

From the Green Book

## In Our World

### Grasslands

The day breaks over fields of prairie,  
yellow grasses shining with the glimmer  
of the early morning sun.

For this trip, take only what you can carry.  
Better yet still, supplies even trimmer-  
your hand in mine; packing is done.

Wind whispers in your ears and fills  
your nostrils with green. It speaks  
in the pastures, and they wave to each other.

Your first shoeless step sends thrills  
up your spine. Cool earth streaks  
your toes, veiled from sun by the grasses which cover.

Morning is our time of learning.  
We tread the land, we meet  
prairie dogs popping up to tell a tale.

For new knowledge we are always yearning.  
We walk for miles but our feet  
never tire, endless meadows behind us without a trail.

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Beach

Midmorning, we reach the ocean blue,  
no longer hand in hand,  
for you are sitting on the coast, and I am the water.

You sit and ask me things, consider choices before you.

You grasp at the sand  
and wait for my response. I am the marauder.

I rush in salty torrents to the shore.  
I answer you, toss you, I encapsulate.  
Yet, I would do you no harm.

And as you rise to sit and dry, remember before,  
when I whispered “don’t forget your shells”. Sate  
your fancy with the view, warm

yourself in the sun as my waves recede,  
then we will join hands again, resume  
our journey. Soft sands and cool breeze,

a joyous place, we are agreed.  
But we know more adventures loom  
past the allure of these seas.

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Mountains

No need for nourishment midday,  
unless for fun we choose to take a repose.  
There's full light and such majestic sights to see!

Some slopes in the distance display  
light and easy treks, if one should propose  
a visit. Others rise to peaks of an alarming degree.

In our world there presents no need  
for snowgear of any kind; all the lines  
were tied ahead of time.

Since all is possible here, we can proceed  
to any of these summits if we incline,  
or wish aloud, and altogether skip the climb.

Though our mental summits be not the same,  
in all advances we achieve  
them together, insusceptible to the cold.

What we reach for, the truths we claim,  
we see in the expanse all that we believe  
in, and it is marvelous to behold.

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Desert

Heat, pulsating, vast sands in the sunset,  
a solitary Bedouin tent,  
waiting for a tribe of two.

Curls of hair, warm, quick breaths, tendrils of sweat..  
few amenities required to keep guests content,  
the floored linens and pillows will do.

Flesh steaming as the drums  
beat, our fingers dip in the oil bowl,  
then hands are raised in contemplation,

as moisture slides and drips and the heart thrums  
in our ears. The air assumes control,  
thick, commanding, invading every sensation,

touching every inch and to it we open our arms.  
We close our eyes, understanding we are subject,  
incapable of escaping its power on our flesh.

Thus we stay, until Pleasure has revealed all of her charms.  
Regardless of whether or not we object.  
Then once again, our journey we will begin afresh.

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Forest

Twilight has turned the sky  
dim, what little you can see through the navy trees,  
thousands if not millions of trees in which to be lost.

Here, your statement and my reply  
could be simultaneous; here, your thought agrees  
always with mine, as our souls are mixed and crossed.

Mist and smoke coil around us as we walk  
silent steps on white coverlets,  
the air hushed but consistently billowing.

Indeed, it seems we become one as we talk,  
reflected in each other as silhouettes;  
the trees peer down, not knowing

where your being begins and where I end.  
But they do know- no outside traveler is welcome here.  
The canopy kneels to guard us from the outside world.

Let us not forget, in this overstory we can always depend,  
for even if reality in ugliness should appear,  
in our hearts this hiding place can always be unfurled.

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Tundra

Night. Darkness we now unfold  
The skies a black death of tapestries  
that are absent of all the stars.

If it is you that sits in the cold,  
contemplating mortalities,  
questioning the lashes, injuries, and scars,

then I am the stones,  
in a world of nothing they are your only company.  
An empty place where there is no speech.

If I am the one who sits alone,  
you are these pebbles looking up at me,  
always present but remaining out of reach.

A dismal event, at the end of the day,  
in this nothingness where we are unable to grasp  
onto the joys of which the other lands consist,

unable, it seems, to travel away  
from here. Light and love we can no longer clasp,  
as if the bond between us, never did exist.

Everywhere

A hospital corridor stands quiet and dim,  
the grey of pre-dawn fighting the shadows  
on aged tiles and bricks. I walk alone,  
violins play in my ears, as my thoughts  
drift to you, and hover mid-air.

Eyes on the downhill slope, I glance up on a whim  
to see a miniature figure, who grows  
larger, as you walk towards me. Well known,  
is your form, like one blue amongst red dots.  
Look at you! You're beyond compare.

Your presence is like home to me. Filled to the brim,  
my heart speeds as I see the distance close,  
and we'll walk and talk with merry tone.  
On the Rope of Time, we create these knots.  
Tied to you, with the days we share.

During times that we must spend apart (this you know),  
longing becomes a heavy, strangling chain.

I'll become overwhelmed by masses  
of strangers; my heart, in a chasm- Lost.

Without you, I only despair.

You state your inability to make it so.

"I'm no one, to cause such grief," you explain.

We both possess rose-colored glasses.

Yet my judgement holds, without hoax, unglossed;

always you, in your soul, I'll swear.

You place your hand on my neck or chest to bestow  
peace to me, your efforts never in vain.

Touch, my reminder! Fear then passes  
as you insist "I'm here". And, so embossed,

I feel you, my Water, my Air.



So in each song, every poem, in every read line,  
in every look into each other's eyes,  
in every moment we spend apart,  
in every return to heartfelt embrace,  
I grasp you; you're my daily fare.

Our future, Distance, in cruelty, may define,  
but we will always have our retrouvailles!  
Find me again, My Soul's Counterpart.  
If just in memory I seek your face,  
I'll see you; you're forever there.

You'll be saturated in each thought and design.  
You are every sun and moon that will rise,  
pulsing through the winds, warming my heart,  
and since you're the magic in every place,  
I name you thus: My Everywhere.