

Across My Mind

2021

001 Getting Started
002 It Can Start With A Woman
003 Trees
004 Big Calendar
005 Once In A While
006 Looks Important
007 On The Edge Of Town
008 One Last Thought
009 Water
010 Yesterdays Tomorrows Today
011 The Quick View
012 The Color Of Light
013 Winter
014 Telling
015 Looky Here Looky There
016 Dreaming
017 Can You See It
018 Cradle Moon
019 Myself Today
020 Winter Moon
021 Picture the Sound
022 Speaking of the Wind
023 Seeing At Last
024 Hearing's Half
025 Saying And Knowing
026 Resting The Eyes
027 Winter Steps
028 As Night Loves The Darkness
029 Hoping Things Go Well
030 Three Works Quite Nicely
031 Waiting
032 Pilgrim Notwithstanding
033 When Somebody's Just Gotta Say Something
034 The Time Has Come
035 A Word
036 Two Thousand Years
037 Next Brings First Into View
038 Methinks I Saw the Circle Spinning
039 If You Will
040 Have A Bite To Eat
041 Think Of This When You See That
042 The Eye That Sees Itself Seeing
043 This The Speaking Heart
044 That Mirror Which Shows The Looker
045 A Penny A Pencil
046 With A Flash Into Understanding's Word
047 Once Upon A Morning's Moment
048 Different A Long Time Ago
049 The Heart Goes In The Heart Goes Out
050 Always Knew You
051 At The Suggestive Notion That Mirth Awaits
052 What's Funny
053 Face Of The Sun A Ticking Timepiece
054 Nothing To It
055 Between Something And Nothing
056 Boundary Marks The Places Of Further

057 What The Hands Can Hold
058 Does Space A-spin In Circles Wide
058 The Hand Itself Cannot Seize
060 Present Is A Place
061 The Call To Closeness
062 Circles Where Memory Works
063 Way Out There In The Quiet
064 The Saying Sound Of A Man's Mind
065 Let Us Have Not
066 Seeing Is Being
067 Standing In A Dream
068 It May Have Been A Million Years
069 Quiet Is Not Silent
070 From This To That
071 Vast Invisible Tide Rings
072 Said Some Words And Whoosh!
073 Bird Rounded In Flight
074 Leaping From A Spaceward Edge Of Night
075 Aglow With Shining Understanding
076 Inside The Passing Wishes Of This World
077 Were It Not For The Night
078 Walking Together The World Three's A Trinity
079 Knowing Becomes The Known
080 The Folks Who Gather
081 To Hear Brings A Comfort Great
082 This The Self Of All Is Our Own
083 In The Handful Of Happening
084 The Saying Goes Up The Saying Goes Down
085 Here's Where Things Change
086 Finding What Was Never Had
087 From Here To There
088 Foreknowing Winds
089 He Who Rides Aloft
090 Point Of Understanding
091 To Think Thoughts Carefully
092 Noplace Like The Beginning Place
093 What Mystery In Sunlight Revealed
094 This The Telling Of Tales Today
095 Every Moment One Moment
096 Sphere Of Awareness Unbounded
097 The Path That Goes Along
098 And When I Have Gone
099 A Fixture And A Fitting
100 Taking Turns With And Without Patience.pdf
101 So It Was And So It Was Said
102 If Only In A Dream
103 For Just A Second The Sun
104 Still As Springtime At Midnight
105 A Left Foot And A Right One
106 Starting Noplace Becoming Unexpected
107 Doing And Telling
108 Oh So That's What You Said
109 Gone To Return To The Mountains
110 Along The Lines Of Change
111 Looking Like A Tiger
112 Friday Night In The Universe

113 Hands Outstretched A Parenthesis
114 Carve Out A Little Spot
115 How The Sun Sees The Sun
116 The Young One And The Old One
117 Doing And Undoing
118 When This Means That
119 The Dolphin And The Dove
120 A Moment Still And Certain
121 One Foot To The Other
122 No Treasure No Hunter
123 The Tree Or The Sun
124 I Saw You In Celestial Shapes
125 The Recollection Of Spring
126 All This World A Pond
127 Even A Hundred Examples Comes To An End
128 Looking From Here
129 The Use Of A Sphere
130 The Season of One's Beginning
131 Still Pool A Surface Silver
132 Cycles Certain Yet Ever Unexpected
133 Picture This In Woven Threads Of Gold
134 One Minute To Think
135 Sun Great Vast Speaker Of Light
136 One End To The Other
137 Middle Of The Day As If In A Dream
138 Something Something Becomes
139 Thinking Thinking Again
140 Walking The Wilderness
141 This One Or That One
142 The Trees Should Know
143 Song Path In The Darkness
144 Summer's Shining Apex Aloft
145 Knowing The Sun Knowing The Moon
146 To That From Which All Manner Of Goodness Flows
147 The Beginning Of Sound
148 Was Becomes Is
149 Would That The Trees Could Sing
150 Wherein What Is Written
151 Once Is All The Difference
152 When Gone Are All That Now Is
153 Without Thinking, My Hand Raised To The Sky
154 Upward Toward Where Things Are Going
155 Right Here Right Now
156 About A Month Before The Invention Of Writing
157 Earth Open At A Mountain Cave
158 A Minute In A Million Years
159 In The Middle Of Thinking
160 Once In A While
161 Each In Each
162 Say We Start Right Here
163 Rushes Of Colorful Motion
164 Setting Out Early One Morning
165 In Setting Out From The Center
166 An Arching Arrow Each Word
167 Putting A Few Things On A List
168 Looking This Way And That

169 The Moon Went A-wandering
170 This The Way Of Who's There
171 Deep In Sleep Myself Reflecting
172 Floating And Falling
173 Any Given Day In Quiet Repose
174 Knowing The Message Will Arrive
175 Within The Rose A Melody
176 Stone In The Side Of A Mountain Set
177 I Saw The World In Perfect Shining Light
178 At Once The River's End Continues
179 Mention The Moment's Meaning
180 Dreaming Again
181 What Word A Certain Sense May Make
182 How The Sun Sets It's Pace
183 The Place Of A Thing In Its Use
184 Emerge Leaping Forth
185 On A Pooling Lake As Still As Time
186 In Truth Of Heart To Speak
187 One Hand Aloft
188 Talk Of A Tuesday
189 Space Makes Room For Tomorrow
190 Didn't Take Long
191 Wide Spray of Stars
192 Ocean A Watery Entirety
193 There Was No Was In Once
194 Speaking Of Adventure
195 Speak Of Actions Act In Speech
196 By Name The Thing Itself Takes Fresh Nature
197 Starting Out Into Angles Of A Spray
198 Once Upon A Whole Once Upon A Fraction
199 Sun And Sky
200 One And The Other Becoming Both
201 Meaning By Size Unlimited
202 Once Seen Now In Dreams
203 Looking At Things
204 In Springtime Song Winter Also Sings
205 Having Seen the Ocean In Sunlight
206 Moon In The Sky Moon In The Water
207 Who Can Tell What's Yet To Be Said
208 One Hand Arcs A Circle One Hand Shapes A Sphere
209 How Big Is The Moment At Hand

001. Getting Started

Stepping into the future
Easy to do
Difficult to speak about

Doing nothing is one way
Doing something another

Try to play mandolin
Try to learn boxing
Fail as much as possible

Once in a while
Something nice happens
Somebody comes along

Forward becomes easy
Second nature

Then holding goes from
Holding back to holding forth
To holding on to holding together

How is it
That a person makes this so?

How it is
Could it be otherwise?

002. It Can Start With A Woman

It can start with a woman
She hears something
She hears music
She starts to dance

Seeing her dancing
Awakens a man's hearing
Hearing for the music
This begins his dance

Next thing you know
All the kids see it
Getting in on it too
Looks like fun and it is

Sooner or later
Way on up the mountain
Up there where the sky is
The old man notices

Ancient dignity in his limbs
He'll climb his way down
To wander wondrously
Amongst the dancers

Of course the dancers together
Don't let on they can see him there
As the old man doesn't let on
He knows this very well

003. Trees

Twenty trees or so
Fallen in the forest

Branches and trunks
Piled like driftwood

Put 'em in a circle
Tips leaning together

Nice place to sit
Quietly watching

As the birds sing
Going about their day

004. Big Calendar

There's a big calendar
Numbers in boxes on it

Each box the same size
Set in rows
Page after page

Only certain ones
Are next to other ones

Only those in certain rows
Align with others in rows

Even so
Gotta say
Every day's different somehow

Could have the same number
Could have the same name
Could have the same amount
Of hours and minutes

But dang-it anyways

005. Once In A While

Once in a while
Going from one place
To another place

When you stay there
Old names are gone
New names sound new

Nothing becomes something
And vice versa
Things turn out to be nothing

Altogether curious about it all
Why not run hands and fingers
Up and down the piano

Always the same
Always different
Pianos everywhere

006. Looks Important

Looks important
Better figure it out
Get a good grasp of it

Simple logic enters here
Far from complex systems
Standing in clear daylight

From there
A lot of things
Look much less important

Whatever time it is
Wherever the time takes place
That's all way over there somewhere

Here we have a sunny day
Here we have a good friend
Let's laugh and talk while we take a walk

007. On The Edge Of Town

On the edge of town
Where trees are surrounded
By other trees

Where there's a kind of
Gentle peaceful pace as
The birds relax and sing

Easy to see the sky
From one end to the other
Sun going up sun going down

No clear designation
But a delightful between
That brings quiet thoughts

008. One Last Thought

One last thought
As slumber overtakes

A freely wakeful mind
Freely dreaming becomes

Where and whence?
Time nor place situates

However the what
Of the dream exists

Might be a bit of fun
Or a good scare perhaps

Might be a deeper view
Into the past or the future

Whether held in recall
Or dim and long forgotten

Something in the last thought
Unfurls to bring its essence forth

009. Water

One minute
It's shining in a lake
Next thing it's falling from the sky

It can turn to ice
When the sun goes down
What the heck is that all about?

I like
A nice glass of water
Every time I have one of them

Liquid beauty
Whether trickles or tides
Fountains pools and rivers a-flowing

There's a melody
In the motion of waters
A song that tells an endless story

010. Yesterdays Tomorrows Today

Yesterdays
Lots of 'em

Tomorrows too

Morning hours
Afternoon hours

All those night hours

Today
A place to start

Once beheld
The place of before

Yet beholding
The place not yet beheld

From here
Reaching in all directions

The sky
An outstretching space
An outstretching time

Where and when
The is and was and will be?

011. The Quick View

The quick view
Hidden connections
Once unseen now clear

Joyful realization
Breath pauses
Understanding forms

Taking note
Making note
Written reflection

Stillness surrounds
As if magnified
Time zooms inwardly

Snapshot scene
Dynamic balance
Delightful proportion

In less than
The least of moments
All swirls forth

That there becomes
That which was
History is born

012. The Color Of Light

The color of light
Luminous glow
Radiant

Next thing you know
Here's red
Here's blue

Where is the edge
Of that which makes
Divisions like this?

How big is the handle
How near is the hand
To be able to grasp it

Does light separate light?
Does light separate darkness?
Does light see itself lit up?

013. Winter

Winter in the city
Winter in the country
Winter all at once

How far exactly
Would you have to walk
To walk out of the winter?

How far exactly
Is the next winter from here?
What would it be next to?

We can wait
Instead of walk
To the end of winter

Then again here
We're looking at
Space and time together

Where one
Is the twin
Of the other

014. Telling

Telling
With the teller and the told
Each to each look and listen

Having heard a few words
A long time ago
Which still sound as new as ever

I gotta say
It's something nice
When good words ring out

In between long stretches
Of peaceful contemplation
A knowing word or two emerges

When these collect up
Together strengthen
Well there you have it

The story creating thus
The telling's tale told
Contemplation starts anew

015. Looky Here Looky There

Looky here looky there
Thought there might be
Something interesting

Picture the world in your mind
Go to the edge of that world
Find yourself at the edge of your mind

Go beyond this edge
What happens to the picture of the world?
What happens to the mind that pictures?

016. Dreaming

Dreaming
Of the old house
All marble walls and roof

So vast and cavernous
There was a singing in the air
Stirred by the marble itself

Within and without
Walking the grounds
Climbing many stories

Good to be
Once again in this
Old house of dreams

017. Can You See It?

Can you see it?
The idea is good
Makes a lot of sense

Clear and easy to speak of
The very essence of simplicity
Something everyone understands

Anyone can get it immediately
Just a matter of giving thought
Just a matter of having a look

Turn a sleepy eye toward the growing light
Feels like a long stretch when waking up
Breathing like this happens with a fresh smile

018. Cradle Moon

Cradle moon
Skyward rocking
Across days and nights

Over every piece
Of every moment
Moon is present

Over every set
Of every whole
Moon hovers

Half filling fullness
Unfull half fulfilling
At rest ever in motion

019. Myself Today

Myself today
The one I know I am
Walking talking as always

Myself the other day
Knew who I was then
A different walk altogether

Myself next week next year
Un-etched image from here
Shape and motion unclear

In all I do and all I see
Could a twin or trio be
In the single self of me?

020. Winter Moon

Full thick with ice
Shining surface cold
Lake in stillness

Trees ringed 'round
Shores and slopes extending
Out-branched up-reaching for stars

What purity of chill
What sense of sleep eternal
Beneath all surface slumbers?

End-haps a roving moon
In wintry fullness a-bloom
Drops its starry cloak for day

021. Picture the Sound

Picture the sound
Of an evening stream
A patch of grass and trees

Enough daylight left
To have a perfect nap
In evening's growing stillness

Gentle yet insistent
Surface of the stream speaks itself
Light and shade reflecting

Drifting away within a sleep
Dreaming of the day's closing
Surrounding sounds with sounds within

022. Speaking Of The Wind

Breath and skyward motions
Both the kin of airy inter-threadings
Life-supporting sense invisible yet all

Joyous concurrent parallel well fit
To use the air in speech discussing air
To loose words of such upon the air itself

Betimes the sky does whip and wash
It's lower miles with wreckly frenzy
A single lung and mouth the size of atmosphere

What massive nouns and vowels twist
Across seas and mountain crags whole and torn
To fall in re-blent tatters upon the ears of man?

023. Seeing At Last

All around
The world rolls on
Meandering a path unseen

The sky of day
The shining starry eve
First to last appear alike

Soon enough patterns rise
A line becomes a spinning wheel
All this-and-that returns yet again

How the realm of memory might
Invest what is so known ever well
A beautiful revelation in reflection sublime

024. Hearing's Half

Hearing's half
Quieter part of speaking's side
A stillness holds

Narrow to widest open
Ways which a listener's mind
May posture hold and change

A circle's shape must be
For who first spoke or listened first
Puzzles understanding's clear formation

025. Saying And Knowing

Saying and knowing
Whatever's true to the word
Placement of understanding's foot

Measure to measure
Forth through thought's halls
Onward to realization new

But where oh where
Does such occur – these strides
Uphill or down or level thinking

Caves and caverns dark
Fields and shores a-shining
Such landscape of mind unwinds

026. Resting The Eyes

Considering the potential
For the sun's non-returning
Resolving to sit and lay full waking
Through to the morrow's rising morn

By which action to lend furtherance
To that which is celestial pattern
Bold man-centric notion held aloft
That mind of man thinks may thus accomplish

No doubt the first third span of night
Eyes a-watch the chill 'space of stars
As sounds and subtle breeze stir notice
Darkness perhaps by firelight envelops all

Second span of night a noble concentration
Lids blink and bleary shoulders rounding sore
Neither water's sip nor chew of vittles fine
Refreshes well enough to stay the certain closing

Third span of night darkest and most still
Man self-stated steward of all which must go well
Drops to slumbers deep ensuing dreams therein
Of sun's harnessed capture to rise in truth of morning

027. Winter Steps

Somewhat slower
Not summer's marathon run
Nor spring's lusty sprint
Than autumn's stately stride slower yet

A time
For it is indeed a time
When the intensity of slowness
Fills the day's moments as they pass

Feeling of an outermost arc
Swinging curve celestial
At farthest reach extended
Held by its own uttermost momentum

028. As Night Loves the Darkness

As night loves the darkness as itself
As the starry sky breathes cool freshness
That which best bears self-resemblance
The image which one holds before oneself

I thought I saw a joyous man and did
I thought I saw the shaking boughs of sorrow too
And no wonder at the seeming poles opposed
For a changeful contradiction is my human shape

What vast and inward foldings reflect upon reflection
Wherein all that's known has taken shape in grammar
Greater and the deeper goes the thought-paths endless
'Til one may redraw one's figure by figuring so

029. Hoping Things Go Well

Hoping things go well
Good starts lean forward
Optimistic scenarios bright ideas
All this and more float airily

Well-planned workings of wisdom
Known steps taken in assurance clear
Kind useful marriage of thought and act
Bears a progeny in practical practice

Underminer's rascality no obstacle
Cannot derail or delay fortune's momentum
Seeming hand invisible a sure guide and true
To carry forth the trumpets of worldly triumph

030. Three Works Quite Nicely

Three works quite nicely
Whichever way motion takes
The three-sided frame of time
Turns surrounding in organic re-assembly

Perhaps a double-sided measure
Takes some proper use forthwith
The sound therefore defines the silence
As that between does each end marry

Then again our four-sided square
Brings much of steadfast dependability
With a complex of "yes" and "no"
Of both yes and no and of neither of either

031. Waiting

Waiting
Self-incubation heavily borne
Full-well knowing assumed readiness
Self-told tales of done and doing's more

What wise hand
What view of fullness ever unblocked
Sees at once into and through conditions
Hears and feels alike agony of individual urges?

How thus
Could a being's edges truly edges be
Delineating rather marks of human definition
Sayings so said as to push against patient calm?

032. Pilgrim Notwithstanding

Pilgrim notwithstanding
Self-sensed rather the pioneer
Scout avante having gone before

Many the group new-met may gather
As those in company weave present threads
The start of which farther stretches than sight

Picture of oneself embedded fast in mind
Carries no such certainty as perhaps even
Once-glance recollections in a hasty sketch

How is it that each upon each could ever be
Other than one who treads a path never-worn
But blazes new whether be dense brush or open plain?

Good orb that brings the day a circle of motion is
Though ten million times that circle makes again
Somehow ever afresh even such a weary pilgrim's path

033. When Somebody's Just Gotta Say Something

When somebody's just gotta say something
Half the game is under way already on
Now where's the listener's side of the table?

Good thing about a sheet of paper
It'll hold your thoughts until a reader comes along
Then again supposing it gets crumpled or lost?

Somebody's just gotta stop and listen
If anybody's gonna say much of anything
But maybe there's more to it than that

Whaddaya got when everybody's talking
And the ding-dang din of it all turns mush
And the finer side of hearing can't tell what's up?

Then again there's the sort of thing
Where nobody's gonna say a dang thing
And listen or not nothing's in the air
And who's mind moves anywhere with that?

034. The Time Has Come

The time has come
All things set in motion
Move as if always they had been

This moment of course
Not truly anything separate
More like a flash of lightning is

Unless the whole of things
Entire yet ever incomplete it seems
Stops and starts within and without

035. A Word

A word
Here and there
Between two people

Easy conversation
Simple terms a-talking
Broad understanding begins

Who likes what
And what's like what else
Threads a-weaving deeper knowing

Now, for the moment
Starting's gate open wide
Togetherness, enjoyable pathway

036. Two Thousand Years

Two thousand years
Why not?
One heckuva huge moat

Further than any mind might stretch
Hell yes!
Couldn't really get back there nohow

The place and time of way back when
Verrrry romantical!
Put anything ya want in there – they'll love it

037. Next Brings First Into View

Next brings first into view
What's present stems forth
From the ground of before

Each moment surely a new one
Yet then's certainty predates now
For how to be here lest first not yet so?

Turning terms of life line or circle be
Running in directions beyond measure
Somehow a sense of living held in mind

This mind oneself beholding
Sense-informed yet often dazzled
With steps fitting paths to origin

038. Methinks I Saw the Circle Spinning

Methinks I saw the circle spinning
Once a flat disc in stillness rapt
Afloat in skies of pleasant daylight shine

Of a sudden
No further along in time than usual
A new moment burst in bud of dimension

What was still ever is
Yet what is newly now adds itself to all of was
As here begins the mystery of ever onward

039. If You Will

If you will
Picture this and that
Sundry mish-mash jumble

Let the image grow
Pile upon pile upon pile
At least the size of a city block

If you can
Slow construction just a bit
And take a look at all that stuff

Well
How many pages would it take
For a good list of everything in there?

040. Have A Bite To Eat

Have a bite to eat
Sitting at a tabletop
Shaped like two triangles

There the folks who may
Or may not be there
Have a place present and absent

Of the sustenance and conversation
Passing around the group geometry
What one receives is no mystery

Be it hurried snack
Be it gentle timely benediction
Each experiences per capability

041. Think Of This When You See That

Think of this when you see that
How the one makes the other
Somehow come readily to mind

For instance how the sunshine
Brings thoughts of last summer
Or perhaps of trees looking happy

When looking northerly
Giving an inner view towards
The stuff of the northern lands

Soon enough no outward vista
Need be in view images to excite
As emotions rise giving rise to dreams

042. The Eye That Sees Itself Seeing

The eye that sees itself seeing
Twice noting in reverberations vast
The world all around as the world within

What fine sense of doing so
Ne'er too much inward nor all out
A mastery of balanced heart and mind

At a moment's knowing
Verbs and nouns of emotion ring
Heartfelt thoughts transcending language

043. This The Speaking Heart

This the speaking heart
Full-washed in feeling's flow
Knowing none else but emotion

How well the mind looks on
Perspective's larger horizon
Knowing's place of origin

The stuff of saying's utterance
The hand of doing's gestures
How then that words actions become?

044. That Mirror Which Shows The Looker

That mirror which shows the looker
Self-seeing self at once one and other
Become thence two and three and more
In miracle of division by perception

Which course streams thought to follow
This pathway at once clear yet uncertain?
To be oneself to see oneself to say oneself
To hear the self-saying being's seeings

Would each tree an inner knowledge hold
From root to highest leaf in sun's reflection?
Perhaps all seas and oceans rolling mixing
Multiple selves in fluid self-knowing intertwine

045. A Penny A Pencil

A penny a pencil
A parcel of popular pieces

Song-y song singing
Long-y long winging

Out for a walk in the sunshine
Daylong wanderings in blue-sky

Flowers and berries abounding
Each the bit of a single moment

What talks and tellings unfold
In the tales of a trekker's triumphs

046. With A Flash Into Understanding's Word

With a flash into understanding's word
Some process of mind sifts and separates

Could be thought moves at the speeds of light
Bouncing joyous or otherwise somewhere within

Rare elements in combinations rarer yet combine
As reflection's serene repose holds still the mind

Now moved to speak or gesture make describing
That which is seen without the eyes, heard beyond ears

How knowing an experience becomes to fulfill
An entry into archives of being as memory un-prismed

047. Once Upon A Morning's Moment

Once upon a morning's moment
That gradual blink sometimes a flash
In which the mind it's realms exchange

At times in dreamy recollection
Quietly searching inner horizons
Where stood and acted worlds entire

Be it luminous wisdom or warm embrace
Objects rare and yet familiar held to heart
Situations vast in depth and circumstance

All these a topography, a climate form
Over under and through which we move
Wandering well-noting self-understanding

048. Different A Long Time Ago

Different a long time ago
These selfsame things continue

Somebody said something
Somebody thought it sublime

Where could be the origin
Of a cycle?

In terms of tense
Every moment long gone goes on

In tones of terse terms
Incantations sweet understanding we

049. The Heart Goes In The Heart Goes Out

The heart goes in the heart goes out
Coins and dreams and skies as big as day

A wish within and a wish forever flung away
What's left of the times when now became then

A care and a cause for certain swift measures
Taking the moment in hand to shape it in passing

This the simple stance of happiness unmeasured
To be and yet become at once in present future

050. Always Knew You

Always knew you
Still do

Never knew why
But when you did arrive
More of a homecoming it was

Always felt you close
Still do

Couldn't have said why
But when you took off
It was the saddest moment ever

051. At The Suggestive Notion That Mirth Awaits

At the suggestive notion that mirth awaits
That holy rib-round convulsion breathing laughter
In gentle happiness heart and mind a-leaping forth

What said well-said smoothes the funny like honey
Sweet and rich a flavor subtle as it is indescribable
Brave yet bees by the thousand to harvest such combs

That wit which speaks of good cheer made transcendent
Somehow over skies in fields above stars smiles shine
Curve of the universe occasioned by a vast gentle grin

052. What's Funny

What's funny when the laughing bursts forth?
As the lightly balanced arrangement of mind
Held as solid earth feels a tickle and bends

As the sure and certain sense of name and place
By which all venture forth and return home again
Makes merry the entire act in a frivolous toss

While the quiet closeness of heartfelt truth murmurs
Comes a-blasting storms of brilliant humor flashing
To blow pious noble skirts to the sky flapping mad

053. Face Of The Sun A Ticking Timepiece

Face of the sun a ticking timepiece
Itself itself in measureless measure
Measures that which would measured be

A moment or a minute or a thousand thoughts
All points on one table with edges to infinity
The step and stance of a traveler happens here

Of course the requisite "what if" must enter now
With a sense of harmony of scale so rendered
As to cause by noting vast happy blends of pitch

But where and whence the stopping's edge awaits
None but the eyes of a wisdom so strange as to
See in entire rays of every star but a single flash

054. Nothing To It

Nothing to it
All that space between stars

An easy reach
For the thought-ward mind

Big being big
How much infinity fills time?

055. Between Something And Nothing

Between something and nothing
The place where most everything is

Would it perchance be a long long line?
Flat valley-way? Box or sphere afloat?

Then again which gives birth to which?

A too-full nothing something yields somehow
A tranquil something bears nothing's stillness

An all-at-once of massive dynamic dimension
Where entirety's start and stop an infinite instance

056. Boundary Marks The Places Of Further

Boundary marks the places of further
Center a circumference outstretched holds

Within the natural twin to without
Two-sides of a unity differing in itself

Here and there as the saying often goes
The frame and image given rise in the telling

What then the truth beyond speaking's ruse
Which abides transcendent amidst all being?

057. What The Hands Can Hold, What the Heart Holds

What the hands can hold, what the heart holds
How then to speak of these as one though being two?

To hold you as I oft desire, my heart such embrace affirms
My heart does contemplate your nearness even in absence

How one then the other seems neither the one nor the other
Yet to the sense of the loving self no separation can be found

Would all the light of all the stars shine ever upon your cheek
Yet a thousandth of an inch from the surface of the sun would
Ne'er radiate light enough to give heart's contents visual reflection

058. Does Space A-spin In Circles Wide

Does space a-spin in circles wide
Itself a churn invisible yet with motion

This course of nothingness a-shaped so
Self-invented sections separating somehow

Spin and spinning on circle sphere en-blooms
Flowers of air do bud and burst so skyward

Elemental mechanics 'cross horizons ever-penetrate
As soon created re-created in vast swift geometry

Dimensions subtle allowing light through to shine
Mysterious curiosity entire changing shape unknown

059. The Hand Itself Cannot Seize

The hand itself cannot seize
As the eye itself never sees

All out goes that which is done in doing
All over all under all around all the time

What moves in the stillness of the peaceful mind
What stirrings bubble upward from sleep's depth

In this manner we unknowingly know our quiet being
Know in this way the gentle half of it present within

060. Present Is A Place

Present is a place
As if time might breathe
And so square-off it's edges

Being's shared substance
Held to by those hearts
Whose edges overlap so

Nearness in time
Nearness in place

Holds in folds of closeness
One with the other together

061. The Call To Closeness

The call to closeness
As subtle to hear as it is to sound
Yet at times a fanfare
Only heard as intimate however loud

That which matches
Be it by resemblance or by contrast bright
Together's sure awareness
Which says yes this being is of my kind

Were it proximity alone
A trifle therefore would all pairings be
For there is another measure
A closeness furthered a unity become

062. Circles Where Memory Works

Circles where memory works
Like tides lapping overlapping
Recollection's inlet driftwood

What floats what stands
What's built and reformed
From pieces of universe a-freed

Entire epoch in baskets of story
Understanding of a language entire
In these spoken tales telling retold

Generations full of knowing
An infinite spiral traverse torch passing
To one another each and each recalls

Moments dear-most to a pair so close
Their hearts see the other as mirrors true
Intimate magic this recollection twine

Where waking's walk in the wide world
Brings flash of recognition to earlier steps
Innermost sphere dream pieces puzzle ever

063. Way Out There In The Quiet

Way out there in the quiet
Things spread out and slow down
Everything takes shape in full breaths

There's no such thing as haste
Simply because there's nothing
For being in a rush to attach itself to

Here's where the old man and young man
Are the same man as time meets itself again
And this way and that way are everywhere

Bright distance of a starlit vaulting infinity
Luminous pillowing wrap of misty rain
Each the each a baptism by one's own tears

064. The Saying Sound Of A Man's Mind

The saying sound of a man's mind
What rumbles in ever winding ways
True to the trust of the thinking self

Of necessity at once entire and but a shard
Whirling potter's wheel of inner knowledge
The steady hands but appendages of mind

Sprung forth from primal bone of back
That house of sight and sound's perception
Continuous flowering of ten million years

To sense the world's shape and places
Passing from itself to itself again anew
How else become at one as speaking voice

065. Let Us Have Not

Let us have not
A word of the waters
Let us have not
A speech of the sky

Let loose
The feathers of these wings
Let loose
The glue that binds them to our arms

066. Seeing Is Being

Seeing is being
As being seeing becomes

They who hear hearken
As the hearkened hold unto all

Many a writer's writ
In towering horizons of page

Need only the eye
And the light upon it

To circle the round
Of knowing's light inward tilted

Who then speaks
When listeners sharpen the stillness

Who then hears
When sense is a place beneath the mind

Writer and reader
Song and singer ever forever embrace

067. Standing In A Dream

Standing in a dream
At the verge of taking a step

From somewhere unknown
To somewhere not yet known

The world's apparent landscape
A horizon makes in sleeping's realm

We who journey thence bring
All that is within the round of life

Inward ever further going so
A comet-tail of fullness of mind

Thought miracle enough this
What so oft follows thus outshines

That these forms and whims within
In endless transformations redesign

And are collected from a whole entire
Brought back in pieces rare to waking thought

068. It May Have Been A Million Years

It may have been a million years
The last time we saw the sky this way

Or ten million or a hundred a thousand
Straight lines somehow turn into circles

The you I know as the you I knew so
Merge and meld becoming now and forever

How is it happens this consequent time
No less a miracle ecstatic than that our first

069. Quiet Is Not Silent

Quiet is not silent
Though the thought of it so seems

Fixtures in the night sky
Stand never still yet unmoving

What's with this language
Saying what it says not with saying

The fierce crossbeams
The winding world upholds

The sideways flowing invisible skies
Might wreck half a mountain to rolling rock

It's not so much
That I think things have to make sense

It's more like I enjoy
When I think the words speak outright

070. From This To That

From this to that
Once circumscribed
Makes for a pathway
Where none yet was

Being here all along
Means going there now
Though footfall ne'er drops
'Long winding wending ways

Figures of speech
Form and reforming
That which is everywhere
Into that which is nowhere

But the burning branch
Of the past gone a-flame
Outlives it's own idea
Outlives it's gentle eternity

071. Vast Invisible Tide Rings

Vast invisible tide rings
Hollow sphere of turning sky

Mention making
Sometimes silent
Sometimes in roar a-wash

Over townish concentration
And meadows stop mountains

All the while
Night to day hand in hand
In sunny shifts and starry

No two moments mirror full
One eternal moment ever flowing

72. Said Some Words And Whoosh!

Said some words and whoosh!
The dog that was a man became a man again
All for the simple joy of making things right

How now the sound brow
Thought's inward melody singing flowing forms
Until in speech or in hand minded forms take shape

What of the seers seeing
Goes to future contemplations in numberless formulae
Then amidst a dream of day or night emerges simple whole

Thenceforth what's known
Is not quite known lest spoken though incomplete
Let spoken so well as to bear aloft winged understanding

073. Bird Rounded In Flight

Bird rounded in flight
Wings fixed at the side
Diving dips wind amidst

Skyward shape taking flight
Unseen path of airy geometry
Wings flung out at random startle

Origin spherical a shell to crack
Feathered emergence in lofty chirp
Itself itself returns to aerial height

074. Leaping From A Spaceward Edge Of Night

Leaping from a spaceward edge of night
Arrowlike shot from a bow stretched and mindbent

None whose tomorrows arrive in steady march
Deny what comes of times when else is common

The none precedes the new as creation awaits chaos
Then and thus the one the other in making tears asunder

The still the whirling the potent sphere as yet unreal
That which has beginning was once that having only none

On the starry surface of the sun rests in bursts of light
Unedged shapes of truth-told beauty in ever-knowing swirl

075. Aglow With Shining Understanding

Algow with shining understanding
Such moment's bright illumination

Evermore in shapes of warm memory
As though divine, walk recollections thus

Statuary sundrenched living breathing
Embodies insight and knowledge whole

And yet their sister shapes nearby dance
Wisps and whats in puzzles yet unpieced

Though dark and dusky as nightfall skies, like stars
An inward radiance shows betwixt the threads

076. Inside The Passing Wishes Of This World

Inside the passing wishes of this world
No two systems no two symbols parallel

Grand changeability a-furling endless with
All the ease of thoughts or dancing atoms

Do these then ever meet – or are they ever separate?
Inner and outer the realm between, the skin of life

Momentum, potential, pause, and nothingness
Hold each a place it's own, be it place or none

Nearness beheld in eyeful views daylong common,
As distant-most infinities just as near in mind-motions

What then of these changing things of substance only dream
With fabric of notion and realization neither out nor in

A door discovered left ajar how different in kind in truth
From a door discovered passed through and closed behind

077. Were It Not For The Night

Were it not for the night
For the coolness the darkness
The stillness and planetary peace

For the clear view of distant stars
The rolling lunar phase and turnings
Motionless air bringing distant sounds near

The close and closing embrace
Of slowing time of even breaths
Curl up and render the world now away

What light remains mid-mind now bends
To inward gravities lacking stirring sense
To shine upon a place of pure consciousness

No brighter shine surrounds the earth and sky
Of places writ only in dreamer's vast volumes
In script of sunlight upon a mirror of itself

078. Walking Together The World Three's A Trinity

Walking together the world three's a trinity
What steps astride the land my love walks
As that the two of us as one stroll and stop
An all at once sort of wakening to the wild

Far and further from the citywise perpendicular
Heaving rolling groundswells bearing trees arise
Horizons wide ablaze with settings and risings
Rills and running brooks pour into cliffside tides

Here along the two ever as one yet ever as two
The with-ness of one another's joyous viewings
Each sight and sound a pulling ripe from that garden
Where we would know to see the world as one third three

079. Knowing Becomes The Known

Knowing becomes the known
As time requisite rolls along slowly
As things go their ways and back again
While thoughts take shape in space

This form of being in patient waiting
While all else seems a-gaggle in hum
While every other holds action near
As time within time itself pairs to dance

Conditions veiled sudden fully met
As this invisible fruit ripens in view
As that sense of moment rises to speak
While all the sphere of goodness surrounds

080. The Folks Who Gather

The folks who gather
For love of sunshine
Love of food, love of fun

Gangs of two and three
Meander forth like molecules
Across a park as full as day

Awash this happy human tide
Replete with dogs and birds
Flowering trees and grasses

Well met those who arrive
Intentioned and familiar so
As well those in wild wanderings

081. To Hear Brings A Comfort Great

To hear brings a comfort great
As time and tilling pass and pass again
As foot and flesh make wayward paths

That nearness which speeds like light
To eyefuls of world-around ever a-change
To views and visions in constant eruption

But at the left and right of sight hearing holds
The pitch and pleasure of voice and wordings
The place and passage of all melody ever known

To hear brings a comfort great
A closeness akin to gentle sleep
A place within measuring in directness

082. This The Self Of All Is Our Own

This the self of all is our own
The every bound with the one
The body become the every all

Then again say the ones who say it
Perfection is an individual moment
Attain to this with singular endeavor

However said and well said at that
None stands alone but through the other
None stands as all but through the one

083. In The Handful Of Happening

In the handful of happening
A moment's grasp hold and release
Involuntary act in perpetual momentum

Thinking thus to reflect
In some mysterious way the flash of now
Sipping contemplation at purest spring

No wilder rush of ecstasy
But meets full balance in stillnesses
As unfixed potential yet to become life

084. The Saying Goes Up The Saying Goes Down

The saying goes up the saying goes down
Thiswise and thatwise in a melody of meaning

Ever at the lastmost moment the phrase does turn
So liquid aflow being this airy stream a-running

To say once to say again the echo of understanding
Divergent beams a-crossing hearts in joy and sorrows

All that which is said and saying and unsaid yet completes
A volume the where of which upon a shelf unbounded

No trying exasperating imperfections halt wordings forth
Any more than stop a daylong ray shot forth from the sun

085. Here's Where Things Change

Here's where things change
Zooming in or zooming out
That turns to this every time
Though the moment isn't there

All the way from last forever year
Yesterday turns into a certain today
A horizonless vast magnificence
Itself itself ever becoming, somehow

Raising hands a skyward shift to seize
Brings nothing but the mark of action
Fading as any natural turning splendor
In span the size of words alongside words

086. Finding What Was Never Had

Finding what was never had
Along these the dirtpath ways
Along these the stream aflowing

Nature is no simple thing
Be no fool about it – just look
Explanations beyond words are there

In the long long after
When pieces of time collect askew
When recollection's puzzle forms

Here in the reckoning within
Spark and sputter inner flames
Giving light to mind's hidden store

087. From Here To There

From here to there
Makes a relic of the roundings
In other words
Every circle could be
Just another straight line

Lovely idea, the cyclic
Nice to revisit
Nice to see you again
Ah, the comfortable sameness
The return to feeling at home

All the while
As here there becomes
One step along the way
There is here suddenly
Held in place by minding

088. Foreknowing Winds

Foreknowing winds
Vaulted vastness of seeing
Moving about in shifts as wide as sky

Inspiration atmospheric
Around and around round roundings
Into which it's elements inward interfold

Speaking thus full bellowed
Blowings blown a-trumpet across the sea
Dashes drift a dune the length of desert lands

Horselike from airy stables
Emerge and burst the oncoming herd
The start of which does the future carry forth

089. He Who Rides Aloft

He who rides aloft
In chariots of mindstuff
At speeds blinding light
Far and far and further

To course the winding ways
Between all planets and stars
Between all worlds of heart
All worlds of life become aware

With fuel none other
Than gentle smiles to guide
Peaceful eyes in concentration
Rapt in visions unrolling ever

090. Point Of Understanding

Point of understanding
Coalescent gel in thought-stuff
Just that single nip the signal gives

Here's where the world
Makes pictures in parallel with
The growing view of things being so

Within this horizon broad
With peaks of nearness of distance
Where almost is a closeness infinite

Along this bright stellation
A radiance emitting perfect flash
Marks each clarity of moment knowing

091. To Think Thoughts Carefully

To think thoughts carefully
Neither too brisk nor with sullen plod
A rate apace with rhythms celestial

Those beats and rests all around
Which tune the seasons for timely display
That summer's sun not lost no winter sees

Infinite a universe as must seem
To the mind itself beholding, lit divine
Give good reflection to prism such light to color

092. Noplace Like The Beginning Place

Noplace like the beginning place
How ya gonna get there ever
With nowhere to start from first

Here's where we find the mirror
Shiny to all it faces – facing all it shines
Thinnest glass of meetings in the middle

Perfect puzzles of threads tangle-woven
Nest woven by the wild wind itself
Mindbent handful with no starting end

093. What Mystery In Sunlight Revealed

What mystery in sunlight revealed
That upon which it shines is already there
Awaiting bright revelation in eternal patience

By tender starlight of distance immense
As night tides and falling waters lit edges etch
Veil upon veil winds of darkness caress

Full radiance unspeakable at the blazing core
Further outward flowing forms of fires a-fresh
Benediction of vision's clarity, sacrament of light

094. This The Telling Of Tales Today

This the telling of tales today
Lost long ago ways to shape mankind
Fine and subtle, ne'er given over to shouts

Making miniscule barking harshness
In characters spun of faded clownish colors
Whose rage and furious fits shrink amidst life

Long and long awaited, a living voice
Who speaks of thoughts hidden and opened in acts
Who moves in shapes familiar as human, reborn

095. Every Moment One Moment

Every moment one moment
Pieces of a whole endlessly pieced

What then goes after what
Determination's perfect sensible choice

All of course in possibility
Hold equal chance to fully become

Once happened structure assumes
Shape and bearing certainly do manifest

Lining forward at length to curves
That space makes a circle of pure nothing

How to know either end
Of any given moment's living breadth

Be it so by clocks atomic
Be it so by massive celestial beats

Risings fallings linkings overlap
At once a chain a flow a body full in motion

As heavens larger heavens embrace
All eternity is perfect love in a single kiss

096. Sphere Of Awareness Unbounded

Sphere of awareness unbounded
Ever-enlightening expansion of knowing
At finest points of sense collecting understanding

Then on to worlds of dreamstuff
Where moving well beyond waking ears and eyes
That which waits beyond the ways of common mind

Yet this the charm of imagination
Mostly regular happenings for a burst in overdrive
Ears gone slightly past ears, eyes slightly past eyes

How unimaginably
The novel the fresh a mere overblowing of norms
Soon to weave proportion safely back into the story

Tossing limitations off and away
Lasts but a thrilling breath, gravity free,
To embrace again at last one's insufferable bounds

097. The Path That Goes Along

The path that goes along
This way and that in turns and twists
The world a-swirl in novel proportions

Step to one side or another
As the goings-forth ever continue
Though one's feet can only straightly stride

Singular in shape each path unfolds
How lovely therefore when happens times
Of finding a kindred wanderer in step

098. And When I Have Gone

And when I have gone
Taken fully the pathways ever onward
Beyond both the mighty day and nightways

Take care to hold a moment
Now and then as time passes along
To give mind to life in bright awareness

Let words and silence together
Make tellings above below and within
That goodness known be not wholly forgotten

099. A Fixture And A Fitting

A fixture and a fitting
Where the day and night edge together
One with the other itself so becoming

That wide and open corner
Where time and tomorrow begin to form
An emptiness of yet, so fertile a potential

Elongating line equal to either side
Turbulent wrestles surfaces of sea and sky
Which at distances greater seem perfect peace

100. Taking Turns With And Without Patience

Grand arcs of celestial orbit
Vast nowheres to nowheres more vast
Circles with ends unmet stretched in process
As rounds unwritten a thousand chapters away

Having run full speed with eyes closed
Down and up along green bounding terraces
Foot grows knowledge without benefit of sight
As a trailing stillpoint ever moves within motion

One hand reaching and then the other
Oh goodness of nothing's airy often warm embrace
Steady state of ever unmet desperate expectation
Ever more accustomed grows such fluid situation

101. So It Was And So It Was Said

So it was and so it was said
This voice of triumph or solitude
Trumpets from afar or gentle whisper
Speaking's manner to story gives shape

Hear it said oh listeners receptive
Whirl and frenzy tambourines spin aloft
Quiet repose in dusky shades inwardly
All telling forms unfold into memory

Further along winding streams
Passing days shine light on new occurrence
Passing nights mysterious recollections
Telling yet again expanding what was told

102. If Only In A Dream

If only in a dream
What's said is said so
In clarity of vision
Known not when awake

Who says what
So often a matter
Of distinctions closely woven
Of message and messenger

Methinks methoughts
Drifting away as such
As much away towards
As away from understanding

In pieces between
Emotions entire outlain
The recollected shapes hover
Both before and after us

103. For Just A Second The Sun

For just a second the sun
Nearing the edge of earth
Spread winged rays afar
Bright hello of a goodnight

Were they oaken beams aloft
These radiant shafts as wide as sky
The sky entire made to raise
To hold in shining majesty it's place

As pure a white as primal waters
Clouds billowing-pillowing near
Make of this a canvas miles wide
To absorb to reflect our setting star

All throughout day's bright length
And spans of darkness starry so
Holds between these rounding turns
Celestial scythe edged in sunset color

104. Still As Springtime At Midnight

Still as springtime at midnight
She stood her eyes the light of two stars
Her breasts perfect doves of eternity
Her heart a promise reply awaiting

Her of wisdom so full she knew not
Yet knowing so felt alive with it
Be it solemn procession or merry leap
Her truth in movements all speak grace

Love such as hers this moment flashing
Signal celestial yet of person so near
A single flower her flower herself swaying
Of the universe entire in bloom she tells

105. A Left Foot And A Right One

A left foot and a right one
Nicely balanced for nimble steps
Fair and strong as ivory the ankle
Delicate chain silver encircling

A hand each for a footing's form
With grace of turn beyond language
Subtle expressions of inward heart
Arms and shoulders gently a-sway

Eyes a-lighted with awareness rare
As wildness itself unfolds in lustrous locks
A voice at once above the furthest sky
At once as whispers in a dream of love

106. Starting Noplace Becoming Unexpected

Starting noplace becoming unexpected
There's the pitch and parcel of existence

To sides in left and right walk together
Thus then reconcile into a single mind?

Words unheard as thoughts unspoken
How the knowing's sense unfolds in magic

To discern the nearest inner workings of another
Not unlike divining distant celestial intentions

With bands of imagination flexing ever beyond
These the shapes of possibility become surprise

107. Doing And Telling

Doing and telling
One within yet two
Which makes the other
More itself in being clear?

The sound of the moment
The sound of recollection
Does light a changing self
Reveal in terms of reflection?

All relations ever evident
Or needs be forces thoughtful
Drawing connections diverse
Weaving alignments anew?

108. Oh So That's What You Said

Oh so that's what you said
Seems to me I heard you say
Something other than what which
Everybody says you went and said

Then again I gotta say I was
Thinking about something else
When you spoke it out loud like that
And might have heard it differently

On the other hand I am a good listener
And give a decent measure of my mind
To what folks might be trying to tell
And wait until later for further reflection

With such intricate manner of the moment
I'll bet a good number of times even the sayer
Recalls sayings at least in part so differing
From that which everybody else swears they heard

109. Gone To Return To The Mountains

Gone to return to the mountains
Place of solitudes in natural sweetness
Trees knowing only sun earth and sky
Rivulet rill and grotto in eternal repose

Where light is the light of the sun and moon
Where darkness is the darkness of starry skies
Breezes and birdsong harmonize symphonically
Rhythms of the seasons are rhythms of the days

Direct and certain the green leaves of the living
Blossoms and fruit sway gently on sturdy boughs
Walking or still, dreaming or with sense fully tuned
Time holds a gentle eternity suspended in contemplation

110. Along The Lines Of Change

Along the lines of change
One to the next steps in living rhythm
Parts and pieces as remainders serve
In steadiness to illustrate transformation

Thought in form is but a motion alive
With shapes both clear and present
Both formless and forms behind a veil
How lovely we the holders hold such

Ever in the midst two infinities between
Long and short of it made into itself
As one as all as done and doing's action
That without a start is beginning ever

111. Looking Like A Tiger

Looking like a tiger
The sunset sky lit in stripes
The colors of which, ever unsaid, are
Too intricate and diverse for words

And here our work begins
What use a language unless it be
In the makings and markings of it?
Say what we shall then off to sleep

What collected bits, borne in mind
Or set in tablets clay or stone or paper
As parts themselves assemble to appear
As a tiger aloft in widest skies of mind

112. Friday Night In The Universe

Friday night in the universe
All good hearts in love combine

Simple as it seems as such we ask
What keeps the world being the world?

And here my friends is one way:
We, the you and I of us all, do so together

Mystery of mysteries, an orchard sacred
Entered upon at the sun's cool setting sky

What fruits, what boughs, beautiful living limbs
The vine of woman in each embrace intertwines

And here my friends is the story just in time:
Without end, seek find and share all that is love

113. Hands Outstretched A Parenthesis

Hands outstretched a parenthesis
What's held within gives shape
To that all-surrounding without

A palm the palm of hands held aloft
Fingers far flexed with much sky between
Not to grasp but simply caress the air

Therein the scope and sphere all knowing is
May it ever expand as ever grows the world
As ever grows the light which moves in time

114. Carve Out A Little Spot

Carve out a little spot
Call it a garden or a field
Open as the sky or fully wooded
Maybe a name for it, maybe not

Here's where everything grows
Along the steps of a natural rhythm
Vessels of thought, vessels of dream
And the necessary shape of letting go

Even the size of such a place
Is a changeful process, in blending
In borders both banished and overrun
The existence of which known only after

Here, where all that is done and undone
Becomes all that is so full of just now
As the mind glances left and rightward
Like a center of gravity being created

115. How The Sun Sees The Sun

How the sun sees the sun
A mirror itself reflects
Inbreath inhalation only
Inevitable outbreath balances

The light would know itself
Beaming day after daylong day
Until from such love of knowledge
Here grows sunflower upon sunflower

What intensive, fine and subtle grasp
Might the lightness of a reflection hold,
As if to mirror offer mirror's wide totality
Wherein all things await their window view

First breath inbreath, first cry outcry
The word half inhalation whirling inward
Fullness inheld as if eternal thoughtful pause
Wild release high chanting incantation

116. The Young One And The Old One

Here the young one
Vexed with bothersome bits
Of life at the threshold path
Speaks of an arc yet incomplete

Hears the old one
Moved to make gentle reply
Tells of the roundness of life
Not readily seen until many times turning

Slight but oh so vast
This simple lever of consideration
Drives through a diamond wedge
An open sky of mind a-burst with light

117. Doing And Undoing

Doing and undoing
This the long journey
The song amidst labor
The patient expectation

Pieces of the world
Far and near assembled
In preparation forms a nest
Days and days in building

Hence comes she
Tiny goddess, winged
Angel or beast or both
Happy arrival making

Although she may
Discard each piece
Lovingly acquired
Thoughtfully given place

She will of the world
Pieces her own collect
To stay in loving presence
As songs of joy fill the sky

118. When This Means That

When this means that
And time turns sideways

When up goes along
And everything sits still

When tomorrow rings on
And horses call a meeting

When thinking holds water
And sunshine collects in cups

When inside goes rainbow
And simple things disappear

Here, here my friend
Is when the story begins

119. The Dolphin And The Dove

Swimmer strong and swift
Upward upward striving
At last to lunge aloft in streams
Of pure light and brilliant air

Peaceful winger
On gentle billows borne forth
High over ocean's face soaring
Did notice dolphin's leap

Toward and further toward
Until smooth surface of the sea
In froth and swish revealed
That next upward dolphin dive

Here here the two each other beheld
What in similitude strange pondrance
How one with the other unique
Yet so much the living will identical

Oh the wings of a dolphin says dove
To fly within a realm as full as ocean
Oh the light and flurried fins say dolphin
Which hold miraculous height with ease

And so for a moment as wide as forever
As dove beheld dolphin's airy arc
Did dove dive full-bodied into waters deep
Whilst dolphin's dazzled minds amazes

120. A Moment Still And Certain

A moment still and certain
The place of knowing's view
The simple how and why
Of everything

As though eternity
In-swirling upon itself
Is somehow perforated
At points by thought

And through these points
Bright as stars across the night
Streams an understanding fine
Brief and subtle in passing

121. One Foot To The Other

One foot to the other
In what would seem simplicity
Makes most of what any miracle is
Namely that by which two become one

Stepping forth this way
As the eyes shift to view things
Does not the world perambulate as well
An in-turning bit on an out-turning whole

Then again standing in place
In truth none the simpler whatsoever
Only half easier than is walking along
And half the miracle made perfectly still

122. No Treasure No Hunter

No treasure no hunter
Simple fit this system
Natural human reckoning

Singular the ring of gold
Each hand by vision compelled
Leaning out yet further than before

How now to find in all things
Infinite rainbow's end all at once
Naught else but all we ever desire

Definitionless in quiet peaceful still
The milling mass of universal being
Awaits but the clear notion of minding

123. The Tree Or The Sun

The tree or the sun
One stands one moves
One green one all light
One vertical one round

Here where life goes on
Branches weave their way
To leafless windy winters
To leaves of summer shimmers

Miles by the millions from afar
Our name for the sun tells
Of situations like day and night
Of seasonal tilting travels

Could it be somehow so
Each of the other unawares
Until blended together they
Within the mind of earthly man

124. I Saw You In Celestial Shapes

I saw you in celestial shapes
Far distant beyond bits of math
Yet somehow as close as my own breath
Somehow as close as the sky

That which rounds the spheres
Which gives forth light of great age
Traveling distances in measure of it's age
So often to see this is to see you

Mere projection say those of the many
Who's view and consequent frame
Of their world is bound on all sides
By a darkness without act of question

However with gentle smile head tilting slight
You arise full flowering a-shower with light
In the field of knowing where each mind stands
As does mine in half-dreaming reflection

125. The Recollection Of Spring

The summer recollection of spring
Much like the sense of a cool swim
Whilst still within the water's embrace,
A startpoint of a moment of furtherance

The winter recollection of spring
Rather like the chill night sky's arc
Looking and looking way far back
To mid-morning's warm and easy calm

The autumn recollection of spring
Holds itself alongside as a passage
Two extremes between giving measure,
A mildness moving ever forward toward

The spring recollection of spring
What as a self itself in mirror peruse
Present reflection in sight well fitting,
The now within knowing's moving's sphere

126. All This World A Pond

All this world a pond
Wide beyond peripheral vision
Deeper the further away it goes
Shining in the daylong sunlight

At any point, on shore's rim or adrift,
The waters themselves intermingle
What subtle and miniscule motions
Cause such collective nearness to flow?

In blazing leaps of inner vision upward
Bounding edges stepping ever further from
This pond's infinitude reconfigures to size
As place of beauty in a beauty growing ever

As here and there in streams of water air and light
Winding curling paths through each other's element
As tributaries of energies as distant as the stars
Give fullness and refreshment divine ever circulating

127. Even A Hundred Examples Comes To An End

Even a hundred examples comes to an end.
Giving each a full day's consideration
The hundred points surge and stretch upward
Much like peaks on a continental range

Workers of words, bound by an interest to tell,
Must needs transcend language via language itself,
No small magic this, and a joy beyond measure
To hold one's understanding in the radiance of such

Though ancient is not always by necessity better,
Something in the distance of years by the thousand
Lends a ringing clear to the tones of written speech
That it's beauty may emerge, a shining turn of mind

128. Looking From Here

Looking from here
A horizon as distant as tomorrow
Quietly envelopes the setting sun
With a line etched certain yet subtle

Silence that common quality of distance,
This sphere of nearness encircles sound
That traveler in invisible waving clouds
The sonic say-making a world's origin

Infinite indeed a furthering out continues,
Not without much well within human reach,
But oh how quickly from the edge of mind
One looks and sees an endless all within

129. The Use Of A Sphere

The use of a sphere
Situated either very near or very far
Surrounded by free open spaces

Here and there water collects
As does firm surfaces that cool in the air
Every so often the night half turns to day
The rhythm of which goes on for a long time

Flying along
In a direction beyond any known compass
Picking up a bit of this and that
On it's way from there to further on

With this ball forthwith
Itself it's doings full or half aware
In a continuity like breath, like thought,
So blends as a merging of all we know

130. The Season of One's Beginning

The season of one's beginning
Startpoint clear in direct overlay
To that cycle so infinitely a-spin
Which rounds the earthly year of days

To be born in spring
And be thus in the spring of life
A simple harmonious alignment is
In organic congruence given shape

And though in forward inclination
Must needs time's procession go
An intricate and subtle blending
As each moment is once the first

At once the first and forever the ever,
An always neverending, endless rebirth
This weaving with threads of ages all
A mystery no dream as yet unfolds

131. Still Pool A Surface Silver

Still pool a surface silver
Water in its quietest motion
Holds together itself a-mix
In contemplation rapt, unmoving

With sun upon surface so
Which upon which realizes the other?
Subtle so, the light may penetrate in
As fluid edges ascend into shine

Where and how at magnification vast
These elements meet and mingle
At the face of one the face of the other
This way giving shape and design to a third

And here, here, where the blending's stir
Of that form which is everywhere at once
In speeds of burning radiance from afar
Traverses all points to rest on liquid cradle

132. Cycles Certain Yet Ever Unexpected

Cycles certain ye ever unexpected
Here's a day's rounding whirl a-going
This and that in piles familiar and strange
Noodles in a bowl, cloudy skies or clear

The crow's call in flight penetrates a window
The stillness of stars in distances galactic
Pour light made more subtle yet by its travel
The transition from dream to day overlap so

Steady variations these, in recurrence making
Into change itself the forms in growth organic
Tree is as tree becomes, no two moments make
Identical leaf and limb, identity quite unmirrored

This morning as myself I awoke and felt so,
Things as they are surrounding threading time's
Warp and weft from aspect to aspect evolving
Into towards and away from, everything a-grow

133. Picture This In Woven Threads Of Gold

Picture this in woven threads of gold
How clear upon the horizon visible
A gazelle does grace embody leaping
Far far and away beyond the bounds of sight

Chasing perhaps the sun perhaps the moon
Perhaps the either at such times the story speaks
Stripes of golden light its coat with subtle dark
The better to hold sway in mindful vision

Breezes gentle winding this way and that
Across the skyway into which it leaps
The storms at furthest edges each a-brew
Hold no terror nor ominous worry of wrong

Ours is the entity in motion of utmost energy
Vital strength in a prime of action eternal
So look upon the distance entire giving view
Know the while where the place of mind begins

134. One Minute To Think

One minute to think
Just a saying really
I mean that it's good
To take the time

Sure a lot of nice things
Happen nicely without it
Breathing goes pretty well
Sleep most of the time too

At times numbers shape mind
At times words well-crafted
Visions and dreams also arrive
With sounds of inner ear and heart

Push as you might be tempted
Harass and gloss over my pace
My time I'll take in mindful leisure
A view more entire thinking make

135. Sun Great Vast Speaker Of Light

Sun great vast speaker of light
Ever atoning in radiant pitch
That which is the utterance true
From a place unknowing shadow

In running streams of constant shine
The chord of itself in all directions goes
A substance such attaching only more
Of that which may encourage all life

Were I to sleep at any evening's time
'Til morning's skyward change appears
Needing only eyes to open as I might
And hear this silent music with them

Flowing spherical lake of illumination
As each in thought and breath do swim
From end to end of steady day to day
All within a bright goodness surrounding

136. One End To The Other

One end to the other
Horizon to horizon held in span
Knowing well and in clarity to see
That which is all about all around

How well a measure speaks of place
From distance utmost to inmost near
The reach of hand the stretch of mind
Each point by a point determined

All differentiations given shapes of beauty
All correlations as reflections interwoven
All contrasts but delightful enhancements
Thus the seer gives form to understanding

Join in hand and joyous hold converse
That the shape of all take growing names
To sift and sound out aspects subtle
And meld together with all that's known

137. Middle Of The Day As If In A Dream

Middle of the day as if in a dream
As things take shape in a going endless
Dim dim from one distant end to another
Bright as a million days fills all between

Henceforth would not each be a perfect midway
Point along a lining path woven of now always
Side to side giving fair look equal distance shows
Sky to earth a central position perception holds

This atomic plane of all that is physically true
Yet reveals a hinting mystery of unseen start
Where and how it came and comes so to be
Even less elucidates inner universes of dream

138. Something Something Becomes

Something something becomes
By the time the next thing is next to it
Ever regenerating bulk this world
At once lost and being found

As once the wild spin of stars
Themselves assembled in mass and motion
Which may indeed have seemed
A small and delicate occurrence

So now time measured in leaves
In songs of birds and their lengths
Gives endless rise to wave upon wave
In tides of that which makes matter

Let us ask the where and how
The turning edge of meandering mind
Shapes and smoothes in thoughtful ways
The definitions in this garden of all things

139. Thinking Thinking Again

Thinking thinking again
Murmuring inner process endless
Going without knowing half the time
Knowing in full going the other half

In practice and exercise develops mind
Though direct knowledge requires neither
As full of understanding as mathematic depth
The quiet contemplation of one breath

In being makes a self-story written and re-writ
How remembrance gives shape to present time
What was makes and remakes what hopes to be
What is, a central composition of both so made

Points but reference in spots along a line
Surrounding circle more certain as a sphere
Cycles at once spiral momentous yet unique
All between a distant veil of origin and end

140. Walking The Wilderness

Walking the wilderness
Stone and grassy pathways alternate
One the slower for the toil
One the slower for the ease

By light of sunny skies
Leaves in breezes shift and tickle
Springfed streamlets trickle sparkle
Viewing full horizon 'round complete

Whether nearing moonlight pours
As lit lamps of stars all distance makes
A nightwise set of silver shadows
Rough and tender places either shows

To trek half a lifetime thus
So far and further yet onward going
Until dreams complete reality's 'scape
Together mind and heart blend the journey

141. This One Or That One

This one or that one
A making of a moment's shape
In action find expressions true
Of inner will well-thought or not

A bit of this a bite of that
This world's an orchard garden
Wide as all the rolling hillsides spread
Each tree with fruit a mysterious gate

Stones smoothed from times beyond
Oft with roughest lava nestle near
Each in each the goodness within
Brings forth just such in the other

In forward life propelled through living
Steps and stops well met occur by turns
Though all at once exist ever in entirety
Each order of experience a play unique

142. The Trees Should Know

Long long ago
And how long it was
The trees should know

They who were there
When the beginning began
The trees should know

Blooms and branches
Fruits and subtle seeds
The trees should know

A garden the world entire
Everything being everywhere
The trees should know

143. Song Path In The Darkness

Song path in the darkness
Sound as radiant as any light
Landscape infinite inward going
Navigation by nouns and notes

Word spoken to word in thought
Some thread or line these connecting
In a sphere surrounding ear and tongue
Complex system in unity dances so

Tones in tangles and treatises true
Either or both in clarity's brighter glow
Symmetries bold or slight in balance
Collect in understanding's shining basin

Through daylight broad at noon's moment
Through moonless skies of distant stars
Selfsame the veil awaits gentle removal
That the path of mindways itself may show

144. Summer's Shining Apex Aloft

Summer's shining apex aloft
Yearlong circle rounding ever thus
Bright fruits in sunshine everywhere
Days so long seeming endless

In sleeping's meditative stillness
In runabout's daylong bustle rush
Orbital arc circumscribing phase
Hereabouts each year finds again

Looking wistful back or forward
Else to either side for marks of time
Above below within and ever outward
This moment a place from which to see

Radiant skies so full of luminous blue
As if 'twere a fruit a-feeding all beneath
Ripe effulgence spanning horizon entire
Warm central point in motion always yet

145. Knowing The Sun Knowing The Moon

Knowing the sun knowing the moon
Are these not but that which they are in time?

The seconds which make moments full collect
The days of which seasons each transpire through

And these given measure in wonder by spheres of light
The truth and certainty therein an ever adjacent present

Tones of autumn, tones of spring, songs of beauty both
An ear to well harmonize oneself amidst such melody

Selfsame the sun a-shine from day to day to daylong day
In tandem does the shifting curve of moonphase so dance

Steady holds the steady sure for changing's fresh variation
But for the turning dance of all that lives eternity may emerge

If indeed in a somewhere betimes one may oneself behold so
That which shapes the moving paths of sun and moon is mystery

146. To That From Which All Manner Of Goodness Flows

To that from which all manner of goodness flows
Endless fount long creating even the rounds of time
Designation-action of place and position each to each
All self-knowing emanation, I sing your tale aloud

Wide as marvel, broad as periphery's furthest stretch
Reaching outward, reaching inward in equal infinite measure
That which invests, upholds, and reforms seen and unseen both
Though it be of no necessity, I sing this sense of awe in mind

Sub-atomic cosmic dancer in motions far far beyond naming
Unbroken thread each universe to all others a-weaving well
A nature well-displayed in worlds where I wondering wander
Not large nor central to anything is my voice, yet sing I must

Shining waves of light enfolding, colors yet to be in making,
All that is as all that can become the pieces within a wholeness
How does this certain vessel of being take shape now and forever?
Amidst grandness such, with heart and voice both full mystery I sing

147. The Beginning Of Sound

The beginning of sound
Intersection of place and moment
Simultaneous radiance inways and out
Emergent entity of never-ending newness

Why seems it so to require great distance?
Why seems it so distant beyond time?
This line of understanding a hypnosis of history
To expect that which was to yield all that is

And what of the sense of sorrow, or love?
These reverberations within into songs become?
Footsteps and dance-rounds upon furthest stars
To music never heard direct by you nor myself

Here then we come to what is most curiously true
That, from left to right, horizon seemingly spans
Though an entirety holds itself together by means
Of neither first nor last, neither beginning nor end

148. Was Becomes Is

Was becomes is
Is itself the stuff of change

Where the edges
By what mark may they stand?

A still center perhaps?
Referential point for all motion

Then again consider as benevolent
Organic chaos eternally a-whirl

But for the eager mind of man
Seeking sense of what fills senses

149. Would That The Trees Could Sing

Would that the trees could sing
Songs from days of when's beginning
Songs pitched with each leaf anew

As singing so comes speech
As speech but an act with intention filled
Consider being itself a telling action

True it may be in dreams I look for truth
Inwritten lines between places themselves remote
Read and re-read by light of day or of mind

That song of trees of course is rendered ever
In voice sublime by simple breath of life
The chorus of existence sounds to well-tuned ear

150. Wherein What Is Written

Wherein what is written
Stands a moment in stillness
Sprung speech solid made
Sounding so for eyeing ones

Tablets and tables and tallies
A-written as often wrong as right
Together form passage forward
With patience greater than any writer

Struck with inward flash a singer sings
Lines as such then incantations of a scribe
Practice longstanding chapters pile upon pile
That the use becomes an interweaving world

Time's steady graduation now plays in force
How language once spoken altogether silent goes
How understanding gives guess to distant term
Here we note the center of reflection a-fore to aft

151. Once Is All The Difference

Once is all the difference
Meaning that as it occurs
Change is one moment wide
Thins as the surface of a blink

Perhaps too slight for measure
Perhaps not long enough to time
What's the piece of which we speak:
The form of transformation?

How may we give sufficient words
To this most subtle of exchanges
Except in terms of sights anew
From patterns steady well-known

A laughing mind might well reflect
That such wide infinitude on either side
Suggests changing's less a single thing
Than an unending process ever-present

152. When Gone Are All That Now Is

When gone are all that now is
Shapes both familiar and obscure
Make their way into an otherness
Into the forms to which they become

What sense of sight will life behold
Which verbs shall be thus transformed
To speak, if speaking is still around,
Of this stuff all anew as if 'twere infinite

Would the rush of time in speed elapse
That might fly along the sand-grain gradual
As a planet's birth and shaping slow be clear
As tree to tree the green leaves of life outspread

To widen back yet further a widening view
Well-thought may be the notion interwoven
That the change so abrupt in frozen moments
Is more rather the bit of everything always so

153. Without Thinking, My Hands Raised To The Sky

Without thinking, my hands raised to the sky
Horizon to horizon, ridges vast of ancient stone
Floor to floor spread a valley of trees outlined in night
Here, where all things begin and end, I stood quietly

Though it seemed a stillness only eternity could enclose
Inside the time of that place lives motion of all manner
Be it winds as breath of stones or billows of blowing light
Slow-motion ballet this tale told by rocks in slowest crumble

Bespeak these trees in shapes each unlike the other yet in kin
Brethren of a single roots perhaps, sisters of springtime seeds
In greater speeds than ridges these gave dance to living form
In full blossom of shining day, in outlines stark at setting sun

Energies as these did round and swirl this perfect sky and earth
As visitor made humble through my senses named and wondrous
And but for the upward sweep my soul entire with flesh would arise
And but for the impenetrable lightness of all high my hands arose

154. Upward Toward Where Things Are Going

Upward toward where things are going
Seemingly according to some necessity
The going-forth must needs be located 'up'
For otherwise how any better worth the bother?

Here where things have been going along
Just like they are now, for a long long ol' time
That invisible undercurrent of gravity holds
Situational terms defining places by center

The weight of the moment being another idea
For which lengthy consideration yields much
For how could any moment weigh more? Or less?
Ha-ha it's not just language but it's use that's funny!

Another radiant example in the principal of growth
Bigger taller wider all these in themselves outward push
As do the minds of those who expand theirs grow apace
Without conclusions clear whence and thither, onward go we

155. Right Here Right Now

Right here right now
The where and when
Of all that matters most

Not future dream nor history
Distant vision nor horizon afar,
That simple sphere of nearness

Hopes and recollections find place
As high-borne cliff and waves swept
By their being give form to the present

So each breath fulfills a piece of sky
Each thought emerges growing from
A glowing radiant central core within

156. About A Month Before The Invention Of Writing

About a month before the invention of writing
When things were known to be going well enough
As everyone came and went as accordingly so
While the beginnings and ends of things went easy

Or how about three or four months prior to speech
When it took a long involved arm waving dance to
Get across the idea of 'hey let's us go take a walk'
And feelings were held to the fore for better view

Then again should there have been a minute somehow
Before the first ray of the sun made speed across the way
To shine, a wondrous curiosity, suddenly upon the world
Showing shapes and skies where it seemed none were

These beforehand bits thresholds all to changes unknown
Far beyond structures of perfect logic which must be made
Of only that section of infinity thus far within understanding
How fertile the stillness and calm, the usual begets the new

157. Earth Open At A Mountain Cave

Earth opens at a mountain cave
Therein the place of coolness
Therein the place of stillness
Who shall pass by, who shall enter?

Dark as night at highest noon
Darker yet by moonlit sand and stars
Within awaiting light for eyes to see
Ten thousand thousand years awaiting

Wide ranging cliffs stretch beyond view
Above these what colors of sky surround
Points and peaks outlined in moving sun
Ever-present entry stands in rocks below

Place once known knowing brings
Cause of both itself and mindful sense
This knowledge ancient subtle as breath
Asks not why, but rather asks why not

158. A Minute In A Million Years

A minute in a million years
Hardly worth the time it takes to mention
About as serious as a bit of sky
On the other side of the planet

What threads such a minute
Alongwise into infinite weavings
Gives foot and shoulder, head and hand
A floating body in the ever-flowing stream

Strength prodigious works in mind
To turn the world an invert funnel
To match the span of furthest time
Until it fit the size of human nearness

Forth and back make switches such
As all above and all below form a center
Still as every motion's starting point
How the great must needs have the smallest

159. In The Middle Of Thinking

In the middle of thinking
In a half-lit understanding
In a half-darkened place
In a painting yet incomplete

Silence prefiguring wonder
Mind-held shapes form a lens
Trimming views to fit within
In a dreaming halfway through

Flashing unexpectedly, insight
But the wisp of electric leapings
But the wildness of inner pathways
Result of moments with no plan

So-saying thus transformed
Onward's one-to-another goes
Now, without before, lacking after
The here of forever shining brightly

160. Once In A While

Once in a while
Bounding end to end
The reach and stretch
Of mind moves close

Were it in eyefuls of world
Were it in dreams unfurled
Were it in the ways of thought
Collectiveness fine combines

As a point seeming so
Drifts wide and wayward going
Spiral forth, upon themselves to visit
As understanding pops out of endlessness

The quickened sense holds
In flashing stillnesses here and there
A depth perhaps self-creative so
As one reflects on one reflecting

161. Each In Each

Each in each
To learn to speak
Would inward drink
The sound of language

All with all
A word well writ
Comes forth from pages
With honest hearts inscribed

One with one
View complete entire
A mind surrounds the world
Yet must needs have expansion

Breath to breath
A knowing's point
Numberless in totality
Though perhaps but a single round

162. Say We Start Right Here

Say we start right here
Taking a good look around
Taking clear thought of the place
Giving us a sense of beginning

We could pick it up again tomorrow
Might even have gone ahead yesterday
The here being here no matter the time
That settles that it surely would seem

A moment given definition
Including edges all around us
How this point reaches far far beyond
Any ideas of where and when

Away we go nonetheless
Calling half-drawn good enough
Step we forth into our vision
Into the wildness

163. Rushes Of Colorful Motion

Rushes of colorful motion
Surface upon surface ever intermix
Waters at once transparent as reflective
Holding itself and surroundings within

Sky the lens of clarity in shades of day
Earliest break of light the day reveals
Noon at fullness arcs in furthering gradation
Edge to edge close of day meets edge of night

Awaken morning's dreaming recollections
How sleep-held vision with open eyes do blend
Stories half-told half-remembered linger disappearing
As world-wendings embrace a sunlit place of magic

Were it not for logic in all it's failings pathetic
Perhaps no letter nor number nor word would be in mind
To speak and sing and say in gentle human gestures
The whither and thither of goings in gardens of life

164. Setting Out Early One Morning

Setting out early one morning
Walking the cliffs along the water's edge
Washes of sunny flash rolling on the sea
Line upon line wingers trace the sky

So deep and pleasing this rustic trailway
Firm and steady each earthy step of path
One thought to another blending weaves
The pointing tip of noon came as if sudden

To sip from springs by a mountainside let
And stand awash in freshest cooling pour
My breath did clutch and gasp in such chill
Until laughing full I leapt away to warmth

A shelf of clouds as vast as distance itself
Projecting held the setting sunlight as a prism
The endless sound of endless waves singing
And here I lay to dream the night 'til morrow

165. In Setting Out From The Center

In setting out from the center
What strange opposites cross the view
To start from there a going-to requires
To leave from here requires a going-forth

Once afoot with going's go ongoing
Call which point of when the tip of now?
Giving size to self's reaches questions bring
May centuries yet and thence beginning hold

No bar of sand no towering wave
No mountain path nor rocky crag
In any way distinct detached or different
As the center of all fire lives in each flame

What's gone ahead in wonderings
A mind itself the stillpoint of itself
And yet as itself itself furtherances give
Pours forth from this the universe of all

166. An Arching Arrow Each Word

An arching arrow each word
To tell the shape of moonlit sky
To speak of moments long ago
To call forth the depths of love

Well-strung both the bow and lute
That forth make shots well-placed
Upon the page of open day a note
Upon midnight's wide darkness a flash

From here to there from place to place
From one to every from now to forever
Steady grows the work of constant hand
Try and trying thrice in terms better bent

An eye to voice moving that sudden senses spark
A voice aloft and clear invites hearer's turning eye
And what target with it's center patiently awaits
The utmost arrival of understanding, pierce most gentle

167. Putting A Few Things On A List

Putting a few things on a list
Some good snacks, a couple of destinations, a day
Good snacks, a single destination, a couple days
Then again, both together makes a fine list

Thoughts and contemplations
Being made rare and fine with energies of mind
Giving due consideration to all that deserves
These holding together in stanzas of memory

Adventures and recollections
Both the other in the when of moments present
For the forward stride with reflective still makes embrace
As so often such opposites investigated uncovers

On to the original idea
Rolling a bit of cheese in a bite of bread
Looking across meadows to horizons wide
Ever astride the mid-point step from here to there

168. Looking This Way And That

Looking this way and that
Elemental persuasions offer themselves
Brightness beaming outward
Depth an inward equal measure

The set of sounds in song
Existing but for the singing breath
What is it that in this way pours forth
What is it that thus travels within?

Forest path at edge of wide horizon
To walk along the place that borders
When neither course engulfs the self
Where situates one's being thus between

Ongoing this peculiar unclear definition
Yet certitude of something embodies
Each of whose eyes – direct or indirectly
Simply is the vessel holding sight

169. The Moon Went A-Wandering

The moon went a-wandering
At start a slight tilt an orbit to change
Simple force of leaning wobble-wobbles
Gives way to joyously open space set free

Slowly slowly spinning along
Offward and onward both at once it seems
Far past the starry sun and it's spheres
To the edge of the beginning of forever

Long long the arc of a line so straight it curves
Past the where of wherever's formless shape
Past the when of always past the tip of now
Turning yet again into the origin of turning

How the voice of the moon did laugh
To fly beyond and back to all gravity
Momentum spinning in wild proximity
And waken in the place it always knows

170. This The Way Of Who's There

This the way of who's there
As a hello call into a river canyon
In proper time bounding echo makes
As the caller's call makes true reply

A sounding by the side of a moment
Causing a turning towards, an away from
The point of self-central rumination
Suggesting a universe of more than one

Joyous be the signals bright of nature
In taking notice brings bounty to the heart
A deepening of breath with understanding
Connecting subtle sense with surroundings

Entry in long-knowing's growing volume
Chapter upon chapter in ink of experience writ
How the sense of self must needs shine out
Upon reflections formed both without and within

171. Deep In Sleep Myself Reflecting

Deep in sleep myself reflecting
Where the dreamstuff resides shining
The image of all that collects within
Of the winding ways of open-eye rambles

Quiet repose to cozy slumbers
As thoughts humming inwardly harmonize
In chorus verbs reverberating speech
Taking inner form as sound within a silence

When the gates part open upon the view
What shapes what light what energies emerge
To act and interact as pieces parts particulars
And even in this wholeness growth transpires

Pointed wit in sharpest understandings
Delineate and etch forms ever-generating
Process well underway dozing or full awake
Life in all hours to oneself is but a mirror

172. Floating And Falling

Floating and falling
Wings of an arc of eternal curve
With a still pinpoint of suspension
Ever awaiting ever unchanging

Rising
Energies buoy and uplift
From where to where next
Clear methodical arch of ascension

Calling forth a response
Molecule atom all manner of stuff
Winds along an upward living reach
Inevitable position knowing turnpoint thrill

These the things that go
Vast spheres of stars or stirs of tea
Spinning spins the generous wheel
Welcoming all to dance in turns

173. Any Given Day In Quiet Repose

Any given day in quiet repose
Inner skies take to calmness and light
Subtle gradations of daylight offer up
A space to direct the dreaming thoughts

Today or the next day or next
Rolling along in gentle manner designed
Connect and blend together an atmosphere
Spreading far across time creating eternity

From here a view of life exists
In which all that is seen by day or dreamt
Holds close embrace as though selfsame
And makes purchase firm on true unity

Whether sitting standing a-walking or asleep
Here the key is entirety – an every-ness
All moments small and largest collect together
Itself forming itself the cistern of being's flow

174. Knowing The Message Will Arrive

Knowing the message will arrive
Knowing the message itself in some way
Knowing how it will feel to get it
Knowing what to do once this happens

On the other hand
The future being largely beyond all knowledge
The past stretching far beyond all knowledge
The present somehow being beyond knowledge

All places are the one place
A mid-point as wide as always
A center so still it's completely gone
Warp and woof of universe a single thread

The going with as a necessity
Breath and pulse make round upon round
Upon the vast path of all paths all at once
A mind a heart thus full need only know itself

175. Within The Rose A Melody

Within the rose a melody
Close-in and near in tone vibration
Soundless sound in sunlit clarity
Now bell-like, now singing strand

Long up and out grows such a phrase
To pitches far far above the highest reach
Long away and further such music grows
Delicate eternal radiating sonic sphere

From a budding springtime flowerlet
Rooting deep within it's earth beneath
A ground as wide as a world's shoulder
Stemming up from dark nourishment unseen

Into skies of wind and rain and sheets of sun
Of endless blue and star-long distant night
Ranges forth and rings a voiceless-voice sublime
Reverberating well the lovely lay of earthly life

176. Stone In The Side Of A Mountain Set

Stone in the side of a mountain set
Full together inset and firm connected
Sturdy in steadiness unmoving in time
Seated well to see the humble centuries

Skywide lengths of whipping winds
A-swirl crossing curves of atmosphere
As rains an ocean deep so ever wash
Millennia in the strobe of passing days

Enthroned in purest lithic perspective
Spinning through gates of open orbit space
As celestial seasons constellations rearrange
As transforms the very shape of the sun

And yet lung of rock, of rock a breathing self
Inhalation near imperceptible well fully accrues
That a birth becomes the stuff of earth itself
To a-sudden start, a wing to sprout, an upward surge

177. I Saw The World In Perfect Shining Light

I saw the world in perfect shining light
Eyes as closed in sleeper's peace tight shut
Still with gentle breathings cozy cuddled
Body warmth residing in blankets fine

But oh upsprings from a deepened well within
Reverberations such as in quiet repose arise
Full balance of life enormous churns a world
Where sports all that has been and yet more

A dream as real as day sharp changes when awoke
And flees the mind in steps fully lightspeed rapid
To where it runs? To where it's foundations hold?
The never of a nobody-knows can answer find

Moment strange though known ten thousand times
How these aspects vast and partial edge memory
And border the curious realms defining this and that
Assembling a human bridge 'twixt without and within

178. At Once The River's End Continues

At once the river's end continues
From points above in mountainous shelves
Glacial caps and currents deep beneath
Moving at paces of fresh watery progress

From wash to rush to widened ways
As a river seeks itself becoming ever more
Evermore a fuller self in seeking onward flows
All molecules and wholeness a living run

Banks and bends of hefty earth transposing
Uplifting stone and soil to bring and drop
Forms a bed ever-changing never resting
Kissing both the earth and sky with motion

Here fluid tuneful passages overcoming rocks
Rise with volume filling fuller flowing ways
Until at longest length beyond lakes and falls
Kinship oceanic does establish rolling ever forth

179. Mention The Moment's Meaning

Mention the moment's meaning
And there there the slightest sliver
A door a gate edged in brilliant light
At it's first-most point of opening

Would this shine give mutual attraction
To those who's words point therewithal
That they whose minds and mumbles both
Might stand well directed to stride and enter

Perhaps a push perhaps a pull, it moves,
And that which was beyond is now before us
At the speed of understanding present here and now
These the makers of such visions the holders of such visions

An inhalation of consciousness as a conscious breath
Well within the reach of human range itself does add
How that which stands at dim and veiled boundaries
Is woven forth into life, a world ever expanding thus

180. Dreaming Again

Dreaming again
I woke walking through a pleasant wood
At the edge of a meadow sweetly sundrenched
Breezes more gentle than springtime swirling

Reaching forth a hand
Upon the daywarm bark of a tree filling half the sky
Up and up my eyes did stretch to highest branches
As leaves from light to shade dipped in natural dance

Footfall upon footfall
No apparent path save the heart's quiet inclination
I stepped and strode and stood in beauteous rapture
Full of breathing admiration for the world of all this

Never reaching beyond there
The landscape of infinite springtime ever inward flowing
And how like a man in the form of a single brooking stream
Weaving and wending the places betwixt meadow and trees

181. What Word A Certain Sense May Make

What word a certain sense may make
From sonic saturation to shape of mind
The hearing and the heard at once together

Spoken like a shining radiant truth
In language both beautiful and well directed
How well-met a moment of suchwise quality

In readiness of open consideration
Quiet and steady this peaceful center breathes
Inward bringing understanding like oxygen

Forth go we now full-nourished in truth
The garden bed of inner knowledge water given
Deep paths of wisdom this way making fresh

182. How The Sun Sets It's Pace

How the sun sets its pace
Moving along as would it prefer perhaps
Circling to give chase to itself forever
Bent on being no longer where it now is

Inward spinning outward blast
Heat beyond measure, light of utmost speed
Entity huge from here where looking I stand
As full as tomorrow what it brings together

A future impossible foretelling forever
What sense what reckoning leads us along
In a spiral's unfolding forward fortune
All-gathering-all by sheer force of motion

We're it not for landfound existence
Up from waters to breath bright blue sky
An eventual walk I in humility do continue
To see and know and sense and feel the sun

183. The Place Of A Thing In Its Use

The place of a thing in its use
For here is a spot like no other
And the workings of a working
Have the entirety of a moment so

Of a miracle none the short at all
How in circulating motions a thought
May well take form into fine speech
Bringing full meaning each new telling

What makes this new and newer still
A quality of life ever-given yet again
Not unlike the sun nor unlike the moon
And very much like heartbeats and breaths

Action great to greatest stillness known
Two points on a single thread interwoven
Into all this expansive coming and going
As each point each other point so joins

184. Emerge Leaping Forth

Emerge leaping forth
In arcs of rapturous flight
From earthbound origin
Flying starward

Beginnings enwrapped in mystery
No eye known can see within a cell
No mouth of man origination speaks
All all all this curious everything

Where and whence awaiting
Before entering this world of water and light
Of phasing moon and oceanic rhythms
Until sweet point of perpetuation unfolds

Enclosure warm and murmuring
Gives way to rushing air, to radiant light
As grows a form in readiness full
Itself but a vehicle in stages ongoing

185. On A Pooling Lake As Still As Time

On a pooling lake as still as time
Skies turned to distant evening hues
Stars, bit by bit, then seeming all at once
Made nightly gift of their gentle light

To lake's edge and the way full across
That which stood in subtle motion overhead
Clear reflection gives upon the surface quiet
Tops of trees and hillocks shaping bowl of night

What vast and distant slant each thread of light
Makes devoted travel from it's creation, onward
Onward ever meet these threads crossing courses
Waters countless countless eyes wide collecting light

Liquid quiet lying low in self-determining embrace
Upon a sheaf of earth gives pause for a thousand years
With purposes content to warm and chill with living sky
And merge utmost surface with utmost distant radiance

186. In Truth Of Heart To Speak

In truth of heart to speak
Somehow of that which is present ever
Meaning of course that it would precede time
There in a state of simple being before the word

Holding fast the impulse to shape thought
Yet directing full consciousness radiating forth
To behold and embrace no desire to define
But rather enjoy a kind of activity of stillness

Reaching far and further yet drawing edges none
Through a process of centered continuity
Until all notions fall away, pieces blending whole,
This place becomes a moving point of places all

Giving gentle willful participation
To energies within and beyond what knowing is
An entirety unfenced by the terms of awareness,
That then togetherness is complete in a single atom

187. One Hand Aloft

One hand aloft
Starbeams to cull
The other an undercup
As if catching hold a sphere

As inward a pull
As ever onward the shine
To pour within an infinity
An endless outward flowing

Quickest shining brooklets
Longest rivers of light luminous
Radiating constellations together bring
That the place a transformation is a life

188. Talk Of A Tuesday

Talk of a Tuesday
In terms of doings and things
In terms of sometime soon
In terms of a smiling perspective

From here the days stand
Stacked in rows ahead and behind
Each in turn growing a bit more distant
Either direction this sameness takes effect

Yesterday was Tuesday talk
We spoke of the time a-coming
Glad to state and hear how it could be
Making gradual ready for the day's arrival

A lot like last week
Or a few weeks now long gone on
We'll find the sun in the sky again perhaps
And give the day a name to suit us

189. Space Makes Room For Tomorrow

Space makes room for tomorrow
Not too sure how it does
Not too clear what the process is
Nothing for certain except that it is

How many tomorrows
Maybe a few lined up in a nice row
Maybe just the one on the way
Maybe they're all there way down the line

Today seems to fill the universe entire
Pretty good going I say to you, space
Airtight and end-to-end full up
Good fun being a being all in here

Then there's the question
Of yesterday's done-gone archive
Of how to hold a view complete
In which understanding equals love

190. Didn't Take Long

Didn't take long
Discovering the universe here
Apparently it was here all along

Now gotta find a place for it
Maybe over there next to the sky
Looks pretty good just like that

Now where did I put it?
Looking high and low everyplace
It's just not here

191. Wide Spray of Stars

Wide spray of stars
In a single rush flung far and away
Startpoint billions of years before now
Endpoint perhaps ten times longer again

Pieces parts and positions spin and spinning
Here the origin of roundness into itself grows
Coalescence of energy so dense matter emerges
Running longform arcs across bridges of light

Singular washing of a wave as big as half of forever
One arching shoulder of cosmic tide bending forth
Pouring light upon time upon light all admixing
One bit the fountain the whole of which holds each

No piece though seeming so is separate from the center
Radiating infinite force or stillness eternal whole embraces
For both the minds of light or minds of man see forward ever
In knowings deep and heavy as dreams that wake into dreams

192. Ocean A Watery Entirety

Ocean a watery entirety
Yet ready ever for gifts of rain and melt
Land-locked flowings of stream and delta
Fullwise rolling ever to liquid community

As the sky does welcome breath
Each inhalation's exhale forms patterns
Invisible yet true as any stonefooted mountain
In cycles blending elemental exchanges

Light compound shine upon shine
Radiance resplendent self-amplifying
Ultimate brightness infinite exponential
Folding in folding upon allwise directions

Time's passage in shoreless poolings
Must needs further time give welcome full
For once doth once only become to crystallize
Yet seeing and breathing go we in streams of being

193. There Was No Was In Once

There was no was in once
Sing so of the singularity enthralling
A voice a voice so raised a voice becomes
Though in straits of language all a-wrestle

Let it be heard throughout the skyway
The now that's now all along is longest yet
For the in of true beginning shapes no door
As the on of gone seems in streams to follow

What quaint and human pathos
To consider rounding spins the spiral great
How each the weeklong day has re-arrival
What gain within again? What's brought forth?

Strength of mindstuff borne in fluid flex
Considerations give to sense fused with emotion
How this time and that time and next time all
Are but thin and lightfine filaments of being

194. Speaking Of Adventure

Speaking of adventure
Whither and thither the wise of old
Upon their way always went and went
As step to step did multiply into a path

Across the round horizon
Days into days beyond count at last
To reach land's edge and water's beginning
Finding trunk of tree afloat dare climb upon it

At points of mountain peak
Where sky and solitude each other branch afar
Deep views below of former world's once known
To stretch the eye and mind beyond the setting sun

The inward space of dreams
In a definite where with no geographic place
As colors sounds and all of life transformed are
A world so foreign and familiar of oneself constructed

195. Speak Of Actions Act In Speech

Speak of actions act in speech
Breath gone wordy worth itself in meaning
How says the sayer's something sweetly sounds
What needs only listener's fine receptive clarity

Tell the tale and live
Of times a thousand thousand years of days ago
Yes the sun was what we see this morning rising
Yes the moon was what we tell the tides of night

No sooner swept than swift
Winds bent round continental ranges high as blue
Tipped and topped transcendent caves along a ridge
From there an ocean's flat a curving arc becomes

Be near be far be flying
For all we know of knowing needs a telling time
And all we say of thinking holds a trumpet to itself
Doing of what full hearing is makes rounding balance

196. By Name The Thing Itself Takes Fresh Nature

By name the thing itself takes fresh nature
Being as it has always been so, now remade
In the telling an energy-maker of mindful forms
The piece and parts of something told taking shape

Now comes the time of talking in hither thither ways
Saying this and that and ain't it so and have a look
At this then throw the shadows of descriptive word
Upon the open screen of thought wide and bright

Perhaps in joy setting in lines a moment's understanding
As up and upward leaps a view into a vision expansive
Encompassing all the world's rounding sides and edges
A spoken gift in verbal birth of seeing into saying made

And here the grand collective sight and heart of all combine
Admixture as vast as everthought's never-ending horizon
A forward-like continuance of such momentum thrilling
Though wise others may seek the stillpoint peace before it all

197. Starting Out Into Angles Of A Spray

Starting out into angles of a spray
From this beginning to that spreading next
While the things that went kept going
And the things that stayed held oh so close

Took the cue from a certain moment
Somehow self-imposing laying itself upon
Until the one into two ones become four or five
Miracles as such but the simple speech of trees

Limbs that speak in tones of green
Casting forth emerging leaves with true joy
Branch and wrap this way and that in sunlit winds
Here grows full a stem from a sudden not there

How shapes and shinings all around
Parallel and perpendicular the human mind
To sense and mull in pleasing quiet what is so
In thought taking form from that which is alive

198. Once Upon A Whole Once Upon A Fraction

Once a upon whole once upon a fraction
How shifting well the shape of language
Meaning in certainty a certain meaning makes
Transforming thus into next certainty's ascertainment

Here's the kind of curious thing
How the universe is named a once-like singular
Yet look and seek we do through parts for beginning
All the while the one of only naught else has but itself

Haha and then here we go again
Folding distant suns into whirling arms of oneness
Making a form of parts by sheer power of speech
Calling overlapping parts an all-in-all o'er-piling

And when the quiet reveals subtle to the senses
An image of existence entire emerges though in pieces
And being's conscious energies make dancelike exchange
Such that all in each gives flavor each to all forever

199. Sun And Sky

Sun and sky

A singularity and a certain two betwixt
From here the sky holds the sun entire
From the surface of the sun's wide sky
Perhaps the sky that is ours sits imperceptible

Sky and sun

One within the other at times of living light
Though starry skyward falls out and about forever
This side to that side going east and westward
What we breathe appears as wide as all minds

Left with further understanding

Oldest tales now renew with present knowledge
Inward pestle with mortar thought grinding well
Fine admixture of now and then, this and that

With the raging brilliance of rolling sunny sphere
How then to meld and weave with that nearest grand expanse
In terms poetic and language true rise and pronounce aloud
As parts to proximity inverse in motion make a whole complete

200. One And The Other Becoming Both

One and the other becoming both

Wide but certain margin of setting sun
With equal shift of opposite pole in setting
Would these in balance a pair or single make?

Parts only in pieces forming perceptions-of
Together well puzzled brought edge to edge
Once the once and once the other makes one
As day's origin and beginning no line creates

The here of things might well submit to description
While we who circumscribe make mindful measure
To bring human clarity to a world as is perfectly clear
Whence then comes the foggy veil between knowings

Be they tiny springtime flowers the size of distant stars
Held in hand as day's end folds close and amid the chill
The distant stars seem but budding flowerlets far afield
Awaiting the reach of they whose eyes draw close into dream

201. Meaning By Size Unlimited

Meaning by size unlimited
Books by the boxful unbalanced by a single ray of sun
Lines both swift and lengthy across ages spoken well
Make full disappearance with one spinning summer leaf

Yet now comes the side across the way
How a breath of early springtime new grasses motion gives
Or moonlit skies on pools as still as original peace itself
Cause fountains of wordings fine to fill boundless pages

Thoughts of ever-winding universal throughways above
Into bits of quickest mindstuff flashing brief as any spark
Into pile upon pile of dark outspent brilliance intercrushing
With process of accumulation thus originates illumination

How then perceive value in dimensions defining only themselves
With delineations seeming giving shape concise and clear
When translating by awareness into rapt contemplations deep
Follow found in exhalations grander yet with all else combining

202. Once Seen Now In Dreams

Once seen now in dreams
The sense of brilliant day's surrounding view
The sounds of a sky as full of birds as blooms
Complete collection holding in open memory

Sure difference considered comparing wake and sleep
As though a line within itself may draw on things without
Broad convenient convention with practical allowance
Unspoken tradition become therefore left unexamined

Given temperament poetic expression moves through fog
Into and beyond the daylight scope of things to do today
Where the ever-prism of rising sun and twilight skies
Light into colors separates and blends separates and blends

It is here where lines undrawn and soft tones yet unspoken
Unknown dips and leaps of dance subtle and ecstatic all
Measures of time in tunes and pip and wash of brushing paint
To the shape of visions yet to be do reach reaching ever forth

203. Looking At Things

Looking at things
Getting the idea that it's this way or that way
It's full of goodness or greatness all along
While the pieces of parts a bit out of sight await

Most likely in the natural process of growth
A fair widening of view simply occurs in time
Giving an edge and a place to what may well
Have had the look of the infinite up until then

As expansion of this kind continues
Years into years such a weaving a vision makes
Since it seems to have come from open living eyes
What-hey why it's gotta be true-blue in some way

As a speaker good excellent speech loves
As a climber for ever higher peaks goes seeking
Here does marry the knowing with the yet unknown
Patched into maps topographies of consciousness

204. In Springtime Song Winter Also Sings

In springtime song winter also sings
Like the first bite of a sandwich holds the last
Or a step in the right direction all mistakes contains
Unspooling the string of time all threads converge

A nap as sweet as summer's air amidst the snow
For the sip of every tea-time moment drains the cup
The smile of every singing face has a quiet peace
While you and I dancing exchange a universe within

Seeing forward is being backward to have the view
Looking fondly backward must needs a forward place
So how then from left to right one side meets the other
Of course in a middle kind of place where is the heart

In opposition unity, in unity unspeakable complexity
As those who would great distance make use space a-going
To manifest an away, though ever mindful of what's left
Together we go our separate ways yet arm in arm

205. Having Seen the Ocean In Sunlight

Having seen the ocean in sunlight
Pausing to rest from the journey
Reverie lulls deeply from the waves
Giving way to a sleep which dreams

Here where the sky is always entire
Where the earth rounds and rounds
Mountains and cliffs take sun colors
The sun itself beams forth in mystery

This radiance filling inner worlds so,
Upon each place and molecule glowing
With all manner of goodness and warmth
True growth and clarity flows abundant

On the long journey home which follows
Then in days and nights of musing recollection
What and how and wherefore does the essence
Of beauty known in experience become oneself?

206. Moon In The Sky Moon In The Water

Moon in the sky moon in the water
Evening chill on the days of the year's change
Wide and dark the floating universe night
What becomes the billion-year strings of starlight?

From the center of the sun in all directions
Flows a sure and certain radiance to the eye
Open palms held aloft gathering sweet warmth
Solar knowledge thus becoming deeply cellular

Where and how the origins of light take form
No less mysterious than the beholder's stance
With a looking's intention directed up and out
Defining the possibility of space someplace else

In ways the sense of things surrounding existence
An experience emerges to transform within a mind
That which is infinite or seeming so by sheer size
Fits within oneself as a lake may hold the moon entire

207. Who Can Tell What's Yet To Be Said

Who can tell what's yet to be said
From one angle it's all in the talking
Since the sayer certainly has the say
Hence that raging river of blathering

Who can know what's yet to be known
Although those first to admit they know not
Most likely have spent a good while deep
In the trenches between knowing and not

Who can see what's yet to be seen
Except the forward-looking few with good eyes
Drinking in the face of reality at the speed of light
Which then seems a crawl behind the future

Situated here on an inevitable middle ground
Equal infinities stretching forward and back
Side-to-side motion ever inhabits a moving center
Whether awakened envisioned or dreamless sleep

208. One Hand Arcs A Circle One Hand Shapes A Sphere

One hand arcs a circle one hand shapes a sphere
In a swirling spiral twirling this way and that
Slow as breath in peaceful rounds of in and out
Stillness ever self-perfecting a central mid-point

From here to draw the eyes far far away beyond
As the globe of sky reveals itself also rounding
In wide shelves of sunlit blue and dark for moon
Ever leaping ever outward goes vision thus propelled

At once to sense thus this expanse full exhilarates
With emotions deep and vast as every outward realm
And so is born or awakened within mindful structures
One's being as the fulcrum of balance connecting both

In forms of word and action, gestures joyous and solemn
All all but a twisting turning step upon a wire high and thin
As go we forth with as little certain past as certain future
Self perception ever sharpens well-toned engaged in thus

209. How Big Is The Moment At Hand

How big is the moment at hand
Rather depends wouldn't you say
Some hands stretch wide and reach
Some fold and keep a closeness

Here's the where of what-not's place
Drawing lines and shapes hereabouts
With a smiling mind in hearty mirth
That all to pieces fall in saying's form

Were it not yet certain nor plainly true
Wellspun threads of considerations deep
Give cover and color as though clothing
To assemblage unique of notions gathered

To balance infinity with size the human will
May speak to better highlight bright silence
May term and trim each yet-perpetual piece
Perchance to lead a wandering mind to itself