves, they
Are vanquished under a sleeping giant,
A black as dark as anything.

To Start Again

Would you chart a star when the sun
Is round your neck? Would you seek

Shelter while God is walking?
To start again the thin
And thinner lines washing over trees,
Last on the sandy break.
Smothered in a camphor chest
Stood wooden thorns, their teeth
Waiting for light. Everyone I know
Sooner or later touches this chest.
I say again! I have been uprooted!
A dream waking four times to
A dream and its deliverance,
Last on the hill, first on the plains
He stood, the plans of God figured
Ever round him. It was all too clear,
Too clear all at once.

Angry voices rally with one commitment:
To stop His birth they would
Feed their children lies like demons —
And their children's children.
But quietly in a corner
Of a town slipped into the sky a moon
Two years younger than its Lord.

The Edge is Near

The edge is near; a sullen tempered sound
That repeats and reminds its consistency.
I want to cry and, giving up my ghost of a self
That lugs behind a heavy shadow, return.
It's so hard to reach Her endless ocean.
A genetic war seizes with anger and control.

If I told You

If I told you how my heart feels
Most of the time, you would be jealous

And wise to be so. I write directly and in
Secret and tell you things the ages
Have guarded carefully in boxes;
I am no sage, but Baha'u'llah has made
A Tahoma from a grain of sand: a comet
From a spark like the days we played
Together jumping from height to height
And when day followed night we were
Older together and, if day followed not
We were still together. A large
Yellow robe is my reward and it is filled
With seed and not gold and I covet it.

What to savor

What to savor in these days of greatness?
My books upon the shelf? House and home?
Or the freedom from self to roam!

To carry trees

Of partings and cleaving
there is no name.
But of reunion a fair flame
Of comings and goings.
There is no end
to reunion. A tall wind
carries trees to every shore.
Now of death and bloom
We'll say no more
When friends leave
One by one and two by two.
There is much to say!
Volumes eccentric unravel,
Licit names cringe
to be spoken

In a new Presence.
And all this to say:
I love Baha'u'llah!
And what prophet, then,
Would I not love!
All this to say
I love Jesus Christ!
So what prophet, then,
Would I not love?
This to say
I declare my love of Muhammad!
Then who would I not love?
To say I love Moses
Say: what prophet would I not love!

June, 1997

By the time the moon had risen
and the loons were busy
Making a great quilt over the waters
Christ had returned and all souls were asked
of their names.
The whales gathering off the Montauk point
(the strand was awake and turning!)
In numbers unremembered, and I, watching
from a pier and vantage point,
began singing the great seas name.
More whales had gathered that day than
on every other day in history's memory:
Every created thing stirred as from a sleep
And the year was eighteen forty four.

The thick wood under foot, heavy with age
Was bolted to the stone coast. As I watched
Every soul was taken up.

Predominant a sense

From where I stood a millennium was ending.
Day laced around night stitching it fast,
Mending the whole, defending its own.
Dry ice rising crazy from a sweet lamp,
Its corona took for jest, a lamp
That flashed its “thou” and “Mine”.
What possession to be held in trust!
To be herald that this was from a
Personal letter. To be for every hour.
Predominant a sense of beauty such regret
In missing two sacred decades,
Of great delight in conscious form.
Oh whistle through the roar, gentle whistle.

To come and pay

Something beautiful touched today,
In-between the sky
A violent copper rim
A sign of what was within the joy
Of brief havoc. Then moving
Like life within a boy
I come and say and be a man.
Love is on the peak and in
He whose grace the squalor
Seized to dash up on the rocks.
In peril a God man, and still a child
In his easy way will marry.

There is no perfect day I need.
Let each be all and that day, done,
Will rise and fall and men will
Still squander on their march.
To victory there is no doubt
And yet they move on and follow

Some heinous man Muhammad talked about.
Be brief, be brief, each word is measured.

There is a twinge

There is an elemental twinge
That will deface ignorance and rise
so graphically
That can not on ignorance infringe.
Then I to its peak went and perched
Among the amongst with gratitude.
I humbly lie down.
For to go to east alone is
In its senses when only when on the path.
My body is congealed from way back when,
And frost is up on its brow,
a relegated man.
I burnt the bush to chalk a flame;
And, nameless on a tongue, my heart is tame
In time to wondrous glory singing;
Must I explain this self its loss its gain?
Rather write in safety seated on the moss
And no forms approaching.

I would define

I would define myself by saying
Freedom is not of gain and saying,
But how to describe and form the wind,
how to free the known:
How to take a book
And have it overthrown!
By violence rendering
each town
To have it left unknown.
Then riding on my primal will

to wake up
        to the stillness
and dancing, there in sight,
until sightless ones between
a veil of light
I make my life.

I have left myself
        on many a visit
Between the trees where signs the sun
and when returned was asked
        “what is it”
That fires the self to be dead and gone?
To this a reply seemed inconsistent
With what we had journeyed hours for.
And so we sat and were content
To pray to be the reddest flower.

And other coves

That we’ve been measured for a box
        bothers some,
But if this space be wider than my heart
I take a breath in deep for none
Is deeper than the lungs of God!
And so an exist through it all appears
In such anticipation as only being
        near can bring;
I, as two chords on a swing
        we dared to soar.
That feeling has again returned.
And yet no seat nor chord in sight

        as thick as vines.
But on waking to a breeze thick in sent
I woke to a purpose hidden
In pails to fill and such repose

that undulating waves fill a cove
that dieth not:
And other coves stretching down a line
to no end and all life:
These loves are self defined.

A great denial

A great Denial is in force,
It's struck the center tomb,
The self has made of self a coarse
In its own destination.
I am soon, soon to be nectar.

I am west

I am west of where I once was
We are east of all seasons,
Am south of every town of ice
And north of scalding reason
Where I stood before my shadow lies;
Call me in another clime
My answer always " He is mine".
This red sunset I'll compare
(we take and lose as Lot his wife)
And scribble crosses down the sky
Then hang them on my dotard share
Wherein a significant ally dares
Between the after and before
Aside the rage and roaring limb
Before features of compassion
A new fawn.

In a Dream

In a dream of five pence, my worth was known,
Between the fire and the logs I am
one of the town.

A change

While moving in a path of light
A voice broke through
and spoke and claimed
To be my own. Elucidated,
A change wrapped in constancy
Came in like a weight of silk.

While Moving

The shinning was decreed.
Rented was the sky you must have seen.
And half dappled was my lie
A smoke profane and cured
Curled the men of earth
And proclaimed the Second
Coming of Christ.
Born was the new born sky,
Bathed came the angels
To announce the Mighty,
The Compassionate One.
The smoke that vented
Was denied not a single light
And hollow reeds were
Solid in their singing.

Hats of Fog

Hats of fog drifted in,
Sitting on the bay;
A Millennium was
Certainly beginning.
All excuses, all endings
Pertinent and perennial
Stopped not the push
The Mother and the Soul
Drove to end the last term;
This giant whale of time.
And as I stood where it was ending
I saw bounties ceaseless descending
And men held down their hands.

Composed to Scatter

We take a fountain with us,
Though it be a drop;
It amounts and gathers.
We are waiting but not silent,
We curse our sounds aware,
Straining from a wronged mountain.
Yet our faces speak
An unabridged creation
Composed to scatter.

We Take a Fountain

We came a long way for the
        sour down horse drawn mountain
Delimiting the control felt
        in fields that play
And, springing towards heaven

Gained the working weight
our shoulders felt.
At times to play, at times
the need to rest and say
I love you
I come back in prayer
foreordained
and at first frost inside
and then let out we laugh
and shake the near by world
Better than we know;
I came to see some old friends.

And in that Day

Now what is in the heart of ventures
Is in my heart. Reaching to
perfect perpetuity, lingering with all,
Not wanting its own: " I can
love you
purer in a polished way, a courtesy
to smooth ripples in a red stone pipe;
and pondering it turns away from what
it has to what is given by a loving Lord."

I speak from my heart
When I say I must sign anything
With the year two thousand black ink.
Am I alive in this day of ages?
The year fear and trembling
Is to overtake us? Even before
Its arrival I quake and cry silently
At the sheer scope of my poverty.
The Nations are also shaking
with night chills
And in the day they wear a face
For this is the Day that is on us

before the year
The glory of this Day was not rehearsed
beneath the sun nor moon.

Its Distance

What others are nearer
To stars left unattended?
The stars light light follows,
Its distance is unimportance.
A grain of sand sees its light;
I can tell you only what
I have been told:
Every thing else does not exist.
And even what is told
Is an unattended chart
With no bearings
Longitudes are not sight
Nor latitudes their mates.

I testify that divine favor
Comes by way of mystery,
And mystery comes by way
Of servants being refined.
The rest plucks at the heart.

Yet Who Saw

When Jesus sent out his disciples in every Revelation did he not speak the same words? How can God be different from God? The Bab's clearing the sky was an ardent messenger religions tumbled Aristocracies sank their knife into the alter. Yet he shredded the sky strewn like so many broken titles. The iron Will coats again the clay of man: but David's seat of favor is not overthrown by any other than His Own self who

etched the crown into oblivion, then raised it anew
with no more than Goliath's feather in an ancient land
led and toppled.
When Christ sent them out to investigate the
twelve signs and stages of man He bade them cast
aside the bolts and rings and speak to the fire uncon-
suming in hearts before the hearts were burned to ash.
"Ye are the salt of the earth" He told them, spilling
new wine over the land he made to fit in our remem-
brance not His. St.Matthew grinned with signs to
spread abroad; but the seed of these were pursued
in real estate in the actual earth and so all went up
in puffs of dandelion seed.

The Shield of the Lesser Peace

The shield has worn it last rumor;
On the hands of outstretched arms
Soldiers grim in teeth and death
Move forward in the vast undertaking
of making peace.

Just as light

Just as light began to break
The sky, with a bright shot of red,
Brought out the magnificent thought:
The deer were crossing the river
And so were the bear in equal strides
` and pirouettes
Delight inundating the places
We met the fragrance lingered eternally
Even our memory: how much more, then.

March-May 1997

The day wants

The day wants to end,
Living moist in thick life
Ready to breathe softness
Through unto hollow brass
Forged in its own way.
In a stream under these
thin trees
I savor the gold ecstasy
And leave its warmth
Like an old naked man
Setting fire to his house.
While asleep on moss
How I love to turn to
your Words
I read them once blind.
I thought I found them;
What amounted to.
A horse drawn by a race,
A race and rage not in such pure fields.
I dare not think my name in your house
When the servants are busy in every
direction.

A common man

A power so strong
Its sting with virtue
Shadows the sainted tombs
In each back yard.
Stay away if you are not there
Nor can turn your head
And walk away, clean.
As the ocean of love

Spreads its calm
To sequestered homes
A common man—a king—
Would do no better.
Are kings and queens
Smitten by night's weight
Yet estranged not
Lest your inner marrow melt.

The edge

The edge is always near;
A dull sound tempered
By repetition and consistency.
I want to cry and, giving
Up my ghost of self
That lugs a heavy shadow home,
Return once more to my ocean.

It is so hard to reach his endless Sea
When a genetic war seizes my heart
With anger and contempt. Classical
Strides to be free are of no avail.
A waking voice curses the damned,
Then a calm wave of 'judge not'
Soothes a troubled man. Is it that
I am cursed both first and last
And suffer greatly that I can't go home?
I have not told you much of these days;
Of sadness that can only last moments
that seem eternal.
Death would be preferable (if not for life)
But I am commanded to wait and be
Victorious over my foes: King David
Will set a vast table for mine enemies
And make them eat of such peace
They will forget; Solomon will likewise

Hold a feast and Himself place aloe
On my mental wounds and fair angels,
Wingless warriors, will close my soars.
Christ will be there and touch my
Forehead with his salve and erase
The hosts of history my family fell to.
Salam, peace.

How then

How then can my own heart be still?
I ask you that and this with reasons
forged in steel.
In blood I ask you is it myself I ask
Was there not a third Husayn: a Herald,
So it be! But what a cloak
To cover up His reign;
Ten thousand years He spoke
With the softest voice
To quake and gently rock the earth.
I am crushed without a hint of pressure.
I am old without a line in my face,
The bucket has long been dry in the well,
Then why do you drink there still?

In light

In light is deliverance from sin,
Nor will you burn in the light.
I visit my deeds and pray on them;
They are neither good nor bad deeds
But in God's hands and are known.
Each day I send my deeds through
A phoenix rising and descending.

And now peace is firmly here
And half a heart is gone;
It can not be reclaimed
Nor would we chose it done.
Reunited? It is our perfect aim
(not here, not here, not here)
Yet only when the other half
        is gone
(though we talk in an ancient tongue)
With burnt shards, the nucleus of rain drops,
Does the soul return.

Does liberty?

Does Liberty, stepping, weary,
A faded path for glory.
The spirit animal gathered
At excess in the place of God.
Oh Liberty, farewell your
        chosen wine
For his Return snapped
        your wiry vine
That flourished chasing sun
        and moon
And set our hearts to steal
        for fun
The pleasure of the land.

Of other stories

Of other stories in haste to the farm
Of a golden fleece saddled to the horse
Exiled to realm after realm filled with
Princes and power to crush daises
Under clouds darkened by their foul breath.
Hit after hit came the blows to the trees

Yellow alder crowns by axe blades
Blue Junipers crown the sky
        with a plethora of wax
Dug deep through bark and meat
Sap flowing up streets golden black
The noses of the angry men and women
Listing from side to side
Anticipating slaughter and strong wine.

Like Salt

I give my heart to the world
        and in return
The sound of coral clinking
And clay baked the color of pearls;
Vastness itself shrivels
Like salt being poured.
Palm trees touched by shrill whales
that settled north by north east;
Many scenes, each to each
Intoxicating my little world;
Many scenes stretching
Endless joy with wit that
Won't bite. Rolling waves
Crashing so tender
It heals, each scene more
Loving, more heart warming,
A line a scar, tears running
With the elk, seeing their eyes.
The days of my youth are spent
But not wasted like I had thought.
A two headed seed opens and
I witness the Second Coming
And remember the First;
A two headed bird summoned me.

His

His was the innocent prophecy.

I have

If I have smudged my face with ash
of black coal shining
Delightfully beneath pure clouds
It is for honor: no, a single breath
That we may be worthy.
Every time you ask me more
My spirit contracts and desires
To hide deeper than its humor;
Each word must be prayed for
For forgiveness is forthcoming
And wraps itself around a mighty
staff
That my guilt may be drowned
To where sand flows
And is remade in the image
of better days.

And finally

Hills have lost my voice:
Then heard it popping up
In color in the grass
And I finally knew my
Words were sewn.
I sing and yell more now,
I howl and bark at the moon
The way I was taught.
An owl once told me how.
I sing the Cause and yell

its name
And know somewhere
flowers rise.
My faith has also turned
And faced itself and all
Its echoes congregate
When I am home.

I came into the light and remembered
Impetuously casting so many nets
Cast in shimmering, darting memory.
I crash and prance through it.
Soft sleeping wakefulness
Rises to meet itself,
So many teach
Constant intuitive reason
But in these words there is naught
but spring in season.
A Lord Who is friend walks and eats.

I can not help but talk about how high
A glass is filled in another world.
When a lowness spreads its toes
And looks at beauty swaying.
Smell the field it's in!
It's fragrance is diffused
Like where we talked and when.

Went west for a bird

Went west for a bird to wash ashore,
I waited with such grace allowed.
Content with less yet craving more
I stood by the shore and the wood.
A special bird I thought and mused
Yet knowing the end would be.
I considered the consequence of my stay

But hoped for a parcels weight
From the sea.
I mused
Laughing hideously loud.

Of all the winds

Of all the winds today
My spirit finds its host
And wanders with it up
And down in deep space
Trickling down the endless
Coast. Leaves play;
Some are fixed and others
Moving. Still to me
They need not prove their stay.
I am with them and we move.

The rose was fresh
When the day parted,
Crickets and song reverberate
When the last rose departed.

Oh what dawn will taste vermilion,
Vapor the size of better days
Reaching past the sighs of slander
Breaking on waves in the middle
of a sea.
No time to explain the redness
of your cheeks,
Nor the foul weather walking.
When we were smaller than
Gray shingles roof to roof
I looked and noticed these reasons;
So ask me what I saw
When nailed to the cross beam:
I saw the truth trimming,

Filling my sails!
Happiness is a great deed!

I found

I found a prayer
That told me to attain
To light in many halves
And twin secrets cuddled
With life and me
Dumbfounded can not
Believe a gift so beyond
A tree so high, a house
By a craftsmen willed
In a mountain rock and crag.

I found a prayer that told me,
To the salvation of my life,
That one can meet God.

Oh one forsaken

Oh one forsaken amidst the brambles,
Swaying so as to persuade and teach the love
As cities evaporate and come forth.
To be manned by one adrift the grind of bark
On bark in wind squalling. What time is sealed
That such a gale cannot reveal its aftermath
of zeal anchored.

Far further

Not a lame pasture flooded;
There must be eyes looking; must be
Eyes looking far down river

Far farther than our Grandparents
Muddy swimming hole
Or the time it takes nautical paint
To bind man to ship, and ship to sea.

God's mercy

A thousand demons wait vigorously
To pull me under like the times
The waves and me a small boy;
I could not get to shore and deeply
Judged my fears were ending.
But it was just the sea and my soul.
God's mercy doesn't work that way;
I was an innocent babe
And not sinned at birth;
But who, indeed has been given the right
To interpret His verses? Names are named.

He'll find me

I promise to write to flood the earth
And cram the seas with words of praise
to foster the wind, the light, the dew
Within an unspoken wreath

He'll find me when I go astray
Like a callow Sweeney on a vine
Where grapes of cluster mellow now
And bash the edge of time.

I take food

I'll take food from anywhere,
Devouring pelicans landed on whales,

Mountains, glaciers dripping,
Clouds and their havens;
They pass through list on list
A beginning never passed
by pens but only desired.

My life is far away
Further than a host
Teeming. The sky is clear today
And gives new hope to meaning;
You must hear the sound
To make them viable
And take the food there.

As I gaze

As I gaze on the Immaculate
Wonder seeps through my door
And a pair of bright eyes
Are tumultuously turned down;
What a better way to lose one's mind.

To Anna Akmatova:
Morning Thunder

Be gone until the morning thunder.
Is crimson your color?
With blue and green and sounds
That look the same. I am sitting
In such beauty and it never moves.
An un-moveable mass states
A thing so rich, so beautiful.
There is nothing to repair;

An unbroken chain of leaf and limb
Of Hummingbird and chrysanthemum?
The Buffalo prophets say, ‘Put down your gun”
And wakeful with all that wakes
Put down your gun in formless shapes
And let the thunder in,
The time between the flash and boom
awake!
Remorse can’t shed its face at night
Nor can a fallen star take flight.
I mean to canter well to thee
And may my life be for yours.

What fortitude is there in moss
gone brown?
To end, to end this endless sleep
Not swords nor ‘thee’ and ‘thou’
But turning to the Father. Now
Is He who is our saving grace
Stepped ashore in paradise?
Can I be so bold to ask
What other one could take to task
What other than all prophets true!
If one be lost, I’ll begin over.

Whatever is clear

Where ever is tomorrow ringing clear
The bells of fancy don’t go.
In your own is the place on that day,
In your arms carry it well
for we only pass once
through the light
It is it isn’t doesn’t matter.
How to construct a perfect day
Do not rue your fancy gone
Gone to where you can’t ever
With fierce force enter.

The brick

Beating the bush they sought freedom.
In the course of life speeding bye
Each turn they paused, and, braking
Open wine and cask they poured
Its splendor over everything;
In the breadth of field and wall
The brick was made from salmon beds
And each house remembers its way.

The Moth

I would talk of many things,
        of comings and goings,
Of contentedness I seek
        your highest appellate,
What is and isn't is a speck.
The moth is in my room.
There is also the freedom of birds
        eating tiny pebbles,
The talking of crow to crow,
The paucity of watered sadness in sand,
The beauty of matrimony blooming.

Does it bother you to say goodbye?
Don't ask the question.
My brother's tree was planted yesterday,
With it went the buried, the scream
Went up the air. The leaves that followed,
Lying fallow stayed the rest.
A callow appeal that rents some time
Then drops to heaven to catch her wing
Of deep black eyed words.

The sound of wind that rocks the night
Stones me blind with flares, and me
Holding a white blanket and looking
Like a luminous burro on a night trail.
There is neither spire nor floral height
To track its coming sound.

The silk thread
the weight of life.
I saw a house rising
the frames were square
With perfect front and back and sides,
Its roof was turned. One man felt its
weight
When the light hit the eagle
in the gravel.

A white pine

A swan's indebtedness to a pile of thread
Crossed and recrossed
Subjugated it was and subjected to itself,
White feathers
Large and longer than a nation's dream
Bound to beauty,
to continuity
Eternal, demanding, and simple.

Horizontal rain sought the Island.
Dumbfounded it railed against a tree,
A white pine who knew its coming.
And growing like the pulse of rhyme
The angel in God's hand
Bent to its pace,
Dreaming before a wind this force.
A yellow maple leaf in spring
Granted its place it was otherwise

Dropped, a fatal breach, its own
was saved
And shades of red adorned its fringe
As it danced and, swallowed by a voice,
Was greeted by the others there.

At the soul

Down the path led,
Sand packing underfoot
That softens to morning dew.
If mercy met here not,
Then I am done for.

Please take this cup as immortals
And at the first sip come this way.
Please take this cup;
All directions are united.

I will hereby my life
Its transient toll
And spines that stab
At the fettered soul.

I stand within
And say eternity.
Obsession wanes
Through symmetry,

The force of nature
Is upon us,
An awesome fate
For leaves aghast
Their wind has blown
And falls upon us.
I walk where they say
Jesus walked and died

Then north to field
The second tide.

To Emily Dickinson

I ate a leaf and
called it oak,
It sprouted in me
Faith and hope,
I tasted of the world
that dies
It grew upon me haste
and lies,
I tasted of my own
sweet soul
And turned my back on
all I knew
I tasted once again
a leaf
Its trueness and
exact surprise
And pondered on
the life of death
And in my mouth
it tasted sweet,
I saw my slender
gaited fate
And there the Queen of death
Did wait.
So much spent and gained.

My wife is calling

My wife is calling;
My grandparents with
every wave

Are calling.
My soul and my parent's souls
Are burning their names
Into a tree;
Elders are named there,
Young children are named there,

A heart's closest friend
Is named there
And my burdens
Pass quickly downward
Through fern roots
And vanish.

When a Peacock

When a peacock flies
        none dare witness
A thousand eyes in rapture
                sent
From moon to moon
(Faster than an eagle's
                plunge)
Its plumage burns not
Nor is her fire put out
Standing on the third moon
Full face to the sun.
Its light is cooling
And our minds dumb.

I once

I once knew a man who died in great glory.

The quiet

The quiet whisper now
Revealed subject to its oath,
A letter sealed,
A hush of martyr's hurry
On the bay the daisy field
Laps the bay and cove.
The stones and waves
There try to leap
And collect a multitude.

Last upon

Last upon the matrix
Stood what one could only
Ponder with awe and dreaded
Love. It was deadly to approach
As if one stood in her own sphere
While death was meted out
According to that very same
countenance.
Would you call a star the
Sun that's in your sky,
Would you seek shelter
When God is passing bye?

Death will not sleep

Death will not sleep with you tonight,
She is there, though, in every light.
Every time lips close, the opening of day,
She is your comforter, your stay.
She is your joy, your sky, your dark ensemble,
One to go to when life is too charming.
Ensconced in sleep where the tongue is foreign,

To make a sound and breathe within the ocean.
For breathe you did, being born one shining moon,
(Its harder to breath from where I stand)
Is joy the air on that wilting shore?
Let us die and breath a laughter known;
We may get lost in that peaceful town.
Then who can state this theme, save death?

He left

He left his domicile blanketed
By track and what and wool
Leaving liberally what divinity could spare
And left Paradise on the sixty third year.
He left His domicile blanketed
By white and track and each touch
Cracking kingdoms of the world.
Divinity could spare the morn,
On the day the earth was born.

Someday will I have a horse?

Someday will I have a horse
To take me places none can see;
When asleep and when awake
The horse will ready by me stand
And take flight at a faint whisper
When Grief in near with voice too close,
First Power rages to the sound of keys
Playing on the bones of simple
melodies;
A different kind of green advances.

I love a noble person

I love a noble person,
One who gracefully bows down.
The world has never been void
Of this fair creature;
I will meet you
At the cul-de-sac.

I love a late Spring day
When almost raining, it
Colors the land with nobility.

On a blazing rock

Out on a blazing rock
A home was found
for a rock bearer;
Put out in the sea
a captain finds rest.
Once there he can not leave.
Out in the ocean a green nest,
An Anchored mark in shade
Shows when creation was made;
I am a rock bearer,
I am a captain set free
I am a green mark bound
by the sea.
Hold a woman so dear
That the man by the shore
Can hear the seagulls cry;
they ask for more.
To the ships every year
Go the wind and the wash,
A tongue tempered. God
Can hear the waves crash.
Oh, how I miss the bold!

I spread my heart

I spread my heart
on the land,
Thick as honey it stays.
And, never ending,
I spread more of my heart
on the land
And all creatures
taste and salute.
Though my heart be spread
in every clime
I am none the less
Though my heart be buried
and stampeded on
I am none the less.

The leaves

The leaves that were brown are Spring green,
I fought for them to be so.
The leaves that are, are that way.
I mend my shoes and wait for
the Pulling Tree.

I am crazed

I am crazed with words,
And tears that can deck soldiers.
Long ago and today they are dammed by thee
Into spelling my heart…spilling wine.
Notwithstanding the crime of innocence,
It burns my mind until, of a sudden, cascading
Drops of a substance that can not be described vanish.

There is time for every Spring shower. It is
October and November is impatient. Twin
Holy months but my blue ships are dry,
I must again be satisfied. Epic poems
Lie dry as bones pecked on an epitome
Speaking of my soul.

The running of a ship aground is all I sought.
I turn from green to red then brown and fall
Ashore on top of pyramids weeping in the sand,
And waking traverse a myriad grains
And come unto a land, a designated spot
Immovable and not a flower underfoot save
Haifa the turned and, bowing to the North,
She prayed and stunned the men and maidens
Who had waited and found an exclusive hope.
The station of leaves blowing against the sky -
All different colors against the prussian blue sky.
They sit in bird feeders, in corners, against walls
Against houses, churches, sign posts and temples,
Drinking their fast when their souls arise.

The station of leaves in soft flexible content,
It means more than we need for our food.
Holding on and letting go like the wind in a flood,
They each come in, every leaf to witness
To green and red, yellow and orange, deep violet
In final memories they wither to be reborn.
The young oak stands as a big temple but its
Leaves are broader than an outstretched hand.
Stories of leaves are endless; few remember them.

And the wind blows

When God talks the hair
On the heads lies down
And trembles;

And the wind blows through
Singing and lifting.
There are no morals
To place on the road
As an offering;
God has let us speak
These names out of bounty.
The clouds before us are heavy,
They are thick enough to
Hang a name on, and names
Are cloven there.

December, a day of books

I have to go astray myself
Jumping past a street
Where books on all sides
Stand and in their stance
A fragrance filters out
Sending its healing sound,
Glaring out into a space
That measures half its height
And twice its depth
Yet never ending.
A page is turned and still
They all read naught
And one among them
Shone truth brightly
That every other one
Casts a shadow and in
Those shadows marched
And danced a new world.

I want to go

I want to go and ripen time,
I wasn't to go, but the ripe pumpkins
Are on the fence,
Lilacs are drowsy, their purples
And blues dreamt over and under my bed.

I grow impatient yet the frost
Is on the heave and Geese are
leaving:
Leave no mistake!
The daffodil is on the hurry
And their color is brighter than
Light that moves so peacefully
Through. Seasons merge
And my chance of chances dies,
The cannons have been shot,
The 750 riffles have been
Shot twice, the Lord ascended,
His throne is from place to place
After a fashion of his Own making;
The Lord has always wont to suffer
In His own ways has he suffered.
I still grow, virgin berries
Are falling, berries that only
A baptized tongue can taste
and love.
Fruit of all kinds are falling
And the trees in great mass move to the sea
To drop their fruit and none knows the time.
No one can until the time when the hands
And arms won’t move. I am reminded
Of a verse unwritten, am perished unsung,
Am blinded by a force so smitten
That all my love starts over.

The wind is stronger

The wind is stronger than my shoes,
It opens doors and hinges the way
Fate went through Hamlet. No man is an
Obstacle however grand and sprawling.

What comes out is a matter
Disclosed to few who wreak havoc
On their way of following truthfully.
The “many” with great strength are silly
Against such a force
That breaks and breaks the bond!
No such test was ever done.
Now I am content
To live - to escape
To the freedom
Of laws that measure Paradise.
Would that Baha’u’llah…

Oh would that Baha’u’llah was here
And with a lifting in his Eyes
Command me grab that sword
And take His head from his shoulders!
What greater deed; to be the one who,
At God’s command, freed the Lord
From all cold hearts and mouths
Though he collected such insults
With a collectors diligence.
The glares the blows sustained!
No doubt one fell blow would do;
I would make my Lord happy in this world.
Or mine own head on a plate.
It does not suffice to fill my former cup,
Though rich blood from this act, Hush.....
I should be happy with table scraps
Though the Lord has proved His promise
To fill the canyons. Feast upon feast

Until my armored self is wasted away
And I defend the poor in his
House of Justice.

There is more

There is more in the world today.
Have you noticed? More of the other?
Every single thing, flaring atoms
In perpetuity, has its distinctive
Character much more than long ago.
And observe the silence given:
Marriage infused through and in
The race of constant energy.
Hail stones, ravaging snow, split wind
Dusting to blind my eyes have seen
His Glory
Sitting like a kingly being on the rim
Of all he made. I write this down
To bring it home, I am a man and
am unknown.

To name the name

A woman beholden to none.
To speak her name is to hear charity
in your voice,
Her sword a tangent in her foe's mind
(All her enemies were slain.)
Upon the same yet different field
Her name defiled by not a word.
If my words have hurt you,
I am the one in pain.

Forgotten

Forgotten memories locked the door
Dripping like the amethyst I wore.
Before the time I, crazed, released
My life willingly under no duress.
Everything needs water on the way.
Blue joy in a green vase bouncing
in my grandfathers footsteps
Somehow brought me there.
To never betray is my strength,
It is made of where I go and sewn
Politely with the grace of comets
Trailing in their own vortex.
And to delete the wind is over ridden
By a fierce and scarce economy
of life.

In the hollow

In the hollow of a tree a life before was found,
Poetic justice is always near, mightier than you,
And finer than a quill. In comfort it woke
and looked around;
From joy is was crying yet happy was safe
As the feathers began falling on the crowd below.

I consider

I consider and reconsider, that each is new
And a plausible twin hangs down its flowers
Growing and dripping in tune to a willow wand,
Marble tablets of an out and out Plan,
Of periwinkles gripping fluent sound
And flinging itself on imperishable stone.

There is a book you should read,
It stands where you started, it is ever new
And in need of sustenance big as a man's head.
Delicious existence. I will tell me where
I stand
And you yours. Death is far from us
And is happy there and bids us well.

The world was born

Backed with axes, spades and hammers
They lauded their opinion over and over
Felling twenty thousand trees distressed
On and over lake and land, bland cathedrals
Spire in the clouds on Lilly ponds
The relatives of Remnants torn
Were given birth: the world was born.

In such

In such a state of sin and knowing so,
Confessing alone to God what God
alone knows
This ecstasy I'm in. My own knowledge
Being hence forgotten and what I may
Or may not say to you is like being
Burnt to thick coal dust
That is drawn on every brick building
The picture of the remnants of my soul.

God's own

Mother of children, Lord of waxing souls.

Once I breathed

Once I breathed it was impossible
to stop the thunder;
I was outside when the first rain fell
And took me home. It was just
Beginning to rain inside when
the thunder came again
And in a moment I was unmade
And in another remade
in mind and will,
In heart and sinew
One of Adams cells.
There is a thought, a way to look
Perturbed at God;
through wire screen I sing.

It is clear

It is clear and evident that a
Hosts of parasites, repeated
In a drama through history,
Have eaten the souls of men.

On a whim

On a whim there's more to balancing a man,
Though I thought he appeared in blue fire,
Which is perfectly balanced.
My pain is perfect. As light it turned and
let me in

To resurrect my touched and leathered mind
That rides so that each day I learn anew
That God has been. I am a crippled man,
Wingless drought of wine caressing
An indolent line lumbering up a hill.

And shells surround

I make a rattle from my birth chord
Shells surrounding its life.
Tired by a lost light
That once lit the way
To dot the night
And found a way and off we went.
There are many beautiful names
To say, such beauty to see
A book attached to rose petals
Suffices only to increase
The lover's pain-
The inherent love.
My book is now past done.
I will go out in the rain and
Stand climb a tree in a grove
Immaculate; birds delight
And salt or none take flight
To circle, circle through
To where the green and blue
Evaporate.
A life of back and forth and
To the store to stock against
A Fall's strong wind.
Our neighborhood is visited:
Lightening through a rainbow
Disguised. It walks…it walks.

My company has parted ways.
Through the night we tried to find

Where the owl is incarcerated,
Then free to hoot it rests its head.
I have gone to find them
Lost down a road that wanders
In the town that welcomes
With a clause a beggars pleas;
Have they gone to where the salmon go?
Through the falling, through the leaves
Leaping their now dammed existence,
Or have they made a camp by some
Old tree, to sleep there for an age
And made a pact with
All the waves to court out loud
The night, their numbers from
Each beginning through the
March of forty waves
And each pilgrim down.

The timing of this requires solid
Proof, and limbs to hold on to.
Something taken on a journey can
Aid, perhaps a little, in staying
The Loved Ones call; beckoned
Today or beckoned tomorrow
The clamor was raised from
The river and, misty eyed,
        we returned.

A stellar camp, new and
Wondrous eyes configure
The parameter to dense fog
Each night until we, sagging
Home the sacred reed
Hear the music and eat their food.
Words combined and leaving fade
With new words carved in jade.
Their father comes, their mother

Incites the latitude of faith
And comes to them to sing another.

After the apocalypse we can
All meet at the river junction,
The meeting of many waters.
There on the other side we'll
Wash on the beech and there
The snake will cross our path
And in the sand coil and recoil.
But all this we welcome.
There peace will float down
The river and white clouds
Hover just above our heads
But clearing for our eyes.
I want to be powerful
Until then and after then;
It will be hard to get used
To peace; the crows I know like teach
me more about peace than my own words.
Their feathers expand and collapse
And know the meaning of the cross;
This peace will be forever
And what is left over from the chaos…
That too will heal and be healed;
I want to touch that place
And leave an invisible mark;
A blue finger print to fill
With all the waters of the earth
And eat the corn without husking them;
I will consume the earth and peace
Will flow through every vein.
What will this earth peace be like
This peace that Jesus Christ spoke of;
Not of the flesh of lamb and lion,
Not the rod of iron on a family's skin

Nor the skin of wine to put his blood in;
No seat whereat to rule a dominion
groveling,
Not State to wage and wage not against
Nor church to suffer under:
An act of war in places, in places
That need psalms of love alone;
I bid you hear and be well.

Of numbness a mile counter clicking on,
an angel will tell;
It is good to be so when ecstasy comes.
Wave after wave of unutterable serenity
Proving to the end that the beginning and
the end are twins.

When they come together and you see God
Then are ˇwe created in the image of God;
But there is no God to see if eyes sense only
the end
Or strain the beginning.

A place he took to leave his all
Was further then his sight allowed,
When Christ walked bye his eyes
were red from looking
Had I been shot in a war between my heart
Soul strength would be given me ten fold;
I would cherish the cherry colored blood
And keep it dried in a box with seared oil
To keep it lit like a storm in another time
that is ours now.
A place to leave his all was further
Than his sight when Christ the Lord went bye
His eyes were blind from looking on with pale
And thin sheets of rain watering on and on
So voraciously that such a wind could uproot
The very hair its roots plucked like Romeo

May have plucked his eye lashes and Juliet hers;
I speak of rain and its violence but it is soft
And delightful in its rage,
Though little I have lived speaks with lips
as if it were a stage.
The ones I look for are there and content;
Spindly thread in space drifts to touch
A solid head and telegraph a note of "No more,
enough, no more"
President will rally the call levitated in
A Continent replete with potency for peace;
The ones I look for are coming and some are here.
And for the cheer for terminating the arm of false death
We will all breath deep and say," It has come, let us go."
It is here with no news of war between;
The other side of the millennium is already filled
With deeds the size of sweet plump apples
Of rarefied pasture's life linked from thumb to thumb.
Countless bodies rolling, butterflies tied to the
Souls of the dead who have lived for peace
And found there faith un-shattered at the grave.

But what of it if truth flashes for an eternity;
Who will argue when happiness resides in
All the residual limbs filled to the filling.
Your neighbor is known, the foreigner is known,
The stranger under the 8bridge is known;
And who is a stranger in this day?
Who can cry the right tears for this great Day?
A day the rains fell and rivers broke their banks.
Who can cry the right tears for this Day?
He who drank the oceans and the seas
Then poured out new waters from a silver vase
Into the palms of transient dust. My tears are
In the rivers and someday I pray will end
In such a vase where I can yield to large waters.

Oh where

A horse is lifting up: sacred things in a suitcase
Travel to a far off home in motion steadfast.
Winter comes and the seeds of apples fall
from their trees;
Oh where is the personality of the Hidden One,
The lovers eyes are dry from heat
But they rain their tears in all seasons,
Oh where does the person of the Hidden go?
To mention the places is to
Claim to be God; so where, then,
And where is its personality?
I could answer better all wisdom
And science on scrolls that blanket the stars;
We turn our heads and make noises like
Children not to hear. You are wise
For my riddles condemn my estate
And banish my soul.

If you want

When the blue path radiates its all and floats
As if in air I walk differently and pine sap
Sticks to my teeth as I chew my family tree.
If you want them to or not they condescend not
And expand at the gaze of a mighty Will.
I fought 'till my blood thickened and flowed
In cascades where cascades sound like
Scintillating drums that birthed a calf
And the glaciers were at a loss.
But to count the hidden would corrupt a man's
Natural vanity, which is a good thing;
His anger and birthright to anger
Would jump from fern to fern and melt all
The guilt crying in a salty stew.

And went and went

I saw a key had opened the door
as I looked on,
And went and went to visit friends
To where the hearts lie down and trees
Pass time from leaf to leaf
The gentle ladybug its unity
Dreamed before and after.
I must say goodbye and
Write in forms unspeakable.

There is a saying

There is a saying in the Forrest
Amongst the ghost trees
Bent to the edge to hear the talk;
They would crawl if roots were legs;
The blue of their bodies in the pine is fair;
The names they seek are proofs
Of What they say were known to men,
The white in their bodies is luminous
And carries a weight to mark.
I am old and feel old,
I am young and feel young,
I am white and I am blue
As my parents and their parents were.
These beautiful forces are at work
They take great time, and then talk.

When there is a chance
The trees grow to solemn groups
All with connecting roots.

Their noble lineage forms
In great masses of every green:
It is religious; and the murmur of
dragon flies.

Gone a year

Paradise is gone a year
And all life is ground
To purify a parting of a martyr's hair
A mighty bridge whose precipice
is rising;
And all the birds are fledglings,
The might of Moses' town is burning,
The burning bush is sacred ash
And all people cling now to the Pulling Tree.

A Sparrow's Dream

Part One

You have heard of Galilee settled like camels,
Its mountains aglow with crosses,
With piers on its southern shores
And men eating the souls of men:
Of reed baskets
With meals afloat for the
bellies of tyrants.
With stomachs crying from leaf and branch,
With needles burning and no loss
Gripped in the beaks of black ravens divine,
A heard, a stampede of wings to bear
To the hands of dreamers and dreamers'
daughters
And dreamers' sons the same fire;
A command to volunteer their very all
And when the day is done awaken.

I am not awake

I grieve at the loss of my house,
of the houses I still walk in.
I am not awake to see God (as I should)
I am walking ever towards the houses
of my birth:
There I will wake and shine in every room.
Every wire, every pipe will spark and
play music.
Every deep well will forge a solid place
To live where I am in myself,

God will be in my house and
stand by my side.
I will cry and dance in the name
in my heart
A glowing and a shining will be in my heart
I can not rest until I wake,
can not rise 'till the houses are awake.

Stealers and bandits

Of old things I know not; I cast them away!
Scavengers they are!
Stealers and bandits confiscating life:
To remember what is with me I go!
To collect the hay and needle I go!
To shave the form of time I go!
I go to the market to remember
The Breakers of Dawn,
To scatter ash in the market
Over apples cast in sacks,
over grapes in plastic lace,
Over every fruit and every nut, every box
And can and side of meat:
Ash falling over all to remember.
When the market is closed or when the market
is open
They will not see a lucid form scattering ash.
I call Quddús and Husayn, the Solace of Eyes
again and again;
I call what is with me,
My friend from Maine who waits in waters,
Waiting in another realm
to take this fish and bring it to another place.
This heart is all that is left,

My outer limbs are gone,
I am a man blind to the dense thicket
My heart tender as a shoot of grain.

Ten thousand black birds

I walk where others have walked,
With footprints in front, a sign
To tell a bleeding soul where is heaven.
Ten thousand white birds pave the road
ahead of me
Ten thousand black birds are there
ahead of me,
They are friends and gently peck my feet
as I walk through.
I am a giant slug with birds on my back,
A noble creature with a yellow crown,
Dirt and stone my food
And every tree a new dawn;
To move unnoticed, to dance a butterflies dance
On shards of glass I go.

Eternities incense

To have been there! To have been there
When He smelled his first rose,
When eternity's incense graced that Dragon's nose.
To have built a house, a hovel or a hole,
A chair for Him to sit and rest his Soul,
A passing glance of his deep approval,
A crowd of men and women with a shovel.
To have been there I lament. I can not rest
Until my life is spent.

An earthquake

My heart has melted and felled my limbs,
It has calmed the furies - my new born sins.
An earthquake, ripe with juice and seed
Issues from the loins of every need;
An age is born.
And every mother and every father and every son
and every daughter are torn
From the words and deeds of every pier,
and set adrift.

From a cube

There is a place I hold as close my own.
A journey through every street and town
will not suffice to lift a single
Letter from a cube of Summer ice.
And so we go and bathe the streets along,
Through rock and sand, into the square
Where 313 martyrs took their shoes,
And eating leather, horse, and lace
Poured their wine on universal ground
and with a halter through their face
Were dragged to the jeers of Persian scum,
Were blown from cannons, yet thought
they touched the sun!

I cried today

Oh, I cried today. With tears far sweeter
than a Gaelic rose
I bathed my forehead and cast my shoes.

I leapt

I crossed yesterdays of a stone,
Have scourged all yesterdays to the bone
But, lo, they were gold and came up shining,
Came up like a chariot to the Lord.
I leapt from every waterfall,
Plunged every high mountain
        with mal-intent
Yet a strong but gentle instrument,
        a stringed wind,
Lifted me atop where I stood;
        stood and sang.

A Hammered Cross

To live where others died;
To cross the ocean on a latent tide,
A hammered cross to bear a sail,
A prophet with a water pail
Catching crimson rain from Jacob's coat,
Orion steers an east by northeast boat:
An iceberg moves towards new Jerusalem.
Laden with the sound of a screaming drum
Western mountains, white as the night horse,
Set an east by north-east course.
'Akká waits to tend the thaw,
Pilgrims kneel and hug the Mother Shore,
A hand, white from the bosom of God,
Raises a flower on the ocean sod.
They are home, and they is we;
Laughing with the Master in our hearts
We dance on top the sea
A thousand St. Peters, ten thousand Magdalenes.

Many Cordial Threads

Don't talk so drastically of fair obedience
Hanging from a loom,
So many cordial threads,
The voices say, don't weave your song of doom
But fall like plucked feathers
From an unknown hand
Or birds that hop and feed upon the land.
Dexterity commands a thousand voices
or a fallen foe;
Husayn's sword was to musket, tree and
spindly man
What scissors through a thread or woe.

I Wax

I have fallen through a liquid clear,
And every breath I breathe and take
As from a sparrow's dream,
Is speed to hasten to the other side
And drink a camphor stream.
But have I missed; oh have I missed
Bahá'u'lláh? Far greater
To have Him sit upon my couch
Than own a sparrow's dream;
Yet I wax and paint and mold
this plaster countenance
In hope that He might touch its brow:
I long to with Him dance.

Not done

I long for home.
So singed, so singed these once
formidable wings,

Wings that sped o'er crickets talk,
O'er painters brush and grasses tall,
Timothy and Queen Anne's Lace;
Once to once they soared and larked,
"Not done, not done describing
thistle and little pine,
of butter cups and butter cups
(and butter cups)
and shell and sweet pea vine."
So far, so far from my peninsula I burn,
And fan the fields to fire in their turn.

To a fine ash

How to hold this color
When love slays a troop of advances?
How can't Shíráz or Tabriz pray
When all the world is crumbled
To a fine ash to wear upon the brow.
A youth saw his lord through a crowd,
"We've been talking with him
above the common shroud"
He walks and his tears fall on
Bobbing heads floating on a sea,
A sea larger than the world or Galilee.

A Dry Tree

How can a lover face the Object
And turn away?
How can a live tree face the sun and not prosper?
Sixty times an hour I face the Most Great Prison
Where fleas outnumbered the waves:
Let us go thither to the bay

And wrap our self in their frenzy.
There is a face etched in the sun;
To glance, nay to stare
Is to blind ones eyes to all
save its eyes.
(His footsteps dance pipe-rings
Above the great Euphrates)

You named your Name

Oh Solace of Hearts! You named your Name.
Can one say from what quarter you came?
A place beyond an unknown place? There lies
A throne where kings and queens are found
Tiled on a royal floor. Happily there they dwell!
They suffer fondly every time His feet spell
Their distance from His throne and light
Upon their place and, finding them at home,
Will come again and deign perchance
Their humble square. I speak in shame
These thoughts; that others finding hence
Them etched in putrid blood may follow
And be found before the throne that stands
And stands and will not change nor barter
For a precious coin a changeless face.
Oh change will happen, with no debate fate falls,
His words - those hammers - mold us all.
Confess? Be better if not easier tell what deeds,
Worthily told, are related to his Name:
I can not tell of deeds as my sins ascend
On clouds of former shame.
Let them gather beneath a tree:
My sins and deeds will be sifted by a just hand.

Their souls hover

My hand is on a hill overlooking a valley
Thronged with people;
Their souls hover over an adjacent hill.
My hill wants to speak, to declare its soul
To all the other souls and all the hills
To cry out, to flatten their heights
So when the sky falls and birds rise
They will be lowly pastures sitting like kings.

Farther away

Skies are so gentle when they hang
Their arms down.
My brother's little hands grab them now.
Tommy is remembered there.
Farther away then the sound of the horn
        is an Island
Where we go to lift up like clouds.
Five leagues beyond five leagues
        is another place.
An Island is a flag -
Sustained pillars on the back of a living
Turtle shell.
A woman fetches water from a well
The musk of potatoes in her pocket
Fetched a dozen gulls,
All the time she spent went in the ground.
And is Tiberias done?
Have the farmers made their day?
Have the Islands off the Islands sped away?
The room was filled with people,
They knew my name,
They had been waiting beyond time
And were glad I came.

While fast asleep I fell

The words I make are with these things,
We have but trees and rocks and song
Simple and resolute. I remember freedom,
Everything else tells pain,
I remember waking to a wordless realm.
While fast asleep I fell,
No touch of iron there,
No brave Hercules to span time.
No mud. I wake and wake and watch
Myself asleep and turn and linger
More in hope of staying.
No concrete floors to tread, to break up
To find paradise.
No steel, no glass rising o'er the plain.
I wake again and, leaving mind and heart
And all I fly. His Presence draws me near.
No ember to deter my flight:
I seek your Face behind the light
Your smile is all the wealth I spend
To leave these bones behind;
Politics of earthly fall.
No need, no need contend
When every angel calls “to end”,
To end the world that turns you gray, “rejoice”
What paradox lost, delight
To see what is and what is naught.
I grab and hold a hem,
A fish upon a line and swim
And follow where.
Not to ask ‘which star’, there
Is no place you turn and not.
I try to speak, doves uncontrollably descend,
I walk on words
That take my former form as grace.
Will I talk to Prophets, to Agamemnon and kings?

I Cry and Cry

Often is my travels I have lost my sight,
Some up-bound hawk in an endless night.
Yet this dark has wings to spare
And a single breath that needs not air
Nor fire for its long corrosive quest.
A rust that burns the I and me from
my trinket chest.
How can this small heart decline
An etching from an Epoch's wrist!
I cry and cry and cry my times not done
Till some informal deed I've kissed
And marred into my soul
like hangman's glue.
Fix a box of torture for a sordid king?
To see his servants hanging 'fore a breeze,
Or perhaps a set of seven heads
Without the downward knees
I'll find within my prayers through night.
What bats and gargoyles are to fright
Wilt within my tethered sphere;
Can more be said about a lover and
this holy fear
That lifts a feather to such height?
He said it fine when decreed this dark is light!

It Begins with Paradise
Leaving Bagdad

Part Two

This second day of paradise, of recognition,
I stand as stalagmites stand with volition.

Of obedience I cough: pride's
splintered bone
Ejects from my gut as I atone.
What Ventriloquist of nightingales speech
Sings a galaxy of song from mountain
to the beech?
But the ninth day! Two wings reunite
to distinguish
As a river of future tears lowers.
Subdued by God, it raised its banks
for a woman's day of chorus:
The Greatest Holy Leaf and the Consort.

The silence that surrounds that day:
The Almighty cups a fledgling eagle
And sends it on its way.
To early yet for flight it flies;
Don't ask me why I say these things,
I am forbidden to not say them.

The 5th Day of Ridván

Look, huddled on the river ice:
If we walked to that place
Over snow and pine patches
Would the river wash its
Clothes for spring flight?
Huddled on the ice
Stand the dormant geese,
Huddled on the left
A concourse of Swan
Preening their down.
On the brink of the ice
And water they're on
They wait where the water
Is so clear it fools the oldest eye:
The depth of this day.

And the trumpet they call
Is an echo from Baghdad to Ridván
Across a mountain of stone;
From thence to Constantinople
It echoes there soon;
From Istanbul to Adirne,
From sea to flaming sea,
But still the lovers
Took the day and took their tea.

As the ninth day approaches my ears burn
Like scarlet tissue being torn:
An exile is imminent.
A revelation of such force
Stirs the mole's cold den,
And leaving house and home
He seeks the rising sun.

The Sixth Day of Ridván

I was asked to talk of God,
But my lips bent to the ground
Where they ate the dust like mad.
I was asked to speak of names
'Fore a crowd of snow and flames
And it made my heart so sad.

The Seventh Day of Ridván

I was asked to remonstrate
About a seed unknown
And the burden of the weight

Was like St. John's Revelation.
I was asked to kiss the sun
Or consume the brightest moon
And I cried to a loving God,
"I am but a man
  and if I talk of you this way
  I will most certainly die,
  or return too soon.

The Tenth Day of Ridván

They asked if I would tell
About a face that hides Its own
From paradise and hell;
I said, 'what you ask is akin,
(Yet I will abide your wish),
To an act that harbored sin.
So when I honor your request
and risk the serpent's kiss
please, someone let me in.

They asked if I would sing
About a word outside my own
(I'd claim my wedding ring),
" 'Tis easier to list the atoms
   within the universe
   then play one line
   or sing a single verse."

"Then, pray, to say a word or two
 About the second flight", they said,
"I'd easier praise a grain of sand,
Unless, of course, He held it in his Hand;
And then I'd give my soul and mind.

So I stood and spoke upon a pleasant sea,
My life was spared; speak not of me.

The Eleventh Day of Ridván

I was asked to speak of God
And my heart leapt so high:
A song, they say, is its own food
But to the lover food's a sigh.

I was brought before the throne,
A room with many chairs,
And before I could atone
My sins were shaved as hairs.

I stood before a crowd
Of queens and kings and more
And spoke his Name so loud
That ears in heaven soared.

Now I sit and sit and ponder
If these words were driven home
By a slew of unseen angels
To green pastures they can roam.

I want to love without these words,
My tongue grows long with travel,
"We must remember Iscariot"
As they stop like ghosts or hungry hoards
Before St. Collins gate
And under foot, before my Lord,
is terracotta shingle.

The Twelfth Day of Ridván

In the twelve days of Ridván
I have died and risen;
When He left my house behind
I gouged my eyes so I could find
Him.

I Am Home
Part Three

May 3rd, 1996

An emptiness as if a home
were burned
sits next to me.

I repeat: I missed the day,
I missed the Islands
that sailed away.

Gone for another year
the swan;

The whales I heard
under creation
are gone.

Gone for a day
or a thousand years
I feel alone.
I missed the time.

Born a hundred years
we can not reconcile

my large words
like large trees,
my small words
like seedlings
are not enough.

I Shivered

When I went rising
like a giant white bird
to the sun I was scared;
when a raven brought
a burning pine needle
and told me to bring it
to a certain place
where I was going
I shivered
with the cold of doubt
but went anyway.
Maybe death will
be this way: a shudder
opening with so much
coming in at once
there is a moment
that wants to grab
and physically hold
the world by the tail
just once before returning.
I hope, at that moment,
my hands are weak.

May 5th, 1996

An ecstasy
like a myriad mansions
filled with a taste

that has no remorse;

like so much joy
bubbling from
a woman's spring;

like so much laughter
the ceilings are blue
with stars;
to fall into a pool,
to graze with cows
on green words
and give milk
to parched lips;

to go where peacocks go,

to tame a tiger
in its own den;

these words are said
with love
and have
only sacred ash
from burning
wool and silk
worn with a fever
by a river Tigris
leaving a cave.

Crows that sing
and chant
are not the same
as the crows I knew;
I long for the people
who sound this way,
that fly in herds

and dot the sky
with joy.

It all starts gradually
then like daffodils,
like mice making
noise in the attic
the herons thaw,
trees drink deep
from their own memory
and alarm the woods
where we are dormant.

A hunter of stars

A white shirt walks through a black night,
A hunter of stars, he turns and laughs,

The One that made him of clay and silence
Watches as he turns the path.

May 6th

There was a corner unseen, in a lost shop,
Where I sat and drank in my own thought,
It was like a fire burning down
Every window and safe passage;
And after I had eaten all, I fell into a sleep
And dreamt that I was digging -
Looking for an urn in which I slept.
The urn was on a narrow hill
Where it saw the sea
And when I pried the lid
The word ‘eternity’
Was scribbled on the inner rim;
I drank and wolves ran through me;

They were cats
In that they rubbed against my legs
And filled my lungs with pleasant cheer.

I woke for what it seemed an age
And saw around a tree a silver cage
Open to the multitudes that flocked
And made a noise not like a harp
Not sanguine to the teeth
But rather it was deftly new
And sent me in a rage.
Having calmed a thousand years of sleep
Within a moment mad as ink
I writhed upon a continent:
I scrawl my words
As Persian feet
That track a deed.
What is nobler?

May 7th

I write what I write, judge me accordingly!
My own judgments they return with my deeds
and my sins and are stored in a vault; my laughter
and tears, my sighs and dreams; every nightmare,
every illumination, every point of departure and
returning, every seed I throw onto the wind and
catapult beyond my grandmother and grandfather
who are here now in one way. I have suffered
for my voice. I have burned a myriad suites of clothes
and now what is left is like skin hanging from bones;
but it is my skin and my bones and they are not a
morbid lot but oh so happy and content that music
sounds an orchestral lesion. To see it to the end
has made me old. I can say no more than the prophets
say. I testify openly. I am thrown to lions every day,
I climb from my self and am happy; my soul

is in a safe place not these feeble knaves connected by joint and vein: it is safe and happy and I feel this in my heart. Angels watch over me and will be there when it is time to be born there. It is like a sphere or egg where my soul is in and I am aware.

May 8th, 1996

There are a few things to say but how can I. They have no title, no space nor theme. It would be easier to talk about a place neither of us knows. In all this time there is nothing said that I have to remember or need to bring with me; when I get there the words will be grown as trees: my deeds as mountains and lakes. They are there now and protected. When I took my eyes and placed them in the room they saw the beginning and the end. Everything was within. I had no need to know what I saw; everything was ashes, we all wake up. But I put the gray and white ash on the ground and the ground says 'thank you, I have been waiting for new earth to till, for hands that will caress my clay and raise my new children: in this ash my seed has lingered for a thousand years."

May 9th, 1996

I wake to dreams of paintings. I can do without the first stirrings of a trenchant cloud, but the sun works in its own time. I have to trust in something that isn't there to move the horse from hill to hill then settle like a flood on dry land. If I put all the pine cones from my coat pocket to the fruit dish I would have moved nothingness; I am talking about valleys, about a self I want to reach. But what can I change when God is so constant? A man is rooted, a tree has built a house

and their constancy and friction is remembered: the only
power to alter is the changeless space between light.

When there was a bell
That reeked of twine
The mother changed her shoes
And walked to the town.
She went to find her son
In the schoolyard field
And took her time in looking;

She was gray and old.
When I saw her find him.
He was shinning bright
And her face was younger
Than the day she sought.

On Each Crest

The mountains outside are covered like spinsters,
It is early May and March won't to let go.
The confectionery sugar my mother puts on dark
Cake: it is comforting to be surrounded by sweet
Mountains. Whitehorse opens its gates and brushes
Off the weary traveler. The quiet here is like the
Silence I've seen on top of raw winter mountains
From rising clouds; on each crest I am standing and
Singing with such power and joy I am jealous.
O the things I could tell you if silence could only
Speak! But you know. We have the same ears that
Hear: dog ears we have, and cats' that
Hear food moving in pastures beyond our own
Back yard.

You have heard the moving of the grass
In places where a fly can't speak:

It is volition nonetheless.
And death there is not a speck.

When Alexander's knot is a child's garden
And every constellation a pot of clay
We'll move between the blades like men
Or spirits that have made their way

Beyond a mere communal charter
Burned in chrome above the hour,
But, rather: His pen that moved
Across His face like hair.

May 10th, 1996

I apologize. I have assumed you know nothing. My own
Ignorance could fill a cup one day, an ocean another,
And a galaxy. I cherish most what is ignorant: ignorance
Of what is known by men. There is no other way to say
Politely what must be said. I tried hiding it in verse and
Metaphor hoping, secretly, a violent day would tare at it's
Countenance and expose my nakedness so a fresh
Breeze could blow through my eye sockets, (gone, gone
Rather than speak a bad word against the Friend).
I have seen chimneys sweep across a sunset they seemed
To have set on fire and blamed the sleeping inhabitants.
I have seen boats sitting on tidal flats and cursed
Them for drinking my sea. I have judged every atom
And now it implodes and I turn in with such force
And there is my Island. I'll sleep there tonight.

I have seen clouds that drove me mad,
Though every storm is its own approval,
What stories of the world are told
Could strip my story of its moral
Save what is saved and accepted;
Though I want no statue here erected

But statutes of a private clause
That elevate field and house
Beyond the pale of flood -
A crucial height for fates that stone me -
I am willowed to my stream.

May 12th

I heard the bright new dawn
Through the keyhole:
It rose and I am born and moving
As light is barbed wire
Around the throne of God.
You saw it coming
From many lands where
A stone had been skipping
Around and around a pond
In its own backyard until
It settled. Their time came
And they come dancing hard
And pounding the ground they asked
To tell them when He would return;
When would the prejudice we ware as crown
Bashed by the reenactment of our crime
Be scattered like so much carded wool,
Be flown like birds from the window sill.
They called, and He came and they sealed
Their fate with candle and flame
That fell and burned upon the skin;
Who's knocking? Don't let him in
Unless He's here to wax the floor
Or polish every piece of silver
Left from two millennium
On our command.

He tells us leave the pulpit,
No trees for preaching
Though to sit
And feel the words that
Burn the hands
And go and kiss the
Clay where God's
        mind hovers
Where chains and wings
And iron round a clover neck
For the Last of bees
Who went to the store.
Your heart feels heavy, I'll not say more.

May 13th, 1996

Today the dawn woke at three thirty. It talked to the
earth with such passion and gentleness like divine anger.
A long second gave way to embarrassment,
Then a small song bird flew in the open door unnoticed
And in my awe struck mouth. What harmony we
expounded
In that brief hour! What chortle that lark wrought!
It left without so much as a goodbye; there I was bereft!
Someday I'll return to that chair and window where
The world first kissed the secret it alone knew.

I spied on a friend I'd never known
Who was telling His lover how
The universe had vanished when
The dawn first touched his Brow.

I feared that they would find me out
And sentence me to go,
Would crush me with a catching glimpse;
But they smiled and let me through

As the page between creation split
And an arrow issued from
A dying Revelation
And hastened towards the sun.

May 14th, 1996

A gray wind is pushing the pine trees. It is
Corralling their spirits that sway like many horses
Traveling the heavens while in one place their whole
Life. The echo of their whining song has touched the
Horses in me and I think of my Yakima mom Wanda. It is
Time. The way I look at words now is different: long
Words are like big trees, and small words are like small
Trees. But the soul of the tree is the same purity. I used
To have such prejudice about people who used big words
And called them names, but now my words
Are like my trees. In this garden a small tree may be
Needed to offset a large rock, or a large tree to make
The tallness be felt. There are many horses in the gray
Winking sky today. I woke with these words.

A preponderant weight
Was upon the ground
Before I woke and ate
My late gray song.
It had been running
        in the grove,
Its grayness painted
The red earth roan
And carried on to save
        my song.
The needles too were
Their to lift each knot
Upon the bridal mane
Of married souls that
Were to us unseen.

Speak then of a Name;
It will suffice
The lips that serve the tea,
The marzipan if Victoria
Graces once more Her commonwealth
With a running in the grove
Of blood in a secret vase
To turn a dandelion to a rose!
I speak of things to come,
A marshaling of Queens and Kings
That walk the promenade
Of terraces ascending to the Lord
To lay their flowers on the ground.
Their marble footsteps rise
And shock them out of their surprise
Of giving crowns away as if
They were a pence
or shilling's dance.
My horses take me over land and sea,
I can not bare to be away. Goodbye.

On the Shore

I am back but can not stay long. I have missed your eyes
Sharing my eyes. If words could kiss we would be lovers
Speaking soft words. The horses in the trees, vibrating
Their song, brought two other horses to the house: they
Were a traveling song. I indulged in their stories and they
In mine. They made my heart so happy.

The snows that came with them
I had met before
The universe was made,
Or the sea that, landing
On the shore, had dried
Its first sea weed.

We are so much alike
That stranded band
Of kelp in its search
We fool the Fish Hawk
Waiting, untethered.
Perhaps today will
Be remembered.

May 15th, 1996

I'm not sure about where, except the senses
that cry are rare though trapped within a stone.
I cry so loud the canyons humble into sighs
Of murmuring that shakes its lead and tin.

Of loneliness I've been a natural friend,
It's led me to hold the hand of God,
Bahá'u'lláh sits and waits within;
So leave the jewels and gold to Him!

The Sum of Their Hearts

Did Shaykh Ahmad run from his Island, turn his back on
Comfort to lift the eye lids of a sleeping corpse,
Did the sons of Moses leave a note by Torah's Gate;
The ones that hounded them had less remorse than
Than the sum of their hearts.

May 16th, 1996

How will Justice sit if not upright on a rock,
rocking like a cedar in a puff or a gale. We have
come this long distance to be around the Last
tree that's strong as a bear. We can not see the other

side of the tree because who can see the other
side of the face of God? There is a calm but
frightful darkness beyond and those who love the
Tree have no need to challenge there. Every fruit
and seed and nut and flower, every creature hangs
its life on this conifer. My fathers and mothers are
in the concourse and we breathe simultaneously.
My grandfathers and my grandmothers are sitting
on the giant roots like the roots are so many chairs; they
are here and we breathe simultaneously. On a branch
horizontal to the land we tilled all that my family gathers.
Then a sound goes up like a great heron rising; and
who has heard a heron rising?

Blue feathers rise like strangled smoke
And it tares at the tissue in my heart.
The fish the heron strives to take
Is a lost letter from a lover's chart!
Strange the sweet grass whistles down
All around the great bird's feet,
Strange the smoke that hems a gown
That sails a ship in Jason's fleet
Or better yet to take a sweet
From Bahá's hand; It comes to this.

May 18th

This day would have passed unnoticed but to remember
The brown tea pot and the northern bird, a two colored
Gray bird, flying for hours at the shed window to break
Through, its mate near by. Today no windows have broken.
I look at a picture of 'Abdu'l-Bahá. Who else could
Understand such a bird.

Oh my lost gray bird!
Before you resume your day
Please join me for tea.

May 19th

If Christ raised from the Jordan to meet Himself
in another Revelation, to meet the Mother and the Soul
in a place beyond man's refined sanctuary, and
Muhammad, wrapped in many blankets ascended many
heavens to testify that "He is God" before an atom
of creation; if Moses consumed the heart of
a murderer with the fire of "He doeth whatsoever He
pleaseth" and the sons and daughters of Moses con-
sumed the same heart with the same flame; if Joseph
ate a thousand lit candles for a million Voices sing-
ing or Noah, drinking with a sigh a flood of sighs, is
there no room in my heart for a mite of His love?

How can I cry a blaspheme so horrendous,
Am I but a mule to move no more,
The fire of Moses, they say, was momentous;
Yet this is what we are.
When there is no one left coming
Not a visit from a place unknown,
The world will be waxing
And its ash will be alone.

May 20th, 2:30 am

A Nineteen Syllable Haiku, Each Letter Alive

I put some tape across
my mouth to pray,
then let tobacco fall down
like God's hair.

May 21st, 2:30 am

To put down a few memories of these days, not
direct as poetry, maybe not to save, (though save an
imprint in the most gentle sweet tears). Yesterday
at the Yukon Bahá'í Institute a cookout and deepening
on the most recent letter from the Universal House
of Justice. But for me it was beginning to write
two new long cherished books of poetry and the day
fulfilled by seeing a section of video tape with Adib
Taherzedeh recounting stories of people who beheld the
face and countenance of Bahá'u'lláh. None could
remember details, but only.....Then today actually
remembering the basement of our families first house. How
many dreams I've had returning to those houses but never
able to get inside 27 Barry rd. We were having tea at 46
Thompson rd, Yadis house, and Carolyn was talking about
a puppet game she and Janet used to play. An
instant flash of my old basement with the puppet stage
we had there and the big orange-red cardboard blocks.
I feel relieved of a burden; a weight in not being able
to remember has departed not bound by the cage it has
been bound in. I am more whole. The day was dramatic
with sun and dark gray clouds cooling down about
the second cup of tea. Yadi invited me to go fishing
on Thursday.

May 26th

A few days ago we went fishing. A place so balanced
I feared to step. Greyling were the fish we plucked
Like cherries from the stream with bumble bee hooks.
Greyling with black eyes that gave themselves to us.
On the shore way back I found the snails that must
Have followed me all the way back from 'Akká's shores.
The sky today is Utrillo gray in that it looks more
Like it's been painted on just behind the mountains. Green

Messages signal more sun; they pull horizontally with a
Thin density then vertical sparks Jacob skyward. Mon-
Drain! Mondrian! Mondrian! Worlds mutate to color and
Line. A color I have never seen wants to sit in a chair
across
the room. There is no tube of color to match its
aura so it leaves and bids me farewell.

Oh when will I meet this color and its kin!
A host of hues to mix and dabble in.
On perfect days we'll surround a Shrine,
The bridge from here to there is but
A line; on end this point to join
These worlds. I bend and catch a snail,
No winged rocks beyond the thinning veil
And so I a snare a shell. I lie; or remember
Now a Persian youth whose heart was
Closer to the sacred grade and spied
What gift was given to what end I
Still don't know. However, notwithstanding,
I pocketed them that made smooth paths
Where the Lord's feet walked, and where
He, surrounded by His Self, and his lovers,
Laid his Body down in Bahji, far from home.

May 27st

There is something about this place that defies arrogance and wants to be alone. I can't help but dream of touching and holding every spate and pale; one day a beacon from a rock cliff hit my face's hide. I watched the field that I faced more closely than the hawk that nests my ledge. Another day a tuft of grass on the knoll, but not a cloud to dissipate. I saw and knew in that time what was sent for me to know; a happy cloud I'd be and swiftly gone.

To lose a soul in the earth!
My own is gone a long time now.
So peaceful to be in the hills
Where my birth takes place;
Every day under rocks,
In the roots of grass
Side by side the feathers,
(The sleep of angels),
Touched by zephyrs.

May 28th

I begged to choose, my will to be aligned
With Galilee, its grasses green when calm,
And light blue when the northern winds
Blow. From the south its warm air still
Swirling around a memory of Penelope
with her doing and undoing,
Of Diana's bow its sinew teaching
Effectively man and woman to go
With continents, for slaying comes
In pulse with every Mozart rift
And often sooner. I am running again,
To catch a summit before the last
Spear of light strikes it down.
I have called from that hill
And raced henceforth to hear a call
From there to now and raced more
With incongruous flight to dodge
A series of chains like a puzzle
Hurling itself against a peak at night.
With prayer and following it is easy.

May 29th, the Ascension

I wake at dawn to find
Shadows from a hellish night
Cut in grass. The voice
Of sirens danced, they left their mark
And where I slept the grass, depressed,
Yawns and wakes slowly. To
The left I turn and to the right I turn
Looking for the Ascension. But how
Does one look for an Ascension in the
Waters of a deep lake rippling! When He left
This earthly life He left behind a family
(And joined a wife), a list of lovers stretching.
The shores were full of bodies quivering
When the Separation, like a host rising,
Terminated and made the oceans shiver;
What new seas were cast
When our iron will, softened by a heat
So terrible we could not see the haze
When our Lord, turning
To where his Heart, always swimming,
Submerged and left us for a moment.
But we were not as orphans singing,
For then the Book of the Covenant,
A single Bell, went through the streets
With incense from its ringing, ringing.

June 2nd

Once upon a quiet moon there was a symphony that I
Heard and responded to. In this long daylight I can see
The soft rains touch the moon and faint onto the forest
Floor, even after midnight dear.

Even after midnight dear
Even after the moon leaves the sun
And whirls like a dervish on a last run,
Even after, even after then, when
The substance of my dream
Is filtered and tea leaves
I will never touch and read
Fall to so many others; they steal
The tannic from the plant
But not to drink, not to drink,
This falls to me while the dregs
To them must be content.

June 6th, 7th

There is happiness in the shade

Imagine walking through places seeing the calm, arresting calm that pulls you away: ah! there is a pacifist flower singing and swaying, a spider webs its hex design and naught stirs. Calm allows violence to happen,
love suffers every thorn,

There is happiness in the shade,
Love suffers every turn
Imagine walking through
Your garden with leaf and slug and fern.
So much salt can wither the soul,
Imagine yourself a vase or bowl
Thrown on a wheel, that tempter of fate,
Imagine yourself as a glass or plate.

No isolation in the font of words,
No castrating the eternal soul,
Be kind, be kind (for God is in you)
Not to castigate the realm in whole,

For ten thousand Hercules reborn rise,
They run to everywhere they go
In bare feet and a leather satchel
Where their hands draw forth a cup
That is a lamp, a lamp to warn
The feet of earthly travelers,
A lamp they are bade to bring
In penance for their plastic winged flight
They stalk the earth and fling the light,
They meet many Sauls on the road falling
From their rustic horse, and knowing name
And place, continues on their ruthless course;
Not the person but the cup they see
And casts the liquid frantically
Like John gone mad in the wilderness
His life a baptism random in economy
His one last pleasure the taste of honey
Allowed him by a watchful God; be kind,
Be kind, be kind.

A new Book begins, a new garden appears
The past is forgiven, the countless years,
A ship with all its sails in full followed
By another ship, its sails before the wind,
Another appears like the first in plain view
And two more, covenanted. A core of silence
Communes with the land and with the loons,
The first ones to swallow song, who saw
The day begin and night crack and spill
Its rim. And we were there, if we remember;
Remember the tree where we all stood
Until a Word went up and left us comforted
'Till the next beginning; But Hercules, he's still
walking!
Still carrying the torch cuffed to his wrists by choice.

Where the fire is a screen in itself is where
So many walk haphazardly; better to walk the cliff

For I have seen suns rising and suns setting with
no fire
To grab and hold onto, but, yes, there was light like
A vast and wonderful dream. And I let go in the
dream
Just like in a prayer where horses are running.

To see a pasture stretched in all directions,
Taken like a ball of dough and spun. A long black
Hair falling becomes a world un-blighted
By the masks with so many toils men dreamt;
For women walk abreast their counterpart
Refusing such delicacies as plaque time.
A few good men were not enough and so the tide
Turns to wash a new phoenix ashore with ashes,
With bottles, styrofoam fish heads by a phone,
Smooth shells, sea urchins hollowed by relentless
Hunger, perhaps a clock to time the waves;
A locket with a lock of grace she saves.
A new Phoenix with two wings sinews
Rises from a glorious beech:
A bird replete lifts within .

June 9th

A visitor appears and hovers at the sill,
Not to offend but out there is my home
We go with freedom full to choose the next,
The haunt, the warming sun or shrill
And pull and next down the rising hill
We go and go remember houses until we
hear a song. A song pulls us ever further.
To gray heights ascending here and there
To where, to where, to where, to where
To plunge, to plunge our deftly skill
And wind the spruce atop a mantle sill

Atop a mountain in the summer chill
We go and go and go to play a dual.

June 11th

A few words down in a pond.
On a lily a pink reply to say;
“Go from here, but bring me
when you go.”

June 15th

There are some who you miss that even seeing them
Again can not suffice. Only in another field, talking
Amongst the endless daisies and groves of roses taller
Than pine,

There we can spend and hoard such time
Like the grains of seed carried by a bird
We’ll know without a splitting the inner word.

There is a story teller I long to see
Who spins a skin from sage and sea
And forgets not the guts and bone
For she is a story and the world her home
With goings and comings and jet black hair
Can’t you hear her speaking,
Please, be quiet!
A mother’s voice is sacred.

June 16th

Ode to Cottage #9

I’ll never sit on that porch again; overlooking the sparkling
Water or the clam flats, a matter of hours and early rising.
Never to sit in that yellow room, never to smell the food

Cooking in that narrow happy kitchen; it made us so close.
We woke up hungry in a fun way, you know the salt air and
Sea breezes, the power of the tides, the soft winds with
A full moon through white curtains billowing ever so
Importantly brings on just such a hunger. There in the front
Dinning room we ate so the hunger could return and all the
Frenetic miles be sucked into the earth. I can't say
Goodbye. It would kill a vital part of me.

All this done to bring me home?
All this loss to never be alone.
A day can change, and change again!
If you mind, I must begin
To gain again that yellow chin
A little flower pressed within
My father's hand. Yet another Father
Chose to press me in His Book
Between an ocean and a mighty brook
A marker of a page for his perusal,
Yet I speak to them, the prophets,
And Thy seek out my arrival
And embrace me in their arms;
So near to God, so near to God
When I am home.

Some Selected Poems

I Have Stared Death

I have stared death in his face,
Nay! I searched him up and down,
And changed such darkness into grace
By putting on his royal crown.

He is bright, yes brighter than a sun,
His countenance is ever looking round,
His perch; talons clutch a limb
His song a happy laughter not well known.

I have walked with him in pastures,
He tells what we will find,
I walk with him, he takes his shoes off,
We hover over moss and vine.

What ways I learned once to fear him
Are gone as ways once learned can go,
Then happiness is left, a solid grin,
Or angel wings in hills of snow.

What beautiful light that breaks

What beautiful light that breaks,
That consumes the night;
Then if some voice comes knocking
At this propitious hour
To sell a song
The day would break,
His friend would hasten on.

Of things to things my heart is tense,
I rail and rail and rail against the night.
When night enjoys no company of its own
But passes by its time unknown
I'll take such leave that these new eyes
Will see them hand in hand
And all the world a stone.

Did I miss, oh did I miss that great hour?

That day not followed?
When every bird in every tree
In sky and feeding on the land
Went mute, though tongues were hallowed.

What can be written?

What can be written to save a day?
If by tomorrow sweet remembrance fades,
Will divinity still be served?
It comes to this: to serve is sweet divine,
No name mumbled on a voting tongue,
No fame, rank on rank, marching to a drum!
Dream of none, save dreams of Them;
Then divinity will be served.

Before divinity what can stand?
A rotten core will crash in easy wind,
Forests older than a poor man's shoes
Last beyond the name of our own.
Then what is left is but a sparrow
chasing bliss -
Or spider's intrigue. Of human sighs
I will defend the purest ones
Will live in constancy: when God sighs!
My own…they thread a crooked way
Through apple branches, reaching a cocoon.
Of pure sighs I have none.
There is a love (for my wife)…

There is a love that's twined, a chord
Perhaps, a solitary note displayed.
God's ears will listen and hoard
The beauty of pines that sway
Themselves to hear the loons that stir
All dreams of dreamers; not to wake,
But tiptoe in to sleeping summer rooms

and beg them hear,
“Oh hear his love that walks the lake”
They call to one another. No mistake
Is made for my love finds me near and far,
Or, if the loons could read her mind (they can)
Then guided by, (to them alone) a star,
They would direct her to her find.
Nay, lost we never were! Not love we lost,
But loons were merely waiting.

I Love Her (for Carolyn)

I love her, I dare say. For saying not
There is no bound to how my heart
Can die, nay shatter if luck prevail;
For if not broken, then pray I must impale
For it must feel itself to die
And hence be re-born. The is no question why
I dare and dare to say I love her love;
For she is pure as olive branch and dove.
Yes, I know this is how all love should be,
And being not (you say) I have forsaken all.
Yet her love is something I can not hold
But only in my heart can fold.
For holding it would be to Joseph’s well
A universe. And so this day I love her still.

Candidly

It is a desolate land
That breeds its own;
Candidly life flourished
With its own children
singing to
and singed by the cactus.

The eyes that see desolation
breathe uneasily,
(There is a stone cut for every day)

What forces are outside our own reach
dwindle the past.
Where it is
So why disturb its peace
that undulates to our own time.

Fifty thousand ages
each age a prophet
Came and went, slaughtered
on the fields they raised
Hounded by the men they made
With soft words ringing in their ears.
Every time they came their glaring
countenance
Shone out on the desolation.

Ode To
Shayhk Ahmad-i- Ahsá'í
Siyyid Kázim-i-Rashtí

Leaving behind the closed window to the former garden
He found a sword and, drawing from his spine
A nerve ground the steel to magnetic dust
And in the eyes of all he cast the faith he left
A note to all notes to lift dismay;
Could no more resurrect a fallen blighted cow
And so, casting a metal will in the sun
He stood before, the iron mask vied with light
Itself and, flaunting naught but open truth

Whose mouth, now sutured from a tongue
Once split by calling God names,
He slayed such lovers with arrows from
A quivering, grieving jaw and straightened
Tongue that spoke a law to some
But to lawless jesters he also came and,
As one head, felled by muses' axe removed,
Two more grew back and so, being pursued
By the Will he met on distant Bahrayn
He donned Najaf and next Karbilá: firstly to honor
First born of God and Earth, and secondly
A city thrice removed by first in scarcity.
His feet now burning as he steeped each latitude
In a clay pot from a town that calls the sea
Its home, and, binding to a parallel off course he drank
The sum of all the earth and, bitter as it was
To what his palette ached for, he forged a way
To condescend with humble grace and stored
In sea wall vault a ruby pearl for wearing
In a secret place he had craved from home.

When reaching Shíráz in its plenitude of blindness
He gathered to himself a hand full of dates fallen
From the priests that had fixed them
In a toxic ground; they braved a collapse
Rather than heed the sirens of a ship lost
In its own wind. Again and again he called down
The solid stone that had stood for ages
In the same place, looking with its dim eyes
To a horizon blocked by smoke burning
From the books and people that burned there;
Again and again he wilted every creeping vine
That sought his ankles to pull him down
To warm in the heat of their rueful dung.
His ankles were not the flawed Achilles'
But a perfect Man, even so like Elijah, and more.
The Shaw, the shadow of his Maker, sent again
For Ahmad and, leaving his Shiraz, a city second

Only to One, he grieved in the quiet places he
Found as he traveled his now disturbed path.
What love the eyes of people gave, what
Power and authority were his steeds that
Seemed to trample euphoric kin under feet
That never touched nor knew the meaning
Of such foul adoration. Was he called to waste
The land? To be denied? A shape that God had
Not yet formed was on his brow and, but for
The veil he taught, certain ones in vast onslaught
Would consume his very person, using his bones
To beautify their estates. A longing for another
To hold this closed shell and see the pearl drew
Him past shop and lane where, spying Joseph's coat
Among the rack's of gray and brown he sized Kázim
To be the one to hold the heaviness weighing on him
Now; Not too soon! His heart was yearning to be gone:
And then one ordained to hold his fevered hand
Appeared! His very marrow was on the leave and
Now he would be too. What days, though short,
They spent within a world unmade as yet;
What joyous time for elements to sing and praise
A Herald of a fast approaching storm Whose eye
Would settle on a world benumbed by sense.
The graffiti they wrote in clouds barely sufficed
To turn a turban in their direction; leave was
Given Siyyid Kázim depart and school such young Men
And women as the land could spare among the thistle.
And He was chaste in that he drove a wedge between
His disciples and their past costing them, in turn,
Their lives. What he didn't tell them about the light
That passed through the room and lodged there on Its
Way spared the room, the chairs and the lintel
A bloody bath. Not that feats had hindered them
Before from martyrdoms they sought- in vogue
In their hearts alone. How many prophets can one
Room hold, we rightfully ask. If Muhammad and Christ
Sat at the feet of their Mentor would creation retain

One dot of tea from that silent consultation. Did
Mullá Husayn and Quddús sweep the front steps with
Their beards for the price of a Summer day only to
Pass unsung by a spring choir? Yet they sat and
Listened. Kázim spoke his ledger's weight and
Sought no return for his accounting. Or when
Karbilá, that carnivorous flower risen from Hades,
Spread its tendrils in so many directions the light
Was dull to the touch of even the old man who
Sat on the cross roads and whistled; When Karbilá,
Home to Husayn and 'Abbás, once dipped in the
Love of God, to be reduced in its time to a harlot
With a thousand masks, and no hope to see a happy
Honorable death; when Siyyid Kázim was a last
Sanctuary for a trampled mass; when God leveled
The town but for an upright man: how many other
Flowers grow there now. There is so much to say
In praise of these two, but only a world of trees
For pens, an ocean of ink, a universe of time. A pure
Anger wants to rise in response to the sharpened
Teeth that hemmed them in; to vote with God to
Destroy the world though I am born. To speak when
Truth sits in the parlor with light cuddled in His
Lap is a crime in any generation so Siyyid Kázim
Held his tongue with the hand of God. The words
Kazím spoke came from the silent One anyway,
Who was now on earth, though He had spoken before
To Father Abraham, to Moses in the thicket of His
Heart, to Jesus with such love, and Muhammad,
All of Whom were gathering at that time. Beneath
A tree or under a mountain they would meet to
Hear again the Voice that farmed Them in their
Own time to grow a well pruned orchard from a
Pocket full of sand. I love those two greatest
Heralds Shayhk Ahmad and Siyyid Kázim. It is only
By the permission of God that I write so should
I not offer my heart instead of digging my grave
With a silver cup. But this love will not obey

Dry reason and insists itself to be known. Another
Time Kázim rearranged the heavens, then emptied
The seas in preparation for new life; a blood letting
So the Promised One could be heard without reckless
Clots sitting on the inner tympan of God. But shells
That once talked the sea addressed the ears no more.
To share these truths is a privilege I am commanded
To disclose, though it brings my heart's desire home;
In this quest and others we have never been alone.
For tea a simple cup and samovar, polished to vie
With mirror's coat. Across a table sits a Host who
Served the soul of an age in a lawless vessel, now
Legal by His standing; Kázim and his guest wandered
In the room anchorless, unaware of the call outside
Calling men to turn aside and many did and turned
Others in their turning, so many heavens falling
The earth became flattened and all the work
Galileo did did not expand the depressed minds
Of priests and brickmen who spent their talents
In places like the open square and every other place
Set down in the Book of God. But every evil looking
Man is not ascended this way, nor every solemn robe
Immune, take what you will to the market, so
Shayhk Ahmad and Siyyid Kázim stood fast to find
The ascending, leaving the whole on earth to their
Wholeness but for a few. And They prayed to be gone
When the Two they came to tell of emerged in Their
Flaming Lotus Chariots for only a kind with the
Scent of the New Joseph and He who would speak a Word
And stand alone in His own creation could survive.