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Sun, Great Swift Hare

Sun, great swift hare,
Whole sky leaping,
From east begins.

Lake the world wide
Does brightly shine,
Becoming day.

Night, birds of darkness,
Black wings enfold,
As specks upon lake, await.

As beyond the west
From sky does hare depart,
So in flight do birds arise
To wing the stars.

Though the World Was in Water Covered

Though the world was in water covered,
Within lay a great fire.
This fire,
Beneath a great clay oven,
Began to cook dry land,
Until at last from it's oven
The land burst forth,
Spilling into the world,
Becoming mountain after mountain,
Plain after plain,
Each star in the heavens curious become,
Passing by to scoop a bit of
This wondrous dry land,
Until the dry land might soon be gone
It seemed,
Then the last of the great fire
Itself into the sky tossing.
Becoming the sun to watch over dry land,
Though each night still,
Stars pass close their bit to scoop.

The Dry Air

The dry air,
The earth, dry.

Three hawks,
Just above,
Feathers full,
Slowly dipping,
Circles winging.

First heaven,
White with clouds,
Full sweet water,
'Leases downward
Falling wash,
Rushes clean
A world such
Joy awaiting.

At Sunrise, A Small Sound

At sunrise, a small sound
Beneath the ground grew steady,
Then the earth itself,
First rising in dust,
Next with rumbling cracks,
Let forth more sound,
More sound yet.

From the widening cracks burst
Into the morning air
First a kicking foot,
Then another, two legs,
Hand and arms reaching,
When fully climbed a man,
In dust all over,
Singing and singing of his
Journey from below there,
Now seeing the day in bloom,
Made one great leap to fly,
Singing, away to the sun.

When Earth's Ground

When earth's ground
Young and tender lay,
Walked upon it
Perfection: woman,
Man, perfect,
These did many become,
And multiply.

From beneath the ground
Came the fire-being,
Eyes of fire,
Limbs of fire,
Mouth of fire,
Devouring all until,
Full of the life of the earth,
It returned to its home below,
To sleep,
To perish in its own ashes.

Only one woman,
One man remained.
They, resolving to mankind return
To life above,
Together made journey,
Collecting all bones
From the cold ashes.

On their return,
Quarrelling as man and woman do,
They the bones did drop,
The bones did knock,
Did fall askew,

But, collecting them up again,
Restored they mankind to the world,
Some have longer legs,
Longer arms some,
And this is why.

At First, Only Quiet Sky

At first, only quiet sky,
Dark, too thin and spare
Anything to bear but gentle starlight.

With rising sun came rising mists,
From streams,
From valleys wet with waterfall,
From lakes, and ocean waters
Washing shores of
Lands entire and distant.

Full slowly with morning light
Such mists arose and rose,
A rounding shoulder wide,
Of living sky with strength to carry
Quiet sky in peace above.

Now flew birds with song,
Beasts of bone and fur
Wake and chatter though the bush,
And there,
Eyes and ears alive with wonder's work,
Goes man.

An Old, Old Man

An old old man,
With a song in his head,
Reached up to hold
The sun in his hand.

Squeezing squeezing
The whole day long
Until the sun's juice
Down his arm did rush.

With this juice did he
And old dry well make full,
Resolving each day
To deeply drink thereof.

The first day,
Full his mouth with sweetness,
Came clear his song,
Which to verses he set.

His lines did worlds
In living motion make,
With crossing threads
This story weaves he still.

A Living Being

A living being
In this world.

Wide expanse that
Eyes cannot at once perceive,
Bustling, place upon place,
In manifold extent,
Far beyond the scope
Of listening's art.

Stature vast,
Once daily beats a heart,
One pulse full tide raising,
Lowers at pulsing's rest.

One daylong breath
At morning's inspiration
Forth the sun does draw.

Into colors
Blows apart the sun
With evening's exhalation.

O Woman Bright

O woman bright,
Whose hood and mantle
Are the shining sun itself,
Smile upon all who love.

For hers is the length
And breadth of beauty,
An infinitude where drowning's
But an endless ecstasy.

Hers is the pouring spring and well,
Forever filling,
That spills with perfect joy
Full upon rapt embraces.

O source and destination divine,
Hearts of clinging arms
This language of fulfillment
Sing.

On the Ground

On the ground,
Chin upon knees,
In darkness,
In silence, sitting.

With swiftness
Of emerging thought,
Arise.

One leg's extension
Spans now
An infinite immediacy.

Single step a land entire,
Bounding then ocean's edge
To furthestmost horizon.

Sky's full wall ascending next,
A leaping dive upforming,
Highest sun but a tunnel,
Immersion bright to plunge.

Mother

Mother
Whose eyes and heart
Are that
Of the world entire.

Children
Given form by a
Science of dreams.

One,
Half fish, half moonlight,

Another,
All wisdom, silent altitude,

Another's limbs emerge
In joy to strive,

Another,
searching stillness,
Half complete,
Union awaiting,
Into being making birth.

Earth Only

Earth only,
With air.

Comes sun with light,
Comes moon with light.

So hot this sun,
Cool comes water:
Good for drink,
Nice to touch,
As moonlight, smooth.

In distance cold this moon,
Fire this purpose finds:
In nearness, warmth,
Eyeing flame swells joy,
Smiles like a faceful of sun.

In Heaven Afire

In heaven afire
Burns the sun,
Highest light
Upon blue water,
Shining vast and broad.

Below this water everywhere
Lay water more,
In cooling deep to
Chilling murk,
Dark and still
Upon a floor to rest.

A hundredfold beneath this floor
A field of shining heaven lay,
Flying burst of ancient sun,
In void an orb itself to spin,
Itself in water sealing.

Resting hot
Full-burning so,
Within this world,
It's clutch and preservation,
Manifesting heaven's heaving urge.

Yearning's work upfill mid,
With fissure molten floor ignites,
Steaming climbs up miles of
Cold and washing deep,
Intent upon intense intention:
Union.

From water's surface endless,
Bursts and spouts some leaping heaven,
In triumph with light of sun combines,
But straight to heaven's mingle happens not,
Such distance only heaven's port traverses.

Instead, itself upon itself
In spreading plain, exhausting,
A deck above the waters,
Sturdy, firm and wide.

A stand upon which those with eyes
May perch in contemplation,
May sense an upward surging,
Thus a foothold forming firm,
With hand, with voice,
With pounding heart,
Too full with heaven's fire,
For union's true perfection call,
In wild reaching voice, to sing.

Father Deceived, Horrified

Father deceived, horrified,
Doubly so,
Has now his daughter known,
Her with child has made.

From his rage,
And her fear for death,
She,
Into a tree,
Transforms.

Just this tree,
In bulge with child,
Did groan and split,
Deliver forth a son.

Wrapped in beauty's pale,
Lived he half the year
In darkness hellish,
Half in days of comfort,
Sunny, pleasant ease.

On such a day,
Afield, bounding,
Darkness well forgot,
Surrendering to the joyous sun
That summer spreads
Upon the ripened spring,
Aghast, a beast beheld he,
It's horn his thigh intrust.

He wept for pain,
Deeper wept for loss,
For as he lay his living last,
Steady darkness bringing close,
Why, why now, why this,
Amidst this world,
In fruit of life,
So full to burst its bounds
In length of days?

Favorite Son, Anticipated

Favorite son, anticipated,
Of father highest,
With mother
Publicly his consort not,
But mistress,
One of many.

Her term entire wandering,
No place on earth with will
To bear her circumstance
For birth,
Until an island,
Small and rough with desolation,
In kindness her motherhood accepts,
Accepts, as birthing-place,
Her oath of untold greatness,
Coming beyond measure.

In labor lay she long,
Divinities all attendance keeping,
Save one whose jealousy alone
Did match her power,
She,
Across the gate of birth made stop,
Cruel will,
Until, in act of pity,
Heaven's all,
Above and below,
Made well the bearing
Of the son of favor.

With swiftest limb,
Purest thought,
Clearest eye
And voice truest,
Took he to the hunt,
Sang he even measure,
Thus his father praising,
Gained his father's praise.

Thus went about
From land to land,
Each foot upon a shore he set,

Was fame and glory
Next in step to follow,
Though fame none exceeding
The isle of his birth.

She

She,
An eternity
Of fulfillment and desire,
A world of temptation, allure,
Her watery meadows walking.

To her cows she strode,
Lovely milk to gain,
Amidst them now, to her
Did heav'n arrive,
That heaven which for beauty
Searches worlds;
With graces hers
Divinity made union.

The growing babe
Within her moved,
Once it's head upturned
Toward sacred lake,
As if in viewing,
And with this moment
Mother with child
Birth's arrival knew.

He, infant new,
This child, her son,
First bath, with song,
From mother's hands
In river's wash receives.

With foot, with hand
So struggled he,
Turning, twisting,
'Till went he loose,
now disappearing, now to surface
making swift return,
with wondrous joy
she looked upon this,
her little swimmer strong.

Many shirts she made him,
All blues, the blue of waters,
And lived he then,

And lives he still,
In places low and high,
Where purest washing wets
Find ways to rush and rest.

'Cross Field and Plain

'Cross field and plain
With chariot and horse,
Royal train
Wintry passage makes.

Across the sky entire
'Bove them birds,
Spanning dense
The vault 'twixt each horizon,
Dark flying winds
Through days of darking chill.

At clear evening's star,
In storming swirl,
Uprose and fell from nothing,
Nothing's blanket,
Bitter heavy snow.

Appears a house,
A fire within,
A barn, the travelers to keep,
With food, with drink,
With revelry
To match this night of storm.

To king, to royal company,
Announces humble farm host:
His wife, with child,
Her labor now begins!

So daughter of the king,
Merry princess midwife,
Did man-child deliver,
while in the barn,
Two colts at once
A mare did foal.

On a morning clear,
Continued king his journey,
With princess tending
Precious child,
And with twin colts,
As destiny's intention.

Magic grew this boy,
And strange,
Ever song and story
Hearing deep
Within his dreams,
And with his colts
Did royal fields roam,
Three manes, young,
Blowing dark and wild.

One season came an illness,
With fever fell the child,
And in a dream his life was spent.

Grieving lay the princess,
Weeping 'till she slept,
When in her dream appeared
And spoke an angel,
His birth to princess hands,
And how, at morn,
With child she'll wake,
And she will bear a son
Twin colts will see and know.

King, Heirless

King, heirless,
Lifting voice to heaven,
Honor gives to those departed,
Long hours with incense sits,
Wearied this collapses into dream.

In ancient days,
Eagle and serpent,
Bitterly embattled,
Wanting each,
In eye of sun,
The place of favor.

At last in pact agreeing,
All earth to roam together,
All excellence in life
They'd search and savor.

In a spell of madness,
Eagle, diving swift,
Serpent's flesh did pierce,
Tasting blood.

Thus serpent,
In a pit did place a wild bull,
The bird to trap,
That when into this pit he flew,
Might the hand of heaven
Wings of eagle clip.

Flightless lives this bird
Hidden 'neath the plain,
And knows this bird
Of secret place:
The entry port,
Where all who walk the earth,
From heaven make departure.
Here, here, discover may,
The kind a righteous heir!

Awoke the king
His land to search,
For pit, for bull, for eagle,

And finding all
Did full rejoice.

With patience,
Calm and confidence,
This broken bird
Of flight he retaught,
That when in sky the bird again
Did wing the name of eagle,
It beckoned to the kind to climb:
Self upon his back to fasten,
Hand upon his wingtip hold,
That journey may they make,
In ascension joyous,
To the port of heaven's hold,
That wills life's entry.

He, at Highest

He, at highest,
Deathless, eternal,
In perfection dwelling,
Of all, of everything,
Knower and the known.

His mate and he,
This world do cause,
Infinity the source are.

“no son you have”
her tender voice
upon him fell in saying,
“what need for heir”, said he,
“when all in always,
always all am I?”

but in her face downturned,
her sorrow perceiving,
he made at once a figure,
a form of child fashioned,
as was his sweet intention,
her countenance to lift.

She beheld the figure,
Twixt breast and arm enfolding,
Her strength of joy
A wonder working:
As, in love upon the other gazing,
Full round her did his arms embrace,
A motion felt they heaven did astonish,
As stirring new between them –
Child with life.

At Nine Month's Start

At nine month's start,
From within, to mother spake her son,
"A tree,
A tree of walnut,
Go forth and plant it,
Go plant it now."

A seed she closed
Within the earth,
Swift grew it's limbs,
A limb
Each month in passing,
Saw she its progression,
Of progress making count.

When nine limbs strong beholding,
Birth she gave 'neath lovely shade,
As walnuts sweet as heaven
Lightly 'round her rained,
Of these she many gathered,
Herself, her son to nourish,
That swift he grew,
In tree a nimble climber,
Sat he within its eaves and branches,
His world's horizon gazing far beyond.

Slowly White Shores Walking

Slowly white shores walking in shining tropic,
Mother young, for birth her heart a' readies,
Consort of one whose place is heaven,
Chosen she, most beautiful of mortals.

Infant son in wrap her perfect hair of-woven,
She gave him, smiling, singing, to the sea,
His grandfather, the ocean, of all the earth explaining,
To ready make the little one his father next to meet.

Son, now grown and learned, to mother's island journeys,
Making visit, sitting quiet, 'till she approaches in greeting,
Now tells her of his seaside birth, his time within the ocean,
His readiness and wish his father soon to meet.

Smiled she, singing gladness, son of hers returning,
To his father took him, to the place of heaven,
Where sees he now the world his father shows him,
And journeys there, in ways of endless wonder.

As a Dream

As a dream in light of dawn,
At a spring of purest river,
Herself she washes pure,
Her love so great, allure so strong,
Full within the river came her lover's spirit,
Full within her let himself be drawn,
A marriage made with making of a child.

He, now as river, wanders,
As falling rush, stilling pool,
Does she river's front engage
His winding way in pleasure,
Thus a gate he seeks,
Intent his realm to enter.

At discovery,
The keeper of this gate he now becomes,
Embraces her at gateway,
A second child making so.

Realm wondrous her he gives
In giving her her children,
Home and place his spirit finds within her,
In his offspring.

And well a world they wove
About each other in creation,
And good to live this world
Within togethering of joy,
The way these two
Each other's love had faith
To find and follow.

Earth

Earth
First world
Mothers heaven
Mothers ocean
Mothers night.

Night
First daughter
Mothers sleep.

Heaven,
Foremost,
Fathers light,
Fathers love,

Fifty daughters
Ocean fathers,
In waters
Each belonging.

From this
Begins a tale:
The song of man.

Daughter of Man

Daughter of man
By mildest ocean walking,
Saw she a shell up-washing,
Heard tiny voice out-calling,
A boy-child found she
There within.

Now they two
Each day to ocean wander,
He sometimes in the waves to rove,
The 'cross water's distance deeply gazing,
Son and mother, one another's foster.

Found he feathers of a wren and flew
Above the sea in clouding fully dark,
Found he feathers of a jay and flew
Above the sea in spreading light of gladness,
Bird of heaven's plumage found he,
And as the blaze of sunset,
Flew away.

A Sunny Summer Morning

A sunny summer morning,
Was born the hungry boy,
To eat and eat some more.

In taste his pleasures taking,
With eating gained perception,
Expanded he for greater hunger's fill.

'Twas now for touch felt hunger,
To see, be still, to listen,
Wide menus of existence to discover.

At last stirs knowing's appetite,
For workings of the world, it's nature,
Ingesting deep understanding's fruit.

And now a hunger two-fold rose:
For banquets loaded full with quest,
Sustenance to share with company beloved.

Child Angelic, Sleeping

Child angelic, sleeping,
An angelic spirit
Sleeps within the child.

In sleep infant dreams
Recalling heaven,
As heaven infant eyes
Perceive the world.

As thousands number
Being's re-awakenings,
So spirit eyes the world
Dreaming forms of life.

With sense's fill,
Come quiet understanding,
That 'neath swaying seemings
Truest heaven steady holds.

So journeys world
With spirit unifying,
Dreaming dreamy dreams,
Asleep asleep.

Man, Laughing Creature

Man

Laughing creature,

'Neath heaven's

Brightest eye,

Winding ways

From birth

To holy home.

Deeply dreams,

Drinking peace

At breasts of

Mother nature,

The sparkling white

Of starlight

Her loving milk.

Infant Son

Infant son, the signs of growth,
Fulfill with limb's extension.

Then halting, tumbling showman,
Of rustic ways unique performance gives.

Follows next the spell of speech,
Cast upon odd curves in early mind.

To satisfaction's end, negotiation
Soon and sooner willful ease acquires.

Throughout a world of firsts awaiting,
'Twixt initiations moves the youthful one.

In learning own life-story's exposition,
To free will's revelation give design:

That which gives intention's self-endeavor,
With world's attending impetus selfsame is.

Brimming Wellspring

Brimming wellspring,
Undiscovered lay,
Founting source
Gracing mountainside,
Pure, from stilling surface
Clear to sources's deep.

With ends of rain,
With springtime's bodied sun,
Chanced a maiden to the field
As a woodland sprite a'dancing,
Rounds the pool in lightning step
With hands and hair in sway.

The shining sun upon her joys,
As water's smoothest surface
Her bright body's measure mirrors,
And fancies she the spring become,
Delights the spring to her becoming,
Beholding two as one, in union wondrous.

Now skipping she across the meadow wanders
Each place to wrap in circles, freeful motion;
Rose the spring each way her toe to follow
Down terraces of mount her whim she wends,
Full flush with dance at level sea arriving,
As one into the ocean's cool they plunge.

Fell the Great Creator

Fell the great creator
Upon beseeching knees,

A world he has imagined of,
Each aspect holding concept,

Now pleads into the void:

That she,
Vast, endless,
Source of sources,

Her distance held in silence
To his anguish in rejection,

For without her warm infinity
Could even he no world create,

His divinity a painful yearning wept,
Perfect thoughts fell into falling tears:

With these
She fostered everything's creation,
Let be
The world we know and call our own.

Upon World Wicked Gone

Upon world wicked gone
Cleansing rainfall washes,
Only mighty goodness
Preservation sure provides.

As goodness good engenders,
In likeness comes community;
In tumulting world 'neath rising waves,
Is congregate of faith a vessel buoyant.

Lightning crack and terrible-most thunder,
All history in deep does disappear,
That with the calming sky of mild morning,
See rim to rim a noplacement of horizon.

A prayer winging loose into the daylight,
A signal flare of hope, faith, of good,
'Round a world destroyed,
In evidence to fly,
That spirits full sail on to promised land.

With Countenance of Traveler

With countenance of traveler,
In robe of distant land,
Into man's kingdom quietly strode
The one whose hand the world did fashion.

Not long went he undiscovered 'till
Men of lowly brow with spears aloft,
With fear, accusations and suspicions false
Made round and taunt, the traveler to seize.

Before the splendid pomp of royal throne
They tossed and pitched him, full reward expecting,
Took their bits of silver to drink and loudly boast,
While cruelest king traveler's fate decreed:

Two fires burning below in dungeon deep
With he between them, firmly chained,
The fire's heat so great to singe his raiment,
And hot the chains did burn into his flesh.

With passing time did all forget this traveler,
The aged king grandfather's beard now wore,
A young and happy grandson roamed the palace,
And chanced upon the traveler in his state.

Curiosity, and innocence, forward led him
To the figure's lifting head, his eyes to meet,
In instance of transmission the boy now knew
The capture and the sentence of this stranger.

Fled at once the boy to fetching water,
Made swift return the traveler to soothe,
With this drink offending flames abated,
And loose the chains upon cold stone did ring.

For divinity a patience holds eternal,
In wait for kindly act of human faith,
Thus gave he the boy his kingdom's knowledge,
And of the ways in heaven showed him well.

A Herdsman's Son

A herdsman's son, of wandering grown weary,
Fell a grove of trees in clearing place to plant,
At night their roots re-took to stand in morning light,
Labor-lost and curious, a plan in motion set he.

He fell some trees,
Lay awake beside them after darkness,
Saw a woman ancient with a hobble,
Humming gruffly,
Pointed she her walking stick
And rose the trees miraculous,
Until he lay alone and still,
As slowly she approached him.

Dimly saw she final trunk,
Night's work near completion,
Her stick with palsy raising at his figure paralyzed,
With his youth and vigor was now her magic mixing,
Knew she transformation rapt,
As he arose in witness.

Her crusted old age did crack and split,
About her fell in tatters,
"Twas a maiden pure and fine
Embraced he just that moment,
So made they love's communion sweet
In light of early dawn,
So wove their ways together,
Each in each, eternally.

Of Sunlight's Substance Made

Of sunlight's substance made
A figure roams the earth,
In seeking search discovering,
At nature's way amazes.

Conversations could he hold
With wind and stone and bough,
In birdly trills and fox's yap
Discussions found he pleasing.

Paused at riverbank to watch
A joy of shape and shifting flow
When 'plained to him a fish:
By swim he would the hilltops kiss.

Knowing full of hilltop height
And higher yet a vaulting sky,
A watery nest the figure guessed
That shone 'bove daylight's blue.

So flew he to the east
Meeting softly dawning day,
So flew he to the south,
Laying long in shining warm.

So flew he to the west,
Rapt in sunset meditation,
So flew he to the north,
Cold and brittle perched the sky.

With foothold firm upon the pole
Of earthly spinning cycle,
He rose to heft the northern sky,
With all the world to pry his mighty push.

The cracking sky did match his strain with thunder,
With determination's last he broke the seal,
Did force his footing so to tilt the axis,
His will so great to push the sky apart.

As down and down the waters
From above made pounding rush,
So leapt the fish, each wave a stair,
Each leap a new ascension.

When the whole of earth did fill,
And round each peak went swimmer,
Thanks well measured sang the fish,
Bade the figure sky release.

In gladness so the figure shining
To wholeness fit the sky complete,
As waters level place regaining,
In fulfillment swam the swimmer home.

So roams the world a kindness
In the body of the shining sun,
To desires warmly listening,
With ways of giving shape to dreams.

In Spirit Lives a Knowledge High

In spirit lives a knowledge high,
Enthroned, in vesture pure and rare,
An index of an onliness,
Point from which all points emerge.

At everywhere's beginning struck
A stamp, a radix seal thus designed,
That diversity 'cross tables broad
Would unity in origin perceive.

So lord and king and captain,
Horseman, freeman, slave,
In blood of all a common truth
That each his share does carry.

Do mountain peak and ocean floor
With star, and comet's tail, mesh,
Thread of all at first was one,
It's end itself connecting.

As Churning Depth

As churning depth
Beneath a face chaotic
Does order meet,
Causing cosmos full,
A hand of grand intention
Such transformation molds.

Where ocean walls aslip,
In body strange statistic
Does some stand of earth
Embrace at common level,
A wisdom great these complete
Can sense and understand.

Of fixture and fixing mount,
Of fountain and flowing fount,
So a knowing knower doing does.

Wake, Wake O Seeress

Wake, wake o seeress,
Yes, from here I call,
Where sun through bluest sky
Upon my face falls warm,
My footing firm on sleeping ground
Beneath which deep in deeper sleep
'Round root of world you curl.

Hear, hear o seeress,
Stirring thought to memory,
Beyond all age's history, you,
Present at beginning's start,
When from else the world arose,
So entire and complete the store,
Numberless the days that you record.

Speak, speak o seeress,
Story tell of present ending's time,
The freshing shape of all reforming new,
Way and whence an epic lays unfolding,
How each extreme recycles calming center,
Within you lives the future, present, past,
Yourself the stuff becomes that's known in dreams.

Approaching Moon

Approaching moon
A gathering grace reveals,
In fullness shines
As one of sisters twelve,
With waning's arc
To pass in wistful recess,
For sister next giving way.

Twelve the count
Of sisters in progression,
As round the sky,
Each year they once proceed,
In rows of nine,
Their holy light connecting,
Each child's time
Before it's birth attending.

The Creative Being

The creative being, aspects self-collecting,
Invention made of knowing, thinking's shape,
While with these thoughts did realize a vision,
Understanding all's connected destinies.

Now a table made, expressing all in beauty,
Outcomes eternal in geometries of ecstasy,
Infinity's in-woven fate of knotted thread,
Worlds surrounding worlds within all worlds.

Stories set in mankind, anger fierce, kindness sweet,
Humanity's hand and word entire wrought,
Of triumph, loss, and struggles 'twixt,
Made each piece and into pieces piecing.

'Twould seem this labor but diversion for divinity,
Heaven's delight this table to survey,
For a maker's heart beats bigger in the making,
Finds joy as wide as everything's creation.

Neighbors, These Two Friends

Neighbors, these two friends,
One at water's edge makes home,
In oaken branches high the other.

Misunderstanding wince and quarrel caused,
In undue provocation one did face the other:
The water's friend subdued the oaken dweller.

As the victor lay in deep exhaustion
So the vanquished gathered up his rival,
Transport made in crossing 'spanse of water.

On island small the victor woke abandoned,
Desolation knew in sea's horizon,
Singing songs of yearning for the trees.

One morning brought a trunk of drifting tree,
And victor joyed it's girth, making hold,
To homeland his this manner making passage.

Found he there his rival peaceful sleeping,
Carried him to forest's highest bough,
Left him there alone his plight to ponder.

Atop the tree awoke he in a terror,
With dizzy view made hold and seize to branch,
Singing songs of gentle lakeside comforts.

Passed he many days without a respite,
Weakening grip loosed, off he fell,
To water's home below in plunge arrived.

Thus the two each other stood regarding,
In living other's way found deep respect,
Made firm a bond of friendship everlasting.

Brothers Two

Brothers two,
In temperament at once
These kin did differ:

As one each morning took the field,
In hunt and climb found pleasure,
The other sunset's hour watched,
Did study stars in nightlong joy.

Met they oft at evening's table,
Each their world, their ways in tales told;
On brightest morning rode together,
Moon's eclipse, on such night,
The two observed.

In passing grew their sense of whole combining,
The watch one kept as other rested well,
Did a world complete maintain between them,
The best of each was to one another gift.

City Broad and Great

City, broad and great,
A magnificence at single stretch,
To this city's lord spake another,
"Of gold, of silver I exact,
Stones in every manner precious,
To forthwith a temple new construct,
A greater worship's vessel fine,
For hear I in the voice divine,
Instruction clear this action so to take.
Do you this, or will ye know destruction."

Did this city's lord his realm consider,
Refusal proud and high began in answer,
Challenge met with challenge like,
An agitation raising tides of war,
They, stern with anger, mediations enter,
Each the other's word and will would master.

A storm arose flooding roads and farmlands,
In solid earth a trembling shake begin,
With this the two agreement did discover:
That 'twas the word, the will and hand of god,
One city fell in rolling devastation,
As observed the other fully spared.

Together thus these lords made reconstruction,
The other's greater gifts yet greater made,
Acting thus engaged as mortal equals,
Acknowledging a place above in nature.

Twins, in Spirit Twine

Twins, in spirit twine,
Born of beginning's before,
When everything did nothing seem,
When chaos fell to form,
Arose as one this duo,
Half a nearness shining,
Half a dark transparent,
To grip each other's ankles,
Thus the earth encircle,
Causing time's invention,
Rounds of motion spinning,
Though two, a whole entire,
As night and day connected,
As one the other chases,
On the other pulls.

In Round of Meetings Ancient Ever

In round of meetings ancient ever,
The hand of work and labors good
Across a river spied and called,
To the soul of love and wit sublime.

Wielder of the hand in language rough
Made light of hardship's burden:
In climates harsh cold fell a beast,
Settlements establish, make early to the plow.

The wit had tongue robust in hearty humor,
'Mongst acknowledgements did ridicule slyly place,
Then called to witness mankind's lovely daughters,
For he the field of fond desires plowed.

These two from banks opposing sang of pleasures,
Accomplishments, deserving gains hard won,
With parting vows the other's best to better,
Resolving new again to face across the river.

When Days Were Yet Unmeasured

When days were yet unmeasured,
No page, no mark upon it made,
The eye and ear of man
In clarity did nature grasp.

In leaf's career a seasonal progression,
Both day and night, as equal, sky presents,
A flying wind with arm connects in dancing,
Tide and wave a rhythm without end.

Call of beast human voice did echo,
Calls unique did human voice invent.

In silhouette of trees at eve's horizon,
In color, placement, character of stone,
In clouds reform of endless transformation,
Might an alphabet of understanding spell.

Would recollection spark re-telling's gesture,
Stamping, sounding, shaping word to speak?

When Huge a Storm Above a Mountain Raged

When huge a storm above a mountain raged,
From this mountain's cellar 'merged a dragon,
Dragon this in battle slew the storm,
Storm that brings the rains to living valley.

Valley folk in sky saw storm and dragon,
Many times their call for rain unanswered,
Each rising of the storm did dragon quell:
Now their pleas for help did turn to heaven.

Daughter of the sun heard, felt compassion,
Visit made, to he of all men greatest,
To he who wore the mantle of hero,
Bade him end the dragon's awful reign.

Task as this he knew may bring his life's end,
But took it on if she with him would couch,
Heaven's daughter liked the fond agreement,
So he dragon slew, that rain now washes valley.

'Pon heaven's highest mount housed the hero,
As heaven's highest pleasure daughter knows,
Gazing oft through windows of his mansion,
The world he knew and loved entire viewing.

Moon in Beauty Full Did Light the Sky

Moon in beauty full did light the sky,
Followed not the sun, no dawn of day,
Three times arose the moon's brilliant shine,
Three times night remained without the day.

Yielding crops would die without sunlight,
Earth becomes enclosed in growing chill,
Darkness, children's hearts could fill with fear,
So mankind chose a hero able.

To furthest edge of earth journeyed he,
'Low where saw he bound in ropes the sun,
Marveled long this wonder to behold,
Whilst mankind sky did watch in waiting.

Arrows his upon ropes useless were,
Reasoned speech of crops the ropes unheard,
Fell now to knees in weeping prayer,
Sang of joys his child knew in seeing sun.

Brighter went the sun to moments brighter,
Ropes consumed, and leapt into the sky,
Faces all to sun did raise and smile,
Daylong shining gladness sun returns.

Stuff There Was as Stuff There Is

Stuff there was as stuff there is,
Block and bit enlinked as all's foundation,
From small to smalling smallest, forming nothing,
To spans of vastest measure, unending yet,
At once in calm/near-bursting agitation,
As potential raw existing everywhere.

What light, what urge, what holy inspiration,
Ingredients so potent causing order?
High thought perhaps, a passion pure,
Of science and art combined,
An eye precise, profound the voice,
To guide the hand of origin's construction.

Still in parts and pieces, space betweening,
The what beyond before as thus remains,
Though now a designation builds geometries,
Structure, function, form in motion makes,
Itself itself creates in recreation,
Ascends in contemplation's will of question.

In Chill and Darkness Lay the Ground

In chill and darkness lay the ground,
Crosslegg'd, firebuilder sat upon it.

Built a fire at the corner north,
Spreading light that place created.

Built a fire at the corner east,
Spreading light that place created.

Built a fire at the corner south,
Spreading light that place created,

Built a fire at the corner west,
Spreading light that place created.

Upon the lands smiling stood,
Gazing long in each direction.

Now to the sky of darkness turned,
As formed the sun of heaven's fire.

Knew this as a sign of creation's greater,
Felt the smiling gaze of a firebuilder 'bove.

Of Thought and Action First Combiner

Of thought an action first combiner,
In early mists of world as newly formed,
Founding ways and means for being's work,
Realizing strength in structures siding three.

The mind, the eye, the hand, a mighty trine,
The world to see, sum up, to fashion better.

The soul, the ear, the voice, triangle holy,
A listening within, perfection's song measure fills.

The heart, the nose, the foot, threesome guiding,
Exploration, inspiration, rapt discernment, searching ever.

Broad creation thus the stuff in human senses,
Reflection, as divine, internal process making,
An expression, an endeavor, intention manifest,
This way becoming full with world fuller filling.

Houses Great

Houses great,

Palace of gold,
Bright as the sun,

Mansion of seashell,
Half under the ocean,

Castle of marble,
A mountain in size,

Fortress of cloud,
Sailing through heavens,

High archways of timber,
Halls alive and rooted,

Waterfalls magnificent,
Jewels in island cliff,

Places these, the world throughout,
In tales live, with visits rare,
The search of many, of few the home.

Fewer leave, to find returning's rest,
And then setting out anew,
Perhaps but one.

What Wedge, What Lever's Pry

What wedge, what lever's pry,
Blade so rough and broad,
Magnificent this cut to make?

From the all of one,
A solid somewhere,
Everything's togetherness,
Complete yet thus relenting.

In separation's sever sky is born,
One becoming two,
With space between creation.

Does multiply this division strange?

Lower half it's surface,
Is the world, with upward yearning,
Half above, abode divine,
Lifted from its earthly model,
Perhaps as son and father have become,
Their distance filled with wispy realm,
Traversed by light and spirit.

In Her Form Immortal, Love

In her form immortal, love,
The fields of heaven, it's gardens, halls,
Worlds, does visit, bright shining magic,
Naked near and perfect, wandering freely,
Her strength beyond the strongest.

Desire hers, of pleasure without end,
Witness all her presence thus consumes,
Attractions fond the fervent only matter,
With her, with one another seek fulfillment.

Those, blessed ones,
With mate in constant company,
When amorous attentions realize,
Together cling in ecstasy of love.

But blessing greater yet, of all divine and mortal,
To be the one that love does love,
To know the source of beauty, of perfection,
Her eternity one moment full embrace.

Lovers Two

Lovers two:
Asleep lay he,
She, of him, her love,
In yearning tones did murmur,
Of his strength,
Passions inexhaustible,
So kissing, clasping so,
Such deliciousness their striving,
Together thus,
Their natures meld for this:
To warm and higher raise the sun.

Continued she,
As awakened he,
From slumber's deep:
Her voice to know,
Her face gently palm,
Begins anew their love divine,
Commencing thus the spring.

Youth Eternal, Not Yet Man

Youth eternal, not yet man,
Ever asleep in bedding soft,
'Neath the warm dim of heaven's edge,
As worldly ages below him pass,
While ages he but little,
Or none at all.

Of vigorous potential essence he,
Fair repose, fine limbs at rest,
Face disclosing mind at peace,
At dreams adept,
Well-versed, perceptive,
Knowing all of heaven by such vision.

Mankind's ways does study so,
Learning thus of love, observes,
How destiny does two number,
Their lives to wend together,
Though sometimes numbers one alone,
In single separation's hopeful wait.

Just such a one alone he sees,
Her beauty all his match and compliment,
With this realization starts awake,
With weight of love now too full for heaven,
Falls he to the world where she awaits him.

Somewhere

“Somewhere,
Somewhere in this world am I,
Find me,
Come to me my love.”

In a dream she beckons,
Her voice as clear as daylight,
Her form and figure finest,
Her eyes as truth to behold.

To every place he goes in search,
In wandering reveals a world,
Into each face for hers he looks,
In each another being sees.

Through wondrous lands exploring,
His story tells, then listens,
Hopes one may know the love he seeks,
That he his dream find living.

Flame That Lights the Seasons

Flame that lights the seasons,
Illumination various and full,
Spark through storm-cloud flashing,
Brilliant glory ever-bright.

Maker of the seer and the seen,
Swift reflex, color's cause,
Wherefrom in first emergence?

In dimness darking everywhere,
In chemical collision a creation,
Such change the stamp of origin,
Event before the now does start,
Of beginnings many, yet one,
As infinity's expression grows eternal.

Mists, Deepening at Valley's End

Mists, deepening at valley's end,
Edge of view, a beyond flows obscuring,
In stories, father's father saw it there,
Place without position, undiscovered.

Pieces remnant of an ancient tale,
Verse unclear, fragments disconnected,
Pictures incomplete this distant image,
Suggests did once a traveler there journey:

One morning strange, shining sun through rainfall,
Valley floor a-swirl with mists 'round shafts of light,
'Cross the sky transformed gazed valley's son,
To gain the wondrous view with ready stride.

Some say they saw through dark and bright his passage,
Some such words receive with wistful ear,
Some no sense can find, remaining doubtful:
As silent lay the mists for one who'll journey next.

Grew a Sapling on River's Bank

Grew a sapling on river's bank,
A storm's rising it's roots did open wash,
Long and long flood waters it did carry,
By mild country maiden discovered was.

It's roots she gently set in richest soil,
Amidst the garden pleasant she did tend,
Grew the sapling full to leafy stature,
It's rounding trunk and limbs grand to behold.

One night heard she falling wooden clatter,
With sunrise through her garden maiden strolled,
The tree stood broad and shining wet with dew,
Beneath: one hollow limb, one solid branch.

Knelt she lifting branch, leaning palm on limb,
As if to place a thought, rhythm knocking,
A moment's joy to sound she thus began:
Each morning fills she marking wooden tones.

Past the Shining Moon

Past the shining moon,
The yellow sun beyond,
Where distance to stars traversed
An interval becomes in measure,
Bounding forth, these steps combine,
Ten times ten, with ten of each.

To glowing shores eternal,
Where live the figures known in dream,
Color but the basest element,
Supporting realms of airy vision.

Where inklings fields of seedling are,
Seasons yielding thought in harvests grand,
Here beginnings in pieces start together,
Infinities have manufacture endless,
All's entire here has source sustaining,
Fruit of life on trees in orchards vast,
Where happily work the souls amidst creation,
Resting oft, immortality to breathe.

This Mirror, Heaven's Window

This mirror, heaven's window,
Revelation full it's presentation,
Past and future actions all displaying,
To any it will face with steady gaze.

Surface smooth enduring since creation,
This mystery the gods in fear avoid,
Rather they prefer obscuring dust there,
Than know the things they would,
Themselves to see.

Away they point this mirror toward the world,
Invisible perfection blent with sky,
That only may an upward-looking soul,
In fortune glance upon and self-perceive.

Transcendent ones, highest human wingers,
Cloudy dull below, soar in clearing bright,
The corners of such sky at will exploring,
Thus acquire deep reflection of their souls.

