

No. 501

I pray as morning star does rise  
When next I'm gathered in your eyes  
You'll feel the warmth and light of me  
Does touch the very soul of thee



No 509

The city  
Echoing the voices  
Past and present

Herniated  
Choking  
The flow

No 511

For if indeed,  
By will

Then, ever might  
Was was  
And still

No. 514

, then life  
writes the poet into the poem  
the next line  
is him, not his

the letters he shapes  
shards of light  
he has gathered  
and brought  
to the waiting  
space  
of next

something happens next  
something always happens next  
even if it is nothing

sitting in the rhythmic pause  
he is  
no comma to call his own  
the poet is not the poet  
the hand not his alone

the next line  
the first  
a truth is told  
to the poet not the poet  
to be held not to behold

No. 515

He, merely mortal  
Died for my salvation

Of his own  
He could neither forgive nor endure  
So he cut from the rope  
And severed many lives  
With one sharp plunge of despair  
One shot

All he wanted was to be free  
To escape the voice  
That whispered insanity in his ear  
To escape the quick of time  
To control a single outcome

An beyond his control  
Was my outcome  
Irony  
His untreated addiction  
Escalating my own  
And lifting me to my bottom

Deliverance

Taken by his taking hand  
Leading mine to that of God

And now by God's grace I find him  
And in God I find myself finding God in my self

No. 516

All of my life on the edge of understanding  
Sliding ever closer to the end of safe

What is it about the drop that promises future  
As though my entire past resides there with an answer

A revelation – skeleton key to my mystery unfolding  
Locked just beneath the surface awaiting day's light

I have always believed I harbor a single secret  
That a child assigned the character of a demon  
Hides beneath a costume of perhaps

Perhaps by Grace of God

No. 517

And like the dream that awakens me  
A star burning into the first of morning  
I lift from the dark  
Seeping prayer from my slow-opened eyes  
I take to the warming in search of sunrise

And tender place the warm sheetscape of bed  
Do flee the hue, the color, and landscape in my head

I had thought you would have been here  
With me and God at your side  
And so we pray for your arrival  
As ever rolls the tide

The first page of morning is gray, awaiting the colored lines of prayer  
on the whisper of the gull's wing to carry God's grace to you there

These moments of almost today  
Dance in the moist of my eyes  
Somewhere sleep bade you one last kiss  
And I, here, chase sunrise



No. 519

not because I said so  
nor said not  
but only as is  
is because it ought

and will be  
will be  
of this day wrought  
whatever is  
rendered  
little or a lot

with abundance  
I'll be that  
which God doth  
and that which  
he doesn't  
I'll dothest not

No. 523

, of another goodbye I gain nothing  
except emptiness

that fills with only what-ifs

But, in uncertainty,  
no certain ends are etched  
no deaths are mourned  
no wrongs are righted  
in passage  
to nothing

what if  
uncertainty  
is  
God's gift  
and there is life in the shaded light  
that is neither day nor night

Oh,  
to behold the blue held in my eye  
with not another fucking goodbye

and why

No. 524

Learning to listen  
Through the noise  
To hear the truth

The sound of fear deafens  
And the words of many  
Crash and echo  
Against  
My drawing cool air  
Into the burn in my throat  
The acidic river spilling from my gut  
Into my whispering  
*Please just help me*

Please just help me  
God within me  
Please just help me  
God I sense in you  
Please just help me  
God, just help me

What is it to have this  
One life only  
And to face the great  
And wish to seize it  
Yet riding the edge of seizing  
Embers at the brink of combustion

All I knew, and all I know -  
sometimes I just want to be home

So I pray for wings that will carry me safely there  
God burning life in my chest  
That I might arrive  
Beside  
Myself  
At rest.

No. 527

Part of denying the light  
Was a certainty that I was  
To hold uniquely by defiance  
The absent ground beneath me

I would allow only  
My own way of weakness  
And I called this strong will

I was certain their conformity  
Spoke of an absence of character  
Their morality with moral core  
And of course my nothing was more

And now I know what I had to  
Pass through to find deliverance  
That only by the fall  
Might I rise too

No. 528

Come place your trust  
a moment here  
that I might be worthy  
and honor sincere

and give me the sorrow  
that burdens your soul  
I will break it in pieces  
as to make my own whole

I'll shine back your light  
my once darkness makes clearer  
for a candle burns twice bright  
when held close to the mirror

Come let me behold you  
beheld myself in this way  
my survival praying for you  
each and every today

No. 533

I put their coats on my bed  
and the room shone with laughter and truth  
their spirited light etched stories against my walls  
and it wasn't until I was putting plates away  
that I realized  
fear had left  
and there was peace  
in place of what was once deafening quiet

No. 535

, then  
in this late afternoon  
the sun  
exhales  
one last fiery whisper  
against  
a butterfly.  
how it dances with its shadow -  
a song of the morning's blooming past -

unready

it lifts against the still  
and an army of breezes  
gather  
in its tiny soul -  
having asked the sky to start over  
the clouds to part and ungather  
the colors of sinking light.

rage against thy will it sings,  
silent shrill of dusted wings,  
as though staring dusk in the face  
might alter the course of grace.

Poems 538-549

These are missing poems



No. 550

only now do I see  
the enormity of wait                      and  
listening  
always for you  
then

today your soft echo  
rising  
beyond these walls  
a tiny sound  
lifting out of my soul's shadow  
returning to pulse  
and make song  
in my heart

you visited    me  
a child of God  
to tell me I belong here  
so that you could one day  
know of symphonies  
and sea storms  
to sing your soul heard me  
belonging to his word

and even now  
I press my ear  
toward tomorrow  
listening for your tears of light

prayer  
could you be real

No. 551

And you still hold place  
In the space  
You once were

Color fades so slowly  
Hue by hue  
Sounds echo on and on from you you

Distress that others don't see  
The (space) in my heart  
Where you used to be  
On the residue of old glue, I dangle, dirty, stuck to you

No. 553

I had readied the coffee press for morning  
That you might stay

I had counted everything  
Every of 45 years  
Sign letters  
Foot steps  
Mal-actions  
And tears  
All the times  
I lost touch with hope  
Lost track of dreams  
Lost count of fears

I had even left the bed turned up  
And slept in my clothes  
Ready

And when you never came  
I grew sick and I grew empty of wait  
And I sat in darkness  
Staring at the whole of my life  
Aching with hunger  
And my heaving heart fell outside of me  
Befriending me in my weakened state  
And pulsing warm against my cold skin  
Whispering me outside in to the rain streaked light

You shall know love, if you are love  
Ready or not

No. 554

so, then be  
utterly  
and shine

Receive these words,  
whispers  
that have sought you  
since time's first breath

Do not question  
Listen for the asking  
Someone seeks  
the finding you -  
a star in darkest sky  
Source  
Promise  
Hope  
Wish

So then, be  
open  
And often  
All that is your legacy  
awaiting

Everything you are  
will be delivered  
luminous  
out of the past  
Be grateful  
And be generous  
And be

Wait out the darkness  
Envelop it with knowing  
absolutely  
you are  
and will be light  
through untold distance  
home

And so be,  
star,  
see, you are

No. 555

oh how long I searched the sky  
and not even heaven whispered a why

the wait  
to be with you  
and still  
to be of you too

the golden morning  
the drops of dew  
birds and butterflies  
dreaming of you

rising like oceans  
over my sands  
soft waves of childhood  
cupped in my hands

breathing in blue  
and exhaling the night  
laughter your stars  
that speckle sweet light

here now  
to be at our side  
your being gives life  
to my being alive  
in my soul  
you've made me a child



No. 556

Because I said so

Beds get made and no one weeps  
and every day we'll eat yellow peeps  
We'll sleep like babies, and since you are one  
we'll embrace each new day ready for fun  
We'll never argue, fuss, or fight  
we'll marvel how often daddy is right  
other children may not know this, thus  
they are simply not as smart as us

being the baby is much better you know  
it must be true, because I said so

No. 557

You are the morning of transcending light  
First note of a song that shattered the night  
Sleep's blanket slow lifting from the skyline's dark face  
Grace lifting her eyes to the wakening space  
And softening blues do whisper the words  
And yellows and pinks in the shape of the birds  
And long bridges of sun beams like a stretch and a yawn  
In great ready to meet her, The blessing of dawn  
How we had waited the entirety of wait  
To find her arrived now, Still at the gate  
then her cry and her long sweet sigh  
First day arriving on the tear in her eye  
So slowly the flower of morning uncurled  
Her soft petals unfolding and touching the world  
Oh her song, Her song, Sweet song starts  
And how it lifts up her voice in our hearts  
As trumpets announce with divine smiling eyes  
This luminous child of God's waking and rise



No. 558

Thin as this paper  
I am  
One side so close to the other's center  
So sure of the dark and shadow of self  
certain it sees me

on this side of thin so thin

It is barely  
And it followed me here  
To the other side  
Where I hope  
On something yet known  
To stop the hurt

Being this me  
Arriving at what I am supposed to be  
So close  
To feeling  
And so close

To God

And so close  
to screaming

But  
on this side  
of so close

No. 559

, but above all  
I wish you acceptance  
beneath a blanket of God's light

I reach out this hand  
today  
father, trembling, graced  
to know the soft of your skin,  
hand I hold  
in prayer  
as I look to the child  
within  
wishing you to take  
me through your years  
to the yellow spots of light  
that break the stormy sky,  
and then beyond  
to the place of blue  
so deep and so true  
it will become you

I wish for you  
more laughter  
and love in all its turns,  
that He who created you  
and we who brought you home  
live always in your heart  
and on your whispers' tip

but above all,  
I wish you acceptance

No. 560

, and I place myself  
by her gaze resting there

along the length of sleeve where she's gathered up stars.  
Oh, awe-eyed she sings of wishes awaiting the light,  
all that hope might become already beheld -  
she has but only to believe.

So,  
heart-held I follow her  
there to her star,

and here we are.

No. 561

I go in search of you  
hope

to find your detail  
in the places  
sun  
warms my skin

, yet for turning back in fear  
turning from the place I meant to seek you  
tears in my eyes  
You catch me  
and gather me up

I can't quite find my breath  
you whisper  
I am right here  
everywhere  
with you  
always

No. 562

, and as I watched your outerness fall away  
sometimes breaking off like clay ridges in to the sea  
at other times slow sands slipping away in gentle ebbing kisses  
softest hush of movement  
then a crashing heave of your chest sucking the air from the room  
I thought you would scream next  
but next came a childish sound that cut the air with remembrance

Before me the teacher is dying  
and lessons lift up in spite of the weight of urine's smell  
You taught me, the whole time you were the student  
hungered and seeking the knowledge you insisted I gather and give you  
Now I sit here  
taking life deep into my lungs  
my chest puffing with air and my childish heart flooding and soaked

You exhale

and inhale waves of my soul loving you and accepting you  
finding you inside the body that betrays you and clutters the room  
I see you fill with air  
magical  
deep and buoyant  
lifting  
rising  
certainty  
and suddenly  
before your God  
whispering a prayer of gratitude

I see you  
with my heart  
beyond your body  
reminding me  
You were never really that which you will never be again  
And by this you will ever be exactly as you are

No. 563

I asked him to give him this note  
when he got to the other side

Dear Dad,  
I am a father now. I finally understand  
the tear in your eye that day when you picked me  
up from the hospital. How years later you only could  
love me when I told you I loved men. Then more years later,  
I know you must have been in unbearable pain when you put  
the gun in your mouth, too much to  
prevent shattering so many lives with a single  
bullet.

Dad, I give you my friend Bob, he is funny and generally lovable,  
and probably in heaven he will be less angry about the things  
that fuck with mortal minds. I don't know why, but I often felt you  
present when Bob and I were alone. Take care of him, the way  
you taught me to take care of others. Love his friendship –  
you could have used such loyalty and someone to call on. And  
surely you'll want to tell what it's like to hold Abby, your  
granddaughter. She looks like you when you were little.  
Thank Bob for bringing this note across, and for sending a  
sign from the other side to let me know you really are  
both in God's safe keeping.

Gotta go love my daughter, now. I miss you  
Dad! I'll miss Bob too. Tell him that when you read this note.

No. 564

Dark angel.

Shadow angel.

In maybe moments

where hope is a blinding sparkle of sidewalks and front yards

textured smooth

most pass by

unaware.

No. 565

, so  
twinkle twinkle  
little child  
through the night  
sweet heart beguiled

dream light shining in your eyes  
illuminating darkened skies  
sing with child'ed joy and surety  
dance in timeless, given purity

unfold your soft and tiny hand  
behold held wishes take lift and land  
to poke holes in the evernight  
and shower the earth with glorious light

oh,  
blanket of hope so heavies your eyes  
whisper, sun's set readies for the rise  
and curled up there against a star  
I watch in wonder where you are



No. 566

There is still time  
Today  
I have been offered this spring  
To rise up as the cardinals sing  
Awaking from the deep black  
Star poked sky  
A shine of moon half in swallow  
A dimly lit treehouse on the edge of a hollow  
The morning  
Whispers promise and hope  
Perhaps a new lover  
In time  
This time  
I lift from where I laid  
In the empty bed you made  
Dancing with you  
Still  
The ghosts of love



No. 568

slowly the veil of clouds  
and late summer dusk lift away  
revealing the full moon  
risen.

rising  
in the distance  
above the place  
where you are, where I'm going

and as I move  
toward that darkening sky  
growing bright  
by the lightening hole in the night  
you appear to me  
as emptiness

a vivid moment of spilling  
and falling away  
like a dream from a long time ago  
I think I still see  
or a song I never learned  
yet fondly recall

No. 569

Neither to further the wanting to hold you,  
nor to let you go and truly let God,  
But simply because  
Light changed

and after fitful sleep  
my wings so ached  
and I  
pausing on a branch  
saw God smiling  
waiting  
wishing me to rest just long enough  
that he might whisper through soft smiling lips  
the wind of my flight's direction

Trust me  
Lift  
and maybe land  
Leave behind this tiny launch of your fear

No. 570

And I believe  
if I really give myself  
whole and heartedly  
you might gather me up  
lift me against your lips  
and whisper your light into my soul

I believed the proof  
I trusted the miracle  
I sang the glory of your coming and your truth  
and then I followed the sunshine in to the shadows  
distracted away from faith

but again today at the sea  
you gave the gift to me  
washed me clean of fear  
and I swallowed  
your salt  
your love  
your life

now here in white light I sit and write

No. 571

The small gristle edge  
Of the steak on your plate  
In the candle light's shadow  
Long after you ate

Beneath your lips' mark  
And the last sip of wine  
Where I placed my own lips  
To whisper you're mine

Oh to miss all the lovers  
Those imagined and not  
The few still remembered  
The many forgot

And the home by the sea  
And the city and the lake  
And the one I inherited  
And the one I will make

And the dinners with many  
And the nights all alone  
And the singing and the silence  
And the whispers in the phone

And the waiting and wonder  
The descent from above  
And the night I was breaking  
Taken home to your love

No. 572

Lift me to the tip of each,  
your hands' and heart's skyward reach  
as my fingers dance the leafy edges holding still drops of summer.

And when you are thirsty I shall make it rain,  
and when you are warm this will softly cool your skin,  
and when you hold me up this high  
I fill my cupped hands at the border of under-green -  
shards of light and laughter dripping from my tree touch.

I ride you through the doorway there, raise you to the window, where  
the frosted edge of darkness' dome blankets today with slumber.

And when you are searching I'll show you the moon,  
and when you are waitfully gazing at the shape of her shine,  
and hope-filled and craving your please -  
a star to wish a prayer upon as much and richly such -

when you are opened and parched and wearied of watch  
I shall make it rain my love  
a shower of stars.

If carry you to carry me  
in evermore this light I will be -  
beheld in your hand  
and heart.

No. 575

, though live by you  
these moments true,  
I set gently upon the wings of her stars  
a prayer for the ever and after of ours.  
Buttons along my heart, loose and worn  
you within me, gently held, asleep and warm -  
faded to white beside yellow bright  
on a note passed to us from the boy I was,  
I see you were then as I see you again  
hope-filled thin blue line of my pen.  
Eyes pressed tight, I once whispered of you  
there opened to light, and two wishes-come-true.  
Keep not these hands held tight to past,  
yet behold each our every start.  
To be you and true - two loves  
and this boy with a button up heart.



No. 576

, so I came there to you,  
to the unknown of the storm,  
to the opening enclosure  
of your hands,  
your mouth,  
your hope  
undressing,  
to my own exposure.

of the sweetly stolen days  
we made water of the white,  
and laughed and drank the blizzard tea,  
and tasted each other's ways –  
ice melting the last uncertainty  
beheld, beside, within  
and fire's light where skin met skin.

heat against your warm  
beneath the blanket of snow  
we gathered life up in our arms  
making water, oh

making water.

No. 577

, and when you unwrap my words  
listen closely to the space beneath the bow -  
the crease lines where taught satin axes  
have marked the packaging,  
and as you are disentangling the layers and lines -  
curious the breaks and pauses -  
they are my breathing in rise and fall  
by quickened or quelling fear  
or deep sigh afloat on cumulus air.  
weigh not so much words but the very way -  
truth arriving like the gloaming of the day.

No. 581

I found her by the roadside early one spring morning,  
a heavy rain darkening her concrete wait.  
A few final flakes of her once-painted shell broke free  
and crumbled on the seat.  
Later that day I placed her in our garden-bed  
speckled with seeds and hope,  
facing her toward the river winds.  
The sun broke through to welcome her,  
setting orange-pink against her white.  
She seemed to smile at this and gently tilted in the  
soaked soil – her eyes searching the evening sky.

Each day she silently greeted me and my children,  
arriving to tend to the corn and sun flowers.  
“Good day Garden Fairy,” we’d say.  
Her only reply was the  
bounty of beauty before us.  
“Oh, thank you for loving the  
garden so,” the children would  
sing as they’d go.

When for several days in high summer  
we left the garden, wandering  
beneath the Spanish sky  
and counting shooting stars.

“Hello, Garden Fairy,”  
my daughter beamed,  
standing again  
before her  
and the flowering yellow blossoms.  
We almost didn’t notice  
she had filled her basket  
with our memories.



No. 583

my ear pressed against  
her chest  
her heart so strongly  
sounding  
in the warm  
small shell of her six years

I just listen  
back  
to the sound of faith  
the day she came to be  
created  
a leap  
into love  
in to the center of my own big life

No. 584

already I am hungry  
waking into this fast.  
dull, aching buzz  
to remind me of spiritual sustenance

already I am fearful  
and harm myself  
with invisible judgement  
already I am better than  
and not enough  
and just don't belong.  
so I write at this  
with gratitude  
and kneel on this with prayer  
and ask at this  
that God might be my answer today  
to find peace in quieting  
my mind

there gently held  
not lost  
again  
today

No. 585

, as though  
I've been asking  
did I wrong you somehow  
beyond reparation  
have I missed my chance  
at your grace  
and love  
is there some  
something  
somehow off  
I can put on  
or over  
or deliver myself  
to you  
somewhere awaiting me?

, and forgetting a moment  
your love  
and care  
each stair I take  
left to leave right  
right?

then thank you with the setting night

No. 586

I no longer could  
sustain  
the worry  
of what next  
and when

back flat to the cool grass  
on a hillside  
staring up to the sky  
light swells  
and shadows move  
and everything isn't done yet

light twinkling on light  
as if to promise all possibilities  
beyond the limits of  
my hope  
I am both certain  
that I am none of the places I think I am  
and someplace delivered by a largest love  
under a sky where words  
f l o a t        b y  
becoming the shapes of life  
on their way  
                 away



No. 587

I too,  
once  
with only that fragile pride  
and nothing to feel proud of  
but the secrecy I stuffed  
behind shame

I was my haircut  
and my fitted shirt  
containing  
too much this  
and way too that  
If you smiled at me  
I couldn't  
I kept getting lost  
I kept getting found  
I was too small for huge autumn skies  
I was screaming silence

belonging to the layers of regret  
I dwelt in the comfort of members  
and wanters in flight to forget  
the darkness the soul long remembers

No. 588

*I'm not kidding*, I say,  
cutting to the chase  
and leaping over the rituals of patterned words  
tempered to soothe  
the ear of  
my God  
separating this self from that world  
to quiet my strumming mind,  
to avail myself  
to the warm and frosted light  
that filters through my eyes pressed tightly  
against the morning.

I want to believe I kneel before you  
not tricking anyone  
or buying time or good favor,  
I'm just here as is and as I am  
asking  
for help  
to be love today  
believing you care, from  
some there  
out where,  
and it's okay that I keep thinking of scrambled eggs  
and shoes I'll soon need to shine  
as all the while a little girl lifts from her kneel at my side  
to climb on my back and whisper in my hair that I am loved.

No. 589

Don't blame me,  
    *she said,*  
I imagined you into creation  
and marveled at all you've become,  
I've cried for those whom  
and those things  
    you've                      lost,  
and laughed with such fury  
the world cracked open and swallowed me

Don't thank me for your gifts,  
    *he said,*  
I was just as surprised to hear you  
poem at the world  
and punctuate with grace  
    beholding my hearted word

call me God, but  
don't blame me,  
*it said,*  
I pray to you  
to carry me forth in to being your  
action  
and whisper, please,  
to you  
poet  
up there  
above this eternal emptiness.

I  
and this  
if I could  
oh, but how I am  
and misunderstood

I am not to blame for God,  
*I said.*

No. 590

in the glow of this light  
cutting the dark of this night  
slumbering bodies  
wrap around my limbs  
and tangle like blossoms  
rising from  
this hardened prickly vine

I behold them  
the length and breadth  
of my wait  
watching them become  
as the morning  
truth  
beyond me

No. 594

I am surprised at these hands  
I reach for -  
not those of him eluding my grasp  
nor the delicate clutch of my child,  
hers  
the woman poet  
miles and miles away -  
so close.

I am awed at the way her words  
crack me open  
and fill with my own spilling.  
I am drawn  
into her absorption  
wanting to be with her  
against her and  
within,

I am hers. Amazed.

No. 595

, that happens to me too  
stories told in my head and heart  
that I've come to believe  
sprinkled among page after page of blank space holders  
where I pretend I lived unremarkable days -  
forgetting the worst and choosing only to remember  
what I could pack into my survival kit.  
the power of the spirit to live is amazing.  
so that's how I live, for as many years as I need to not remember.  
then one day an old pain presents itself,  
and I unpack it and marvel at the freshness of the feeling -  
the way it bridges time so effortlessly and puts me in that child past.

Yes, it happens to me sometimes -  
I remember a pain and can see  
it was always right there  
waiting for my attention and my love.  
older is a process of picking up the child in pain  
telling him he is okay and loved and cared for.  
he wasn't offered that before.

My scared parents said, "don't be scared,"  
and all that did was make me ashamed.  
now it's okay to be scared, we all get scared,  
tell someone who will listen and care for you  
and say, "yes, I know how you feel, I feel that way too."

we are our own boogie men and women  
if we invite them out of the dark to talk  
we will see that it is just us in pain.  
just pain in us.

No. 602

, and in these early hours  
I sit at my father's desk -  
his child  
awaiting  
you  
my child.  
your arrival trumpeted  
by a rustling in your room,  
then the soft brush of your little body  
across the cotton sheets,  
and always there is  
a long

                    pause  
            before you appear  
from around the door's frame -  
through the still dark morning  
a picture of childhood  
looking directly toward  
where you know I am waiting,  
always surprised for a moment to see  
me,  
always a little surprised to see  
you -  
arms and belly projected outward  
knowing I will gather you here  
against all my years  
and inhale you.  
cheek against my chest.

these are the only moments  
I forget most of that to this,  
and there at his desk  
am my father's child.

No. 609

what  
after this?  
life,  
he said,  
believing his energy was eternal  
brought him comfort  
in this earthly struggle

he thinks maybe  
there is a place of peace  
a reward for a life of dis-ease

smiling  
I say,  
I think the disease  
is  
the reward.



No. 610

How often  
This finding a piece of myself  
Lodged  
In my being  
Obvious and unobserved  
Catching threads of the world's great fabric  
How often did I not notice myself right there here  
Awaiting my own hands receiving me  
How many days must tears well  
Their sound fearfully awaited unwelcome  
All of this me yet myself,  
Is it any surprise I cannot discern his great beauty  
From the chatter  
That he cannot find me searching for who I am  
Right here under my own nose

No. 611

such love. You are everything beautiful,  
and yet you open and reveal even more  
than the world had ever imagined for herself.  
poem of awakening  
I want to stand in it and let it lift up around me  
and wet my feet and warm my face with the sun's rise.  
The diamond on the beach is you  
and you sparkle so truly.  
  imagine what will fill you in the space that change will allow.  
let Awakening remind you  
that you are as limitless as the morning's rise  
and the day before us.  
You are still becoming,  
in leaps and bounds  
and with wide spread wings like a gull  
dancing on the shifting winds.  
You are morning.  
You are light.  
speak from your great place of love and kindness.  
Whether or not others hear from ears of the same  
is a matter for the Gods and the gulls.

No. 613

Slowly  
indeedly  
they pass my monotony  
on their way back to what they do

what they just did  
I couldn't stay  
it was heartbreaking  
to be  
in their place  
a waiting room  
for what comes next  
for the nothing and the nothing  
that comes before nothing  
the quiet and the pause  
before the shrieking

stop

No. 614

I am not this body  
That. I am.  
I am not the distance  
between what if and what then  
am not the moments of rage  
slipped through the mostly  
gracious spirit soaring  
I am not what happened  
Nor what happys this day  
apart  
From the past  
I am not his nor hers  
But theirs  
Not me muse  
If nor I  
By compulsion or counting or control

Only this be  
Beside thee

No. 615

Tired  
Of myself  
I had the best intentions  
But I ate them down  
And then I didn't stop  
I know better than my actions  
each seemingly harmless morsel  
A weapon turned on my self  
A voice saying  
See you'll never have that great love  
So why not have this instead.  
hopes salted and swallowed over and over  
Never bothering to even wipe my mouth

No. 617

That night  
that followed  
that long day  
that long walk home  
to the darkness  
hope that watching  
into windows  
lives being lived  
love flourishing  
another night  
passing me by  
arriving home.

Yet the hope of tomorrow

No. 618

*There is enough,*  
I tell him,  
As much to hear it said  
As to say it.  
My faith is buoyed  
by disparate objects  
strung together  
with found frayed rope shards  
from the beaches banks.  
Harsh winds rise them  
from buried in the sand  
and drop  
them  
like shackles at my feet

*Here take these  
Do something that is holding on  
Bind your strands of hope  
and tether to the horizon  
with remembering  
that things change into things  
And wait is only air  
that is out of breath  
hoping to be the breeze.*

I believe.  
There is enough.

No. 620

, that a branch  
grown so that way  
so long  
might twist toward this  
this day  
by my words  
falling from the autumn sky  
to tell upon a limb  
of the light

*Lift*

*Be loved*

*For as long as you shape  
through the sky*

*there is*

*a chance*

*to kiss the winter sun*



No. 621

I stared at the gray sky  
hands gently open  
awaiting the words  
I once thought  
mine  
to place  
in space between lines  
and yours  
to muse forth  
from my favorite pen

I thought  
I could write things right  
again  
If I stared long enough  
at the gray sky  
But  
when I really  
first and finally  
closed my eyes  
the words  
arrived with winged certainty  
across the suddenly blue of skies

No. 622

I am learning from the  
layered truth and time  
to find healing and  
a song of hope  
words and love colliding in the sky  
above the places we are  
coming together  
to be poems  
already written by the universe  
and given to us to safely place to paper  
and care for.

No. 624

Still,  
that poor boy on the sidewalk,  
clutched from his thinking  
and pulled down the hill into the high grass.  
bully across his chest  
telling him hatefully  
the truth he will not himself utter for years to come  
beliefs of his shameful difference  
that will grip him like fingers squeezed around his biceps  
pushing him against the soil  
even later in life when he reaches for the hand of a man  
he is trying to love  
trust barely the tiniest whisper from his heaving body  
still fighting to inhale enough to scream  
from beneath the laughing weight of a boy  
who he believed would kill him  
for being

A man  
he walks the sidewalk  
writing to the boy  
a message on his phone,  
addressed to himself

I'm sorry all those years were stolen away  
I promise I will find them and give them back

No. 628

, that was the day without poetry.  
The only words were their scrambled attempts  
Ego infused with cause.  
I kept going to the edge of it to jump off and fly into truth  
But thorns snagged my every move  
And the day ended with the darkness that ushered it in,  
sleep clutching the last shard of my soul  
stole me away to a dream of the maybed morrow  
The falling which lifted the words of the day without poetry

No. 629

, and even as I write the words  
They run off this way and that  
Laughing at the lines I offer to  
The theatre of their childhood.

poems are meant to be written  
she told her sister.

No. 630

as though this malaise  
will solve something  
it sets in  
like fog on a wedding day  
not even hoping to be  
what is talked about  
just there  
in response  
to a collision of realities  
this malaise  
between me  
and that boy who stared  
in that way  
as though perhaps we'd  
collide against one another  
in the bathroom stall  
or a candlelit room  
that malaise  
again  
that afternoon friend  
almost something  
almost nothing  
almost

almost

No. 631

then into her  
, soft  
and white'd way  
wind whisked  
words  
across the day -  
to tell the birds  
in the trees and sky  
with tilted gaze  
of wonder why,

*I do not know my sweet little thing  
what makes the human heart so sing  
I only know that whence and now  
and even if and will somehow  
that life is love and love is this  
delivered on wing'd words and kiss*

No. 632

But I choose  
the paper thin of my skin  
and the words  
that are written on my body  
from the inside out.

I accept  
that I am suddenly alive  
in the cool air  
and rose-colored  
by the sunlight's streaming.

I believe  
in the holding 5 minutes  
and dancing  
to the edge of time.

And I am truth'd  
in this  
that is deeply brave  
and softly uttered  
like forgiveness exhaled  
alone in the dark.

This is poetry, this.



No. 633

above last sleep,  
this morning star  
whispers wonder  
where we are,  
and gentle wish  
to kiss these dreams  
before the first'd  
morning streams.

ours  
entwined  
sharing dark  
certainty  
and warm,  
hands reach for each -  
toward waking's waltz,  
hearts trumpet  
the welcome of morn.

oh,  
Listen the roof tops,  
the smoke stacks,  
the trees,  
listen  
the song of light  
twinkling  
in the breeze.  
'tis this morning star  
does sweetly lay  
her wish for love  
upon our day

No. 641

So much  
Less  
And more than I'd  
Imagined for  
My life  
Such illusion of decision and control  
Of  
Mounting days  
Built on will and wish  
Dressed in prayer  
and compulsive  
Order  
And Lifting my face  
above level from time to time  
Only to marvel  
at how little or far off course  
The tides have taken me  
The inlets and harbors  
I hadn't mapped  
Holding me  
Buoyant in the sun  
Arrived as I am leaving

No. 643

sometimes I am in the middle of cooking something  
almost shyly she will say to me from the foot of the stairs  
"you can join me if you want to"  
and because I never really want to I almost say I am in the middle of cooking

But I don't say that. I say sure. And I remove the pan from the stove.  
Flipping the light on ahead of the 19 stairs that lead to the dark hallway  
which leads to the bathroom, I offer to race her.

I sit on the edge of the tub while her legs dangle from the toilet  
and kick me softly  
and she tells me about her day  
or I tell her about my day  
and when I remember to I remind her  
that I'm glad she asked me to join her  
because I might have gotten afraid to be alone down stairs  
and it's always good to tell someone you love when you're afraid

sometimes when I go back to the stove  
the dinner is a little ruined and I heat up some elbow macaroni with butter  
and put out little bowls of odd things from the refrigerator  
and we have a picnic at the coffee table.

When I go upstairs  
a bit later  
I feel for a moment I have conquered the night  
before I quickly flip on the light

No. 644

beneath the hushing dark of night  
speckled by the stars in flight  
and shine upon our dreaming beds  
love hath spun of each our threads

peddling rhythmic loom of light  
shimmering maybe and knotted might  
weaving our hopes and evermore  
blanket of our glimmering lore

sleeping hum of star catchers' singing  
lifting hearts to the barely morning  
that cast our prayers to the wide and far  
with hands hold the wonder where you are

No. 645

*I want to  
sleep wrapped in their arms  
and breathing  
long silken hair  
strewn across my cheeks  
feet pressed between my legs for warmth  
I want to sleep in their love  
drift in their dreaming  
awake to their childhood  
and dance in their playgrounds  
collecting the fallen stars  
dangling from tree limbs  
and gathered in leafy corners*

*Oh, I shall bake a cake of these and  
watered sand  
And with my white gloved hand  
and hearted sleeve  
present these before  
my prince.*

No. 647

From this earliest place of day  
My morning bird against me lay  
Her half awake hold around my writing arm  
Caresses as these words exhale to meet her dreamy breathing  
In the warm space around our bordering bodies  
there is magic poetry and childhood

Until the sound of our silence is belit by her waking  
Daddy go back to sleep  
Her morning voice a peep  
Perched on the whole of my heart

No. 648

, and into the goblet.  
Mosaic of glass,  
lush and heavy colors  
tulip/d upon a thin clear stem,  
that each we reach  
turn by turn  
to lift her to our parted whisper.  
Delivering our secret.  
Our hope.  
Our self.  
Her shape beholding.

They call her the wishing cup  
this confessional,  
porthole to the heavens,  
ear of god.  
I know her to be life.

No. 650

I invited this exposure,  
this childhood revisited.  
I brought left-out upon myself  
by seeking to be let-in.  
I told you to turn the other way  
when I asked you to face me.  
So if I tell you to tell me  
don't tell me what I long to hear,  
tell me the length of truth,  
hand me the map  
to where I am already going  
And offer me some water when I gasp.



No. 651

walk me there  
your place of lost  
in deepest wish,  
and kiss me there  
that space  
of must  
and warm,  
hold me down  
oh grounding my  
at grind  
I raise up through the sky,  
open me there  
where  
I close so tight around you  
new,  
and love me most  
tonight  
with all  
it's might.

No. 652

, and that voice  
unintending,  
still whispers  
heresy  
into your heart.  
Your master  
you abide,  
chasing dangling maybes,  
making deals with devils and gods,  
counting  
recounting  
and recoiling  
back to the empty.

The voice echoes

asking you  
did you really think  
you deserved  
to live among the loved,  
to be touched by hands that felt you,  
to be sought and seen and saved,  
and when you stood with a moment of peace  
before your own reflection  
did you feel safe  
from the voice of then and them  
ever stanced  
to leap upon your Hope  
and slit the throat of your prayer.

No. 653

I hadn't realized  
I hadn't really  
until I floated  
adrift  
in the mystery,  
the wet wonder  
of the streaming.  
How long I stood on the banks,  
feet in muddy perch,  
living by my reflection  
upon the shallow erosion  
of almost in.  
And getting in  
and giving in  
and giving and getting the possibilities  
of maybe just jumping heartlong  
into the uncertainty  
of certain spiritual peace.

Still.

I watch life ripple  
with the singing winds  
along the surface of the only truth  
and my child heart stands  
almost buckling to the wait  
thirsty to be held in her flowing arms.

No. 654

Stranger  
in the moment of our passing  
I taste you  
there  
in  
reach  
across  
a sidewalk and night  
and with a suddenness  
my face buries between your legs  
and my tongue opens you  
wide enough  
that my heart can spill into you

No. 655

I break  
and fume  
and ache  
when my child exhumes  
my buried self at six  
and I am reminded  
against my minding  
that each year of her life  
summons forth my past  
asking that I stick back together  
the broken pieces  
with spit and gum and chance for change  
or else perish again and for another forever

No. 656

*and each time,  
when I learn a secret I've been keeping from myself  
a truth that arrives from already here  
dressed in fancy clothes and trumpeted forth  
from a shadow place of ordinary  
a corner of thought where I festered and jestered  
made light of dark  
sentenced innocence  
and buried my burdens*

*and each time  
I am handed a truth  
a gift of less a lie  
wrapped in my own skin*

*I am just a little more me  
and free of thee*

No. 660

and still,  
I have used its purity  
to keep you from me -  
Safe  
In my warm wishing  
Where you can not hurt me.  
each day  
rising in to hope's light and cloak,  
floating on her wings  
toward oranged nighting,  
then fold  
and place safely beside my sleep -  
hope  
for tomorrow  
that hope will not bring  
they heavied hand of  
my fears  
in the arms of dreams come to truth.

how can I love through afraid.

No. 664

I didn't know I was afraid of them  
That they would see that I was barely keeping it together  
In my dis-ease I judged them  
For having dependable cars and kids and partners  
I balked at their false worship of Americana and hand-me-down gods  
And I medicated against their sickness

All the while they waited  
For me to come home  
To my family  
And take my quiet humble place in the order of the ism  
To recover their faith in me through my faith beyond me



No. 667

Lay your head so softly here.  
Rest your heart with all who care.  
Feel held by night so full of love.  
Hear angel'd voices from above.

All who are and ever were,  
and all who will ever be,  
pray rest assured and glory soared  
her sweetest dreams to thee.

Upon this pillow night or day  
may all your worries lift away,  
might soft against your sleeping be  
great love for you that lifts from me.

No. 669

Still  
Sitting  
Here where I see  
The  
Room they grow up in  
Ever changing  
As it drags past slowly forward  
I feel  
The fleeting of years  
And hear the approaching day  
Here  
Sitting  
Still  
Watching their room  
An Empty museum  
Of love's artifacts and evidence

No. 679

the thought  
that I really helped create something so amazing  
gives more meaning to who I am  
then I feel worthy of  
I'll try my best to live up to it  
this whole parenting walk is like that  
*Really, these lives are in my hands to lift up and raise?*  
*Can I really do this?*  
*Shit.*  
*Can I do better tomorrow?"*  
and all the while I'm picking up stuff  
the days collect into a childhood  
and yes I'm really doing it  
some days better than a not so good yesterday  
the younger who looks up from the shadow  
of her tall big sister  
dancing in the light of her own-big-self  
oh how magical she is in her way  
sitting myself in wonder  
*who will she be*  
*and how can I help her be it well and with comfort and joy and peace and passion*

No. 681

Their sleeping breaths  
Harmonize rising and falling  
To the  
Tempo of my heart  
And I fill with the sound  
of life so sweet and innocent  
Little dreamers adrift on certainty  
The world is more magical than mad  
Rising up to view  
the endless possibilities  
from clouds of marshmallow fluff  
I would do anything to make  
their childhoods better than mine  
So I write the hell  
out of what was  
and then newly script the day ahead.  
And in return  
they quicken my breathing  
drawing me into their symphony of sweet sleep  
and whisper the dreamiest maybes  
into my hopeful heart  
and slowly wake to my waiting  
They invite me into their childhood.  
And suddenly I am picked.  
I belong.

No. 683

Sing love across the bitter chill  
from this window plate to that window sill  
Like a cardinal carry these words to there  
Cut the sharp and starry nighted air  
float above the city plumes  
from rectangled towers of lighted rooms  
o'er the towns with streets lit like necklaced pearls  
upon whispering winds whilst so whisks and whirls  
and alas upon a harkening place  
tell my heart to love's sweet waiting face

No. 690

It seemed I had already been drinking  
So came the reason to try and moderate  
The dream was scripted to last several hours  
and in my sleeping heart I wore the shroud of dread  
How would I manage to drink the right amount to be gray all day.  
The alchemy of daylight and soul shadow  
Then I was in an apartment in Paris  
but it looked liked Chicago  
I was trying to reach old friends  
heavy hearted  
and lost my chance to find my way home

No. 691

There is a tremendous peace  
When I put my worry on the counter with my keys  
and feel my shoulders return to neutral  
put on hand cream and put away kid things  
or wipe some handprints off the glossy Formica coffee table  
I often sit and stare at their bedroom from my writing desk  
Thanking God for the miracle of their being  
And making deals with the universe  
to keep me young and handsome enough  
to be the dad they won't discard like old electronics.  
I know the time may come when they don't pick me  
for a time before they pick me up again  
and realize I'm their center.  
I stare at their room  
and all the miracles yet untold  
My shoulders return to third gear  
My heart revs  
Peace is a rest stop in my past.

No. 692

I am of this prison  
Every stone  
I placed against their siege  
Every bar I forged with impenetrable  
Contempt  
As though it was every them  
Against me  
I told them  
the silence of stones  
over and over  
And screamed inaudible avoidance  
Just the way I was taught  
Too proud to hate  
Hate too loud to love

And knelt before the tall rocked gate  
Who I could still be now locked in wait





No. 695

When my children ask me to them  
and need me  
I hear an invitation to belong  
to the place I long for  
I feel welcomed  
into their home  
and for the first time loved  
Each time  
held by their small bodies  
Wrapped in my hold

O, all of my life for a moment of this

No. 696

No longer sure  
why she is angry that I got angry  
when she didn't listen,  
she sits on the edge of bedtime  
pretending not to listen  
as I read our bedtime story  
and when the light goes out  
she replies to I love you  
with silence

She sits in the leather reading chair  
near the bed  
determined to win  
even if she has to sleep there  
curled into her own shape of proud  
I wait out her loud quiet statements  
*I won't give in won't forgive.*  
I know she has no perspective  
by her natural age.

And there in that waiting I am also six  
yelling without a sound  
*I will not apologize*  
*just so that you will stop being mean*  
*and love me.*

And she wins  
I say  
*I'm sorry and I love you and please come to bed*  
And without a word  
she walks from her self-imposed prison  
and curls up in our bed  
and I don't care that she isn't sorry  
when she wakes in the morning  
wrapped around me for warmth  
he will only remember that she loves me

And I win

No. 697

These early mornings  
of expected solitude  
I spend with a 6 year old  
learning to find real peace  
with scissors and glue  
we talk about how to handle a friend  
with Bully in her belly  
and laugh About the shape of our circles  
I am not worried  
about the mess we are making  
as we build a moment between us  
that might out last the cardboard phones  
we've constructed with duct tape  
God bless the little battles  
and defeats  
that break me  
and set me free

No. 698

Don't leave me alone  
As the world clusters  
under banks of snow  
Laughing and living  
and making childhood memories  
Don't leave me alone  
when there is having and holding  
to have and behold  
I wanted to be their dad on snow days  
and sneak off upstairs with you  
while they napped in front of a movie

It's okay that they are at the other house  
and you are not yet  
here I am  
glad for the emptiness  
I might fill with myself  
The stretch of time  
I would have once been too stoned to remember.  
Blood red wine in snow  
my only almost-memory.

No. 705

A dust of snow  
kisses this morning  
in to awakening.

Unsure.

Still.

Blanketed in darkness.  
She turns.  
Almost ready.  
Assuming place in this great continuum.  
Here.  
Leaning toward  
seeing you,  
it is okay that  
spring is distant.  
Unable to promise.  
There is only.  
Hope is near.

And I shall breathe only this day's whitefall -  
suffocate not by her sweet blanket  
of snow upon snows.  
The more beyond more.  
I am only.  
Heart's sure whore.

No. 706

Out of the dark night  
rose his lighted whisper  
you *are* a poet

And I,  
witnessed,  
the hand beheld  
beholding what I see,  
said, I am but god's pen  
to witness then of you and me

, and you are the words,  
sweet wonderment -  
lifted  
and gently held,  
warmth  
upon my open hand.  
I wait.  
Oh,  
longing to know  
your placement  
in this poem.

No. 707

dust of all these embodied,  
once a brotherhood  
or someone's sister

and, so  
we  
the poets  
must both tell of the horrors  
and shine light on the exits  
that may lead us as a people  
away from them  
toward the light.

We  
the poets  
must conjure the tell  
that even among the wreckage  
and the rocks  
there are flowers  
growing and lovers  
loving.

We  
the poets  
must speak of hope -  
for there is always some to be found

even if only a small crust of bread.  
Broken,  
in brotherly love.

No. 708

The light of waking  
is changing.  
Every moment is its own last.  
The hope and worry  
that wrestled  
through my half sleep  
provided neither side  
of self  
a victory.  
Only a poem  
written upon a thin sheet  
of gray pink dawn  
can call theirs  
a divine entwinement,  
a necessity of process,  
a gift yet revealed.  
It was only  
a moment being its last  
before the next and different.  
Perhaps the pivot point of it all.

A poet scribbling purpose  
from the possibilities  
Releasing the page to the winds  
of whatever awaits.



No. 711

Do you hear me  
sing this great love  
when you run the hallway home  
screaming my name  
through your laughter and joy?

Years before you arrived  
to fix the world  
I was taught to be quiet.  
But little by little  
you are giving me back  
the sounds of myself.  
I sing.  
I sing!  
I scream my song.

Do not be misled  
by its quiet open arms  
as you land in me.

No. 712

I think  
I can.  
Release this to the air.  
Let it  
be  
acceptance  
and love  
for this being  
a part  
or apart.  
I was seen here.  
I was touched there.  
I was held and beheld  
by words and hands.

I remain open  
to his lesson  
in spite of everything  
I was taught.

No. 714

Spring came early.

From city windows  
I see them  
blinded by white  
entranced by the weight of snow.

Could they not know  
that so much more is also,  
that hope  
arrived  
on the coldest day  
to melt the depth of wait.

If you open  
and breathe deeply  
you can smell the earth  
being warmed by the sun -  
Soil singing softly  
of life awaiting.  
You can feel the pink burn  
through your eyelids  
that whispers a wish  
from your childhood  
and delivers you forth  
to the future -  
planting you  
in this moment.  
This life.

This early spring has come.

No. 715

In the space  
between this and next  
I practice  
my self  
Not the first thoughts  
defaulting  
leading away from truth  
I pull out my  
better thinking  
and lay it out  
before me  
I pick up gratitude  
and I think about who I might help  
It is there my gifts begin  
to lift up  
through the cracks of noticing  
where I am broken  
Before long  
there is light  
and possibility  
in the dark space  
between  
now  
and then.

No. 716

Did you see  
how blue  
this morning was -  
or was that just me  
believing in the sky.  
I dreamt I danced with you,  
your breath against my skin,  
your skin against this bed,

and the moon rising  
to write this  
In my head.

No. 717

- back to the middle  
where  
I am ok,  
and nothing is everything  
or nothing.  
Everything is just life,  
being  
what it's supposed to be,  
and I am being taken care of  
by the force that shall deliver me -  
beyond confusion,  
around misunderstanding,  
through the pain of wait,  
and across dashed hope -  
to the front parlor of freedom  
in the house of acceptance.  
Suddenly home.  
And held in great aha!

No. 718

Now  
differently  
I must step  
in to this day  
lead by recovered actions  
toward what I believe in  
my hand divinely held  
I pray  
to sort through  
and honor the truth  
with who I am  
the poet  
perhaps  
lover  
father  
friend

No. 719

When they love me  
seek my side and my hand  
and when they say it first  
in the smallest truest voices  
and when they ask from nowhere  
the most central question of my moment  
or offer me a piece of their favorite candy  
but mostly when we are sleeping  
and they little-spoon against me  
I am home in a house of family  
that is greater than I could ever be



No. 720

In newly fallen snow upon snow  
I lay you down in the field I know  
and gently spread your wings  
fluttering melody sweetly sings

Snow angel in flight across my night  
making life upon all surfaces white  
with rising lifting humming song  
warming burning all night long

No. 721

the  
sweet  
retreat,  
each  
time toward  
the place of our maybe next -  
when beside you  
prayer would take wings  
and wings might lift us beyond.  
Oh,  
but safely on this ground,  
and  
sweet  
retreat,  
but for dream  
I climb the highest wire there  
And dangling down  
on heart strings dare  
before you here  
just  
sweet.



No. 724

Broken thoughted  
I turn the quiet against myself  
and strum a  
symphony of screeching fear  
To make melodic my maddening matters.

No. 730

Fall away -  
away from today -  
you aren't here  
and this isn't.  
It needn't be  
as far as I see -  
let that space  
in its place  
be acceptance  
and understanding  
unknowns  
and forgiving  
no real wronging  
and hope  
in place of longing.  
Fall away  
and away  
to the wish  
you well  
and I shall grow  
faith in heaven  
from a little hell

No. 734

What if I can only write  
the love I wish to live  
pen the deepest places of  
my self I long to give  
maybe the broken places  
that seep anger or erupt with rage  
incriminate beyond the sweet  
neat shell of the man I stage.

No. 735

it was the winter  
in which I sat  
stilling  
and allowed  
my words  
to dig feelings from the landslide  
sorting them  
staring at them  
seeing them come into focus  
shapes of disorder  
ordered  
more cold mornings  
more snow  
more discomfort  
on and under my skin  
sitting  
in more and more of myself  
all so that  
I must  
and might  
make ready  
an edge of sheer ledge  
on this life  
longing for love

No. 736

it is  
the balance I seek,  
equinox of light and time  
and all things immeasurable  
rightly apportioned,  
meeting in the middle  
for a moment's kiss -  
then  
apart'd,  
already  
on the way  
toward reunion -  
so that  
summer can rise  
from the warm center  
dressed in dragging  
a plush green carpet  
upon which the lovers lay,  
coming and becoming  
the moment of middle,  
the sheer sweat  
between bodies  
held in after love  
awaiting the hurricanes of August  
that allow them belief  
their love will survive -  
until the ebb and flowing  
distance of light and time  
replace their days with autumn,  
fewering the hearts that  
might to hold the hope  
of spring eternal -  
this as certain  
as the first crocus daring forth  
to await his destiny,  
trembling nervously and righteous  
beside the last  
unrelenting drift of winter.

These as sure as love  
in all her seasons.



No. 739

Then she told me  
it was a clue to my treasure -  
the way I felt  
and the way it feels  
since you've gone -  
and I thought  
maybe I could wear that  
like a stripe on my sleeve  
because it holds some honor  
stitched above a heart  
purple-bruised and  
leaking hope.  
Maybe  
the battle for peace  
you're fighting  
isn't mine to join  
and just maybe  
the unsaid thing  
isn't my anthem to sing  
as I wander away from you  
toward my treasure.

No. 742

Half-moon  
have high  
half morning  
Sky  
wonder why all my changes  
rise to meet me  
in the morning place  
dangled by a heavenly puppeteer  
My life performs for me  
Each next piece of my story  
On this great seaside stage  
Of constant change  
  
unsure if they come

No. 743

The dimpled calm  
Of the morning bay  
misleads my worry  
Softly edging sand  
In rhythm with my writing hand  
For a single sunlit second  
A glass shell  
Of yellow orange contains my world  
And nothing can spill away  
Or lift to join the encroaching day  
No pain is my own and  
Nothing threatens the great glass ornament before me.  
Even the sudden fracture of a distant feeding gull  
is swallowed by her need to show me perfection is possible  
When there is great quiet  
hope and belief

No. 744

In this place  
I came to introduce my daughter to the sea  
Christening her a child of summer  
With a tiny scallop shell  
that carried a single drop  
of pure ocean to her brow.  
In this place I pray.  
I brought my boyhood here  
a thousand summer days  
to frolic and float in the late day tide  
with no one but hope  
a drift at my side  
Back flat upon a raft of buoyed wood  
Drinking orange pink light  
through my eye lids  
And I have brought my self  
in teal morning words  
to sit in poetry  
pants to disrobe the seasons  
and the wait and the worry  
to tell myself  
That I am here again  
To tell you  
I will be back  
And I will bring him  
And he will see  
Who I really am  
Here

No. 745

her fractured coastline  
of rock and hard place  
deep crevices entwine  
scarred with moss  
upon which gulls toss  
shelled life to shatter  
and eager lovers  
come to matter  
All this  
brokenness  
cupping source  
and force  
of life  
a healing place  
of origins and ends,

and no matter where you are  
my water flows that far.

No. 746

The wait used to be heavy  
and full of hope  
but now it just looks like yesterday  
another good day  
to be In the middle of  
I used to accumulate  
places i would take him  
things we would do  
and all the sweet things I'd say  
that day  
but today  
is this day  
and I went ahead  
and did all the things  
I wanted  
in the places I love  
and I sang to myself  
the whole way  
If my gut is at all right  
he's probably around the corner  
waiting to spread some chaos  
on my neatly ordered path.

No. 748

I have always  
just reached  
over,  
beyond.  
Where  
low hanging  
ripened words  
fill my hands -  
To be placed  
in their place  
and rearranged  
just so.  
There.

But suddenly  
this day  
as I reach to write  
my gratitude  
for your gift of these young lives  
I am unable to sort through the landslide of love and language,  
to make poetry or sense of  
this mountain of miracle.

Every single word I lift up is *Grace*

No. 749

At your side.

Searching my pockets  
for words  
that could take away your worry  
but all I can speak of  
is your bravery  
and wonder at your  
love for the life you have today.  
I see your daughters  
lifted up in your grace  
and it knocks me back to being here,  
in this family,  
that has less cancer than hope -  
a collective intentional belief  
we can teach the world what today is.

You are here.  
And we are here too.

At your side.



No. 750

Wherever I was  
I was on my way to find you -  
unaware then  
of these blessings,  
distracted by dust on my shoes.  
Then rounding the corner  
Grace rose to meet me  
and there you were  
suddenly  
where I was  
with an empty page  
a broken pencil  
and a dream -

So I try  
to honor these gifts,  
And remember  
the journey  
this far  
this way  
to today -  
Though I walked  
with a dusty shoe  
and a hopeful heart  
I was always lead  
toward home s  
to you