



WIDE AS THE WORLD
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Cover photo by the author

TALISMAN

I make this a song
that vanishes woes
cures all wrong
and banishes foes

PLANK'S UNIVERSE

an aggregate of non-simultaneous
and only partially overlapping
events

nothing to stand on

for your eyes only
the sight of one foot
dancing

a vision double-quick

SELFSAME

this is the time,
the place, the site

time to take a chance
with dance

a place to face
an impulse towards the real

a field of sun and snow
a path made of rainbow

LUMINOSITY

Be moved by my gift.
Let this little bit of love
become the seed of myth.

You are an invisible lamp
that keeps me on track,
an inner sun,

An underground moon.
I feel you close, continuous
wanting to come through.

MY LAME WORDS

My lame words—
scattered from ledges
and my frail deeds—
only frittered pledges—

Just One—one
heartfelt thought
—eternity bought—
and the Game is won.

SAD CAFÉ

Three saints served up
in short order—
queen of peoples' hearts
miss busy boots
and a beat angel.

Heaven is enriched at
our expense.

A mountain of flowers, an ocean
of tears
fill this greasy spoon.

ENDANGERED

for Shannon

Birds and rain
turtles on the waves
deep in your heart
you know harmony.

Keep your eye peeled
for litter along the way.
If it talks to you, pick it up.
That's politics, too.

"Hi, I'm a moldy doughnut
in the dumpster wishing you
a really nice day
with sprinkles on top."

"I'm a recycled plastic bag
giving you longevity vibes."
"An aluminum can, here, sending
blessings of happiness and peace."

"No, I want to send peace!"
"Shut up, you dumb Styrofoam,
get back, and wait your turn."
"Then, I'll send joy and light."

Birds and rain
turtles on the waves
I sing of lovingkindness as
a responsible use of power.

HEART, BE CLOSE

In two worlds love grows
my sister, my friend.
If hope dies
and the world lies
take this for granted
my sister, my friend.

In two worlds love grows
my sister, my friend.
If a bird flies
and a star glows
here, we're enchanted
my sister, my friend.

NECTAR

Dancing in rainbow light

she dissolves duality.

Essence of the elements,
she conquers hope and fear.

Her passion gives rise
to flowers, bees, and animals

this one, this one
and this one.

OAK TREE DRIVE

I send an oak leaf
and tell you a tree story.
I would also give a cloud,
this one like a butterfly
or that one like a little dog.

I sit in a tree and drum
waiting for the westbound bus.
I can't help wishing back
and being with you.
I must be speaking in tongues.

OPEN

Sun's bliss
morning kiss—

The world's still
hip and happening.