

Forms of Travel

Tom Rowney in the Hot Spot

the Tacoma Museum of Glass, July 25, 2013

Fragile in walking, Rowney and assistants
moved oven to rolling bench and back -
shaping, flattening or pulling with persistence,
wary that uneven temperature would crack
the product of day's labor. This art,
hellish as the practice seems,
runs heavenly in patience, in part
slow and craftful. The stuff of dreams
is glass - with quickness, malleable and brittle,
yet taking such slow repetition.
Such fascination, this magic (just a little)
with mundane sand and art's volition:
spun gold, spun silver, perhaps spun water,
or the craft of Hephaestos and Athena's daughter.

Arriving at No Resolution Regarding the Restoration of Hetch Hetchy
Yosemite National Park, June, 2009

“A wonderfully exact counterpart to the great Yosemite,” our Hetch Hetchy,
said John Muir. Yet San Francisco needed water and power from Hetch Hetchy.

For years John Muir fought the reservoir proposed,
but an earthquake and a fire focused the city, needful, dour toward Hetch Hetchy.

An engineering marvel, O’Shaughnessy Dam, stopped the Tuolumne.
Six thousand years of human history ended in that hour - Hetch Hetchy.

Still, trails wind the canyon walls to waterfalls,
and camas and harlequin lupin paint the trailside, flower at Hetch Hetchy.

Wampapas Falls thunders back to the dam through the trails
while smaller seeps and windblown cascades share their laughter in Hetch Hetchy.

Young girls journal and backpackers travel on through
as Tuolumne’s waters thunder from the dam, a manmade tower at Hetch Hetchy.

And we hike over the ridge, photograph freshets;
***** and ***** packed apples and salmon, lunch, left-overs at Hetch Hetchy.

* In the traditional ghazal, writers identify themselves in the last line. The rules for *Sixfold* forbid that at this stage.

Walking Hadrian's Wall

near Homestead Fort, June 25, 2012

The road rises with the hill, and with them the sheep fold,
set perpendicular to the road. It meets,
where we walk at the peak of the rise, another wall, old,
turf on its course, ancient, once grand. This greets,
still formidably, the North, its neighbor; all below its ridge
obeisant, humbled. Still, the near ruin of a hut,
a ring, is made of stones quarried here. The sedge
both sides of the wall ripples with the breeze, close cut
where sheep graze, and black-faced mountainy sheep
graze on either side. The Romans, builders,
left long ago, other frontiers more threatened. They'd keep
heartland intact, but history its denizens bewilders:
sheepfold in their way, these walls keep
good sheep, Roman sheep, from unruly sheep.

Bounding

Sequoia National Park, July, 2014

Bounding up the trail ahead,
the fawn leapt well, our smile
to see it eager to keep close by
its mother, then to hide a while.

Then in a meadow two bear cubs,
their mother feeding, digging ground,
from log to tree and up it quick,
one cub clambered with a bound.

And Oliver, the trail flat and safe,
near Mom and Dad, him free from harm,
he'd run and stop to look or point,
then bound into his mother's arms.

Waimea Canyon to Honopu Valley, Na'Pali - a Pantoum
Kaua'i, June, 2014

The road winds climbing sharply up the canyon,
and vistas open, distant valleys, winding rivers.
Waimea rivals that other canyon, but its river
cuts the ancient volcano, eroded deeply.

Vistas open, distant valleys, winding rivers
carve the canyon, feed the trees, and green the valley,
cut the ancient volcano, eroded deeply.
The power in a single raindrop magnified

carves the canyon, feeds the trees, and greens the valley.
Multiplied by millions, repeated day and day,
the power in a single raindrop magnified
creates such beauty, such heady pleasure, delights.

Multiplied to millions, repeated day and day,
so many travel this ridge, work past canyon vistas,
receive such beauty, such heady pleasure, delight,
at top seek beauty of Na'Pali transcendent.

So many travel this ridge, work past canyon vistas.
Waimea rivals that other canyon, but at its end,
at last the beauty of Na'Pali transcendent.
The road winds climbing sharply up the canyon.