

if alphabet soup is too salty

why write
words are just
rows of letters
hung together
by a thread of thought
though
when internal rhymes erupt
abrupt
folk pay attention
as if caring or
daring
made more sense
in a sentence
than this pile
of letters

journaling
a noun or
an affliction
like gerbiling
-using much energy to get nowhere-
oh, like thoughts
and impressions
to be remembered
memorialized
when we (you, I)
are gone
but
if we pile up letters
punctuations and
such
there will be something left of us
or our brains
when all thought
has vanished
sequencing our escapades
playfully placed on a page
in a journal
spiral or
punched holes
lined
folded
pencil ink or
dew
the delight of morning
awaiting fresh our review

prayer

at the foot of the hill

I am the tree

from the fold of the branch

I am the leaf

from the twine of the leaves

I am the nest

from the warmth of the nest

I am the egg

from the crack of the egg

I am the bird

from the wings of the bird

I am the sky

from the wild of the sky

I am all breath

deeply inhaling

I birth all that is

all that was

all that is to come

I am the hope

that this

is the right prayer

Spring gathering

though your beauty confounds me
I've seen your roots
the way you ignore boundaries
trying to ingratiate

from afar, not too far
you are lovely
fragile even or seeming so
your whiteness unassuming

you promise fruit
sweet pleasures
at our feet
for the gather

yet your neighbors
are not your friends
since you push them aside
to get the best view

of the sun
the first taste of rain
feeding your soul
before all else

wild you are called
for good reason
no season for your
offering, your tease
you are a weed
yes
weed
no need for what you bear
tiny bitter berry of straw
you're crowding my babies

*You Blessed One, O Breath, Spirit of all universe,
You reward the undeserving with goodness;
and you rewarded me with goodness.*

and safety
close, scareful
confusing enough
midst the plague
a crashing time
to take stock
stop

wonderment of All
sad sapling of ages
made choices
loud and lasting
Go Forth
or not
absorb all that remains
counting blessings
and nightmares
wait
wait
All in good time
good god time
good
nest in my heart