

Famous  
poet,

With his  
knapsack,

Drunk,

Now where  
did I put my

Knapsack?

\*

The art

Of being  
empty,

Full of sand,  
soil, water,

Wind and  
words.

\*

No one  
here,

Inside this  
disentangled

Scheme  
of things.

\*

Old age,  
my destination,

But my car

Has clean windows,  
front and back.

\*

This poem  
is not about

New York  
City,

O, maybe  
a little.

\*

Wise to  
my ways,

She can tell  
when I

Have been  
drinking

In

The  
moonlight.

\*

Each thought  
pretends

To be new,

Wearing its great-  
grandmother's dress.

\*

A brisk wind  
cleans the air

Around  
my head,

So full of  
its own folly.

\*

The morning  
glory

Survives  
the first frost,

Old age,

The first  
thought

Of death.

\*

The ancient poet,  
in modern words,

Sounds chatty,

And then, *Bang*,  
the heart.

\*

The sun,  
blazing,

In the late  
afternoon,

As if night

Will never  
come.

\*

Booming  
*HELLO!!!*

In the  
packed café,

Sudden  
thunder,

Birds  
stop singing.

\*

Ancient  
cathedral,

Old easy chair,  
made of sand,

Buried  
in the sand.

\*

Some part

Of the concert  
on the grass,

Is performed  
by the mosquitos.

\*

The breeze  
on my cheek,

So slight  
in its might,

I look to see  
its origin.

\*

War  
in the air,

None  
in the earth,

Harsh cries  
abound,

Above  
the ground.

\*

Turning pages  
in this old book,

Turning handfuls

Of sand  
in the sand.

\*

Parrot,  
on its perch,

Ready to  
shock the world,

With the same  
old story.

\*

Green, past  
the window pane,

Recognition  
wanders

Between glass  
and grass.

\*

Death's a snake,  
swallowing itself,

To its own

Wondering  
dismay.

\*

Large room,  
empty tables,

Lone reader  
looks up,

And the room  
is full.

\*

Cold air  
wraps itself

Around me,

Until I am wearing  
sleeves of wind.

\*

It comes  
unbidden,

My heart  
broken,

Until  
each piece

Recalls  
the whole.

\*

This old hand,

Old worker,  
old lover,

Now, a five-  
headed lizard,

On the sofa's arm.

\*



The mirror,  
old friend,

Has, upon  
reflection,

Seemed  
unfriendly,

Lately.

\*

Wind,

Along a  
wire fence,

Sun,  
in the field

For an  
audience.

\*

Author! Author!  
shouts Daffodil,

Jonquil cries,  
Not !

Narcissus  
nods.

\*

I prepare for sleep,  
rejecting sleep,

Drooping eyes  
dream themselves

Awake.

\*

She reminds me,  
and reminds me,

Woodpecker  
drums,

All spring,  
for a mate.

\*

The spider's  
web is empty,

Nothing to do,  
but mend

The web  
and wait.

\*

Young lovers

Forget  
the cicada's

Incessant  
love song

For their  
own.

\*

A spring deer  
peers

From behind a  
gravestone,

Watching  
the watcher

Watching.

\*

Wise and  
foolish man,

Here, under  
one roof,

Nature's cruel  
compassion.

\*

O, not  
another

Poem,

In this  
hurtful world,

Of beauty  
born.

\*

Mountains rise,  
seas surge,

Says the  
wily aphid

To the young  
apple leaf.

\*

The deep,  
dark night,

Is a  
symphony,

Until I hear  
its soloist.

\*

Tired  
as mud

On old  
boots,

Caked  
and drying,

So close

To the  
river.

\*

Sleep,

Pulling me  
to its bed,

An  
intimacy,

Enticing  
as love.

\*

All of life

Reduces  
to a body,

This crumpled  
old universe.

\*

Thick  
wet fog,

A silver bridge  
floats in air,

A black barge  
slips silent by.

\*

Fisher,  
without a pole,

No line, no bait,  
a timeless wait,

Contentment.

\*

No screen,

No projector,  
no film,

Perhaps an epic,  
or a cartoon.

\*

We, at  
tables talk,

As fall  
walks up

And stands,  
its leaves,

Still on  
the trees.

\*

In the roar,  
a singer sings,

Sly whispers,  
in the raging

Waterfall.

\*

Chess players  
in the park,

Watching  
the scenery,

On the battered  
board.

\*

A small man,  
a tall woman,

Dance in step,

A level gaze  
in their eyes.

\*

Leaders  
of faith,

Preaching  
surrender,

Under the  
ancient sign,

Be still.

\*

Clear  
spheres,

Sumptuous,  
presumptuous,

Dewdrops

On a translucent  
leaf.

\*



Clock ticks  
on its own,

As time  
wanders

With nothing  
on its empty mind.

\*

Old couple,

Matching gaudy  
with gauche,

Their love,

The hope  
of the world.

\*

In the valleys,  
on the mountains,

The pines whisper  
to each other,

Shhhhhh....

\*

Unthought  
silence,

Stillness,  
solitude,

Turned  
to words,

Spoken  
to others.

\*

White  
on my head,

Shake it off,  
it's still there,

Soon to be  
my snowy bed.

\*

Awake  
at night,

One side trades  
with the other,

Bargaining  
for better.

\*

Wind lifts  
the roof,

Blows down  
the walls,

Eager  
to move in,

Without  
baggage.

\*

All this talk

Of time and  
timelessness,

Rain drops

Linger in  
the sunshine.

\*

Palm trees

Encourage  
the wind,

Going  
with it,

As far  
as possible.

\*

Wonder,

unheld,  
by any vessel,

Seeds in the wind,  
wind in a bowl.

\*

Rain  
forest,

Sun,  
old uncle,

Pokes  
his face in,

Children  
begin to play.

\*

Shacks,

Beside the  
mogul's castle,

The presence  
of wealth,

Among  
the poor.

\*

Without the dignity  
of their elders,

Small trees

Calm the harried  
heart.

\*

A swell

Lifts the  
water bug,

Just above

The roiling  
world below.

\*

Their words,  
transferred,

Their thoughts,  
transcend,

Until by love,  
they are

Thus  
transformed.

\*

Someone said,  
Was there blood?

There was a book,  
torn from the heart

Of a tree.

\*

No one  
in my chair,

Yet I cry out,

No one here,  
yet my voice

Is strong.

\*

No seed,  
no tree,

No fruit,  
no orchard,

As far as  
the eye

Can see.

\*

Twenty-two  
years,

One time drunk,

So many glasses,  
so many swallows.

\*

I make words  
scarce imagined,

For those  
who read,

With imagination.

\*

Water bowl,

No sea, no lake,  
no pond, no pool,

We swim  
in this wet clay.

\*

Not one  
with

The Morning  
Glory,

This glorious  
morning,

Now I am.

\*

The pond  
welcomes all

That thrives  
within it,

All that falls  
within it, too.

\*

Basho's frog,

The splashy birth  
of true Haiku,

Welcome,

And good  
riddance.

\*



Swiftly, slowly,  
the world,

Slowly, swiftly,  
the world,

Such wonders!

\*

From this  
prison cell,

One breath  
escapes,

Returns,  
escapes,

Returns,  
escapes.

\*

The thief knows  
he's been stolen,

Worse than that,

He can't remember  
the theft.

\*

Monks

At the foot  
of the mountain,

Point  
to the peak,

Where some  
few

Have gone.

\*

The painter  
paints flowers,

Raybans  
by his side,

Paradise  
in his eyes.

\*

With a  
brush tip,

The artist

Transforms  
the world,

Then signs  
its canvas.

\*

The bird-  
painter's eyes

Fly across  
his belly

To their  
flight

In the skies.

\*

Berry nectar,  
pots of paint,

Swirls of oil,  
raised brush,

Fresh eternity.

\*

I put my feet  
up, in public,

The river  
runs below,

Within reach.

\*

Jack rabbit,

Leaps, stops,  
leaps again,

Squirrel hops,  
stops, looks,

And runs  
away.

\*

The cat  
comes home,

Bloody from  
a raccoon fight,

Near death,

The cat  
comes home.

\*

Mother says  
to her brood,

Come here,

And bring  
your here,

Over here,  
right now.

\*

How can I  
look at cake,

Without  
eating it?

Ah, I am  
also cake.

\*

In the same  
attention

To fear,  
life appears

As war-time  
in slow-time.

\*

Gazing up,

My lazy  
cat eyes

Fall back  
in their beds,

Looking  
for sleep.

\*

A gun  
in my pocket,

I'm ready  
for anything

But peace.

\*

Metal boxes  
go flying by,

Deep  
blue sky,

Soft face  
of clouds,

Hot tea.

\*

Words,

Their swaddling  
fills the crib,

Baby,  
in the folds,

Singing its  
first song.

\*

Backpack,  
beside

The hiker  
resting,

His tired  
feet,

Ready  
for more.

\*

Footprints  
in the mud,

None, here  
in the stream,

The unseen,  
goes on ahead.

\*

Young dog,  
big as a colt,

Bolts  
from home,

Smells  
the ground

On the slow  
walk back.

\*

The closer  
to home,

The more  
tired,

The closer  
to home,

The less  
weary.

\*

Old bear,

Walking  
around town,

Seeking refuge  
in a missing forest.

\*

This time of life,  
this life in time,

A timely time-out,  
from timelessness.

\*



Flip-flops flap

On the marble  
ashram path,

Past peacocks  
preening themselves.

★

The chickadee,  
small and shy,

Surrounded by  
chickadees,

Small and shy.

★

Singer,  
singing

The same  
song of joy,

From deep  
within

The same  
sad heart.

★

I reach in privet,

That writes its name  
On my bare arms,

Cheers  
from the bees.

\*

I'm foreign,

In the land  
of others,

Until I see

My eyes  
in theirs.

\*

In this  
being away

From  
the past,

Time  
becomes

Unhinged  
from time.

\*

Beside  
the road,

Flaking bark  
slips into

The open sea  
of the air.

\*

Worker,

Shoveling  
cement,

His boots,

Thick-coated  
cartoons

Of themselves.

\*

I cloud the air  
with words,

When inside  
the poetry

Of words,

No words.

\*

If I go ahead,  
I lead the way,

Behind,

You may hear  
what I say.

\*

In this dream,  
I am old,

The dreamer,  
ageless,

The dream,

Wrinkled  
and paunchy.

\*

The air,

Sliced by  
speeding cars,

Fueling station,

In prosperous  
repose.

\*

The breeze  
in the trees

Can't spell  
Charlotte Street,

Yet it goes  
where it pleases.

★

A worker  
dusts

The Sistine  
Chapel ceiling,

The Buddha's  
smiling face.

★

The poet  
makes faces,

On paper,  
in fire,

For those  
behind his back.

★

Humans,  
on earth,

The first,  
celebratory,

The last,  
laudatory.

\*

Poems appear  
in the dark,

Aware of other  
predators,

Nearby.

\*

Old bull,

His hide,  
thickened,

Over time,

Into its  
longevity,

Snorts.

\*

Old man  
steps,

One foot  
in front

Of the other,

The same  
uncertain joy.

\*

I am drowsy  
in the safety,

Of this  
lazy, lovely,

Caged comfort.

\*

Down the  
volcano's side,

Children  
delight,

In a country  
not my own.

\*

She paints

Blue at the top  
for a sky,

Broad sand,

Where we walked,  
this morning,

\*

I love her  
completely,

I only make it  
seem so,

By saying so.

\*

She paints  
the humble

Corners  
of things,

Even decay  
is her beauty.

\*



Mother's  
hand,

Holding  
baby's head,

He looks  
at the world,

Grips  
her sleeve.

\*

The cold  
wind blows

In the old  
wood barn,

The old  
dog barks,

The cold  
wind blows.

\*

The good and bad,  
rumble, rush, and roar,

No time

For hello  
or goodbye.

\*

In language,

I wear a king's  
wardrobe

I cannot see  
in the mirror.

\*

A coiling vine,

Words  
in the brain,

Calling themselves  
to their private dance.

\*

First, all of  
life appears,

And then the  
heart appears,

And then,  
all of life.

\*

Sun looks  
not for light,

Wind takes  
no notice

Of things that  
blow in the wind.

\*

The painter  
does not paint

The subject  
or herself,

She paints  
the painting.

\*

This  
flowering self

Changes its water,  
from time to time,

To timeless.

\*

Loud  
refrigerator,

Water  
on the floor,

Tattered  
shirt's

Second life.

\*

Seeking  
my place

In the  
whirlwind,

I find I am  
mostly oxygen.

\*

Fang,  
old dog,

In a  
photograph,

Still old,

Old memories,  
new again.

\*

Did you see  
that plumed bird,

With its mate,  
fly by,

Ten thousand  
years ago?

\*

Sun on  
the table,

We are  
complicit

In this life

Of heat  
and light.

\*

In my turn,  
I taste and spit

The absence  
of joy,

In the  
midst of it.

\*

Heartbroken,  
in the unbroken

Heart,

I chase  
a bird's flight,

With  
fresh wings.

\*

I go out  
from inside,

To find  
how far

I have  
come,

To be  
just here.

\*

When I don't  
think of her,

My heart turns  
to see her,

There, here  
in my heart.

\*

Agelessness

Appears  
to the young,

To reappear  
in the aged,

To be.

\*

Nothing  
remarkable

Occurs,

Except occur  
and remarkable.

\*

Joy

Comes  
into this

Paraffin  
heart,

Swinging

Its scythe  
of fire.

\*

This joy occurs  
in the heart

As unwound  
bundles

Of inspired  
breath.

★

To have a mind  
that won't quit,

One learns to  
quit the mind,

*Be still...*  
*good dog.*

★

To be  
in stillness,

Then, to be  
with others,

Another  
homecoming.

★



What  
gives life

To this  
peacock self,

That  
nasty bird,

Is my  
feeding it.

\*

In their  
death poems,

Zen monks  
teach,

Or they pull  
their words

In after them.

\*

Jumping in  
the volcano

Leaves  
little past

Behind,

Maybe  
the shoes.

\*

I live here  
in this

Sweet air,

Where  
she, too,

May appear  
and disappear.

\*

I fail to paint  
a true portrait

Of the one  
I'm always

Known  
to be.

\*

Grief,

Without  
a ground

Beneath its  
grievance,

Is hard  
to imagine

Gone.

\*

When I say I,

In cafés  
and Congress,

No one calls me  
on my lie.

\*

All this talk  
is entertaining,

Even the word  
*nothing*,

What a show!

\*

It takes only  
a little fear,

To stay away

From this  
being here.

\*

We're  
the same,

Are the only  
words of love

That don't lie,  
just a little.

\*

I've come  
looking

For you,  
out here,

Where you  
forgot to say

You'd meet me.

\*

Flowers  
live their

Impartial  
divinity,

Uncaring who  
loves them.

\*

To let go  
a love,

Takes  
more time

Than we have,

Or we let  
having go.

\*

Words  
comfort,

At a distance,

When they sing  
from the heart

To hearts  
apart.

\*

For every  
saint we see,

There  
breathes

A thousand  
saints

Of lesser  
renown.

\*

I put on a wise  
man's hat,

To see if it  
might fit

This unwise head.

\*

Imagine  
words

Covering  
the page,

No waves,

Only ocean  
in sight.

\*

I wear shoes,

Half-belonging  
to my feet,

The other half,  
to the earth.

\*

My deepest  
character

Is a design

Drawn on water  
by the wind.

\*

In a moment's  
fraction,

Wonder thrives,  
or else it

Wanders  
into time.

\*

Peace,

The presence  
of acceptance,

In the midst  
of too much,

For too long.

\*

Arrival to  
departure,

On this train,

Some whisper  
the universe.

★

Silence,  
in the house,

Stillness,  
all around,

Here to stay,  
no finer friend.

★

All at once,  
in moving,

I am still,

The moment  
takes its time

To be.

★



The young  
we once were

Are now  
someone else,

The old sun,  
dawning anew.

\*

Men, besting  
each other,

Language,

Strangled,  
begging,

For water  
and air.

\*

Winter comes  
into the room,

Wearing  
Fall's clothing,

Summer's  
faded smile.

\*

Leaves, blown  
by the wind,

Stop and stay,

Not far  
from home,

All ambition  
gone.

\*

Lovers  
stand close,

Closer than  
love requires,

Still closer,  
desire cries.

\*

Old pond,  
not-as-old frog,

Koosh!

Timeless water,  
frog, in time,

Leap, splash,  
Kiss.

\*

Each poem,

A burst  
of freedom,

Here, inside this  
endless forever.

\*

Water, on  
black granite,

Trees, in the  
reflection,

sky, beyond  
the trees.

\*

Walking,

Now without  
doubt,

Gone from  
the trail,

Back to its  
prior life.

\*

Without ambition,  
the urge comes

To make things  
of beauty,

Of beauty.

\*

I strip reality  
to its nudity,

Loving

Illusion's  
leaf.

\*

A bell's  
ring

Breaks  
up the day

Into  
categories,

A wall,  
the earth.

\*

The insect I kill  
does not care,

Nor do I,  
nor does life,

But caring  
cares.

\*

I rent a tree,  
in the forest,

For a table,

In the warm  
café.

\*

Words of love,  
a distant clime,

Reassure

My homesick  
rhyme.

\*

These return  
telegrams

To the  
universe,

Marigold  
volcanoes.

\*

Handless,  
I clutch life,

Love breaks  
my heart,

Until I  
remember to love.

\*

Each day,  
alone, I enter

A falling wall  
of others,

Waterfall.

\*

More great  
athletes appear,

Yet no one stops  
playing sports,

I write poems.

\*

My father

Handed me  
a big gun,

Told me

To shoot  
the sky,

I missed.

\*

Trees, beside  
the road,

Simply will  
not declare

Themselves  
political.

\*

A broom of  
yellow bristles

Sweeps  
the sun

From the floor  
into my eyes.

\*

Long counter  
at night,

No patrons in  
the dark café,

The light  
goes out.

\*

The random blow  
struck my head,

I fell,

Watching myself,  
staying alive.

\*



Mother,

I cannot  
miss you,

What I am  
is what I

Might miss  
of you.

\*

Frog lovers  
say,

The sound  
of water,

Basho says,

The water  
of sound.

\*

I shine  
a light

In the  
dark night,

It goes all  
the way

To ebony.

\*

The poet  
chased her

On a vase,

Into immortality,  
and died.

\*

Voices, in the  
other room,

Not so loud  
as they were,

When  
I was there.

\*

I seek  
to secure

My amateur  
standing

As a human  
being.

\*

In the  
waning hours,

The light fades,  
grows pale,

Graying  
at the temples.

\*

Under  
the dark,

I see light,

Peeking out,  
from its bed,

With shining  
eyes.

\*

He places  
his bag,

They kiss,

Dance a bit  
in the kitchen,

Papa's home.

\*

Hidden in  
the jungle din,

Silence,

Yellow eyes  
in the green leaves.

\*

I asked  
if wonder

Would  
marry me,

Not twice,  
she said,

And laughed  
out loud.

\*

Uncaring cat,

Fallen priest  
of peace,

Mad for love,

Runs into  
the night.

\*

Tired, upset  
stomach,

My eyes  
ignore me

For their  
own nirvana.

\*

Rain  
rains rain,

The sky  
is flooded,

The sun is  
washed away,

Dry is drowned.

\*

All are  
welcome,

Until one  
among them,

Is said to be  
a danger.

\*

Two white-tail  
blue jays

Slash the air,  
dive hydrangea,

Disappear  
to a stop.

\*

The brilliant  
sun shines,

Not looking  
for darkness,

Finds it,  
nevertheless.

\*

Viewing the  
cool moon,

My eyes  
turn inward,

Staring at the  
distant light.

\*

Stepping in  
some dung,

I go on  
my way,

Its faithful  
emissary.

\*

Drunk,

Drugged by  
discovery,

Newly  
exploring

The land  
of the young.

\*

Steeped in  
boiling broth,

The vegetables  
lose their memory

Of the earth.

\*

The muse,

Mostly female,  
mostly male,

Imagination,

Mostly  
on its own.

\*

Bobbing  
in the waves

Of images  
of ourselves,

Where is  
the shore?

\*

Hand,  
slightly shaking,

Scribbling messages

From a slightly  
shaking mind.

\*



Quiet,  
in a crowd,

Branch,  
full of crows,

Ears,  
full of caws,

Feet,  
full of dance.

\*

Awakened  
by wakefulness,

That refuses  
to let go

Its stolen life.

\*

Words that are  
made for reading,

Resemble those

That front  
the dancing heart.

\*

My good neighbor

Stretches in the sun,  
sleeps in the yard,

Dreams in his sleep.

★

This world,  
old house,

Cockroach  
doesn't bother

To claim his  
ownership.

★

Root vegetables,  
born underground,

Come alive  
with color,

In the sink.

★

Life, tuned  
to teach itself

What it's  
always been,

Is wise  
to its wisdom.

\*

The lamp hangs  
from a chain,

While its light

Wanders the room  
without a cord.

\*

Love pools  
in me, I in it,

Water  
of the pond,

Pond  
of the water.

\*

Gazing at  
an infant,

A fire  
crackling,

Eternity,  
drooling.

\*

Center  
of the universe,

Everyone's  
glory,

Baby doesn't  
care.

\*

Brocade  
carpet,

Mosaic,  
loosely woven,

Dead leaves,

Crushed  
to the ground.

\*

White-tail deer  
on the stony road,

Quickly, into  
the trees,

Empty path.

\*

Zydeco

Just off  
the street,

Cyclone,

In the heart  
of a hurricane.

\*

Drunk  
on music,

Absorbing  
the sound,

The way  
the beer

Absorbs  
the drunk.

\*

A young man  
grows up,

Like an  
old man,

Standing in line  
for his coffee.

\*

Cat sits,  
before

Crossing  
the road.

Mr. O'meara,  
reading a book.

\*

Old Greek  
and Roman gods,

Homeless,  
penniless,

Quartered in  
New Jersey.

\*

Shirt,  
in a heap,

On the chair,  
in the corner,

Part of the  
waiting wash.

\*

Why can't  
you see me?

I'm here, just  
as you are,

I'm not broken  
from you.

\*

Memory,

A warm  
bath,

Without  
the suds,

A sudden  
mouthful

Of soap.

\*

A finger on my  
missing tooth,

The old fox  
licks his

Forgotten  
wounds.

\*

Red leaves  
flutter,

Defy  
the rain,

Wind cracks  
a smile.

\*

Lightening  
at night,

Pond,  
flashing bright,

An old stump  
seems

To twitch  
in the light.

\*



The crazy  
wants a mind

Of its own,  
has had it,

Since the mind  
was born.

\*

When she's  
kind to me,

I love her  
old sweater,

unkind,  
I like it fine.

\*

Light comes  
and goes,

Not the sun,  
that old god,

On its ever  
circling throne.

\*

I went to the  
show, alone,

The place  
was empty,

No one came,  
and stayed.

\*

What one  
might think

About art

Is like what  
one might do

About nothing.

\*

I slip out  
of thought,

To slip into  
sleep,

Conscious,

In the unthought  
deep.

\*

Bright sun  
drains

The colors  
to white,

As if  
the light

Were its  
own shadow.

\*

Butterfly  
went with me

On the road,

Then, knowing  
no road,

Flew away.

\*

This trash heap  
of rag and bone,

The dying rich  
say of their

Great fortune.

\*

I can't take  
one step

Outside  
myself,

Yet I  
dance

On top  
of this life.

\*

I fall  
down drunk,

In my room,

Across the  
available universe.

\*

I go around  
naked,

Everywhere  
I go,

Under all  
this clothing.

\*

Romantic,

The sight,  
the sound,

The touch,  
the smell,

Of my  
neglected

Heart.

\*

This clay  
has a mind,

To become  
a human being,

And then,  
its god.

\*

The cherries,

Hanging on  
the branch,

Do nothing  
to block

My thieving  
hands.

\*

Wisdom  
for the poor,

Profit  
for the rich,

Who seem  
to need it,

Much more.

\*

In their  
veiny core,

Trees hear one  
of their own

Fall to the  
forest floor.

\*

When I see  
the moon,

Again in the  
night sky,

I come home  
to myself.

\*

The old road that  
runs by the door,

Runs in place,

To the ends  
of the earth.

\*

There's no  
foreign language,

Except those  
that live

In my untraveled  
ear.

\*

Even here,  
on this rock,

Far from home,

The sunlight  
warms

My upturned  
face.

\*

Shakespeare,  
returns as Basho,

Many words  
reborn as few,

Light as light.

\*

Looking through  
the windows

Of someone  
else's eyes,

Seeing what  
one sees.

Melancholy,  
with no sadness,

The day that  
incorporates

The night.

\*

A cool draft

Climbs my pant leg,  
clings to the cloth,

Yapping like a  
small dog,

\*



He puts his teeth in,  
no one sees him,

He grins and  
reads a book

With bite.

\*

When poetry

Stops knocking  
at my door,

I listen for its  
soft voice.

\*

White  
of the fish,

Yellow  
of the sun,

Black  
of the night,

Loves,  
old and new.

\*

I came upon  
a notorious man,

On the path,

Hello,  
I said.

\*

Everywhere  
I look,

Blades  
of grass,

Temples of no  
denomination.

\*

Whitman, among  
the wounded,

Puts healing words  
on the tongue

Of his heart.

\*

Voyager,  
in his chair,

Pilot,  
in her sky,

Wonder,  
without a home.

\*

He names  
his boat,

So it won't  
get lost,

On the  
open sea,

This dark  
night.

\*

I'm tired,

Looking at  
leaves,

These winter  
leaves,

Ready  
for a new life.

\*

A table  
in the sun,

Moving  
my chair,

To gain

The sun's  
attention.

\*

The vast  
prairie

Sits atop  
the world,

Royal mountain,  
on its own.

\*

Pigeon cooly  
places its bet

On the ice,

Foolish dog,  
same wager.

\*

Steps,  
well-taken,

Crossing these fields,  
of concentration,

To the unknown.

\*

Sickness,

Takes up  
residence,

The house,

Crowded,  
in every corner.

\*

The sun appears  
suddenly

From behind  
a slowly

Fading sorrow.

\*

Bring me  
what's been

In the head  
of Federico

Garcia Lorca.

\*

I do best,  
exhausted,

Mind falters,  
then soars,

Beyond these  
conscious dreams.

\*

This  
once heart,

Deserted  
of past,

Emptied  
of future,

Sees the  
way clear.

\*

Old woman  
strips naked

By the river,

Boldly startles  
the jaybird.

★

Storm crosses  
the prairie,

Toward trees,

Toward the eyes  
and ears,

Of nesting birds.

★

Never not full,  
in the sun,

The moon says,

*Tonight's the night,  
see me shine.*

★

Known,

the days of  
being poor,

Close as  
catastrophe,

As far  
as Mars.

\*

To love  
this much

Overwhelms,

Love reneges,  
seems to hide,

To not be love.

\*

Sleep  
arouses

In itself,

The realization  
of emptiness.

\*



Singing,

Chomping his  
toothless mouth,

Dancing,

With a  
twisted leg,

Grinning.

\*

Love itself,  
the measure

Of the distance  
between us,

Knows no  
distance.

\*

No, no,

You cannot  
have these

Poems,

They already  
belong to you.

\*

Heart,  
broken open,

After love comes  
running to me,

Called grandchild.

\*

A storm  
across

The face  
of an infant,

Rain, wind,  
dark, sun,

Beaming.

\*

A cool,  
wet wall,

Breathing,

In the hot,  
dry world,

Dark inside  
the sun.

\*

I share  
a familiar chair

Many have  
shared before,

This old body.

\*

Each of us,  
is a poet,

Walking

The narrow road  
To the deep north.

\*

The moment  
does not pass,

But this bustle  
makes it seem

A passing  
thing.

\*

In the city,  
without beasts,

People assume  
the shapes

Of fear  
and fur.

\*

A written-  
down poem,

Saddle  
on a horse,

The wind,

Going  
my way.

\*

I walk  
the path

Of others'  
words,

Stepping in  
the air

Of their  
footsteps.

\*

Sorrow

For my  
brother's death,

Depends on an  
impossibility.

\*

The shame of  
not knowing

Poetry,

Falls on those  
who know poetry.

\*

In tired eyes,  
resting,

The surface  
glistens

On the lake,  
in the sun.

\*

The old goat  
wobbles

As he walks,

Yet recalls  
a mountain

In his legs.

\*

A thousand  
poets

Sing of a  
certain love,

Out baking  
in the sun.

\*

Do you  
know flowers?

People are  
my flowers,

She says,

Dressed  
in petals.

\*

What to do when  
no poem comes,

No poem,

I listen to you,  
as well.

\*

I drink from  
the hose,

Biting chunks  
of cold water

From the  
summer heat.

\*

Battered hand,  
old friend,

I say you  
work for me,

I lie,

Here's my  
voucher.

\*

Old poet,

Outside the  
window,

Once  
on fire,

Asking for  
a smoke.

\*

Wanderer,

Hard  
to follow,

Strikes out  
on his own,

Leading  
the others.

\*

Two men  
in chairs,

Speaking,  
laughing,

Their dress  
and language

Foreign,  
not they.

\*



Animals,  
and all else,

Given names,  
not their own,

Asparagus  
grins.

\*

Other's wisdom,  
burdensome,

Sought or not,  
like my own,

I seek it still.

\*

Silhouettes

Passing  
in the sun,

On the  
water's edge,

In blinding  
light.

\*

Worker tries  
reading poems,

His worn body,

For and  
against it.

\*

In this  
narrow café,

The doorway

Welcomes  
the world in,

Unbroken.

\*

This moment's  
habit,

Forget all but  
the comfort

Of its emptiness.

\*

I ease, to  
disappear,

Already flown,

I appear, to  
become here.

\*

Music

Fills the mind  
of the man

Walking his heart  
across the room.

\*

You forget  
your teacher,

Now what do you  
call yourself?

Unschooling, wise.

\*

Mourning my  
someday death,

I cry,

Held tight  
by that

Which will  
some day die.

\*

Like the  
sparrow,

I am loved  
by love,

I am known  
by knowledge,

She flies.

\*

Energy,  
endlessly here,

Nothing to say,  
speaks,

Thus,  
this dust,

This light.

\*

All these ways  
of being human,

Such invention,

A spoon  
in a cup.

\*

In the mirror,  
over time,

This changing face,  
in endless space,

The moon.

\*

My ship has  
been coming in

For many  
decades,

Look, here  
it is, near.

\*

I get up  
to go home,

A pen falls out  
of my pocket,

And I stay.

\*

My brother,

Here in my  
jungle heart,

Waving his  
machete of love.

\*

Poetry  
stops me

From doing  
anything practical,

I come home.

\*

Poetry,

A low-entry  
profession,

Come on in,  
the water's

Fire.

\*

Winter says  
spring will come,

Winter lies,  
spring will come,

Spring comes,  
winter lies.

\*

We're  
identical,

Don't copy me,

It'll be a waste  
of your time.

\*

The words  
of her story

Bear no  
resemblance,

A rock,

Tossed  
on the sand.

\*

Home,  
a common word,

Something you find  
around the house,

Or else, inside.

\*

The stories  
of our lives,

We trade them,

Until we are  
worn together.

\*



Top floor window,  
curtained

Against the  
blue sky,

This head cold  
stays at home.

\*

Small-minded illness,

Loud singing guest,  
out of tune,

But now,  
it lives here.

\*

I grip the  
day ahead,

My knee,

Until my legs  
begin

On their own.

\*

The old days  
have died,

I visit their  
graves,

The stone, so  
finely carved.

\*

This Buddha belly  
contains no Buddha,

Breathe in,  
breathe out,

Buddha air  
everywhere.

\*

Time,

An open, disciplined,  
unframed mind,

The work play  
of poetry.

\*

In this room,  
there hides

No room at all,

In plain sight,  
the unhidden

Hides.

\*

Do I breathe  
the air I praise,

Or has heaven

Become  
so prosaic?

\*

That man's  
character

Is in his eyes,

That one,  
I cannot tell,

I squint.

\*

Travelers,

In a row, in chairs,  
drink coffee, tea,

Make plans  
for the past.

\*

In abundance,

I search  
for austerity,

Find it,  
abundantly.

\*

Men, boys,  
in five,

The leader,  
the counsel,

The muscle,  
the clown,

The wise.

\*

This sad, old,  
floppy,

Appendage,

Tired and tender,  
tongue of fire.

\*

Bum  
in nice clothing,

I disguise

My wandering  
across the land

Free.

\*