

## The Art of Poetry

A poem should flow not speak  
like a winding wooded creek,

Unseen

As the northern winds of spring,

Silent as the cool sullen shadow  
Of mountain pines as they grow

A poem whispers wordlessly—  
As the summit sweats

\*

A poem should shine its light  
As the sun at noon.

Living, as the sun releases  
Drop by drop the young morning dew,

Living, as the moon behind the spider's web,  
Revolving by revolving to reveal—

A poem should shine its light  
As the stare of a moon.

\*

A poem puts up a fight:  
Yeah, right.

A dream that fades away  
Upon awakening the next day.

For life

The thirsting roots below the sun-fed tree—

A poem should not say  
But see.

### The Heart of Medicine

The Ancients taught medicine as a Sacred art  
And from this tradition, we mustn't part  
As advances bring new goals in sight  
always remember this divine light:  
Life is short and art is long...\*  
Nourishing each other with their song  
As medicine and art re-unite  
their gentle healing will make things right  
There's no better place for us to start  
than the central beat, we call the heart  
A more selfless tune, there's surely not  
In the coldest hour, a heart stays hot  
Its recurrent rhythm serves every part  
A ceaseless song to make you smart  
With out this virtue, the world would rot  
A more Sacred Love cannot be taught

*\*Aphorisms* by Hippocrates