

Sonnets and Songs



Gem_cat

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UNFOLDING FLOWERS OF THE MIND

An anthology

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Gates of Pearl, Rich Wounds, Love's Name:

Heart like you rolled in broken glass
My own scars glistening surfaces
Like an old brawlers fist
Ache so the weather is not missed
Works corporeal ashram
Thins feeling like a clam.
Encrusted with jewels of pain
(May the mystery make you sane).
Truth is the mixed advantage,
Stigmata from no other age:

Mixed motives are the signature
(The hypocrisy of hating prejudice)
Being both gentle and pure,
Wise and harmless. ...

In Memoriam 1-28-85

Of old the arc and covenants within:
Two brothers, one named pilgrim, one pioneer,
Carried between them all that life holds dear
God led them in the wilderness of sin.
So many died before they entered in.
Before the ages year on weary year
You are the ones, how could the people hear?
"Is it not good enough to live and win
A livelihood and be rewarded then;"
They said "Let Moses go." because of fear.
And who of us with truth and thunder near
Would go with confidence to the mountain:
Hydrogen, oxygen, make a pure white cloud
As rare a tomb as Moses unknown shroud.

Against the Enemy

You can tell him by the horns
That is, by hate and fear,
Where you find these forms
He is struggling to be near.

Christian don't forget
You have quit the enemy
and Christ's own blood
Is interposed for thee!

I am glad for Jesus
My captain and my friend
But though I am victorious,
What is not faith is sin.

By the sign of recognition,
Though my pride is Satan's head
I can reckon with my sin;
I can be with Jesus dead.

Little children love each other,
Be as gentle is, and mild,
And yet be full of power,
Be pure, and undefiled.

Mordicai

Like the thrust of a sword,
Too near opens the throat,
Too far the heart,
Justice is very hard.

A young mans ways give heart
But age be given good
Pray, pray that you should
David's mercy is the part.

Mercifully just, justly merciful,
Jesus himself upon the war,
Faith is the yolk the very bar,
And by faith the law is full.

Mordicai pressed his stern advice:
Not restitution but recourse.

Man of Sorrows

Jesus face is no lighter than mine
No darker than yours, the face I see,
And the face you see, this time,
We love or cannot be.

His face was marred,
I had to turn away,
But I still heard,
And I must stay.

"Man of sorrows
What a name,
For the son of God who came,
Ruined sinners to reclaim."

Know who and ask
There is yet no past
Unreachable, no task
Beyond the first and last.

The Heavens Declare

Bright surprise that in the starry skies
Should be such infinite variety
That worlds and worldlets in that airless sea
Are different more than any wild surmise,
Be like a child who has found dragonflies,
It is of course the self same mystery,
The signature of that divinity,
Disdaining magic and machineries
Declaring truth is that which makes you free
And by design is perfect liberty,
The same sweet spirit of our peace.

He comes and we are still receiving not,
And where we vainly analyze, He wrought.

Sun

This world is fading like the night;
Broken silence, broken sleep,
Lightly hold, nor cheer, nor weep,
The riches and the wrongs, the blight
Is fading, fading like the night.
We hardly grasp our wretched years,
And I would spare you many fears,
Both threat and promise lack the might;
The world holds to a vain delight
That having is and being may
Bring forth the face and hand of day,
But frail and feeble is the light:
That which I could I have not done,
Forgive, oh do, thou living Sun.

The treasures of the universe / are going home
with me

Precious is the death of his
There is nothing from him gone
The enemy was empty left
The saint at home in rest.

And when at last the tide
Has turned from Adam's world
Then naked and in poverty
Our enemy will be cold.

Seize even death, seize every chance,
To make the living live.
It is the cross that overcomes,
And Jesus who can give.

Alone

To encounter God is also
Self come to the end
We shall as we are, know,
And relation will depend.

The judgement is the light
All angry and wounded
Only think they fight
Still only God is good.

Reassure and heal my wounds
I am ineffective
Forgive my foolish bounds
Jesus, that I may live.

Blue

No good to be jealous
No not good to be
Whatever she does

Not nothing at all to me.

There's octopus and oysters
And pearls in the sea
None of them are hers
Not nothing at all to me.

It was no good for her
The good she took from me
Whatever she answer
No not good to be.

'Good woman's hard to find,
Nearly hard to see,
Whatever's on her mind
Not nothing at all to me.

Expectation
(Summer Dawn)

The sun may rise before our eyes,
And dance with the blushing moon
But what lies in our surmise
Is his in the light of noon.

And if we dance and if by chance
I look upon your face
That happenstance is more romance
Than the moon in midnight lace.

A better wine than summer dawn
A clearer toast than glass
So very fine that time is gone
Before our hearts will pass.

Hold my heart so face to face
Come rise to my embrace
And dance moon and sun and when
The music can begin.

Love I heard
(notes in space)

It's expectation
that makes Kisses sweet
Some sweet dream
teaches me the beat.

Raindrops in heaven
come flower and tree,
Whole forest then,
Walk hand to me.

Never is early,
I live that street,
All city dirty;
No one to meet.

It's just rhythm
a tittle, a word,
What of something,
(Love I heard).

Sumer Lightning
(EZ 17:24)

Summer lightning, hardly any rain
The trees look dead and brown
But they may come again
The high, they may fall down,
The low, God may exalt their name.

There were among the trees on the mountain
One green that though it looked alive was dead
And one looked dead that yet would be all green
Thus so it is men follow or are led,
The heart will later on be seen.

Jesus God of banners upraised
(Pity that need have pitied be)
Marvelous, marvelous, God be praised
I cry for you have valued me
In a wilderness of dry hot days.

REDBIRD

I dreamed I was at a party
all of her friends were there,
I dreamed I was at a party
all of her friends were there,
No one even knows me
No one to even care.

Listen look here kittys
And mew was all
she said
Cock hat redbird lay
there
Blood and blood
red head.

I dreamed I was at her party
Drempt they had candy there,
When I got up to the sugar
There was none left to share.

When he gave a quiver
They were on
him, he was dead
Then he sent them
tumbling
And growling on
their bed.

I heard someone sing a lovesong
I don't guess I know about that,
My children think I'm wrong
Mama tells them often enough.

Little brown redbird
Where has your
husband gone
Will a cuckoo egg hatch
Beside your one.

King Willie
(Flesh)

Wicked Willy Willy who
Delivers some of you to stew
You may eat
Or it may you
MY MY cannibal stew.

It seldom comes to observation
How I bring home sumptuous bacon
I am the king
so give me listen
I will make your last decision.

Flesh and bones and hair and teeth
Some above and some beneath
Wicked business
Necessary
Some bald, some hairy.

Some day a friend may need your liver
someday I may eat your dinner
Personal
Line and servicer
Request so that you may be sure.

Some of you may doubt my word
some of you may not have heard
remember
Error only is absurd
But of course you will be good.

My My Ooo Ooo
You may eat
Or it may you
Wicked Willy
Coming true

Taste is my domain of passion
I am all the rage of fashion
Discover

Everything that's passing
Is just Willy's party crashing.

You have the Willies do you now
What a party what a rowe
Delicious
Suffer only from your wishes
Gently I will show you how.

Blue Sky Blues

Everybody has troubles
We were born to wear this shoe
But what is even worse
I suffer that I do.

Blessed so are those
Innocent who chose
Alas not all whose
Have got those blue sky blues.

Paul was chief of sinners
Glad so glad its true
Some other persons
Can say the sky is blue.

So clear this morning
How I want to hear that news
Jesus is still coming,
I've got those blue sky blues.

Storm but not yet rain
Black sky and lightning
Jesus make me clean
(I want) to do some good thing.

Night is coming on
The sun is red and huge
What will oh be done
I've got those blue sky blues.

[al09]

Oak Tree

Don't their mamas no nevermind
These girls don't dance wit who brung 'em
Lordy gonna dance wit a wind
Like oak four season te deum.

Spring wit a cricket every hand
Summer swoosh and tinkling stream
Fall leaves and hoot owl grand
Winter gone to ice and dream.

Who will give a silver coin
To lead to step a dancing bride
I saw when you were being born
Oh honey and you just must bide.

I was happy, I was sad,
I sung I whispered and I roared,
Said good and yes, I said the bad,
But Jesus has my heart restored.

Two thousand years are all my roots,
Every suffering, every grief,
Good because of who it is
That brings forth every single leaf.

Bubbles

Twice I've seen her vanish
She thinks its mystery
As married to her wish
As bubbles to the sea.

Now she's up for air
And wonders why she's free
But she married her care,
No never did look at me.

I never beat a woman
To make her disagree
A little conversation
That's just perversity.

'Why don't you join the poets?'
I think they should join me;
'Why don't you bring a dress?'
It's a mystery to me.

[all1]

Thunder

Speaking quietly of flowers
Smelling like spice
a strange word
like they say
'on the tip of my tongue'
as if you could taste it
I will say
Poetry
I can fit the words
And leave the puzzle-ball
Pieces of device
If your ears ring
How will I deny it
If not none here decline
It is too early or too late
Or I would bill you for the experience.

Current

A warm river with a cold current
I want to be with you if I could know
Which temperature is I or do I flow
In such a social gradient
That even warmth digresses from my heart
and passion from the fervent words I know
and life itself a carny show
that hawks as double comfort truth and art.
If passing there we two might turn apart.

[t01]

Be-daughtered

Morose, thy name is teenager,
Who could have guessed
That sunny dancing child
Would brood and mope.

If every word offend,
Where is my speech,
Where will I fend,
Correct, or teach?

A stormy countenance
A woman's reason
And a child's defense
Befuddlement, be done!

Bible Stories

Joshua the son of Nun
Blew his horn, God's will was done.

Moses turned aside to look
And so began the holy book.

Jacob dreamed about a ladder,
Called it Bethel, ever after.

Abraham centenarian
and father of a nation.

Isaac knew the sacrifice
That never could be offered twice.

Joseph had a mighty dream
That made him holy wise and clean.

Juda leader of God's men
Because God put the praise in him.

Ephrium stranger in the land
God has blessed you with his hand.

Levi's anger was his weakness,
but his zeal was made completeness.

Jonah took ship
on the furthest trip
from where God told him go,
And the rain came down
And the wind went round
'till the sailors cried with woe.

The whale came up
and Jonah took
To where God told him be;
All the people gasped
When they saw at last
How God sets all men free.

For You

Streaming tears
Victory and pain
Jesus hears
For you he came.

Jerusalem
City of tears
Love Him
For you He cares.

You are His heart
The chosen ones
Out of dark
For you he comes.

Overcoming
(DLM 1)

Even the strongest without Christ
Will fall upon his strength
Even the virtuous would be lost,
All but the cross is grief.

Such a darkness, such a foe,
And such a company!
But God with us we know,
Jesus has victory.

Yet for our gain he took it up,
That evil wretched tree.
Friend how will you taste His cup
And not be truly free?

How to watch, and how to fight,
How we will overcome;
Against the tide, against the night,
We have just begun.

Like a mill that cannot stand
Above the waterfall.
We in the place God puts His hand
Have His power and His call.

Only one can call it finished,
Only one who has not failed,
But He for us returned,
To overcome the world.

Youth
(DLM 2)

Youth lasted until now,
And seems to last again,
Closed eyes yesterday allow,
But yesterdays have been.

Do you believe you are alive,
Then you indeed will live again;
Hope alone will only leave
To tell another pain.

But for the cross it is deceit,
And waste however brave.
A paper dream, a paper lit,
And ashes to the grave.

He lives, I know He is alive,
And what more is there new?
God did but we believe,
How precious are the few!

All striving, ever yet more feeble,
Still the young man's rave and wrath,
But for the cross, oh people!
Death requires every breath.

PS 104
(Oldest of Psalms)

Like the sun, light is his cloak,
Heaven like a tent curtain,
The deep, a garment he took,
Sunbeams, his foundation.

In his upper chamber,
He laid aside his cloak,
Like rain he took water,
And love was his rebuke.

"If I do not wash you,
You will have none of me."
(And yet not all, he knew)
Like rain on every tree.

If I do not touch you,
How will you ever see?
I could not go, he knew,
And so he came to me.

From the wings of the four winds
He sends his messengers,
Mountains dance, he descends,
His work alone endures.

Like the sun his gladness,
His hiding is dismay,
His Spirit lives with us,
His is the living way.

The Lamp
(Rev 21:23)

The tears of all time
Only God can wipe away;
Suffering, He bore with us,
Love, but never loss.

He cares in His justice,
He will be the first,
The lamp of holy glory,
All of time upon the cross.

It is profitable for you,
Life and not death,
The lamp of holy glory,
His throne, His rule, His cost.

Be rich, this treasure,
For you and for yours,
The lamp of holy glory,
Is more than all your best.

King of Kings
(Luke 22:38)

Good was weak and evil dead,
But as the sword was drawn:
Use is a flame and purpose wood,
And darkness until dawn.

A tower with a watchfire lit,
The call, the hope, the man;
How occupy this little bit?
Eternal is the holy ban.

Upon his thigh, an holy name,
His vengeance dripping blood;
For sacrifice and for our shame,
Now for righteousness and good.

The Journeystaff

As once I gave myself
Unrighteously to sin
So let me fully yield
Christ Jesus again.

As at first I met the cross
Take my hands and my feet
To go and do the grace
Of God, though I am weak.

That thy works be in the earth
And your Spirit in my life;
That the twisting of my heart
Bow O Lord, in sacrifice.

Send me as they that went
With thee into the ways;
Make of the dust admonishment,
And bless every soul that stays.

Luke 9:1-5

- for a staff - calling
- for a bag - power
- for bread & money - healing & deliverance
- for a change of clothes - the Kingdom

THE OLD WRECK
(FOR SARA)

The smuggler's in the cove at dark,
The moon in his riggin'
Now from the quiet rings a shot
Don't you go a lookin'!

He may be on the other side
He might be on the ocean
He may be commin' up behind!
Don't you go a lookin'.

The pirate and the smuggler met;
Beacon fire a roarin'
Sealed with murder an evil plot!
Don't you go a lookin'.

Now many years the ship is caught;
And jolly bones but standin',
But pirate scratches in the dark,
Don't you go a lookin'!

ALWAYS

Do you see her dance and fly her veil?
It seems that once I thought I was alone
I waited out the fog and wished for home
The young trees caught a whisp where it was
still
And light and heat and work were crowned with
will
But now it seems I grew by what I know;
My love has made the day a lesser glow
My heart has made the moon herself to fill.
They are not cold these dryads at festal
They dance for me like sparks above the snow
When other warmth is gone one will not go
All beauty brings a sight that cannot fail
One morning when our married life begun
Your hair was sunrise and you were the sun.

Now I will not learn Czech;

I listened to an old man
Being translated, gesturing,
Each gesture waiting for words,
Words already spoken.
I used to think I would try,
(My grandmother saved lessons
From a Czech newspaper.)
I would have learned it for her,
But in Heaven everyone can speak it,
And in Hell, I suppose, everyone else can.

Granny

She pitched her quilt of five-point stars
Verbena and petunias, phlox and
periwinkles
Beneath the roses to the tall sweet peas;
The doctor put one in his black lapels.

And I looked eye to poppy high
Bent by the seed of tomorrow's kolache
And that day passed by
Like her hand into a memory.

Put upon walls of walls of beets,
Jar upon jar, sauerkraut with dill,
And onions braided hands and feet;
But I disliked them with a will.

To young and not to wry,
I passed and hurried on my way;
But then she knew too wise to try,
So little that we then could say.

I know that love can never die,
But hours upon hours pass,
And Jesus, even Jesus cry
For worth and for the loneliness.

Greeting

Come dry your tears
My heart comfort me
If only remember
And smile for the times
That shall come.
Your smile is my sunbeam
Your joy is mine
There is rest in the promise
And peace in the hope
That cannot be marred
By things of this earth.

Precious was the finger work
Which I received
The love it spoke of
warmed me.
But better still the greeting
God gave to me.

Accomplishment, it is a cruel gift
Like the pressman's missing finger tip
The depression gave my parents stars
Twinged and favored memoirs
An enviable deformity like Israel's limp,
Pain acceptable and injury exempt.

I speak often of comfortable discipline
not that my identity is only artisan
or another chicken farmer
my comfort is a twilight star.
Accomplishment is like perfection:
One cannot speak of definition one.

Accomplishment is to be ready
Buy 1000 more chicks than me
And you will be a chicken farmer
Practice anything year after year
It will be good not raw
Contaminated paraphernalia.

A poni for you scholar friend
The comfort of a pleasant end
The many wells of Abraham
Are exercise of discipline
All of this world is desert waste
For you whom God has given place.

Swamped!
(Response 2 to 'Synergetics')

All boundaries are nascent:
Boats were lashed for the storm,
But the sea went out and left them laying
Broken on the bottom
Of the empty bay.
So are the catfish nonchalant,
Swimming through the corn and cotton;
But not even a catfish
Can be unperturbed
Raining out of the sky onto the mud.
A waterspout filled that cloud,
(Or so it is comfortable to believe)
But for the fish no belief
Will make it bearable.
Being sweeps the shores of existence,
Evidence reflects distinctions
Too mobile for absolutes yet the weather
As the tides, seasons, day and night,
Light and dark links undeniably to our sun:
There are absolutes that roll reality
Like the handle of an adz,
The hand of the shaper,
Never the least uncertain.

Uranium (and luck)

Way back in middle Texas
Not long before the hills,
The dew dried on the dinosaurs
And it is dry there still.

Well it was just a rumor,
Uranium was found
Not 'terribly too far'
From that old dry dry ground.

No how I heard the story
I cannot rightly tell
My uncle never told me
(Although he might as well).

Johnny took his squeeze-box down
To San Antonio,
And someone told him it was known
Just what he ought to know.

Now with the right detector
A fortune could be found
Uranium for sure!
Buried right there underground!

Now this was back in forty-one
Or maybe forty-two
Unless that snake-oil-salesman
Could just fool me or you.

John took his cousin Florian
And purchased that machine,
Dug it up to Campbelton,
And sweat upon that dream.

I myself can testify.
'Though I was only six,
It was fully tall as I:
A postman's-box of tricks.

All the front was full of dials,
Switches knobs and buttons;
There it sat in rusting piles
Whatever it was once.

How they had to plug it in
and how they moved it 'round;
I believe they tested then
A section of that ground.

But coming up below the house
The dials began to rise,
There beneath the mesquite trees
There was some kind of prize.

Just when the moon began to rise
They struck upon the lid:
A chest heavy for its size
Locked and iron banded.

John built his forge right there
A mile below the house,
There sat that detector,
Next to all those horseshoes.

Elaine Moffatt
(with the gift of a teacup)

To drink some tea together
is something that friends do;
And making time the better
Is spending it with you.

I have a cup like this one
And use it every day;
I think of all the things we've done
And of the things you say.

Time is such a trickster,
A week is like a day;
While your time drags forever,
Youth is just that way.

But I think of you often,
When I have a cup of tea;
And wonder that the sun and rain
Fall alike on you and me.

Prescience
(God in Nature)

.
Such a thin thread holds tomorrow
(Whole dynasties of dreams)
Only He who feeds the sparrow,
Sees the truth, and how it seems.

.
I love you like the mountains,
I would send you silver streams,
And sweet bubbling fountains
Murmuring like true dreams.

.
I love you like the moment
When the dew has touched the grass;
When the first bird sounds his trumpet,
And the night is gone at last.

.
There is a solemn sorrow
That is joy to be found
Like a moth freed from a spider
Fluttering high above the ground.

Navaho

Three trees
Going home
River spate
Half alone.

Are not
Helpful
But have
Wool.

Distaff
Wagon
Spinning
And bagging.

Shepherd hills
Mountain herd
Sign dog
Whistle bird.

Little finished
Little said,
Some alive
Some dead.

Seeing

Do the eye and the heart
Make the cliffs thick
Muscled down to the river up,
And the refineries glisten
With oily dreams?
Between here and there
The river has grown concrete
Up to the artifact,
And bifurcated into culverts,
Pipe arches, aqueducts out:
Tears from the mountains
No longer smiling in the sun.

Someone should pay me to see
The rocks like the back of a
Bodybuilder carrying us.

Someone Else Did It

The building needed knowledge
To design it and make it the best;
Understanding to refine it
And engineer the rest.

And wisdom for the builder
(as a sub he is awfully dear)
But then we made some changes
With results that were somewhat queer.

We took the design of a charlatan,
And the engineer was a fool
And the best thing said of the builder
He was timid at being cruel.

We began it with foreclosure
We ended it with a suit,
And though it looked like a building
It was also a ruin to boot.

[ps05]

Use

The trees lift up and carry
Not the sky, only the atmosphere,
Only a duty, not magically,
And yet the breath of time is here.

I thought I could counsel you,
And make you wealthy with my art and truth,
But I am like Catullus in a flue,
Stuffed in to block the draft, and put to use.

TROTH

It matters not who heard the fall
of the sweetest note that bird did call
or that I missed the vision born
of Him who broke the silver morn
Though many more saw once or heard
The sunset or the singing bird
After we almost had the note
after the postcard someone wrote
after the friends are dead and gone
after the light burns on alone
still one remembers all these things
like ancient lovers hands and rings
love sees through time the holy best
and keeps the hope, and holds the rest.

(Tongue in cheek)

Rainbows between the sun and rain,
Flatlands making me wonder
(What does a mountain?)
Up to my cheekbones in horizon
Calling to the clouds,
Solid blueberry icecream clouds,
Shy clouds,
You look
Delicious!

Platter

Brass minutes, tin days,
I have not shaped them,
I am not a smith,

And I tinker
Ineffectively
The apples and the almonds
Chased and beaten
I only appreciate
a little.
And the sunrise reflected
In my age is only colored
By the smoke of some
Misunderstood volcano
but I do appreciate
The apples
Big from the ash
and the painterly
settings.

Countrysides
(between destinations)

Midsky
A hawk embraces fields
Owning
What he can see.
A mouse
Almost becomes
His,
Escaping to its life,
This time.
And another hawk
comes around
the same invisible corner
without having to think
at all about the mechanics of soaring.
I wonder if in the column,
can she smell the mouse
Hiding.

Animals
(some short verses)

White roses on the arbor
Little kittens looking out
There to see, there to wonder
Vine leaves shaking about.

Now Squeaky was a wiggle bag
Fairly jiggling with his wag
He knows he shouldn't
But he would:
He's a canine politician
Everybody is for kissin'.

Golden, the fat tiger,
Sleeping under the stair;
But would you then prefer,
To have a thin one there?

I went to the zoo on Saturday
How do animals, do they do.
They are all watching and walking,
And the people are watching too.

Sara:

"How does it happen
There he was
surprised to be
on my shoe;
A hoptoad
who hopped
into a hole
beneath a stump
before we had
hardly met,
And no matter how far
I stuck my hand in
He was certainly gone!"
she said.

[ps12]

Cat News

(for E. while she was in Oklahoma)

Little tom Bobby
Rolls up in the mat,
Surprises somebody,
(Cats play like that!).

Muffin is something
(She knows that she is)
Her is like ermine,
She sends you a kiss.

Stephanie wrestles
With Tiger her brother;
With pounces and hisses,
Each stalks the other.

Sunshine is happy
For a watching place
To be certainly
Queen of her race.

Animal Preaching

Now every sort of creature
Might fellowship with man
And find in him a morphogy
Beyond he even can.

Likeness unto man in these,
The nearest creatures seen,
Has colored us with simple ease
From knowing what has been.

God made the spirit in a man
To reach beyond he can;
To gather up, to gather in,
And be like God in man.

The Calculus

The Heisenberg of souls is found:
The way exceeds the place
So that the locus of the now
Is filled with only faith.

Just so the for exceeds the how
And power is derived
And answers come like satellites,
Are singing through the night.

The formula is very old
By it the stars ignite
By it command the hundred-fold:
"The Son of God is light".

My New Friend
(The child of my friend)

Dear one I remember
On the day that you were born;
(And I can still embrace
The ages that are gone).

But the past is only precious
Because it is not done,
And waiting to be born in us
Is that which is to come.

I welcome you with every tear
Of pain or rage or sorrow,
I love you and I love you here:
I have rocked and held tomorrow.

Abstract
for Ana-Art

.
What comes to the surface of the mind,
A whale that shakes the sea before a plume
Too big to know, only perhaps to name,
And then you see an eye, you are defined,
You are perhaps the one who is perceived.
What was it made you to exclaim
A water country never once the same
'Oh just a whale', when you yourself were
gauged.
A vast unquiet memory replayed:
How is it an Armageddon?
How can that scarlet speak to you of sin?
Where is redemption in that flame-like blade?

.
Alive with colors, faded like a dream,
A symphony of light begins to beam.

Nude
for Ana-Art

.
I dream of sunlight falling through the arch,
The motes like bubbles in the sparkling wine
They touch my nakedness and brush me fine
Out of broad passions and disjointed touch;
The hours mix and we ignore it much
As something felt another place and time.
What I receive and give is only mine.
I must believe the echo of our hearts
Between the days desire and delights
We make expression out of our design
Myself transcendent in passing sign
As real as our embrace our feeling works.

.
And can you feel me when you look at me
Like Klimt involved with femininity

Landscape with Zephyranthes
for ana-art

.
Milk and wine lilies our grandmothers
Across the fence the ramblers tell it all
Ships from Egypt and from China call
Montbretias, altheas and gingers.
One mad German went to Mexico
For zephyr lilies and gold hurricanes
Wild for beauty, suffering such pains,
What better conquest can a warrior know?
There are those once that are remembered
In monuments, confections, and song
Yet flowers strewn the very graves among
Recall the unknown hands that planted.

.
How in Jacala do they even know
That which was taken gives the memory so.

Seascape
for Ana-Art

.
As if I had it in me, to taste, to drink, to
hear,
And close my eyes and touch it with my hand;
What a pensive beauty, the sea, the sky, the
sand,
To make it like the memory of a year.
A refuge from the words and their demands,
The pounding surf consoles me once again.
Standing here I see the soon return
Of sailboats with their happy tired friends.
But I am like the dolphin in the bay,
Happy to show an enigmatic grin,
And pleased as well that they depart again:
Delighted with the mystery of my play.
.
Once again I find this place alone,
The sunset beautiful, the wind begun.

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