

Lessons From A Shutterbug

Light affects everything
with it's shining force.
As it glances off a still pond
or paints sunrise and sunset with equal emotion.
It flavors the seasons
gray and golden where
the air is spiced with wood smoke
or the wet leaves of a forest floor.
It ricochets off the new fallen snow
when the clouds have drifted away.
Indoors it knows my moods
and sets the scene for every conversation.
It is the tool of every artist
a gift to the eye
sent from the stars

Guns In My Dreams

Fists in the street
that beat on the walls
echo in the halls
of police stations
and courthouses
that fear for the forces
of righteous outrage.

Some come in peace
others with torches
thinking that the path
to a better world
is blazed by anger.

In the shadows
wealthy faces hide
as they pluck the strings
to make puppets scream
for the camera phones
as the instant news
drives wedges
between our houses.

A thousand people
in the streets can't tell
me what it's worth.
Or why everyone matters
but so few are happy.

Reconstruction

In our burning cities
There are colors that show
behind charred timbers
like a wreck seen through
clear waters over a tropic reef.
A shelter lost is a shelter found
in the act of rebuilding.

And in the new telling
of a house made for all
let us speak of strong walls
and fashion clear windows
filled with light and truth.

A Better Path

When I see the morning light
on a clear summer day
illumine the crimson glory
of a geranium
I wonder at man's desire
to create the power
he has not the wit
to handle in measured stages.

The reflected light of nature
is more than I can consume
and what is left holds no harm.
Take your fill of the unsplit atom
and exercise just so much power
as you need to make the days go by
at your own pace, in a stream of grace,
with well-placed steps.

On Painting My Words

What more is art
than the dreams of mortal hearts?
We breathe and make a start
at living for the next day
with all it brings to thrill
or vex us to the core.

And those who see more
in each laugh and every leaf
can not keep it inside.
They see that life is a ride
across the heavens,
a cosmic joke
and a bold brushstroke
that must be shared
before it fades
because, though it is not eternal,