

Easter Flowers

In Easter season wildflowers dance and sing
Or so, from lifted heads and swaying stems, it seems.
The lilies of the field... Indeed these toil not,
Although the breeze may set them spinning,
But they rise in grace across the earth
Before returning to the earth.

And, leaning low into the breeze,
One hears ecstatic echoes
Of a host of petalled spirits,
Those who saw a heaven in a wildflower
Or the outbursting of a trodden star,
Who even for a moment
Stood alone and free before a private vision.

How their seed is scattered,
Flung into the winds
That lean down from high places,
Keening through the canyons of the centuries,
Pale riders to the sea.
Even now, it seems the same soft sea

From which Hans Christian's little mermaid
Turned away to walk as a woman into the wind,
Forever to follow her vision
To whatever abyss awaited there.
She paid the price. Her steps were scars,
Each blade of grass just that.
And yet she limped the land with tearless eye.

How many blades of grass for every flower
Gathered in the wind? She learned
And they learned too, each one.
Their still-ecstatic echoes sound,
The trace of souls alone and free,
Alone and free, alone and free...

These sure and shining spirits
Surely need no requiem from us?
Or if we must, then not some grave remembrance
But lifelong celebration, light of tongue and tread.
Like lilies of the field...
Still, in this serene and graceful gathering
I, tenderly though tearlessly, would tender
These few leaves of tribute to their crown
And thereby lay my lowly flowers down.

A Present From The Past

We tramp past Wordsworth's daffs and dales, the dark cramped
table where Jane worked her bit of ivory, hear the chirk
and quack of Beatrix's tales,
watch black-sheep-dotted, windswept Wales
awaken, scale its rain-slicked cirques,
stride Yorkshire's moors of mist and murk,
bleak tracks becoming humming rails
neath London's wheeling streets, her hustle,
tongues and Thames, gray raiment, wander
Edinburgh, all burr and bustle,
"Scots wha' hae". And ever under
now there whispers then, their rustle,
past in present, never sundered.

Let It Shine

This lamp I light, this luminosity,
is more than just the agent of my sight.
It is the light itself that I would see,
a world within itself, complete and right,

a tiny touch of immortality,
this globe that at my touch from dark turns bright
to shine for life, however brief that be.
And as I fill its emptiness with light,

I'd fill my soul, I'd shine continually.
So come, my lamp, to star the inner night
and let my time, whatever waits for me,
be now and not to come. However slight,

may some small star be there that I call mine,
may some small star within be still to shine.

White On Blue

I think that we are somehow built for happiness.
And after all, we have a universe at our disposal.
I stood upon a hill to scan the sky

And felt a summer's warmth, though this was barely spring.
A jet went winging whitely by and pulled the sky behind it
As it vanished into blue. Nearby,

A silver glider glistened, loopy in the breeze.
The moon, that wandering satellite, put in a pale appearance.
An ivory butterfly, quite drunk on spring,

Arose and flitted irresponsibly about.
Four soaring spots of white on blue, like pictures where you must
Connect the dots with lines to see the pattern

White against a blue intangibility
Receding in the distance, dots connected by the lines
Of space and time. And what a joy it is

To grasp the painted world with eye and mind as one,
To link the concrete dots of vision with the abstract lines
Of thought, see both the outside and the inside

Of existence, join the color and the pattern.
Doubtless further dots remain: our long progressive curve
Extended into blue infinity,

Where stars are white. And someday other galaxies,
When seen from other stars, will shine against that deeper blue
As white as ours does now, and quite as bright.

The River

what is the river
flowing within us
flowing within us, flowing within

what is the river
heart does not know it
heart does not know it, heart does not know

where comes the river
what was its birthing
what is its being, what has it been

where goes the river
where does it journey
where is it flowing, where does it flow

not from the mountains
not from the heavens
not from the sifting snow, not from the rain

not to the meadows
not to the oceans
not to the placid pools, not to the streams

the river brings healing
brings feeling, brings weeping
easing of consciousness, easing of pain

the river brings soothing
brings smoothing, brings sleeping
flowing through dreamlessness, flowing through dreams

wide is its flowing
its knowing, its seeing
far is its vision, far is its sight

deep is its turning
its yearning, its being
broad is its compassing, broad is its scope

the river comes bubbling untroubling, comes madly
swirling in sunshine, swirling in light

the river comes singing upspringing, comes gladly
rising in joyousness, rising in hope

the soul is the river
life-liver forever
ever its being, ever has been

the soul is the river
life-giver forever
flowing within us, flowing within