

To Promise Is to Return

I am enlivened
with loss
this winter
afternoon by the sea,
the scene solemn with the heft
of beach, sky, water, they
but a covenant as between
a flower and its blossoming,
you and the mist rolling in.

Still, A Lover

It was a moment, if that,
Among the many diversionary and picayune
Moments, so many in a grey day where
The bristled strokes of a neighbor sweeping the stone
Floor of the patio garden below and a hacking
Cough disturbed a calm sought for and intermittently
Found that morning, balmy,
Strange for October, more so for the grey
From which one expected a brisk slap, not
The diaphanous embrace of air, which quickened an ease
Growing with the steady sweeping of a broom over stones,
And I remember standing, looking down into the still green garden,
Transfixed by the stark fact of ivy and brick, eave
And pigeon, and a man bent over a wooden broom, coughing,
Against a grey backdrop—and it had to have been just then,
The moment between intimation and thought—that a drift
Of silence just out of reach, beyond the dome of sky
From somewhere deep inside, somewhere ancestral, brushed
Me faintly, like a breath, all my skin alert,
Apprehensive, and in in my ear whispered
What I am only now beginning to hear.

Homing

All morning the foghorn's
slurred soundings spell the known route

that to veer closer
is to crash upon the shoals, to flounder there,

in those rocks, the shallow salt waters. What lurks
beyond that grey effluvium whose veil

lures with our passing? From what, other
than death, are we cautioned?

What was revealed, what boon,
that these bleatings warn us away

our living intact,
our dialects still with us?

Across The Human

It was the beat of the pauses between
The stirring of wind in the green canopy,

Bird screeches, the scurry across dead
Leaves that startled us into our surroundings.

We became aware of the chill
And lengthening shadows—the idea of home upon

Us, the observers, who look, who
Do not do nor achieve, honing

The craft of contemplation—deliberate,
Reflexive, slow—one step, the next, one

After another, and the fact of our looking
Out from in, seeing.

We stopped on an outcrop, eyes
Grazing a red tailed hawk

Standing sentinel against
A background of trees mottled

Grey and a larger effusive grey on which
The spectacle of sunset played,

Reminded once again of the compact
Between the seer and the seen.

Orange and Yellow: *Mark Rothko*

This is the end of the figurative

At the still point
From where trees, quarks, stars

Emerge, the inside looking out
Toward the outside inside

The clouds of light
Generative and expansive

And calm, the pulse
Before beginnings and after

Ends when I
Appear

Once upon a time in a place faraway.