



Against this rock cliff,
a small bird pecks at cracks,
my uncertain comrade.



Sun, over my shoulder,
soft whispers of heat,
my bones, on fire.



Earth, this bed, this place
from which I rise, I close
my eyes and soar above.



This pond, this water,
I dive and swim with the fish,
seeking their repast.



Halfway home,
flat on my back,
What chagrin! I grin.



These stones seem assured
of themselves, seem to prey,
to leap, to pounce, to rest.



Rage, in confinement,
takes wing, until thought
turns to its disappearance.



I birth myself, and my
children follow, watching,
seeing, being, are.



Despair, contained,
leaks into the air, despite
the desire to be free.



Aging finds young berries
and nuts, the forest provides,
without notice.



The wind speaks,
strong, fluid, broken, softly,
and when it stops, silently.



Calm, the cat waits, for nothing,
to strike from the heart,
it peacefully sleeps.



My arms wrap my legs,
my legs wrap the journey
in muscled symmetry.



Chair, designed for rest,
as my rest joins the design,
and these eyes open.



Perfection finds itself
where it lives, imperfect,
and what is, lies back.



Tree grows around itself,
small to large, into the ground,
into the sky.



At my back, this shelf
of myself, this wall
of my all, I am fronted.



Dark remains,
until my light becomes
its lighter self, and I am lit.



Cloud on the ground,
wraps me inside, I sit in
the sky, bound low, on high.



Contorted by laughter, twisted
by peace, I plant my crops
in the sun.



A glacial shelf borders
my tropics. From my squint,
I see nebulae.



Obelisk,
a monument to motion,
erected in the moment.



This hand, alive, this heart,
beating, these parted lips,
hold their song within.



Wrinkled skin, stillness
of thought, smooth silence,
working playground for the light.



Jagged ridges bind
against the cool, oiled
edges warm the light.



Icons of stone,
fire in the night, fish
in the river, sandy bed.



Summer heat blurs
the bodies of life, blends
blood in the air. One eye sees.



Watch, inhale, listen,
sense touches senses,
fingers compose the vision.



Turn away, turn toward,
the forest of sound
surrounds the ears within.



Time wanders away,
rushes back, I touch the
earth, pulling time apart.



Charcoal, ashes, flint,
steel, wages, work, pain,
loving concern, relief.



Repose, elegance, secrets
held deep, grip the edges,
the common wealth.



That night in Oaxaca,
outside the cantina,
sheltered from the rain.