

REVELING IN SUMMER'S YOUTH

Sunburst

through dissolving morning mist,
dripping golden light
upon a meadow of wildflowers.

Rabbits running to and fro,
darting dragonflies avoiding capture,
monarch butterflies meandering about.

A damsel in yellow and earthy brown
looking into the blue above.

Curls of red hair bouncing
against bare shoulders as she spins.

Laughing, while her outstretched arms
play on the wind
which sings of an easy summer
just beginning.

A GARDEN SHARED

Lying in delicate flowers.

A song travels on the breeze,

so quiet,

floating like a whisper amongst the trees.

Mixed in, I recognize your voice;

your song trembles my soul.

Do you speak to me?

Do you sing for me?

Do you visit this garden, as I visit?

Your laughter and smiles planted

to bloom again in distant gardens.

BORN OF NORTH AND EAST WINDS

Born of Father,
bitter cold
with touch of frost, bite of ice,
and tears of snow

Born of Mother,
raging hot
with touch of blisters, bite of flame,
and bendless iron will

I am
of the forests, of the mountains, of the valleys and hills.
A soft voice rustling the leaves...
stronger now, rumbling through the trees.
At times, carrying voices and thunderous shouts.
Throwing boulders, plucking roots.
Wild...free

LOST AT SEA

LOST...Lost...lost

The horizon, a blue embrace of water and sky.

Hungry, starving, bones showing through.

Clouds overtaking, seabirds escaping.

Raindrops, Heaven's dripping dew.

Time is slow.

Time is weary.

Flame above and scorched below.

Skin of metal, bones of rock, blood as mud.

Heavy and heavier still.

Eyelids dipping, following the light

into darkness.

Sleep beckons.

Resist.

Struggle.

Alas...I have no more.

Alas...into the pall.

TO HOME

Scattered stars like scattered homelands
torn apart, splintered and jagged
until countless pieces abound.
Streaking starlight smeared across the sky.

The sound- melancholy, haunting,
speaking my name.
“Today, tomorrow, all days were yours...now are ours.”
Rhythmic melodies, the drums, the sirens,
the calls of battle, of war, of no return.

To home, I ache.
To bleed, I fight.
Such freedom contained within celestial bodies
not long beyond my grasp.
Always present, always reminding.
Home...no more.

I AM THE EARTH

Look at what I have given you.

The vast forests

breathing in death and exhaling life;

full of bark and leaf, root and flower, beast and bee;

given to ease your pain, cure your maladies, provide your sustenance.

In return, what have you given me?

I see the genocide of my creation

with the axe, the saw, and the flame.

What I build

you knock down and uproot.

The friends I give

you slay for sport.

I smell the rot of your garbage.

I feel the burn of your pollutants, your chemicals

in my breath- the air,

in my saliva- the waters,

in my blood- the magma

on my skin- the earth.

Do you imagine that you can prevent me?

Build walls, and I will blow them down

with the tornado and the hurricane.

Build bunkers and impregnable fortresses,

and I will pull them asunder

with the earthquake- the opening of my mouth.

Flee in boats and face the gale, the tempest, the maelstrom.

Run to the highest mountain peak

to witness my tears flow,

sending the ocean to your door.

Accept me as I am

or suffer until I am remade whole.

I am death.

I am life.

Do you understand?

When I harm, it pains me.

The splitting of my skin, fracturing of my bones,

crumbling of my spirit.

Why do we share in this suffering?

Our fates are entwined.

If I perish, then I am the grave

of all life.

Do not look to my Red Brother-
cold as no winter humankind has felt.
Barren beyond the deserts you have walked.
More fruitless than any famine you have endured.
Breathless as space.
Lonely as the darkest corner.

You are my family.

I am your home.

You have no other.

OUR ROOM BENEATH THE STARS

Our hands held out a blanket
and on the grass it spread.
With gentle arms it welcomed
and gathered us to bed.

Surrounded in its warming,
it brought us heart to heart
that we might stay forever
and never have to part.

The night's breath caressed our skin
and smelled of flower bloom
until we thought of nothing
beyond our starry room.

NIGHT SONG

I sang a song into the night

and rang the bells of sleep.

Their voices called out names I've known

remembered in the deep.

Afar I peered into the gloom

into a silky sleep.

Solitude was the draught I knew

from cup of endless deep.

The time will come to drink no more

to dream upon my sleep.

Bring me comfort, bring me nothing

but leave me in the deep.

SHE DANCES IN MIDNIGHT

I saw her
in the dim of night,
in its forlorn embrace,
beneath the pale glow
of distant and indifferent stars
caring not for what lays
beyond their spacial lands

I saw her
sitting on the loneliest bench,
waiting in the downpour,
so still and expectant.
Her eyes drawn to a window;
eyes entranced and full of hope

I saw her
when the window glowed from candlelight
and a child's face appeared.
Her smile was the summer's blossom
before the young maiden just betrothed

I watched her
rise and dance in Midnight's grace,
reveling in this precious time with him.
Her love shook the earth
yet the trembling went unfelt.

I watched her
watching him.

His smiles, his eyes alive and bright brown,
unearthed her memories
once lived and yearning to live again

I watched her
in her Midnight Dance,
in soaked clothes reflecting the moonlight
as though she danced in her Kingdom of Mirth
far beyond this time and place;
where they await her return
beyond gates guarding golden shores
that her footsteps have known
and will know again

I knew her,

once, when she was a queen.

When her king held no power

and her prince was still hers.

When her heart lived between these midnight dances

and there was no desperation or despair.

When her child was still her child

and he was at her side.

When she held his hand

and his smile was her smile,

and his laughter was her laughter.

When she was his mother

and he was her son