



In lines that delight in the landscape, probe the heart, find a spiral galaxy in the whorls of a fingertip, Glickman's poetry is rich and wise. Her serious themes are punctuated by observations as witty and precise as a New Yorker cartoon — a pleasure to read.

Mike Keefe, editorial cartoonist, *The Denver Post*



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SONGS FOR A BELOVED FRIEND

MONICA GLICKMAN

SONGS FOR A **BELOVED** FRIEND



POEMS AND ESSAYS
FOR THE PLANET

BY MONICA GLICKMAN

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BELOVED
— FRIEND

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for my gifts human and canine

CHAPTER HEADINGS

Natural Themes

Human Variations

Yellowstone Rhapsody

American Melody

Doggie Suite

Animal Chorus

Coda



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Look within
and see the connectedness
of all things.



STAR STUFF

Connectedness
is the fabric of being.
Gravity knits us together –
humans and suns,
moons and planets.
Wonder joins us
to a universe of celebration.
Our bodies are star stuff
resonating with the spheres.



SPIRAL RINGS

Tree rings spiral
in the shape of an unnamed galaxy
close to home
but years away in time.
Unique stamp of the universe
imbedded in our cells
surfaces on the finger tips.



RHYTHMS

Some underlying universal rhythm
creates the undulating pattern for
wind in the skies
waves in the sea
lines in grocery stores
cars on the highway
work in the office.



CLOUDS

Birds fly across the sky
in the shape of clouds.
Continents form from vapor
and drift with the wind.

Fluid, fire, air, and core
are bound in intricate design.
The universe weaves the pattern,
and we are one stitch.



DEEP SEA SONG

Your deep sea song
calls me
My cells remember
and feel the pull
longing to join you.



WEB OF LIFE

Webbed foot, cool skin
Your deep croak sings
of the web of life.



WILD WATER

Wild water
rolls
in a grey-green surf,
roars and foams
at my feet
echoes
in my ears
like blood pounding,
repeats
in the heart and lungs,
ebbs and flows
in nature's rhythm,
breathes
with the cadence of life.



CURVE OF BEING

The universe holds us to it,
protecting, rocking, cradling,
curving around us
singing its many songs
some heard by the human ear
some understood by human hearts
some beyond our knowing.



ON THE VERGE

Far above
at the edge of sight,
with perfect spacing and easy grace,
planes in formation or birds in flight?

An unhurried, fluid silence,
a barely perceptible curve,
bespeak life.



ROSE

Powerfully delicate
simply intricate
purely intoxicating.



RUFIOUS

Red-necked resplendent
ornery Rufous
flurries his wings
a mile a minute
sounds like a bumblebee
on steroids.



ANIMAL PLANT

Orchid butterfly
perches on its green stem
white wings spread wide
at once flower and feeder.



EARTH DOES IT BETTER

Supremely competent inventor
of vastly complex and interrelated
genetic codes.
Creator of an unimaginable
variety of life.
What do we name you?
Earth? God? Source?
Shall we substitute
our more limited human knowledge
for a multi-billion-year
record of success?



BLUE-GREEN MANTLE

The moon contemplates
her larger neighbor
and wonders:
When will that ancient mantle
of blue, green, and white
give way
to a newer gown
of pock-marked grey?



WHERE HAVE ALL THE BUTTERFLIES GONE?

(Variations on a theme by Pete Seeger)

Where have all the butterflies gone?
Gone from my garden
Gone from the meadows
In no time.

Where are the frogs
croaking their moist song
in perfect unison,
silencing in one breath
as I approach?
We have so little time.

Where are the bees
buzzing in harmony
with vibrations of the universe?
Pray we learn in time.



DANDELIONS

Dandelions in the grass
bear silent witness
of respect for the planet,
while death stalks
across the perfect green lawn.



MR. ROBIN

Mr. Robin
who poops in the birdbath,
must learn, like us,
to preserve his source of strength.



TINY WORM

The tiny worm
supports
the tree of life.



SHADE TREE

Stark-branched winter beauty
softly shades summer
riots with fall color
signals spring in new green,
pleasures the senses,
shelters small creatures,
patent held by Planet Earth.



RED BUD

Beautiful red bud
gentle and rounded
leaves flutter softly
in the wind.

Dense green branches in summer
heavy with snow in winter
violet red blossoms nipped so often
by frost in spring
home to birds
outside my window
grace on three slender stalks.



SKY POOL

Silver fish in a deep blue pool
gleam in the sun
dart out of sight
behind a cloud.



MOON PULL

Rising moon
pulls me
calls me outside
to walk under brilliant clouds
in the quiet evening
lit by lunar radiance,
no longer by your presence.



MOON MAGIC

Surrounded and framed
by cloud
partial moon weaves
its total spell.



MARS AWAITS

Mars awaits
but hopes for
more enlightened settlers.



NATURAL GEM

Fairy mix of frozen water
and glacial dust
gleams turquoise in the sun.
High mountain jewel
dazzles the sturdy hiker.



NIGHT JEWELS

City lights are more numerous
than the stars,
and light years vanish
in the glow from the garage.

Distance vision shutters,
and veiled night jewels
adorn our lives no longer
with other-worldly luster.

The Dippers slake no journey's thirst,
the Polestar gleam grows dim,
while lonely Orion makes his way
hunting a memory of radiant display.



COLOR OF EARTH

Collie color of earth, lamb and lion
throat echoes shark's jaw
human hand revealed in paw
bird feathers trace ear edges
fur swirls in exact pattern
of wood grain on table
as you look and see
the universe sing harmony.



STRAIGHT LINE

You came to me
in a straight line
from the heart of the universe.



THE UNIVERSE STORY

Creation story and scientific fact
blend in a narrative
more wondrous than any before,
foundation for thought
and guide for the future.
Science and spirituality merge
in a dawn of harmony
with the cosmos,
the unity of proven truth
compelling as any faith.
Universe at center,
earth a divine unfolding,
human one miracle
among many.





HUMAN VARIATIONS

HUMAN PRISM

Summon the courage
to be gentle.



Ray of thought
caught in the human prism
captured by culture
and social norm
refracts only rarely.



BLISS

Child of any age
asleep in bed at home
nose in collie fur
trust in a husband.



OPPOSITE APPARENT

Man – woman
animal – human
body – mind
genetics – environment
other – self
either – or
laughter – tears.



FEAR AND DENIAL

As the sun used to circle the earth,
we see one small piece
and call it the whole,
denying what we do not experience.

Like women with spiders,
we destroy what we fear,
and fear
what we do not understand.



IMAGE OF LIFE

Photos of life
render the moment
in sharp detail
for future reflection.

A moment lived
sculpts the memory banks,
softens edges,
carves impressions into inner rock.



THE BOXING MATCH

Strength beyond years
stubborn stock
takes on all comers
leaves them limp and exhausted
bruised and battered
gasping on the ropes
as ninety-year-old mother and son
retreat to their corners
catch their breath
for the next round
in the brutal struggle,
the knock-down, drag-out, dug-in battle
over the car keys.



IF...

If Einstein had owned an iPhone,
he would never have pondered the universe,
and nothing would be relative.



FAMILY FEUD

Linked and divided
by language and history,
mutual mistrust fans the flames
of ancient feuds made modern
by the limitations of land
and the human heart.



AN AMERICAN IN GERMANY 1970

An American in Germany
crosses solo against the light
walks alone on green lawns
demonstrates a disdain for authority
unnecessary at home
looks with relief upon signs of prosperity
holds fast to her passport.



THE VAST

The mind cannot grasp the
numbers of stars
reach of the galaxies
range of the universe
vastness of human cruelty.



DO THE HARD WORK

A heritage of discrimination
carries a special obligation
a pressing duty
to refuse the easy label
to resist classification
to choose to do the hard work
of seeing the individual.



Aren't we lucky
that the Bible was written
in English?



THE LOOM

The warp of language
and woof of perception
thread the fabric
of law and social function.

Beyond the human loom
unimagined and unnamed
lies a broader law
yet unfiltered through the frame.



FREEFALL

Falling out of love
and into loneliness
Free to be alone
Free to find myself
apart from you,
best friend
since almost-childhood.



HEART'S SONG

Love grants patience
tempers stubbornness
moderates loneliness
cushions a fall
cools anger
encourages effort
models unselfishness
bolsters strength
finds time
hears the heart's song
bestows blessings lavishly.



NOT KNOWING

If there's something
you'd rather not know,
your children will be happy
to tell you.



BEETHOVEN

From a tiny seed
of sound and structure,
nurtured slowly, carefully,
taking time
grows organically
a towering shape of strength and beauty.
End as beginning,
beginning as end,
a universe of seamless sound
unfolds like a flower
grows like a tree
before your ears.



THE SOUND OF RHYTHM

Poetry, like music,
has its own demands
and makes its own allowances
where to breathe, when to soften
where to slow down or speed up
what to emphasize
and what should speak for itself
freedom and structure intertwined
sound and rhythm
offering a different gift
to every listener.



THE BLISS OF SILENCE

In the bliss of silence,
breath fills the lungs,
blood runs its course,
heart beats with the earth,
mind roams freely.



NOISE

Noise drowns private thoughts
and recalibrates internal rhythms
until thought and rhythm
assume a public face
and lose their unique vitality.



JANE GOODALL

Soft voice
mild manner
fierce love
indefatigable spirit
blaze a dedicated life.



ODE TO EDWARD ABBEY

Jersey girl meets Pennsylvania boy
in the canyon country
forty years after he left it.
Perfect word, sound, thought
imprint on the heart-brain
like the country itself.
Finally a Westerner,
I crave this country
like I crave your words,
inhaling, absorbing
words so perfect
they keep me up at night.
Where are you Edward Abbey?
I want to talk to you,
read you some poetry
I think you would like it
I sure like yours.



CANYON ABBEY

Flowing down the river
like Huck Finn
letting the water take him
letting the words take him
“steady, powerful, unhurried” words
like the Colorado river
molding a living structure
a life-form for later-comers
to navigate.



COMES KINDNESS

Out of strength
comes kindness.
Cruelty flows
from weakness and fear.
Out of self-love
flowers empathy,
a hard and selfish heart
from self-hate.



RABBIT HOLE

Down the rabbit hole
into inner space
encountering the universe
closely.



THE ANCHOR

Anchored vessel's
navigator and guide
charts course to an inner realm
balances the rudder
steadies the craft
unfurls the sails
spirit sallies forth.



WHO GETS TO SPEAK?

If one must be perfect
to speak out,
I had better remain silent.



THE HUNTER

O' Hunter
Take heed from the wolf
Cull the herd of the weak and sick
and pass over
the beauty of the strong.



COME TO THE TABLE

Those who think most alike
sit furthest away
at the table
or never come
to the table at all.

Those who are closest in spirit
find reasons to disagree,
and friends turn into enemies
over a phrase.



DEFICIT SPENDING

We thought we had survived,
through the sacrifices of earlier generations,
two world wars and profound human loss.

We thought we had conquered
the frontiers of medicine and biology.
We thought peace, health, and good living
were our birthright.

Now we find,
an inkling dawns,
that far from having
the luxury of being selfish,
we face the ultimate challenge,
must make the biggest adjustments,
must alter fundamentally existing ways
of seeing, thinking, feeling, and wanting,
so that not only our children,
not only our nation and civilization,
but our planet and children's children
may survive and thrive

their destinies linked
their well-being entwined
now and for all human time.



VOICE-BOX

We think we are
the highest of the animals,
beings unique and apart
because we have a voice-box
and can express ourselves
through what we call language.

But somehow we have forgotten
how to communicate.
We evade it, deflect it,
turn aside from it.
We loathe to discuss our differences,
fearing to offend, avoiding conflict.

Yet without the skill of speaking civilly
to those with whom we disagree,
how can we confront challenge
and create a reality
which meets our present needs?

What would the framers of our constitution
think of a public and private world
in which dialogue is shunned
and compromise a forgotten tool?

Could this country have been established
without productive argument?
Would we have our present framework
without vigorous participatory discourse?

At a crossroads in human history,
we must welcome and consider all voices,
hone our skills for managing dispute,
use our voices again
in the way they were meant to be used,
learn to move forward together.



EARTH ABUSE

We strive to prevent
by law and education
in ourselves and in others,
abuse of children, parents, spouses.
We discuss openly what was once
a shameful secret,
gathering strength in obscurity.
In like manner,
neglect and abuse of earth
can no longer be accepted and endured,
must be examined in the light of day,
while law and education
fill their proper roles
as agents and exemplars of change.



HUMAN-CENTERED-NESS

What could be more anthropocentric than believing:

humans are the be-all and end-all
of existence?
the universe was created
for our use and control?
we are separate and apart
from other life forms
on the planet?
we can fully understand
manage, and improve upon
the profound mysteries of nature?
only humans have rights?



MODERN MYTH

Stories from another time and place
we recognize as myth.
Dreams imbedded in our own culture
we identify as universal truth.
Before change can occur
we must acknowledge
our twenty-first-century mythologies:
the promise of technological utopia;
human separation from other species;
unlimited human capacity to know and repair;
human entitlement.
Before change can occur,
other dreams and myths
must forge a new foundation
and create hope and expectation
on which to build a new reality.



THOMAS BERRY

Fervent waking dreamer,
guide and sage,
fierce and gentle visionary
for the coming age –
Thomas Berry.



TENDER HEART

Too-tender heart
opens the door wide
to pain and suffering
cannot turn aside
from cruelty and grief
cannot go forward
with gaze unblinking
flays itself in thinking
of what is better forgotten
or swept into an untidy corner
cannot save itself
by pushing the door
only partly ajar.



LIMITS OF LANGUAGE

At certain times
language fails
and touch and sound
are all that remain
to communicate
love and loss.



NEXT LIFE

Friend, wife, mother?
Animal-lover?
Greenpeace warrior?
Whale?



NOT A MOMENT TO WASTE

Don't waste a moment –
Kiss your children
and pet your dog
and find some time
for your spouse.

Every moment counts –
So kiss the dog,
and pet the children,
and save a hug
for your spouse.



FONT OF WISDOM

Wisdom flows
from the fountain
of communal understanding
as much as
from the university classroom
or research lab.



LOVING HANDS

The grip of death softens
with the touch
of loving hands.
The fear of death lessens
in the presence
of loving hearts.



IN THE BALANCE

The universe is undecided.
Were humans a good idea or not?
The breath of life pushes us
toward a favorable answer.



DOMINION AND CONTROL

Dominion and control
Responsibility and succor
Choose wisely or lose.





YELLOWSTONE
RHAPSODY

CITY SKIN

Can't wait to shed my city skin
move to the rhythm
of sun and moon
hear with animal ears
breathe with the wind.



ABYSS POOL

Emerald-green pool of steam heat
blowing across a black abyss,
sulphur smells
envelop me in moist warmth,
fragile evidence of earth's power.



MELODY OF THE FIREHOLE RIVER

Urgent green
insistent gold-brown
fullness of spring water
plays its deep-toned melody
in a fast, loud, on-rushing rumble
more dramatic than the quiet contemplative alto
the higher-pitched gurgle
of summer's gentle blue.



LOST AND FOUND

Captured by sound
spellbound by birdsong
entranced by spring's wind instruments.



MOUSECATCHER

Head tilts to left and right
ears peaked and listening
patient as a statue
back legs leap-ready,
multi-colored canine
arcs up and into the burrow-mouth
rodent feast swallowed
in one long second.



DRAGONFLY BALLET

Hither and yon,
apart and together,
dragonflies dance
their mating ballet.

Helicopter wings
flash purple and blue,
black and green
in airborne ecstasy.



DUCK CLOUD

Ducks fly overhead
white underbellies
gleam like quarter moons
hundreds of voices silent
wings make the sound
of shimmering.



FRILLY MISSILE

Missile with a frilly skirt
fluted plume of power
faithful blast of sulphur water
fueled by earth's heat
ignited by pressure
sighs while launching
seeking release by the clock.



LIKE A WHISPER

Wolves cross the road
and like a whisper
melt away
into thin air.

Black shadow
appears
like a thought
and a hope
and is gone.



FIRE!

Storm clouds billow black
Grey air fills with fine feathers
Unhappy lungs hope for clear weather.



FIGHTER PILOT

Helicopter pilot
fighting from the air
lowers his basket
for healing water
returns again and again
through black smoke
drops precious liquid
on precise target
patient and careful
skilled and determined
hunger and fatigue
won't slow him
only darkness will stop him.



BUFFALO SURPRISE

Skirt the large buffalo
chomping on the trail
 speak softly
 as you circle wide
look back in surprise
as he follows, curious,
at a comfortable distance.



NEW-BORN

Translucent new-born buffalo
 plops in front of me
 watches with wide eyes,
hoping for help I cannot give.

Mother feeds the grizzly down the trail,
 plays her part
in the harshly beautiful
 story of survival.



BEAR CONVENTION

Bear convention down the trail
round toes, pointed nails,
big tracks, little tracks,
grizzly bear, black.
Native woodsmen won't be seen,
not, at least, today,
scent of human signals them
to simply melt away.



WINDBURST

Windburst on a bright fall day
spirals through golden grasses,
whistles into tall trees,
howls up the hill
and disappears.



SHOSHONE LAKE

Shine on, Shoshone Lake,
sparkle in the sun
glitter in cool blue beauty
dream of frogs croaking
in the moist meadow
as you kindle a calm spark within.



WATER MEDITATION

What does more than water?

Powerful, gentle water, you
spout, eddy
roil, rush
tumble, trickle
ripple, flow
stream, soak.

Quiet, turbulent water, you
gush, dive,
stun, revive
bounce, wash
foam, arc.

Swift, still water, you
splash, play
break, pelt
bubble, boil
burst, churn
sizzle, shimmer.

Calm, dangerous water, you
erupt, cascade
meander, mosey,
swirl, pelt
drop, drift.

Musical, deafening water, you
burble, babble
crash, hiss
rumble, roar,
slap, gurgle
tinkle, drip
patter, drum.

Shape-shifting water, you
wind, curve
twist, turn
ramble, dam
sculpt, erode
channel, flood
melt, drip
freeze, thaw.

Blue, green, gray, steel, azure, white water, you
skip, jump
sprinkle, float
run, fall
spray, soak.

Bright, dark water, you
disguise, conceal
protect, reflect
glimmer, glisten
sparkle, gleam
glitter, mirror.

Clear, pure water, you
quench, ease
satisfy, sooth,
nourish, sustain.



PRINTS IN THE MUD

Bigfoot precedes me
down the trail,
five large toes
with claws for nails.

Round furry tush
like my dog's behind,
mind your business
and I'll mind mine.



WATER MEDITATION 2

Never resting water,
you make us feel so rested.

Wind drives you,
gravity pulls you,
the moon tugs on you,

yet

we breathe you and are refreshed,

we see you and are renewed,

we hear you and are revived,

we feel you and are reborn.



WOLF DREAM

I remember when you came
to warm yourself by the fire,
and we lived in harmony.

• • •

Curious, you stop and stare.
A vague memory stirs.
Then survival dictates you flee.



PACK LEADER

White female leads the pack,
following her flock into the forest.

Disappearing last,
she turns to take one final look
at the creatures who watch
from across the far valley.



OFF THE BEATEN PATH

Survey surroundings
looking for cover
ready to stoop
quickly
rushing water
gurgles by boots
hoping for smooth zipping
kleenex in pocket
must remember to discard
before needing to blow nose.



BELOVED FRIEND

Wild and unknowable
balm to the spirit
always surprising
always the same
place of beauty and peace
beloved friend, Yellowstone.





AMERICAN MELODY

AMERICA THE BEAUTIFUL

My decent country –
A beauty as great
as its natural wonders
lies in the hearts of its people.



GETTYSBURG

Red blood spilled
in civil strife
nourishes the soil,
sweet smell of peace
lingers.



LAND OF MY BIRTH

Land of my birth
land of my choosing
Embrace change boldly
as you once did.

Land of my birth
land of my choosing
Be a light unto the nations
as you once were.

Land of my birth
land of my choosing
Go without fear
where your people guide you.

Land of my birth
land of my choosing
Honor the rule of law
which brought you forth.



LINES AT THE CAR WASH

Sweeping clean
after forty-plus years in the desert,
wandering lost and bewildered,
election day washes us free
for a fresh start.



AMERICAN IDYLL

Religious and ethnic stew
melted fondu
of race and heritage
boils and seethes,
simmers and warms
forms of many strands
a binding stock
a satisfying social brew.





DOGGIE SUITE

PROOF

Proof of a benign universe:
dogs and children.



BETTER TOGETHER

Dogs and children
go together like
milk and cookies
cream and sugar
bread and butter
bees and honey
moon and stars
the brothers Marx.



RECEIVING LINE

We approach
body wagging
face eager
hoping for contact.
Children on the playground
run to the fence
squealing
hands outstretched through the metal.
She licks each one
moves slowly down the line
including all in her gracious greeting,
noblesse obliging,
while cries of delight
accompany her regal progress.



OSTRICH GOES TO THE VET

Bury your face
behind my back,
your body in full view.
Lie still and breathe quietly:
no one can see you.



PEDAL FOOT

Soft fur lies
across the pedal.
I cannot lift my foot
without your weight.
Open hearts listen while sleeping.
I cannot make music
without you.



HERD DOG

Herd dog gone bad
salivates
at the smell
of lamb roast.



DOGGIE HEAVEN

I want to play
in doggie heaven
but wonder
Who will be top dog?



GENETIC ENGINEERING

We engineer our beloved breeds
to suit human standards
of form and taste,
never knowing, or not caring
that health and strength
have a special beauty
and carry their own genetic code.



DESCARTES

Descartes
was the world's
least observant
dog owner.



DESCARTES' DOG

Pity the dog
of René Descartes.
Spoke no French
and thus had no heart.
No thoughts, feelings
or wants had he,
mechanistic brain in poor body.



IF DOGS COULD TALK

If dogs could talk,
a walk would be called
a sniff and a piss.



WOMAN'S BEST FRIEND

Dogs love the sound
of our voices.
That's why they're
woman's best friend.



WORK OF ART

A dog is a
work of art
created by
heart's need.



REQUIEM FOR A COLLIE DOG

your favorite endearment:

good dog

COLLIE BOY

My friend
my beauty
my anchor
my comfort
my good dog
my collie boy



Requiem, cont.

ESSENCE OF COLLIE

Tender heart
soft fur
sweet-smelling undercoat
warm eyes
feathered ears
magnificent markings
loyal soul
sensitive spirit
indomitable friend.



Requiem, cont.

THE COLLIE SHEPARD

Your eyes watch closely,
guarding my spirit.
Your presence comforts –
I am your flock.

We play in green pastures
sing by still waters
My joy is tempered by shadows.

As age and overbreeding
take their relentless toll,
and worry furrows your brow,
fear not, dear friend,
I shoulder the staff now.



Requiem, cont.

OWNER'S PRAYER

Please
take him
in his sleep
blanketed in love
next to my bed.



Requiem, cont.

LINDEN BLOSSOMS

We sit together under the linden
just steps from the back door,
your favorite spot in the yard.
From here you could see inside and out
guarding your domain.
Now a gentle rain falls
and joins with my tears.
Sweet linden blossoms drift
into your soft fur.
Giving comfort as always,
paw on leg and nose in face,
the deepest of sleep approaches,
and this special gift of the universe
will be gone from me.



Dogs understand
everything of importance.



DO ANIMALS LOVE?

What shall we call it,
when animals
care for each other
protect each other
bring food to each other
call out for each other
shelter each other
touch each other
groom each other
fly in symmetry
swim in synchrony
sit in parallel?
If we have no word,
whose is the failing?



IN OUR HOUSE

In the houses of our feed animals
there is little difference
between living and dying,
and death is the only release.



WITH OUR CONSENT

In our own backyard
with our tacit consent
cruelty flourishes.
Can we claim we didn't know?



DINOSAUR MUSIC

If birds are descended from dinosaurs,
then dinosaurs must have made
interesting music.



PETS

In English
we call our domestic animals
pets
because of what we do to them.

What must we call our feedlot animals?



POISON FRUIT

Paralyzed with fear
prodded and jolted
stench searing the brain
the fruits of cruelty
stagger to our table.



THE 3 QUESTIONS

What is on my table?
How did it get here?
Do I want to know?



SALMON FISHERY

I see strain
in the set of your mouth,
jaw, eyes, and body.
One among thousands,
you hurl yourself against the gates.
What do we know about you,
except how you taste?



BEASTS

We call them beasts
but beasts don't kill for pleasure
or nourish their hate.
Survival motivates –
understood by hunter and prey alike.



DOVE'S CRY

Where is your mate, gentle dove?
Your mournful cry receives no answer.
Please don't be shy.
Come and drink from my birdbath
and not from the street.



LOSE FOR WINNING

Curious, gentle, mischievous spirit
is missing from the land;
cinnamon-brown beauty suffers
for his efforts to survive.

• • •

I search in vain for track and spoor,
can no longer hope for a sighting.



HUMANE // SLAUGHTER

Can't contemplate the connection?
If meat is on the table,
we had better try.



FORGIVENESS

Does the prey forgive the hunter?
Understanding softens his eyes
behind the fear.
He shares the need to survive.



BLACK JAGUAR

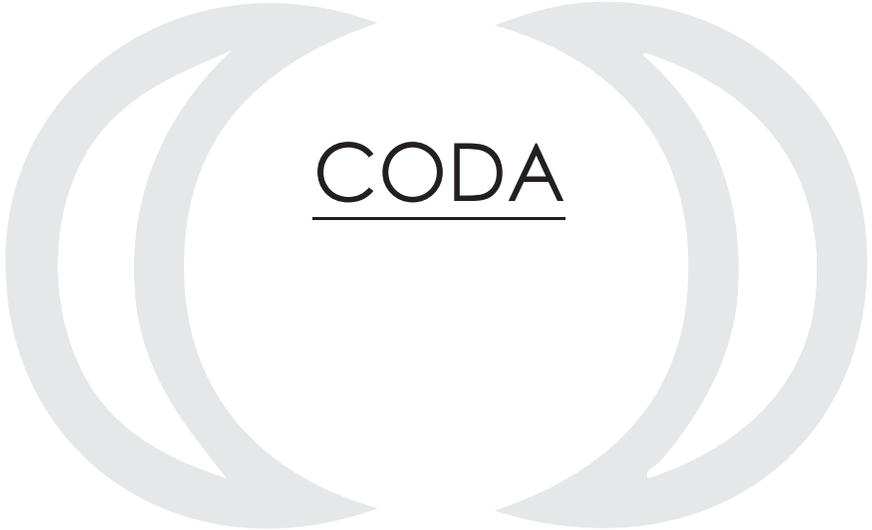
Your power and grace
reduced to frantic pacing,
your life contained
within a tiny cage,
such glossy black fur
and an empty face –
The heart has flown to freedom.



VOICES

Voices are calling
in a language you understand
but do not speak.
Do not turn away.
Let your heart answer.





CODA

THE 4 R'S

Rights
Responsibilities
Respect
Renewal.



HOMeward BOUND

Let me live in the ocean
sea source of life
let me ride waves and currents
in perfect sureness
land limbs and land rhythms
long forgotten
free to fly
in cold clean living water
singing my slow songs
without haste.

• • •

Surfacing, my eyes will know you,
speak of the deep sea secrets
we cannot share.



YOGA HAIKU

Open-hearted yoke
of body-mind, other-self
grounds, supports, connects.



SURFACE OF THE WATERS

Breathing freely
mind floating
poetry rises
to the surface.



SORROW SCALDS

Remembering what I lost,
sorrow scalds my heart
squeezes my chest
closes my throat.

Grateful for what I had,
I breathe again.



SIMPLE EQUATION

I would give you my years,
friend of my heart,
adding to yours
subtracting from mine
until the final moment comes,
comforting to the last,
blending our dust
at home together.



THE NEXT CHAPTER

Who will write the next chapter
in the story of the universe,
as we struggle to understand
our place, role, responsibilities?
Children are quick learners,
teaching us, as they have before,
what we may not wish to know,
leading us, as they have before,
where we may not want to go,
helping to create a new world
in our own land,
where the promise of blessings
vastly outweighs
the many difficulties of the journey.



TURN OF THE SEASONS

....That which has been done is that which shall be done,
and there is nothing new under the sun....
....And I applied my heart to seek...wisdom....
That which is crooked cannot be made straight,
and that which is wanting cannot be numbered....
....And I applied my heart to know wisdom....
To every thing there is a season,
and a time to every purpose under the heaven....

Ecclesiastes

The seasons turn,
summer to autumn, fall to winter
and the joyous renewal of spring.
On this earth, there has been time
for love and hate,
war and peace.
But the seasons are changing
in a new way.
On this beautiful planet at risk,
there is no more time for hate,
no time for war.
The challenge is too great
to waste energy and talent
in the luxury of destruction.

As the seasons turn,
let us use our strength and abilities
to build up,
to heal,
to plant,
to create something new under the sun,
to straighten what is crooked,
number what is wanting,
seek wisdom from the heart
and embrace a way of being
in harmony with each other
and with our only home.



Remembering

Remembering my mother
who loved the music
of language.



honoring Patricia Hansen in “The Anchor”

and

acknowledging the influence of
Thomas Berry, *The Dream of the Earth*



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