

Spoken and Set Free Collection – Five Poems

Spoken and Set Free

I didn't really get it
until now
when the muses sang
that poetry is freeing

I didn't understand
until now
that the way
and the truth
and the light
is the Word

It is the spoken Word
which poetry is meant to be
Spoken

Spoken
even as an embarrassed
hushed recitation to oneself
in a private corner

Or a confident yet silent chanting
in the chambers of a wounded heart
self-soothing, an ancient medicine

Or a rhyme bellowed forth publicly
amidst the din of others
in a showy fashion
to make them hear!

To hear something deeper, moving, compelling
reverberations of that original Word
whose permutations express in infinite tongues

Sung out by man and beast
and every entity, counted or not
animate or not

In whatever way that vibration has rippled out
from the momentum of the first Word
spoken then too, but not yet heard

Spoken, and setting free everything

Into the Garden of Trees

Every Sunday morning, rain or shine, wind or fog
I retreat to a patch of untrodden local forest
Where I receive a sturdy and fragrant embrace
In the shelter of a grove of my tree brothers

It is there I commence the pretense of seclusion
A pretense, for I am not alone until the echoing voices
And noise of humanity
Begin to wane in my brain
And the sounds of nature take precedence

It is then my habitual weeping begins
Weeping for what, I'm uncertain
It's not for a person, place, or thing, for sure
Perhaps it's for an ideal unrealized
An assumed potential underachieved
An ache of longing for an unarticulated wish
A maddeningly vague but persistent identity crisis
Who the hell knows?

Though deeply felt, I sense this grief is not personal
And because it's not personal, perhaps it's all of humanity
I'm weeping for, with, and because of
Not that humanity has assigned this task to me

Sometimes a vision-memory bridges my sorrow
To the plight to our ancestors
To that proverbial first bite of the apple
To that instant when we tasted a deliciously misguided liberation
And the indignity of awakening into naked humanhood
And the tragic irony of subservience to a self that doesn't exist
To a searing separation from Life

It seems from that fairytale event, true but not actual
That we have been reeling ever since in a guarded anguish
Endeavoring to evolve past that primal wound

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It's not as if my weekly ritual in the forest parts the inner clouds
Though the tears are cathartic to the emotional body
Encased in this bag of bones
And yet, forest as my witness
This repentant upheaval
Affords an intermittent salvation of psyche

For in this garden of trees I find a kind of homecoming
Where I can feel and be an ancient me
An integrated, primordial self
In communion with my brothers the trees
And a deepening of my roots into the knowing
That all pain though eternal is impermanent

No Trace

No matter our persistence
Despite our best resistance
Evanescent is existence
We've all a time to go

The void, it comes a calling
We tense, for fear of falling
But futile is our stalling
We've all a time to go

Making peace within ourselves
And making peace without
Makes two halves a whole again
Transcending fear and doubt

To learn release as years tick by
Instills a calm and grace
Having faith that love survives
Lets spirit glide, no trace

Your Frame or Mine?

I forget where I was
In your frame or mine?

Were we speaking in riddles
Or logical rhyme?

Were we soaring up high
Or immersed in matter?

Was our dialogue deep
Or just idle chatter?

The Workday Begins

The bird songs of dawn
Are drowned out by the din
Of buzzing alarm clocks
And buttons pushed in

Warm glow of daylight
Lends form to the features
Of synchronized beings
Super-civilized creatures

Soon off on our way
In groups or alone
We hurry to toil
In towers of stone

Ensconced in our transports
We follow the flow
Of thousands just like us
With someplace to go

Now breaking formation
We begin our descent
Upon the still city
To the towers, we move in

Caffeine now effective
Brain waves zeroed in
Our minds on what matters
The Workday begins