

These Hands

These worked hands
warmed by the first cup of tea in fog held light.
These hands have been building, cutting lumber, and wood,
creating, and they are tired.
I think of the mythical figure of Jesus, and his craft of a carpenter.
What did he make? This craftsman of men, women,
children, the infirmed, and the blind.
It is said that all the craftsman had to say was walk
and the crippled would walk,
open your eyes, and the blind would see,
or his hands touching water to make wine.
Now, that is a craft, that is miracle.
I imagine Jesus talking to a pile of lumber,
to become a chair, and the miracle happening there.
The lumber organizing all by itself.
How does this happen and why can't it happen again?
This carpenter said to his coworkers that when I am gone you will do
more fantastic miracles than these.
What is a miracle?
From the Second College Edition of the American Heritage Dictionary,
"An event that appears unexplainable by the laws of Nature
and so is held to be supernatural in origin or an act of God."
from the Latin *miraculum* to wonder.
Amazingly, two words down in this dictionary is the word mirage.
"something that is illusory or insubstantial,"
from the Latin *mirari* to wonder.
Is not every day in this Universe a wondering, a wonder?
Do magicians create miracles?
All these acts of Jesus, the saints, and anyone,
who leaves us in a state of wonder,
are they not a miracle worker?
Nurses, doctors, artists, all people who create?
What can I call this world, this life right now
when it is full of wonder?
Is it not a miracle?
Is it not a Holy miracle?

This Quiet Home

Grandson Jack napping
on the dining room floor
so quiet I wonder if he has passed
but no, he has moved.

A fury of action and movement
now content, asleep with the stars,
his dreamboat afloat on air, clouds, thoughts,
and I writing this quiet poem.

Spring flowers blowing through the dreamy air
blustery coolness washes over the land.

As I sit quietly with words coming from
that same air, falling into my life
catching the falling flowers, pasting on a page
waiting for providence to move
and capture me for the next assignment.

The house is so quiet now
with the young Buddha sleeping
filling this whole and holy house
with his child-like dreaming.

The bliss that covers him and his world
and all the dreams of children wanting
only peace and happiness.

His holy breath, soft breathing, dreams escaping
through the air, on the backs of birds,
sending messages on the wind.

When he wakes the questions will come,
the fairytale continuing the thread of dreams unbroken
since the first man and woman.

The Bushmen dreaming in their sky of stars and lightning,
this dream of mystery and life through the breath on my floor.

His own story of his next steps
coming from this moment,
this NOW.

Only this NOW.

Where Are the Bees?

I have watched the Elephant Heart plum,
my favorite, bloom and go,
and no bees.

I have not seen a honeybee
on my fruit trees this spring.

I wonder where they are, have I frightened them?

Without honey the world will go sour,
already, the taste of the world is turning,
turning to sourness.

The smiles of honey and laughter are less.

The bees are telling a story,
and our ears are stuffed with cotton, loud incessant noise,
and fear.

The bees are retreating this world
going inside into caves and waiting hearts
where they can rebuild the sweet world
from each waiting heart.

Building sweet combs
full of expectations, love, joy,
and new beginnings.

The perception of bees
holding their vision
of the beautiful sound of buzzing
filling the air with lifting, ... rising.

The beautiful sounds of making honey,
making sweetness.

The Taste of Imprisonment

The taste of imprisonment comes from the mind
and the body's depository of wisdom.

The body feels limitation
begins to pace and see
the field beyond the gate,
the life outside the bars,
the lingering taste of metal on the tongue.

The touch of tongue to metal
to taste the bars of limitation, never forgotten
lingering in the memory of freedom.

The mind entrapped by structure,
imagined structure, trapped by routine, sameness,
the body pacing behind bars.

Mental imprisonment appearing real.

Lack of imagination over the walls of imprisoned being.

Mental walls of belief bring the mind to face
the stone wall of belief.

Seeing only stone not the face observing the wall.

Not seeing the whole life of who you are.

The wall or bars, or the taste of metal
are not you, but fear expressed in the thoughts.

The holding, a forgotten hurt, wanting safety, release, freedom
from the taste of metal.

Empathy & Nature

I want to stand like a tree
communicating to the world through breath, soil, and sound
through waves of water, the sight of sun.
Empathically divining the breath of tree
drawing, absorbing water
feeling the path of roots, growth of bark.
How trees organize a forest,
herd bug, microbe, and insect.
To feel how trees attract birds
with awareness, sensitivity, and transformation.
What does it take to feel their motives, their body language?
The Sioux Holy man Black Elk would know of empathy
and the trees and all of Nature.
Black Elk would know from his vision on Harney Peak,
how to speak and feel into Nature.
He would know the folly of self-absorption, and narcissism.
Black Elk knows his people, his nature and wild nature.
He would talk with Sky, Clouds, and Rain,
and learn their ways.
He knows what to say and do at any moment.
He would see the trees, ask the leaves
feel the grasses, talk with buffalo
smell the flowers, hear the wind,
but he is gone.
He is gone.
No, No, No, he is not gone.
He lives under the bark of a tree,
in the nostril of white buffalo
in running water
above the clouds,
in the empathy of all things.