

*Spiral Dance:
Songs of Silence*

RON BOGGS



Woodcut "Sphere Spirals" by M.C. Escher (1958)

CONTENTS

1. Soft Lullaby
2. Song of Silence
3. Tibia
4. The day
5. bark flies
6. in lake
7. cloud
8. pear blossoms
9. The green
10. Songs
11. 5-55
12. Philosopher's Crime
13. The Abyss
14. Beauty Moves the Impossible
15. What is there to miss when dead?
16. Way Straight Through
17. Plum blossoms
18. What is
19. Movement of birds
20. Hidden in Plain View
21. Spiral Dance
22. The Garden
23. The animals
24. Brown bird
25. Clapping hands
26. Break Evolution's Roots

27. Sulduck Falls, Canada
28. Petals
29. Ceremony of Innocence
30. Time Lapse
31. Varoom
32. Like
33. Fifth Season
34. Light Seeing Light
35. As If Certificates
36. What I woke
37. Clouds like
38. When water rolled down the hill
39. How Many Light Years?
40. Honeybees
41. Waters beam up
42. the leaves
43. There is
44. Bituminous
45. Pin
46. Pumpkin
47. Tree time
48. bear bells
49. Sun rose
50. A History
51. A Listening
52. A Perfume
53. pound of blood
54. pollen of bliss
55. Clarity of Water

56. I open my mouth
57. Sunshine never
58. a leaf
59. pink petal
60. Wisps of clouds
61. Winds as sutures
62. Pure Light
63. Absence and Presence
64. Four Seasons
65. Ornithologist of Soul
66. Let Them All!
67. sky
68. Times of Night
69. Untitled
70. lizard squirms
71. Roll Ball
72. Shade
73. Through Earth to China
74. Emerald Spring
75. Eye of the Universe
76. Troll
77. headless
78. When this
79. Huge bumblebee
80. two inches
81. Light of the Mind
82. Spit, A Poem
83. Closing
84. feathers

85. Life is a bowling alley
86. The ships leave harbor
87. Once more
88. Between
89. Blood Dance
90. Deep Pink Azaleas
91. This moment
92. In a drudgery of loneliness
93. Never Returning Sea
94. the prisms
95. The One Who is the Walker
96. Tears
97. open eyes
98. nut
99. This Evolution's Husk
100. When large dogwood
101. Look
102. Leap the branches
103. Earth Whispers

SOFT LULLABY

Soft lullaby of low tide
soft tide of low lullaby
delivers child into the world
as I look up into the stars
I see I am looking into
the universe as the lullaby
tides it softly into the child

SONG OF SILENCE

It's song is silence
By silence it shines
By sun, by moon
The tides and winds
The clouds and space
As weave as enter
And genie out

Its song is silence
As spin through life
That is the turning of it
That is life yet unheard
The silence that's sung
The myriad song you sing
Because you were the silence
For that's where songs
Are song and silence is songs

Its song is silence
That is the night
Like the sun never apart
From it like rain the song
Of dark and seen existence
River of blue sky springs
Into the stream of heart chords
The unheard vessel the dancer
Who never hears the dance

Whose feet keeps beat
Whose bite is fright
Whose sweet gentle kiss
Is bliss the song goes on
The silence is never heard
Always plays you
As you are playing
Dance and take lover
In the ocean where song
waves the tides and spaces

Its song is silence
Always the music of
What is singing in echoes
Sounds in the mist
A moth a hum
buzz a string
Of love long on line and leap
Is sun a music strung
A lyre a flute a human
Not human – its song
Is silence it's silence
Us singing our song
We call life
That is not its name

TIBIA

It's like the tibia:

Doesn't know other than its doing,
its movement in mutual haul
and pull, yank and strain, its
pain against sprain against cushion,
not knowing its meaning, its setting,
if it even asks how can it know
it asks the right questions as it
does not know the world it is in.

Oh, yes, the tibia moment
trembles under pressure,
never knows its fit, how it fits in,
not able to know the movement,
for it knows no other than what it is.
Where it lives it dies, amazed at its
being tibia and never able to
see beyond the tibia connections.

THE DAY

The day I looked down
at the blue sky I was

was the day that revealed
to me the light was the veil

and I too small to cleanse
the window I mirrored.

BARKFLIES

bark flies
woodpecker
penetrates
for food
eating
the fog

IN LAKE

in lake, hollow reed
breath through
combs of frogs companions
muddied shells of fish
waiting

CLOUD

cloud of bird
still the sky

PEAR BLOSSOMS

pear blossoms
roots dancing

THE GREEN

The green this spring
is all green, mirrors
the eternal spring
yet blooms no other
than this spring
that at the black of night,
is it green?

SONGS

songs
to pry out of
unlocked pyramid

5-55

Each morning risen from the grave of sleep,
a resurrection resuscitates with resemblance

The invisible you in the grave
The visible you as you shave

5 to 55 whatever the waste of body
mirror dances sculpted time
the space that is not you
yet invisible you are never different 5 to 55.

You cannot find the same being
The same awareness resurrects each morning

on first opening of eyes searching for familiar
surroundings of the ocean of the bed
where you rested your body and head:
You missed your life

Take the dream or the clarity of 5-55
neither comfort against the harsh vowels of death

What dies and never resurrected
as the eternity: think, it has no memory
when gone, gone, gone as the very hollow
is hollow that your life was the proof

of every night a grave of death of what you
forever will never remember, and everyday

a remembrance of never able to die
as if you've been here forever

PHILOSOPHER'S CRIME

The animals in the zoo play,
Mate, eat, and scream
In the philosophical surrounds of belief
Of generation's thinking bars
In the wild, as in bed at night,
The Amazon of youth,
The Africa of 20's and 30's,
Of the mountain forecasts of America
Of the later years forever caught
In the barbed wire of confining space
Unable to disprove the philosophers' crime

THE ABYSS

I wait the spore in the earth to sprout mushrooms
as overhead hawk circles. A brown leaf flies by
telling ears to listen intensely to swift passage
of secrets of nights that spill over when the soul
pours out of your eye or that awful sunspot
where soul's wizened old is your face.

Door of earth opens, I go down, look back
at the walking coffins with comfortable homes
that do not awaken to the nails of doom.

I peer forward, see emptiness through the veil,
images form midair, float without feelings,
facing the wind of the abyss and its dread vortex...
when the inside of emptiness reaches arms
around

to pull me in and I draw back, aghast to stillness.

For madness that way, he remembers his
Shakespeare,

go on to die or to suicide, whirlwind evil
evils for those whose feet blow up dust balls
of hell out of the gloom of goodness
that walks and talks the earth by those who
never missing a beat would rather die
than meet themselves by being the abyss,
that touch of evil that is the good that cooks
the food by which you live either as useless,
juiceless kernel of corn or are eaten whole.

BEAUTY MOVES THE IMPOSSIBLE

So beautiful the blue, green, the rough bark,
the sinewy twigs, the looping bush,
so beautiful because we belong here,
we are made out of here, we are here.

That's why beauty is what we see
as we are the beauty; what else
could we be when glides sails us
like the slowly singing swan on water

with nasty disposition that grandeurs awe.
The hurricane winds of change foretell doom,
the end of beauty, the ripples of despond,
the horrendous of despair, refuse to wait

the uglification of our world,
for beauty is truly seen when lived
the mountain trails whose heart rhythms
let you hear the universe speak from
beauty's

ocean wet kiss in your inmost ear,
a breath's undertow of what rises
with beauty, as enticement, by which
you see
and it's yours for free, but never given.

Never taken. So smooth like pearl,
so clear like curve, the fear is engagement
and embrace will suffocate yet at risk
against all odds, you dream the words:

“You were chosen for the spiral dance.
You don’t like it. You are saying you don’t
want to make the impossible. Then you do.
That is why you are here.”

Throw away beauty’s thousand names,
for wind moves at beauty’s call.
Every wind, every current moves
the impossible, beauty moves all.

WHAT IS THERE TO MISS WHEN DEAD?

What is there to miss when dead?
Every possible scope & reach
& fantasy & force & fandango
has run through me. I
rode the train through the stations,
over overpasses, through mountain tunnels
& in the end threw the train away.
UFO's still land & now I go with the aliens
and when return am greeted
as a native looking none too human
the more alien I've become. Oh, horror,
the grace of nothing to miss, the spasm
pang of no remorse. Are you a pod sod?
You mean the pod culture that's taken over the
land
& tuba loving bands? What is there to miss?
What is there to bless & be blessed?
What? What? What? How often and when?
When I was a boy I had nothing:
no make of what I was in and what was living me
for it was not me. Today, everyone and thing
I've been and happened, an endless list and
useless, too,
For I'm not my experience and the events that
happened.

Today, I'm unknown. That I'll miss, but being alien
I'll be no one to miss it. So having been it all,
what's to miss, not even death.

WAY STRAIGHT THROUGH

Rain falls no other way
Fuchsia yellows its way
No one's been here in years.

My work shirt poems ways
Gets greased of sweat, and threadbare.

I live it all the way to the bone,
Although it's true the ways of love
Give deep inhalation of clarity
On the way to the other shore.

Wind exhales all the envied ways of dirt
until the wrinkles love me
like moon shine through window blinds
for that is the way straight through.

PLUM BLOSSOMS

Plum blossoms and phlox
Arduous presence of perfume
Blossoms of eternity
I stand still as

WHAT IS

What is
Is still the blue rose
Blossoming of roots
What is
Is still the bloom of black
Orchid drawing you
Out of the earth
To what is
Everywhere
And you let it happen

MOVEMENT OF BIRDS

Movement of birds
of mountain moved,

gentle rubbings from
the inside figures of petroglyphs.

Knocking from the inside.

Echoes make the outlines
of the heart stone,

gentle is the stillness,
reverberates that movement.

Is illusion yet, still it is the light.
Never washes away invisible.

HIDDEN IN PLAIN VIEW

Heart is silent, never is silence.
The heart never speaks words
And images. The impossible life
Never looked for, feared would find.
Soul never dared enter the heart
As she feared to discover, nothing
Or worse, a shower of world's blood.

SPIRAL DANCE

The two men slogged through freezing blizzard,
Lost in the white out, in the no trail, no marks to
map

The way except their own footprints that
disappeared

Almost as soon as they were made, as if they never
appearedre. They had no compass; the pain of
frozen

Lips and nostril hairs was pure torture, as they
struggled

Every inch of every second without let up as the
terror

Of death by blindness and by blunder and by
blizzard

Could never warm them, even as a snow cave
Would avail nothing. No way out or through or in
Or off. So absolute the cold, sub-zero movement,
Even though well clothed in mountain gear,
Red parka, and eye goggles, they were slowly
freezing

Into death, into the exhaustion of saying to
themselves,

“I need to lie down, go to sleep, die—to forget
what snow

Falls, to forget everything before the snow, and
wish for
To be as snow is snow, snowmelt waters off under
earth.

They both collapse, on the verge of slow, soft snow
blow,
Almost to their goal. I come out of my cabin,
Go over to them and say, "You can get up, now."
The younger man rises with renewed strength
And enters the warm home. The older man,
middle-aged,
Softly dribbles out, "I can't make it." I kneel next
to him,
"Is it you don't want to make it, not you can't make
it?"
He does not move his head or slightly parted lips,
"Yes."
Nearer his snow frozen face, eyebrows, stiff hair,
lips chapped
Like drainage ditches, I whisper, "You're unable to
get up,
You've given up." "Yes," slurs the struggle's
exhaustion.

I am being squeezed under the tightest of pressure
per square inch, like all of the journey's struggle
as one foot in front of another, as if it is no longer I
but an immense body mightier than the blizzard,

as I work to get from the bottom of my very being
that I have snowed and blown into, stumbled to
edge
of non-being, to oblivion, to get out of me into the
world
in an impossible journey everything and
everywhere
and everyone that lived there in the valley of the
abyss.

I hear, "I chose you for the spiral dance because
You couldn't do the impossible." I collapse as a
sob,
A gale of snow whispers, "You were chosen to do
The spiral dance." With unbelievable suffocation
Of not being able to breath, like being thrust out
From the bottom of the sea, squeezed tightly out
Of a birth canal, to be born and flail to come
To the surface for open air, to be no longer push
pulled,
To get born the impossible I did not chose to birth
But give birth because being chosen I had choice
And I listened to the sea nymphs and sirens
And survived and the songs I played I, now, am
And the music you hear are from the instruments
I made that melody the spiral dance.

THE GARDEN

The garden of my daily attention said:
bring your shovel over here,
overturn the earth, here.

Start anew every day. Start new every day.
When was earth that bore you ever afraid.

Its gentle tones spread its succulence,
gave me what I could not give myself,
this banquet. What you see through
is what you see. The glad of the sad
of the garden gives what is never given.

THE ANIMALS

The animals of the nostrils
have no names,
attracts eternity's perfumes
called love.

BROWN BIRD

Brown bird shook itself of rain.
I once was that long shudder.

CLAPPING HANDS

Clapping hands thunder –
Next wonder
Thundered in my foot –
It moved without
My being mover –

BREAK EVOLUTION'S ROOTS

As you were in the dream, you vanish.
You appear in another scene. You no longer are
you.

But there you are, everything in the dream;
What looks at the dream, you take as you.
It is the dream dreaming dreaming you.

You wake, you think you've revived.
You vanished as you will vanish.
The dream eye that watches you,
You say dream ego. It is the eye that sees
Who you are and will be there when you vanish
As an appearance in the dream. Yet, whatever we
are,
We are not anything we dream though we think
we are
And the dream seems to make what is real, a reel
of one
Self that has continuity, like a conduit that vessels
What the universe appears to be with our limited
antenna
Into order to bring out the water into the spring.
To break the dream's chain, break evolution's
roots.

SULDUCK FALLS, CANADA

God beams photographers called them.
God beams as if heaven had opened its heart to
earth
and the light of the universe shimmered before
you
and you were in the presence of creation itself.
You were but could not fathom the presence.
Through the shaggy green of Sulduck Falls, I saw
what I had only seen in photos by professionals
as I stood before the beams pure transport
that glided me into seeing through the eyes
of what was pure light because it came from me,
and that I didn't see, and didn't know how to
photo
pure transport that metamorphosed the invisible
visible,
as I glided and flowed through with the beams,
though I had no belief, no God, nor gods.
I knew not what was happening so turned around
was I as I stood stunned and then ran after
the ever beautiful mist of attraction: light
made me into light and lightness of incredibly
indelible print of the original paradise.

The slides of the scenes failed to capture the
immensity
Of those moments in the camera's small dull

frame,
not being able to preserve it though living through
it
evoked the need to preserve it so as to repeat
the bliss of being that woke the whole of creation
in the beam that day in every way
that yearned you for it to forever stay.

My wife and I experienced it as lovemaking
of heaven and earth that day. No words could say.
Nothing was lost because nothing could be lost
in the lovemaking that was beams of light
from darkness in forest green frame of no frame
for that was where words and images are born:
god beams, ecstasy, birth visible,
infinity's body, subtle lovemaking, a crow
on a cross as a voice of, vivacity that deposited me,
here, in an instant that moved as live photos
of the beams of beauty that birthed the heart out
into the woods of Sulduck Falls from the beginning
of time. A light not yet formed into its being, yet
so glorious a gift that keeps living me
in a time that has never been, is not, nor will be –
free and seer and a...I search for words, for image
as I realize it is not the small I who is here
as the translucence appears, as I see through
myself
and out of the pen pours the radiance, out of being
Sulduck Falls all these years, without realizing it.

I've tasted the light mist of wholeness a little,
a completeness that is pungent, deep, green
chlorophyll of being of all that made me here,
all that is this very moment that was that moment
of eternity and that though never visible
is always present and ever appears here,
a beam of infinity as light years I am, we are.

PETALS

Petals of cherry blossoms
Of a suddenness in white innocence
A potential reaching for release
Curves down into maroon of experience

Flies in flutters down,
strewn in gentle lay upon the land.

Sheer membranes of fire
lights the next phase of raptures
that lures to be released
in the new offerings of lightness.

CEREMONY OF INNOCENCE

My heart leapt
In bird flight
Off the earth
To currents of the times

Next moment no heart to find
Leap as looking for the heart
Scattered the time from view

Times heard in the wind
Conditioned by compulsion figures
And greens let the tributaries rule
The politicians are the wrong leaders
Circular wires of the thin membranes
Of hold on this earth lets it ripen

With wind, ingest the times, as
You prick your finger on heart
Times, realize blood is not red,
And terror never anguished away
Ceremony of innocence stills bowl
Like pheasants in the grass.

TIME LAPSE

Out of nowhere,
a time lapse of my life appears
on my screen in fast forward moving photos,
mind memory thinks I've lived – have been light
and the dark, all phases of seasons,
one percent of what I lived I see flashed.

None, absolutely none of what I am.

Story out of waiting for how to live,
not living in waiting. Let time lapse
go deeper and deeper, not to slow down,
to see the light and screen
not the scene and preen.
So much vanishes as if never lived.
Passing through, whether goes fast or slow.

Everything enters, nothing leaves.

I put in a new reel of film, we'll see
whether I can record up to five percent,
leave you the film for your own time-lapse.
I most heartedly wish you the best
you can record and all you can live,
my fellow filmmaker.

Bon appétit.

VAROOM

Varooming the truck around
and around, the little boy played.
As he walked down
Fifth Avenue to an interview,
the image of the circular truck
spun him around.
Heather in Scottish Highlands
carried the heated odor of the varoom
out to play. Whiskey
sours in D.C north apartment
swirled the little boy. He, finally,
saw in the Poconos
as he supervised children
through summer getaways
from the ogres that he was
still that little boy
and did not desire to be
the boy nor little. When
the wars of his lifetime
chewed him up and the bars
of years of drunken presidents
of shot glass on the bar,
he decided to be bartender
to his grandchild to sit
down like doom and varoom
the truck around and around
another little boy. And he wondered

where he had been and not been
and what he had done,
not realizing he was
the truck, not the boy.

LIKE

Like one of those mountainous slate stones
one stacked upon another one

Like a terrace

Like a forever stream cantering over wet
handkerchiefs folds
down the next level endlessly

Like the beauty you give to infinity
and eternity gives back its flow
and down the terrace

Like levels of consciousness
we've never explored as it never exploded
to say that it was here as we listen to our
voices
and images as they cascade endlessly

Like the night search to the depth of space
a hand inside the heart appalled at the
ruthless
and rootless and then a smile a glad hand
of emptiness does not dispose

Like the looks of wings that very mind makes
eagles, hawks, grosbeaks, vegetables, minerals,
organisms

Like in a music room and cannot fathom
the hour how and why yet hear played
down to the next level

Like water streams full of dead bugs, live ants,
twigs, and debris of rain off
that never ends as we fill
our consciousness that never fills up

Like axion rows of useful ropes we fill
with drips and drops the slate
turning rust slipper that nothing
does not ship over into the cascade

Like we actually passion the flow what is flow
and the heard bells never cease
the lattice of peach of the falling waters

Like we were home and it is no place
but the flow of whatever it encounters
and gives up its gifts when the wetness kisses

FIFTH SEASON

White blossoms
laden round with winter,
pink curl
into the interior
of darkest spring,
summer's green arrows
shoots into empty eye
that autumn's golden winds
will reveal true colors
to that still point of fifth season

LIGHT SEEING LIGHT

Silence of the sun spots lengthen the subtle
shades

of pink, green, brown, yellow, gray, and white,
sculpts depth in your mind that something is
there though you see through it.

The eye itself is seeing the not seen
through mirror of day, so sewn
the mirror of green delight
we think
we see what we do not see.

We catch ourselves,
like fish,
think we're real
by being so caught.

Take up your easel,
move it to another spot,
paint anew
the old that mirrors light,
you paint the light seeing light.

AS IF CERTIFICATES

A birth certificate proves the moment
this is life and birth the proof of it.

A life certificate of name and identity that
Any Plato or other philosopher and peasant,
Even poet and playwright, that we all are,
Has never said or written it aright. What it is
None of the 5 billion can certify. Although,
It is said to be certified while alive is crazy,
An exile, an outcast, a fool, a non-human,
A no I, no we, at least, the mad sees we are deaf,
dumb,

And blind. The death certificate is the final word
On our departure, that is if we, I, you, oh hell,
Any of us, have any place to go, as said the Zen
master,

As if I died and joined the we, with names recalled,
And any fame obits of dates of birth and death,
And a little blurb to send you off into unknown
cave

As if there is a scribe wanting your certificates,
As if the price of entry is the point of departure:
Is a story that you think it is, which it cannot be
Since we'll have no brains to think, unless without
brains

We think. We're left with 5 billions ways we could
say

We were alive, and we do, but since we're not

certified

We cannot remember them all and no one cares.

Here, we come to the crux: love we invent to

certify

This is not a curse, even in this verse of nonsense

To make of sense that is of no sense and the sanity

That certified you and named you is true insanity.

Live another life; give another gift as if life had no

as if's.

WHEN I WOKE

When I woke,
my eyes stared
into a space of nothing.
When I opened
the universe, inside of me
appeared as the screen
of nature's skin I was in.
Bliss revealed its blessings
in the blink.

CLOUDS LIKE

Clouds like
moving webs
without anchors

weathered
beyond
known boundary
lands

WHEN WATER ROLLED DOWN THE HILL

when water rolled down the hill
water rolled down the hill

hill was the hill
water was, too, the hill

branch bobs downstream
empowers the flower

hill gives way
to what cannot be given away

empty birdbath at the bottom
in slowing rapids into the sea

branch sinks into the vastness
intimacy embraces no existence

“wine dark sea” of you and me
our blood of the original flood

the soup has no name
the soup who sees scoops

centuries of weather in one inch
this moment of waves all of existence

life masks, death masks echoes
not wine, not blue

like a grass planted in earth
when blue of sea and sky

hill in the sea, water to hill
nothing undone, nothing done

no worry, no losing,
no game, no flame

HOW MANY LIGHT YEARS

Say nothing that hasn't been said
For cotton minds do not hear.
As new chloroform rues the world,
Know the eyes see no lint.
Out of your mouth let no words
As the speech of Pericles or Lincoln,
As are lost in the pelican's realm.
So, you ask, what can be done?
If it could be done, why is it
Not being done? If it is only talk,
Let the birds swoop for seeds,
Fly off. If our blunders
Are so futile, why even a rite?
Ah, you think our minds rule the world.
Your syllables are talk, your love
The matter that holds universe together
When a walk down the marriage aisle
Of any city in the country – Highway 66
or 99 or 69 or U.S 65 or PA. Turnpike,
you will have ears that can't cure hearing,
eyes that never heal seeing nor speech
that cannot find its way to the truth.
The distance from the thought to the word
Is how many light years?

HONEY BEES

For Antonio Machado & Naomi Shihab Nye

Honeybees go

I'm like a drain
Swirling the forever
Clean the pipes

As if a mystery
The disappearance
Of the pollinators
Of our gardens

Machado, oh!
You were in my heart
So many years. I am one
Of your bees. How else could I
Possibly exist.
Not only failures, successes,
Failures of successes: the ignored
Drains out of the garden

Yes, no hives of honey
Where there is no country
To go back to

Heart in the runoff
Pollutes the stream
The child though screams
Is never bee

WATERS BEAM UP

Waters beam up
inside the sunlight into clouds

pumps blood of the heart
into the eyes of
every unbearable tear

unshed and in clouds shed

what is taken from us
what is given to us

grace raises us in
first upright steps

so full to rain
the way of the world

is and is not

THE LEAVES

the leaves of the flower appear –
2 inches, four, six inch shoots,
antenna for the bulbs
most fortuitous moment
of another face on the seed

THERE IS

There is
In verticality
Sheer drop
That only you
Can be
The receptacle of

BITUMINOUS

At 6 am, dress as I shiver in the cold,
descend to the basement furnace
that had cooled over night.
Open the door, peer into the cold acrid
Draft of coal blackness at pit of the hour.
Fall in momentarily, everything ash
with no trace of even nothing,
withdraw my head, like a shovel of coal,
with the bituminous bright and dark bands
that I've come to have affection for
as its warmth is my mother and father,
though I loathe the bitter fine dust
that comes out of the mines that traps you
in the lungs of black soot inhaled by nostrils.
As I look into the abyss of no return,
like a hole in my stomach, open mouth
of the waiting dragon, I shovel coal
from bin to furnace, strike the day's newspaper,
incinerate the wood to fire on coal.
As always, the fascination with dancing flame
genies me to Pennsylvanian era, surrounding
coal mines and strip quarries of yesterday's
newspaper that haunt the rapacious fire.
The world calls bright I see dark, for what
the world demands dark I hear bright.
I warm my hands as my heart fills with heat
after years of false starts that never made

headlines,
and, while my stomach is empty, I'm energy
released
to really be here and to be really waking up.
I feel the warmth come from out of my bones.
By the time that I reach the landing of the
basement
to the first floor of the wooden house that knocks,
creaks, expands, snaps, blows warm air through
vents
as if there is life here with fire, either cold or hot,
bright and dark. Another day in mouth of the fire
with the fine soot burning tongue as a taste in
nostrils
that never is lost and burns like bituminous,
darkly bright.

PIN

the pin dropped
years of silence
went unlistened

yet fall pin did
and only pin was
as mouth told stories

of the noise of life
the mouse roared
the moss soared

for years the stillness
held no sway, no way
into the twirl of the pin

no one around so not heard
that the fall had encompassed all
silence of stillness

it always twirled
it always landed
difference the twirl

and whether silence
of the stillness filled
the air of falling

no existence could imagine
until the day it was heard
to land in an empty forest room

by the time it landed
nothing to hear I wasn't here
the glory of the ordinary eye

the place it landed, heard
or not and whether anyone
was there or here

the needle enters every cell
of the universe the dust it blew up
it whirled through every space

PUMPKIN

The girls had scooped out an open canopy from inside the pumpkin and made triangle eyes and nose holes with serrated teeth-mouth. They giggled at their good work. One enthusiast suggested they put a candle inside the pumpkin to make a scary face. Another girl nervously said, “No, it’ll make it look human.” I thought, “That’s the scary part.” Pumpkin cut in, “No, you’re the scary part.” I laughed as the candle flickered, eerily.

TRUE TIME

True time of the year for apples.
An orchard on the ground waits for burial.
No turning back. They rot or are eaten
By every variety of apple lover. In the end,
Nothing is left; only what is beyond our powers
Will bring us, again, true time.

BEAR BELLS

bear bells yodel the valley
a hole without edges

SUN ROSE

Sun rose this morning.
One day, I will not.
I will rise with sun in morning.

A HISTORY

Moth to light

A LISTENING

Moon heard in the room

A PERFUME

What never leaves you

POUND OF BLOOD

pound of blood
of the woodpecker
said all there was to say
come back as you will
as you must
until the dust of drilling
opens what can't be said

POLLEN OF BLISS

pollen of bliss of inner necessity
laid out to attract in world
of the hyena that waits for prey
and prey there always will be
and always hyena
to slay inner necessity
unless the bliss' kiss
acquires pollen cunning

CLARITY OF WATER

Pouring me through the sieve
That is my being,
I cup my hands to catch
A little of me, flowing off

Vanish into sunshine
Streams, a weightless euphoria,
Hear cracking, feel tectonic plates
Shift that at first seeing
The lava flow

Flow of water reverses
And a world that was
Shattered and scattered
Sieves into me
What was always there
That the clarity of water
Hid in plain sight.

I OPEN MY MOUTH

I open my mouth
Hung clouds of dogwoods
Stream ribbons of white

I see someone walk, it is me
Though how one can even move
On one's own is lost in me,
As lost as the walker
Who is me.

Not even silence, nothing to catch.

SUNSHINE NEVER

Sunshine never
warmed me.
I invented you
to speak to someone
to take off the damp chill.
The glider heads out to sea
without a prayer.
That's not what sunders me.
It's what got me here
To where I can bend
to the earth, open my lips,
like 10,000 cave artists
and 1 million bats.
Let slip into the water,
see no reflection,
As ripples know it's not you.
Drink without companion
that flow cools in me,
unraveling pours out of me,
says not a word, pours
continuously in speech.

A LEAF

a leaf hit his cheek
his body streams
down to the sea

PINK PETAL

pink petal snow
a canopy carpet of bliss
blossoms you
holds you as roundness
shooting stars

WISPS OF CLOUDS

Wisps of clouds of billions of days.
Silent whistles pass by,
Rain tears this moment.
How say what cannot be said
With words, even tears?

Small leaves bird in constant wind.
Roots unmoved.
What the soil absorbed was not grief.
White translucence into blue
Nor was life planted.

Like the weather, it is never not here.
No shape that you have taken.
Knots of grass spring gales
Down the river. Put my nose to backdoor
Screen, smell childhood's fresh rain.

WINDS AS SUTURES

Winds as sutures
Havoc order to blaze novas
Each is in the intent

Abandoned barns and junkyards
can pile high, delicious eye of earth
we celebrate in each breath
the spark of intensity

PURE LIGHT

What do you do with the light that roars out of
your mouth

in between words that make images dance, words
squiggle

and, then, darkest light of all, silence, no words, no
speech.

Yellow swallowtail of whole world is the delicious
taste of

meal of joy as only joy is, as you are, out of you as
only the light

that being we you never see as the light is all the
scene you see.

You pluck the strings on the harpsichord from the
depth of space

slide down the space of depth as the animal
jumping tree to tree

so in love with magnificence of the breath that you
bone dance

with no skin, as pure light coming out of larger and larger seeds.

ABSENCE AND PRESENCE

I sit at my desk in the daylight.
I think of loved ones I miss.
As images appear, no names spoken
As none are needed, the air full
Of what they were in my life needs
No name. The scene outside
My window grays with overcast
As heat landscapes me
Out of my eye, seamless.
Everything is where it is
As everything is as it is.

The death of my loved ones rips
The scene, like a knife through Van Gogh
Or Rembrandt, or Rothko,
Leaving a gap, a gash that is irreparable.
An absence seen falling
Into the emptiness of the abyss,
The hole of grief, that whirlwind through
The ache of realization assuages nothing.
A hole in my life's world cannot stitch
With sutures the scars, the pain is
To sharp without medication as I don't want to
look
And see the absence I see. I see me go through
The cut, I see my absence. I return
All the emotions, life, kisses, loves, kindnesses,

And soft caresses as if we were one tenderness.

Why do I remember the good as an absence
Of our absence? We need firm foothold
Into the landscape scene? Are there
In a hollow echo of the world that she, he, it
Were whose absence I cannot fathom
Nor bring back from the other side, from outside?
They are not there.

I rise from my desk, close the blinds, turn on the
light.
They are here. Their absence I know as presence.
They never left, cannot leave, all forever.
The cut, gut gash, cruel lightning scar I see
Is not out there. It is in here. Here is
Seamless the absence full of presence here,
Never absent. I see, hold at arms length
So I can maneuver after the grief wars
And not collapse, the absence is seamless
Because their presence has always been here
As when they were alive, as they are now.
I thought they lived a different, a separate life
Of skin and passions, feelings, blood loves
Whose unbearable intimacy always was seamless,
One that I forgot as I looked out at the landscape
And thought they were the vision of absence.
They were the presence that lived me,
And they are the presence that lives me;

So I saw them as the way I was. The agony
Of absence I had as grief no longer grieves.

The presence is their absence they have never
missed.

They live on in me, as me, as they did in life.
I speak and laugh and cry and bargain
And touch and love, a hold and comfort,
And, yes, argue, and lose some and win some.
Learn more of ourselves, the deeper in presence I
go.

The lamp that lights their presence, as seamless
As light, as all the consciousness that we are,
Nothing is lost if we would open up the mountain
That reveals to ourselves, for us, to see what dies.
My eye never sleeps and I know their presence
As the beating of our hearts, seamless,
measureless,
Fathomless that plunks up like a buoy the surface
Of all the scars hand sewn with tenderness
threads
Of absence as stitches of the present: never
separate,
Never apart, but illusion lost in the way of looking
Because the pain coming out was so great
I didn't want to go in but the going in
Was the spin of loved ones until I became what I
see:

landscape of hearts that are every part
And nothing is not here and never was not here.

FOUR SEASONS

Face of spring's green
releases the humus of winter
into the summer's spiny smile
of forensics of autumn
that wrenches startling
views into the passing flood.
And where is the heart?
Not given, not hidden.
You display a body
that each year shows
what it is though
it has nothing to do
but weather through
to say, "I am not heart;
I am not time, tell me,
as it is no mystery
for every season is
no other than what
is on display."

ORNITHOLOGIST OF SOUL

an hour after the rain fell
you look for evidence
find no hint in the heat

the sunshine of yesterday
you look for its remnants
unable to penetrate the deep
by looking and evidence

the clouds of day cover
Atlantic Ocean tomorrow
of little history as the bird
who landed today
as though you've been
an ornithologist of soul

yet nothing is amiss
your seeing gyroscope
encompasses consciousness
that is too small to be of use
in the very face you wear
and so you make it tears

LET THEM ALL!

When clouds arrive in my life,
I welcome them. When they vanish
with the wind, I welcome absence.
When no wind, I welcome as I did
the wind. From ear to ear, equatorial.
The silent thunder that I hear
Are the insides of my life asking to speak.
Let them all!

SKY

sky not blue nor black
no end nor beginning of leaf
inside green sun and darkness
of light colors
the seeing brush
composes itself one moment
appears
one moment is
one moment disappears
into
the composition

TIMES OF NIGHT

As scent of rose petal suffuses
each pore of darkness,

the generations of these times of night
whose roots you are looking into

pulls you up out of the sight of existence
into very blood that life demands

is always inside the light,
sees the flower by light of night

UNTITLED

“I took pity on you.”
Where but in the grave
would I be when I encountered
the man on whose knees sat
the poem of my life
like logs off truck
rolled down into the waters
of my mind that carpeted the small room.
I sat a squat logged hill of a man,
watching myself pulled down the drain.
I had not one reason for living,
not one season left for giving.
Exhausted, like the inhabitants of the forest
that had just been cut through
with no shelter, no foothold,
no holes to hide from remorseless sun.

What was left: to say nothing is even too much.
No pity in abandoned land, a garden
that soul planted in honor of my dead selves,
planted rows of tombstones, all with the different
dates and all with no epitaphs for none to give,
as not worth being given anything.

Kindness as soft as the rich black soil
that yields and contains seeds that are not bugles
but the anointment of lightness on the cheek,
like the hill, wiped clean of pity.

LIZARD SQUIRMS

lizard squirms in hawk's beak
streaks across the sky
streaks across the sky
streaks across the sky
lizard squirms in hawk's beak

ROLL BALL

Kids just roll up in ball,
Roll down the hill.
I hesitate to break my neck,
Look on, as adults watch.
Roll myself into ball,
Bounce and let go to what is.
A wad of paper rolled on floor.
Another way to have a ball
To roll into another day,
Another day inside paper.

SHADE

Every creature saunters through without sticking.

The movement
covers stillness,
unable to see continuously,
only flashes.

The shines shine
the twins one,

absence cools as if never appeared, covers and
leaves

without trace,

no history
that is visible,

its touches as if always there.

Who is there to remember what shade is?

Fingers walking, why shade draws us

a landscape.

We are the creatures through
the shade,
and being shade we
are creatures.

THROUGH EARTH TO CHINA

I went through earth to China,
nothing dared to stop me. Nothing did.
I never asked if it was possible; I knew
it was impossible. Having lost
what I treasured, the door opened
into that realm of impossible we all know,
yet haven't a clue once we are in its realm.
Nor how to use rather than be used by it in it.

I was torn apart by lion, eaten by
mountain panther, the dancer
of the cobra stamped me a hermetic seal.
I am back from the adventure.
I am ready for the next impossible caravan.

EMERALD SPRING

Green sea of another spring has buds
Straight up like jets, horizontal like eyes,
Sloping up or down as avenues of curves
as droops plead roots to more splurge,
And I, who in another age would not be here,
Tell you as best my voice can sail the boat
On these waves, that is this emerald earth
As arteries of the face, that holds it in orbit,
A green smile warms you like trade winds
Of ageless poets who keep their fingers
In the soil to green this emerald spring.

EYE OF THE UNIVERSE

As I walk in cool spring breeze
as I walk the scene I see I am
as I turn my head to see 30 foot evergreen
the deep green is the scene I am
am not even aware I am as I am
the deep green. Only later can I filter
the separation, along the walking out.

With hardy daffodils each eye
my eye in the breeze
in open field I was the eye
seeing as seen all before me
as my body was the eye of the universe.
A visceral alertness like an electrical charge
That opened eye where no words were, until later.
The long hill climb of effort and lean into the
weight
of the point of the hill to rise up, like the hill,
long aching body hauling this huge universe,
widening and taking in more of where I was
as I let the walk tell me this day what I was,
where I was, and to my amazement, later, I saw
as I had never seen before that I was the seeing.

TROLL

Troll said this thimble is your heart.
I decried, my protests unheeded.
He stomped and laughed
as a little girl appeared
with a smile of radiance.
He asked her, "From where comes
Radiance?" "Mommy," she dazzled
With her innocence.
Troll bent down, "Thimble, thimble
it skies from and in that thimble sky."
She asked, "How do I get it out?"
"That's what they all ask," troll
let fling. "It's not in the asking,
nor size, nor sky. It's no riddle.
Fiddle it and troll will bowl
more ancient ways
that live today for your enjoyment
and to pass the time that never
can be passed away and every pass
ripeness is for grapes. I smell wine."

HEADLESS

headless dandelion stem
what happiness!

WHEN THIS

When this most ugly
Of babies is declared
By her parents to be
The most beautiful one
In the world – they are right.

HUGE BUMBLEBEE

Huge bumblebee is back buzzing
With eternal questions unanswered –
Not a thing I know though familiar.
Never see honey in hive. The living complexities
Runs through, the spring takes up offerings,
Leaving me with prints of animals to drink
At the lake shore. I, finally, in my bones
Dip my head into lake to cool down.
Fling water and watch it land.

TWO INCHES

two inches of brown
from heat and rain
is the risk taken,
waits chlorophyll or
sudden frost

LIGHT OF THE MIND

I rake the soil to plant
water the shrubs and sinew
mulch and dig a few rows
all I take in takes me in
as I work and keep ways
that open ways to other wild
places that are so riotous

The sound of birds hitting window
You scatter your expectations

The worm just clutched by robin
as you put on your back brace
to separate the seeds and rest
looking at the wildflowers and animals

Should you abandon your work
to which you give a cry
all of it even this is too much
but will have to do

I take off my jacket put on sunglasses
to stem the glare as I dig up
the withered plants and flowers
and pull weeds thoughtlessly
until I recall their differences

I watch milkweed open
the butterflies begin to investigate
These slip into me like sunshine
and take up habitation

Some request roots, others fire, this one
a tender touch, that one wanted this one
and I let it go wild The wild slowly
becomes the imperceptible
I never noted the order was arbitrary
capricious of a hoard instead of a helper

I was how these grew into me
as thyme, rosemary, thistle, eat
Always there, then not, yet still,
Shine shines on all alike
as does the dark, ask the roots
into the earth that go on and on

SPIT, A POEM

Take it apart, it ain't spit
Put it together, it ain't a poem
Do neither, it's both
Do both, it's neither
And it ain't it
And ain't ain't either
See, how lovely spit be
And didn't move a muscle
Except the entire galaxy

CLOSING

Closing of eyes to the world
World appears as it is
Blank screen of the mind
The root of the sky eye

FEATHERS

feathers cling to glass
from the impact
of the flight of the bird --
took off in new direction

LIFE IS A BOWLING ALLEY

Life is a bowling alley, he sputtered,
Whose aim is to knock down the pins.
To which the woman roared, you're the pin,
That's the dilemma you're in
You're going to get hit, hit big
Whether the roll will
Be a gutter or strike
Will only be known when you
Roll to hit the pins.
Then, what do you know?

THE SHIPS LEAVE HARBOR

The ships leave harbor for sea
hearts weigh with cargo
and passengers drink and carouse
jumping in and out of bed as fast
as the heat rises in them. They
never return. New hearts sail
into the unforgiving distant sea
lost, stranded, who knows, as are
the cadavers of hearts. The recycled
hearts weigh down modern ships
whose empty insides for cargo
feeds the exchange of tongues
and money and shrunken hearts.

ONCE MORE

Once more, hosta chorals up
Translucent in the sun
Soft wings of frozen flight
To the blue sky
Nothing extra, no excess
It's whole existence
To catch its song of silence

BETWEEN

Between which ear
would you prefer
day or night
you love with both hearts
why would you stuff them
with cotton

BLOOD DANCE

What I am to do with the mass of blood?
Build another ocean with it,
Seed a continent that leads nowhere,
Of electric nights and pretty streamers,
A ball of red, white, and blue masque
Stomps the field that's impossible
To seed. Lorca sprouts up
Through feet out the top of skull
With the laughter of the blood dance.

DEEP PINK AZALEAS

Last spring, frost cut short.
This spring, late blooms.
Unfurling one azalea on one stem,
All at once pink bouquet
Into a mass of one.
Tips of jewels with dazzle spots, my wife
Bends to a budding azalea
That is eternal spring to her
And with a spray of hands, speaks,
“Unfold, display, be the day.”
Rising with the blossoms, she smiles,
Goes her way, like the azaleas,
Displaying her roots. Life never fails
To appear when you aren’t looking for it.

THIS MOMENT

This moment,
always this moment
Eyes closed, eyes opened

Always is here whether your mind

Took you sailing through seven worlds
Or you embrace the tulip,

And every moment you have
this awareness of presence

Your existence is this ever present

eternal

That as you are what the

mind is

At the moment, change each moment
You move through,
feel the current tug

Of time as another moment,

It's a film when it is thinking

one endless screen

IN A DRUDGERY OF LONLINESS

In a drudgery of loneliness
take the pail of water, empty it,
walk the stones to the house,
water the lawn and shrubs,
adjust the pillow.

I see all of the footprints left
during the day. I see
none of them are mine,
and I don't mind
as I wash the clothes,
with a 1,000 arms.

NEVER RETURNING TO SEA

Last night I was a boat rocking
a boat rocking was I
I rocked through the never returning sea
rocked through never returning sea
last night I never returned
from this never returning sea
I rocked away on the waves
of the never returning sea
When you rock never ending
in a boat in the never ending sea
you never return to home
You never return to no home to go to
The never returning sea never returns me
there's nothing to return
from the never returning sea
and so for this post of no return
I send the never returning I
to never returning sea
to tell the story of never returns.
You've arrived and you are no where
and never return to the world you were in
when you put your head in the pillow
for you've been in the never returning sea.

THE PRISMS

the prisms dance
silk thread in the breeze
engulfed by the air
inside of which we live
the we whose prisms are
too narrow to fathom
the length of the thread
the depth of the air

THE ONE WHO IS THE WALKER

When mad, out of me walked thousands
Who I denied as me, but they lived as me.

Today, persons, known and unknown, walk
Out of me, live lives of thousands, come home.

They all came out of me or I came out of them.
They were all the ones of one who walks.

Thousands display the calamity, yet today
The calm displays me, the one who is the walker.

TEARS

Tears do not flow from eyes.
We wake in waterfall of sweat
from our inner body of nightmare
falling as sheer wetness into mattress.
We are not right side up. Tears
are reward of courage for seeing
the stories can never be true
and that is all we can ever live.

OPEN EYES

open eyes – world
eyes closed – world
which is the real one
or both
or neither
a world or real
or either

NUT

nut in squirrel's mouth –
world vanishes

THIS EVOLUTION'S HUSK

This evolution's husk, fool of time,
Driven to distraction said with whispered sighs
"Maybe it changes not a thing
That thinking passes through us."
Evolution's tools the parrot as fool
In cage, repeats the record. What light,
Here, sits behind the dead man's face
Also sits inside the live woman's place?

Imperturbable mystery flowers
In song of this moment's poem
To you, the one who births its seeds
into unfathomable life and death.
The invisible most obvious to the eye that flows
As we feel its presence every awakened moment.
Even as we look back, as if all one moment
and all one being we meet ourselves as grace,
And never bound by body and soul to small space.

We see our life in that face, a moving emptiness
That pictures reason called smile, anger,
innocence.
Names for elasticity is the very energy
In its appearance of the entire universe.

Our life's efforts changes nothing though change
Is our life, as awareness never appears.
A fool but no tool, we are in true land of bliss,
as our mystery awakes the universe of our kiss.

WHEN LARGE DOGWOOD

When large dogwood blossoms snowed
Only the stems of the phlox rose,
As I had lucked the pink,
Leaving no place in which to drink.

LOOK

Look into the camera lens
See as the lens sees
I'm the scene I see
And the frame is me
Then I'm just here
With no camera
Developing without film

LEAP THE BRANCHES

leap the branches
fall

leap the branches
fall

leap the branches
watch squirrel
fall

leap the branches
catch a branch
catch another branch
fall

leap the other branches
leap
leap

EARTH WHISPERS

The slide down the steep embankment, tumbling
Toward to waters of the deep whispering lake,
My body free falls into boulders at the bottom.
No time to savor the flavor of the slip into grave
As apprehension of hurtling descent into abyss.

Ice covers all of the tufts of grass and dirt,
Makes footholds slippery and handholds tentative
Until I stop picking and choosing the ungraspable
way.

The freeze in my face of grass and dirt grapples up
and out

Of the caldera. Not abiding anywhere.

Beautiful portal. A dish worth meal struggles.
Selling the soul for baubles or ultimates amount
To the same blemish. A primitive creature
Of primal needs on a stick of bones wastes
The plethora of the whole. Soul's calling
Like vinegar goes through the veins with
astringencies,

An odor to taste and feel the landscape magnetize
With the heart where the compass point
gyroscopes

One to true north.

Flesh pounds flesh because it never is fresh,
Soul's never flesh is always fresh, ageless.

The imp in the inner sanctum of door inside door,
We sit at the table: dealer, imp, and the deck of
cards,

Lost in world dreamer does not know how to be
in.

The primal love given by the voices and visions
refused.

Why should the visage frighten, as a million
visages

you have been? You have never known how to
clay

a real living out of the earth; earth shows you

Real living – take it. Sit at the table, deal the risks,

Weigh the preferences, let them go as you pass
through.

The table one day will be whole earth.

“Give me 50 cents.” Trickster robs; whereas, I
robbed

Bank for treasure for years to trick out material

That trickster now steals from me. “You are
trickster, now.

You have treasure you no longer need steal. You
have

Transmuted into our guide. The 50 cents pays coin
of passage.

There are no repeat performances, no Broadway shows.

Each one is itself and everything, bring all with you.

Gratitude you offer is your reward, as appreciation
Is our offering language.” I whisper, “Like wind,
gently.”

Mercurius was never in the bottle. We know you well.

You will do as you say you say. Why we come at night

And stay in day – you do have the steady feet of one

Who wrecked across the land will, in whatever form,

Be willing to be each wreck. One with life.