

raging quiet

my mind wanders
sometimes, scattering
itself amongst
the sweet and sterile
breezes by the sea.
my thoughts divide
themselves, slipping
into the dunerills
that are shifted
and swallowed
by the breath of
many long minutes.
my time gathers
together, slowly
collecting itself until
the last cherished moment
falls away into
the raging quiet.

december 1982

pieces of the ocean

i found some pieces of the ocean
yesterday, peeking discreetly
through a breach in the distant trees.

i knew that the waves were booming
beyond the skyline, collapsing mercilessly
under the chatter of hungry gulls.

i found some peace by the ocean
yesterday, peering skeptically
from a parchment sky dotted white.

i knew that the waves were roaring
along the shoreline, chasing end to end
replying to the song of the sun squalls.

i found some pieces of broken shell
yesterday, prying clumsily
through holes in my rumpled pocket.

i knew that the waves were still crashing
long after my departure, echoing faithfully
under heaven's fine embroidery.

april 27, 1997

the sun in my eyes

i thought i heard
a voice from the past
amongst the collision of the clouds
or the wash of the waves.

it must have been
a symphony of swells
or the seagulls' cry.

i thought i saw
a face from the past
amongst the crowd at the café
or the sprites on the sand.

it must have been
a stare of serpents
or the sun in my eyes.

i thought i heard
a song from the past
amongst the chords of the day
or the whirl of the wind.

it must have been
a serenade of strings
or the spirits' cry.

april 08, 1984

points of light

i am a point of light
deep within
shining bright white

i see others
as points of light
and sense their radiance

i am a piece of GOD
perfect within
seeking my abundance

i see others
as pieces of GOD
and know their perfection

i am a child of GOD
living within
praising my source

i see others
as children of GOD
and feel their gifts

august 20, 1991

sand in the hourglass

over the mornings
the names and the faces
fly, too many to remember.
the windmill maestro,
the aging parent.

and blindly above me
the brilliant sun
melts the peppered snow
and winter's dreams
of april and may.

sand in the hourglass,
another minute's worth of time
vanishes through the trap door.
ever after the memory
of the metered flow slips,
grains held fixed
in the vessel's own image.

january 27, 1981

early morning reverie

malheur, the dawn
has not yet come,
the chill is still here.

visions, the faces
of Christ and Mary,
their faith always present.

omega, says he
who brings the answer
with time, wishbringer.

unicorn, why now
the early morning reverie
and its end—now.

march 31, 1979

golden afternoons

golden afternoons
across venetian canals
reveal dream worlds
through open doors
where lovers whisper
over pale yellow wine

bronze people chatter down below
in the borrowed amber sunlight

ah, golden afternoons
thou art eternal
and in my head

february 1976

an italian villa

an italian villa
 high above
an everblue sea.
the limestone balcony
 held its evening lights.

an olive lady
 sat above
an everstill shore.
watching the clock
 counting the days.

a scarlet evening
 wandering above
an eversetting star.
wondering the fate
 of her lord admiral.

january 27, 1981

earth's place

the sun is my friend
until the last sunset fades
and darkness fills my room
the warm spark
always touching my heart
and showering the earth
with gold

the moon is my lady
dressed in dazzling white
and forever wandering
through fields of tall grasses
calling my name
and waiting

the stars are my master
until time gathers us all
back into the tear
whence we came,
watching over
my friend and my lady
until we are
no more.

february 1978