

Dream Bear

We come  
into a place  
of rhythms  
the forest laden  
in the dense disguise  
of snowfall.  
The thick cold wind  
is scattering flecks  
of moonlight across  
the fleeting shadows.  
He is beside me  
this great white bear  
whose rambling pace  
I follow.  
His strong left shoulder  
brushing my hip  
My gloved right hand  
floating upon his back  
with each roll, touch  
roll, touch finding  
strength.  
His heaviness a solid comfort to me.  
We come into a  
place of brilliant white  
a sense of the surreal  
moving us.  
We are crossing the  
cloudlike terrain  
which opens, closes  
opens and closes.  
We are unafraid.  
The crisp air wraps the  
outward pant of his breath  
in misted strands joining mine.  
I can taste the musk of him.  
He slows, turns to me,  
nuzzles into my covering.  
I plunge my hands  
deep into the thick  
down of him  
pull him close  
share his heat.

Moon Trail

We are following  
the narrow plain of  
highway  
like two gazelles  
our heads pressed  
forward in sleek  
pursuit of the  
unnamed call westward  
our measured gate smoothing  
our flanks,  
smoothing the air  
around us  
we are washed in the milky  
white radiance  
    out of our dreams  
    out of darkness  
into the musk of flesh and  
heartbeat that feeds  
our strong desire  
suddenly the crimson  
hour sweeps across  
the hard-edged circle of  
light  
fills with orange then blood red  
the vision before us  
the earth seems to rise up  
swallowing the horizon  
our eyes widen  
our lips turn to dust  
with hypnotic pace we  
chase the last trace of  
night's light  
we are caught in a  
sorcerer's spell  
and the slow  
drift of day breaking

Late Winter

In silent sequence  
shivering green buds shed  
their cloaks of earth and ice.  
Viridian begins to rise  
topping itself in violet and blue.  
I am overcome by the thick  
pungent flesh of blue.  
On bended knee I bow before  
the beautiful narrow expanse,  
pluck one heady stem from  
its root.  
I am the blue, the flower,  
Nature's newborn child.  
I begin to dance -  
The stem becomes a  
finger of my left hand.  
I lift my petals to the sun.  
My right hand brings forth a song.  
My feet are playing an opulent  
music upon the earth.  
The strings of my violin are  
bursting, weaving a  
thicket of frond and leaf.  
I am lost in the brazen  
beauty of this place.

Early Morning

We are alive  
coming out on  
the other side,  
snowbound cedars bursting,  
entering lacy weightlessness.  
We become  
unfamiliar creatures-  
vessels carmine red-  
feeding on only the most  
delicate of leaves,  
climbing like winged horses  
into the far away galaxy of  
the eye.  
Then falling, falling,  
casting all our feathers  
across the face of the sea.

In the Night of the Sharing

their offerings were many and various  
they shared with their teeth  
and with their fingers  
shared splintered moss with the faeries

in the night of root and earth  
their fibrous wombs did dance  
their voices wild, rejoicing  
in the dance of shattered leaves

in their veins the horses were flying,  
the birds were galloping far  
with white breasts they fed the moonlight  
night moths adorned their hair

with magnolia, pine and apple,  
they spread their offerings there  
the scent of wood now seeping  
into the hungry air

at last the dawn with quick approach  
made shadows dark grow long  
bequeathed the night with silence  
under skies of slate and stone