

Welcoming Committee

Rounding a bend in the path

I was hailed by

a gorgeous magenta explosion of
thick, warm, one of a kind color
that blew my homo sapiens mind.

Redbuds in a light breeze

just minding their own business

until I came along.

"Welcome to Spring", they exclaimed

as I stopped short and

nearly lost my balance.

"You do this to me every year"

I replied, as they stood there

nonchalantly radiant.

"It's in our genes",

they offered, "and besides

it's our annual assignment".

I reflected on that, thanked them

and continued on past their post

each step lighter than the last

each breath taken with gratitude

for the Redbuds' calling.

You Have Called

Something beckons me to the water's edge
pulling me off my wooded trail.

You have called. I am here,
wondering . . .

Rippling water moves to a subtle breeze.

Then, a twinkle there.

There another,
and another!

Crystalline sparks delight my eyes,
dancing, shimmering, honoring, glorifying,
the crest of each ripple reflecting the sun.

Sparks, each and each and each move in swirls together,
like sparrows whirling in unison as they play on the air,
sparkling as an expanding universe spreads itself across the lake
shimmering, shimmering, shimmering as the earth turns
to lower the sun.

You have called. Embracing the magic, I move on,
wondering . . .

Will She Arrive?

Where is my muse?
My shoes are empty, motionless
not going anywhere.
I look under my bed and
no monster there.
I stare at the page
my cupboard is bare.
Where is my muse . . ?

Sometimes in the morning
when I am a feather
drifting up from the deep
just starting to regain substance
she comes.
She holds my hand and we plumb the depths
of the everlasting
bringing the universe into my vocabulary.

And then it is a race against time.
Will those words stay with me
as I become more and more aware
of the limitations of being present in my body.
I yearn to get those words down on cold hard paper
watching them look up at me in two dimensions.
Such a juggling act
trying to liberate my muse by confining her to words.

Or, sometimes she comes
in the middle of a tune with friends.
Mid bow she comes, cooing
"Play these notes",
and in that very instant
Doug looks up and Joe smiles his quirky smile.
A moment in time we have shared with the timeless.

Where are you, my muse?
How shall I wait?
Patiently? Willingly? Absent mindedly?
So many questions.
Too many questions.
I wipe clean my slate
and wait.

A Curious Book

My days go by, each one
like pages of a book, turning over.
I can feel the soft friction of the paper
as I gather it between my two fingers and thumb
with just the right amount of pressure to
lift the page and begin its journey into the past.

It is a curious book with a strong spine
but no back cover.
As I turn each page,
another simply appears.
Who is the author of this book,
as my days go by?

This book.
Sometimes I want to set it down and leave it,
let it go its own way without me.
But the feel of those pages and the words . . .
Oh, the words.
They bring me back to first imagine
and then to turn the page
to see what is unfolding.

It is I who turns the pages . . .
Oh, those pages.
Sometimes a clear pane of glass
revealing vistas beyond.
Sometimes opaque,
a swirling fog of confusion.
And sometimes a mirror. . .
Oh my soul, that mirror.

It is I who quivers and sweats
and laughs and dances and cries
as my days go by.
But, is it I who writes these words,
my pen poised to offer my life's ink to the page,
or is that pen being guided by a greater hand?

As my fingers caress these pages and
as I feel the heft of this book,
I am overwhelmed with gratitude
to discover that the author
has dedicated it to me.

From Circle to Spiral

It is so easy
to be so content
walking a circle
with time poorly spent
judging, ignoring
plodding along
with so much time lost
on what's right and what's wrong.
Circle breeds rut
rut becomes furrow.
Days turn to years
curse proves so thorough.

Circles of fear
circles of hate
circles of greed become
circles of fate.
Seeming to come from
beyond my control
but really a mirror
of my conflicted soul.

How to break out of
this circular hell
this path worn so deep
this path worn so well?

Look in that mirror
hold fast my gaze.
Be not afraid to
truly appraise.
Ask what's essential
come from my heart.
Be not afraid
a new course to chart.

Little steps first
away from my fear
embracing my failures
so change may appear.
Step upon step
away from denial
to begin the ascent
from circle to spiral.

