

My Uncle George

When I look at the American flag
I think of Uncle George.
He served in the U.S. Navy
during the Cuban Missile Crisis
did fleet training at Guantanamo Bay.
Quiet, unassuming, almost always with
a gentle smile, Uncle George,
an American hero.

When I look at the field of blue
I think of justice done.
Uncle George gave twenty years
to the Atlanta Police Department
went through riots, bomb scares,
drug busts and shootouts.
When swimming with his son and nephew
he had to explain two long scars
on his stomach from a knife fight.
blue-eyed, mustached,
an American defender.

When I see those stars
I think of purity of heart.
Listening so closely to even
hear Uncle George's voice
when he said grace over the food
because it seemed that to him
that the only person who needed
to hear his thanks was His Father,
an American believer.

Tears drop as I look at the stripes
and think of the valor of spirit and how
Uncle George battled with colon cancer
for two years never winning always losing
against the ravaging tsunami of pain then rested
his head for the last time
with his wife and daughter looking on,
my American fighter.

Autumn Orange

I'll whisper to you a secret.
Spring beguiles, summer struts
And winter whistles away.
I am more at home with autumn orange
in its simple charming splendor.

Orange in the morning sunrise
that almost surrenders before it begins
and trees' leaves ablaze in color sweeping
down mountain slopes with the wind.

Orange in the feeling of plentitude
taking one's time on aimless walks,
raking the leaves half-heartedly and
lingering longer in others' words.

Autumn orange, once more cradle me
in timelessness, safety, tranquility.

Moonshine on Water

Between awake and asleep
I see a still sapphire lake
Smooth as glass
Silvery sheen
From moonshine
And mistiness
I cast off in a canoe
No owner or price
Floating from shore
Lying in the stern
Oneness with the lake
As if floating on the surface
Stillness and joy
Mixed like hydrogen and oxygen
Flowing beneath me.
Soft, simple, serene.

Stargazing At Capitol Reef

It's a mysterious nonmystery.
As I contemplate numberless
stars with the same mind
that counts out my correct change
at the checkout stand at the supermarket
I am baffled by the mathematical infinity,
An expanse of beauty I see
and yet I do not feel alone or distant.
There is something right on the outskirts
of the soul that lets me know
I am in some way more a beloved brother
than rejected outlander
to these living rotating masses of hydrogen and helium.
So glad you are here to hold my hand.