

The Oak Tree

She thinks she's a goddess

green leafy

lush leafy

hiding acorns carefully

keeping better treasure

secure

deep inside.

Oh, she's stubborn

haughty curves

striving never to bend

until the storm threatens

and then

she shakes in the wind

but she could so easily break

if she gets too tense.

Her roots are full with knowledge,

ancient wisdom

almost innate

guiding her

through rain and sun.

Her strength and grandeur

are unmatched,

yet no one

would consider her

a warrior,

no

she's just a haven

a safe place

for strangers to rest

and leave again.

And so,

after so many seasons

of staying in her place

of pretending

to be a servant

instead of the goddess she is,

the oak tree cries out

her pain like a crack.

It echoes through the woods
wondering if anyone else
has known her suffering
 crack
 creak
 crick crack
her neighbors explode
 in a symphony
 of protest.
 One by one
 the oak trees splinter
and lean to caress the ground
and the tree music slows
 quietly to a stop.
If a whole forest of trees
 fall,
will anyone notice?

Indian Mounds

Tall
tall trees
towering
like silent sentries
marking the way

Raised earth
small hill beds
for sleeping warriors
here
they find rest
among ferns and flowers
butterflies
gracing the endless sky

So quiet
so ethereal and overgrown
an invisible graveyard
but to few
in awe
tiptoe by

Nature's power
sheltering

Haikus of My Yard

Plum tree with white flow'rs
here today, gone tomorrow
delicate petals

All ready for spring
every gnome in the village
sat right in their place

Too many blue jays
cacophonous symphony
of jeering jeering

Unseemly weed tree
yea high, green and leafy beast
just a living thing

The yard smells of fire
charred sizzle of meat cooking
Dad at his new grill

Strong little engine
wheels spin from wind and wanting
to ride the clothesline

The Hands of Mercy

It's a story of loss,
the inner tension of hopelessness.

When you think only one thing
can turn it right again,
and all you feel
is agony and desperation.

If only she hadn't died,
if only he didn't abandon me,
then there would still be happiness
in this crazy life.

There is another way,
though it is difficult.

Sometimes there is peace
in the confusion of the unknown.

Yes, there is release
in the lullaby of angels,
in the building up and letting go,
in the hands of mercy.

A New Perspective

Someone turned on
the light
took off
the blindfold
I can see
once again
you're not
who I thought
you were
and I'm not
who I thought
I was

Everything's clear
I look at you
anew
and see someone
I love
just maybe
not enough
I falter
and miss the mark
I strived
and fought
so hard for

Someone opened
the cage door
unlocked
my heart
I am free
truly liberated
what I thought
was concrete
fell through my hands
and what I thought
was sand
stayed solid in the storm

Everything's changed
my world spins
differently
and my destiny
doesn't matter
as much
as before
I stand
and sing the song
my heart beats
and risks
everything for