

SPRING

To come fresh each spring is to be a child
Opening the world to close inner form,
Patterning ourselves on growth's primal charm,
Asking how intricately nature has styled.

With return of color morning brings sun,
Exciting the dormant feelings to life,
Luring vibrance with light's broad stabbing knife,
Arriving from low angle in shadowed run.

Corners of darkness will gradually yield
A health of uniquely glowing exemplified views,
Our appearances controlled as well as new grown.

As narrow byways slowly reveal,
Expose dark shunts to further bemuse,
We seek numinous reflection as seeds we have sown.

Spring I

To come fresh each spring is to be a child
Kneeling in the mud, new thawed and transformed
From a hard fastness to flesh wetness,
A sucking slaking force of surface turmoil.

To be both sire and practitioner, to be
Unseen underneath milking raw face
Of ideas, to be roots sustaining growth
Required by change, to be seductive be---

To be form, seed, the guile of reception,
To embody chance in proper surroundings,
To be chosen as happenstance enriched.

To bring magic and beauty of season
In an inevitable forced explosion

Opening the world to close inner form.

Spring II

Opening the world to close inner form
We speak a consolidation of purpose,
The effortless reconstruction of new
Particularities enjoined by time.

Yesterdays, tomorrows and strings of nows
Are our whens, ultimately sorted out,
And reflected upon within the framework
Of our own choosing without certainty

We pinpoint a moment as meaningful,
Absorbing the inner force before its collapse
Leads to the next indelible balance.

We chance by focussed light on etching sea
Swimming lonely midst tempting enchantments,
Patterning ourselves on growth's primal charm.

Spring III

Patterning ourselves on growth's primal charm
We ask acceptance of contradiction,
And the saying of what each does, does not wish
To happen in symmetry of its telling.

What will flourish does not in beginning seem
Full vigored, nor can the spindly child
Be pruned in immediate full knowledge
Of its bloom: the thrall of self is trying.

I ask again what is the goal, what end
Does man presume, which of the many thoughts
He's held lead to the higher ground of love.

I ask if the much used words have life,
Whether assumed plumage is mime, or mask
Asking how intricately nature has styled.

Spring IV

Asking how intricately nature has styled
Beguiles the shaping hand in soil's dream---
Turning the earth to loosen its packed sense,
Eliciting a fond use of its presence.

And once this groundwork's well laid and over,
Once the chosen shoots have been well started,
Comes the battle to prevail, to become
In worldly struggle an answer found new.

It is always so with what is wanted.
It looms large in sleepless night of desire
And takes form in blind hand's grasping sight.

It's feeling flesh become flesh at first light
In groping closure on fresh immediacy:
With return of color morning brings sun.

Spring V

With return of color morning brings sun.
Soft grey remembrance of hanging plant wall
Shown through wickered pane grows natural then,
Reflects first sights from before we were born.

A faith in complex nuanced feeling grows
As details of the dark masses fill slowly:
Slowly a relentless sense of total show
Begins awareness of flooded whole time.

And there is surcease which steals upon lonely
Small early hours of our person, we touch
Love that begins the long learning process.

Paused in our slumber, we slowly rouse hand
To soiled heat of close entangled soft form,
Exciting the dormant feelings to life.

Spring VI

Exciting the dormant feelings to life
We probe our inconsistencies, sensing
In those differing faces ways to be
Which lead to memories buried hard by.

And our eyes glimpse at odd moment,
When time seems a rocky creek in its onward flow,
A stretching of froth as bubbly cover,
Iridescent in its pristine happening.

The cold runoff from mountainous fastness
Seems most alive then, burbling in careen,
Splashed as awakening tossed handily
As dawning, as purification rite,
As harbinger of full sun's liquid growth,
Luring vibrance with light's broad stabbing knife.

Spring VII

Luring vibrance with light's broad stabbing knife
We rouse ourselves early to catch the sheen
Of future, a dimness imperceptibly
Outlined, a felt looming presence made manifest.

At last a beginning with heart at hand,
A singing first reach of echoic soul.
There can be no other response to self
As loss of onset peals reluctant toll.

Those memories of night become as real
As recall, made alive most when we accept
The view of dreams we've all held far down.

We are lulled to quiescence within the eye
Believing repetitive dark acceptance of storm
Arriving from low angle in shadowed run.

Spring VIII

Arriving from low angle in shadowed run
Possibilities abscond as our fears do
Scampering before the illumination
Of primeval moment taking to itself.

An awakening arrives, blurred edge's beginning
Becomes consciousness, the far horizon
A greyness suddenly transformed into shards
Of color as our quickness full blooded.

And, sighted, we slow appreciation, so seeing
Can be unblinking calm, as it becomes
When seeking feelings in their nurturing fullness.

As this new found love is spread to surround,
Unblocking directness with its massive ease,
Corners of daarkness gradually yield.

Spring IX

Corners of darkness gradually yield
To this time's inexorable advance
In the sweep of experiential data
Overwhelming in immediacy of its flying.

But behind fusty drapes of our further needs
Reason lies, as we have so often assumed.
It stacks splintered words next to proper response
As we leave in the rush to fully begin.

Passage is crucial if we're to reach home
Having understood so finally how safe
Our haven must be in mortal guarantee.

And this dawning becomes suffusion in birth
Of process, and fitness, in its approaching
A health of uniquely glowing exemplified views.

Spring X

A health of uniquely glowing exemplified views
Which might supersede our every other plan
Presupposes a toast for individual efforts.
We're programmed to protect self as sanctity.

The strength in reaching a decisive state
Either in measurement or in leading
Lies not in the exercise of ruling.
We radiate certainty in our vision.

The attention attendant on our honor
Asks personally for absurd reason.
Anger focusses upon an occasion.

The furor forces change on balanced cell---
A chance is taken, the telling itself survived,
Our appearances controlled as well as new grown.

Spring XI

Our appearances, controlled as well as new grown,
Burgeon past their purpose without our knowing,
And in their passing show pathways chosen
Instinctively in purblind feeling drive.

We look back to see where we've been going
Searching for steerage in this trackless now.
We grow a we have been programmed, fathered
And mothered to our estimable ends.

We imprint these as ineradicable
Arrows, irreversible in their cues---
Barbed in their underlined tenacity.

Disallowing all discursive mistakings,
We have this surface as constant direction
As narrow byways slowly reveal.

Spring XII

As narrow byways slowly reveal
We pass them unheedfully, mistiming
Our response to some new reality
Of our own making, of our becoming,

We can only discover what we are
Through homage to our attentive purpose.
We seek exploration without the mainstream
And find value as complete reflected calm.

We should value our sight, our eyes, the touch
We bestow; and become bone of those we love,
Shoring their sensate strengths, carrying our selves.

We should be aware of false openings
Luring to dead end, we should have our fears
Expose dark shunts to further bemuse.

Spring XIII

Expose dark shunts to further bemuse
The sense we crave of enveloping warmth.
We clasp a tattered covering to hand
(A peculiar and vulnerable security)
At abruptly learning to survive strangers
Who are protecting their own hidden doubts
This secrecy involved in human fear
Is experienced, visits past its stay.

But recurrent beginning rebirth cycle
Brings with acceptance a faith in order,
An open trust that offers self to world.

The telling then becomes a way to be,
Constantly mulling an awed sense of now.
We seek numinous reflection as seeds we've sown.

Spring XIV

We seek numinous reflection as seeds we've sown
In random miraculous beginnings.
A fullness to be is encapsulated,
Becoming shaped growth to ultimate known end,

The replenishment of our animus
Treads a thin line bordering on rage
To survive, yet embodying a love
Encompassing such frustrating pain,

The intense pleasure presaging the life
We offer chance, nonchalantly or no,
Repeats joy basic to our balance.

We begin a new process as we change
In restless proving of fertility:
To come fresh each spring is to be a child.

Go

I love how white stones glow
In small darkness
I love how black stones slow
To fill the light

I love dally of response
In hue's pattern
I love wave's nonchalance
In heart's pounding

I love the change that's always
Involved in love

SUMMER

The summer brilliance of noon light shimmers.
Our instincts move from that full directness
Past the desire to absorb life's full heat
As we reach growth presumed in kernelled wit.

Madness itself is invited by all.
Enrichers of nature's bounty, we tame
Love to bear better fruit as we know it,
Asking not what loose rankness might have brought.

Charge the sun with fetid air of decay,
Hail the dreaming green smells carried with us
Along with sweating brown skin as we touch.

Normality flees reason in fullness,
Impending harvest has rhythmic season:
Night, never again be so far away.

Summer I

The summer brilliance of noon light shimmers
In my mind, a palpability is
Purpose presented as reality,
A fullness of design has become now.

There has always been colorful essence
As the epitome of fecundity,
Of self-perpetuating forms of self.
The timeliness allows a force of thought.

The mature fruit of our striving escapes
Tender beginnings, its obviousness
Obscures willed hope necessary to grow,

Obfuscates the others crowded out in
Mad thrusting to try to gather all of sun:
Our instincts move from that full directness.

Summer II

Our instincts move from that full directness
Perceived as antidote to ego's dance,
The fearful protectment from impinging
Others with their clouding shields of tactics.
The assumed guilt of needs we have shared
Are our inadvertently ripened fruits
To be taken in full open supping,
A conquering of dangered beginnings.

The roundness, beauty, and color we attain
Seems worthwhile now as a final reflection
Of those other achievements of those passed.

And sometimes when the fullness of pattern
Shows constricting sameness of heart, we push
Past the desire to absorb life's full heat.

Summer III

Past the desire to absorb life's full heat
Lies a no-man's land, such fertility
As was never dreamed, to be sown full grown
Before its sharing bestows its essence.

At the end of endeavor, at the expense
Of certitude, we risk our mortal sons,
For careful nurturing of new leaves
And tendrils presupposes a surprise.

To wish to know the fullness of one's worth
While striving is immutably affecting
One's course, begs the question itself of change.

A seed is miraculous in its closed
Protection: a life's mystery is solved
As we reach growth presumed in kernelled wit.

Summer IV

As we reach growth presumed in kernelled wit
We begin to marvel at subtle chance:
The choice we have made in retrospect,
The divergent paths withering channels
Carrying the fullness of finality
And making way for realizing the goal:
The middle ground of life, the awesome strength
Of mature purpose fed by effulgent sun:

The rush to reach culmination poised
Proudly, shining in total obeisance,
Eschewing the murky wetness inside
Equally necessary to so fatten
Direction til it bursts destination:
Madness itself is invited by all.

Summer V

Madness itself is invited by all
We imagine, thus accomplish. Those maps
Laid out to chmrt meandering recourse
Exemplify redoubts we hide behind.

It's certitude we wish which beguiles
The storied happenstance, highlighting
Our worth as singular achievement,
Inevitable denouement, proudful craze

Touching mortal perfection, a portrait
Of the moment in purity of style
Comlng to each man in his trueness to time's

Relevance, and what should be a reaching
Toward beauty's poised balance: we are
Enrichers of nature's bounty, we tame.

Summer VI

Enrichers of nature's bounty, we tame,
The sense we assume becomes manifest
In completion of complex maneuvers,
We use the use we put things to to be.

Our feeling for life, the symbols we share,
Are manipulated, gathered, pruned, made
To be more than they were before we saw
And unaware decided they could be,

We especially form our love's forms
In our minds; we shape what we hope to feel
Before us as promised gift, growth and change.

To suit our needs we feed other's aspects
That are part of ourselves, we espalier
Love to bear better fruit as we know it.

Summer VII

Love to bear better fruit as we know it
Persists as a never ending surprise,
A newly opening flesh of feeling,
Taking aback willing acceptance, forcing
Life where unexpected, even unwanted.
Rawsness rankles, brings attention to bear
On changing shape:
 in retrospective care
After the harvest is full design seen.

It's long afternoons of heat, controlled,
Transformed in slow chemistry to burgeon
As limb bringing life in its completeness.

We accept what we find, we transcend selves
At our peril, we face fresh accomplishments
Asking not what loose rankness might have brought.

Summer VIII

Asking not what loose rankness might have brought,
We place faith in preordained order
Within beginnings we unknowing start,
Finally accept that which we become.

We shape the sense we know, what we are,
By this acceptance of maturity.
We concentrate awareness on its parts
To more fully grasp blotches of the whole.

It's never all we wished when end is seen,
Bringing slow decline from flawed achievement,
Inexorable sliding off from peak

Performance never quite the same
In grace or bold reach, but form always distinctive:
Charge the sun with fetid air of decay.

Summer IX

Charge the sun with fetid air of decay.
My sturdy trunk begins its sleep, my fruit
Stand pure in faded background of nurture,
My broad fanned interest reluctantly leaves

Its fulfillment, full fledged trust of season.
Slippage is to come, to that complete rest
From inviting growth. Change, if it's selfless,
Somehow achieves that negative balance,

Sets up tenacity of memory,
Brings level of feeling sustainable,
Allows perpetuation of self room

To assume owned point of departure,
To grow again in its good time of morn:
Hail the dreaming green smells carried with us.

Summer X

Hail the dreaming green smells carried with us
In our rummage through life, in our constance.
We watch small increments of existence,
And pay those attentions necessary

For the continuance of noticed patterns
Preordered in the somatic balance
Of forebearers, those who carried on long
Before our peculiar impingements emerged.

In our commingling of felt purposes
We are furthering that which went before,
And changing only in our selection.

That which we choose to take with us as ours
Becomes our heritage, our shared linkage,
Along with sweating brown skin as we touch.

Summer XI

Along with sweating brown skin as we touch
Go our dreams, steaming themselves into pores
In reverse orientation, bypassing
Normal function, realistic control.

Entire being subsumed by protected seeds,
Surrounded by succulence enticing
Consumption; storing is recurrent theme
Cutting across obvious grain of time.

A realization of memories buried
In vapors beclouding rational outline,
The assumption of future becomes now,

In good season comes the calm certainty
Of fruition, emphasizing how strangely
Normality flees reason in fullness.

Summer XII

Normality flees reason in fullness
As rounded form aches for my touching hand,
Pendulous in its instinct for this time's
Destined return, tasted as completeness.

The heat lingers past its call for being
Burdens reaper with the salt of old wounds,
Licks liquidly at demonstrated strength,
Pools its essence in drugged plodding duty.

There's too much to do now, days grow shorter,
Ground provides its fruit unceasingly while
We stagger under imaginative load.

There seems no end to this munificence,
As the full gushing exhausts its sources.
Impending harvest has rhythmic season.

Summer XIII

Impending harvest has rhythmic season.
We try ourselves in blending well our wills.
With nature's there is always the return
Of pattern despite singularity
Of existences. Choice becomes our
Weapon for survival, our only hope
Of mastery, of tribal enrichment.

We now debate certainty of difference.
My ways are not yours nor are my daughter's
Completely hers, She will be measured more
Carefully for having been part of birth.

This burden we share from a past choosing
In proud defiance of ultimate cold.
Night, never again be so far away.

Summer XIV

Night, never again be so far away.
Let beauty of struggle hone eagerness
To knowing, a constant concentration
Sharing each moment's perfection as loss

For we remember not imperfect parts.
We select from the maelstrom spinning by,
Neglecting the lessons of spindly youth
In our haste to prove a singular worth,

Be with us especially on the heights
Of desire, when plucking is mere reaching
To tip of swaying plant patiently there.

Show ends as beginnings, tell the hard truth
Of mirage, reflect on opposites as
The summer brilliance of noon light shimmers.

Purity of Feeling

Purity of feeling flows from your eyes,
One small hand reaches tentatively for mine.
Each garbled word you say is mulled wine
That enraptures my questing. It's the wise
Rightful place you seek that allows my space
Youthful growth. I should always take my place
First in profound awareness of your love.
One's acceptance of freely given life
Registers when least expected, when heard
Exactly shown in childish scrawl shoves
Light into those dark fears which cut as knife
Inside myself deep, down where stars appear
Saying you are the one and only goal,
And I stumble forward hoping to keep us whole.

Maybe you don't perceive the storms which blow
Ever stronger in the world we will live in.
Surely your thoughts are yet before your pen
And not half behind as mine are now.
Maybe you will grow to say what I can't,
Using what I can give as proper route,
Reaching ever upward and inward to doubt
Pleasantries and force truth in elegant
High form. I trust you will. I also trust
Your presence now and do not choose to hide,
Only open myself to what you are.
Neither of us understands what we must
Heed if we are to succeed as allied

Entities in a family not at war.
Read this over when you will have read
Those other limners of the inner soul.
Hear my anguish as I reach for proper role
In your life (and mine) for we both have bled.
Reach if you can the rough truths we so fear
Disturbing lest they rise in their hard way,
Become so heavy they begin to play
Into fantasies of escape from here.
Right here is where I belong and will be.
That is if you can still find within your heart
Heart's room for mine. I now know that reason
Draws us away from what is plain to see:
A life, a love are precious hour by hour.
Your growth and change now become my seasons.

FALL

The dropping off is unavoidable.
Our times run together, each separate
Part keeps sounding as all the other's fate,
Asking whether our fall is credible.

Mouldering ground as preferment seems sad,
In formal last fitting of nondescript grey,
Life's peculiarity masking choosing
As eternal leaving what we have had.

Cold enforced in inevitable sleep,
Heart sore buried by bruised vegetation,
Again sense of never again never.

Night is felt not as abrupt cessation.
In ordered schemas for forever
Necessary essence is always covered deep,

Fall I

The dropping off is unavoidable.
Those left behind are never to become
As ourselves, and we have happened to be
Merely preparation for this one time.

We seek sureness of quiet steps, answers
Leading a trackless way left behind---
Choice again, masking necessities
At this moment, when all hurries to some

Thought of perfection: where will I choose sleep,
Rejuvenation through ritual death,
A calm preserving of assumed being.

For those who might have dissimilar hopes
Persist in honoring initiative.
Our times run together, each separate.

Fall II

Our times run together, each separate
Ink its pattern, the river of whole dreams
Fulfilled in colorful tangy leavings,
The sheer flamboyance of just sleeping life.

Stoppage first becomes noticeable
As a frenzied zeal of mortality
Asking a readiness for last lessons
And an end to fresh possibilities.

We check first the others to dare ourselves
All over with an adolescent dread
Of being just behind average growth---

A few are beginning their stab at the mark
While most are culled before the next round---
Part keeps sounding as all the others' fate.

Fall III

Part keeps sounding as all the others, fate
Intruding on completely summing up,
Adding complication in selective
Iteration of pattern from new source.

We take ourselves as models completely
Resolving the forces we impinge on,
We neglect framework being outfitted
From strange perspective yet meeting our needs.

The problem of extension of feelings
Cuts two ways and both underline at best
How simple to echo all history,

How confining are our optional ways,
How quickly we accept cold incursions,
Asking whether our fall is credible.

Fall IV

Asking whether our fall is credible
Begs the issue by praising direction
Instead of completeness, cursing waves
Instead of curling circumspection of being.

Truth is both solidly moving and odd
Resonance of balanced poise between
Extreme manifestations, through thoughtful
Probing attempts at prideful resolvment,

We all fall short of wished for achievement
And escape disasters imaginable,
Add our magic distance as protection

From ecstacies too painful for any
To maintain; so we accept this, our time.
Mouldering ground as preferment seems sad.

Fall V

Mouldering ground as preferment seems sad
In the sure appeal of its cool clamminess.
We accept too readily denouements
Sensed in a tipping to no return.

We desire to add essence as enrichment,
We become obsessively inevitable,
We assume inner workings come unsprung,
Our terminations become all the same

Too soon:

I want one last stand in that sun
Named by others for red men, for color
Deeply felt and seen as bounteous gift,

Eschewing the rest waiting patiently
And ritually closing each additional day
In formal last fitting of nondescript grey.

Fall VI

In formal last fitting of nondescript grey
A distinction shows as leaf's full moment
Of descent--- seeming haphazard pattern
Of last reckoning, of gene's memory.

Color as finality: rubicund
Fixation of a natural throbbing,
Unseen, fitful creep to the full green height
Of existence in rustling grab for light.

Those fortunate foes thus left moments free
See strife release its dread precipitate,
Washing away problematic progress.

Body covered today under covered warmth
Neglected to renew losing battle,
Life's peculiarity masking choosing.

Fall VII

Life's peculiarity masking choosing
Lies inadvertently along the way
We willy nilly ply our oddnesses
Being as there happens a perfect fit.

It locks behind, you see, it disappears
With bitter winds sweeping ground's soft gnarled face
Just before frost fixes meandering paths
Of animal's scurried frenzied searching.

There is no preparation, you see, no
Anticipating moment of crystal
Catching that side which shows only our best.

There is only certainty of freezing
Our showing gestures, our sharing ourselves
As eternal leaving what we have had.

FaII VIII

As eternal leaving what we have had
Love stands alone: as we hold quicksilver
As we pinpoint ambiguity mldst flush,
As fingers point to palms; we miss the point.

We stack our wood for winter's long burning
And roughly brush heavy cloaks for our flesh.
We focus attention on flame's flicker
Drawing out what we so hope to draw in,

Arms extended to searing warmth we need
Does nothing for our nether sides, our other
Necessary accoutrements for life's wars.

We're left with fading embers and tiredness,
A &ense of having somehow lost the day---
Cold enforced in inevitable sleep.

Fall IX

Cold enforced in inevitable sleep,
The flakes of purity accumulate,
Cover our groundwork with inhibiting
Perfection; all movement is uniquely shown.

As long as fresh patinas aren't added
We grow enured to habitual patterns.
It's only the singularity of choice
Which is feared, not the trampled known sharing.

Stubble is given smoothing clarity,
Awkward angles become unbroken curves;
It's only recurrent thaws which still remind.

These memories recur past their welcome.
Fruit has been given, essence will be gone.
Heart is sore buried by bruised vegetation.

Fall X

Heart sore buried by bruised vegetation,
We fester in benumbed isolation
Mucking out subterranean nests
While preparing for sparkled slow slippage.

It's time for anticipating clear decks
And gravity's swift recall from cold heights
In long blur, our sight a stabbing zag of flurry
In swooping aching achieved as beauty.

This first deliberate conquering push
Reveals valley's full sweep of pristine hood
Hiding life's continued charmed reliance

On layered protection from artful force
Of being this constant rhythmic changing:
Again sense of never again never.

Fall XI

Again sense of never again never
To seek primal form for basic thrust,
Relying at last on only the past
Sketchings for sure intricate magic growth:

Tap roots in place, or forever denied
Ambivalence of purposed probing now,
Delimited to fertile borders, canvas
Primed with chosen subtle hue from known design.

Now when fear of foreshortening is gone,
When perception is proved by honest deeds,
Comes attentive eye on moment's detail

Freeing already felt patterns as once
They were seen, and changed by this fixing time,
Night is felt not as abrupt cessation.

Fall XII

Night is felt not as abrupt cessation
But as proprietous dark otherness,
A needed freeing from the particular,
The evidence we've come to begin to see.

And the start is as knobbly and stunted
As whorled lopped-off knotty loss of fresh arms,
As tender as unbroken linen's limbs,
And reaching familiar sameness: never be.

Disjunct where blind probing will must begin,
The small lost momentum starts many lives
To bring an enigmatic immortality.

Recurrent black patterns reflect as waves,
Interferent lapping colors distinct
In ordered schemas for forever.

Fall XIII

In ordered schemas for forever
Extend the rolling grids of blind seeing.
We search them fitfully with twitching feet
Scrabbling after a firmer underpin,

For some controlling pivot, to force form
To assume imagining, some ready
Row of unused bins to recognize as felt
Completeness, for our full fixed discarded wares.

The system then become a bordering
Of waters' wandering, a shoring up
To delimit flow as regularity,

A quiet strength sustaining floating worlds
Of fanciful ephemerality.

Necessary essence is always covered deep.

Fall XIV

Necessary essence is always covered deep.
We reach beyond our encrusted vitals
With expendable feelings of person,
Our hearts as our fears are beribbed and caged.

This inaccessability of mind,
Shading eyes with visored aura of leafy
Verisimilitudes, leads to other thoughts,
And so beguiles our knowing nothingness.

For expanse comes with freshly seen ends:
The forgetting of immediate forms,
The sensing further sides of childish dreams,
The becoming certainty of having been
Sharing for now and the requisite time.

The dropping off is unavoidable.

attention shifts to what i will become
when picking up the cues from all the parts
performed before me on long forgotten stage
deep hidden from questing eyes which wish to see---
is this leaving now the crucial show,
now closed but once the main event?

a twisted string draws curtain on my stage,
the shift to life remembers lost event,
my mind refracts its hidden sullen parts.
i look inside to see what i've become.
i look inside to see that which i see
in sorting out infernal running show.

i walk alone outside all practiced parts.
i focus love in group as shared event
in choosing how to try out for the show.
i walk alone inside remembered stage.
i concentrate my spotlight now to see,
to discover what it is i must become.

i see the rain, not hear a thunderous stage.
i slacken motion in tension of event.
i button coat and, hunching, peer to see
how far it is i walk; and so become
more natural and wet--so part of show
at once a whole beyond sum of parts.

i hunch, and peer through slits; i become
the sodden rain, i flow in guttered show--
a swirling heap of refuse, disgusting parts
of habitation now swept on stage
before me i hunch, and that is all i see.
i stand and stare at whirlpool of event.

the soaking dark surrounds my dripping parts.
i turn my back to wind, i turn up stage
to where i've been since when i stopped the show.
i turn my head to lee in search; i see
a fading blackness dimming patchwork of event
frozen in inattention.

i become

a show inside upon this painted stage,
a spoken script; the parts are now become
the event i am in being what i see.

Winter

The sky's malevolence presages shroud
In fast whiteness stretching to cover reach,
Past times no longer suffice as they teach,
A leaden lowering has been allowed.

Massed consequence looms as ultimate,
Energy is focussed in dampening,
Life's force banked by winter happening,
As sun's withdrawn symbol of final cut,

Cold, idiosyncratic, perverse,
Having formed individual barometer,
Afflicts all in soft separate ways.

Needing light again to hold off the worst
I accept center, flickering, final---
Nurtured by me alone through these hard days.

Winter I

The sky's malevolence presages shroud
As implacable shield of cold knowing,
A sky in nakedness with need unbound.
A life as uncontrolled total now

A feverish frenzy belieing lost sun,
A finality of our summative praise,
In inevitable pattern of season's round
Return to beginning's fabled endings.

The crystalline refrain of happenstance
Is frozen as static surface, as clinging
Chained liquidity, as rushings stilled.

The unique quality of chosen statement
Lost in eye's landscaping sense of order,
In fast whiteness stretching to cover reach.

Winter II

In fast whiteness stretching to cover reach
Beyond the seeking eye, in such seeing
Do we take part when outward mien crinkles,
Frosts deeper than the springs of life can touch.

For the blues and blacks play upon shadows
Of old codgers standing with a stillness
For the long glittering bareness so there,
An iced shield with colors now grown precious.

My senses sigh with the depth of history,
Seeming in balance now, past sharpness
Shown in gentle curve above known serration,

Past division in parts to measure whole
Truth, past privilege as value or prop.

Past times no longer suffice as they teach.

Winter III

Past times no longer suffice, as they teach
Worn images echoing as failures,
As background fading into indications,
As sketching of underlying details.

It's the immediate incongruities
Of this now which must be the basic text
Allowing our choices life in future
Misreadings of known human completeness.

Patterns then our only saved messages,
The sortings of totality as one
Memorable act of creation.

A full and final inadequacy is
Embraced as knowledged vestige of self.
A leaden lowering has been allowed.

Winter IV

A leaden lowering has been allowed
By weight of time's accumulated face,
The mists hung in permanent reflection
Of many moments wrung from liquid now.

They press, these shifting patterns, they press round
Each special world's disparate living cells.
They press til edges crumble and surface
Tension pulls difference back, and sameness holds.

They're inside searching for sun's singularity,
Watching shifting nether side of choice,
Each one becoming small dispersing shield,

Each one in itself self-contained aptness
Gathering in clusters; while merging inner
Massed consequence looms as ultimate.

Winter V

Massed consequence looms as ultimate
Form, fixed in circular finality,
Assuming permanence as shown chrysalis
Left in woven place of hidden birth.

Ends fill beginnings with signal singing
Meshing with rhythmic melody saying
Yesterdays were tomorrow's nights today,
Foreseen in resonant ripple's starting.

Vibrations then, with such short waves, to see
Water as image is to blend sound's sight
As surging systolic nurturing now---

Each being echoing all history's plan
And yet, touching infectious peculiar man,
Energy is focussed in dampening.

Winter VI

Energy is focussed in dampening
Fires of a charcoal fineness, moderation,
Holding back accelerating rush to ash,
A sane controlled use of thinned resources;

But burning all the brighter for attention,
For giving proper light of scarcity,
For holding in hot center of feeling,
Hoarding for prolongation of duty.

Bones holding so little aloft, flames flow
Whispery now in last tracery,
Falling in from skeletal powdering,

Softly with flaked greyness holding outside,
They glow slowly in stately ethic care,
Life's force banked by winter happening.

Winter VII

Life's force, banked by winter happening,
Leaps forth when least expected, surviving
All attempts at control or harnessing,
In manifest self-quirksome being.

It lives as husks in patient numbed holding
Of otherness than what seems to be near,
What obtrudes as slow path of cessation,
Inward movement freezing to an imagined shell.

Last lessons are as mute as grasping fists,
And as individual; fumbling structures
Felt in the incompleteness of their designs---

To fill all possible space, persisting
In the already made patterns, fitting
As sun's withdrawn symbol of final cut.

Winter VIII

As sun's withdrawn symbol of final cut
Ice creeps to unprotected warmth, being
Dissipates, an overwhelming stillness
Protrudes into consciousness, thinking stops.

Feeling slows til intensity has gone.
Wind's soul remains: motion--- as seeking
As flash of effrontery, as sweeping
As flakes flowing to efface eternity.

There is no place discernible as mine.
No extension of my sight brings vibrance,
No color, no hope of the quick we attend.
Erasure, rough texture as the only sign,
Dim remnants of boldest peculiar line:
Cold, idiosyncratic, perverse---

Winter IX

Cold, idiosyncratic, perverse...
It freezes unexpected momentum
And denies life to desireable end.
It steals force by stilling true magic dance.

I walk a lonely path this day of time
Placing careful foot on earth's frosted way.
Those left behind, those gone away, it's they
Who cheer my huddled form its gentle sway.

This summing up, this stab at totality,
For my last great sore need suffices
To free the sense in quick melting memory.

As shared monument, as living out one's will,
We peer from pellucid ground with heavy mien,
Having formed individual barometer.

Winter X

Having formed individual barometer,
We charge senses with a practical abandon
And lose nothing which might be savored, saved
While been is in its formative stage.

We vary interest now as minutiae glint,
Unexpectedly call for their true resolvment
As a timely wrapping of feeling chance
In package having need of no other time.

We thus allow play scales of certitude
Which weigh heavy as accumulated flint
Slowly sparking advance of final fear.

And our last desparate choices scatter
Contained full-stopped memories resounding,
Afflicting all in soft separate ways.

Winter XI

Afflicting all in soft separate ways,
Thoughts grow short in felt will of their purpose;
And see inescapable newness of death
In fresh cessation of self each has known.

Within careful frame of total enfolding,
An acceptance of otherness: so do I know---
A total enjoining so void as is black
And full as is feeling for all that belongs.

We hasten to flower each sense of our being
When being is taken so finally away.
We stop in our frenzy of ordered preparing.

We choose as reaction an acting to steady
The whispery whisking to clear path of days,
Needing light again to hold off the worst.

Winter XII

Needing light again to hold off the worst
I await slate dawn in this dark freezing,
Winds of change ever reaching to the time
Awaited now with watchful eye expectant.

The blue blurred grey of being just now seeing
Finely etches sense of one more day---
One more leading round of beauty's rising
All important breath of life to stay.

Now is dread of cold's sure sore succeeding,
Reaching for a last true stoppage--- moving
So like the ways of love self cauterized.

There is no other now can share my feeling
Alone with these my hardly trickling lives.
I accept center, flickering--- final

Winter XIII

I accept center, flickering, final;
Breath of resonant being softly there
In hoarded safety of stately ash
Fluffed to baffle tearing, gathering wind.

Hunkered in practiced ease, shifting slightly,
Sensing unseen vagary come as sealing
Of each few views which remain outstanding
Before decrepit vision of my mind.

At last no worry for other mourning,
No sense of morrow's self-creating love---
Held to steady hold, thinking on this time,

There is crumbling sharpness now to vision
Making real these precious feeling's givings
Nurtured by me alone through these hard days.

Winter XIV

Nurtured by me alone through these hard days
Eternal sense of self is reassertive
Waking pain of feeling's formful being
Just the growing awe of cutting edge

Chopping through thick thread of all my knowing
Stopping all additions for this pattern,
Playing to curtailed time in all its flowing---
Falling before my eyes have lost their glow.

I check around and manage meaning's message
And look to see what dawn will soon portend.
The light before the light will surely show

As much as ever was to be uncovered
Is here today and ever has been here.
The sky's malevolence presages shroud.