

## O' Mirror

The great mystery of life  
reveals itself in each morning,

as the bluebirds rise  
to sing the heartsong of the world,  
for no other reason  
but the sheer joy of it,

as they flit across the sky,  
chasing each other--  
and, for all the world,  
it looks as if their lives  
are no more than a wild, tantric dance.

Up the stairs of the temple,  
the sun reaches its zenith  
over the church,  
the mirror of the lake  
shining back her soul--

and, for a moment,  
God is no more than light  
rippling across water.

## The Watchers

Cradled in the Earth,  
the bodies of man lay silent--  
yet only to those who do not listen.

I cross the threshold  
of the river few dare ford.

What waits on the other side  
is neither kind  
nor beautiful.

Tonight I hear them louder than ever before--  
their pleas, a song in my blood.

A touch at the neck, and my soul rises  
up,  
daring to follow the Ones Who Watch.

And Lady Death is beside me,  
as she has been for all of my life.

The Watchers come  
and ask for my hand,  
as they have time and time again,

and I deny them,  
as I have  
time and time again.

For solitude has been by lone friend  
for these long and arduous years.

## The Perseids

Darkened sky on the old mill street  
and the fireflies race by--  
faster and nearly as bright  
as the Perseids that fall from the heavens.

All the while,  
a girl screams through her window  
and falls along with them.

Someone says that life is about learning how to fall.

From down the street,  
the stray dog (whom we all know)  
prances towards the last beam of Sun,  
his gait, unhurried, his mind free of worry.

He drops himself in the light  
  
rolling in the dying sun  
as if  
it is the last time he will see it.

Reveling in his joy  
as if  
it is the last time he will feel it.

All the while,  
the snake under the porch  
drinks in her last breath of summer  
before she will leave for the many cold months ahead.

Slowly,  
she curls upon herself  
to sleep.

Slowly,  
the dog closes his eyes in the street.

Slowly,  
the girl rises from her floor  
and steps out  
into the dusk of night

to ask of the stars  
how they fall.

## Bread of Life

Sometimes, when the roar of the day is too much,  
when I become encumbered with fears  
like sacks of grain,  
the night time will wash over me like a fog,  
and it is all that I can do to see my hands in front of me.

Great tools of god, that which can  
create  
and destroy--  
soothe  
and wound.

Creation heaves a sigh as I turn my eyes  
to that which can be made next.

I open the mill of my mind,  
I throw down my weights.

I dig my hands into the dough  
and I get back to work.

## **The River, Essential\***

A river of gold that rushes to the sea.  
She never stops  
Nor waits for any wanderer to pass.

You need only ask her  
“May I traverse your heavy waters?”  
And she will say to you that “You may,”  
Though she will not cease to flow,  
Or pause her way to Sea.

The brave may wade  
Into her deep waters,  
Though inevitably they will slip,  
And be carried  
Into the place where all things must go.

She never stops  
Nor waits for any wanderer to pass.  
She only runs, and runs on.