

5 Poems in conversation with rocks and birds, trees and flowers

Poem 1

Advice from a rock

Forever is not such a long time.
I have been other forms – gas, liquid,
What are a few chips off my solid form?
Early on, there was too much heat, too much excitement.
Slowing down is good.

Do you know what Patience is?
It is being what is needed now
And then – be what is needed then.
Why try to be a form that cannot be
Sustained?
I know I will survive –
 therein lies my strength, my beauty

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Poem 2

Indigo

Sometimes a thing happens
So extraordinary, a color, so vivid, vestige of another world,
A small bird, just sitting there as if so ordinary
And small, it was quite small but not tiny
Just under-stated, as if to say
You get this much of this color, but not too much,
and not only a gem's worth, either,
Enough for you to say:
"now's there's a color right out of a dream."
Have I just crossed over?

It's clade is called *Passerina*, which sounds like
passing through, but actually
Means it has toes for perching, which you do have to do,
after all, If you are passing through on a long journey,
you need a brief respite
For body and soul.

If this is a real bird and my real life,
can this life have a few surprises left,
for anyone really?
Anyone willing to look and notice
something just a little different
And so so very beautiful?
And then it flew off, I don't know where, or if it will return,
Perhaps it's just passing through to another woods
Or to another person's dream.
I'll call it my soul bird, it perches in my heart and
sings when I am in need of
Extraordinary joy, from somewhere, over there,
Either another woods or another, a dream world,
I now know how to access that joy, little colored bird,
Not so little really, in fact,
So very, very important to me.

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Poem 3

Whole-heartedly

So friendly, making nice with such as
A blade of grass or a tall thistle,
No one else would touch the prickly thing
But there goes Morning Glory twirling around in a dance
And making a purple pose at the top.

Give her a tall thin steel rebar rod, rusty and old
She will delight in her new playmate
And be 10 feet tall surveying all the world
From her new heights.

Or should she land in clay or in shade,
she'll smile up from her lowly spot
And say "amn't I beautiful down here?"
And you have to agree
Wholeheartedly.

Poem 4

It was a gift

Though I've long admired her beauty,
It was from afar.
Until one day
At my very doorstep
She stood
Announcing, "Here I am!"
And so she was, amongst the bright goldenrod
And courtly Queen Anne's lace,
One tall and proud magenta loosestrife.
"Invading", some might say.
I would say "gracing" my yard with her presence.
We'll see, time will tell, if her charm becomes
Unmanageable
Which, I find,
A very special kind of charm -
Quite welcome at my humble home.

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Poem 5

Oak rustled (marescence)

The first days of winter are
Brown and damp,
Gray and dead –
- or sleeping.

I heard soft sound swirling with the
Gentle breeze of the so short day.
Above me a hundred brown bodies
Garbed in holey skirts, a single petiole toe fastened,
Dancing like frisky stars in the sky.
“Hang on” they rustled
“It’s not over ‘til it’s over”
They were so insistent, their swaying and chanting,
I couldn’t help but be inspired.
“OK, Oak,” I agreed, “I’ll hang on, then. OK.”
“Thanks, Oak” I remembered
as I walked away.

To be so free – from doubt – could I hang on through the winter
And dance as if even my single point of attachment
Were unfixed?