

Pathways Collection

Dandelions

Noxious weeds some call them,
yet to me they recall spring
after dreary gray winters.
So, come little suns,
dot my yard, light up
my small corner of the world,
bring me sunshine where there's none.

Color my dead landscape
with life. Unfurl
your ray-like florets,
let me become the butterfly,
and sip your vital
medicinal nectar. Heal
my chemical deficiency.

You are Sol— And I,
but a simple worshipper.
Let me praise your bright
magnificence and gaze
upon your radiant face,
you wild wanderer of space.

Artisan, Craftswoman, Guardian, Dancer

Honey bee, oh, honey bee—
In all your stripe fuzzed glory—

You begin as caretaker and builder,
an artisan of royal jelly and bee bread,
a craftswoman of wax architecture.

Then, guardian of the hive-nest,
protector of queen, drone, and brood,
defender against daring invaders.

Armed with barbed and venomous stinger.

You end a sophisticated dancer
of waggle, tremble, and round,
a complex language all your own
as you gather sticky sweet goodness
from bright and fragrant flowers.

Summer on the Rez

Thick evergreens gird overcast Tulalip skies.
Sparse streetlights. Dirt roads. Potholes. Cats
with damp petrichor-threaded coats,
who spook at the thunder of fireworks.

Geese in the Skies of Marysville

These smokey winged portents of seasons shifting;
Bitter gray eyebrows, plunging.

Burdened

The carryall is an unremarkable
matte black, the better to conceal
the simple treasures it contains:

Oodles of miscellanea like a small
tin of peppermints, a bundle of old
receipts, a plastic baggie of bus
quarters, a square packet of English
breakfast tea, a few emergency band
-aids, or a tube of classic chapstick.

All ensconced within the satchel's
five pockets, guarded by toothy mouths
of silver that rasp and purr. Content

to journey upon my shoulders as
I traverse the pathways of this world.

Everyday routes to Homestreet Bank
and the Grocery Outlet. Less traveled
roads to Cafe Wylde and Regal 14
Theatre. Winding trails along the Isle
of Inishmore, slippery tracks across
Icelandic glaciers, or a rocky climb
up and down the great Mt. Fuji-san.

But never upon Yggdrasil's branches,
nor its other eight realms: Asgard
home of Norse legends, Alfheim home
of the light elves, Vanaheim home
of magic, Muspelheim home of the fire
giants, Nifelheim home of the dragon
Nidhogg, Jotunheim home of the frost
giants, Nidavellir home of the dwarves
and dark elves, or Helheim home of Hel
and the last respite of the dead.