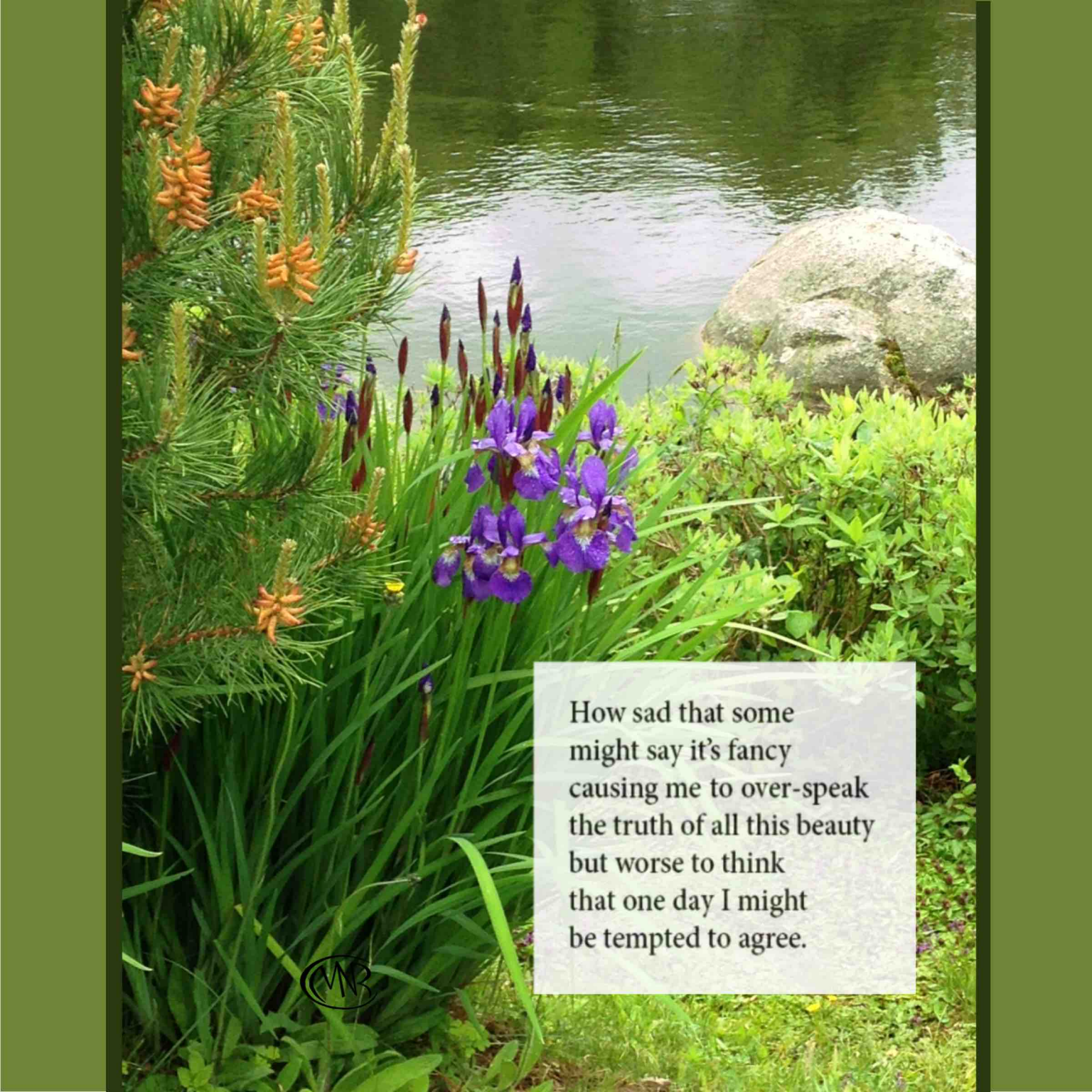




SONGS
OF
SEEING

4

more
MID-LENGTH

A photograph of a pond with a large rock on the right side. In the foreground, there are several purple irises and green foliage. A white text box is overlaid on the bottom right of the image.

How sad that some
might say it's fancy
causing me to over-speak
the truth of all this beauty
but worse to think
that one day I might
be tempted to agree.



Dragonfly, you land
atop my writing hand

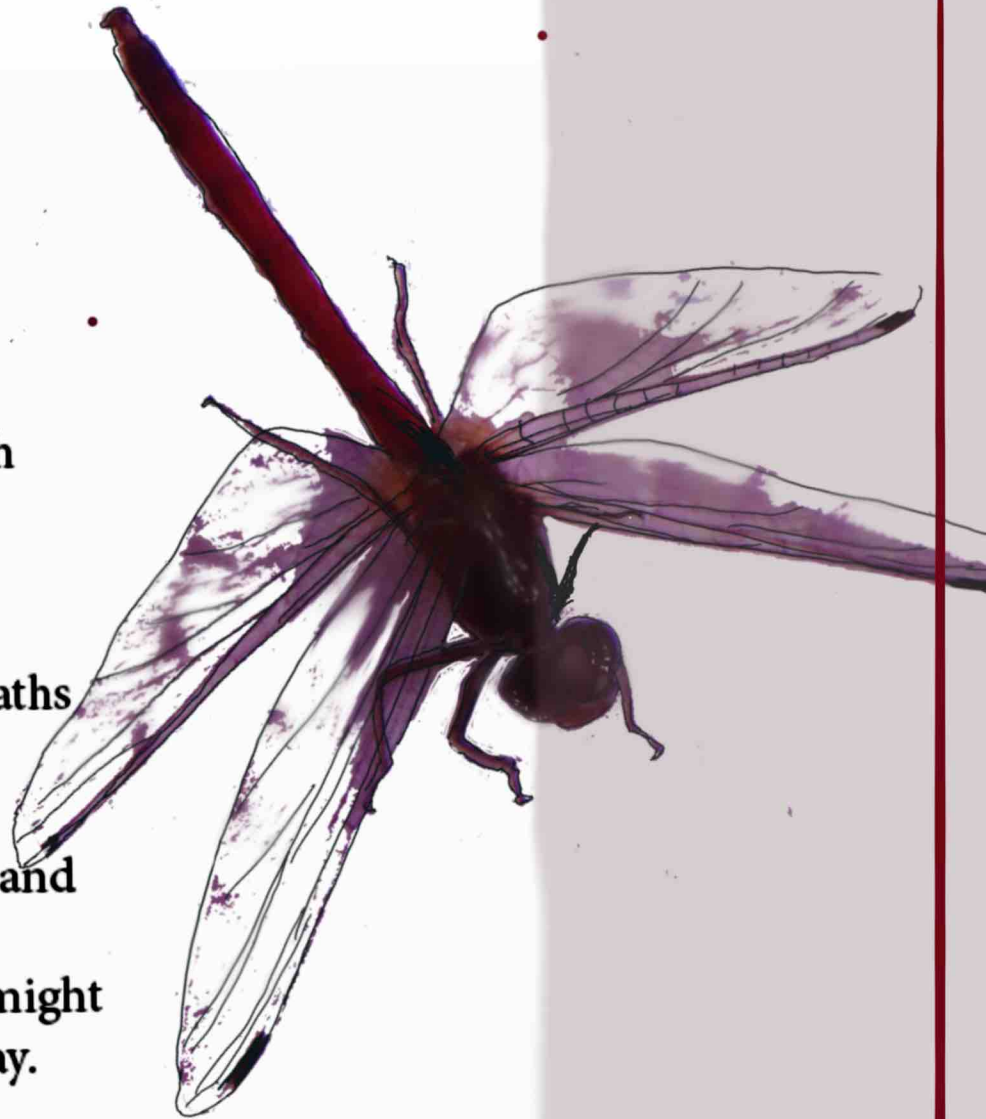
tiny cinnamon stick
with gossamer wings.

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.





Photographer captured by the scene
willing to share but cannot bear
to put a lens between
the I and seen.



Sometimes

I want to write poems

lines written by refrigerator magnets
aleatory anarchy

laughing zen rondo blue
loon blooming lights

Christmas twinkling lizard
stacked chocolate stacked
chips stacked

the lovely way a child tosses
a palm full of beach glass to the sky
just to see the blue bits race the green ones
down.



Lightning

When one pictures
Mr. Frost on
his New England
barn roof
bringing down
all those
poems
with a lightning
rod
the full
significance
of
being
a poet
hits

but
for some of us a poem flickers
out there at the edge of mind like some form
of heat lightning, sheet lightning
shimmering radiance of unbounded generosity.

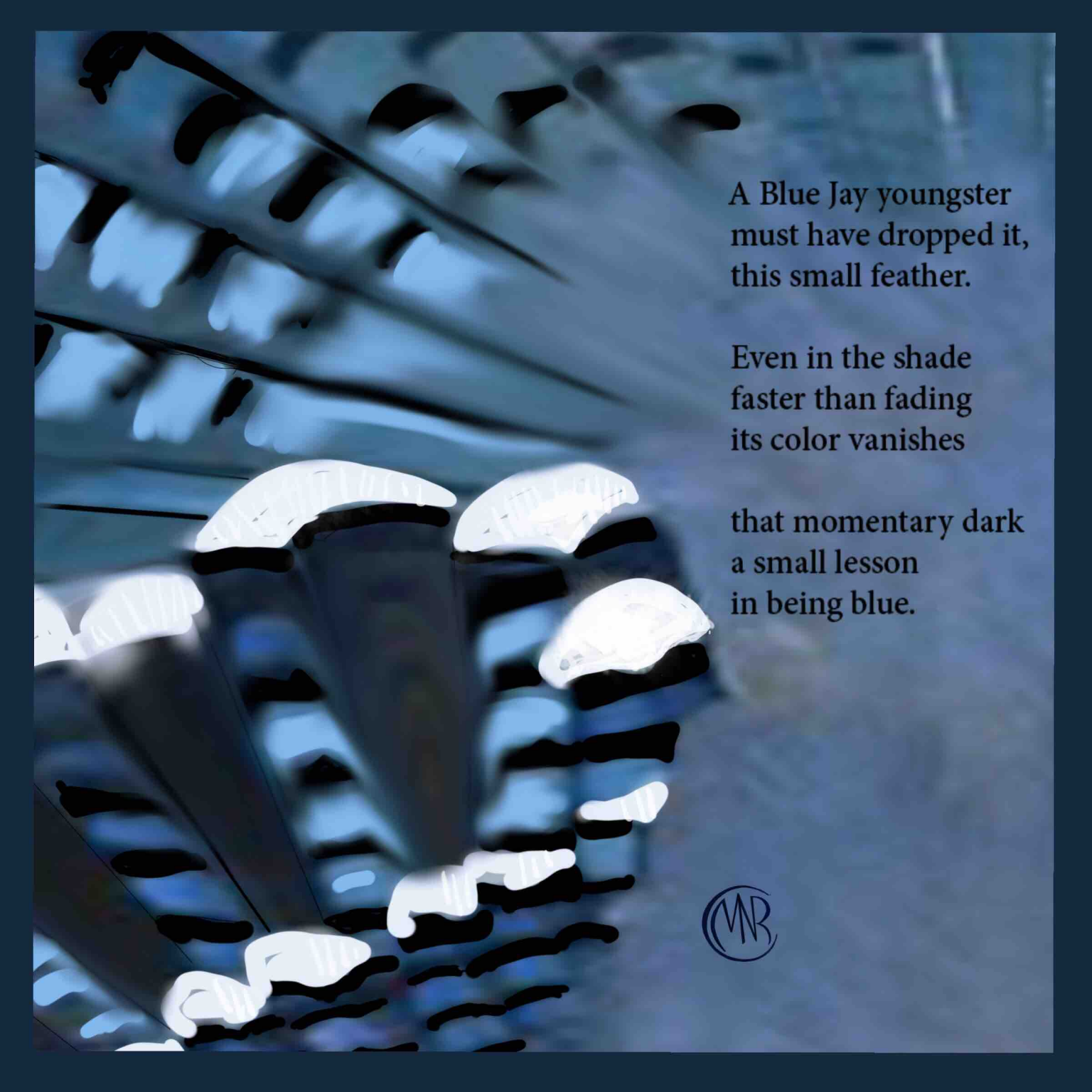


Alone with hermit thrush
and the scent of arbutus
we celebrate May Day.
Sunshine on our cheeks and
two Painted Lady butterflies
just arrived from the South
pin up a smile of surprise
that the whole body feels.

A photograph of a grasshopper and a cicada on a field of yellow goldenrod and white aster flowers. A central white circle contains text.

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



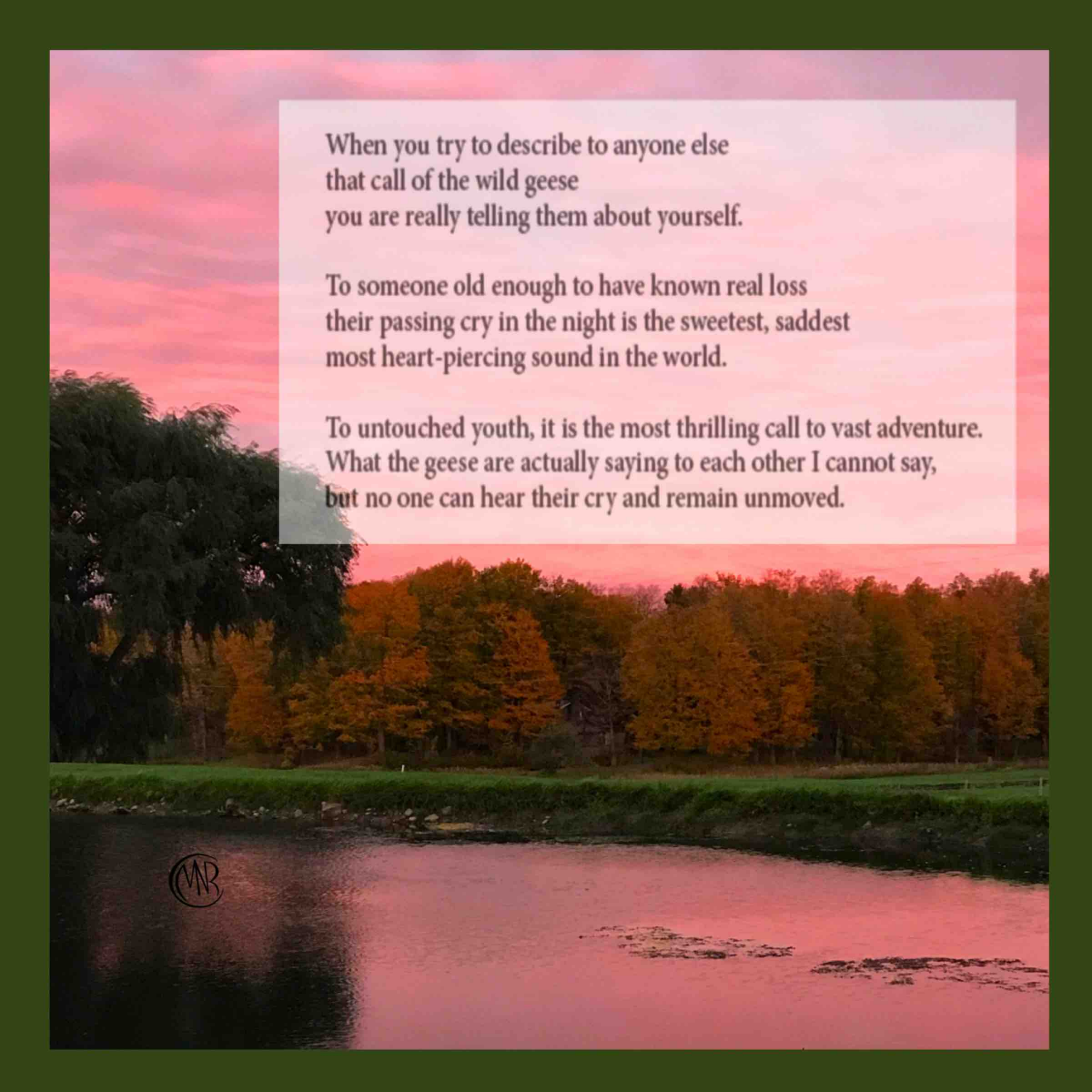


A Blue Jay youngster
must have dropped it,
this small feather.

Even in the shade
faster than fading
its color vanishes

that momentary dark
a small lesson
in being blue.





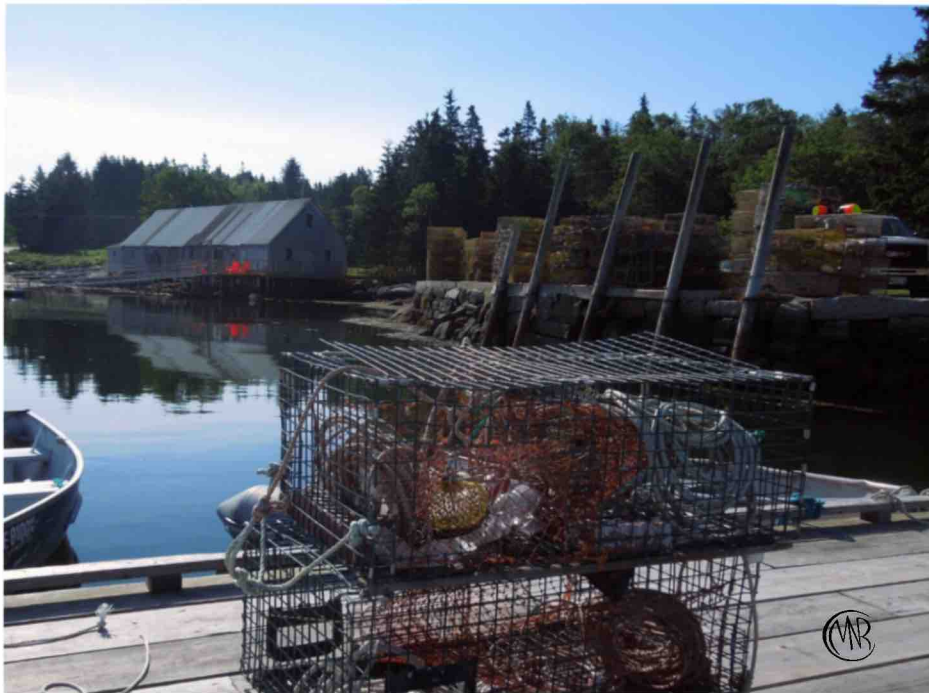
When you try to describe to anyone else
that call of the wild geese
you are really telling them about yourself.

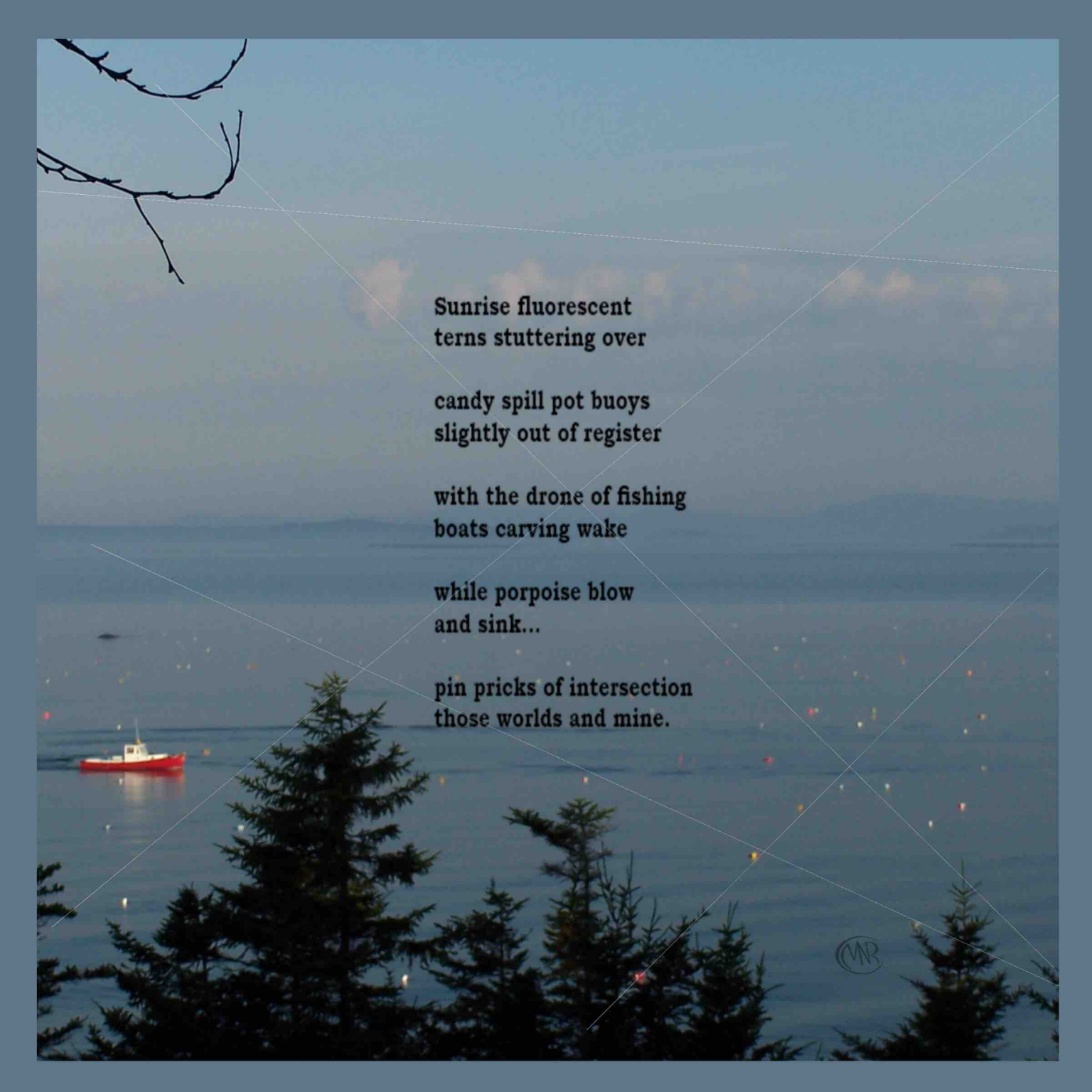
To someone old enough to have known real loss
their passing cry in the night is the sweetest, saddest
most heart-piercing sound in the world.

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.



They call it going overboard.
When spring snowflakes fall
arrow straight to muddy earth
lobster boats which wintered long
in the snug tide zone of yards
aglow with Christmas lights
now turtle ponderously down
potholed roads lined with leafing birches
to join the sea in celebration
of returning Downeast spring.





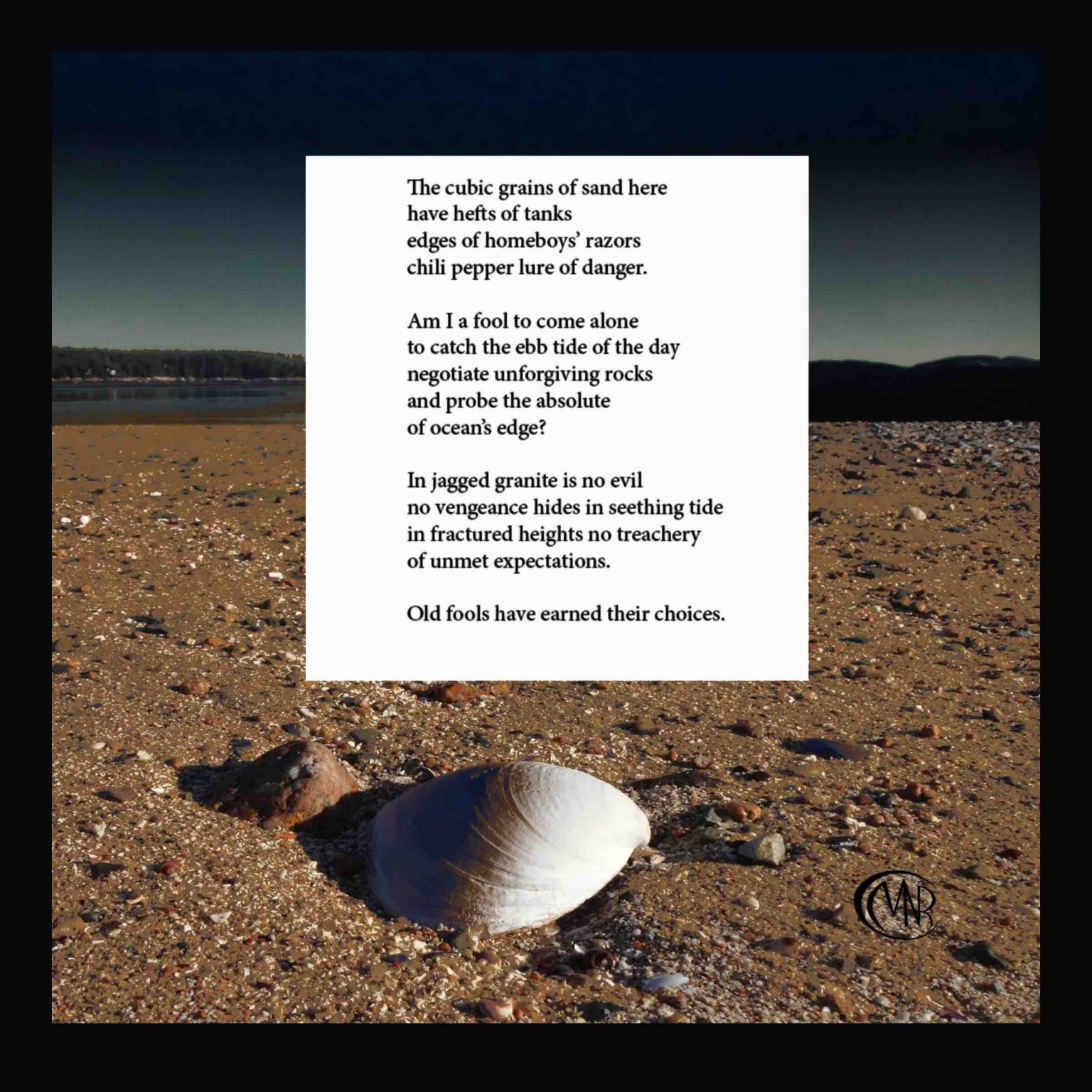
**Sunrise fluorescent
terns stuttering over**

**candy spill pot buoys
slightly out of register**

**with the drone of fishing
boats carving wake**

**while porpoise blow
and sink...**

**pin pricks of intersection
those worlds and mine.**




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.

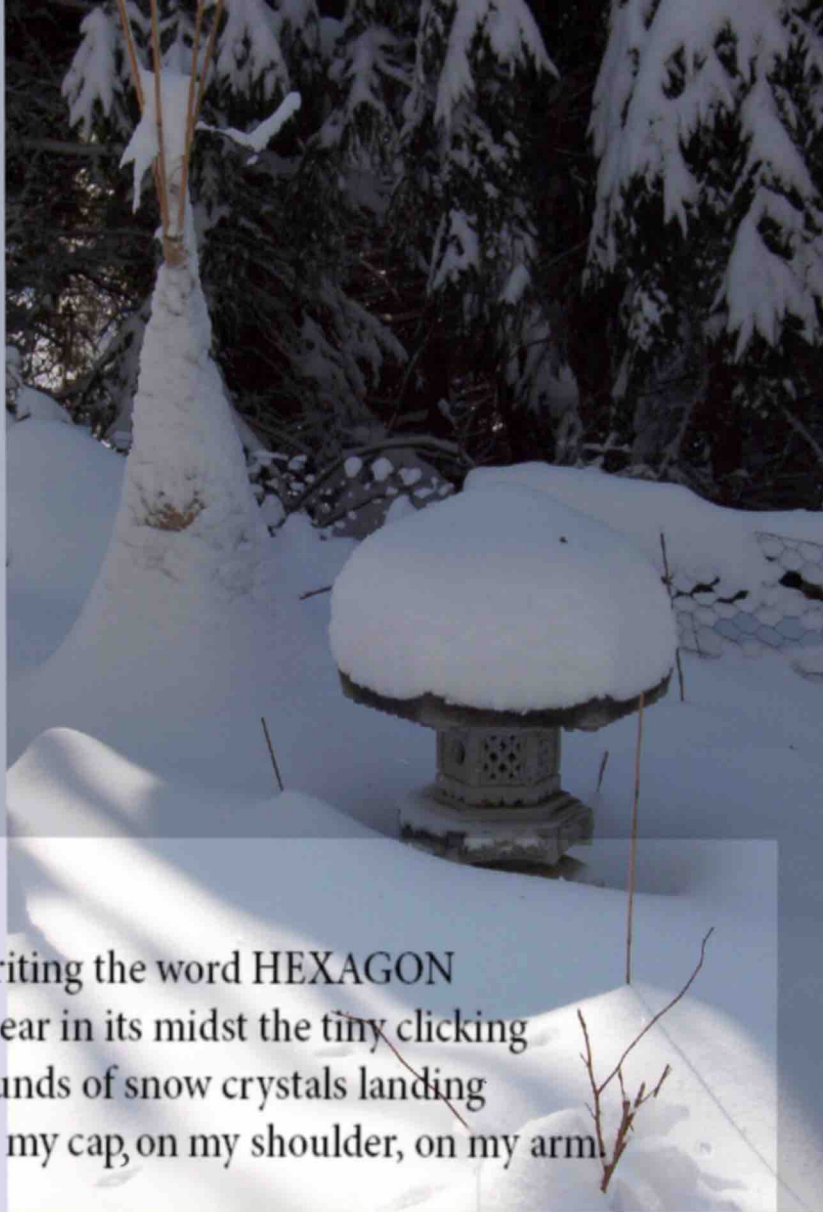
Old fools have earned their choices.



A photograph of a vibrant green lawn. In the center, a small robin is visible, partially obscured by the grass. The grass is tall and dense, with some blades catching the light. A semi-transparent white box is overlaid on the right side of the image, containing text.

In the cool of a
summer morning
while dew still
glints the grass
lawn robin works
endearingly alert to
subterranean potential.






Writing the word HEXAGON
I hear in its midst the tiny clicking
sounds of snow crystals landing
on my cap, on my shoulder, on my arm.

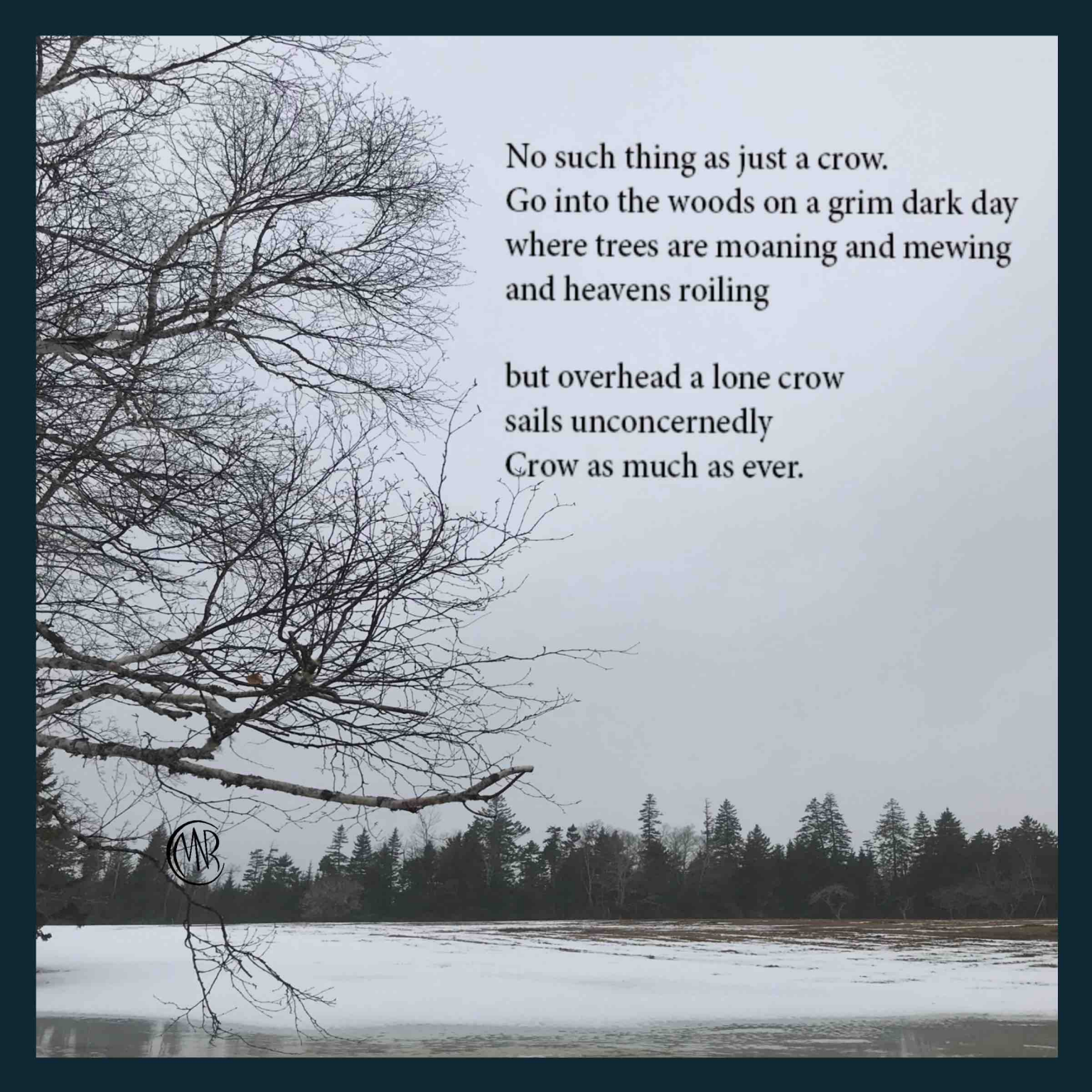
While trees held their breath
crows in the distance laughed
exulting that some of us
pay due attention.





Tarnish clouds now veil
the noon spring air
in February breath
before the long climb
up March hill.





No such thing as just a crow.
Go into the woods on a grim dark day
where trees are moaning and mewing
and heavens roiling

but overhead a lone crow
sails unconcernedly
Crow as much as ever.



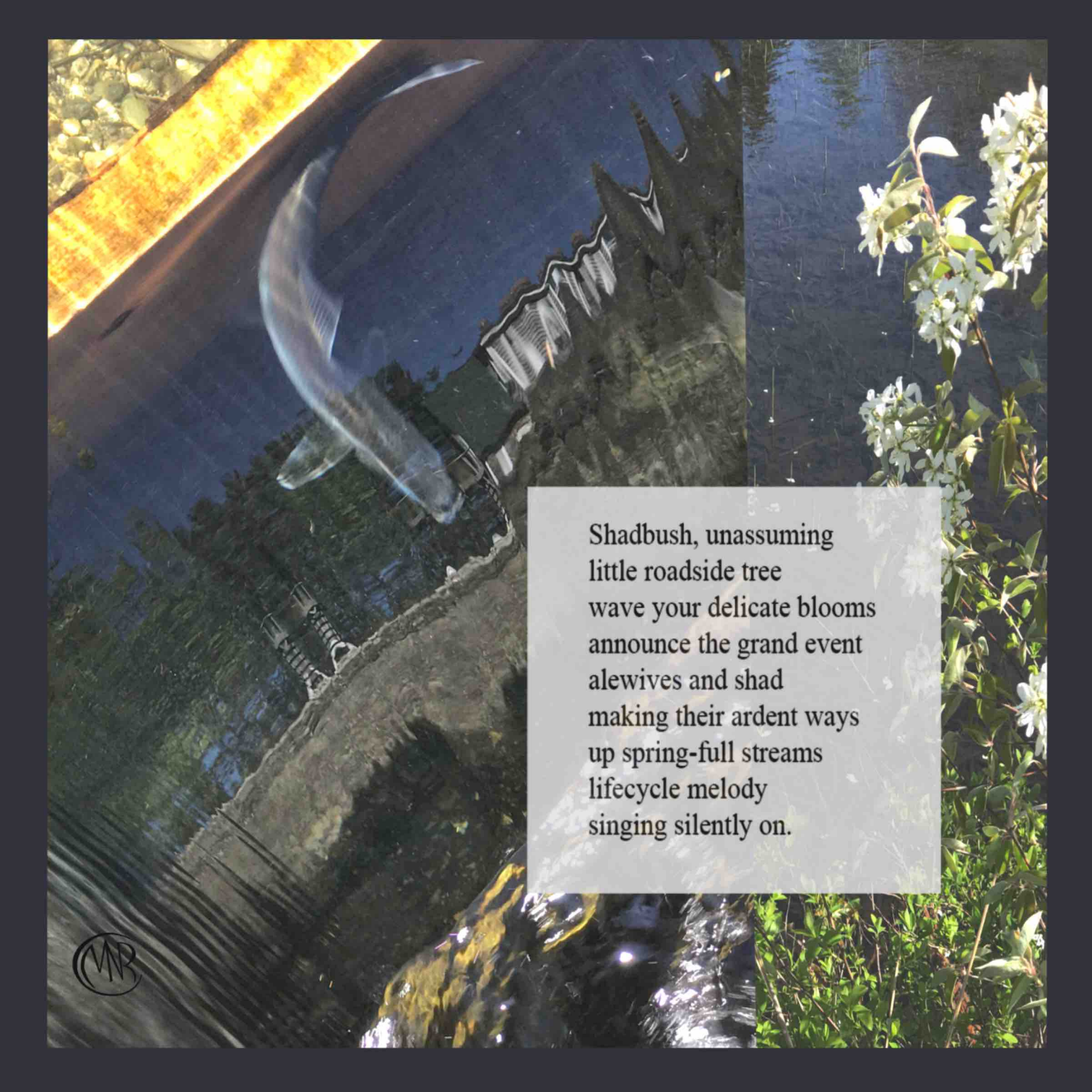


Morning sun turns last night's rain
to diamonds just out of reach
on the tree flowers where
jaunty gem Ruby-throated
humming bird perches, just
arrived, not early, not late
all casual courage, attitude
for a cold spring day.



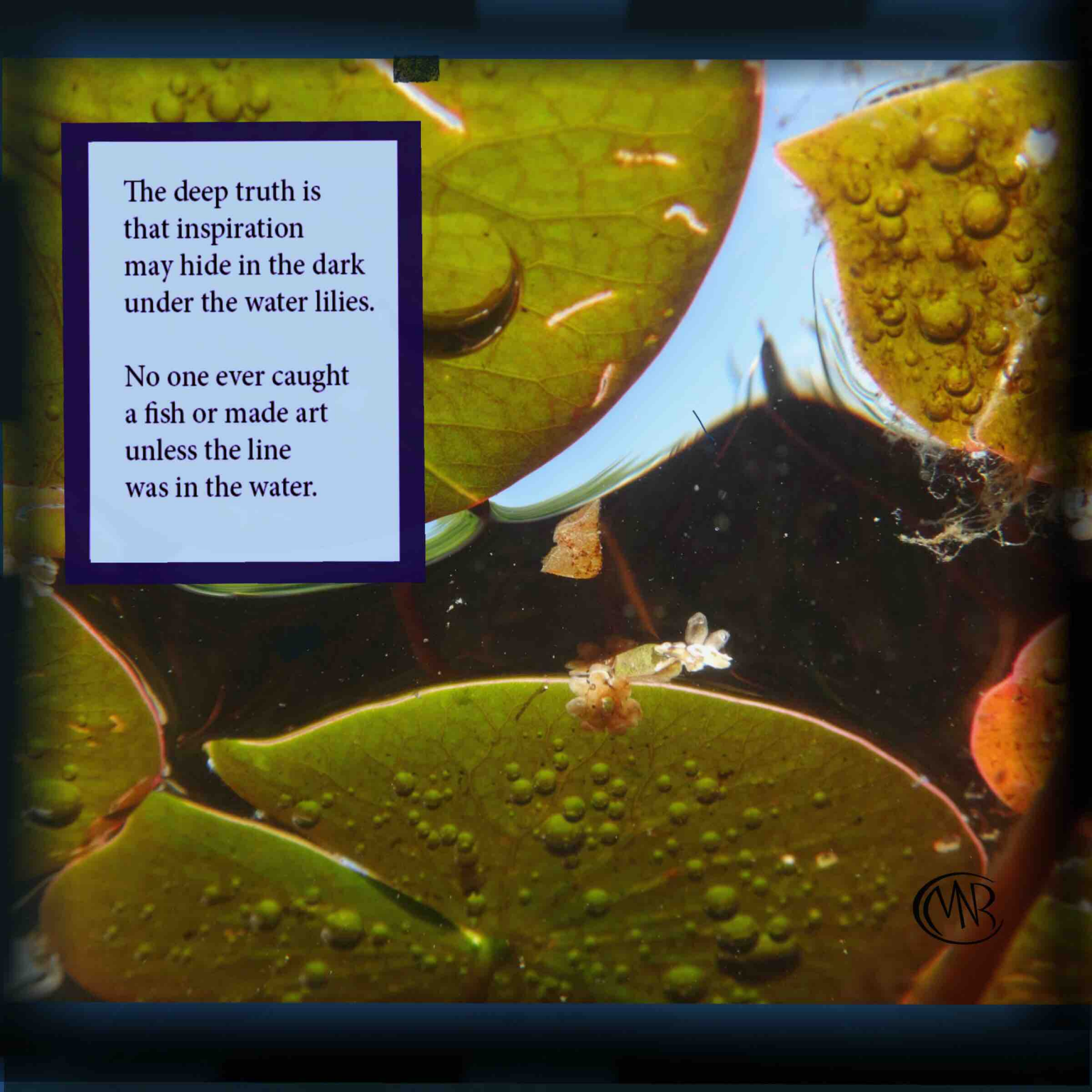
Vector can true the lines
physics perfect the pitch
yet hand and heart alone
sing morning glory song.





Shadbush, unassuming
little roadside tree
wave your delicate blooms
announce the grand event
alewives and shad
making their ardent ways
up spring-full streams
lifecycle melody
singing silently on.

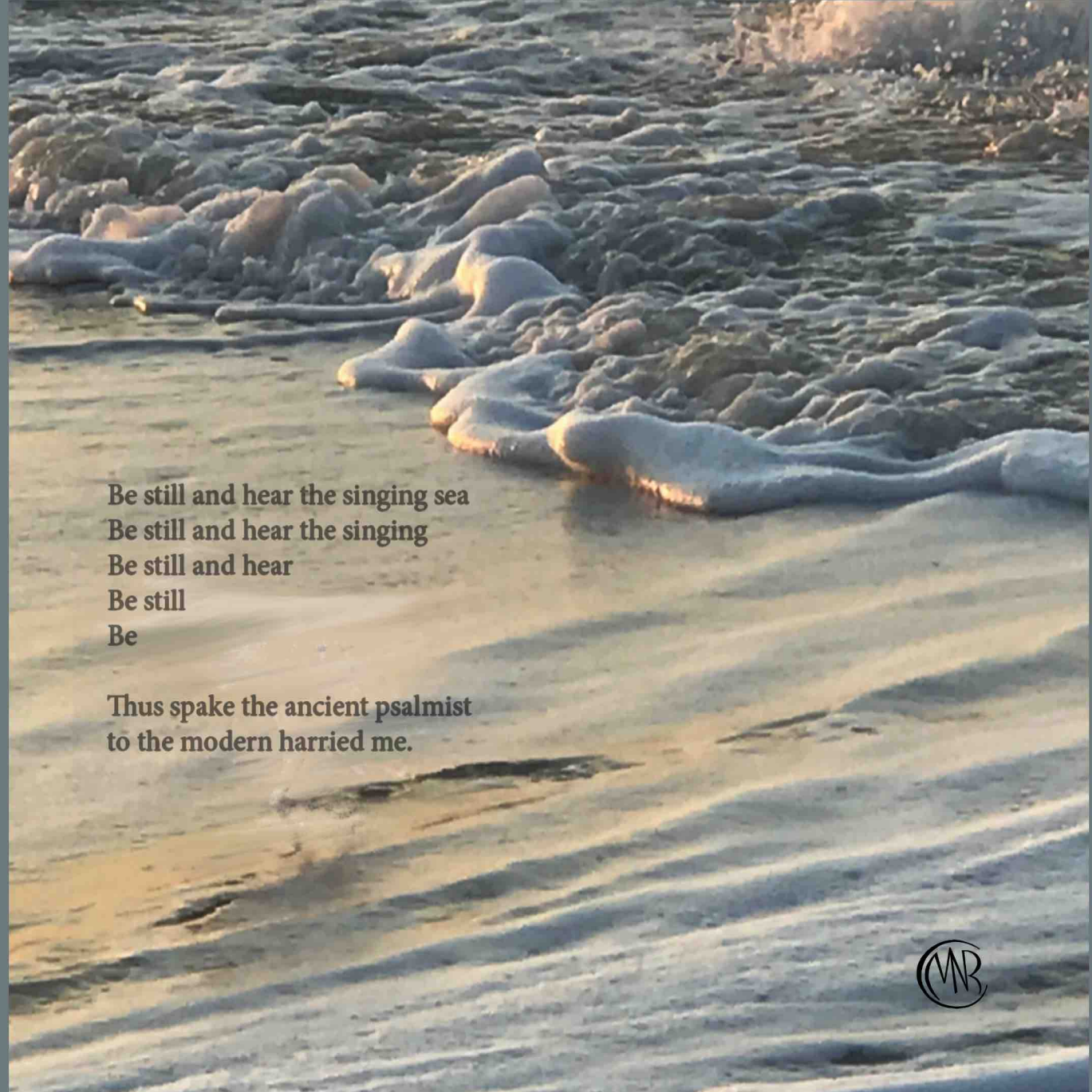




The deep truth is
that inspiration
may hide in the dark
under the water lilies.

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






**Be still and hear the singing sea
Be still and hear the singing
Be still and hear
Be still
Be**

**Thus spake the ancient psalmist
to the modern harried me.**



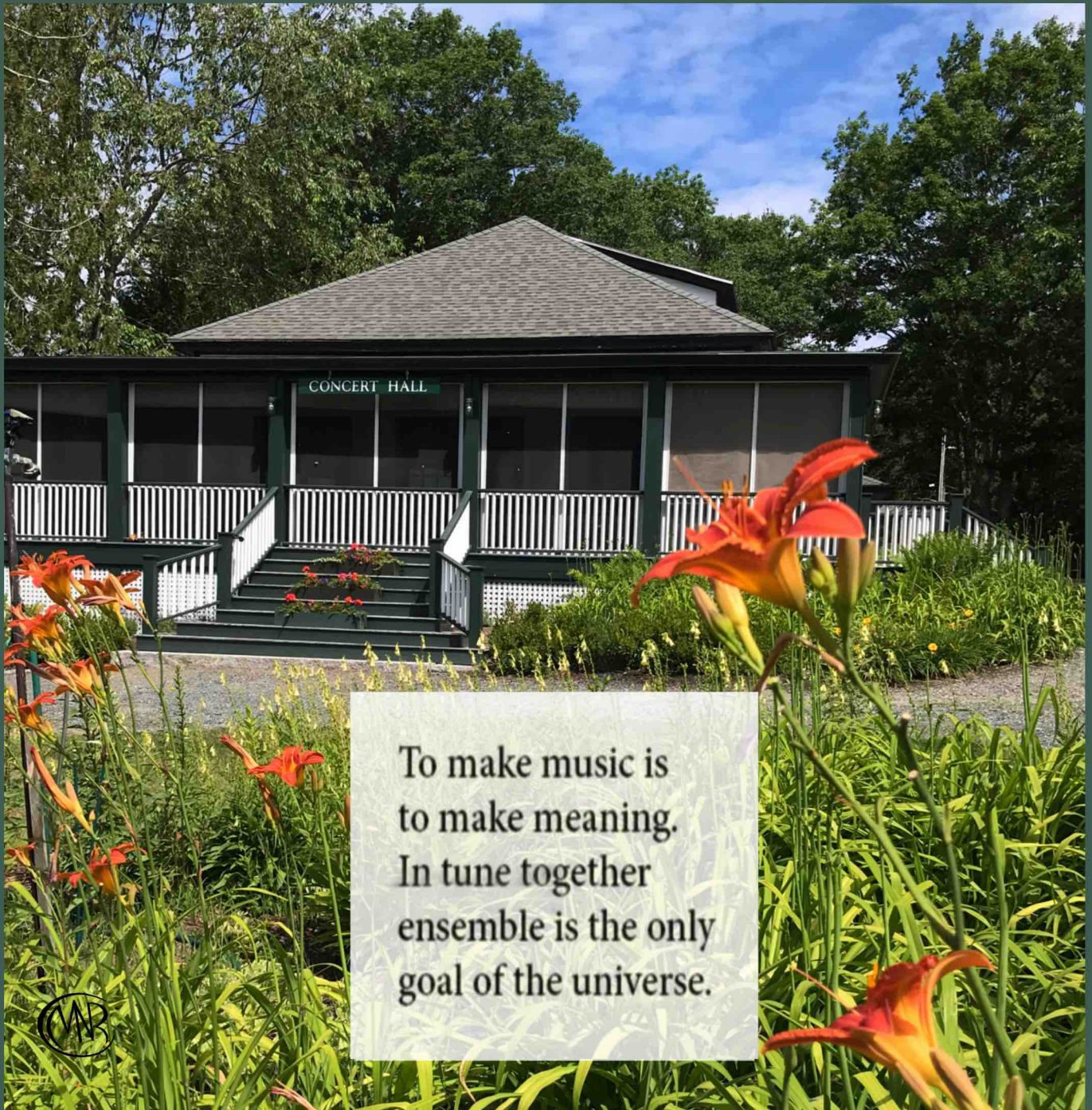


Attasquash, crookneck, squash
dismissive names for this pretty
from the sunny garden, singing hot
nasturtium colors, butterfly shimmer.
Are we so beguiled by sugar that we laud
only strawberry and peach, ignoring
this unassertive veggie gem?
Ask the overlooked among us.



The one experiment of now
words flow across space
words echo out of time
in the exuberance of living.






CONCERT HALL

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





Inefficient animals that we are
could pledge protection
to the humble ancient plants
in gratitude for green
a symmetry
owed the chlorophyll-crowned
for turning radiance to resource
airy energy
to the sunlit
sustenance of beauty.

A photograph of several pink orchids with yellow centers, growing in a field of tall, green grass. The orchids are scattered across the frame, with some in the foreground and others further back. The grass is dense and vibrant green, creating a textured background for the flowers.

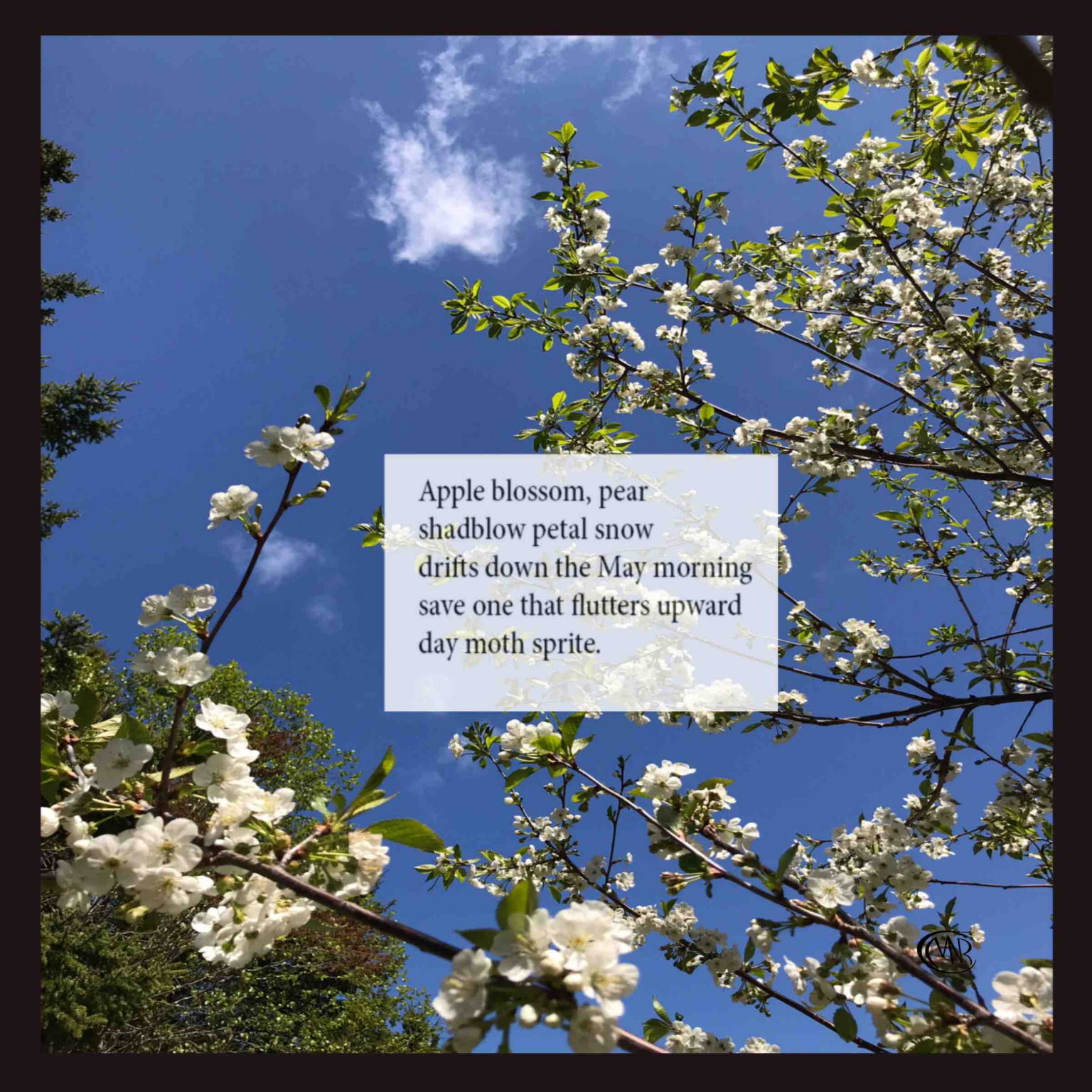
Meanwhile
out in the silences
orchids
likely as lions.






grey day
blue hills
green waves
red haze of maple flowers
one warbler with a yellow spot—
what a tiny bird to bear the flame of spring.





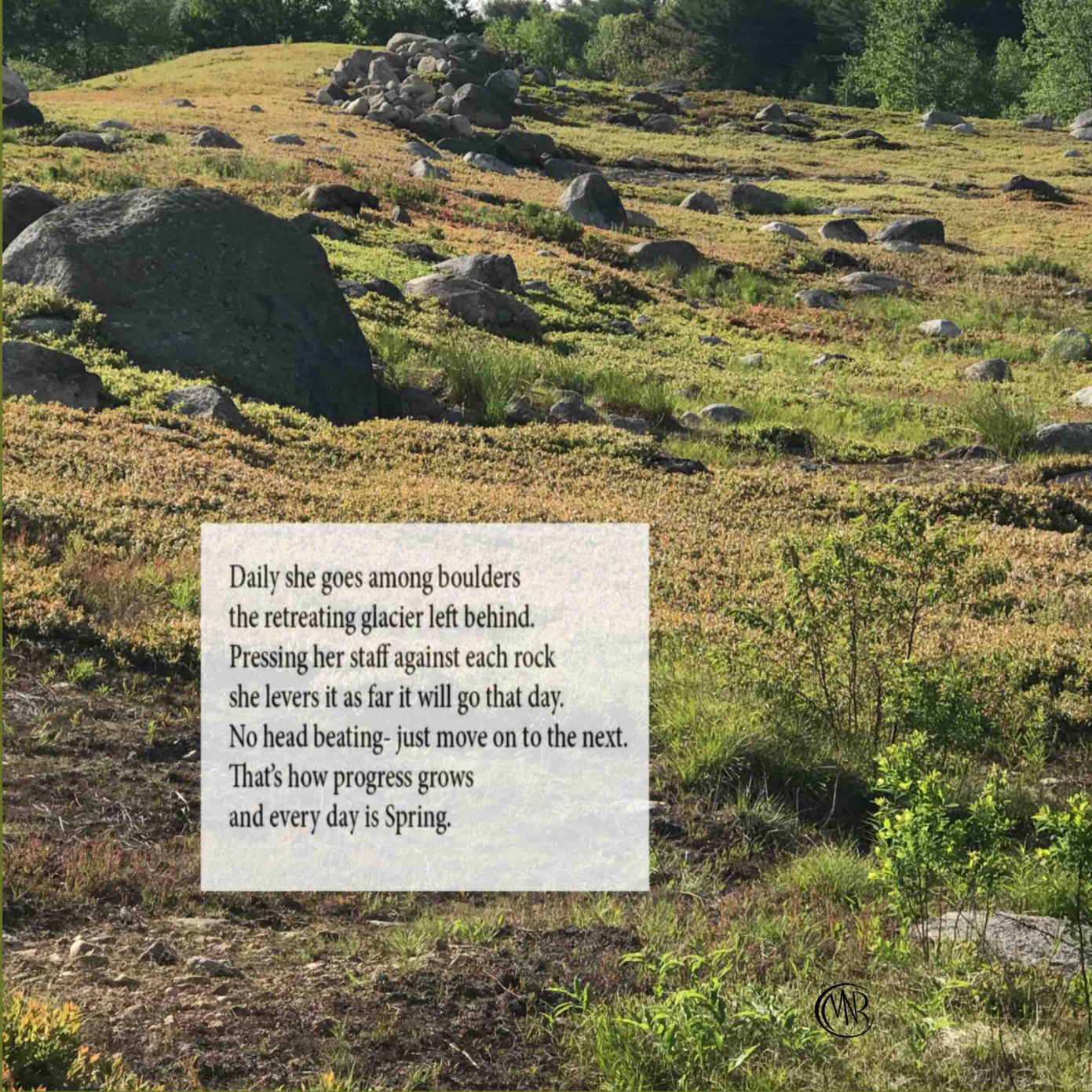
Apple blossom, pear
shadblow petal snow
drifts down the May morning
save one that flutters upward
day moth sprite.





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.





Daily she goes among boulders
the retreating glacier left behind.
Pressing her staff against each rock
she levers it as far it will go that day.
No head beating- just move on to the next.
That's how progress grows
and every day is Spring.



SONGS OF SEEING
by
Marnie Reed Crowell

4
more Mid-sized

Verbal/Visual images in partnership designed to bring healing and pleasure; arranged in order of increasing length, complexity and subtlety. Naturalist, writer and artist, Marnie is herself a survivor of Traumatic Brain Injury.

© 2019 Marnie Reed Crowell