

3.5.06

Truth in the Extremities

Through the window of a hunk of flying steel
Scenes alternate even as they carry the same message

Dotted landscapes of green and faded brown
Patterned, lovely, and vast from above
Messy, non-descript, and walled off down below

Then billowing clouds unfold in cascading carpets of blinding white
As if made for frolic – dancing and tumbling amid soft, kind, endless cushions of cotton
Deceiving again in their invitation (and maybe even in their kindness)
The frolic would bring fall -- a rapid decent to the reality below
As the tiny molecules of watery mist reveal their porous nature

Oh the beauty though
Of the majestic fields on an infinite canvass
Of the clouds
Oh I do love the clouds – whether a wisp or a vast blanket
Somehow, for me, they embody peace and purity and innocence too

Yet, with all this beauty above, there is,
As sure as the sun rises and sets,
Ugliness unfolding below
Dirt, dispute, disease, and death
In every town and every village
Everywhere

The other extreme
Unseen from above
As much as it is undeniable from below

And from below
Oh how far the cascading clouds must seem if they are even noticed at all

One extreme oblivious to the other
So very oblivious
Clouds dance as people die
And people die as clouds dance

Both stand as truth in denial of the other
Or perhaps in answer to the other

8.7.06

My Little Girl

My little girl doesn't like trails
Doesn't like a path that tells her where to go
She likes to make her own path
Her own choices

More power to her

My little girl doesn't like walking
Too slow, not enough action
She likes to hike up and down
Climbing where her independence will take her

More power to her

My little girl is shy
Fragile too like a china tea cup
Like a poem with her grandma's name
But with an iron will to guide her

More power to her

My little girl loves magic
All I want to tell her is
That she is magic
Magical in every way

More power to her

My little girl is swimming toward me
I can see her now
The smiling and determination as she
Chooses her path

More power to her

4.2.12

Space

An innocent dance of discovery
As we learn or relearn the steps.
(Did we know them once?)
A light tap, a pounding heart,

A space as powerful as it is haunting.
What we know is tantalizing,
What we don't know is more tantalizing.
A frightening, terrifying space

Where the promise pushes and pulls.
The longing, the lust, the love;
Beauty breathes into that space,
Flames fanned and fed, burning deep.

Souls that seem found,
Matched in a palpable chemistry;
Or just different, greener grass
With no map to find our way.

There are no lines to read,
Only the space between.
An empty space so full
You can taste the temptation.

7.25.12

My Daughter and the Tay Shore Trail

I want to tell my daughter
Life is like the Tay Shore Trail
Ride off and find your way.

A landscape lush with living color
As mile follows mile straight and true,
The Tay Shore Trail.

But Life has curves, detours, dead ends,
Paths leading nowhere, bottoms that drop out,
Messiness, confusion, noise, beauty obscured.

And wind--
Wind that blows when and how it chooses,
Seemingly unconcerned with what it blows off course.

Life runs crooked, unhinged,
Beginnings and ends so clear on the trail,
So blurry in life.

It runs straight and true,
The Tay Shore Trail.
Would it be that life ran that way?

Yet life as a line, a straight line, loses much, too much.
Let the trail be beautiful in its certainty and line-like path.
Let Life be beautiful in its chaos, not straight but true.

4.20.13

Moments of Beauty

When bombs explode in one place
There are one thousand moments of beauty in other places

When the acrid smell of death sucks the oxygen out of the air
There are sweet smells of jasmine elsewhere over there, everywhere

When the sounds of sirens pierce and cut and startle
There are songbirds making symphonies in forests near and far

When starving children gasp last breaths knowing no other world no other way
There are babies (so many babies) messy-faced with remnants of ice cream pleasures

When sight is a curse because all there is to see is blood
There are fields of flowers lying as pointillist palettes where only seeing is believing

When the mourners say “It is fearful thing to love what death can touch”
There is life touching you and me and he and she

When evil wins in one moment
There is beauty winning in every other