

## No More Harm

I grew up in the country  
but not on a farm.  
I ran the woods  
and came to no harm.

I learned to love Autumn  
and the turning of the leaves.  
We sang our hymns and  
brought in the sheaves.

It seemed like peace,  
except for the arms race.  
The cities burned  
with a peculiar hate.

We learned to love  
but don't always live it.  
Now the planet turns  
while men yearn to leave it.

On a world so far away  
in another time,  
on another day,  
In another season,

who will live in the country  
perhaps on a farm?  
May they learn love  
and do no more harm.

## Keep It Down

There was a time  
when the best minds  
of my rebellious generation  
set about tearing down walls.  
We saw them all about us  
and wanted no part  
of expanding the shrinking world.

All the flags unfurled  
seemed like standards of greed.  
We felt no need  
to raise our hands  
but took our stand  
without loyalty oaths  
and worshiped nothing but freedom,  
and that meant for all.  
We never stood more tall  
than when we climbed on the Berlin wall  
and helped the hammers fall  
to crush the grip of merciless men.  
But what since then  
have we brought down?  
And who have we built up  
that reaches back in our own time  
and takes this cup  
of freedom from our lips  
to take his own sip  
of a nations blood?  
How united are these states  
whose lamp is no longer lifted  
as high as it once was?  
It shined over the trackless oceans  
where the tides beat against the walls  
of those who stifled the call  
of poor, tired, hungry humans  
yearning to shelter in a land where all  
could make there way,  
could even have their say,  
and hope for a brighter day.

## The Blind Leaving The Blind

The last egg I saved for you  
And broke it in the pan  
So I might woo  
Your softened heart  
Which touched mine too.

You ate it in the dark  
Because your eyes could not see  
And my heart was blind  
Though always kind  
Until the last.  
It was all too fast,  
And I discarded the shells  
Torn from the yolk.  
Years passed before I awoke  
To find that growing up  
Gave me much to lose  
And many a blessing:  
Like shadowy mornings  
And a beautiful cooking lesson.

A diamond is nothing  
but a lump of clear coal  
molded from the soul  
of a long dead tree  
long before we  
on our own two legs  
could span the globe  
or cleave the air  
and leave the ground  
to search for gems in the air

## Self Listening To Listening Self

Between the hammer blows  
of our daily work  
silence waits for me  
to take my seat.  
If I listen at  
my very own feet  
the trees will watch  
and hear me not speak.  
Do they know what I seek  
or are they content  
to stand where they live  
and not appear to give  
a single damn  
while I am quietly  
listening to the wind  
in their reaching branches  
which have touched me  
where I live?

## Pennsylvania Farm Cemeteries

I have seen whole families  
stranded in the fields  
surrounded by aged pickets  
tangled in thorny thickets  
lonely seeming in a sea of corn  
They are all quite still  
beneath leaning stones  
that tell their names  
and span of years  
but not their fears  
and joys or objects  
of their love and hate.

The end of a farmer's fate  
can be held within a small fence  
on the dirt he tasted  
in the summer sun  
swept by the wind  
that rattled his corn  
and circled the world  
to come around again  
and find his sons  
harvesting their own  
and bringing flowers to the stones  
that ghosts call home  
as they whisper a history  
as real as time  
until all is down to soil  
and planted again with  
a strong man's toil.