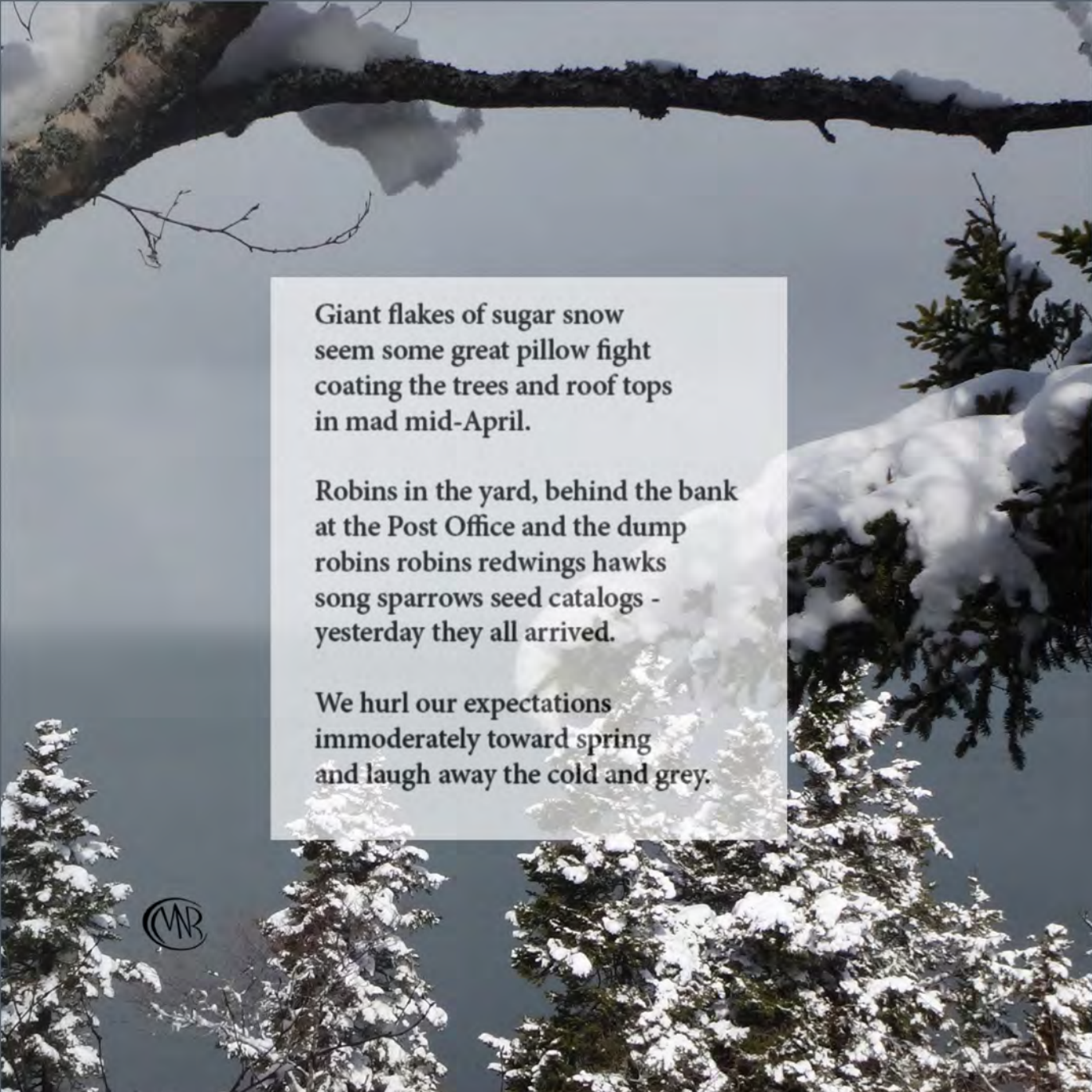


On May mornings neither
too hot nor too cold
the dainty star flower blooms
reminding us to treasure
the modest in our lives.

When the star magnolia blooms at garden edge
White-throated sparrow sings again in the spring sunshine

pure hope shimmering, shimmering
in silvery duet.






Giant flakes of sugar snow
seem some great pillow fight
coating the trees and roof tops
in mad mid-April.


Robins in the yard, behind the bank
at the Post Office and the dump
robins robins redwings hawks
song sparrows seed catalogs -
yesterday they all arrived.

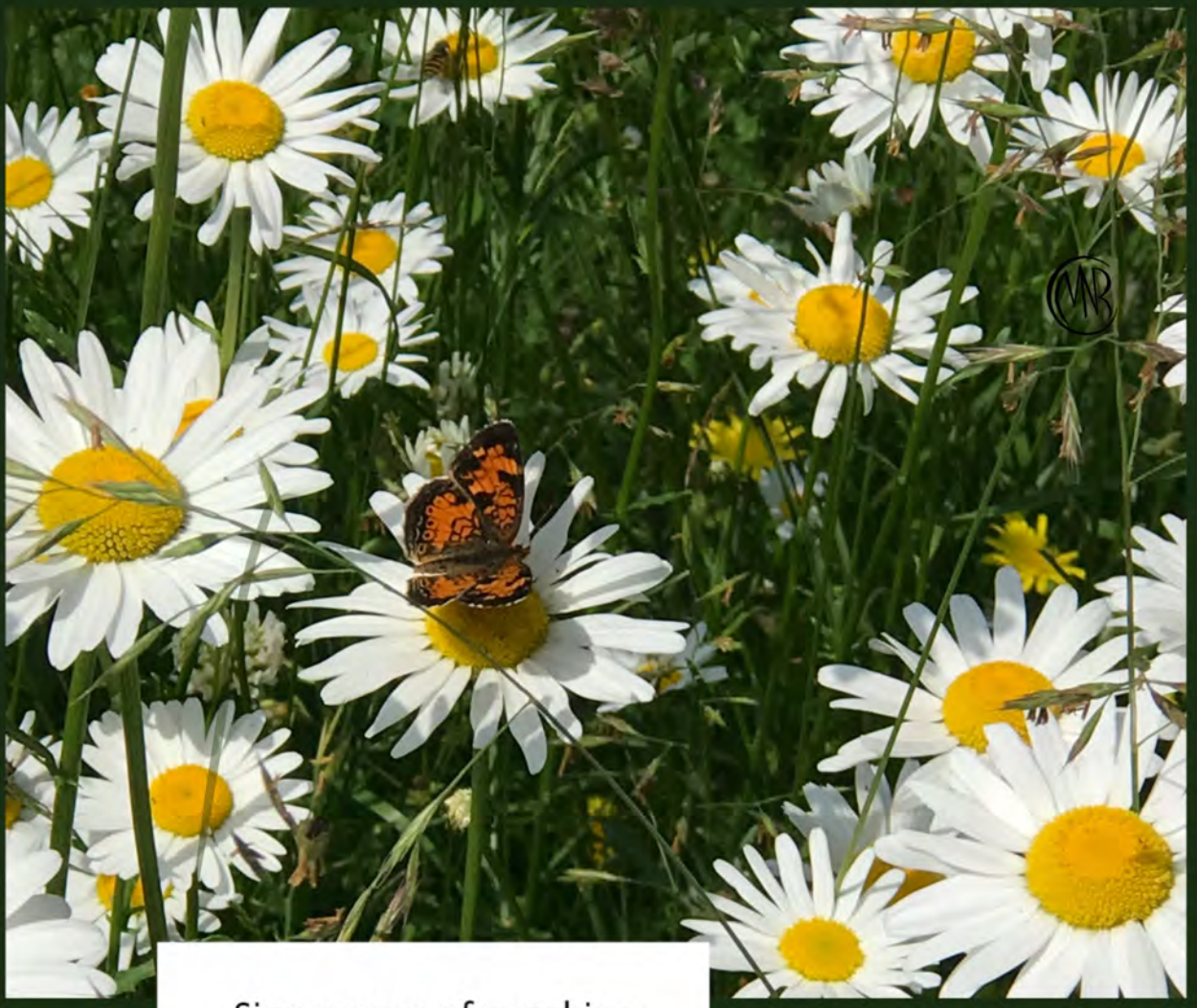
We hurl our expectations
immoderately toward spring
and laugh away the cold and grey.



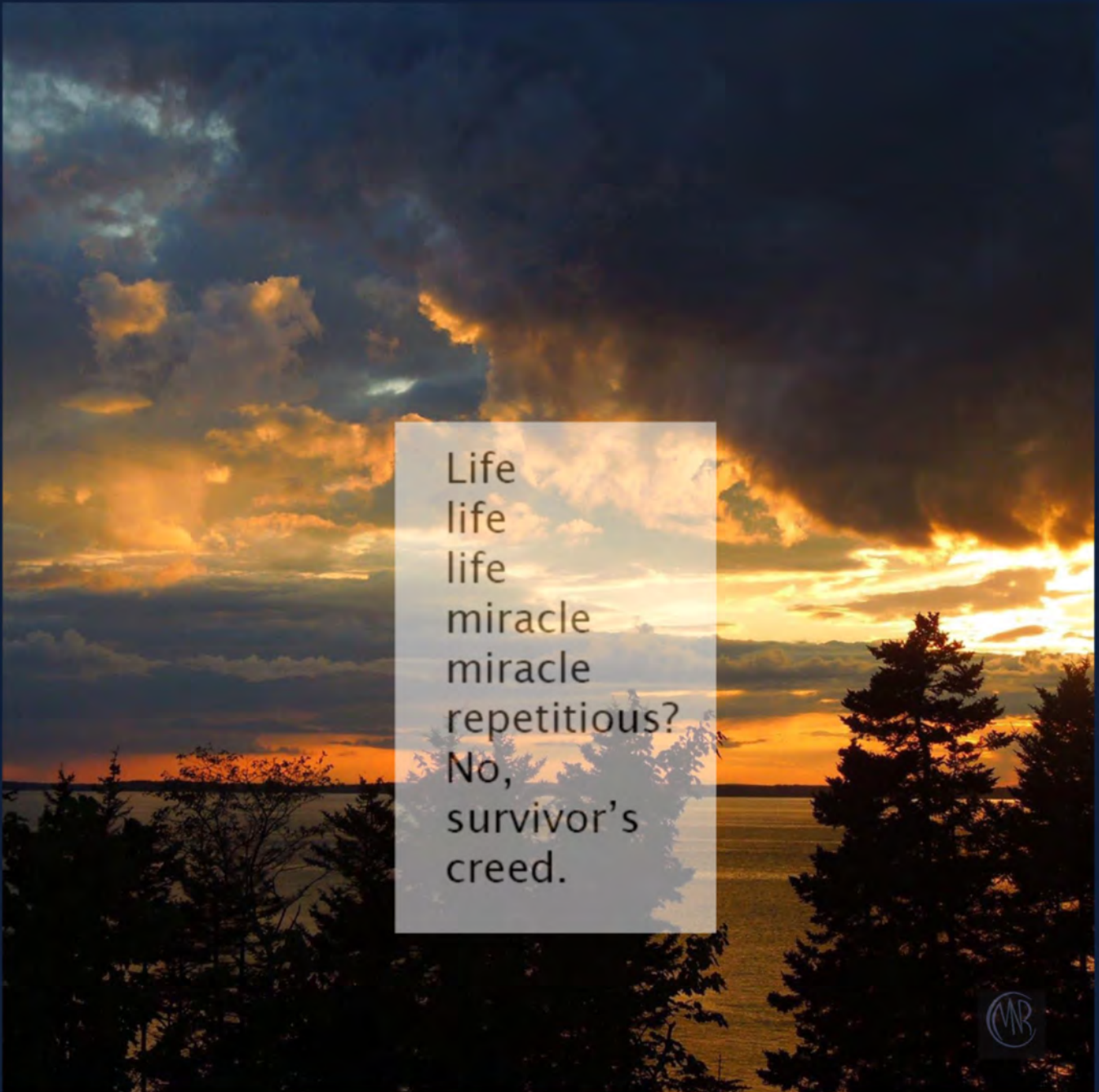


In their way
bright fall leaves
of sugar maple
sweet as spring's syrup
says the wise old woman.






Sing a song of sunshine
guaranteed fresh smiles.
Pack 'em in mind's pocket
for handing out free trials.

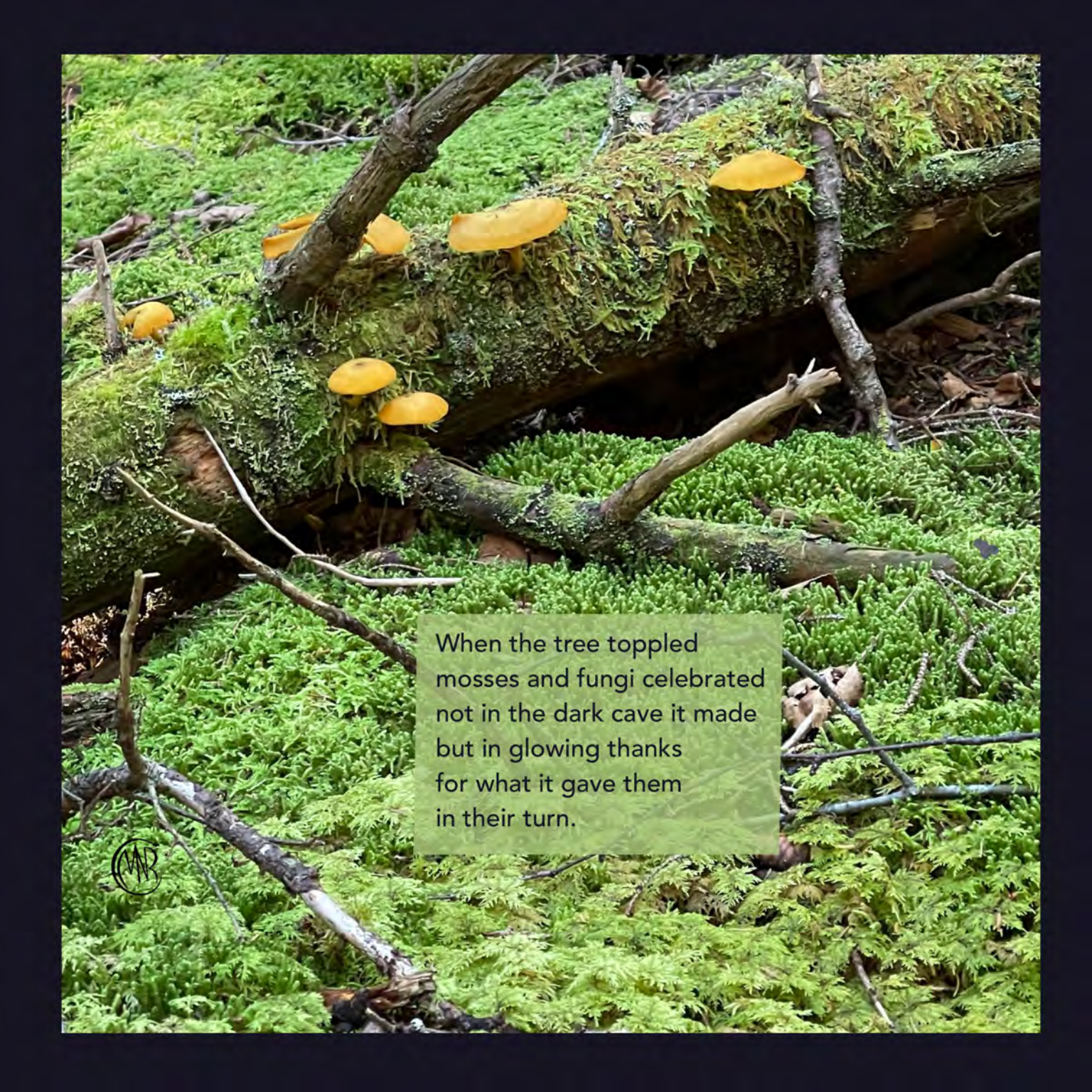


Life
life
life
miracle
miracle
repetitious?
No,
survivor's
creed.



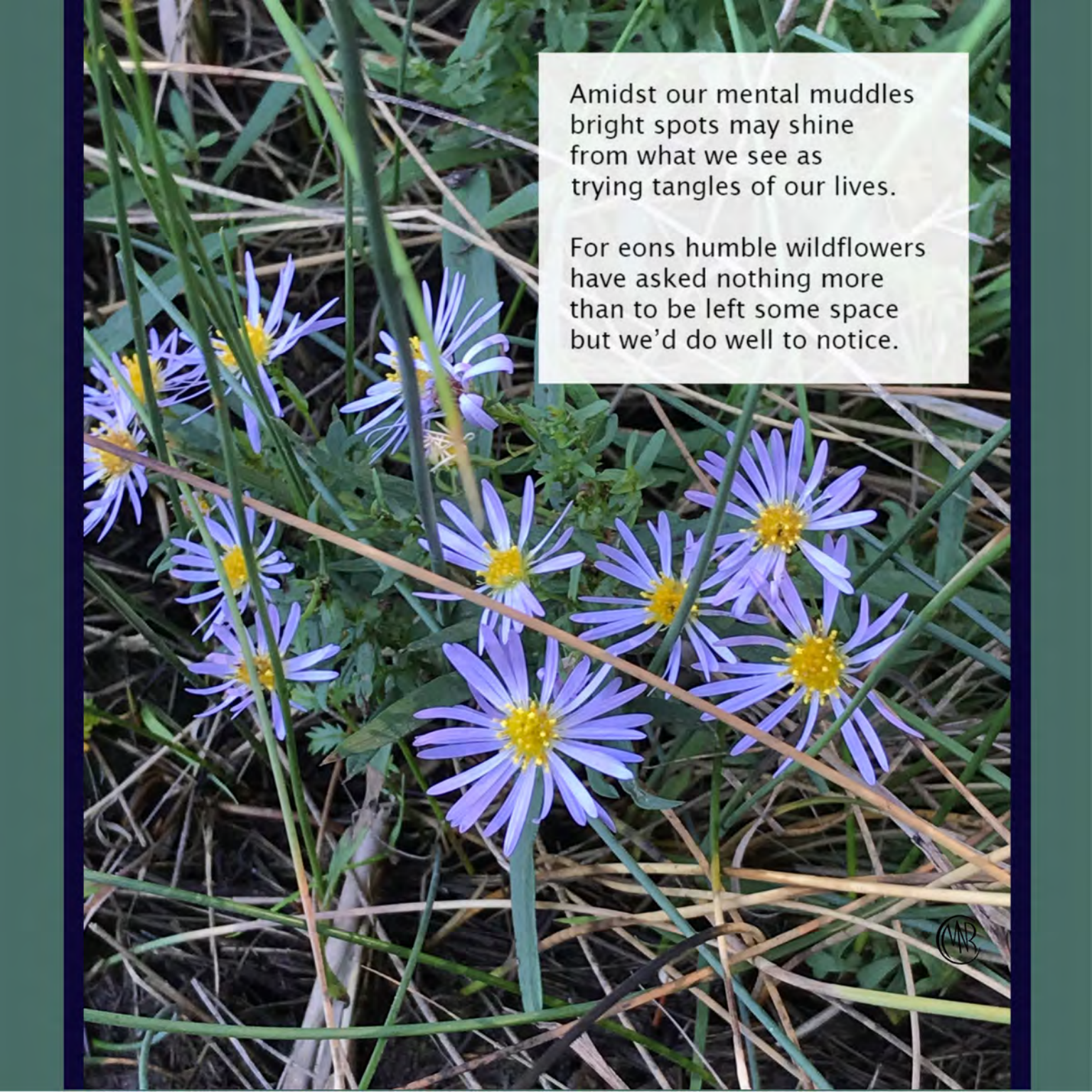
A photograph of a blue-headed vireo perched on a branch with white flowers. The bird has a blue head, white underparts, and dark wings and back. The background is a bright blue sky with scattered white clouds. The flowers are small and white, with green leaves. A small, dark insect is visible in flight near the bottom center of the image. A circular logo with the letters 'MR' is in the bottom right corner.

One can decide that
all poems have been written
and then two or is it three
swallows twitter madly
about the new moon sliver
high in the afternoon sky
with shadblow blooming.



When the tree toppled
mosses and fungi celebrated
not in the dark cave it made
but in glowing thanks
for what it gave them
in their turn.





Amidst our mental muddles
bright spots may shine
from what we see as
trying tangles of our lives.

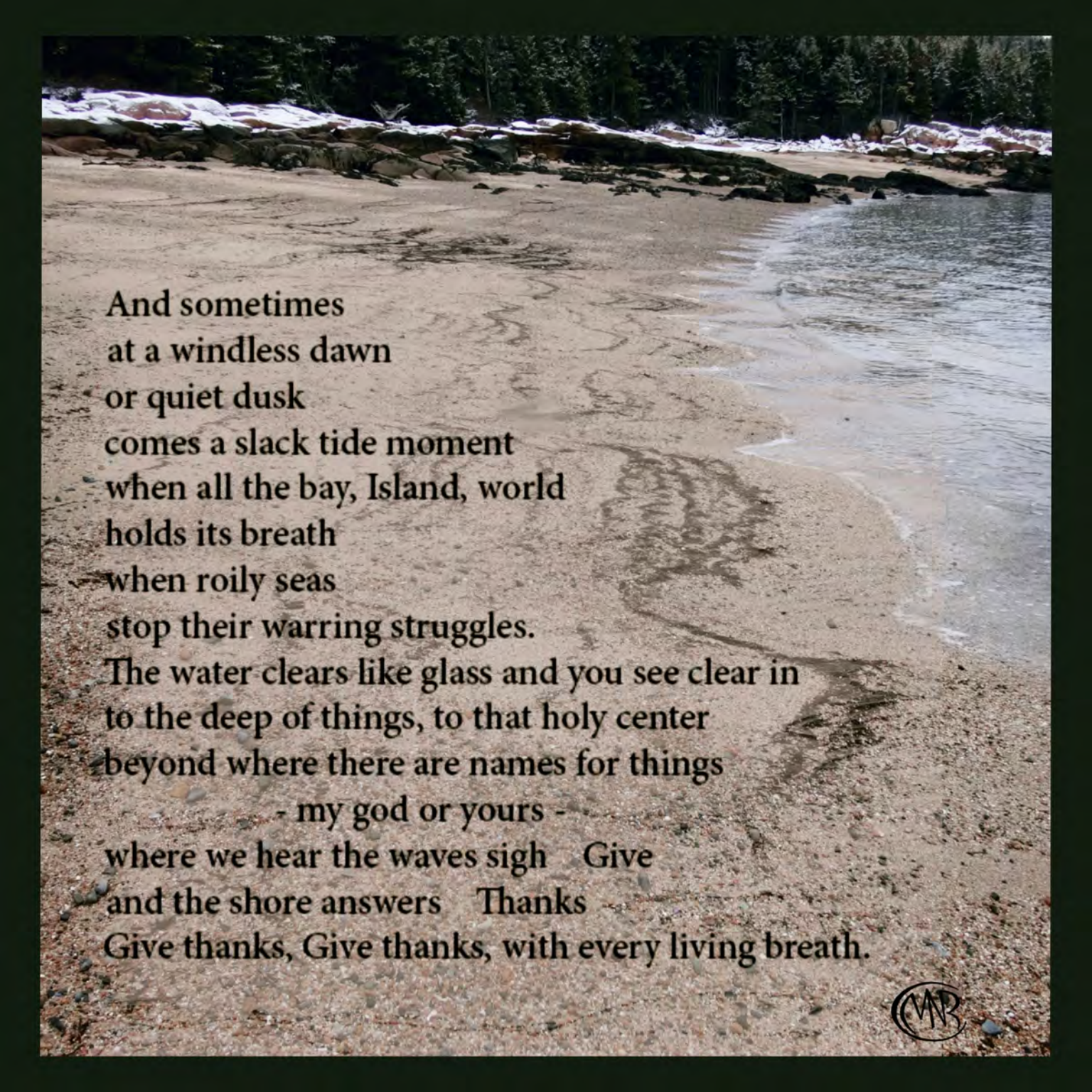
For eons humble wildflowers
have asked nothing more
than to be left some space
but we'd do well to notice.





I don't remember when I was a kid
thinking Twelve-spot dragonflies
were any more special than Cabbage White
butterflies hoping for broccoli
among the strawberries but now
when I see a dragon hover over the garden
pretending to be a great winged pterodactyl
I savor the illusion of summer doubly
knowing it for now and for the way we were.






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.





**Everywhere
reminders:
Life is a gift.**

Dragonfly, you land
atop my writing hand

tiny cinnamon stick
with gossamer wings.

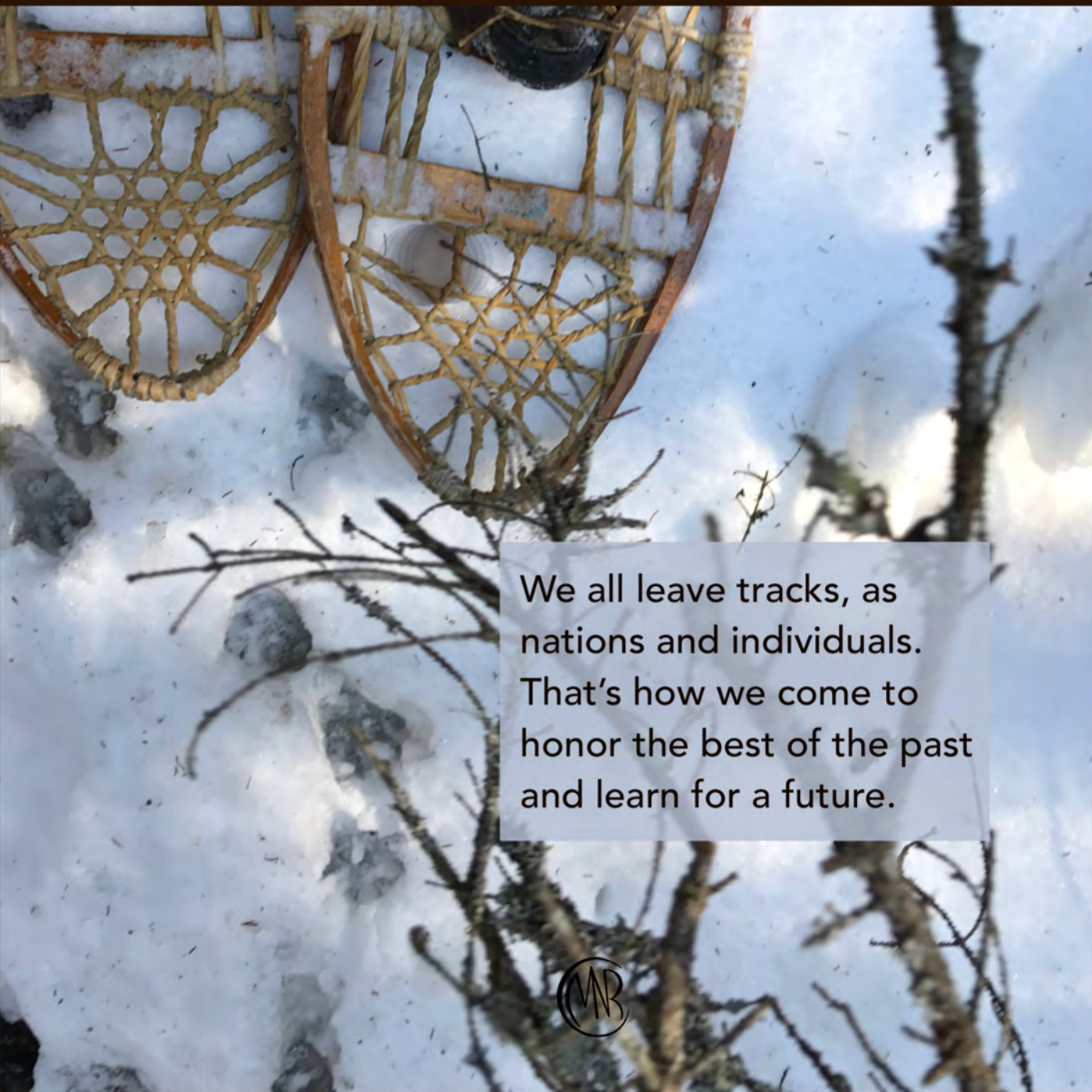
In your intimate touch
an I-Thou experience

no longer than the
moment between breaths

I cannot hold you
only the back of my hand

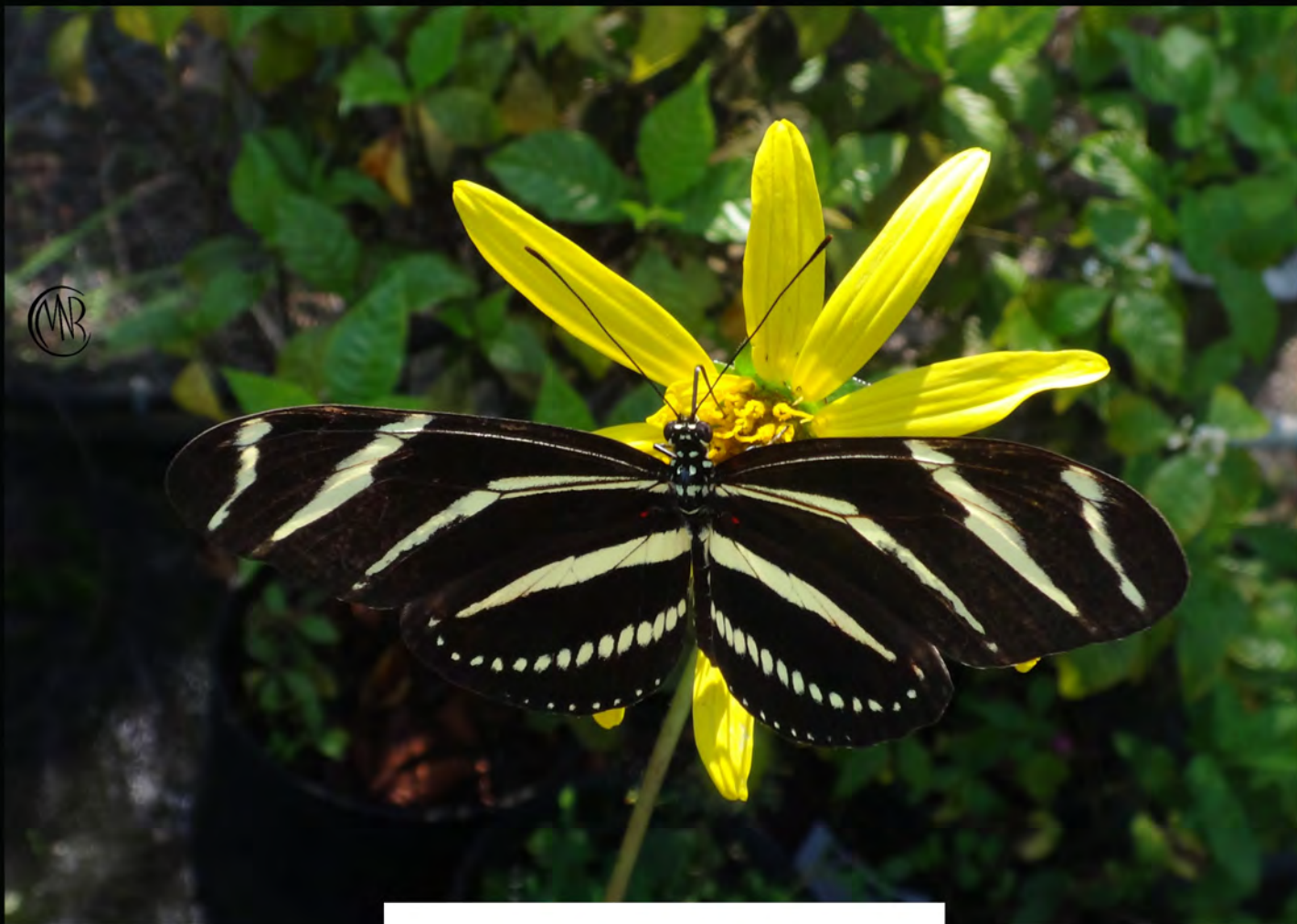
remembers what we might
have been trying to say.



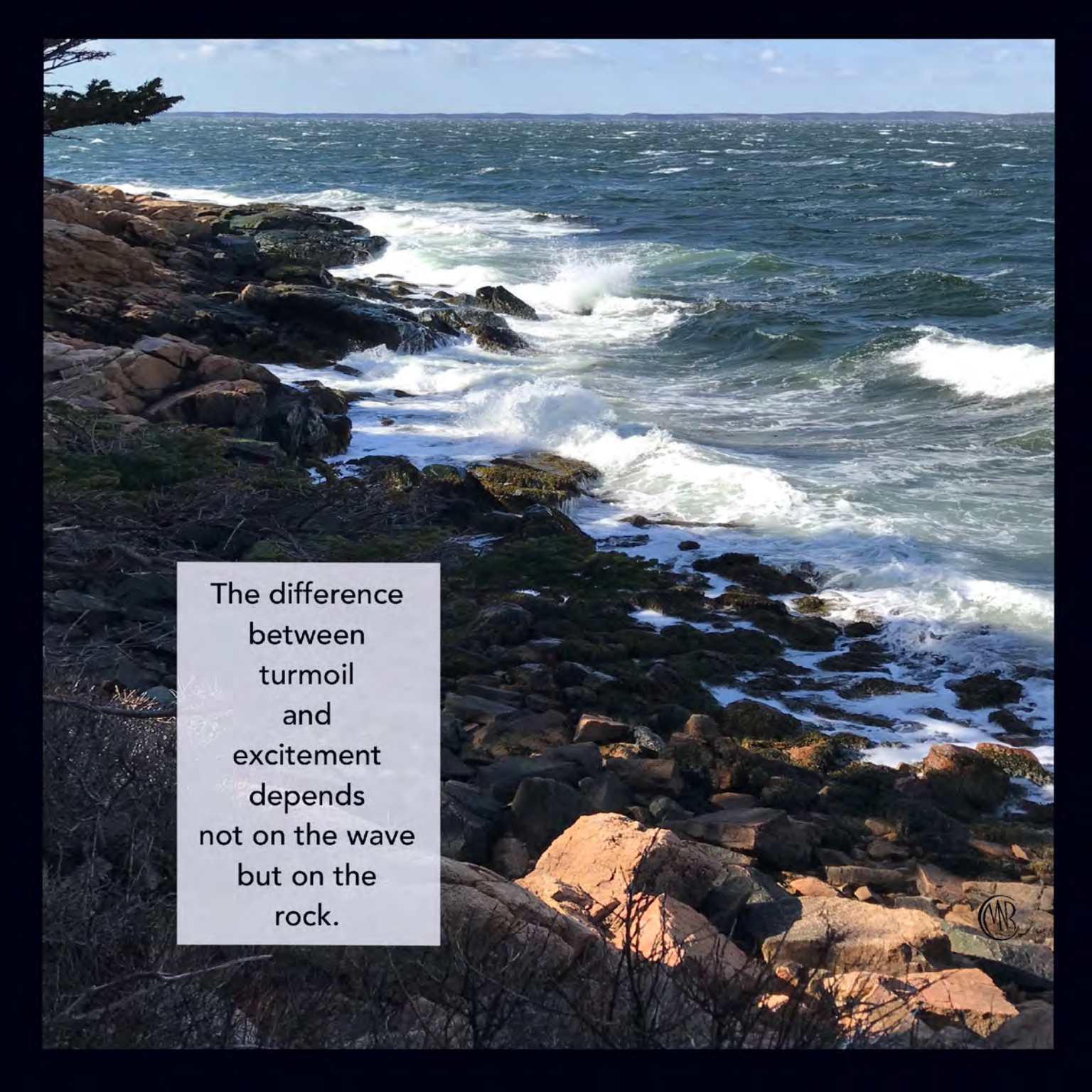


We all leave tracks, as
nations and individuals.
That's how we come to
honor the best of the past
and learn for a future.



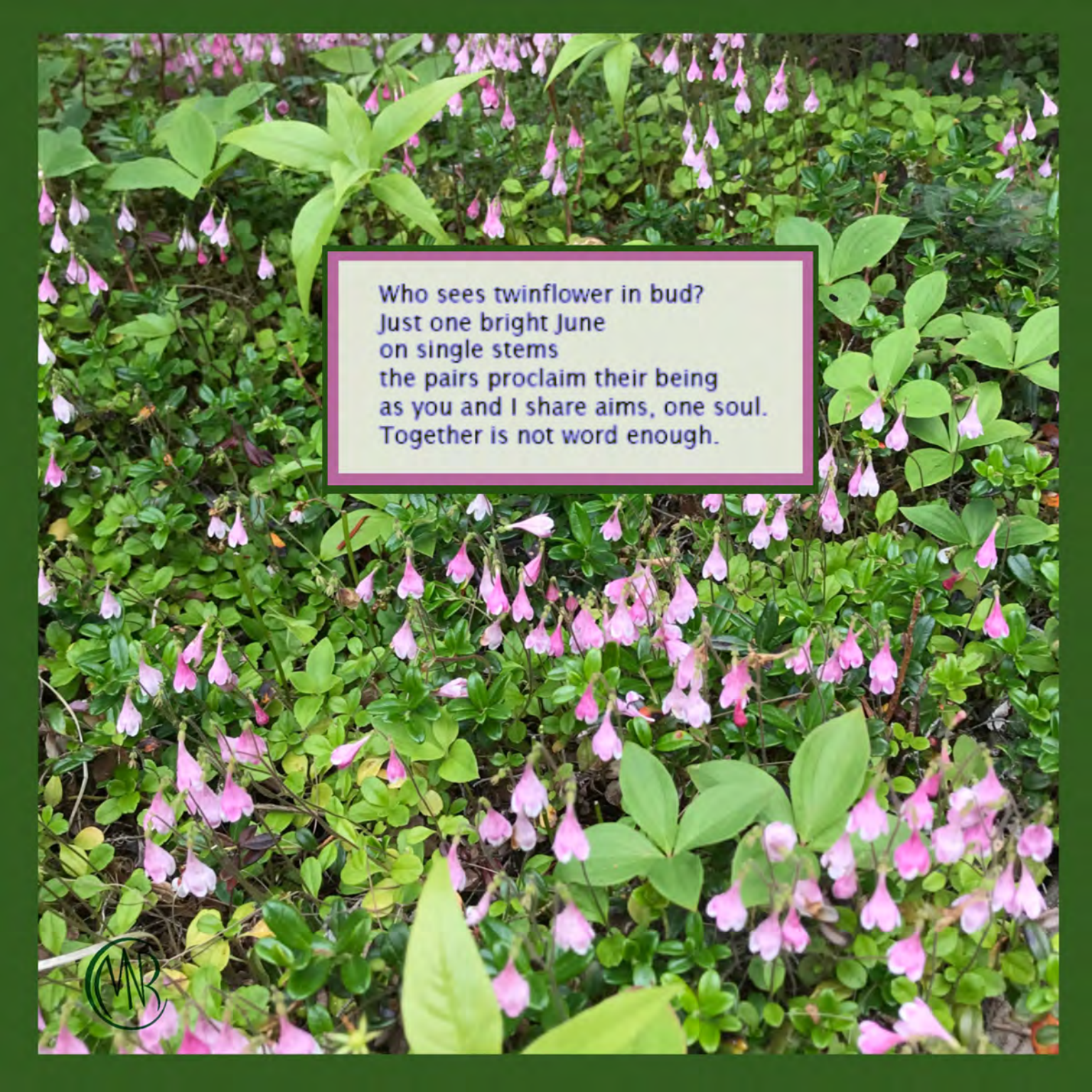


Tropical butterfly
stained glass
mullioned wings
in Nature's cathedral.

A photograph of a rugged coastline. In the foreground, dark, jagged rocks are scattered across the frame. The ocean is a deep blue-green, with white foam from waves crashing against the rocks. The sky is a clear, pale blue. The overall scene conveys a sense of wild, natural energy.

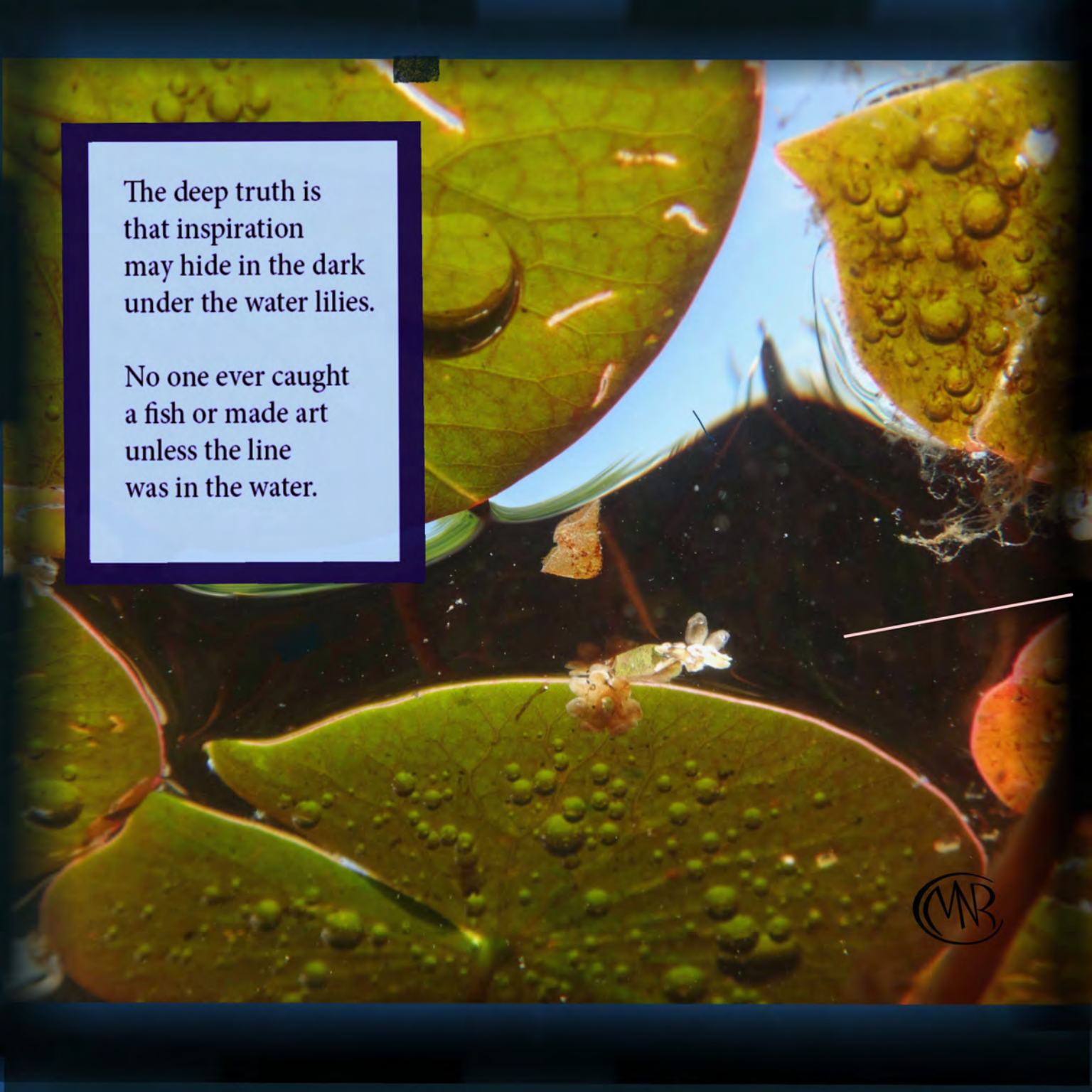
The difference
between
turmoil
and
excitement
depends
not on the wave
but on the
rock.



A close-up photograph of a dense patch of twinflowers. The plants have numerous small, bright pink, bell-shaped flowers hanging from their stems. The leaves are small, green, and oval-shaped. The background is a soft-focus green, suggesting more foliage.

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.



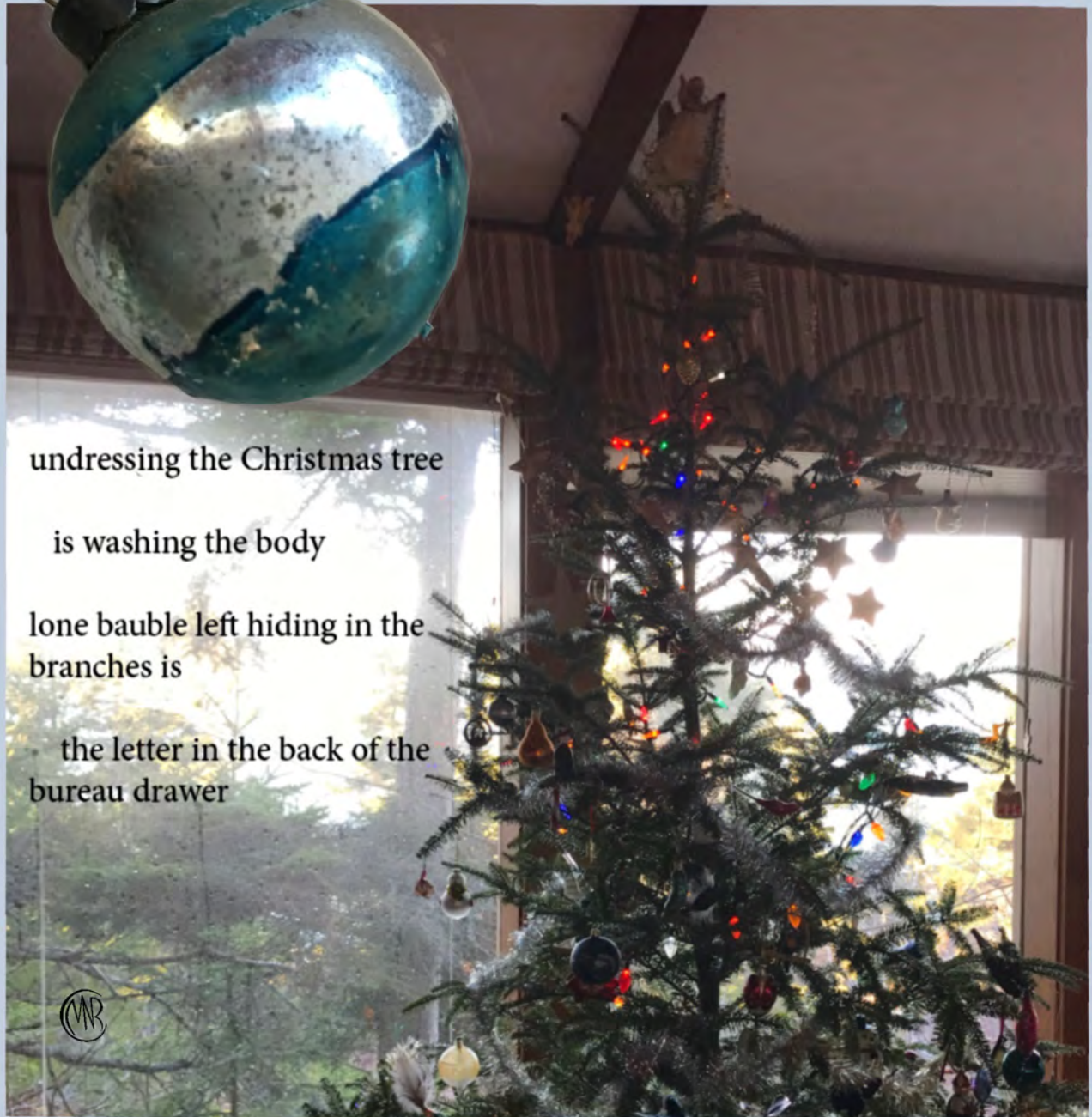


undressing the Christmas tree

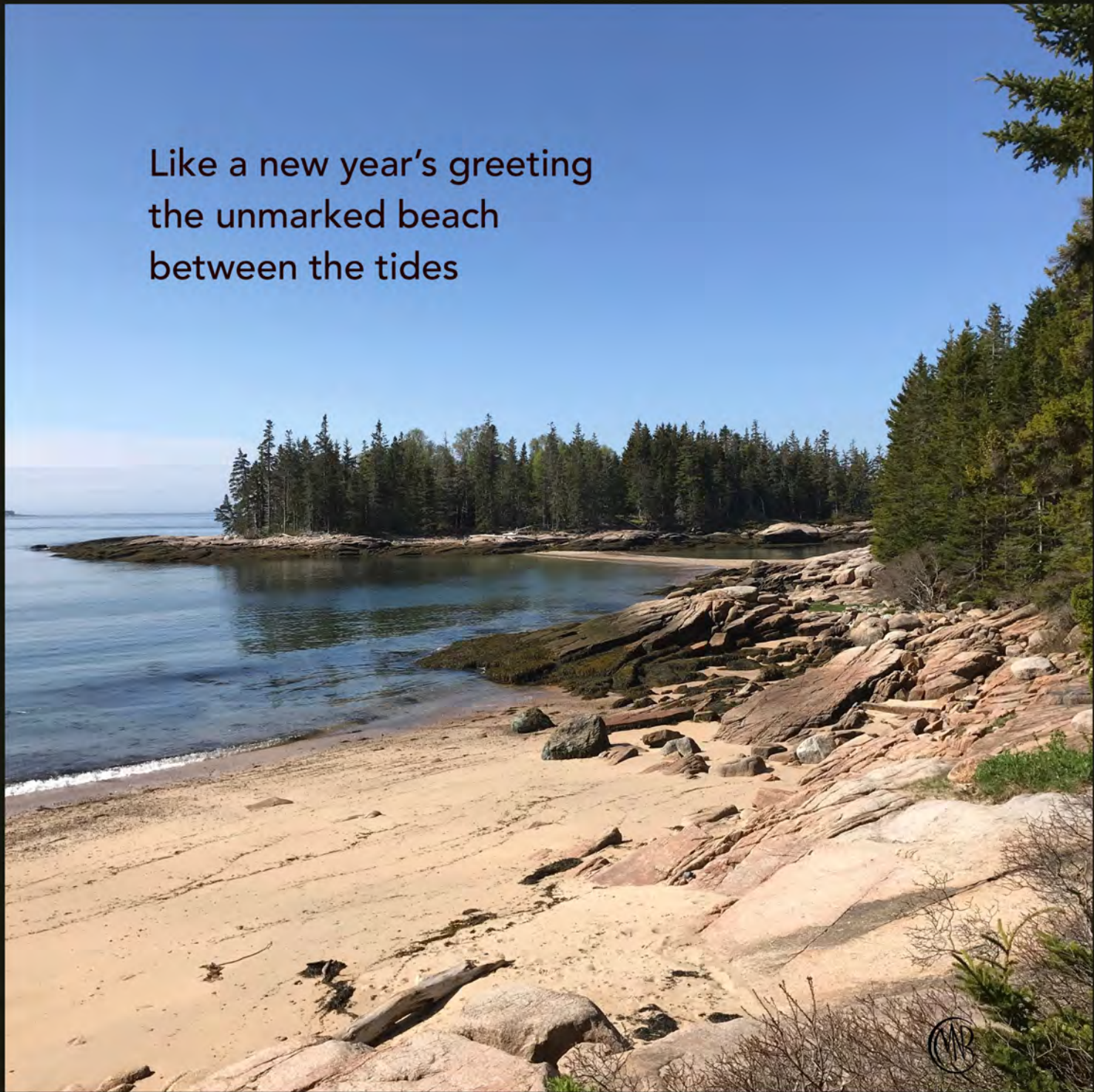
is washing the body

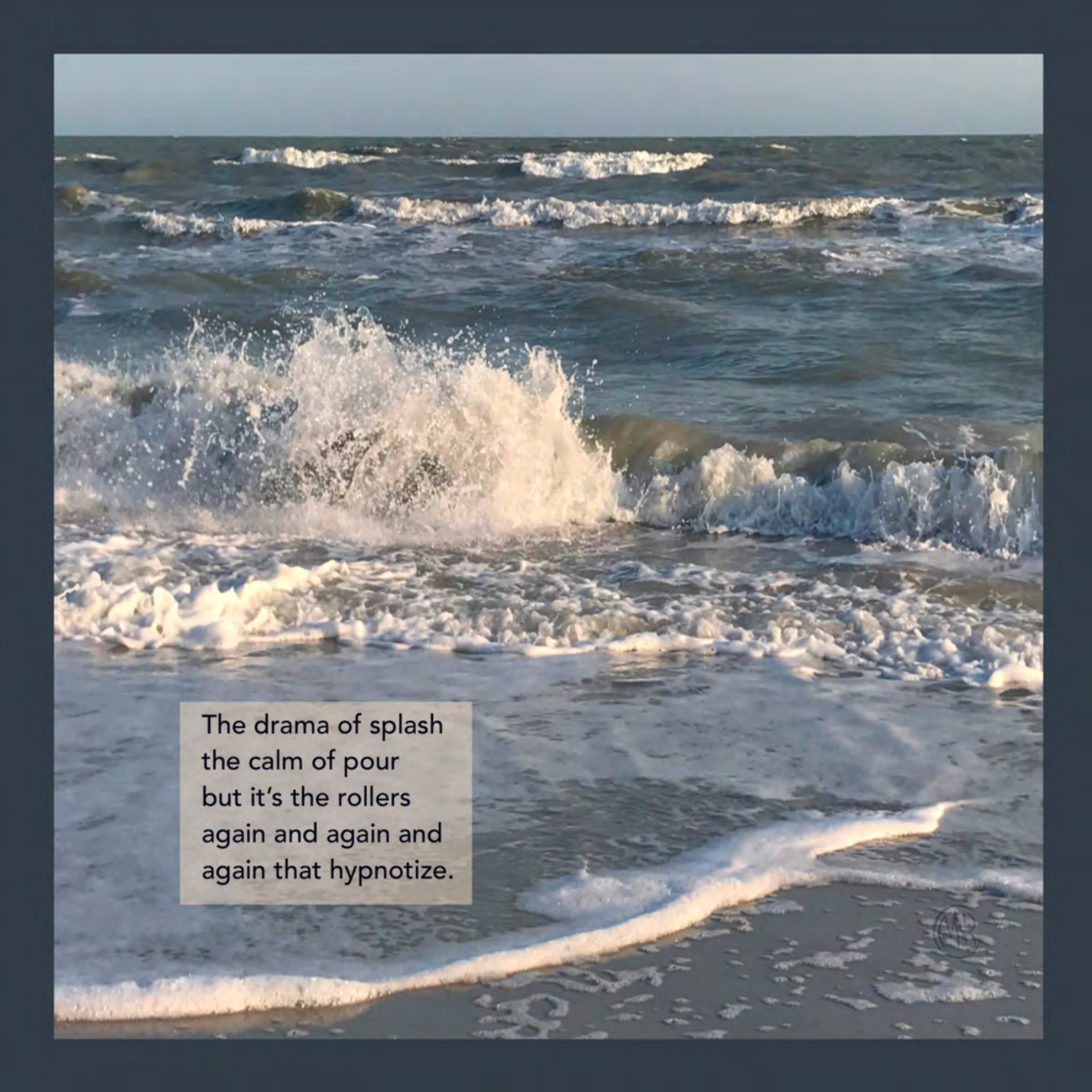
lone bauble left hiding in the
branches is

the letter in the back of the
bureau drawer



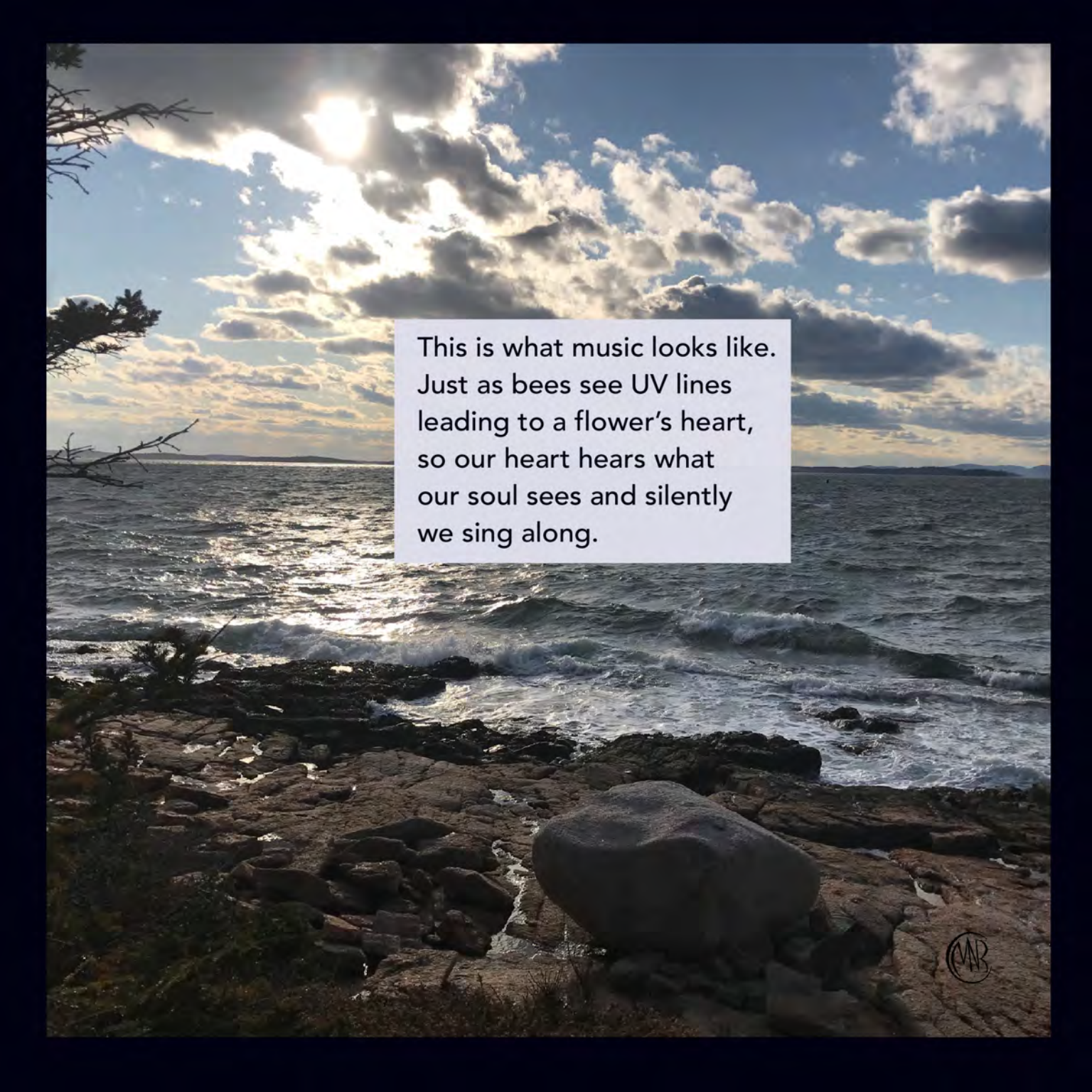
Like a new year's greeting
the unmarked beach
between the tides






The drama of splash
the calm of pour
but it's the rollers
again and again and
again that hypnotize.



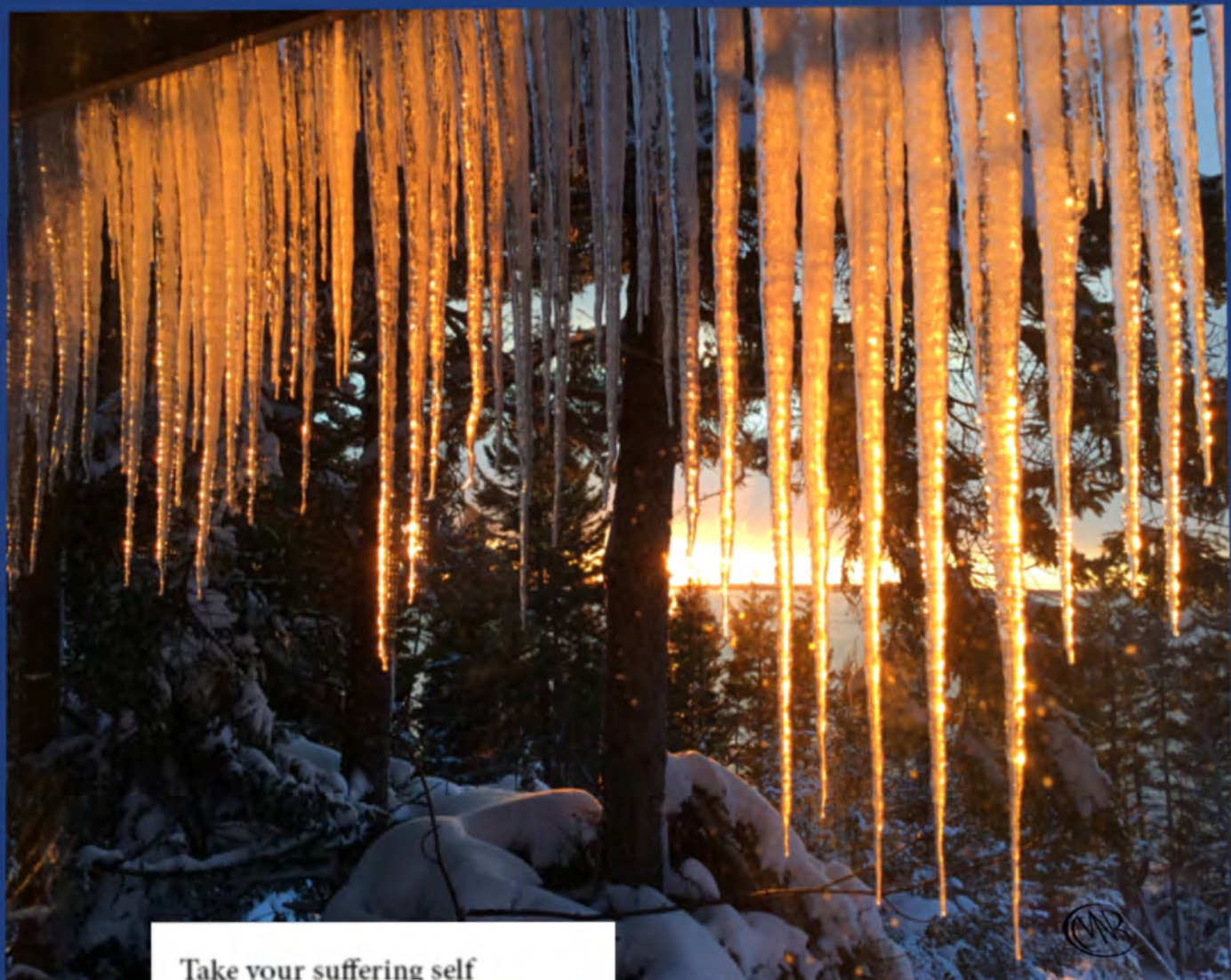


This is what music looks like.
Just as bees see UV lines
leading to a flower's heart,
so our heart hears what
our soul sees and silently
we sing along.




We speak of boulders weathering
and we humans weather storms.
It's well worth remembering
strength comes in many forms.






Take your suffering self
to the Western shore
just as the sun is setting.
Breathe out the troubling pains
and send them gathered
by departing golden light.

A white egret stands on a sandy beach. The ground is covered with numerous small, white seashells and some dark, wet seaweed. The bird is facing left, with its long neck slightly curved. Its legs are yellow, and its beak is long and black. The background is a vast, flat expanse of sand.

To live life
fully
sometimes
we just have to
get our feet
wet.



A photograph of three purple iris flowers in bloom, surrounded by tall, green, blade-like grasses. The flowers have six petals each, with white markings on the lower petals. The background is a dense thicket of similar grasses.


Some joys are
to be realized only
on their own terms.
Wild iris insists
on wet feet.






When you try to describe that call of the wild geese to anyone else, you are really telling them about yourself. To someone old enough to have known a real loss, their passing cry in the night is the sweetest, saddest, most heart-piercing sound in the world. To untouched youth, it is the most thrilling call to vast adventure. What the geese are actually saying to each other, I cannot say, but no one can hear their cry and remain unmoved.





sweet faced
wild hawthorn
maybe native
clearly tasty






Wild iris does not ask
the swamp its purpose.
Existing is enough.






Living blue
is the color of sky
when it frames a forest

as idea becoming intention
is the sound of wind
dancing with trees.

A close-up photograph of a dense field of tall, green grass. The blades are long and slender, with some showing signs of being cut or broken. The grass is a vibrant green color, and the lighting suggests a sunny day. In the center of the image, there is a white rectangular box with a thin black border containing text.

Wind writes
small poems
on grass





Winter symphony
morning after the storm
the wind commands
spruce branches to bow to one another
while the woodpecker taps out
a trunk rhythm for the violins, the cello
and off in the distance
like a double bass
an occasional moan.




Woodcock circles high
in the April evening
bringing down spring
in all its electric glory.

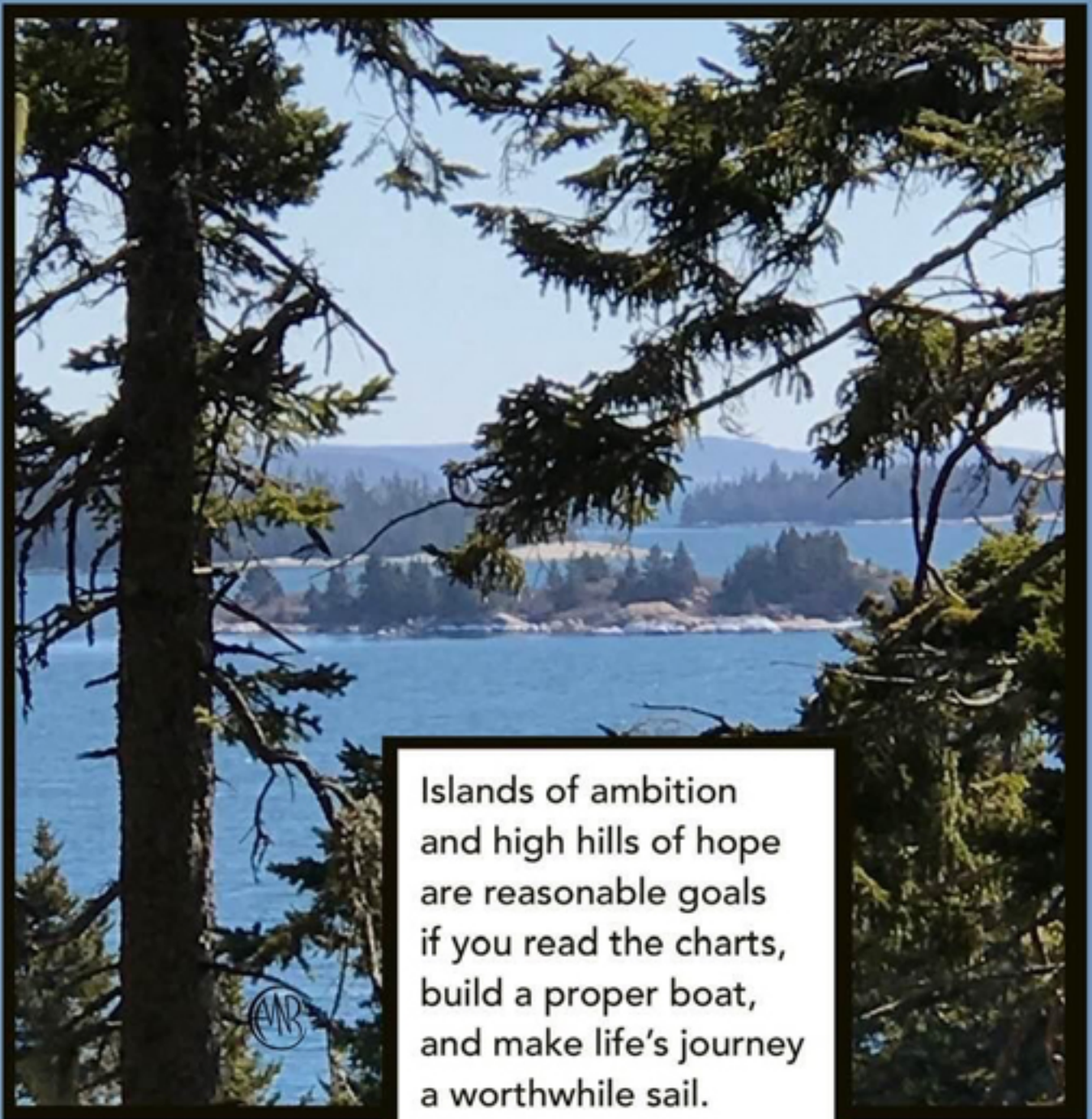
Woodcock step dances
on the frozen ground
to bring spring green
sprouting up.

Know it by the sign
wishing star snagged
on the old spruce.





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



Islands of ambition
and high hills of hope
are reasonable goals
if you read the charts,
build a proper boat,
and make life's journey
a worthwhile sail.