


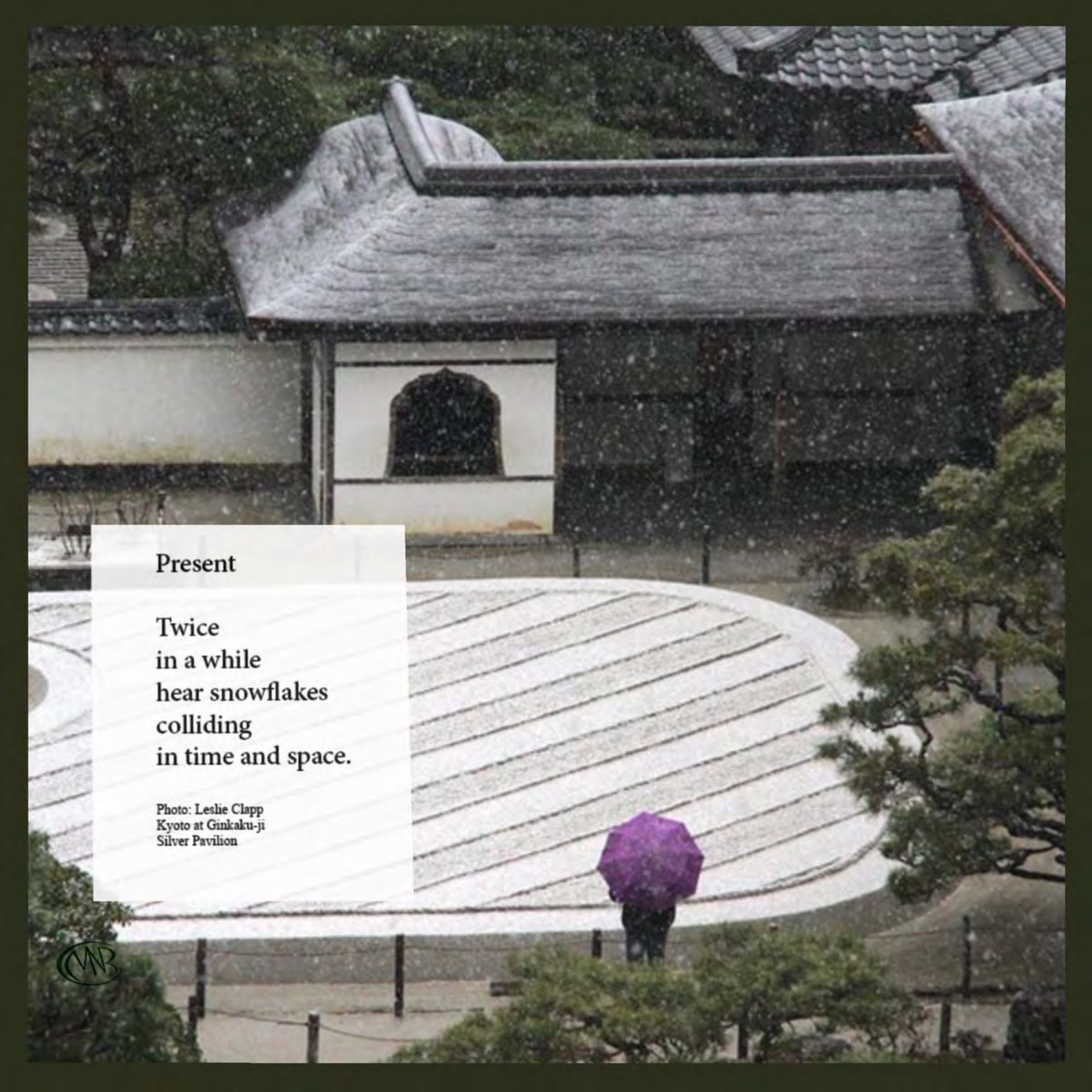


Let us thank those
who support us
like spruce roots
on granite
silently reaching out.

A photograph of a person walking on a sandy beach. The person is in the middle ground, walking from left to right. The beach is sandy with some seaweed and small rocks. Waves are breaking on the right side of the frame. In the background, there is a dense forest of tall evergreen trees under a clear blue sky. A white text box with a black border is overlaid on the right side of the image.

We smile at beauty
of fawn, chick, and child
but bright and private play
is theirs alone to see.
They make their dance
no matter what our world.





Present


Twice
in a while
hear snowflakes
colliding
in time and space.

Photo: Leslie Clapp
Kyoto at Ginkaku-ji
Silver Pavilion





Come with me for a
very quiet walk
hoping we will startle
some image
into singing its song
in words.



How quietly
some go about
the business
of being.





Not tears but rain
new growth
the gain.



To sail on the sea of existence
is at once a gift and miracle.
No one doubts the challenges,
the captain least of all.




Just as
a tern
diving
meets
its reflection

our deeds
become
a version
of our self.






We did not plant this tree
never knew its name or lineage.
Sometimes the best relationships
just happen.



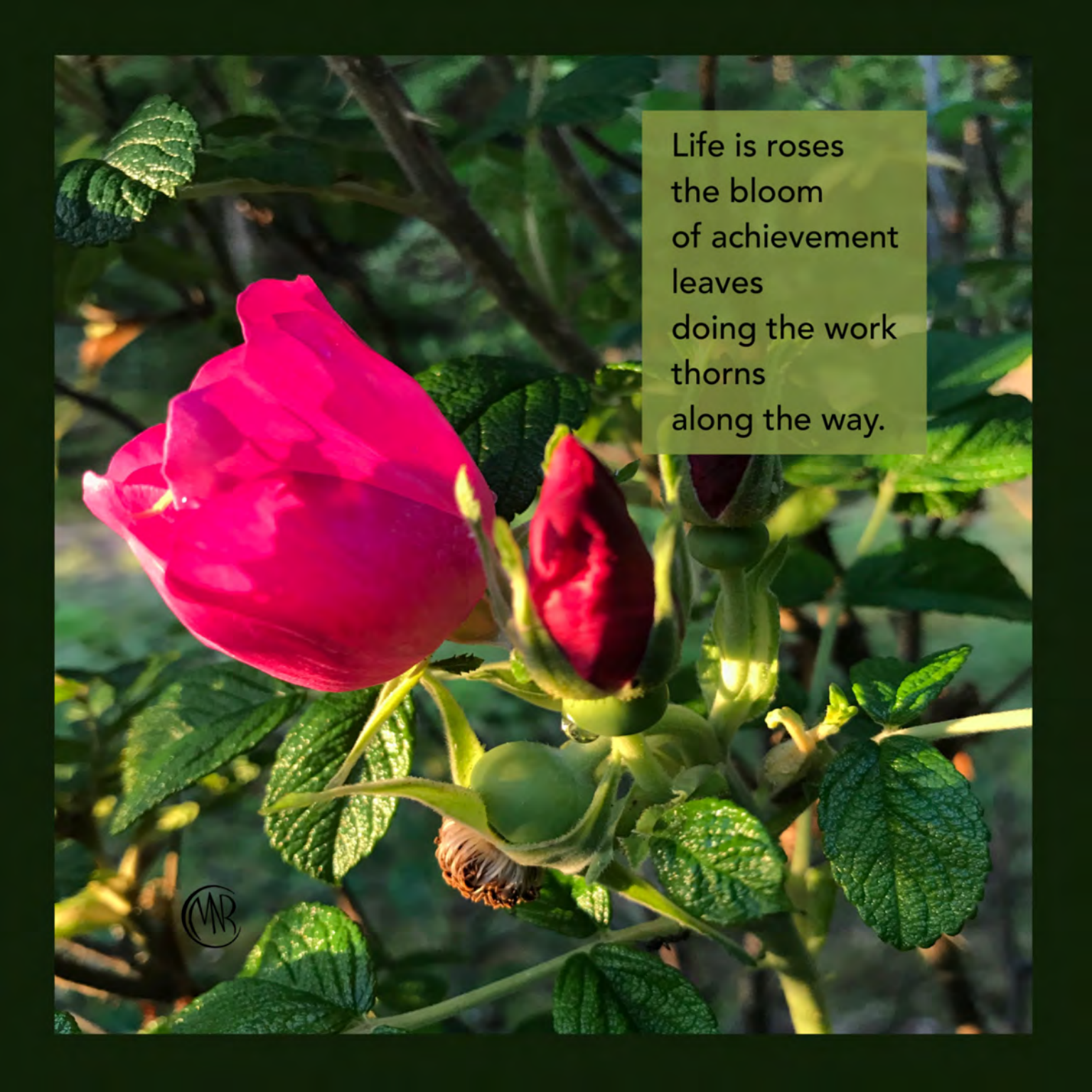
In every climate
the retirement of leaves
is mosaic and concept
of remarkable beauty.





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.





Life is roses
the bloom
of achievement
leaves
doing the work
thorns
along the way.

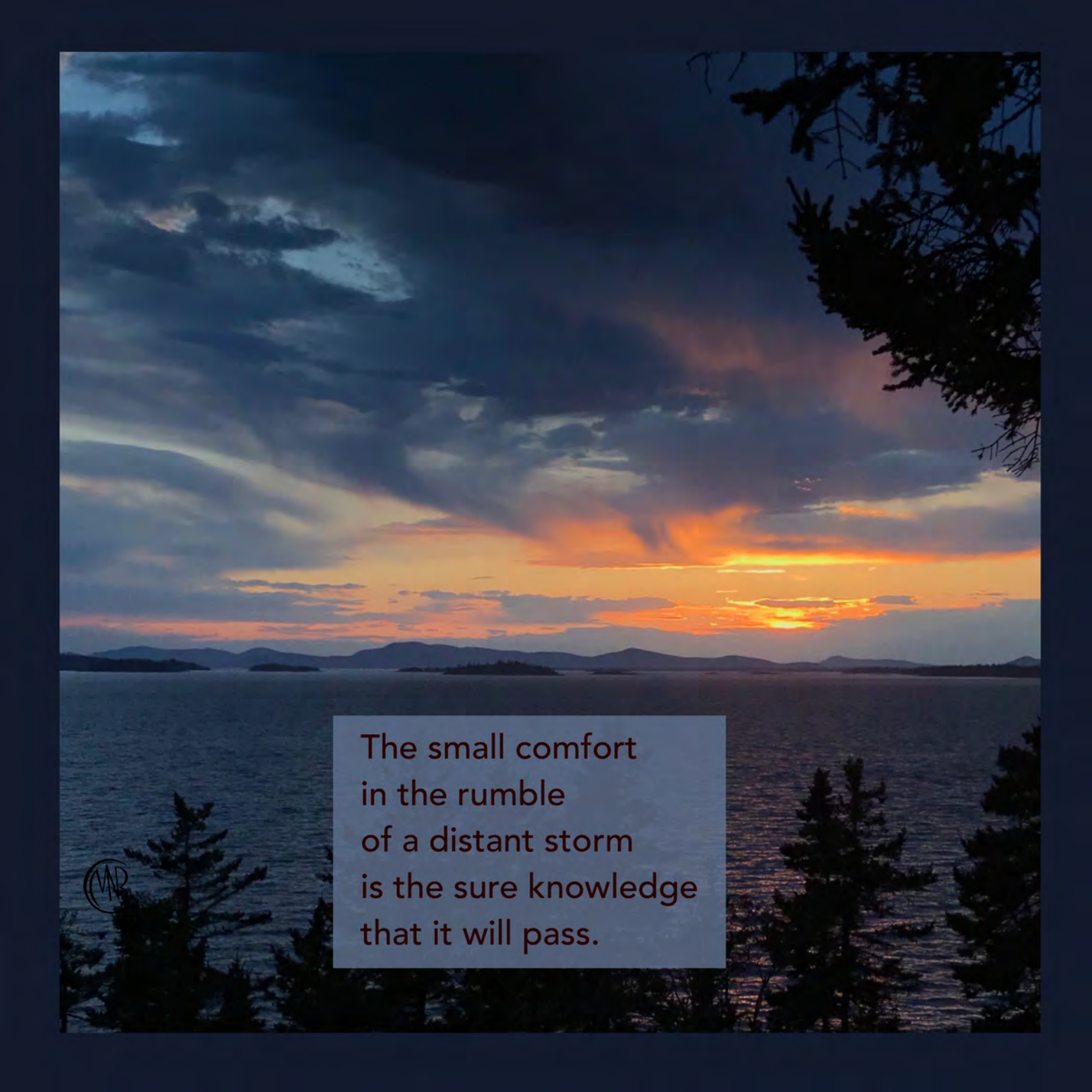




On red maple tree flowers
morning sun turns last night's rain
to diamonds just out of reach.

Ruby-throated hummingbird
perches here, jaunty gem
just arrived from its
long trip north.

Not early, right on time,
all casual courage
-attitude for a cold spring day.




The small comfort
in the rumble
of a distant storm
is the sure knowledge
that it will pass.



Sand and Stone Garden
where hard parts are
encountered
amidst the calm.
Beauty and strength
lie in the blank.






Sanderlings
moving like a cloud
at the edge
of perception.



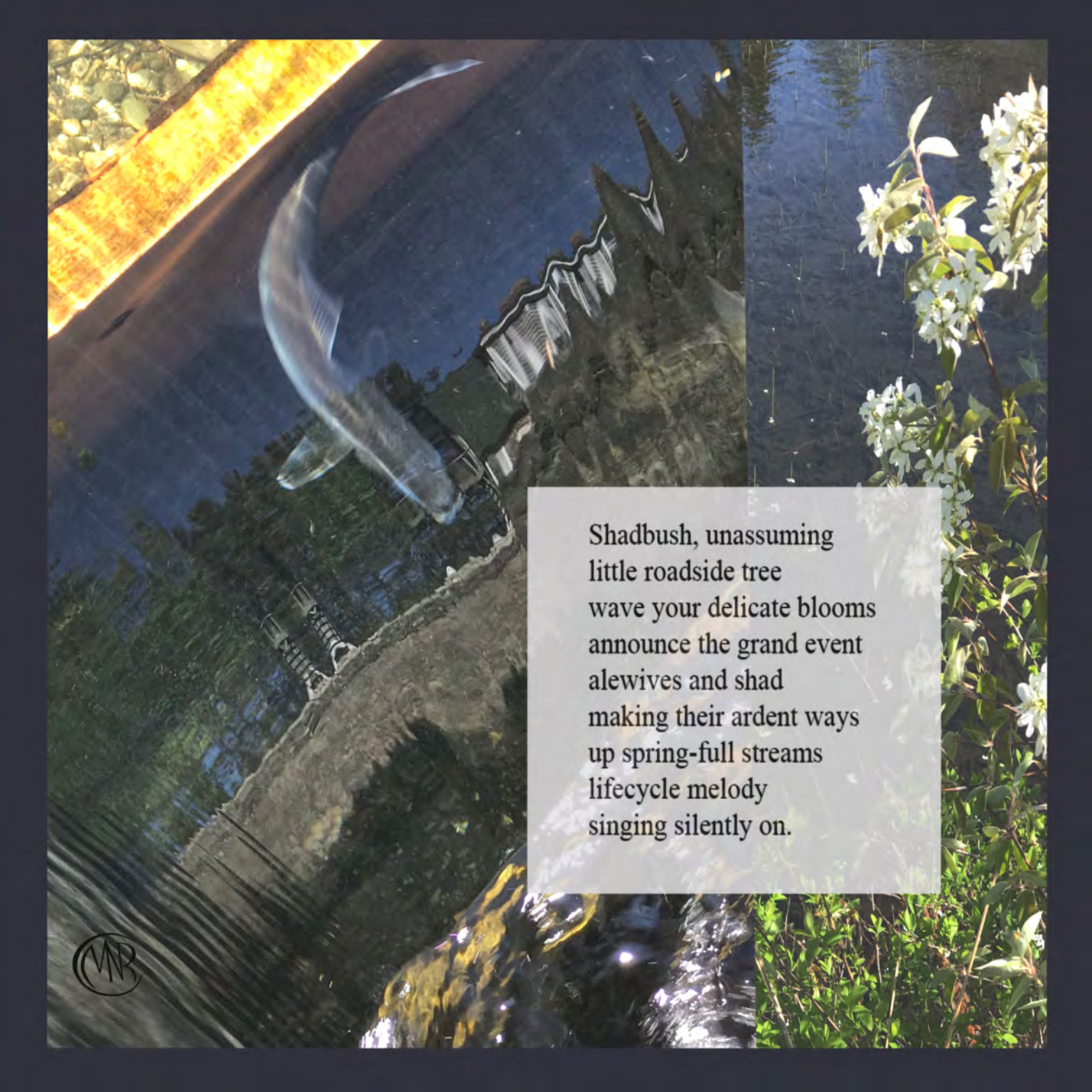


Look around, world.
From the first frosty highlights
to the crowning touch of snow
savor the beautiful gifts
of seasons and age.

A photograph of a traditional Japanese garden. In the center, a wooden torii gate stands on a gravel path. The gate has a thatched roof and is flanked by a wooden fence. The path leads through the gate into a lush, green garden filled with various plants, including ferns and small trees. The background is a dense forest of tall trees. The overall atmosphere is peaceful and serene.

The only way to
true serenity
lies in man's
unselfish acts.

We must rebalance
the living layer
of our earth
for our children.




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.





You can't always
touch
what is so special
in life.




A photograph of a dirt path in a forest. The path is covered in dappled sunlight and shadows from the surrounding trees. The trees are lush green, and the scene is peaceful. A text box is overlaid in the center of the image.

Every leaf
has its own
shadow.





Ice now shutters bog eyes which since noon
have been staring at the sun.
In the shadowing dark of a January dusk
no path promises to lead me home.
Antlered birches step aside, hooves barely
clicking in the quiet. The white rock unfolds
hind legs to move off when I glance away.
On silent owl wings the winter bat sky flies.
Shape-shifters all, shamans on the journey
risking night on behalf of others
because we do not look.

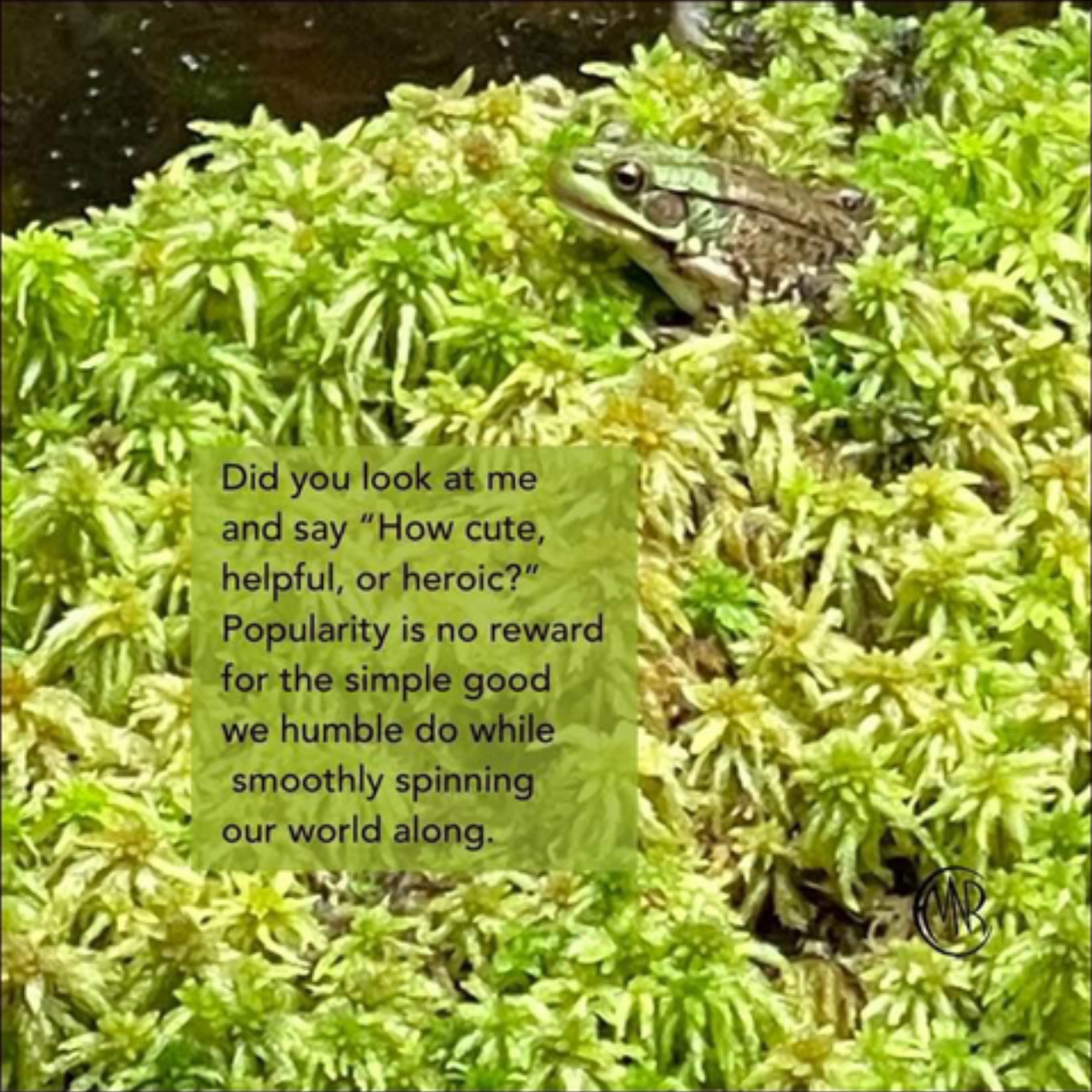
A close-up photograph of a vast number of seashells scattered across a sandy beach. The shells vary in size, shape, and color, including white, cream, tan, and some with reddish or purple interiors. A semi-transparent white rectangular box is centered over the image, containing text. In the bottom right corner, there is a small circular logo with the letters 'MR' inside.

Shell collectors
know the ocean
is full of memories
and they pick out
the pretty ones.



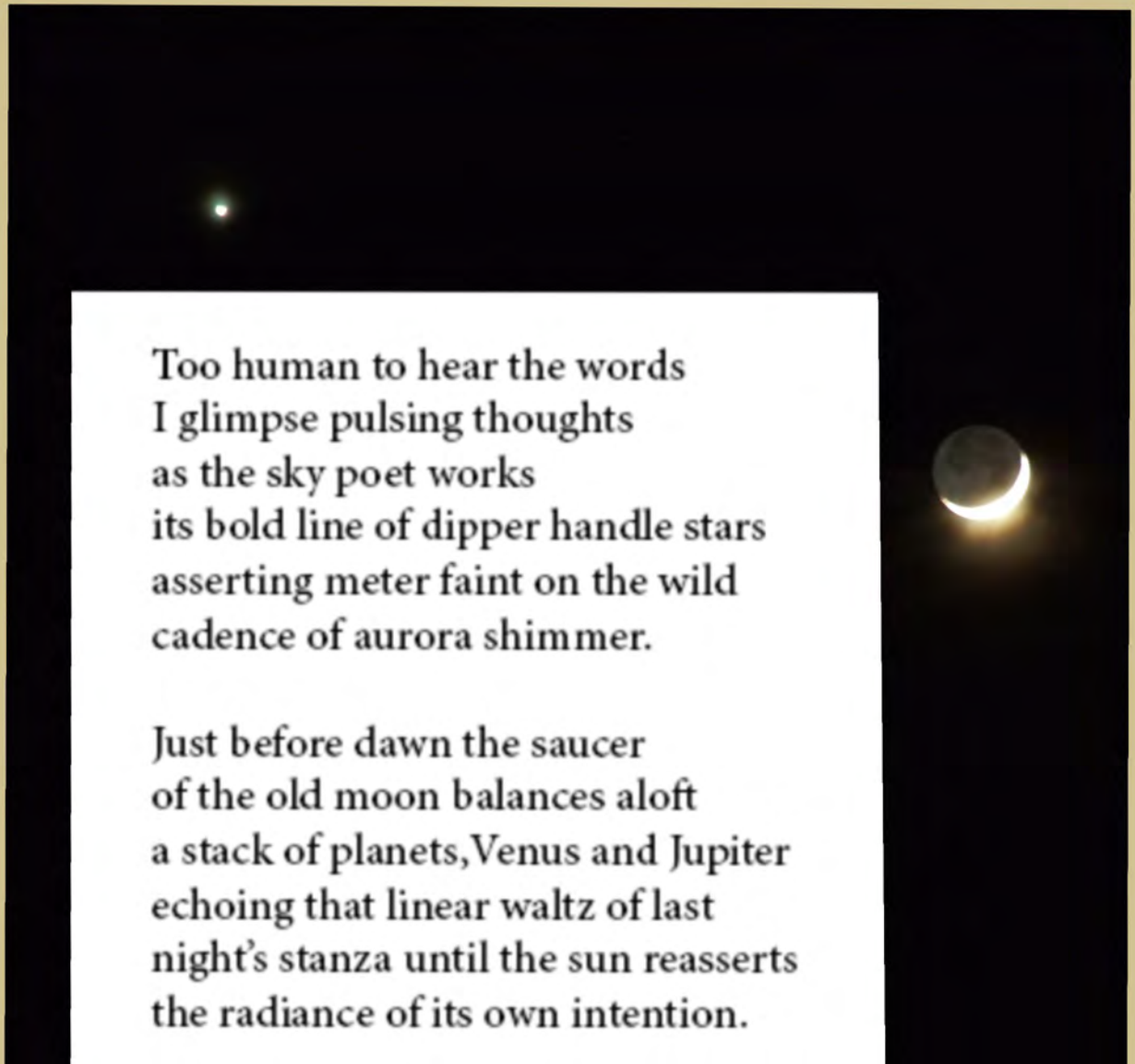


silvery wren song
shimmers
on the indecisive light
like new love

A close-up photograph of a green tree frog with brown and white markings on its back, perched on a large, textured rock covered in bright green moss. The frog is looking towards the left. The background is dark and out of focus.

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.





Too human to hear the words
I glimpse pulsing thoughts
as the sky poet works
its bold line of dipper handle stars
asserting meter faint on the wild
cadence of aurora shimmer.

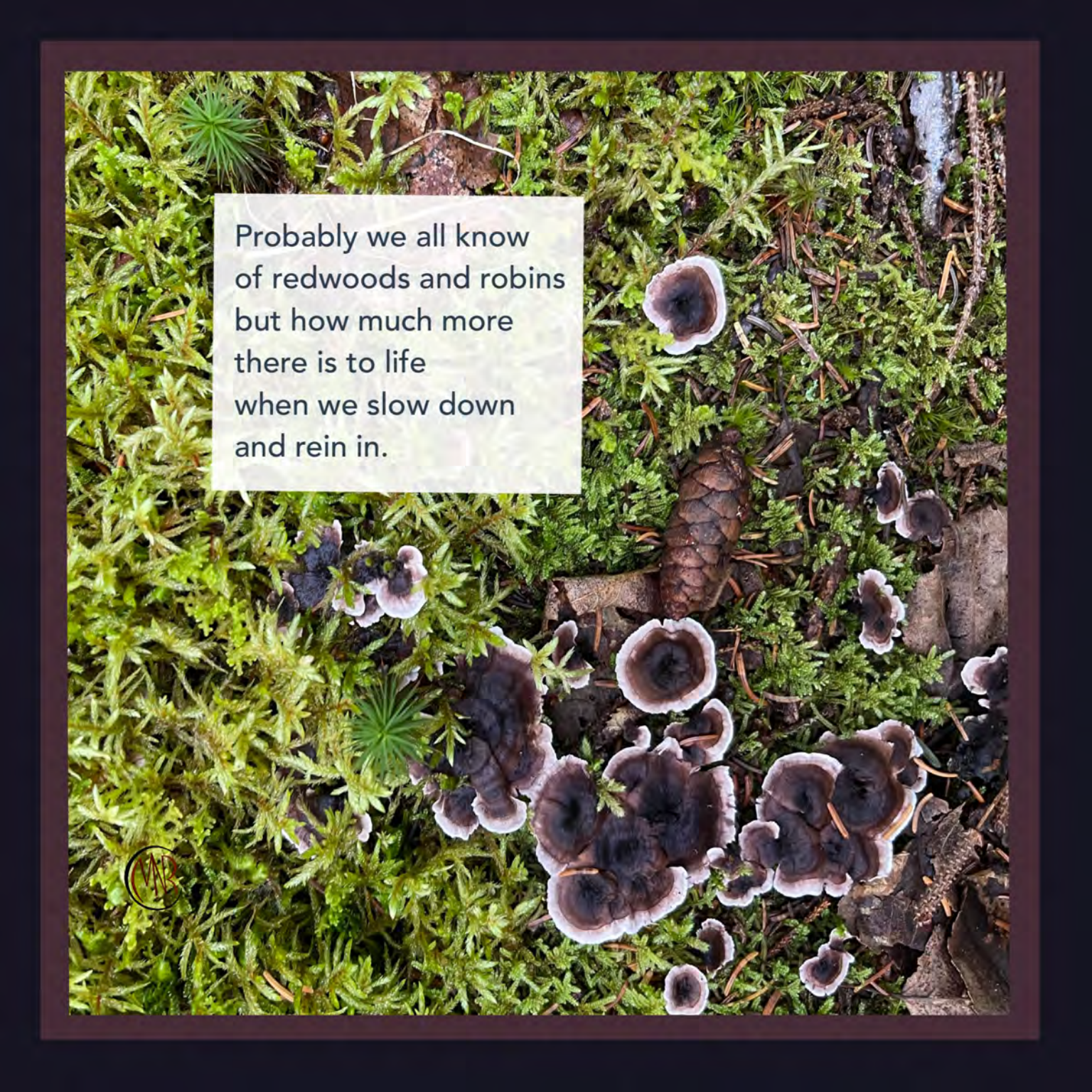
Just before dawn the saucer
of the old moon balances aloft
a stack of planets, Venus and Jupiter
echoing that linear waltz of last
night's stanza until the sun reasserts
the radiance of its own intention.






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.



A close-up photograph of a forest floor. The ground is covered in a dense carpet of bright green moss. Scattered throughout the moss are several small, cup-shaped mushrooms with dark, almost black centers and light-colored, slightly raised edges. A single, brown, textured pine cone lies horizontally in the center of the frame. The background is filled with more moss and some dry, brown pine needles. The entire image is framed by a dark brown border.

Probably we all know
of redwoods and robins
but how much more
there is to life
when we slow down
and rein in.



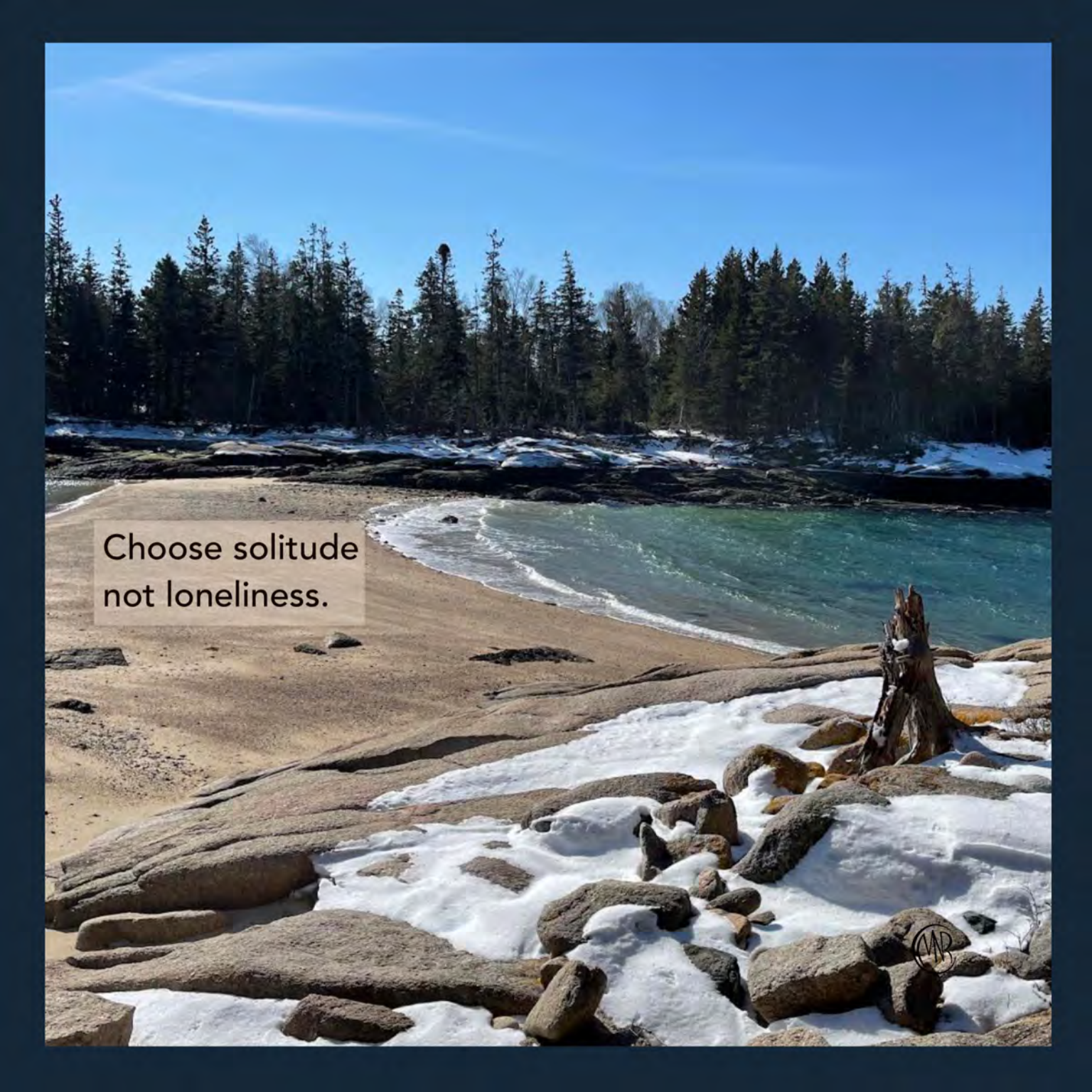


Seems a small thing -
leaves fluttering down
bearing gifts from the sun
to the humble world below
but it's the grand game of life.



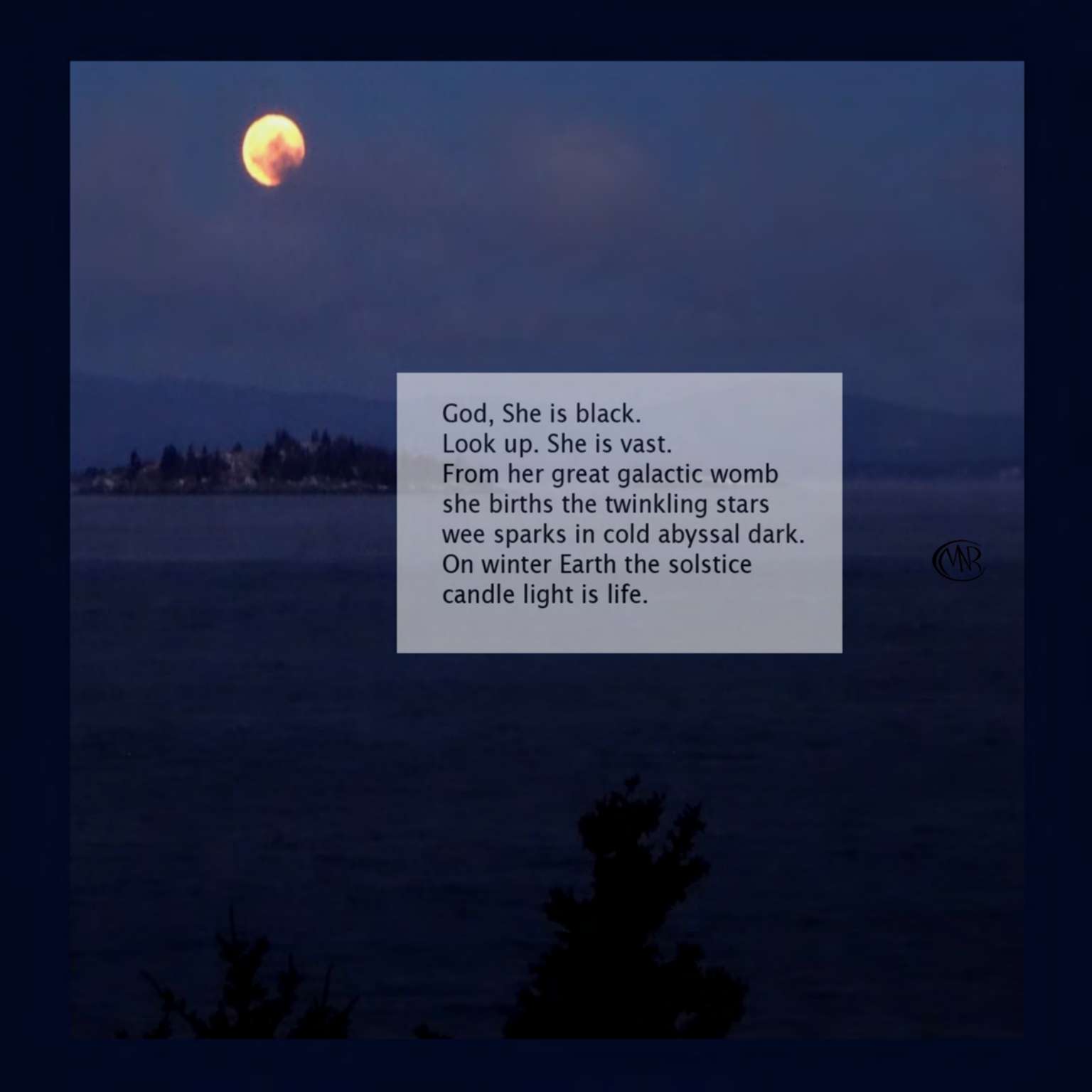
Small miracles






Choose solitude
not loneliness.





God, She is black.
Look up. She is vast.
From her great galactic womb
she births the twinkling stars
wee sparks in cold abyssal dark.
On winter Earth the solstice
candle light is life.



A photograph of several Indian Pipes (Monotropa hypopitys) growing in a forest. The plants are pale, almost white, with some showing reddish-brown spots on their flowers. They are surrounded by a thick layer of brown, fallen leaves and twigs. The background is dark and out of focus, showing more of the forest floor.

Ghostly pale we say
of Indian Pipes in summer
at the same spruce tree base
where animal tracks once printed
melting snow. Like spirits
rising wraith-like on the winter air
Soul breathes this place.





Haiku by Sparrow

Pale sun, old snow
white-throated sparrow
cold pure call of spring
call of spring






Where winter storms have clawed
a shellheap scatter from the bank
lie bits of pottery on which
I fancy I can read the maker's mark:
cord print on clay,
touch of the Dawn People.

Beside the waves
in company and comfort
of the near and distant past
their spirits speak to me
as we walk together
on the path.






The problems of the world
might be more easily solved
if we all understood
that what feels familiar to me
might seem foreign to you.



Ferns with spores accustomed to riding the winds around the globe and green leaves making sustenance from sun might not find the evolution of seeds or teeth such a grand idea. There's merit in accepting and working with who you already are.

A scenic landscape photograph featuring a large body of water, likely a lake, in the middle ground. In the background, a range of blue mountains is visible under a bright blue sky with scattered white clouds. The foreground is filled with lush green foliage, including branches with leaves that show some yellowing and reddening, suggesting early autumn. A semi-transparent yellow rectangular box is overlaid on the lower-left portion of the image, containing text. The entire image is framed by a light green border.

Spring color
new leaves
fresh start





Spring comes dancing in
wearing her crown of gold.

"Oh come sing Spring with me,"
trills the flowering tree to the passing bird.
"We're the only snow flakes now."

