



The wild world
teaches
that a look
is
neither
bad
nor good
but only
personal
style.





sweet faced
wild hawthorn
maybe native
clearly tasty



Who sees
blackberry briars
when blossoms
and butterflies
are on stage?





Dreams
carry us
everywhere.

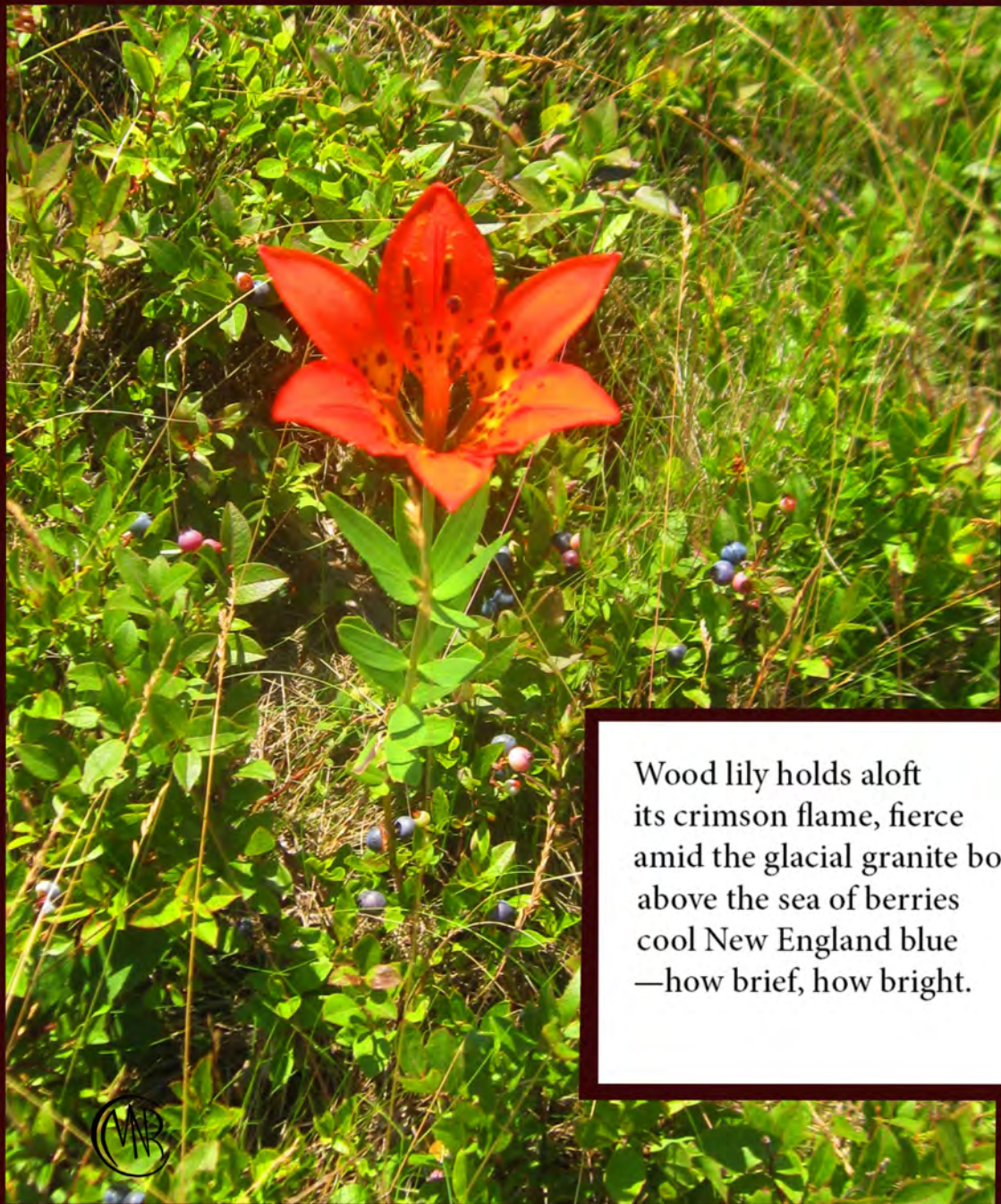


Blueberry bells offer
their modest promise
in the soft shadows of
the fog-bound forest.



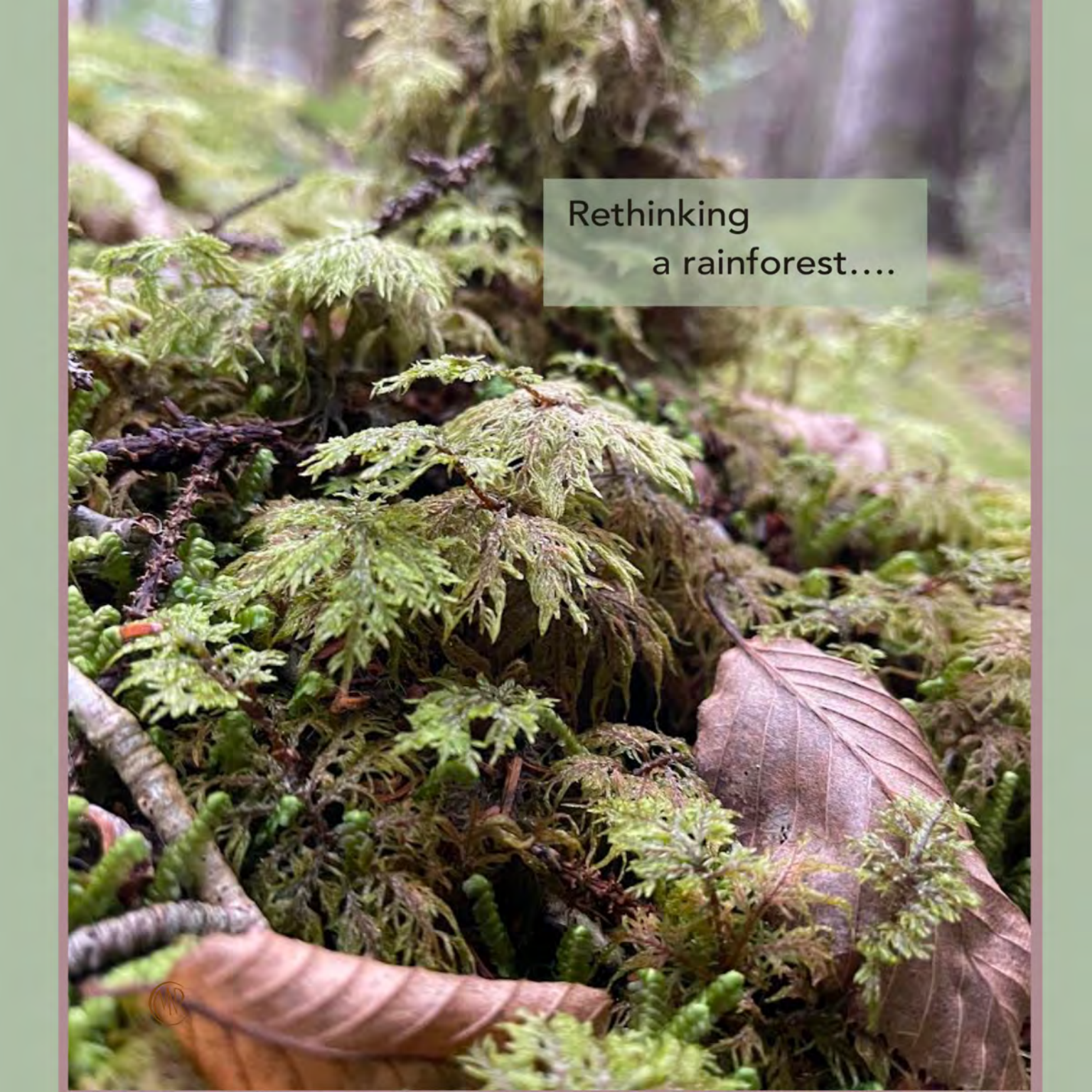


Green life covers the boulder
left by the glacier
pondering now
how likewise lucky the rock
that is Earth hurtling through space
held in life's green embrace
both miracle and responsibility.



Wood lily holds aloft
its crimson flame, fierce
amid the glacial granite boulders
above the sea of berries
cool New England blue
—how brief, how bright.





Rethinking
a rainforest....



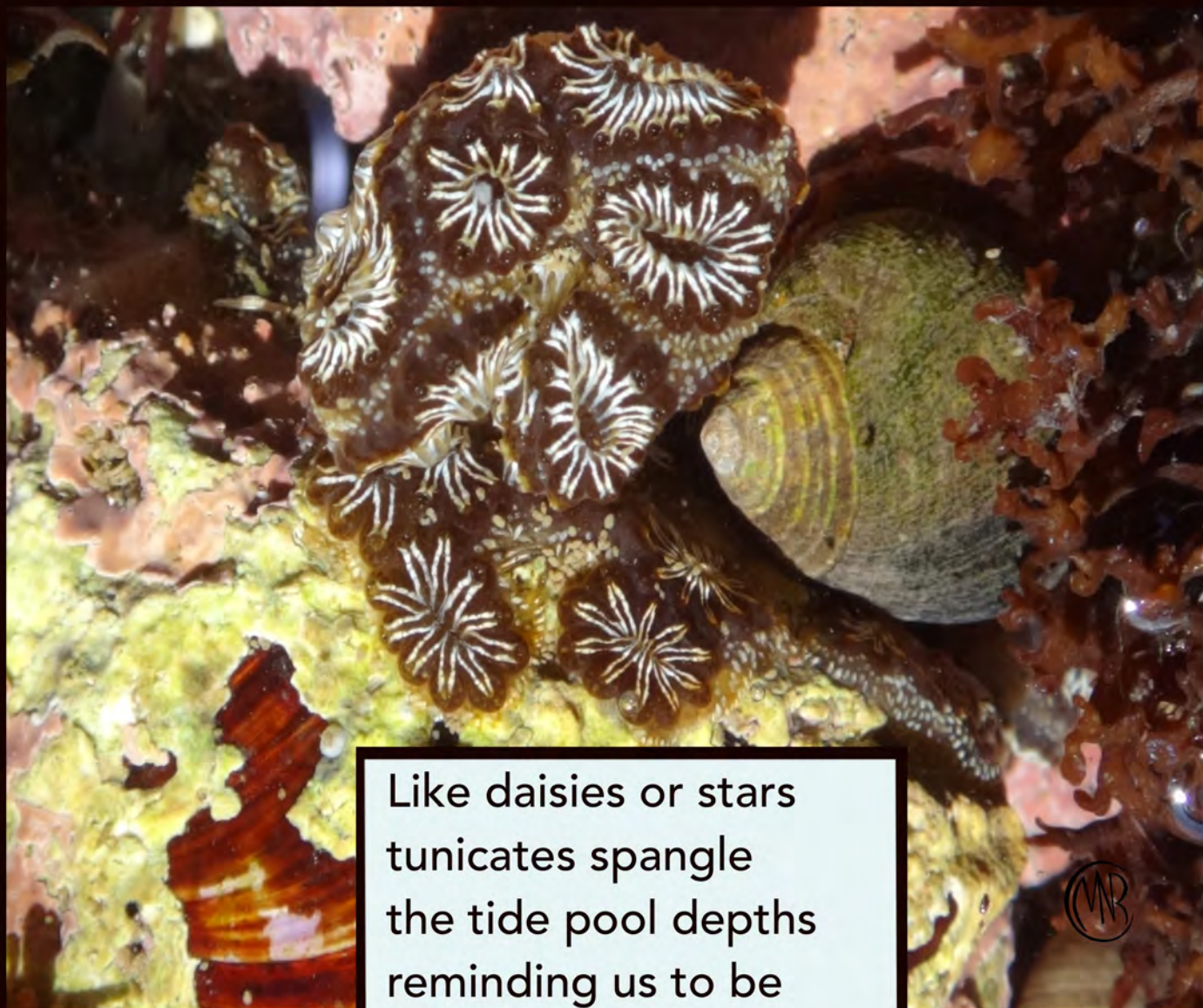
HOPE

White blossoms busy
exchanging kisses
with the sun.

WILL

Green leaves laying up
sustenance
in the sunshine.





Like daisies or stars
tunicates spangle
the tide pool depths
reminding us to be
humble when tempted
to judge the unfamiliar.



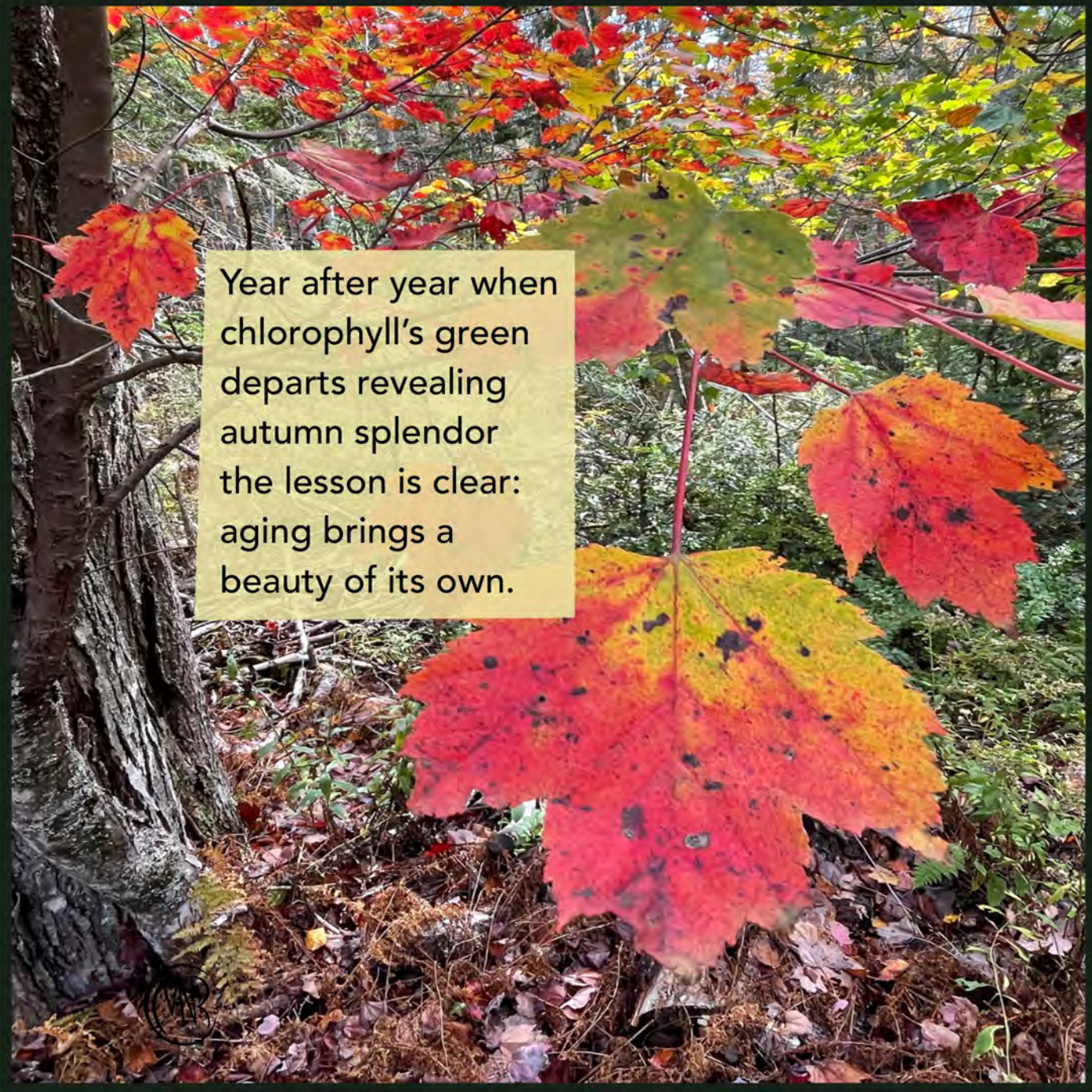
Is beauty
more valuable
than utility?
Our world
needs both.





Lichens, fungi, mosses, ferns,
spruce needles, maple seedling.
Like so-called Primitive Art
the tale of the Ancient Ones
is long and anything but simple.





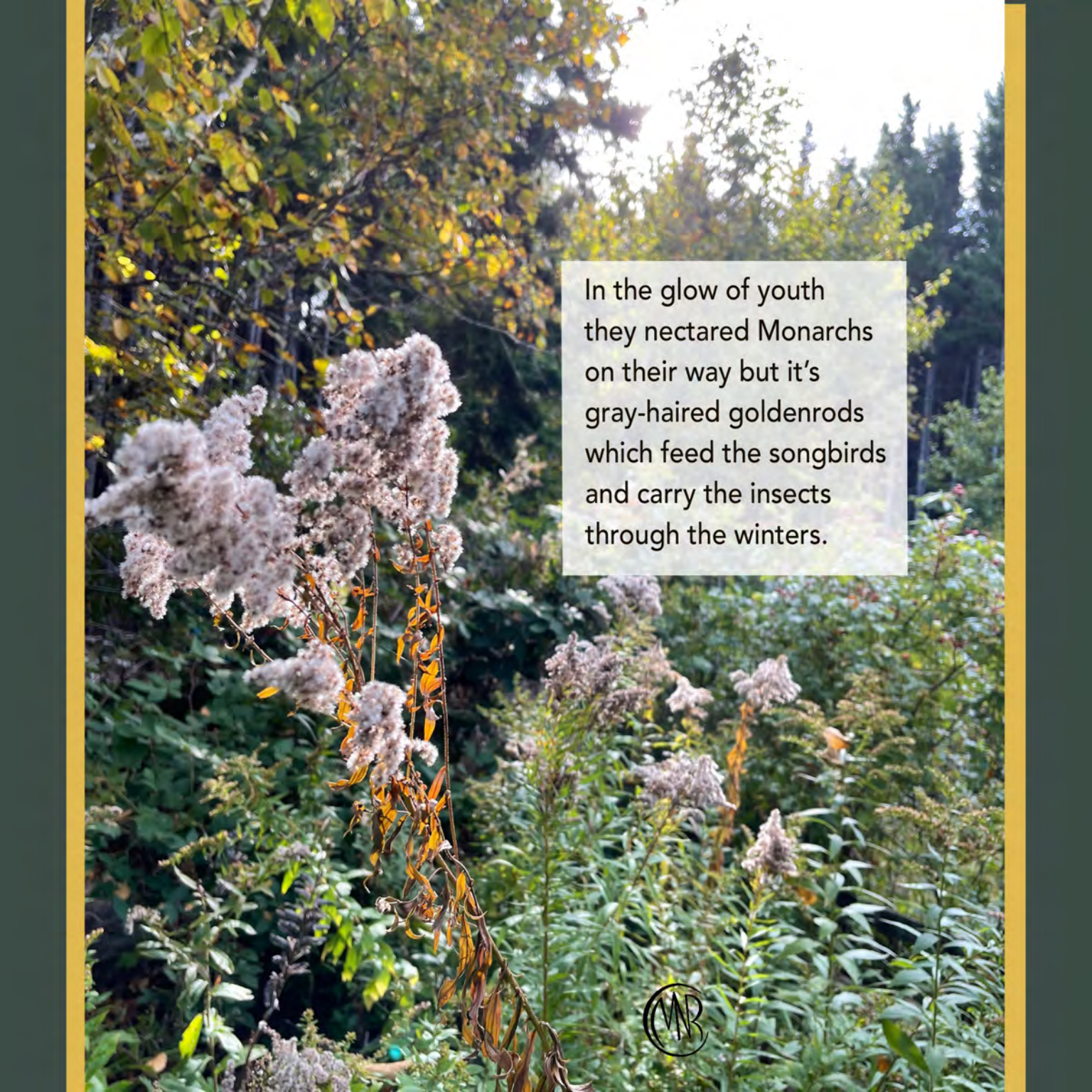
Year after year when
chlorophyll's green
departs revealing
autumn splendor
the lesson is clear:
aging brings a
beauty of its own.



Remember with awe
that you are closer kin
not to the rock but
to the bush so aflame
with life that it will bloom
again in spring while
granite stays the same.

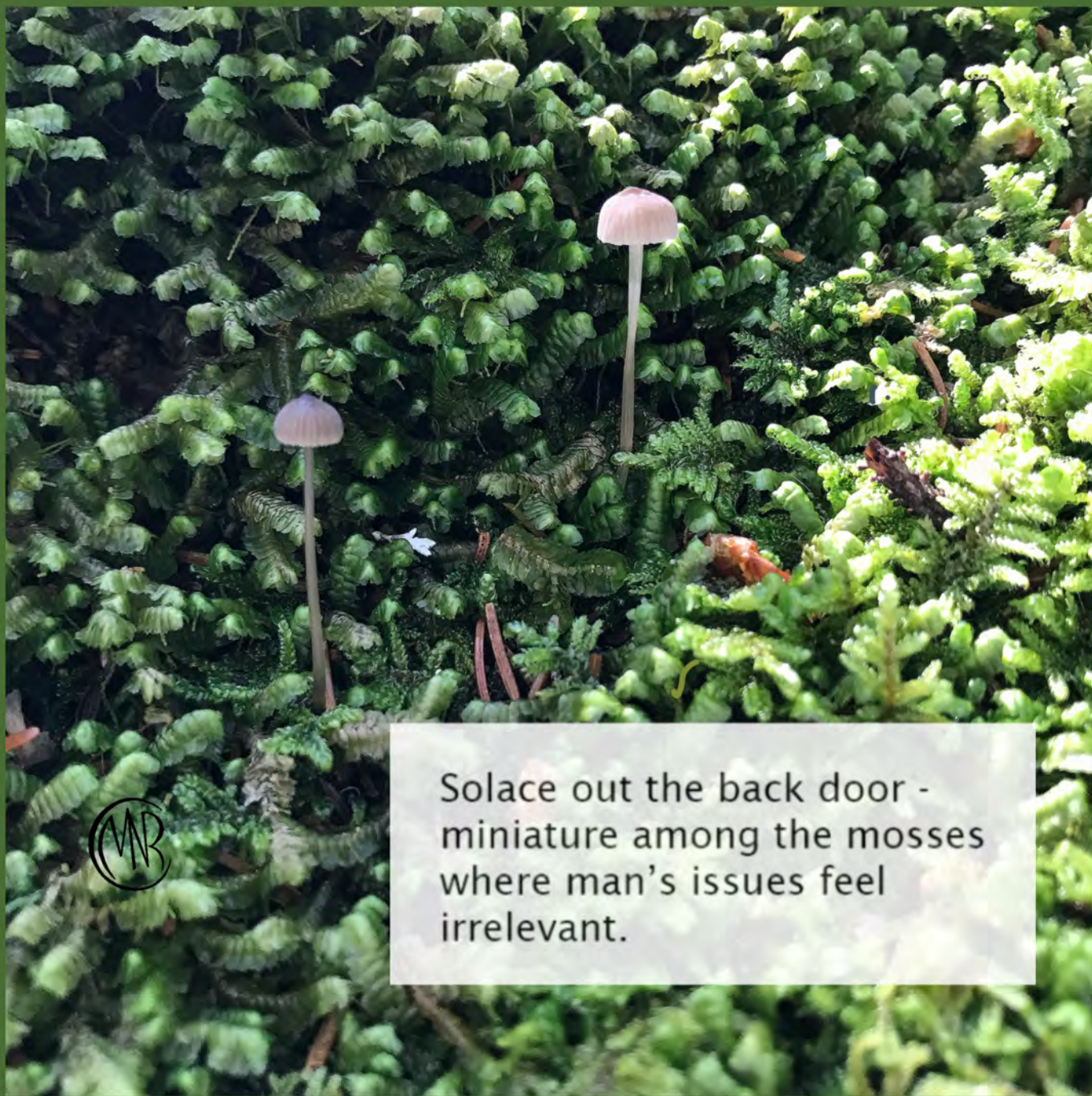


At times the forest
stands in quiet waiting.
At times the trees host
softly twittering flocks and
the chatter of furry four-foots.
The message of the old road
is Remember to let in the light.



In the glow of youth
they nectared Monarchs
on their way but it's
gray-haired goldenrods
which feed the songbirds
and carry the insects
through the winters.





Solace out the back door -
miniature among the mosses
where man's issues feel
irrelevant.



Behold the
lovely sundew
but, insects
- and all of us -
beware of
jeweled snares!





Woolly Bear
why do you go
around when you
could go across?

Because I'm practicing
to become a curvy
Isabella
moth.



Tides change
seasons change
beach rose prepares
to bloom again
come spring.



Long before words came
sound, came music. Before ears
came blooms. Jealous of their
sweet and private song
they close up tight at dark
lest stars should overhear.

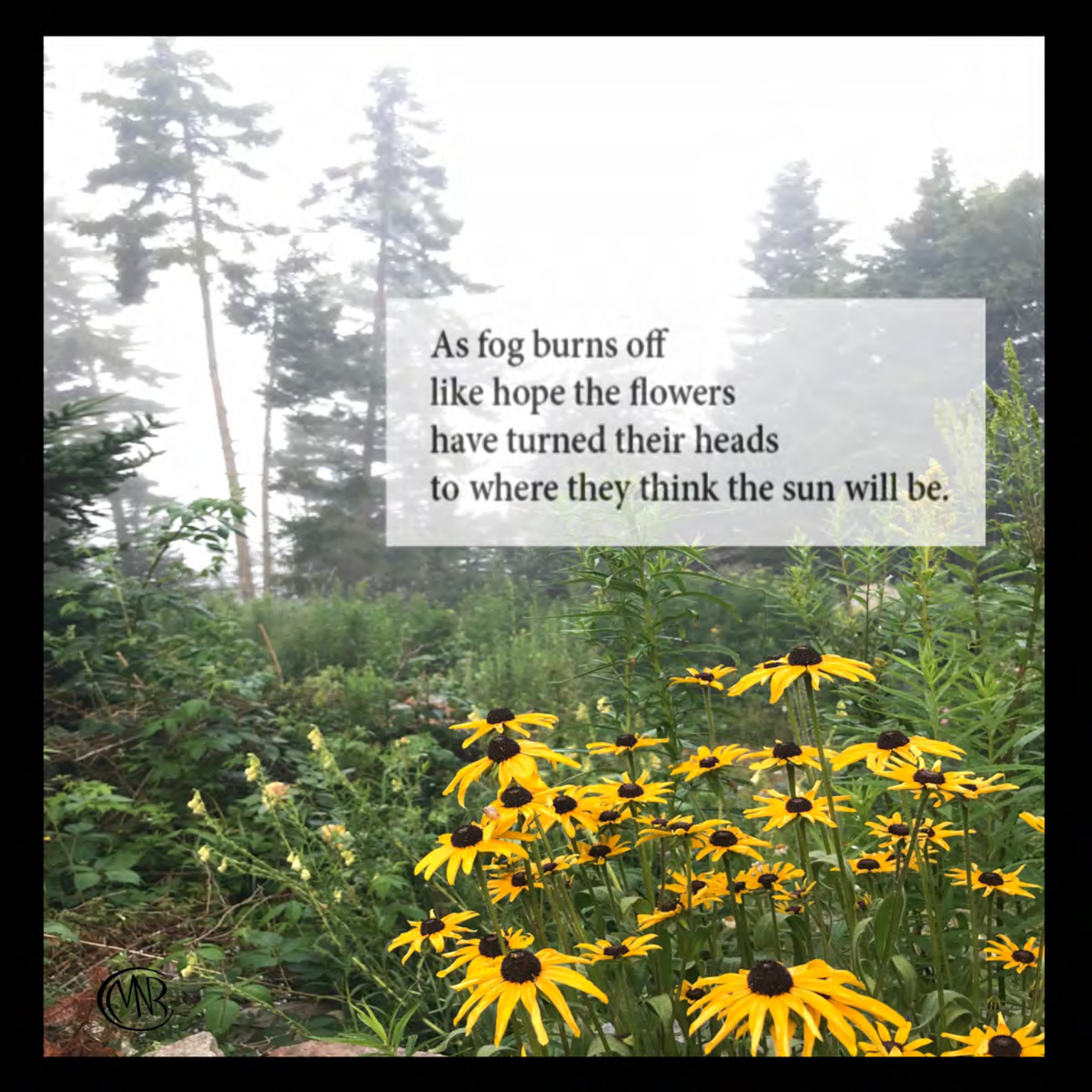


Sandpipers don't
sing like a choir
but like a choir
they understand
that the harmony
of coordinating
is not conforming.





There is confidence
in knowing you can
always return
if only in memory
to enveloping cool.



As fog burns off
like hope the flowers
have turned their heads
to where they think the sun will be.





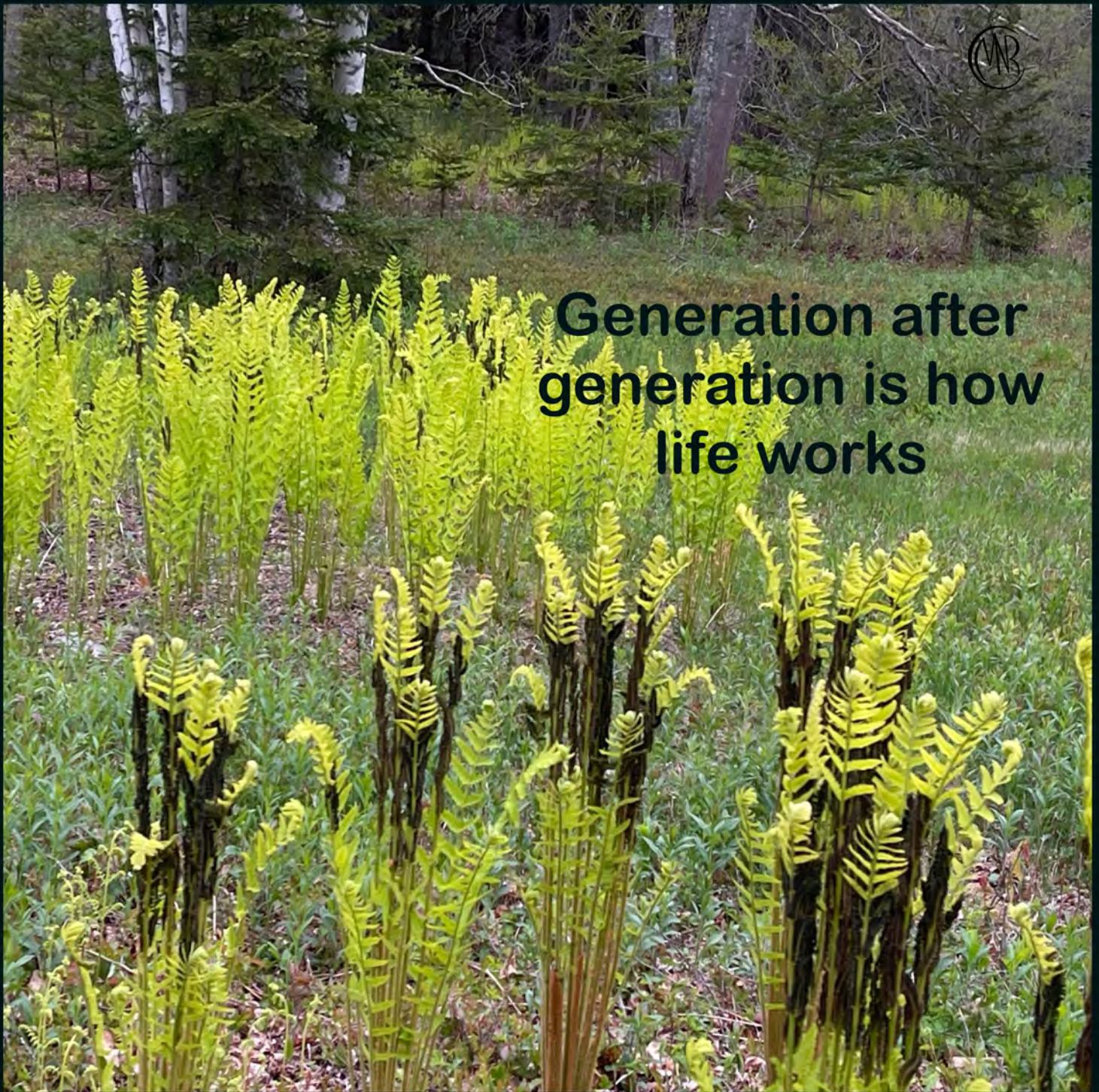
On the surface
the forest pool
has no choice
what to hang on to
and what to reflect
from others.



The future hides
in the green
embrace of now.



**Generation after
generation is how
life works**





Thanks to the creature
that carried the apple seed
to this wild place where now
a tree it blooms its message
of sheer joy, of being alive.





As snowflakes
feather down
through the sheer
weight of silence
a lone dove rests
twilight colored
a perfect match
for spruce shelter.



A photograph of several pink orchids with yellow centers, growing in a field of tall, green grass. The orchids are in various stages of bloom, and the grass is dense and vibrant green. A semi-transparent white rectangular box is overlaid on the right side of the image, containing text.

Meanwhile
out in the silences
orchids
likely as lions.



A photograph of a coastal scene. On the left, a rocky shoreline is covered with large, light-colored boulders. Behind the rocks, a dense forest of evergreen trees rises up a hill. The sea is calm and greyish-blue, with a few large rocks visible in the water. The sky is a uniform, overcast grey, and a thick layer of fog or mist hangs over the water and the distant shore. In the foreground, some dark green foliage is visible at the bottom. On the right side of the image, there is a block of text in a simple, black, sans-serif font.

Sometimes the past
seems to fade like fog
but as the sea winds
bring fogs to shore again
so we make memories
tide after tide.



Between
the noise
of this world
and the song
of a bird
all music lives.





Pin the orchid on the matron's dress.
Fasten it on the prom girl's wrist.
Centerpiece the banquet table
but orchids' true glory stands
stately, quiet, and free
in the sunshine of the wild world.

A photograph of a Cosmopolitan Vanessa butterfly resting on a ground covered with small, light-colored gravel and some dry pine needles. The butterfly's wings are spread, showing a vibrant orange color with dark brown or black markings, including a series of white spots along the outer edge. The background is a mix of grey and tan gravel, with a small green plant visible in the upper left. A text box is overlaid on the right side of the image.

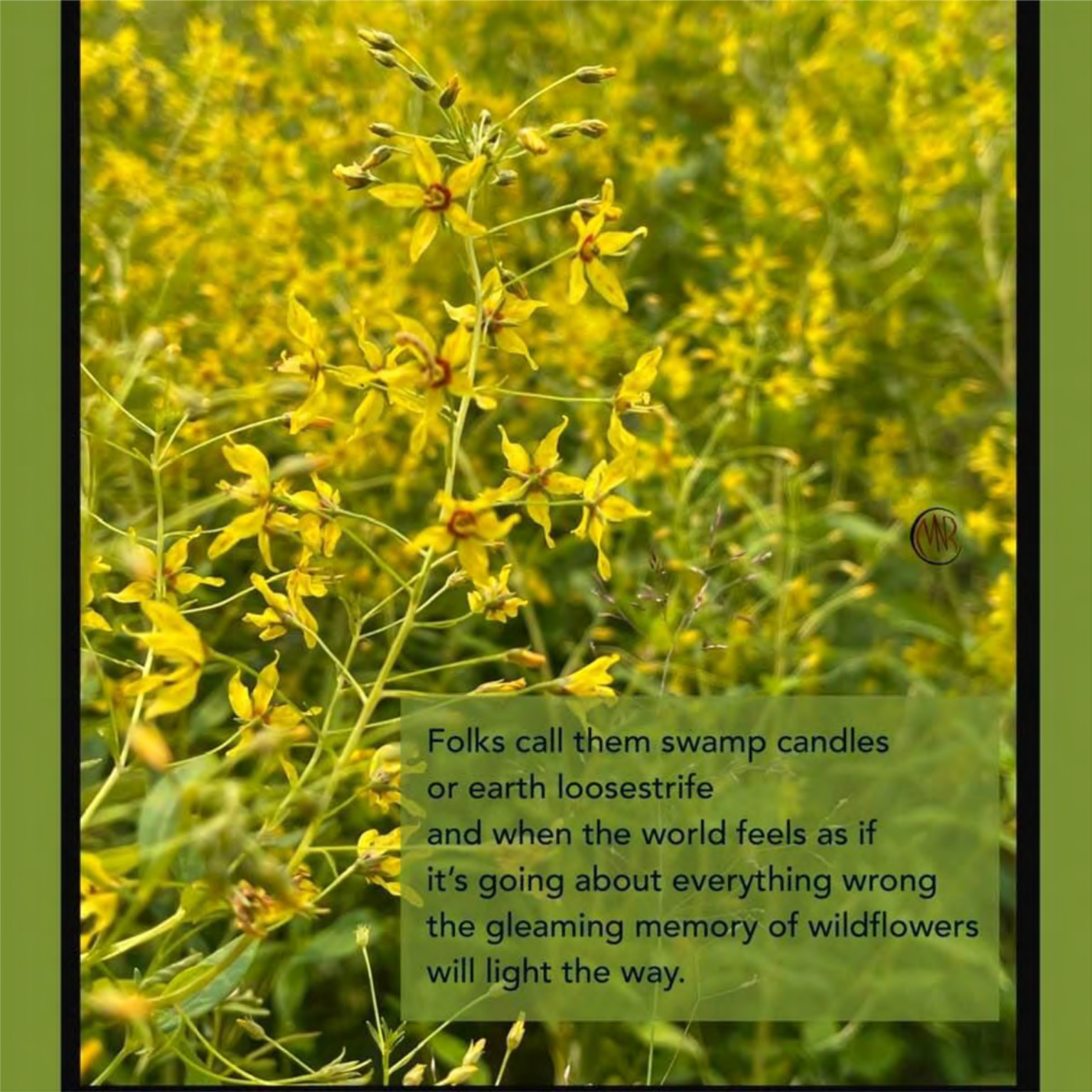
Cosmopolitan
Vanessa basking
in sunshine
makes anywhere
a charming scene.



A photograph of a butterfly with orange and black wings resting on green foliage. The butterfly is positioned in the upper right quadrant of the image. The foliage consists of various green leaves, some of which are serrated. The background is dark and out of focus. The entire image is framed by a thick green border.

Comprehending
geologic time
Ago
Comprehending
astronomic space
Away
Contemplating
life's small creatures
Here and now



A photograph of a field of yellow wildflowers, likely swamp candles or earth loosestrife. The flowers are small, yellow, and have a distinctive dark red or brown center. They are growing on thin, green stems. The background is a dense field of similar flowers, slightly out of focus. The entire image is framed by a thick green border.

Folks call them swamp candles
or earth loosestrife
and when the world feels as if
it's going about everything wrong
the gleaming memory of wildflowers
will light the way.





Volunteers
bring a
special
beauty to
any scene.



The crow busily
picking wild apples
knows nothing about
improved varieties
nor does it care.



Wild azalea, what is it
we so love about you?
Nurseries would gladly
sell us bigger blooms.
It must be that you are so
completely all your own.



Handsome checkerboard
in good woodland tweed
to the eye of a connoisseur.



Yin/Yang
sun/shade
blossom/leaves
absolute/potential