

Observing the Wanderer

Garden Dreamers

There's a journey in the mix, a way out,
the hidden opening in the gate that makes a home for me.
Worn tracks, yellow and trodden on,
the path makes its impression on long slivers of grass.
These trails hardly can be hidden, even with time
their small impacts keep cut-back and pushed-down over the expanse.

I would make excuses for the forest if I knew where to find it,
for this collection of long reeds and tall branches make for brittle and precarious
coverage.
Their flakey skin hardly enough to hold them upright from an ocean wind,
and yet they do.
The open bushiness, the expanses that make expanses,
where I will breath in air in a lateral way as it moves past me on its way to somewhere
else.
There is method in it and there is time.

The sky is a darkness, a heavy dull mirror of eternity.
The hills make hills that expand on from here,
clumsy pouches of cloth and water, busting from every seam and tear.

A garden path dreams of being so wild
in a twisting and uncountable way.
With grass and weed as king of the patch
and pretty flowers that were intended get slowly choked out.

Body in motion

The water here is still flowing,
A train passes the small bridge,
a mass of stone and concrete, and disappears
behind the trees.

I asked you to walk with me today,
though I know I put your sleeping
body to rest only an hour ago,
I invited you to walk.
You come and go as dreamers do,
placing your palm on my side,
your fingers against mine, and then
retreating again.

I think of when we were here together,
all the small proofs of your love hardly hidden.
The wells full in your eyes,
your face colored by a heart
beating again faster in a flurry.
Hard to hide from me, though I am not sure you ever tried.

Yes, the water here is still flowing,
in small waves, in a tranquil current that passes me
revealing neither beginning nor end.
I am a spectator to this small segment of life,
to this small body in motion.

Distant communication

There is something about these distances that makes you crazy.

The scratching of the floorboard. And in just 20 hours

you will be in a sea of foreign faces and smells,

and small again, insignificant and out of place.

There is a sense of accomplishment in diminishing ones self,

the way you break down to a splinter cut out,

something compact enough for a pocket or leaflet.

I am a stamp of myself.

Crouching near my unopened door is the outside world,

that to me has become so many wild and difficult things

that I am unsure of my place it.

Tonight there will be noodles and rice,

enough to fill my belly until that intimidation is gone.

A little wine to keep you well, to pickle the organs in their caverns.

And we're set.

Another evening successfully passed

without thinking, without questioning,

I'll throw the notions of communication out

and start again with the voices on the radio.

Morning news and latenight plays that I fall asleep to

and revive myself and

fall asleep to and hope to learn from.

That is the company,

knowledge in an abstract and stubborn form.

The aim is set and I am left to accomplish.

Expanses

I lie between two bodies of eternity.
My back pushed against the slant of this solid wave,
uncountable grains of sand.
And my head dips forward, out from its perfect sweeping form,
and falls into this deep blue swath of sea
that swallows me from above.

Space spanning, the valley repeated,
A reflection like that of an ocean moving.
Here all moves slower,
silently it makes its way to a new coast,
a new crest where I would put myself to wait.

All that I would observe in time eternal lives here.
Both Space and Observer innumerable.

Life in death

There is spirit in mortality, a beating heart,
flushed red faces recognize momentarily the value of their breath.
But in revelation there is misconception
and the stone that turns once can be put back
in its small damp pocket of earth.
The underside forgotten as it is again unseen.

But in the moments when you are sure of pain and death,
there is life more vibrant and more secure.
The edge is rarely traversed by choice
for on it is scrawled in fine writing the truths of human purpose,
their message so inspiring that those that teeter there often run back to solid ground
only to spread word of what they have learned.
There is life in death, and therefore both are eternal