

Spanish Creek

Upraised shale beds line the shore

Water spills over and through

Boulders, wild rhubarb and submerged grasses.

Smooth serpentine surfaces,

Moguls, where water pivots

Cascading into frothy, green pools.

Resting languidly, then urged on, by

Melted snow, propelled by warm, summer days.

Bubbles of jewels gather then disperse.

Clinging to young grasses along the far shore

Nudged by currents, snaking through fallen limbs of

Giant pines, once standing guard.

Falls upon falls, more than one can count

Cascade as the river pitches toward the sea.

Turbulent then slowing, dark green waters,

Like blood along plaque-lined walls.

Owning the Path, 2012

At times the path went on without me.
I'd draw it, winding forward,
then narrowing,
rarely widening.

A patient's sister, burdened,
Caring for one so difficult and ill,
Asked how she coped,
“You press on, you just press on.”

As the path narrows,
The suddenness of change,
From health to facing death:
One can only press on.

Continue to follow the local baseball team,
Despite being too tired to attend a game,
Anticipate the Olympics,
Cheer for men's gymnastics and rowing.

Tomatoes growing in the pot
A wondrous vacation exploring the streets of Brisbane
Immersed in sunshine and water.
How can it be this year?

Bones

Post chemo observations,

Familiar, yet long forgotten:

Iliac crests at the waistline,

Clavicles prominent at her neckline.

Where have they been?

Cushioned, covered, padded by time,

Shrouded in secrecy.

That beanpole of a child

Learned to avoid attention and attraction.

Does her brother remember?

Did they fuel his curiosity,

Make him want to cradle there,

Nestled in her warmth.