

Little thing

The sun is floating through the trees,
A widow desperate on the seas;
Pluck a flower: a mighty ship will sink;
All souls to black, all hands to lightest pink.

The yellow butterfly

To hold a flower without a stem,
Or kite without a string,
A song to God, the butterfly,
To man, but silent sings.

Written in the Front Yard

I sit. And I am alive again.
I sit. And I can breathe again. Each bird I see,
Is paradise. I warm up the rim of my eyes over the low flame of the birds.
I harrumph at the tree for what it said to my mind; for its rebuke! If I see it,
Not with my eyes, but with the corners of my mouth;
Not with my eyes, but with the sudden redness around my eyes.
If I see it. If I stop. If I "harrumph!"

Maybe if I steal a secret smile beneath my thoughts,
Maybe if I lift the corners so that no one else sees, including me,
Or laugh at nothing, like an idiot, or stare so quietly that my eyes itch,
With an expression so fixed, with eyes so watery, that no man looking at it could
decipher it;
Maybe then, maybe then; maybe if circled in red; anything;
Anything but the blindness that bypasses my body, and goes straight to my mind;
Anything but that vision; anything but thinking;
But thinking that I see, but thinking that I hear;
If I see and hear with anything else; anything but my mind.
If I smile just barely at the corners, each tree is a tree of life.
If I cock my head just so, if I clap, if I grasp! I hear a son of God rejoicing.
If I sneak to my perch and lay my ear, gentle, to the ear horn,
I hear the foundation of the earth being laid.

If I breathe; in each breath; if I actually breathe in;
Out goes an Evil Spirit and in a Good. And the world changes.
In three, I am at the garden gate. I have dropped my broom on the floor.
In three more, inside. And Emptiness has left to roam the arid world. By the next,
I am in Eden.
Finally. Finally, I am clothed. For the first time in my life, I am clothed. I have
always, Always been naked. And I have never been unashamed.
For the first time, I am clothed and I am unashamed.

On this side of Paradise, the blazing swords are a gentle candlelight.
They flicker and blush and put the tops of my garden forest in silhouette.
At last, the whole extinguishes in a deep, blue hiss.
And I sit. I can breathe again. I am alive.

Raking Leaves

While sweeping th' discarded trash,
Of Summer's wild and verdant bash;
I think of loss and laugh,
November's first and Winter's last.

The Charioteers

The waking dawn and rising tide,
Unlatch'd the iron door.
I walk to where the moonlight left,
A scratch upon the floor.

My eyes have not grown weary,
The clearest black can hold,
Nothing past a blade of green,
Nor cloud of faintest gold.

I hear the Chariots of Fire,
—Split the crystal dome.
The turning wheels and charioteers,
And shouts of coming home.

Arise, my boys, and see!
The land has taken flight!
It goes to endless days,
And leaves the endless nights.