

***American Ulysses
and Selected poems***

American Ulysses

Prologue

I asked
The essence of Rhyme
What to sing,
And She replied,
"I inspire you
with poems,
with sonnet and ode,
with haiku.
But what I would sing,
if you would know,
is reunion with the King
by the sea...by the sea,
and hear the voice
of swans that sing
to light and wind."

A man with a cane
Stands at the ocean.
He waits for Ulysses.

Reunion

Change is the world with fire and air.
Do we look for God on heaven's stair,
For how can a fixed and settled thing descend?
Eternity waits where waves meet sand.
Do not despair. Ulysses sought, seasons turn,
Light in the blind man's mind burns
The hollow men on the land reap dust,
Not knowing the ocean is near
Nor that the stars of the Hunter

Touch and kiss the Bear. Do not despair.

The sea sends waves to the mountain,
Pounds, pounds the ruined castle.
From the fields of wheat and chaff
They return from where they've been,
A giant wave brings saint, leper, lame,
To sip their mead as gold
Among the heavens young or old
Though past heavens are now gone.
And many waves then one from Zion,
From Carmel's Gate, not of wood and iron,
Visiting dream and dreamer,
Light through Plato's cave
Sharpening his stone,
Dance to dancer.

From the edge went a horse
Whose hide sheds light;
Went a Horse not of Troy
To snare deaf fools
But one whose reigns give sight
Whose voice and mercy cools.

On the edge of roses
Nightingales sing: "oh sweet Remembrance!"
Whose Voice the prophets sung,
Whose song bells ring.
"Say: all things are of God."
And from one to the next we climb
Then pray, we leave the shores of time.

"Aye, 'tis true, but let us rest our minds
on thoughts more simple. Your baby's cheeks
look cute with dimple. And did you hear
what happened to the man who owned
the store. 'Tis a pity; never more!
And is the rookery still in O'Rourke's chimney?"

For centuries now they've seen
No smoke, nor felt rain,
Only thumping, thumping, thumping,
To conjur auguries out of Cain.
A golden voice on a gold cross
They gazed upon, and withered like dross.
Do not despair. Ulysses sought, dreams turn,
Light in the blind man's mind burns.

So what about the dimples?
No, now is time to leave
Amidst the weather fair,
You must return, you must return
To set the table, fix the chair.
For "He whom God will manifest"
Will fill the home, the home to bless,
And tomorrow, and tomorrow.

The Wave from Carmel grinds the stone,
Scatters to ash the hate and bone.
And in its place, upon its ruin,
An orange tree with muse in blossom,
With calm and cantor for a lonely Horse,
And streams of crystal consciousness
As the Purest Branch
Crashes through the skylight
To the floor below
Piercing ribs on the world,
And all the world can know;
And in his dying, the world lives more
When the sacrifice of Isaac
Returns to 'Akká's shore;

His soul concrete in the unseen world
Opens Pandora's sacred box,
For Pandora had not one, but two:
One of dark, the other good,
'Twas both brought mankind
To its Manhood.
If you have not known yourself
You have not understood
The turning of the seasons.

"That spring has indeed returned is not
a reason to forsake my superstitions.
For why should I denounce the wound
when ignorance keeps my life from fleeting."

Rather, like ravens that watch for lamb and calf
To fall and cease their bleating!
Yet still the red light of dawn
Sheds its winter coat of bracken.
Signs of fading time
Through a magnifying glass focus
And after their turn, re-focus
On a brighter dawn,
While planets concentric

To a thousand dying suns
Burst like billiard balls
In a back room brawl.

"But please, please, let us talk of simple things,
will your baby, do you think, soon crawl?"

Or is this just another intervention
To protect the mind from knowledge, wisdom.
Perhaps there's news today of heaven's kingdom
Written on the red and yellow leaves that fall,
Written on the brow and brawn of kings
And ecclesiastics in Death's death knell.

"Oh please, please do tell. But hurry, hurry
I must be back for tea by the sacred well."

"To the sea, to the sea" the Muse ponders,
Where on a green and gold tangent
Ulysses' mind wanders:
Green from ether's mist that cools the earth,
Gold from the golden staff
That pounds out second birth,
Thumps the earth to call the herd to come,
Thumps the womb of winter on the run.

Awake! awake! at Summer's nocturne:
Do you hear through joy and fog and wind
The calling of the red-metal nun
Just outside the jaw-edged reef,
Beckoning for sweet respite.
On New England's Calendar Bay
The scent of Fall clouds
Is fine to start the day.

2

It would be nice to end this thought.
Can you not forget the crime,
Smell the tinker-bell salt,
And hear the wind chime?
But no, we will not stop!
Stop now, nor all through time.
Countless numbers never tasting solace,
Only brine in the wound, their only lot.
Perhaps to end where things end,
With a tear or a dot.

4

And what happened to the rhyme?
Where has the rhyme gone
That rises to hasten,
Rises to calm,
And a wave to conquer,
And the Swan
Who tosses this way then that,
Whose wisdom eclipses the great,
Whose ageless trumpet shout
From the aboriginal heart
Sends a wave for peace,
And again peace, and again
A call for heaven's feast.

Do not despair.
In the Lighthouse rhyme echoes down the stair,
It echoes outward, it blinds the foul and fair,
It blinds the beggar and the nun,
So bright its light
Oh Christ! Has Your kingdom come?
Has the Thief stolen light from Sphinx's eye?
Have the Nightingale and Phoenix risen?
Have they returned to resurrect the dot,
The Point round which the angels turn?

Have they? They have, and will return!
Does Spring ever give a final trumpet blast
And after winter cease its sweet repast?
Does any cycle play a last duet?
But no, not to prove this argument;
For the crudest ear will catch its waft
As it wends its way aloft.

3

There is time for life,
There is time for death;
Time for fleeting breath.
Eyes of the Maiden gaze
Within un-numbered veils.
You ask , "what next", as we watch the Watchman
Cast wood on embers;
Has doubt so permeated your members?
Do your limbs not respond to your every wish?
Does your mind meander, a phlegmatic fish?

5

To be baptized with water or fire
Conjures remembrance;
His last hour his disciples slept,
His Final hour nations wept
With a great weeping,
And still the sandman's sleeping,

Then why have you slept,
Oh serpent of insistent self;
Why wait and come to dearth?
He's coming now
And soon to birth,
Earth seizing immortality,
Statues moving gradually,
Then on a sudden
Old world myth,
Dust and heaven
Embrace and kiss.

"More milk, I beg, this tea's too strong.
A weak heart won't hold the bard's tale
straight and long."

4

So back we are to idle thought,
Though gentle ones drop as rain.
The mind, tethered at rope's end, taut,
A knife through sleeping waters
To sever pain and soar to heights of thirst,
Longing, longing the dream to burst
And return to ashes and dust;
Better to ashes and dust.
Do not despair. Ulysses sought,
Poor men seek, creation's water broke.
A thousand thousand angels
Lowlier than Saul went astray,
Then come Resurrection day
Strove a hundred Herclean tasks
Stripped themselves of arcane masks
And disappeared to realms invisible above.

"Perhaps we'll on a fertile field
see what dove or pheasant will yield.
I hear that gourmet coffee
goes well with English toffee;

6

perhaps to see an Arabian horse race,
to burn ourselves in Summer's face,
then maybe, maybe if you please,
we'll settle down to take our ease
and watch Ulysses return to shore
upon a lorry tire, upon a modern lore."

Yes, we could sleep;
Wait for the wound.
Did you walk through the door
Or leave any sign?
This wound is ancient,
Deep, very deep. As old as hills
Or slaughter of sheep.

We will end in the ocean!
Let us go there to rest,
And with blood and blue ink,
Write poems on our chest
Where the dream turns to waking,
Walking down stone steps barefoot
To keep the fire well lit
On a New England night
For fear that dawn will rise
With pennies on closed lids,
Though children's rhymes
Taunt and mock death.
Even Death, whose wage is sin.

"Shall we let the homeless in,
to squat on Persian carpets
or drink Ripple from Waterford crystal?
Shall we spend our days and ways
chasing myths? "

If the Maiden appeared
Decked in white lace
From heaven to earth
In an Unknown face,
And if this symbol beckons,
Do we follow?
And how do we follow?
Where do we follow
When She leads
On Her black mount
Through impenetrable night
To a land Ulysses found not
Hidden behind the Throne,
To a place where words run hollow.

How to paint a word
If an atom's weight is fine
Enough to be a sun,
Or microscopic particles
Of children's tears that run
A mighty river to cover earth.
The river runs deep in the heart,
A ship that seeks its final berth.

So what to speak of life?
A happy escapade, his face.

The child kicks to leave
And only children's hearts arrive.

The walls fade as Nature lingers,
"Your baby's hands have little fingers."
I hear as I pay for coffee ere I go,
The rain, then, turns to snow.
Snow that comes with falling peace,
Peace that settles with a prophet's ease.

Though a fixed and settled thing indeed,
It falls in form to water flower, weed,
And fructifies with one consent
A harvest made of light's constituent.
Politics whose party is but one:
'Tis clear as truth, the thievery's begun!
Then Nature spoke, and with Her longing,
Swans upon the lake were singing,

"Ye must be gone now,
ye must be soon,
'tis not time to think of
the old day tune.
'Tis sad, ah yes, 'tis sad but true.
Let go the tether before you're blown,
blown by the gales of Lough Gill shores
that run through windows, rush through doors,
that blow from the East, from 'Akká's shores,
that sing of heaven's ancient lore,
sing and blow the trumpet's tune.
Ye must be gone now,
ye must be gone now,
and let us go soon. "

The first be last, the last be first,
Aye, every man will drink his thirst.

A drop and a river fall into the sea,
Lost within Immensity;
A candle and a blaze to the sun return,
Return from where they began,
Where days and nights are one,
Where Light still burns in man.

And how will Nature run
When she's chained?
How to fight when earth is ordained,
Ordained beneath our feet like trees
In ground before the wearing wind,
Or a grove of crosses
At Calvary's strand.
A drop of martyr's blood
Surpasses ocean's of bitter wine:
A needle's eye reveals more light
Than Stonehenge in her time.

"Oh please, a drop more tea before you go?
'Tis been too long since I've heard dear Cicero."

There is peace in birth and death,
Calm in a good man's last breath,
Peace like calm that follows tempest's storm.
Oh Nativus! To Anteanus you mirrored form!
Socrates drained the martyr's cup with glee,
Knowing that their bitter drops
Would touch and free his soul
From this discarded world.

Through the door the dry leaf blew in
Is seen what is left of our ruin.

5

There is time for flowers in the wind,
There is time for love, there is nothing save,
Time to prove and time to resurrect the grave.
Time for thought 'round every bend.
There is love like sunlight pouring,
Love in a child's little snoring.
So we must set the table, fix the chair,
Unsheathe the comb and groom hair.
But quick! They are soon arriving,
Their trenchant thought consume

With musical spoons and forks
That jingle in the wind
And jingle shells that never end.

And what of love divine
That sails with every sailor,
Floods the darkest mind
Flashes its lighthouse warning
Stoic on the Isthmus.

The buzz of light
On cottage porch
In early Autumn's eye
Tames the fly
With melancholy
For watching spring and summer
With such folly.
For in the cradle the kingdom swarms
While the child's power forms
Then stirs, and turns, and with a yearning,
Fire in his mind is burning!

A prayer for the children of the New World;
A scream from the gut of Jonah's whale
That God will take hold of leviathan's tail
And lift it out from the midst of heaven's water,
To bring peace to the landlord and the squatter,
To bring peace to the black man and his white brother.

Abraham offered his all to fire!
He would rather have burnt himself
Than place Isaac on such a pyre.
And what of Jesus Christ?
Need more be said than the wooden cross
With nails He made his bed?
And of Muhammad's sacrifice, alas.
Husayn! Husayn! Husayn!
Euphrates' sands were merciful to your feet;
When blood spilt forth, the ancient earth drank!
And of Bahá'u'lláh!
When His Purest Branch was severed
From the sacred tree
The world fell down.

The blood of the martyrs is on the table,
Blood of Abraham, blood of Abel.

If fire raged in the heart,
 Would chance put it out?
 An arrow pierced Achilles' heel
 While the arrows that struck Ali
 Were for His soul's departure
 From this world of carrion,
 Of sighs and time, of grandeur.
 The first's love, brave Achilles',
 Was of this world's abode,
 The latter was unsullied.

Were not those souls within the Ark
 Protected from the flood?
 Was not Husayn's desert
 Stained with heaven's blood?
 To praise The Most Great Name
 The crimson Ark lies frozen
 While Letters of two dozen
 Stand still, marblesque,
 And angels cry, enscrolled
 As Persian arabesque.
 Then why does hope linger
 And expectation hunger?

"We went to the market,
 yes, knowledge to buy and sell,
 though all the shops were closed
 with no one there to tell."

So did they wander in distraught?
 Or go to every town?
 This commodity they sought,
 And the more they looked
 A fiercer hunger craved
 And soon, so soon,
 This knowledge enslaved.
 And appearing before
 Desert's rain illusion
 They reached this well thought out
 Madman's conclusion.

These doubts they scurry,
 Crabs on stony beaches
 Hurry from Tsunami.
 They gnash their claws,
 A plague defeated.

Listen, hear the Manifest:
For such He suffered
That all would perish
If touched by a sigh
He uttered
While wings blazing
A moth that's fluttered
Too close too soon
For how can the madman
Meet and kiss the moon
Or the soulless
Hearken to the loon.

"The kettle has gone cold,
the fire has grown old.
Shall I wither as the fig tree
or rise to raise the dead?
I'll sit on the edge. Please, please
draw another chair and take your ease.
Another coffee, light with cream
I'll drink before I think
of red and yellow leaves
fallen by the sword. For I have
killed them all already, killed
them all! Have killed my fathers,
mothers, daughters, sons,
for I have bought and sold God's rooms!"

Do not despair. Ulysses sought, oceans churn,
Light in blind man's mind burns,

A searching eye finds peace
Digging in the desert sand,
Or in the palm of a farmer's hand,
Or beneath a date tree, trembling,
The Virgin birth remembering.
Saints from the land of Light's birth,
The King of kings
Has come to earth!
Ancient land Daniel tread,
Land whose stones Muhammed led;
Twelve hundred, three score days fell
When peace opened like an scallop shell.

And what of heroes shaking on the sand?
What greater proof can the seed adduce
Than the fruit in a farmers hand.
Harvest's moon and hunter's envy,
Stars fall in a frenzy;

Sun and moon and stars turn,
Then a new heaven shone.

All the prophets and their saints
Cleansed the sacred halls,
Broke the heavens
And leveled the hills.
Steeds insane to God's gaze,
Dumb meteors, they crossed the sky.
The law from Carmel went forth
And resurrected hearts of earth;
Isaiah's promise, fulfilled,
His camphor cup then spilled.
At night the watcher David wrote:
'Hear the song of peace!
The song of love swans sing
While on the water or on the wing.'

A fixed and measured fire is a settled thing indeed,
It burns in form to purify the seed.

7

Beneath the surface
Of an ancient hill, dried to root,
Glow embers from drought.
Then at some time that's fixed in doubt,
The hill explodes. Oh Carmel! Cry out!
Warriors of hidden realms appear,
The soul's translucent mask to wear;
Return and war to chain
The burning pit,
The river Styx itself
Like heaven, splits:
All muses kiss
The boots of roan Apocalypse.
Angel, demon, tumble, grapple,
Saints awestruck fixed in a spell,

A new human race
Quaffs heaven to its fill.

The Man by the ocean,
Turns His cane from the land
And raises Ulysses where waves meet sand.

Within a place so strong and sound.

Oh love who placed me in these walls,
Oh love who makes these walls of light,
Love who sends Her water falls
From mountains of majestic might,

If thou wishest me to live
Through me blow Thy holy breath,
The touch of Thy new Name thou wilt give
To one who from the shore has leapt,

Thou beyond both first and last,
Thou Who's come with bugle's blast,
To every poor one Thou wilt give,
To every soul Thou shalt say "live".

Ode To Tahirih

My heart is frozen, then comes the wind,
It stirs the quiet cloud and sleeping sea.
And gently waking I stretch and bend,
Swords and clouds cut my soul free.

Hidden Words hide within a cloud,
His words are swords that gently probe my soul.
Wake me! wake me! let me sing out loud,
And everything I see take toll.

Oh Fatimah! Your grief has been avenged;
You have returned in Hidden Words!
A Wondrous Letter born from cloud and sword,
The Pure One, Christ-like in female robe.

His Last Exile #1

His last exile was as the first,
Pangs of grief from every side,
The lovers feared to die of thirst,
And every man and woman cried.

What ship that carried God's own Voice,
Blest beyond all vessels gone,
A lonely splinter from its planks
Would cause each waiting soul to song.

But song from such a primal past,
Buried beneath these feeble letters,
Agony beyond our Paradise lost,
And beauty dimming peacock feathers.

His Last Exile #2

His last exile was the first,
Sighs of grief from every side,
The lovers yearned to die of thirst
And every man and woman cried.

What ship that carried God's own Voice,
Blest beyond all vessels gone,
A lonely splinter from its planks
Would wake each wailing mother's song,

Though song from such a grieving host
Is buried beneath these tragic letters,
His pain surpassed Job's wandering ghost,
His shackles freed the sinner's fetters.

Ode to Shaykh Ahmad

Wrapped within,
this glass in stone
falls down.
Pine needles spin
from a clarion world
following fast upon my heels.
Dreams to remember
of a harbinger to twin prophets,
clad in silk,
and sword a pen
of divine virtue
wedged between a changing world
too fast for teeth to hold.

Ode to Siyyid Kazim

What

What Quranic fire charred the earth?
What feet with silken sheen
Tread hot coal with eyes.

I have seen the morning rise
On the inside of things,
Round and smooth,
Or jagged and square
There are no shadows
 in a windowless room,
Sun shinning from
 the upper left hand corner.
There is no room for shadows
 in the heart of a sun.

When

When fifty thousand prophets
 have come and gone
More leaves and trees with one sight
As far as the eye can see.
With one voice
Wind stirred,
 and sap rose
To feed silver leaves
Light as feathers.

Light

Light plays music on the forest floor,
But a golden world can not shine
In hearts of lead,
Nor a crown make the world a king.
He left commissioned words,
 watered and tendered lovingly,
Then left.

Left

Left many fools to wonder
The meaning of a rose,
 to wander the earth.

He

He left children speaking riddles
Vast and moist;

Ancient children

Holding the world aloft.

Sought

Sought "the Mother, the Secret, the Soul"
In bare feet
 with beards bent to clear a path
As wide as the heart.
Found strangers trapped in stone and wood.

Took

Took them by the hand,
Cupped in his palm,
And poured them on the earth.
A thousand trees in a grove
 of dead wood their dried leaves,
Amber symbols, singing with the sound
Of deer hooves rattling.
Their life gave life.

We

We can not measure
 such a hand,
Nor leave self without a guide.

I am a White Flower

Book 1

"I am a white flower, you are a stone wall",
I say to my heart, my mind.
"I will crush this stone, silently,
silent and deep my roots go
and surround with tendrils.
Some day a heavy bird will light
 upon my white flower,
Its talons massage my bloom.
Until then, the rock will have to fly.

and they are louder then ever as they storm
the volcano.
They are a hollow feather.
Another sound, deep and resonant, slides under foot
reaching my hair like wind chimes:
the song of whales.

Book 6

Two whales beneath the volcano.
Their song rises and falls.

Across the ocean my body calls,
I see my body beneath my white flowered stone.

Book 7

When the whales talk the volcano shakes
and a sound whistles like a mighty pen.
The whales are one with the molten sea,
Their love sends out sweet constancy.
When I reach the bottom it is smooth glass, only
tails mark the liquid that is cool
as light passing through the void of space.
This is also the way in which their haunting speech travels.
Even through my stone.

Book 8

Their gray tails and backs break the surface,
Twin Letters form and reform a silent verbal pool.
They sound the depths to a mark unknown.
The earth creates, and again once more
as they call creation from liquid stone.
I watch and can not move. I am allowed to watch.

Book 9

You can not go home to your own backyard
When you have been touched by the wing of God.

Book 10; I return

The bird grabs my heart,
I will never be the same...never the same;
Stunned by ecstasy long overdue
I set sail for the open seas
and rush before the wind

My eyes fail my feet,
The path is lost in the mid-day sun
To sight and blind alike.
Will not the coat of Joseph
Bring Earth to Spring?
I see the face of Glory!
My path: the light in His eyes,
My feet will not fail at the gate,
No man will keep this one from this embrace
For He is merciful.
Though my sins be piled
As sands of the Nile;
Not the Sahara, no not the sands
Of the earth can stay His grace.

Ode to Bahá'í Martyrs of Iran

I see the drizzle of the rain
And hear Thy loved ones from Iran
Whose tears fall on the sacred ground
Where the roots of the tree of life have spread.
They call the name of Bahá in the night
When the henchman's sword is fast asleep;
When the hangman's noose
Blows gently as a wind chime,
A silent song of martyr's love so deep.
They call the name of Bahá in the night,
And descends the Holy Spirit wrapped in light
As peace upon the poor man's brow,
Or cool water through a desert flow.

Oh Chastity!

Oh Chastity! gone are those who covet thee,
Buried 'neath the snow of death
Are those who desire thee,
Oh where are those who are jealous
Over those who are wed to thee!

In Memory of the Psalmist (Written in Dublin)

The Lord, my Lord, he visits them
As they wash cloths in the river

and in the valley,
As they wash in the laundromats
by the fast highway,
He goes to them who toil with the earth,
Who raise children through birth and death,
To those who sweat under starched white collars,
Searching the isles of law
to make ploughshares from war.
He visits behind bars who plead his forgiveness
Though tomorrow the gallows will feel their weight,
and he forgives them.
The Lord my Lord, he beckons
children in the schoolyard,
He softens the tyrant's heart,
He sends his waters to near and far places;
He does not discriminate!
He sent forth the bees
As Muhammad sent forth,
Sent them to the mountains, to the valleys
To gather healing for men from flowers pure;
They gather their keep from mountains of roses
at Ridvan each year.
They buzz on Carmel,
they search through Quranic Isles,
Through verses come by Evangel's door, and Torah.

Christ's Return

A balm of peace exploded in my head,
And tranquillity, that blessed plague,
Through out my body spread.
It effected limb and member
To such a state that fire blazed
Though none could see an ember;
" A fire" some might ask,
Still waiting Christ's return,
" Then you're condemned to hell"
Yet such a fire burned and blazed
Though stranded in a well!

To Build a Fire in Ireland

To build a fire in Ireland
You need wood chopped from anywhere,
Half dry scraps, moss strewn,

Any broken piece will do.
Coal, blacker than your moon-less night,
Turf hatched from acid bogs
Cake-like, dried to a brick,
Cut from lime green mountains.

To build a fire in Ireland
You need faith in things unseen;
The wind will dry her
Though the rain is unrelenting
Thankful for one sunny day,
A smile, a cock of the neck
From a briar wool coat
Ancient as sheep are ancient.

To build a fire in Ireland
You need a five P box of matches
From the stone cut pub,
Stone to strike a fire in,
Patience if the first bares no flame,
Notwithstanding the chill wind wailing,
" Dost Thou wail or shall I wail "
Waiting to enter with the friend knocking.

To build a fire in Ireland
You need the salt of the earth,
" For if the salt has lost its savor
 Wherewith shall it be salted "
Pure salt distilled in a crystal womb
In the heart of the hottest sun,
Salt to sprinkle on the tomb
At the time of the Promised One.

Anatomy of a Martyr
(or *Ode To Quddus*)

"You're going to go and stand before the King,
there is no doubt; put on your wedding ring"

Quddus went, took his ring into the square,
and with his life sang and fell.
The butt of the gun, hilt of the sword
That smashed his orbits, crushed his malar,
Caved in his parietal: and he stood before the King.

Moved by that hand of God.
A fear, perhaps:
A single, devoted, enveloping fear.
Love one could say it was:
The progeny of peace,
The ontogeny of oneness.
It was over in a white,
Sight-giving flash;
War and hunger,
Envy and anger
And all that is wrought
Of man's day and broken glass
Had ended for all time.

An Ending Ode

I am dumb, oh love, with dread and awe,
God's lion in the forest deep,
My tongue is singed with what I saw,
These eyes and ears my soul won't keep,

Oh Tongue that can only speak the Hour,
My speech that fails by night and day,
Tongue that voices snow and fire,
This throat that claims its rock and clay,

If my soul is tempered fine,
Draw it from the sheath of light,
Whirl it round and round a line
Of words you spoke that gave me sight.

Then this voice will cry as Thine
In the dark or in the day,
Your Voice will turn my heart to wine
And as the lovers, you will slay.

My RETURN FROM THE CITY OF DENIAL

Sweet Memories

Sweet memories drip slow and honeyed,
Quick and rain. In tears they come.
What lessons, my youth in Maine,

Not frost, only death
To escape his breath

I traveled down that lane.
Old hot tar under foot
I walked the yellow lines
To cool my feet.
In those years I ran,
Hid in places where no place could touch,
But still he followed,
His sweet breath,
I thought not his shadow, short or long,
Could follow my hiding song.
It was a lie.
Sweet and slow, bitter and fast
This hiding could not last.
" I have made death a Messenger of joy "
I heard, and followed that creative word.

I walked those empty halls,
Lonely columns supporting non-existence,
I walked there, and left broken,
Left my coat and tie at the door
Then years haven't crossed that floor.
These memories in dreams were later razed;
Then now I'm sane, they call me crazed.

My Medusa, My Walls

1

The walls of judgment surround,
I must crush them
In the crucible of a common Cause.
A hideous multi-headed serpent
My Medusa.
They laugh and whisper their judgment.

A single heart beat beheads them,
The walls dissipate and fade,
Its voice, snickering once upon a dream,
Leaves me life.
Such a vast opening beyond my walls.
Lo ! it is my soul waiting to open,
Waiting to rise to itself, face to face.

My efforts, spent,
I will not face these walls more,
There is no door to leave them;
They it is must leave!
A tight fist holds these walls together,
My fist must open
And not depend on my judgments for life.

What life so solid and closed?
I weary of holding my walls together.
The walls crumble
And butterflies rise from brick,
Walls crying 'Jericho' fall, and I wake.

2

He had stopped looking at seagulls
After the walls were built.
The sea bird cries became so common
So near to the sea.
He still dreamt floating over rivers,
Rivers encasing sleeping souls
Moving toward the sea.
What else could he dream.

Maybe when he ran
As a young boy, heart bursting,
Running through tan fields turning;
For joy he ran and felt no wall,
What times Ulysses never saw.
In older years, with no walls,
He met his child.
They held hands and laughed.
They talked of many things
Clearly, and seagulls
Lifted their souls
To dance with water
As it was in the beginning.
An aurora of laughter and joy.
And they walked the gown
Of the Maiden
That trails the sky.

My walls reformed,
They do me harm,
Brick and mortar, parted once,
Return to block the waking
That began back when I began
To face my denial.

Oh how miserable and vile!
I fought it and forgot it strong,
I sang most every song,
And returning from a place most dense
It grew and leapt and danced upon a fence.
It jeered and laughed.
I take a brick and throw,
It falls and other bricks from it grow;
My walls reform
They suffer every storm,
Rage and envy, fear and flight,
A serpent with more heads than night!
It grows up tall, no leaves nor rose,
No beauty to fill a single nose.
I cut it, cut it, cut it down,
It spouts up twice its strength
A pillar made of stem and thorn.
It is beyond my scope alone,
Save through turning;

I have seen the sun
Hot as alabaster.
A host of angels
Stand behind
A chair, a throne.
But why are they not seen?
Their voices, soft, a silent tongue
Singing from a stream.
A tongue speaking in tongues,
Winged, it knows no wall,
No medusa, only light.
I have seen the sun
Flying as an albatross
With new wings
O're its own dominion:
Where ever the shadow
Of its wings fall
A new creation rises.

Reunion of Black and White

All is forgiven in the lost desert.
When two brothers part in youthful anger
and scatter.
Two gusts of wind, severed,
they wander,
Incantations rise from

blistered lips
As they ponder;
Then all is forgiven in the
 lost dessert
When they see their illusion
Lead them to no water,
Lead them to wander
 in the lost dessert.
Opposite ways do not stretch forever,
They circle and touch
In remembrance
 of brother's laughter
Before the first foot set
 on the dessert's hinge,
Beneath the shelter
 of parents' arms
Under the awakening:
Then in the heat
 loves gold is tested.
A fool will not find
 his way from sand's illusion
Nor will the blind in heart
See the rose in blossom.

I Hold You Oh Forest

I hold you, oh forest by the Pacific:
Your Madrona trees, your cedars vast
Holding arms aloft, boughing soft.
To spread my arms o're fields I come,
To hug her peace, asleep from root to mast
Flowers waving in green multitudes,
To knowingly steal this peace
And with it feed vein and bone,
And at day's end relinquish this same peace
To our loved one earth; Mother to all or to none,

Her black sons and daughters a mystery
 and a song
Her white offspring mirror the sun
As black and white mirror each other.
Oh tell me the difference between the
 birch and walnut.

—

A Pin Has Pierced the Sky

A pin has pierced the sky,
A single, generating, point.
Its head unfolds; drops through
The eagle. Like a stone it falls
In an atmosphere of love.
A germ of moisture within
Gives birth and forms an egg,
Whose bugle call speaks
Within and breaks the shell:
It shatters winter's earth.
Shrill feathers whistle
A flute caller hears
The dense of night crack.
What new day dawns from this point?
A plumb line, the stone falls,
Its vertical thrust, its thrust to earth,

Relinquish

Relinquish your life to the earth, my body:
Let blood mingle with earth,
Let sighs and tears replenish their source;
God has not created this subtle form
For an end not remembered.
Let vein pulse with root,
Bone dance with trunk and flute
Bleached by sun, rain,
Till salt sting and years fade.
The joy of life invades the universe
When ecstasy reveals its final rest.

My Racism is Deep

My racism is deep, it is yours,
A sleeping Medusa,
There are thorns in my feet
That my heart feels
Though I walk a stone path
With agony and content.
I look to my plate
And eat what crust of bread;
All my eyes focus in
On a common inheritance.
Riots broad and thin

Break mine unconscious ground,
An evil plant
From its dark place,
Petals with toxic dun
Stripped to the core
Its pit cracks within
And light upon light
Calls from every glen.

Oh my denial!
What ship at sea avoiding land,
Even green, safe land,
Bountiful fruit and shading tree,
What stone at depth can fathom light.
My denial feeds its pain
On lonely seas.
Ships pass by,
Unknown cries on all sides,
Agonizing cries heard by none,
A darkness thick in all sense;
Smells too familiar but unknown,
Sounds too painful for
A king to have born,
Sight that won't leave my eyes
For fear it will see and be seen,
Hand and limb avoiding touch
For hidden reason,
Hunger that won't taste life.

The Cave

1 The captives of the Cave choose their chains,
 What incarceration for their choice!
 Irons wrought from lovers slain,
 They are free to leave, but choose His voice.
 The King is what stands and lives the Cave,
 His song its pillars, roof and ground,
 They tell us why the stallion holds the slave
 And camels walk cross Hades to His sound!
 They that enter wear sandals of fire,
 Cherry blossoms and roses their recompense,
 Their time, the never of fruit gone sour,
 Their light, a part of dark's absence.
 What king stands in a place not fit for a king?
 What Christ and Father bore our pain in a ring,

- 2 What prophet speaks his heart if not to sing?
For Spring has come to heaven's gate
And everywhere flowers are in bloom,
Paradise is none to soon nor late,
This Cave is many mansions in one room!
Outside its pale a mystery fearful to behold,
A darkness and light not to digest,
Where the dying sun yields naught but cold
And low raven's song of crone its only rest.
Sprinkle on the winged bird a grain of salt
And earth bound it will fall to live in dust
Where every bird of prey must soon be fought;
These birds have tried to out reach Icarus!
- 3 But enter and see the red sun rise,
Then set and rise and suffer no eclipse,
While love is ever in the lovers' eyes,
And words of love are on the lovers' lips.
How strange to know the sun gone down
While light abounds and rises,
One may think one's come to heaven's town
With daffodil, that's followed soon by iris.
Flowers grow and flourish in every path,
Glass contained in rock they fill a niche,
Free from nature's ever changing wrath,
While every other task is in their reach.
Then a calling touches heart and vein;
Though seed bloomed when Christ rose
- 4 Tall flowers are broken by the rain.
How sweet the taste of dew that nurtures men,
And the Queen whose breast their nurtured from,
What bird that sings and nests be like the wren,
A gentle one whose heart heard the drum.
These divine ones dance for a thousand years,
Without a thought they beg for laws,
Rules that rule here are ecstasy and tears
And hope floods their soul as stars.
The cloth they wear are of another's hand,
Made of wind and song that carved the earth,
The fates and gods are ruled by their command,
Their lilting melody brings birth,
And gentle breeze at dawn their breath.
- 5 When laughter wafts as a single beat!
When freedom laughs and visits evermore,
Freed from love's venom and fatal dart,

The world with all its care can not reach here.
Dancing round twin trees they come and go,
Birds angelic dance 'round every head,
A blush in them from dancing heel and toe,
While in their claws they hold a silver thread:
Fine line! you can't be cut by any sword,
The edge of Life will not, can not, sever!
The bite of Death will not snap your chord
Which bond is stronger than child to mother.
Bathed in virtue when April came
The thread was made from word and grain

- 6 Then wove the warp and woof again.
Oh catalyst of light that stands between us
And chaos surging in the sacred Plain,
A lowly pearl and nine gems for justice,
Liberators in the heart to reign.
Oh Guardian! with hope and touch you bring
A clear visage on a dark path to guide,
And House of Equity forever ringing;
Twin seas with one sequential tide.
No movement made without heaven,
Nor sparrow drop and not a sigh from God,
When pen in a child's hand did act as leaven
And nurtured fruit and tree from furrowed sod.
You carried your weight to the end!
- 7 Oh Greatest Branch waving, touching all,
Even with the Cave You count space.
The Master knows each beck and call,
Brave Servant, whose life is God's face.
Robe of the King He walks the throne,
Footsteps measure heaven with a stride,
Famed nightingale with peacock crown,
What sentient Mountain holds this Mystic bird?
What feathered pen sung Tablets of a Plan;
His Universe, wrapped, wakes to breathe.
Oh Exemplar carved in human form to live!
'Abdu'l-Bahá by name and state forgive
This tongue that speaks, for it has spoken from a well;
What perfect Persian Song can voice chant or tell?
.
- 8 Save the Báb the scriptures hail
Launching the Mariner's hidden rhyme,
Who put to rest the search for grail
On seas of unremitting storm.
"No ship of fools", you called to every quarter,

Within that Ark no creature comes to harm,
Neither saint nor demon suffers want of water
Poured by such a loving Psalm.
He closed the Prophets' reign,
(We and our universe spin 'round his Temple),
He breathed a cycle yet again,
And made each thing immortal,
By raising from earth immortal green
And every color seen and yet unseen.

- 9 Pray what Voice charms our heart?
Moses saw rise from earth what we stand before.
Though Thief and Law wait upon the step,
Do we answer when He's knocking at the door?
A thousand years 'till the Word of God will sire,
Expectation cries at every dusk,
Does Gabriel trumpet with light so dire?
(Bahá feared for the New One's distant musk)
Nay! the Hand of God will not be troubled,
None can stay the breeze of Spring's intent!
The grace of God has wakened from its bed
And offered up its heart with Isaac, spent.
Oh Glory! You are everywhere, yet hiding well;
Bahá'u'lláh, Bahá'u'lláh, what truth you came to tell!

The Twelve Days of Ridván

On the First day of Ridván
The True One gave to me
His Song of eternity,

On the second day of Ridván
The Adored One gave to me
Words from the ancient sea,

On the third day of Ridván
The Omniscient gave to me
The nightingales song
Wrapped in ecstasy,

On the fourth day of Ridván
The Creator gave to me

An eye from the peacocks down,

On the fifth day of Ridván
The Fashioner gave to me
Silk shoes to walk upon,

On the sixth day of Ridván
The Most Holy gave to me
Sight from the brightest sun,

On the seventh day of Ridván
The Father gave to me
Fire from the burning One,

On the eighth day of Ridván
The Healer gave to me
Mud from his hand,

On the Ninth Day of Ridván
The All-Knowing gave to me
A bridge so I could stand,

On the tenth day of Ridván
The Mother and the Soul called out
And fell upon the dust,

On the eleventh day of Ridván
The Hour drew nigh
And handed to the earth its trust,

On the Twelfth Day of Ridván
The Compassionate, the Merciful,
Looked out upon the West.

MAKE PEACE with YOURSELF

Make peace with yourself.
The forest will wait.
Ocean steady and surge
green and acorn
daffodil and eagle
your soft footsteps
tumble to the river to the sea
a heart smiles
across fields of wind
clouds tickle the earth

her silent laugh
rejoices root and tendril
leaves drum
on the blue skin of sky.
The World will wait for her
lost people to return
to Her ways.

Down around the sunset
whale song chimes
the red sunset!
Wind plucks strings of color,
taught harmonic color,
stretched, but free as freedom
plucked to the beat of
leaves beating blue
from a world looking in,
a call of oneness,
a Spring blue within blue
peace from green eyes
dancing in blades of grass.

Pine-scented needles soft to the foot
light through spruce arms
cathedral above, raven's nest
perched to watch, spy
and cock of neck

in a pale of pine orange brown
scented to the dun;
red and black birds
dance the earth as if a drum.

On the way to four ways:
north goes the cool to warn,
east goes the new of dawn,
south goes heat to fire,
west will set the hour.

Oh forest with color
bright under earth
blinding in a flower
deafening roar of leaves in wind
deep whirring stands of pine
a chattering and a laughing of birch;
tell us the Name you call,
tell us of the rise in tides
you see dancing waves and shout
nocturnal tides tendered

by sand pipers stout
white and dark wings
darting over surf and rift
calm over rock alive and stoic.
Between forest and sea
candor blossoms in the dell.
Wet the sea pounds
echoes, stones tumble
to a loud, a mist Pacific
rises from smooth souls
its vaporous mind hovers
on the edge
of a noble forest, ageless limb
gallery of trunk and leaf
aware to the storm
yielding to the silent
gentle, the violent delicate
that uproots to rest
(oh, sweet, sweet rest),
wooden forms dance
from crest to crest,
their brothers and sisters
away in forest green
hear the world of sea
wonder and amaze,

wait their turn to turn
to mist and haze.

Oh hear the sweet parade,
touch of earth, tender the earth,
promenade beneath the feet.
Once upon a time
forms of clouds spoke their mind
echoes still lingered
slow to the move
reflected on clouds
they reigned with rain
skeletons of butterfly wings
echos of rumblings
lightning and feather cascade
atoms split atoms fuse
between what is dawn and muse.
Once upon a time
made peace from self to self
far under earth
in a river so cool.

Oh to sleep and rise

with silent echoes,
to gardens with Spring
and Autumn never dull.
Oh wondrous Mystery!
Dream of dreams!
seasons turn to pulse
and laugh, red pulse
in rock and violet
skin of earth greets
a happy sigh of leaves
greet a day in dreams
where nothing grieves.
Burst of bulb, explode of pink,
crimson, purple hue,
orange as orange can be
and Vincent blue
joy and smile, Spring of springs,
all things birth from one
beneath the life of things.

Another time a silence
stilled the animals
in their tracks.
Then moved by quiet
known to those
who know her voice
they knew the world
was one again so danced,
and in their dancing
was rejoice!
Oh darkest Mystery, land of day,
tell us what you tell us!
Lips of earth parched
thirst for sunflowers
dandelions of yellow fields
buttercups in green folds
sun that changes color
metallic yellow to yellow
vast blue to setting red
green as leaf shedding life
white as horse
that carries wind across a place.
So we wander
across a plain
where time is lost
bewildered at the expanse
turning and turning
melts into the physical
tamed by the gentle,

the power eternity of Mother
acquiescent moving waves of grass
echo voices from blade to blade;
a song of life is in the glade!

It is obvious a song clear and close
memories tingle sound of waves
sand and broken shell
crackle hiss the
passing of each swell
in time each foot
that makes its time
leaves its memory
the cycle of undertow
ceaselessness of change
sincerity remains
when thoughts obscure
are gone to not endure
her restful churn.

I place each foot
upon sand's bed where
dreams that toss in closed lids
are tossed, and healed
without malignant thought,
but simply placing each swinging limb
of seagull chimes
pierce the skin
to where linger in placeless
poets, martyrs, people unknown
to earth as grains of sand;
O awake America!
See the rise of dawn rise to hilt,
rose and eagle, horizons tilt
that shatters to set no more
on eyes asleep
and ears dull
echoes grow, rumors die,
nothing hides the earth
from sun but sky.
Dance with colors of the heart
beauty of black and white,
red of east and west
lead parade of
smiles and laugh,
yellow skipping on the path,
rainbow steps ahead,
root of light.
and there i am, seeing all

and seen by none
sand and shell
rose and eagle, geranium
in gardens green
leaves of this world and unseen
dancing seas twin as one
skin of spirit moving
over land over seas
waving over waves
flying next to gull
and flying not
climbing mountains green
and not so green,

embossed a letter among letters, word of an endless book on canvas strong, back arched
billowed to heaven carrying its Ark from millennium forgotten to millennium unknown, ship of
God sailing land, sea, and sky. There am I, one letter among letters, letter in a mighty word;
America the beautiful, America the balance, America the Justice giver and still unjust, the
summoned one, holder of trusts and abuser of trusts, defender of widows and maker of widows,
solace of grieving hearts and grief bearer, hope of men and women and tyrant thereof, freer of
all colors and enslaver of all colors, lover of earth and crusher of earth.

Oh rise great Nation!
let ashes dark
be cedar and rose,
foul turn to sage,
to frankincense and myrrh,
base tin to gold and drum.

Oh rise great Nation!
Voice of prophets
echo shrill and green,
till in the West find ears
that lie on shores
chambers catching
lap and drum of sea
song of gull
telling what the
earth can know.

Oh rise America!
sing your song
foretold, etched
song in memory deep
Tablets soon that came
a thousand generations
found in one, now, O rise!!

COLOR JOURNAL

Is any color greater than the song,
when a single tone generated the artist's world,
when all color found in a dream
returns to the sun from where it came
as the drop to the river to the sea.
So, also, embrace the earth, my song.

SONG

On the shore of Squam Lake in rocky water a crimson
red leaf whose brightness
overwhelmed me at that particular moment.
Surrounded by life its gen-
ious was what it didn't display; so powerful, reminiscent
of sacrifice, sitting near weightless, detached, virtually hidden and
never to be
seen again, perhaps. Its hidden power revealed inspired these
lines.

How desirous to be as this simple leaf!
So perfect in shape, oblivious of self, asking
no reward for its beauty and symbolic message.
Red within red:
red as Christ.

Red leaf in hidden glory,
Tell us where life begins:
Is it the children's rhyme
and story
That makes the child laugh
and grin!
Is time a paint brush catching
crimson hue,
Tell us of morning sun and dew.

This leaf is a hinged door; a soft push, even gentle
wind and fields of metaphor lie beyond. It is a red horse
running; galloping to the leap. Those with hard ears wait the other
side of the jump, and hearing no hooves landing, they
leave in despair while the
horse was not of this world but only in
appearance,

Oh horse divine that leapt
Beyond both earth and air,
You left those waiting
on the sod
In grief and blind despair!

But few whose hearts were
Floating on heaven's lake
Heard the thunder of your hooves
That broke Saint Peter's gate!

Bahá'u'lláh spoke of the color red. All colors, syllables have as their
prime factor a divine denominator. It is red the last
color of the sunset that fades. It is red a harbinger of
the beginning, of the
end; what opens the day and

a closure of things great and small. The remembrance
of God.

His red memory knocked on the door;
Spring had begun, yet they slept on.
It pounded and pounded as before:
Only a child in his crib heard and wept.

Who is Bahá'u'lláh? If the Báb is the "Point round whom the
realities of the Prophets and Messengers revolve" then who or what
is Bahá!

Twenty thousand souls whose red blood
made a garden path
To refresh the heartless with soul and cheer,
Pure and glistening as the dew they sacrificed
beneath our feet
Before He would, nay, could come near!

His holy Remains that form the Center
for Carmel's seat,
We know, we think, His Gate that swings
before the wind.

Then who is He that rules across the Bay,
Whose gentle breeze shook Mecca and
Jerusalem.

Green is a color to experience. Of course all colors are,
but green binds them together. It's a color soft underfoot and taken
for granted until gone from sight, then missed intensely. In
my north it leaves its love in winter in dark and blue greens of
pines and cedar

Green memory towers its rooted lineage,
Green from yellow heat and blue-black earth,
An unknown word from a sacred passage
That gives this color tint and birth!

A life color from such bright content,
Brightness pushed out by heat and hand,
On earth whose work is never spent
Hawks watch and wait far above the land.

A green turban passes far below,
Green that found its complement in red,
A headdress from which all colors flow
And in a dream beheld Husayn's head;
Then drank a bloody draught from heaven's well
And told of One He came alone to tell.

Trees talk to the wind when it comes. And when it
doesn't come they wait. They are so patient; their
waiting is without thought. There is no hurry, or 'Oh when will you
come'. It is as if they create patience by virtue of
their constancy. This thought calms me.

Oh patience moving with the wind,
Tell us where your song began;
Is it found along the shore and bay
Or in the leaves that turn to red and gray.

A white vase, the other day at the farm house, a wood
hand carved table, a day when time spoke specially
to the white vase and revealed its timelessness. How
could there not be a God. The white vase
was more real than itself.
A simple item talking to me about a mystery
so real and wonderful; so gentle and delicate. It was
love, celestial, creating, all-powerful pure.

A white vase, simple, clean and pure
Waits the opening of the door.
Waits the break of day
To change to light from straw and clay.
What vessel it is that speaks my heart!
Does its mystery contain both end and start,
We sit and talk and drink our tea
And search out our eternity.

And of color yellow all creation is in debt. What
tongue can sing of the sun! The Báb, the point through which

all creation was generated, was wont to stare,
nay gaze devotedly at his sun as if
waiting Bahá's descending its golden rays. Those who
saw Him enraptured on His rooftop in
midsummer's heat, oblivious to all else, lost in meditation;
what thoughts went through their limited minds?

What color is this, burning in the sun?
Could anyone deny its glowing rage!
The Voice that talked to Moses on the run;
Was it yellow Bird as gold within a cage?

What tongue that spoke to Shiraz, Mecca
and Jerusalem
Was it Leo's heat at lions highest stage?
Heaven's past, carded, an envelop within,
The spear of Bahá pierced this folded age.

And on earth the spirit of Bahá makes the
elements to dance. Yellow breaks through red and black-brown
earth quietly. Weeping Willows take blue water from stream
and shy and shoot fire from limbs that quiver
and sway.

When April showers, I will come and dance
And take a draught from the swelling stream,
What name is called will leave no chance
That Nature has heard, but men still dream.

Then Willow roots will rise as piper's reeds
And play a yellow spring time lute cacophony
The name Bahá'u'lláh will leap from lip to lip
And linger, eternal, as clover honey.

Blue is the balance. What unites and fluid. It
brings peace and final rest to sacrifice.
It covers and uncovers. Thus it is that
blue runs like a stream through both
worlds. How soothing a blue or blue - violet
is in a field .
Red, yellow or green are what
eyes first see but heart rests on
this mysterious vast. And of all blue
the deepest and most profound is
black.

Beyond the blue of sky is black
The deepest ocean, sight within sight,

Then what is beneath is no dumb lack
Nor space above mere missing light.

The blue of peace or mystery of eye;
What leviathan of spirit has God raised,
Black beyond white eagle in the sky,
The Blackest mystery whose name is praised!

Pink is a declaration of faith; soft
beauty; a special gift from spring to
the lover's eye. It wraps the soul in
peace, in a pleasant dream it sang
its song and welcomed the wanderer at
the gate. Many a numb mind pass
by its tranquillity, so this unheard symbol,
veiled by mud and dust returns its
secret to earth.

What pink sky, ripe at evening dusk.
On this lily pond fruits blossom
In an hour red and blue clouds grow musk
And sacrifice for the lover's bosom.

What lover is this, hung on city's gate?
What faith, pink to the piercing eye!
Are they sacred herbs that Fate must grate
Or violent self that hangs its own to dry.

And the leap from pink to purple
is a sigh. This grand color outlines spring and Summer's
heat will not frustrate its flowering. Its robe
is submission. An acceptance of all
unknown:
" Do not wear me with feet unsure " it warns, " I am beautiful and my request simple and
stern." When the artist has reached
this color he has traveled an
immeasurable distance and there is no
turning back.

A purple robe moves unseen,
Its ears talk and listen to the wind.
No storm can dull its living sheen
Or tear its petals, much less break or bend.

When this wilted form is placed outside this
womb,
The purple robe I'll wear with perfect stand,
And in cool shadows of a mansion room
I'll change my colored robes with perfect hand.

Orange purifies. It is a chaste and tempered knife
 on earth. An accent beneath any moon or star. A
 comforter that Spring is near, or that Fall pumpkins
 still carry summer heat. It is the prophet's
 voice crying life into the world; the messenger
 between the yellow of tears and the red of longing.
 The green pine needles put their sharp edges down,
 submissive under foot on the orange path.

What orange breath of life
 Circles round and round my room?
 Is it Isaiah's footsteps walking cross the sky
 Touching the orange canvas of the moon?

A poet's breath sighing o'er the lake
 Brought to life the crying and the loon,
 Then what pure Orb circles my house with life?
 'Tis Christ returned! Then leave the dark of reason.

Brown is a river moving slowly
 underfoot. A sea of earth where all returns.....
 Many colors mingle there in the
 brown of life..... then leap to dance in
 buttercups, red maples, purple roses saintly rooted in this
 density..... Like the black of the eye
 surrounded by white, is the brown and red
 earth are sustenance for all.

The prophet's silence lives there
 Then when its voice bursts out
 It frees the heart from life and care
 And sets the wolf to shout.

Oh sea where all returns!
 But not an ocean blue,
 A brown deep within that burns
 Veiled from eyes that weep and rue.

Brown is a mystery, it moves without motion,
 Its red core of earth is all its ocean.

Gray is the sound of stampeding horses, or the roar
 waves tumbling stones. A sound that purifies the ears and
 eyes at dawn and dusk, that holds memories'
 pain until the end. A

unifies freedom of mother all soothing, colors; containing they find her rest child's by night fear. Gray self.

Gray wisdom, where the owl's sweet voice,
 Sweet reminder that death is choice,
 True death of self before the wind
 A long hot road to walk the end.

Oh banshee! Your name I know now,
 Though you leave no trace in Winter's snow,
 What night eagle calls alike to world and star:
 Bahá'u'lláh, Bahá'u'lláh, O Bahá'u'lláh.

Rainbow self other its is so within world can and unity! is subsistent. A colors dance, sovereignty. many variations. Causes is one word a pillar of willingly many so diverse explained a color, single creation. A bridge. acquiesce to It is diversity. The world variations and variations causes. The it alone; All to word

When I was young I knew the color blue,
 And the rainbow after scarlet rain,
 They spoke to me of this world and others too;
 Could it mean that God has come again?

Diversity! Your colors blaze forth,
 Oh Unity, your oneness subdued the rest,
 You claimed you'd rise from blood and wrath
 A single voice from peacock's reigning crest.

Oh Oedipus! You plucked your eyes from deep
 remorse,
 But I have seen another Father, who gave me life,
 Out upon the sea on Joseph's horse,
 So tell me why my eyes are spared from such
 a knife!

If one could see just what these eyes have seen!
 They have touched the rain-bowed hem of God,
 Though still the color I rest upon and seek is green,
 The tears that issue forth from them are red.

IMAGES 1997-1999

* 1 Oh friend gone now,

I pick up my pen and write these days
without so much desire to please you
but to please God; and so you are mentioned.

* 2 Oh poet's eye,

I was lost on the rim of a wide circle,
ever widening, and content there!
How singularly odd that this is so;
that I have attached myself to
a wooden hinge.

* 3 Oh my Lord,

Is it not redundant to ask your hand?
To delve into the earth with both?

* 4 Oh honored prayer,

The sound I make is braking on the night:
my heart wants to be simple and to rest,
to find its peace;
The hawk hill seems further away today.

* 5 Oh endless march

Oh Universe, my Universe! My soul descending;
ask me not my name, this time, nor condemn me to myself.

* 6 Oh my friend returned,

My paintings approach a song and, noting the latter,
describe a realm too vast to hold;
will you go there with me and dance with the Gate?

* 7 Oh my soul,

When I think of what Christ did, really think,
I am silenced with the pain of his hands
and the red wagon is pulled along.

* 8 Oh my God,

I remember Your martyrs like so many Islands
floating: my heart aches at the inseparable distances.

* 9 Oh my Lord,

I can not remember my sins, though I start now
and count forever; they onslaught and multiply.
But even less do I remember You. In truth I see
no difference.

* 10 Oh my wayward soul,

However much I love my God can't compare,
all doubt proceeds from me directly hence,
I start to close my heart that I might spare
a separation of my all as recompense.

* 11 Oh friend returning,

Do I talk of my love of God to your distress?
More could I talk of my self drawing near.

* 12 Oh hearing ear,

My heart has been joined in bond to you;
I pray this bond to you in every silenced street;
Silenced with the beginning of the lambs.

* 13 Oh wailing storm,

A man who is sleeping is in heaven,
I can see him, but he is in heaven.
His feet rest comfortably on a table
before the lightening;

I am ready to go at any time,
as you are ready.

* 14 Oh forged mind,

I give you a personal challenge: that you and I are witnesses
of a day so bold that Christ returned in the Glory
of the Father. Everything else I write is mere
speculation.

* 15 Oh my heart,

I nail down my life and crucify my pen;
then these are my means.

* 16 Oh running wind,

The white wings of a black man you can not measure.
But only by taking steps in a direction, and as gently
as you are, in the silk grasses of the great plains.

* 17 My breath, breathe!

If I refer to myself it is only that my shame is that
I watch the sunset and rejoice in my own heart;
I can watch many endings and their glory and
still be here. The scarlet fields will feed me.

* 18 My Muse, hasten!

Could I dare write that I am made sick putting
down these words? In former times this may
have made me an infidel, but today I am a poet.

* 19 Oh empty temple,

If I have lived anything to tell you it is that it is
a comfort to write so. I am reduced to this template.

* 20 Oh sacred season,

I'm scared this hour that must pass
and every new one in its wake,
my heart seems neither gold nor brass
but leaves up on a tree that shake.

* 21 Oh wandering soul,

If I talk of my love of God to your distress
more could I talk of my love for you.

* 22 Oh fate determined!

The fire I walked through changed color.

* 23 Oh my soul,

I can not stop laughing in the camphor honey;
my fourth heart has been stolen.

* 24 Oh my Lord,

I am embarrassed to write these words to you:
they are so simple and modest
and take their turn from every wall.

* 25 Oh one not forsaken,

This night is not over until the frayed hems
on my garments are sewn,
neither is a child ever far from heaven.

* 26 Oh stranded self,

I feel like I can tell you all I know
and heaven won't collapse
nor will it abate, but I will
certainly shrivel and sing.

* 27 Oh silent paradox,

Whenever I'm alone in the morning or in the late year
and its peace I am aware that I am powerless
in a way nothing can stop nor anything delay.

* 28 Oh my Universe!

Of all the lines I have connected
In pursuit of my final goal
none have been as tempered
as these.

* 29 Oh frozen vessel,

I take my only fate
and my life within my hands
and offer them up high
over clouds and sea and all
and perfect flowers yearning
for my night eyed vision.

* 30 Oh passing shadow,

Of things that dry in the wind
I will tell you only what I know:
they are, at times, a closest friend
or I diary I long to know.

* 31 My Muse, hasten!

Open my mouth! O noble fool, let me speak
and sally from my chambers to the street,
utterly indifferent to the spiteful dream,
and speaking a name to foe and kin alike.

* 32 Oh feeble thorn,

Of everything that matters the past is blest
and my future is crowned. A royal chest
is brought for me to sand and search
as mighty birds soar above the rest.

* 33 Oh blind mirror,

A man has a soul or he is dead;
you know this and I know this.

* 34 Oh spoken mercy,

A door adjusting to a summer squall
rushes my haste to make this life
another reason
to try against a greater will to end.

* 35 Oh end of days,

I will neither end nor begin without a nod;
you may turn your way and laugh at my dances
as I can laugh at myself with you now.

* 36 Oh lost paradox,

I am placed within these walls that
I might grow rich. Abundance overcomes
me and I have yet to start.

* 37 Oh my feet: soften,

I like your vest, your suit and charm,
be mindful of the Day of harm!
When traditions great and small are seared
like tar upon a head that's smeared.

* 38 Oh my eternal shame,

I sum up the legal terms of my life and death:
oh would that I do a fair deed!

* 39 Oh simple name,

I describe the insanity of my station,
beware this name you never mention!

* 40 Oh changeless world,

When we reach there we'll rejoice
our separate selves and common voice;
without the pith of unholy spirit,
a Holy day will be a Holy day.

* 41 Oh my faith,

His name is restless, test not the steed!
Nor ask for what's beyond your need!

* 42 O blatant day,

If I write when I know nothing it is best
so you can follow along and know what
I know, and see, at the same time,
the things I see.

* 43 Oh mother, my mother,

With the heavy rains come the birds:
the tall white ones and the dark tall ones
and the little speckled ones their necks
bobbing and probing like wood carvings
on a rocker. If we can see this
then why can we not see Your eyes?

* 44 Oh restless page,

If I read what I have written before the Day,
forgive the proud ignorance that is mine.

* 45 My muse, hasten!

I am lost for words; they hover, they buzz,
and sting till the pain awakens, then I am an
audience willing or unwilling. The clock appears
to deafen the roar that is held back by a strong word.

* 46 Oh tempered fear,

When I meditate on my soul another sound breaks,
one not indifferent to all things that are from God.

* 47 Oh glass before the day,

For I have eaten what was forbidden by men
and cast off their insipid shore.

* 48 Oh history possessed,

I can only speak for myself when I say
love is a host that fails not; it is the Law
and the Way that every Prophet announces.
Direct from my heart: i am an echo.

* 49 Oh fated journey,

I saw death the other day sitting on a bench
drinking dew. The morning showed a brown
visage building up in the big white sky.
In a way, I saw my own death.

* 50 Oh my God!

You said one was to be honest with every passing day:
I heard behind doors voices call my name.

* 51 Oh lifting moon,

When I am lifted by my love of angel's song
the night keeps me wakeful; my peace
fills the shore over and over combing for
gifts left by little fingers
over and over 'till I watch the sun rise.

* 52 Oh one in God's service,

To teach! To teach! To teach! another Rumanian Queen
is always in the making straight from the
earth marching to God's speech.

* 53 Oh gathering day,

Of all that breathes a single breath is all
it takes to vanquish every sin down
history's line.

* 54 Oh hidden tide,

I swallowed Eden but it was not mine
so I rode on its back 'till I slept.

* 55 Oh mast and sail,

I have come to see in myself the God I seek;
and the sea swallows Eden.

* 56 Oh last hope

I am standing in his Presence;
"I saw him only for a moment"
and now all deeds rise.

* 57 Oh ceaseless soul,

I speak the name of God. At times
I remember God; at all times
I am remembered.

* 58 Oh eternal duty,

I have lasted beyond my hopes,
and my dreams now follow me.

* 59 Oh Lord, my Lord,

If your arms were birds I would
seek the existence of a feather.

* 60 Oh red paradox,

It was to be a short season of mistakes,
a butcher's rind; the salt to seal,
and an axe to cut its green plasm
that burst.

* 61 O hopeful bird,

Love will make the sour dough rise
and take it to the market;
maybe my dough will be a whale
that swallows my child.

* 62 Oh lofty zeal,

I crash and crash on the shore;
the waves run before my anger
and a turnstile marks the time.

* 63 Oh Russian muse,

My reward, tangible now, hammers like a runner.
My sins on every beach sand thunder down.

* 64 Oh my God, why?

Oh Lord, You have died so many times for me,
why do You continue? To continue to accept
the pitiful shame and damage to your Own?
If I were not already as one dead wandering
your halls endless doors I would ask why do
You persist! I have asked my own soul to beg
an answer: why do You persist in your love?
Have I done such greatness or small deeds
to warrant an association with You? Greater
the laps a child makes teething before You!

* 65 Oh Hidden Orb,

If I had a boat I would go out in it
just like I have written all this for you;
Your love is like a shallow bay with many
deep places where reliance is taught.

* 66 Oh my empty pen,

I am lost beneath an ocean of plumes,
I cry out "My God, be near" and waves
move like runes over a hill of parched birds.

* 67 Oh my doubts, silence!

"If there were five stars in my heaven
where would I go torn, as I would be, apart."

* 68 Oh numbing Fire!

I think of You and scream dry praises
that fill only my ears. But where do they come from?
May God speak through me and send a rose.

* 69 Oh dreadful Might!

I can not think of what ought to be said!
I am a dry tree, shaking and no forest to hide.

* 70 Oh wailing man,

“I am dumb with awe when I behold Him,
I sit in corners and watch Them eat.”

* 71 Oh my leafless tree,

I am placed within these walls
that I might grow rich;
poverty overcomes me
and I have yet to loose.

* 72 Oh hapless seeker,

Would I sum up the terms
of my life
in a search for legal matters?
Better a saint's death or a martyr's first deed.

* 73 Oh voice in the shadows,

I have described the sanity of my station;
beware this name you never mention!

* 74 Oh fair reunion!

When we reach there we'll rejoice
our separate selves and common voice;
within the swath of the Holy Spirit
we'll watch with the eye of Layli.

* 75 Oh my doubts,

I'd like your ring, your suite and arm:
be mindful of His sweetened charm
That meets the mindless on the road
and eats its sum of God in gold.

* 76 Oh all creation,

I don't know what to do with this beautiful
day
I open my mouth but who is speaking
these activities that fail not.

* 77 Oh breaker of bonds,

I look to the heart of God:
I look to the right,
I look to the left,
but, being a thief,
My hands are gone.

* 78 Oh ancient vase,

I come upon a wailing man,
he sits and wails and wails with glee.
His tears have made his skin as tan
as God who sits and drinks his tea.

* 79 Oh hidden wealth,

How often have a company of men
been discarded as expendable;
how different are the ways of God!

* 80 Oh restless sea,

In my sleep arise all my tests;
and I eat them like plucked grapes.

* 81 Oh invisible land,

I have listened through the walls when God
talks to Himself;
but being created, I am not there.

* 82 Oh timeless earth,

His life annulled the debt on peasant farms
where, digging for their buried rings, they were buried.

* 83 Oh ordained virtue,

Singing a persistent lyric that owes
its moral code from the Maker of virtue,
the Prophet struck a rock with a spade,
Which made a spark fly. In the spark
he saw the crowns of Kings and Queens placed
in a vault embedded deep in God's mountain.

* 84 Oh timeless warrior,

Running, the King runs with an insistent man,
telling him he is but dust and how much more
he claims is but his own undoing
if he does indeed endure.

* 85 Oh ever mindful,

I am sleeping on a lawn
when a traveling man calls
to my pain and grief
and hands me
eternal joy.
Being asleep,
I awake to answer.

* 86 Oh open book,

It takes a village to raise a pilgrim.
For an unknown reason this thought
brings tears like wind and Spring trees.

* 87 Oh clear vision,

I was putting skin on a piece of wood
when a deer, hopping, ran on in front
of the flood light.

* 88 Oh vessel unheralded,

On ship or on the land my height aspires
in places we can only be escorted to.

* 89 Oh soul with no doubt,

On contact, the man believed, and God,
seeing him trimmed, made him return;
“I can’t believe this light. I tell you,
I can’t believe this light.”

* 90 Oh wistful tree,

Worshiping the dust
the man fled his house
and sought another
time wedged
then fleeced his bones.

* 91 Oh tempered city,

In the face of bleached streets
were seen the hundreds who had
passed that way; hundreds of
hundreds clad in unearthly white.

* 92 Oh celestial day!

“All of this has everything to do
with that portion that rears the divine”
this was said in sequel to my arms sweeping
the clouds’ armor, piercing and lancing.

* 93 Oh poet's tongue,

How much pain flowed under the bridge?
I finished with an orange, its meat tinged
with the color of growing water.

* 94 Oh blue circle,

But what of it if the earth flashes
for an eternity?
Your neighbor is known, the fragrances
are known,
the stranger under the bridge is known.
When happiness resides in limbs,
and limbs are lead by chords,
the truth will be fulfilled.

* 95 Oh infinite haven,

Who can cry the right tears for this Day?
A Day the rains fell for,
a Day the townspeople broke their banks for.

* 96 Oh wondrous nature,

A horse is lifting up: my friend standing
on the shore is five heads higher.
There is no end to what a ship can fathom.

* 97 Oh valiant one,

Sacred things in a suitcase
Travel to a far off home.
In a deadened weight winter comes
and the souls of apples fall.

* 98 Oh land of two moons,

Who can cry the right tears for this Day!
He who drank the ocean and the seas
then poured out new waters from a silver vase
into the palms of flesh.
My life is in the rivers and, someday,
God willing, will end up in such a decanter.

* 99 Oh infinite wisdom,

The dance of the flies
halt not,
neither do the movements
of the Lord.

* 100 Oh city of light,

I am smitten with envy, and He smites back
I am crushed with desire, and He crushes desire's name,
I covet thunder, and it comes.

*101 Oh last reminder,

I can see a stand of trees
and be visionless.
I see their souls and cry.

*102 Oh tangible world,

Why does the noise
of building a home
hound me so!

* 103 Oh waiting attar,

One by one they go down,
the saints go down to the ground:
will I go down with them?

* 104 Oh Forest calm,

The men in white are moving
through the trees:
why are they men?
I want them to stop.

* 105 Oh open book,

I see the Lord,
I know I see the Lord;
you and I will see Her together.

* 107 Oh blue rapture,

I am forced to think
of the beauty of the woods;
and of your Beauty
there are no words.

* 108 Oh inner sight,

One red flower is worth more
than all my own,
unless the half that is in me expands.
The eyes in the burls of trees
don't see me, but only
your flower.

* 109 Oh waking Forest,

The lake wind has returned;
the wind that comes
bends the trees every way.
My blood rises,
the trees are rising,
and I am gone.

* 110 Oh lost universe,

I move my eyes an inch
from where they rest;
by night time I will see Your universe.

*111 Oh book displayed,

There are four directions that
are forbidden and four that
are given: the breaker of trusts
will teach the former, while
the latter we have been told.

* 112 Oh sacred dust,

What I once knew in secret
is that dawn
is known to the heavens
and what all know
God spoke first and veiled;

that dawn's tender power
is for all to know
and that it is still a mystery.

* 113 Oh white lamp,

Few are seen as they are while
the Lord of the world is ever present.

* 114 Oh generous Lord,

If water were to run down
my head and over my body
would I be more worthy to meet you?
I have attempted to claim nothing
while all is claimed.

* 115 Oh harvest season,

The feathers that cover the heart
give warmth, even in death.

* 116 Oh endless tide,

I would sum up my life in these terms:
I met His Presence and obeyed.
I would sum up my living in other terms.

* 117 Oh blue rapture,

By the hour I sat and listened,
and the hour talked and spoke
only of unlimited things to come.

* 118 Oh lonely heart,

I read my heart every day and beg forgiveness;
God's mercy preserves my heart in other ways.

* 119 Oh sacred season,

When the August wind brings fruit
I will happily eat them and polish my name
that is next to the Temple of God.

* 120 Oh tangential world,

The whistling through shallow waters,
of reeds whistling through reeds,
of feet that move them aside
 as they bounce in the waves:
how can such a moving fire kindle
 such music in still waters.

* 121 Oh silver paradox,

I am clothed in what I wear,
and the meaning therein unwinds
a round each day, so when I
leave this earth I will be naked.

* 122 Oh visible haze,

A bright and friendly righteousness
 rose up to meet me
as the sun faded and the earth sang.

* 123 Oh red maple,

The presence of time scattered all
 the animals in the forest;
What surrounds and is within
 is its destiny.

* 124 This brown earth,

Oh rooted tree! what do you desire,
why do you
 desire to grow?
O love of God, O God's sweet love,
there is something I need to ask of You.

* 125 Oh forgetful world,

The whistling wind through
 a hollow beam
can only hum the name of its maker;
even so, all stop to listen.

* 126 Oh forged intention,

Such a breath taking warm phone of air
 is healing for my soul.
With eyes closed I rest my head in my hands

and leave my all to God.

* 127 Oh turning story,

The friction under foot wants
to walk with me and travel;
there is a saying that tells of
 journey and night prayer:
to journey and pray bring
 the greatest blessings.

* 128 Oh Winter's plight,

The purity of new snow falling:
What color does it really mean?
Is it white, the lover of justice calling?
Or oil rock with a rainbow sheen!

* 129 Oh sacred trust,

A defensive posture in my wife's
 shoulders
has saddened me. She suffers so
inside I want to be there and sing
sweet melodies to nerve and cell;
to tell, to tell, to tell, to tell.

* 130 Oh late sunset,

The darkest tree in the forest
is wet with age. I can almost
see myself, as in a dream,
nearing it to bring it light;
 only then I see my folly.

* 131 Oh last peninsula,

Of the spider's web I can say this:
after the peril of the storm,
 it is resurrected.

* 132 Oh rapture flowing,

Every day I feel as if I am coming
to the end of a long search,
and in these moments sparks of ecstasy
 tender living tissue, bone and limb.
Call it what you want, it is nonetheless true.

* 133 Oh sleepless bridge,

My heart is happy to write. These long
pages have been torn from another
book, and by doing so, they lose meaning.

* 134 Oh torn paper,

What clarity of vision, given in the light;
the lightening makes the mind clear
as the mind filling up with light.

* 135 Oh morning glory,

And then there is the thunder
honing down the hills, it
has made the sharp hills
softer,
so I am happy with the thunder
for it has been so kind to me.

* 136 Oh forceful river,

Now the light is gone; it is
gone unto the sun.
And now my heart is done,
it goes where Christ has gone.

* 137 Oh fragile moment,

In looking through glass, the sunset is
sending sounds, and now less...
and now less.
So quick His Revelation that water
was drunk on drinking silver.

* 138 Oh silent worshiper

A search for the world beyond
began in a place like an opening
up of wings,
and begat a colony
of lights fearful and unafraid.

* 139 Oh silent lamb

When... I am done I will lay to
rest
the most precious trust, the ears
that heard Christ's new Name and the rest
that followed.

* 140 Oh my home,

In my heart of hearts I can feel
tranquility surging and humility
walking beneath the dust, and as
tomorrow must return and end, so
must I.

* 141 Oh sleeping Forest,

Oh hummingbird! You came after the
lightning and before the thunder,
and in that time we talked; we talked
about what only contrite, refined
hearts perceive.

* 142 Oh wakeful elders,

From the foothills of the lake
mountain the old ones are screaming
to me to tell their story; nothing is
forgotten beneath the eyes of God.
So much genocide unheeded.

* 143 Oh traveling heart,

I am certain there is another land
where I will find my loved ones.
If you see them before I do,
huddled around an ancient
throne and talking with an elegant
Spirit, learning the ways of their
new life, approach carefully...with great joy.

* 144 Oh seeking heart,

I have said as much as i can say,
but God bids me continue;
I am ready to leave this life,
but God bids me continue;
I am anxious to be free
from the world's sins,
but God bids me continue.

* 145 Oh boundless grace,

The hearts and souls of the innocent
of war are gathered around
the Messengers and Prophets.
They will be telling Them their
stories for eternities.

* 146 Oh blackness divine,

The dark tree trunks on my left,
against the fluorescent blue waters,
receive the storm that surges.
Around my heart there is another
rage who can see a rage?

* 147 Oh unknown deed,

If, God forbid, God were dead,
then what, I ask, would live?
Of most murderous of all
Is the night falling without prayer.

* 148 Oh night loon,

A thousand times a year I make myself mad.
If you see me between these lines,
please remind me I am glad.

* 149 Oh great hunger,

A classical weight was on his brow;
He had stung the adder and eaten it whole.

* 150 Oh center of the eye,

Of black and white there are many names,
the flash and pitch of two hands shaking
in the light; both hands are visible and are
moved as if by an unseen host.

* 151 Oh heart in hiding,

I am lost and walk with the lost,
we walk up a shattered mountain
with no place in this world;
but ecstasy occupies our hearts
and joy is fluent on our tongues.

* 152 Oh eternal city,

Pioneer with me tied to each other
 O Israel!
With bracelets snared shut.
We will go to the pine havens
and the shedding trees will adorn
our robes like spotted wolf.

* 153 Oh cedar vast,

The blue poppies beside my pacing,
the blueberry that, by scent alone,
 can save my patience:
 they tell of another world
 and hurry me along.

* 154 Oh arms waving,

These two trees that bend towards
 each other;
if I could only hear their song
I would never doubt nor hesitate.

* 155 Oh rippling waves,

This perfume that moves with
 great speed;
is it a messenger bearing the

wind of God, or a lake in love
with the land?

* 156 Oh roving muse,

Again and again I repeat: every word
I attempt is from a vaulted ceiling
with crystal lights
shedding rainbows on a spring day
wall.

* 157 Oh divine Author,

I feel hunger and know You are near;
your loneliness has spread through
the earth, and Babel's voices have been united.

* 158 Oh red earth,

A dog's bark is a mighty force.
I have seen great men without
such force,
and their talk is like crushed bones.

* 159 Oh bounty's harvest,

Summer corn sweet and thick,
Summer peaches sweet and thick
rest on the table in front of my
enemies;
and who are my enemies?

* 160 Oh tangible world,

When a cat plays with a mouse
our inhumanity plays with him,
and our humanity is stilled.

* 161 Oh Lesser Peace!

Oh Nations of the earth! Am I fit
for you, to offer up my dearest wish
that your borders will run
free from strife?

* 162 Oh ever forming,

A square rock is just as good
a judge
as any other member; it points
in a direction I need and in
directions I don't without
changing shape

* 163 Oh sacred ways,

A sweet looking grass has been
washing ashore; it comes in
pieces and then bundles
against the land. In the
meantime there are feathers
and footsteps to follow.

* 164 Oh minute passing,

I glean the slightest movement
and take it at its word.

* 165 Oh happy woods,

The chanterelle mushrooms are being
eaten in the forest by the bugs
that gave them birth; my tongue
remembers their orange life.

* 166 Oh green memory,

My left hand is seeking, and my
right hand is seeking; the maple
leaves are turning but, I will never
know what they know.

* 167 Oh dark memory,

When the sharp of a bone comforts me,
then the spirits of the dead and murdered
tribes of the New England hills
gather round my fire.

* 168 Oh hopeful night,

I have met the living, and, by the
righteousness and might of God, they
gave me life. Do not scorn them neither these words.

* 169 Oh bounty forever,

I turn to the left and see a face;
there are no eyes, nor ears nor mouth,
but it is a face that has seen God.

* 170 Oh last reminder,

A tree that has been there I see for
the first time, as are Your words
that I have read a thousand times.

* 171 Oh empty mirror,

The four chairs of my apocalypse
are empty as are my four fears.

* 172 Oh Virtue descending,

I love Your words but they are
with me so much
I am forgetful.

* 173 Oh light unknown,

A woman in a blue shirt walks
between the trees and up to a man
dressed in white; there is something
sacred happening, but then the thicket,
blown by the wind, intervenes.

* 174 Oh restless moon,

I miss my home. It is so far away
and long ago. My heart can only
be homeless now, and, then, there
is the Placeless.

* 175 Oh inner desire,

The loon that circles overhead
will not rest on its lake;
it has left its breadth and depth
to wake the land.

* 176 Oh possessed flight,

A man took a loon from his pocket,
and threw it in the air, saying,
“Go forth and wake the dead
waiting in the mountains.”

* 177 Oh obsessive page,

What would make a loon to leave
its lake?
Did the water rage to fire!
Or did St. Peter's gate stand
upon the waters?

* 178 Oh twilight waking,

The wings of the loon play on the
trees
and in my dream the loon is angered
and the lake sad.

* 179 Oh happy muse,

Once I have stopped the bells,
there is still the wind
and the waves are unrelenting.

* 180 Oh great veil,

The muscles in my back contract,
and from this my song
is loosed to the world.

* 181 Oh sleepless day,

I seek everywhere happiness,
and the sword that cuts my way
moves through trunk and rock alike.

* 182 Oh invoked trust,

The boats are gently rocking in
the harbor,
and the people sleeping in them
are dreaming far from God; yet
He walks in their dreams.

* 183 Oh other than God!

In the morning are you there to
 gently wake me?
And in the daytime are you present
to protect and guide me?
At late night are you there to comfort
 me?
Then be gone with your imitations.

*184 Oh vision concealed,

The sap that runs up the tree
 by the wind
can not stop my voice from
 singing;
only You can stop my voice
from singing, and so I keep singing.

* 185 Oh Trusted One,

If every wave was a prayer rising up
and I rode to every town on every wave
proclaiming the Greatest Name,
Your threshold would still not be crossed.

* 186 Oh turning arm

The woods behind me hold,
 in a sequestered part,
the vision I look for;
the woods in
front of me
 hold the same.

* 187 Oh my world,

My heart is sick today;
its decay can not be measured.

* 188 Oh invisible pearl,

Some watering in my eyes
 speaks to the wind
that takes its meaning
 back to God.

* 189 Oh stolen light,

I wanted to talk so much more,
to tell the people of my pain
(and to accept theirs)
but not to make them run from God.

* 190 Oh changing light,

I hide my pain because I am
forgetful;
my God has told me this will
happen.

* 191 Oh naming day,

Oh God, my God, I am wasting away
with each wave that hits the stony
beech;
oh the haze, the noble haze!

* 192 Oh covered eye,

The wind that is here thrusts
its lance into the overgrowth;
the deep rooted weeds in my heart are
plucked and I cry out.

* 193 Oh sentient tongue,

The wind smells warm like water and pine.
But today what passes through me is purer
and I concede.

* 194 Oh stunted voice,

The men dressed in white move
down the hill to the lake;
they appear and reappear through
the trees.
Why do I want them to wear blue?

* 195 Oh cloudless space

In my helplessness there is a place:
I will take you there
in its house.

* 196 Oh Unconstrained!

I see You in the distance
and call your name
and when I awake there is
so much telling can not relate;
I have told of You in many forms
to many people
and not one of my words could
see its source.

* 197 Oh Fidelity's truth!

I can watch the sunset
and watch Your love
and my eyes are red
with each proof.

* 198 Oh patience bled,

I turn over stones
and eat their contents
and still I am mad with your love.

* 199 Oh never forbidden,

It is better to eat the last crust
with Him,
though the loaves of the earth
be eaten by mice.

* 200 Oh poet's right,

This painted stillness vaunts
itself;
But God will see me past its doom.

* 201 Oh God, my God,

Oh Lord! Why do you love me so?
If your love were elsewhere
I would be occupied with the light
of Hades,
but from eternity to eternity you
have always loved me,
and the reason for my love
for you is beyond me.

* 202 Oh Lord of prayer,

You talk to Yourself in the night season
and let us hear the whispers and cries
of Your love for your
own Soul!
How, then, can I cry out to Thee?

* 203 Oh vested defiance,

Your love is where I turn,
Oh my Lord;
but how can I rest when
the trees are moving?

* 204 Oh Faithful One,

It is insanity that You should
let us hear You talk to Your own
Soul;
You make the poor to dance
like mad hatters,
and the learned to flee
their ice mountains where they
hid themselves in the breach
of great icebergs.

* 205 Oh Lord Who hears!

How can my ears listen
to the messages
of Your love?
My own soul is so far away,
and then I read of how You
console yourself with sweet
Arabic words;
how can I sit still in my chair
when one of your words
revolutionized
the world
and all therein.
If you have always known Your
love for your creation,
tell me, what is there
left to do?

* 206 Oh waning praise,

I sit in my chair with high resolve
to love You,
but the coming darkness dims more
and my light is hungry.

* 207 Oh land before time,

The trees are over thirsty and
can not migrate
to where the waters lie.
I can not go to them now for I must
drink for them

* 208 Oh measureless chime,

When a Prophetic Cycle ends
in the history of a world
it can end but once, and so what begins
is unique and beyond measure and yet the same.

* 209 Oh land of Justice,

There are books that drench the soul,
and others that parch the lips,
and both are either approved or rejected
in His Book.

* 210 Oh drenched souls,

Wherever His lovers are found
if one looks closely one will
find, nearby and all around
the place where they stand,
the scent of God; and who can
smell the musk of God!

* 211 Oh secret dome,

The last time I saw a house like His House
was over a thousand years ago; it was brave
and redeemed itself many times over. Then
the news of it spread like cool waters
flooding the plains.

* 212 Oh life for the asking!

Of all the dreams that follow and appear
the ones that reunite and fuse me to
myself are held in trust and turn, in
their turn, from copper to gold in their
own mine. Everything feather returns.

* 213 Oh Unity!

Somewhere there is a rainbow that has
a certain, specific meaning that grows
with time and is categorized as a
miracle everywhere it appears.
I have stood in a place and waited
for it to surround me and it never
fails.

* 214 Oh City of light!

There are men and women who stand intact
when confronted by the powerful ones
of the earth for they see no power in them
and can not be touched by such feeble deeds.

* 215 Oh hearts steeled,

There is a feast being held. At it
will be my friends who have suffered
for their Lord Who stands with them and
councils me to be lowly before them.
Everyday this feast repeats and every
citizen of the world has been forewarned
of its appearance..

* 216 Oh crystal demeanor,

I sit and struggle with words that are
like water through glass;
for water to move through glass is easier
than for a man to find himself.

* 217 Oh Thief!

A helplessness passed before my eyes;
it entered in and sat down
and told a story
that recoiled my soul.

* 218 Oh Revelation!

Hallowed are the words that make men
 lift their hands up;
Hollow are my words that speak
 diligently of God.

* 219 Oh stinging season,

I have passed over as a wanderer;
the pine needles sting, the butterflies
 hover on their boughs
 and go from conifer to conifer
 and in the garden of the cave
 the philosopher waits.
The trees in God's garden suffice him.

* 220 Oh aspiring chastity,

I speak often of myself but I mean nothing
 by it and seek no credit
and deeply fear an envy unwholesome.

* 221 Oh patient friend,

If I have ever offended you, or said
that which would chill the soul
or inflame the heart, it is to me
that the cold and flame returns.

* 222 Oh vast cave,

I seek an entrance through a locked door
 in a deep dream
and its meaning must needs come to light;
you were on the other side when the dream
opened and, meeting God, we remembered
other meetings.

* 223 Oh deft robe,

I long for no former times, save that which
 was spent as seed
and ready now to harvest for all time.

* 224 Oh day foretold,

There is a courage made to break at dawn:
to find the way to go... to go on and on.

* 225 Oh hidden worlds,

I have crossed over a boundary unseen
and vertical
where levity and laughter are perpetual.
Even so, my flesh born eyes must cry
So many ways...so many ways.

* 226 Oh fluttering hope,

My heart is spoiled and its mind
has spilled,
a dry voice weaves the two to one;
I am left without speech but the noise
of an old burrowing owl.

* 227 Oh Rumi!

I am crazed. I know and admit this
openly;
for who else would knowingly
yearn to die,
and, being alive, live as
painted murals.

* 228 Oh piercing voice,

Looked on from aerial heights
our eyes were dazzled by such
rich movement as went through,
circling round as sea going
birds over tree drenched hills.
When these birds called out
my heart was heaven.

* 229 Oh waiting star,

I looked at the Queen Anne's Lace so hard
and unremittingly;
What faces seen, saw all my grieving
In the goings and comings of me to this place.
The Lord alone can bring me lasting joy;
I have felt His mercy and known His
forgiveness and they finally lifted me from this dark land.

* 230 Oh pilgrim's path,

The rocks grind like teeth underfoot: grind
into a fine powder like so many words.
But its refinement is agreeable to the Lord.

* 231 Oh Father Abraham!

We have left the lake and lost another end;
what is to begin will start
with water from the Friend.

* 232 Oh man with no feet,

The stones we walked on,
the sounds they made;
the shade we stepped on
and what sunlight played.

* 233 Oh trust descending,

A poet's heart should be on display:
I am angered by this
but it is true.
A poet's heart should be on display
so all the people
can understand.

* 234 Oh long awaited!

I stood in my favorite place;
oh the breath I breathed!
My eyes looked upon the face of God
and the sky was blue
with copper clouds.

* 235 Oh wingless flight,

A man who gives up violence
has done two things:
he is a source of joy for others
and in his own soul he is
resigned.

* 236 Oh you who are running,

At all times there is peace
and harmony
that is with us;
but so few know that this means
it must needs be within us.

* 237 Oh unknown martyr,

The wealthiest woman may be a saint,
and the richest man a phantom,
and neither will know heaven
nor hell
without His approval,
but only know the riches and poverty
they possess.

* 238 Oh shining Tree!

From the left and from the right
the sun is rising;
all around the sun there
is no death,
and life is rising.

* 239 Oh first light,

Do not be discouraged at the table
of Death,
for death brings the repast
and fruit of life.
Our good work does not end at the
end of this life, but we go on to
such joy and nearness to God that
nothing in this insignificant world
of shadows can equal;
the womb of the world must needs
give birth.

* 240 Oh second deed,

Why do I hesitate to open the window?
Is there that which must come in?
I have closed the window to God's
breeze
for so long that the breeze has
sweetened and is now a king's ransom.

* 241 Oh Maker of faith,

I am lost to every saying and, barring none,
I have stood and seen what each one has
to say;
a vast confusion flares on both flanks
while overhead and underfoot the doubt
is trebled; and so I have become homeless
in a world I used to know and go about my
business in another, beloved land.

* 242 Oh numbing Fire!

How many times a day does the rain
cease from falling? And even when it
ceases the love of God is constant;
what true metaphor can't yield fruit in any
of His seasons?

* 243 Oh astonished one,

I long to write something that, reading
ten years hence, will have flowered
and will deftly challenge my
understanding of God's direct
inspiration.

* 244 Oh broken walls,

Because of many and various ideas, the
multitude of peoples have formed pacts
with each other not to trust in God.

* 245 Oh standard sought,

I seek to watch over the souls of God's
loved ones.
After God gave me these gifts and told me how
to inspire His special friends I set down in
various ways how to yearn for an atom of his love.
The words are from the heart and the images
are from the heart and the healing is of four realms.
Pray for me that we will all of us be free.

* 246 Oh rainbow, listen,

Of blue and red I will say this: their beauty
is of such nature I would be less a man
without their wisdom.

—

* 247 Oh promise unfolding,

I love to write and talk about His mercy,
His love that tells me to be current
with death,
to be in its face, for, at any moment,
there could be deliverance.

* 248 Oh radiant stars,

At last as peace descends a measure
is made;
a vehicle with many wheels bright
and spinning
collects its aught to be and nothing
in the forest moves.

* 249 Oh paradox reflected,

I am one of the first sinners to publicly
declare my love;
which came first, my sins or my declaration
of love
is as yet unseen but it is known that they
both happen daily.

* 250 Oh first that is last,

And, lastly: I have gone beyond the normal tone,
the texture of the touch that grips us to hold
onto the last and first book we will ever read.
Such are the verses of His Book that mine
are a dot.,

