

Dragonfly, you land  
atop my writing hand

tiny cinnamon stick  
with gossamer wings.

In your intimate touch  
an I-Thou experience

no longer than the  
moment between breaths

I cannot hold you  
only the back of my hand

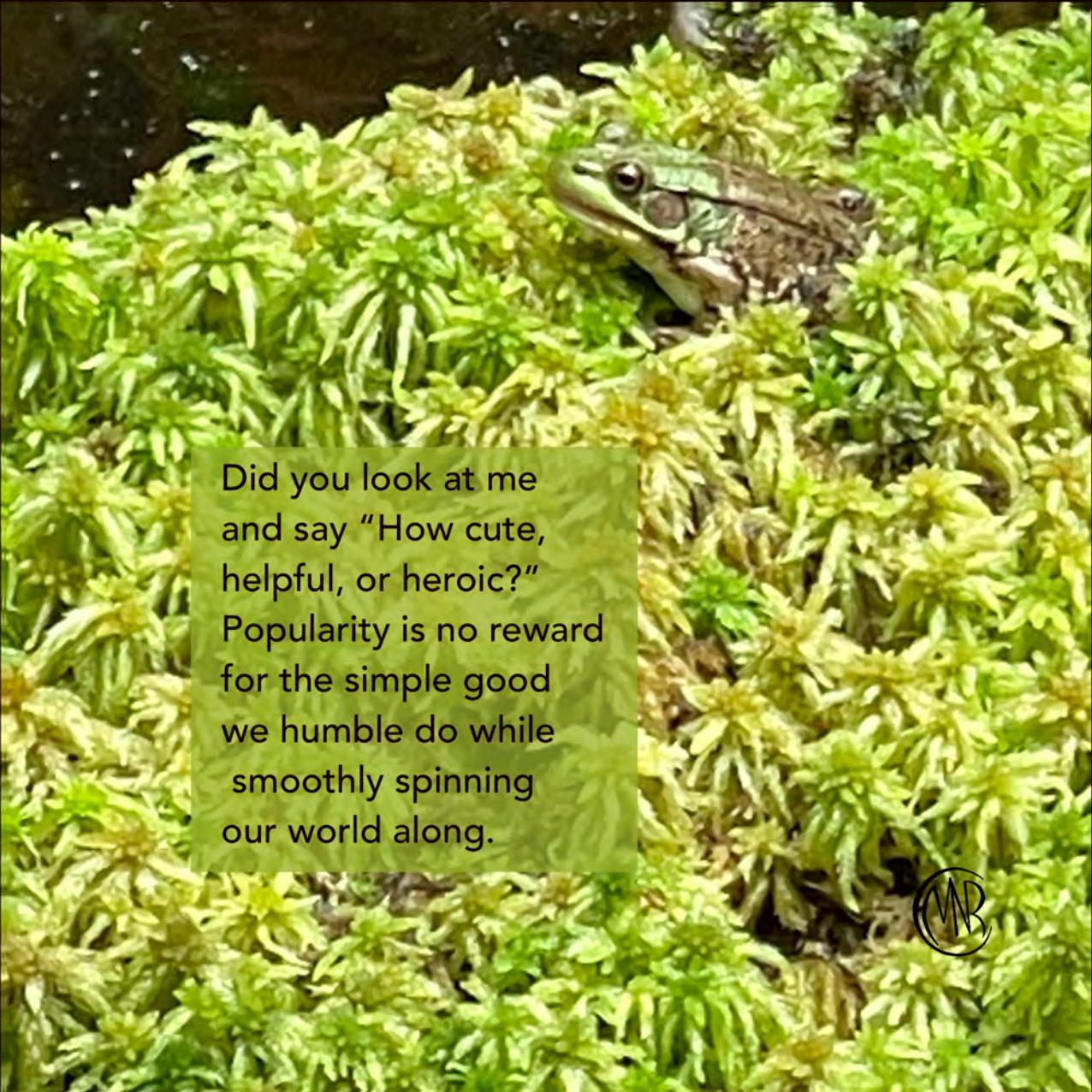
remembers what we might  
have been trying to say.



Do you know my name  
or what in our world I do?  
If I were a movie star  
or football player  
you would recognize me  
but what if I were half my size  
or had twice as many legs?  
Life is not a show or game  
but it's time that humans realized  
it is a team sport.





A photograph of a green frog with dark spots, sitting on a dense patch of bright green moss. In the background, a dark, calm body of water is visible. The entire image is framed by a thick black border.

Did you look at me  
and say "How cute,  
helpful, or heroic?"  
Popularity is no reward  
for the simple good  
we humble do while  
smoothly spinning  
our world along.






Comes a slack tide moment  
without wave or breeze  
clouds coasting to a stop  
the distant hum of the globe turning  
under the shadow of a butterfly  
as a spider lines down and tightropes  
across from twig to twig  
with neither sound nor gravity.



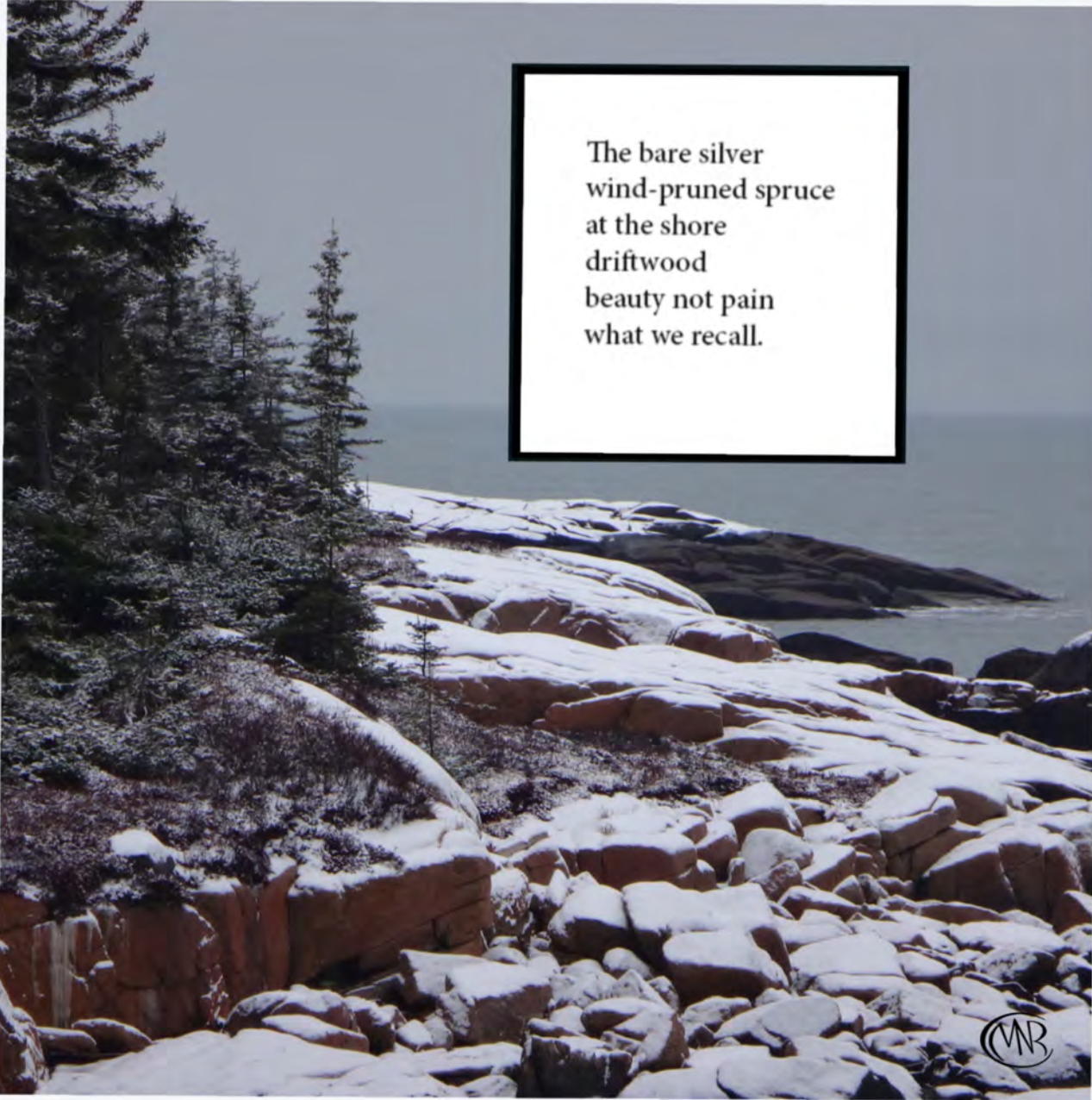




The brain Self rides  
the body Self like  
cruising "no hands"  
on a bike but old bicycles  
some days need more  
attention to their parts.

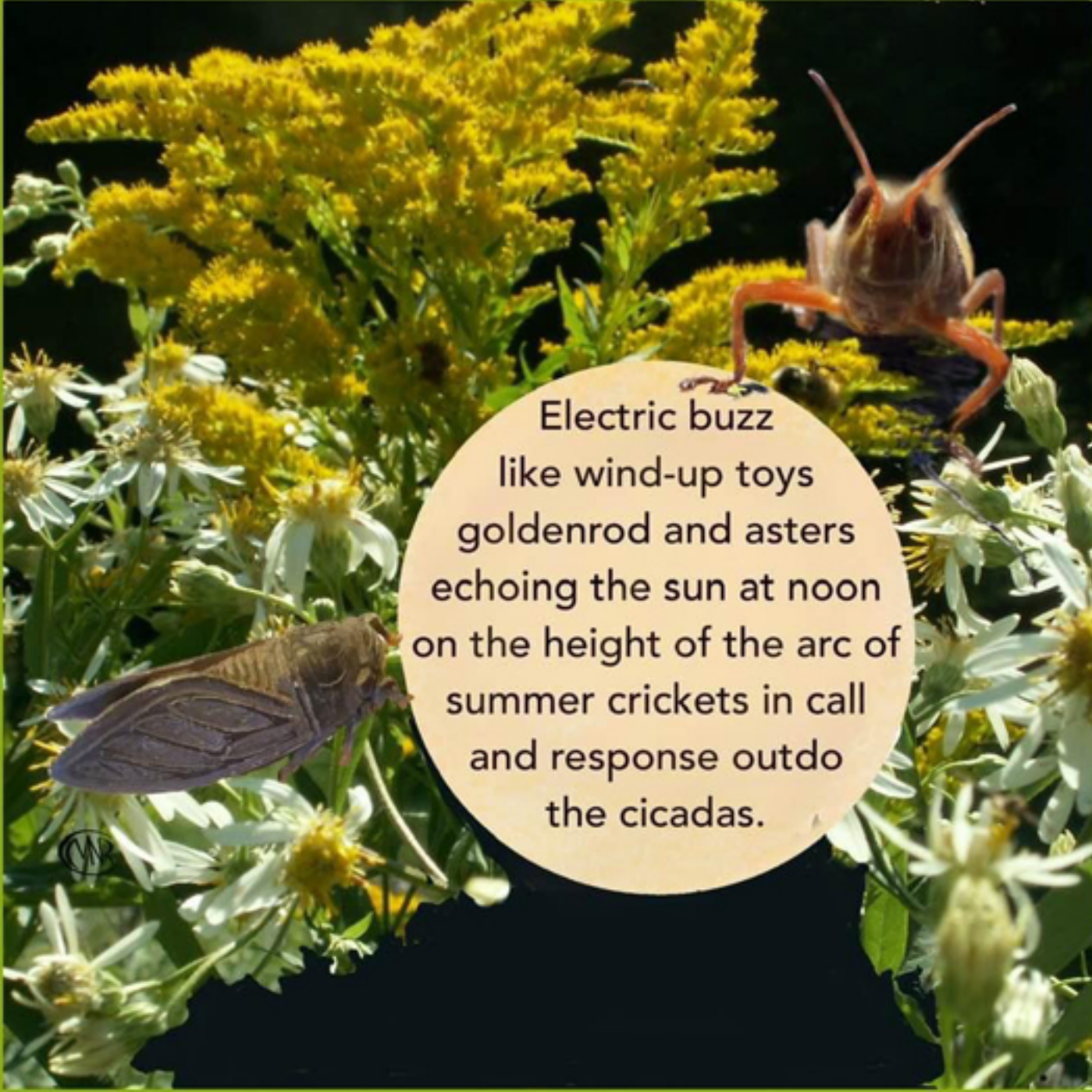
A circular logo with the letters 'MR' is visible on the right side of the image, partially obscured by snow.



A photograph of a rocky coastline. In the foreground, there are large, reddish-brown rocks covered in a layer of snow. To the left, a dense forest of evergreen trees, some with snow on their branches, rises up a slope. In the background, the ocean is visible under a clear sky. A white rectangular box with a black border is superimposed on the upper right portion of the image, containing text.

The bare silver  
wind-pruned spruce  
at the shore  
driftwood  
beauty not pain  
what we recall.





Electric buzz  
like wind-up toys  
goldenrod and asters  
echoing the sun at noon  
on the height of the arc of  
summer crickets in call  
and response outdo  
the cicadas.





### Life List, April 25

Today I saw my first-ever little brown Elfin  
– tiny butterfly dropped like a flake of leaf  
into the corner of my vision  
to barricade the path in the cool afternoon.

Brown as a little bear it slowly slanted,  
careened over like a windsurfer letting down the sail,  
like a cat warming its tummy in the wan sun.

Like a movie star an elfin is much smaller  
than I thought and so much better looking  
than its picture. I'll never forget our meeting  
though I was too excited to ask it  
for its autograph or use my camera.








To make music  
is to make meaning  
in tune together,  
ensemble the only  
goal of the universe.

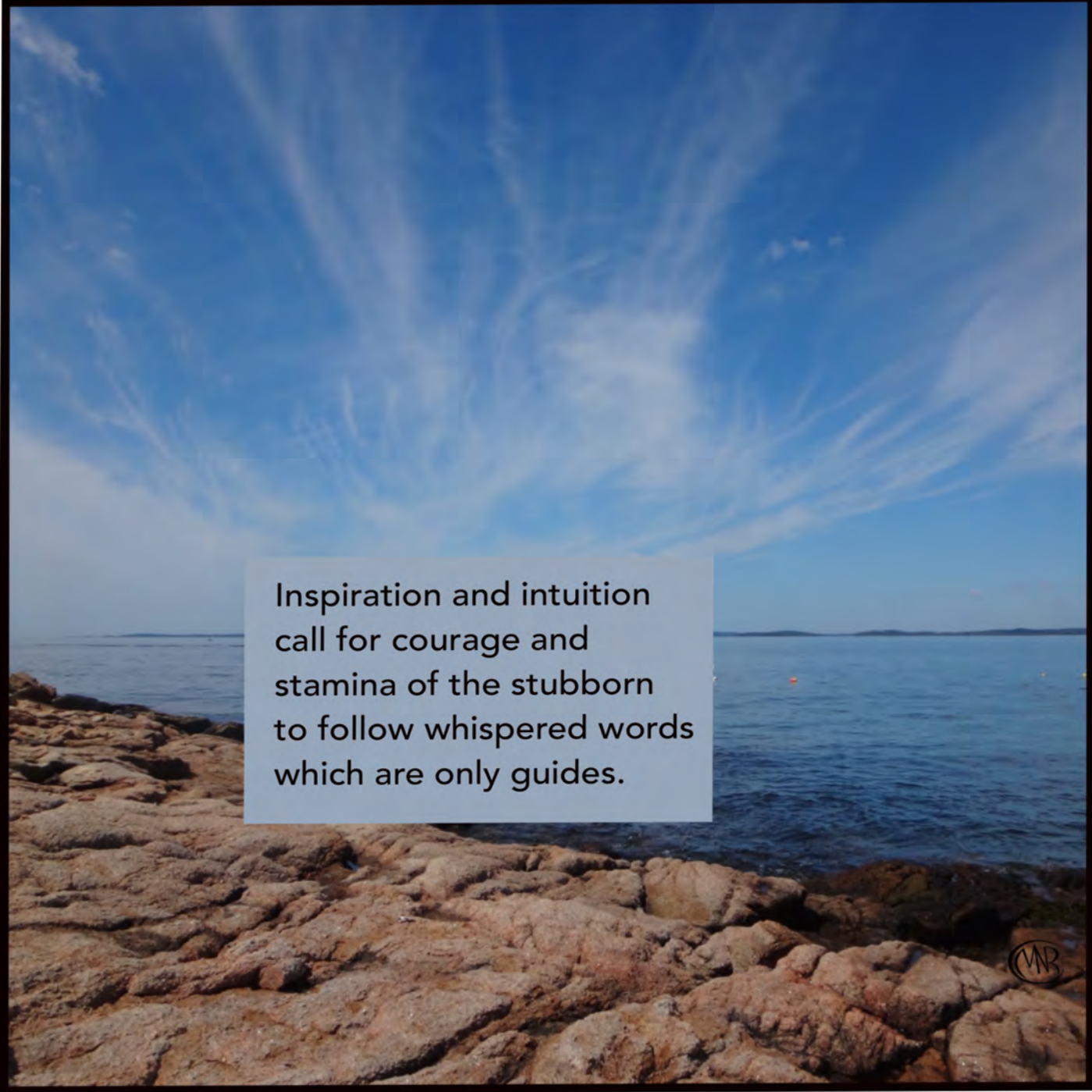




Fine-grained New England  
granite is obdurate stuff.  
Long after the glacier's press  
it stands untouched  
by the hot lick of burning  
barrens for blueberries  
or the trembling flame  
of open wood lily at its side.

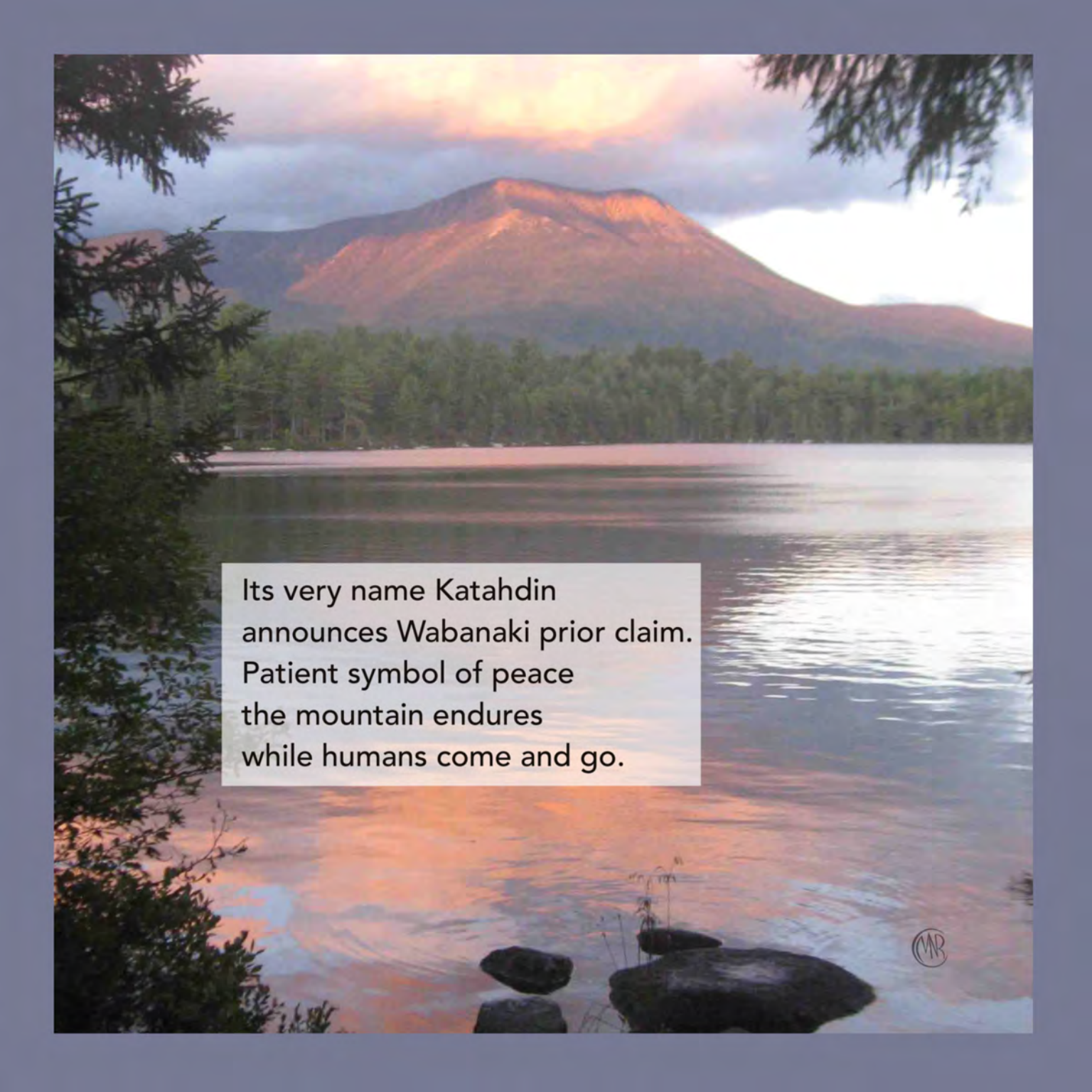






Inspiration and intuition  
call for courage and  
stamina of the stubborn  
to follow whispered words  
which are only guides.





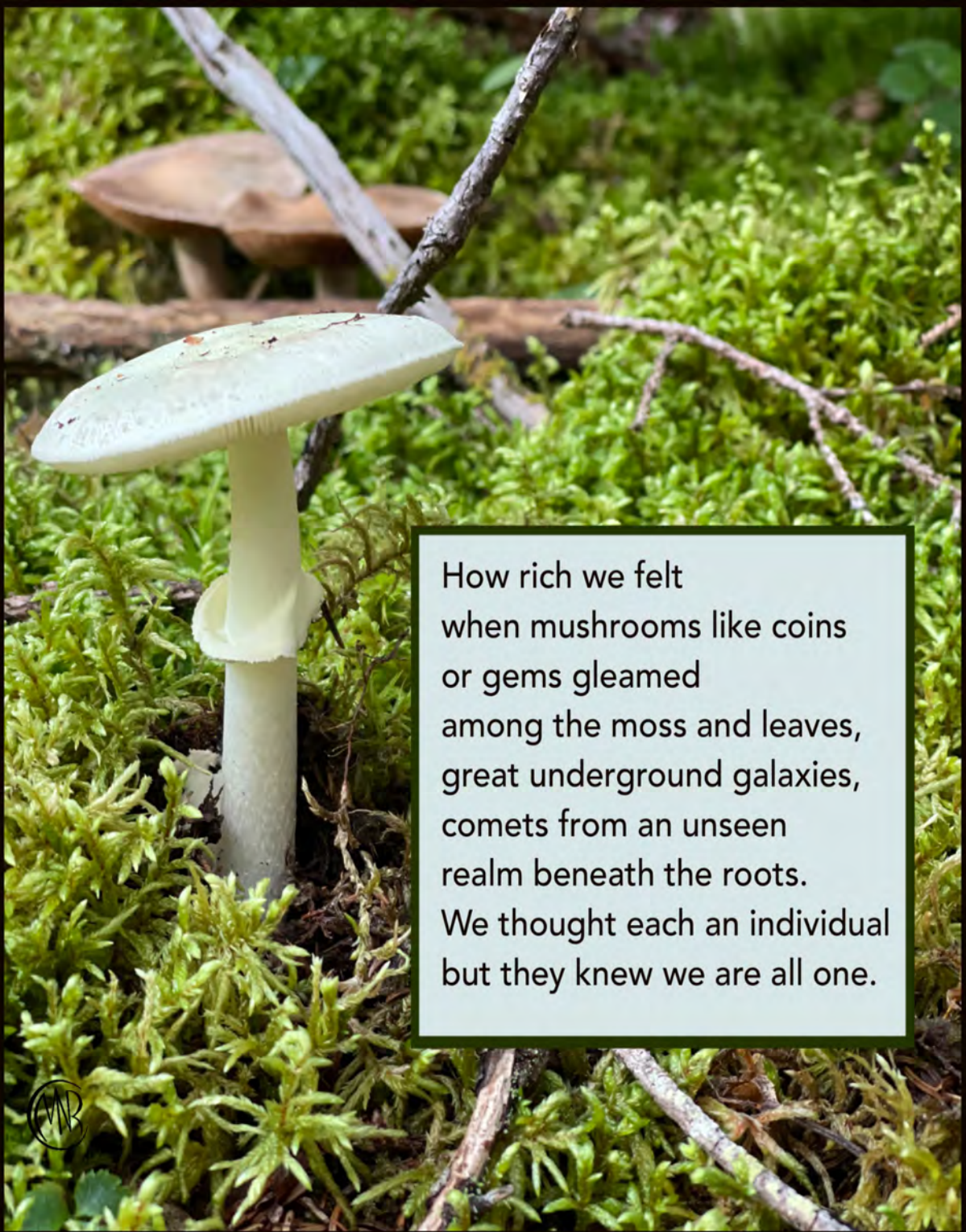
Its very name Katahdin  
announces Wabanaki prior claim.  
Patient symbol of peace  
the mountain endures  
while humans come and go.



Walk through life  
looking back  
and you hit closed doors  
step off cliffs.

To enjoy the past  
sit on a rock  
in the sun  
and grow wise.





How rich we felt  
when mushrooms like coins  
or gems gleamed  
among the moss and leaves,  
great underground galaxies,  
comets from an unseen  
realm beneath the roots.  
We thought each an individual  
but they knew we are all one.






Take words for a walk;  
where wilds can mean  
anything we did not ask for.  
Be a poet noticing those rocks  
and rills and trees and toads.

Mind's games and foghorns  
and spotlights are Hand-Me-Up  
gifts of noticing and when eyes  
and ears are both reporting in  
the brain does not forget.








Polypore *Coltricia*  
your formal name  
more musical than  
Tiger's eye or Fairy's  
Banquet Couch.  
Obscure? But so are you  
tiny fungus friend  
enriching forest web of life.






A photograph of a butterfly with orange and black wings resting on a green plant. The butterfly is positioned in the upper right quadrant of the image. The plant has large, green, serrated leaves. In the background, there are grey rocks and some dry, brown leaves. 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 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  
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Here and now







The cubic grains of sand here  
have hefts of tanks  
edges of homeboys' razors  
chili pepper lure of danger.

Am I a fool to come alone  
to catch the ebb tide of the day  
negotiate unforgiving rocks  
and probe the absolute  
of ocean's edge?

In jagged granite is no evil  
no vengeance hides in seething tide  
in fractured heights no treachery  
of unmet expectations.

Old fools have earned their choices.





Give it  
a name to  
confirm  
its claim to  
Selfness.





both flutter and flurry

Swallowtail  
perfection

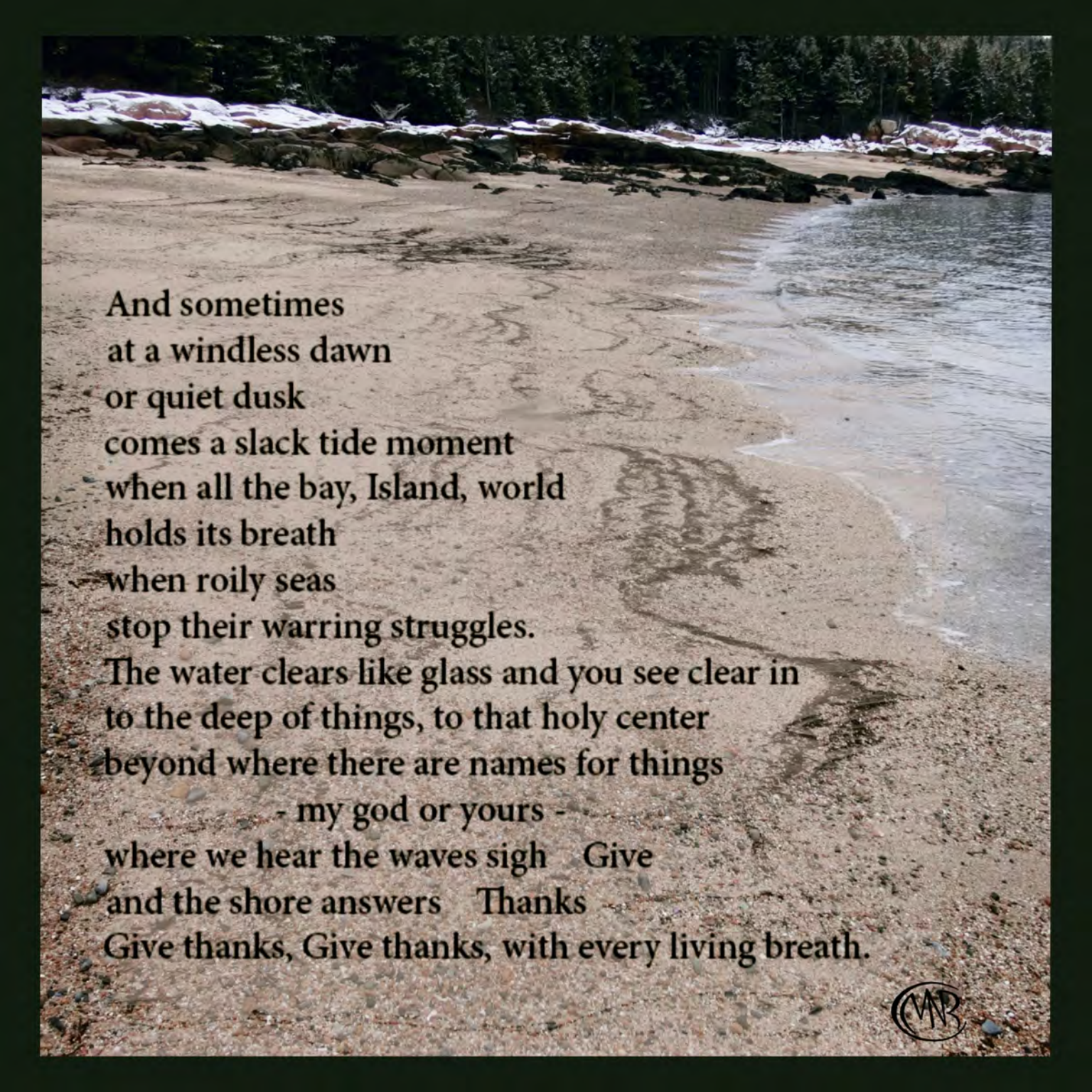


blackberry  
blossom snow

caught in the act  
of being miracle.







And sometimes  
at a windless dawn  
or quiet dusk  
comes a slack tide moment  
when all the bay, Island, world  
holds its breath  
when roily seas  
stop their warring struggles.

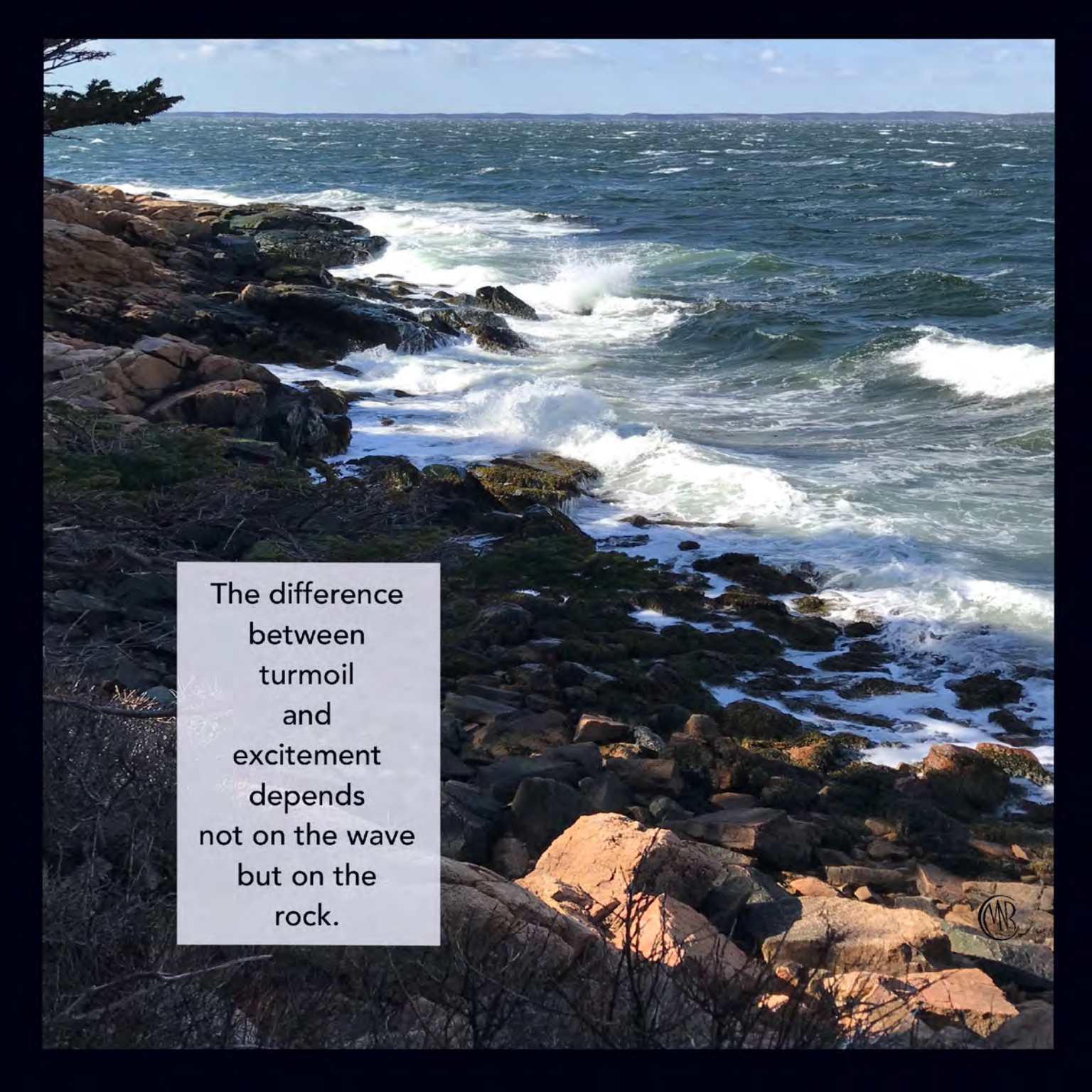
The water clears like glass and you see clear in  
to the deep of things, to that holy center  
beyond where there are names for things

- my god or yours -

where we hear the waves sigh   Give  
and the shore answers   Thanks  
Give thanks, Give thanks, with every living breath.



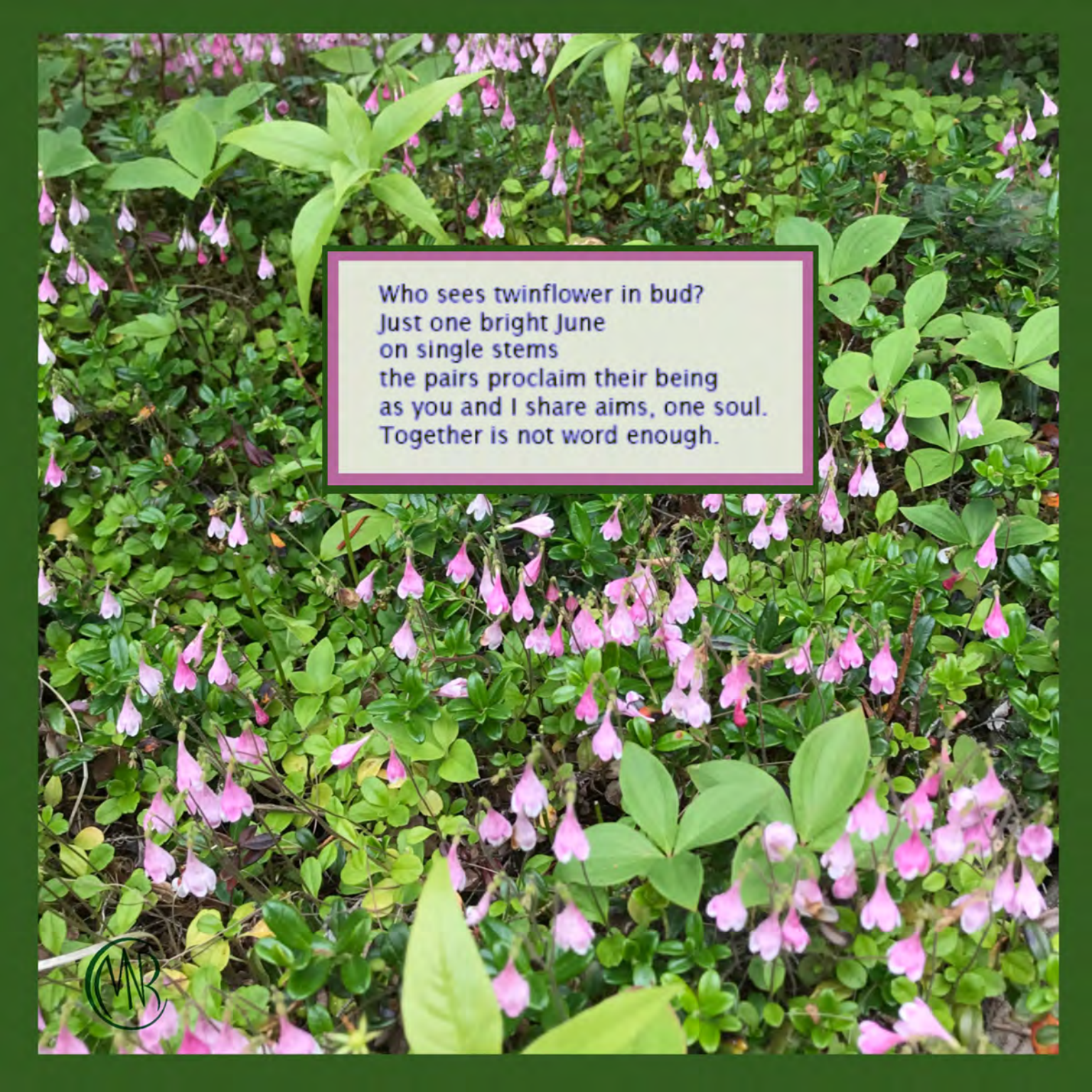


A photograph of a rugged coastline. In the foreground, dark, jagged rocks are scattered across the shore, some covered in green moss. The ocean is a deep blue-green, with white-capped waves crashing against the rocks, creating a dynamic scene of foam and spray. The sky is a pale blue with a few wispy clouds. The overall mood is one of natural power and raw beauty.

The difference  
between  
turmoil  
and  
excitement  
depends  
not on the wave  
but on the  
rock.



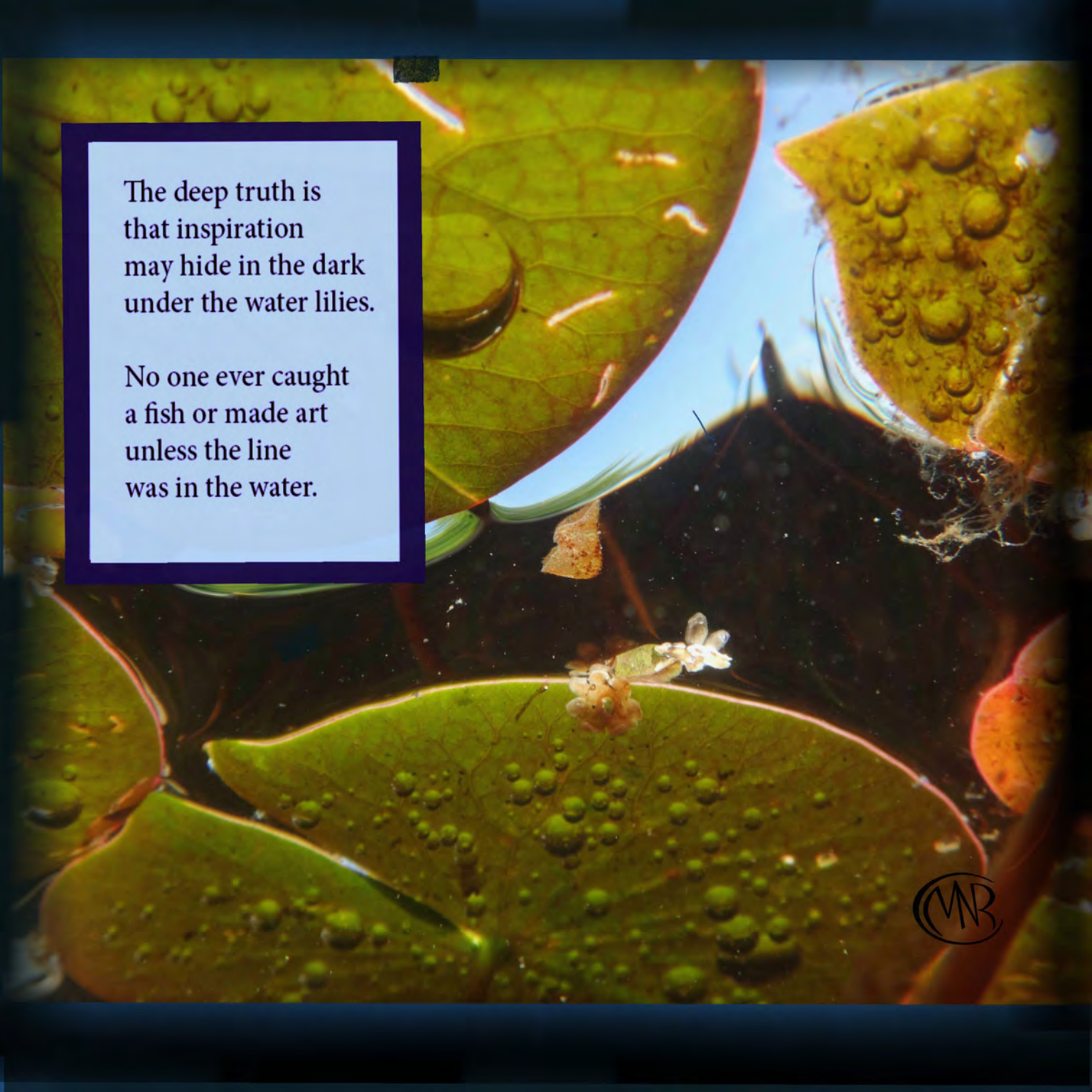




Who sees twinflower in bud?  
Just one bright June  
on single stems  
the pairs proclaim their being  
as you and I share aims, one soul.  
Together is not word enough.





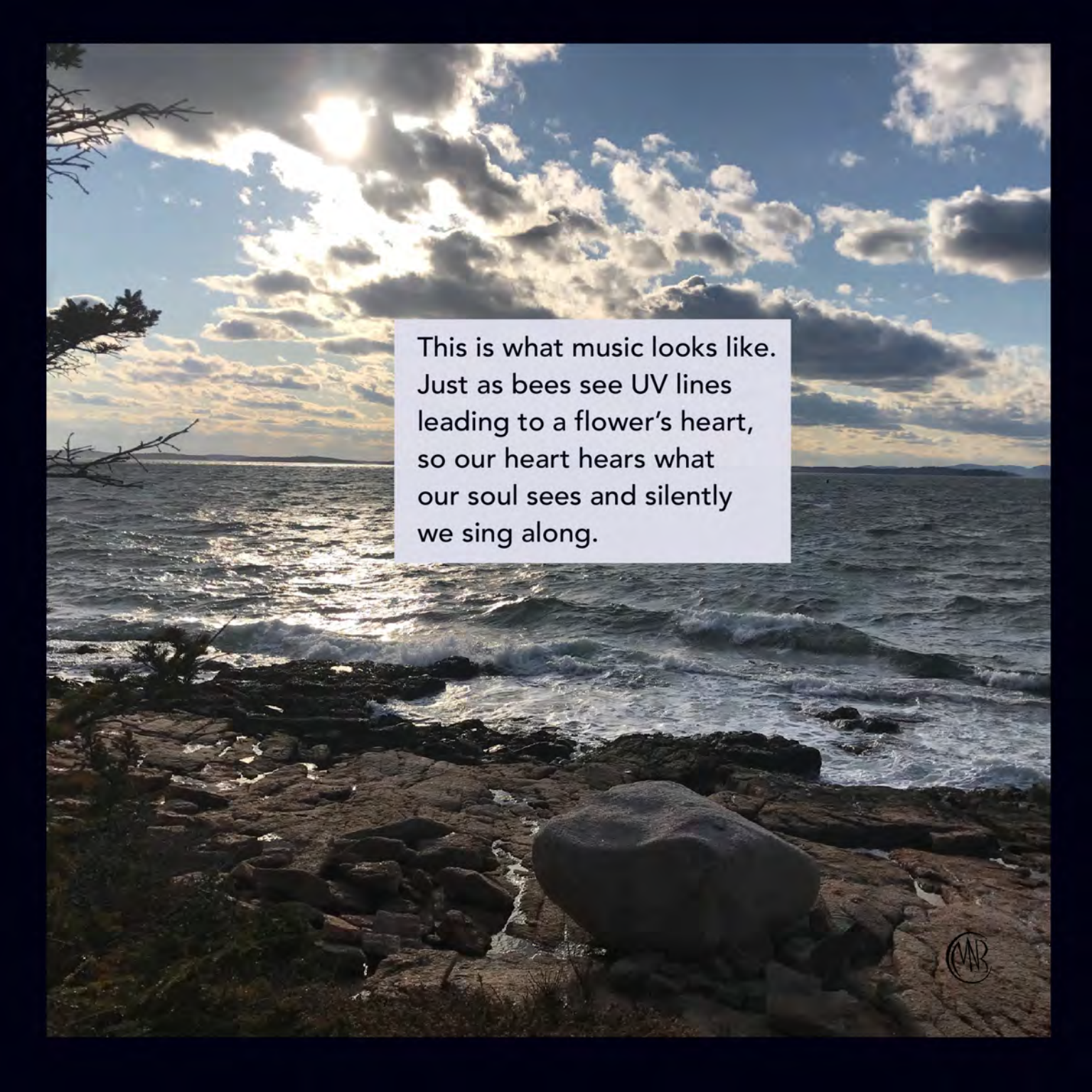


The deep truth is  
that inspiration  
may hide in the dark  
under the water lilies.

No one ever caught  
a fish or made art  
unless the line  
was in the water.







This is what music looks like.  
Just as bees see UV lines  
leading to a flower's heart,  
so our heart hears what  
our soul sees and silently  
we sing along.

