

A close-up photograph of several small purple violets growing in a field. The flowers are vibrant purple with five petals each. They are surrounded by green grass, some broad green leaves, and some brown, dried leaves. The background is slightly blurred, showing more of the natural setting.

Intimacy
comes in
any size.



A photograph of three purple iris flowers in bloom, surrounded by tall, green, blade-like grasses. The flowers have six petals each, with white markings on the lower petals. The background is a dense thicket of similar grasses.

Some joys are
to be realized only
on their own terms.
Wild iris insists
on wet feet.



Appearing out of the fog
Black-bellied plovers
on their way from
their mangrove beaches
to nest in the tundra
How confident they look
plucky birds with big lessons
for us all.





Year after year
stately Spruce
watches Birch
begin anew again
not better or worse,
just a different style.



First blush of spring
new summer's rush
such exuberant joys
like pure happiness
nearly overwhelming.



Haiku by Sparrow

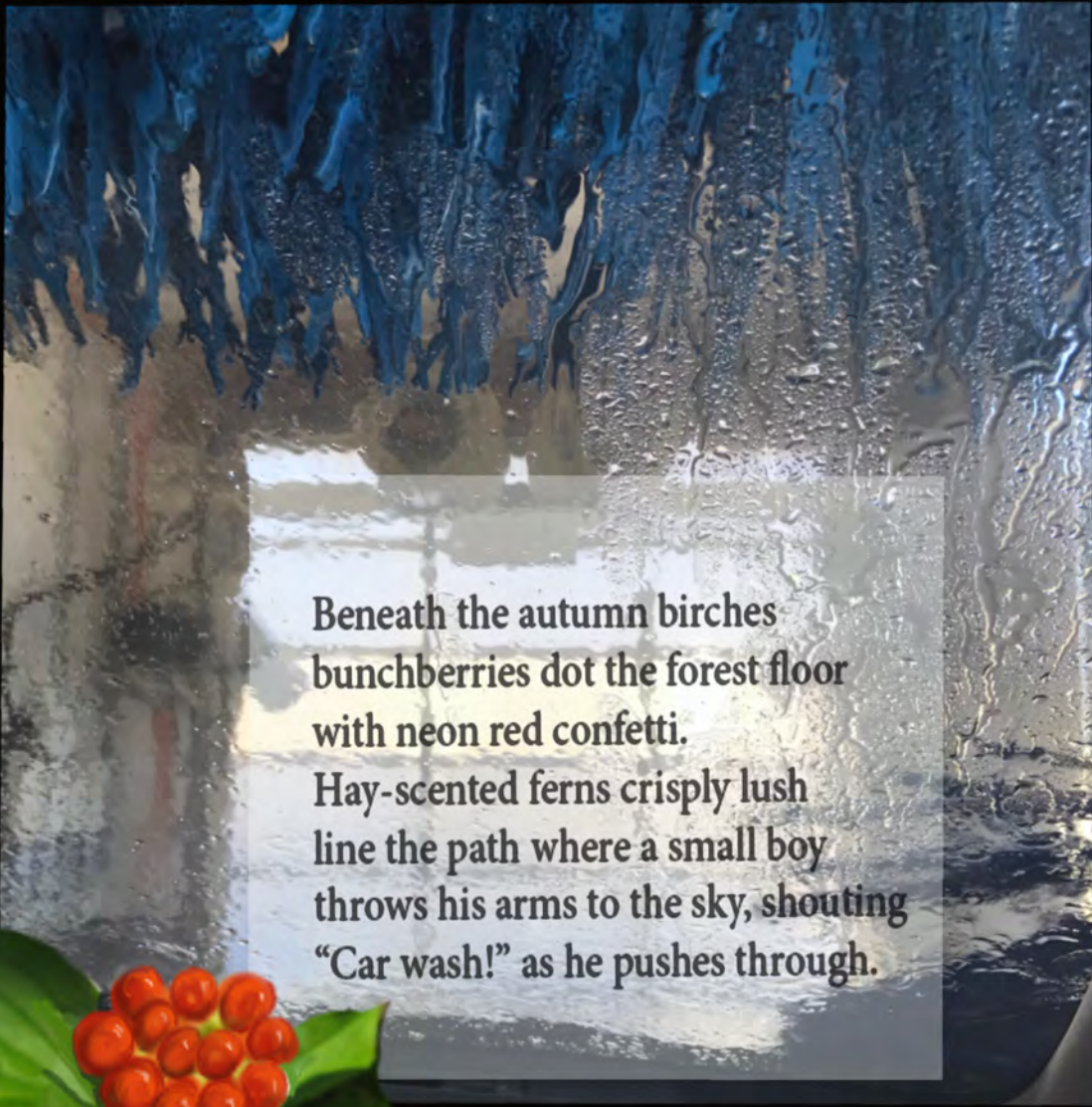
Pale sun, old snow
white-throated sparrow
cold pure call of spring
call of spring





Ferns with spores accustomed to riding the winds around the globe and green leaves making sustenance from sun might not find the evolution of seeds or teeth such a grand idea. There's merit in accepting and working with who you already are.





Beneath the autumn birches
bunchberries dot the forest floor
with neon red confetti.
Hay-scented ferns crisply lush
line the path where a small boy
throws his arms to the sky, shouting
“Car wash!” as he pushes through.

A photograph of a marshy landscape. In the foreground, several tall, thin stalks of marsh grass with brown, feathery seed heads are in focus. The grass has long, green, blade-like leaves. In the background, a wide, flat marsh field stretches out, leading to a calm body of water. Beyond the water is a dense line of evergreen and deciduous trees under a blue sky with scattered white clouds.

Marsh grass
rooted in mud
stands perfectly
upright

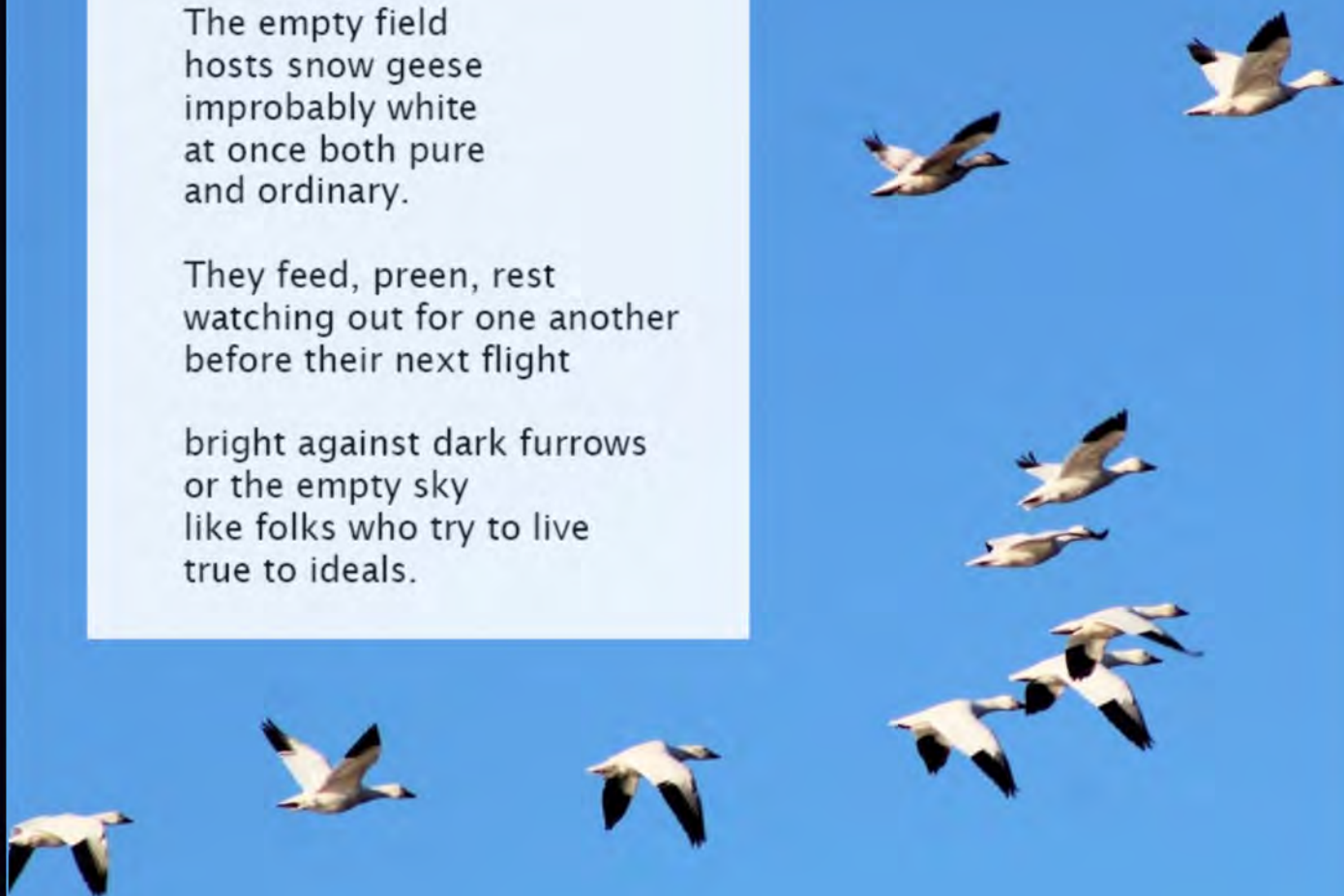
modestly blooming
seeds of good
in the world
more than
metaphor.

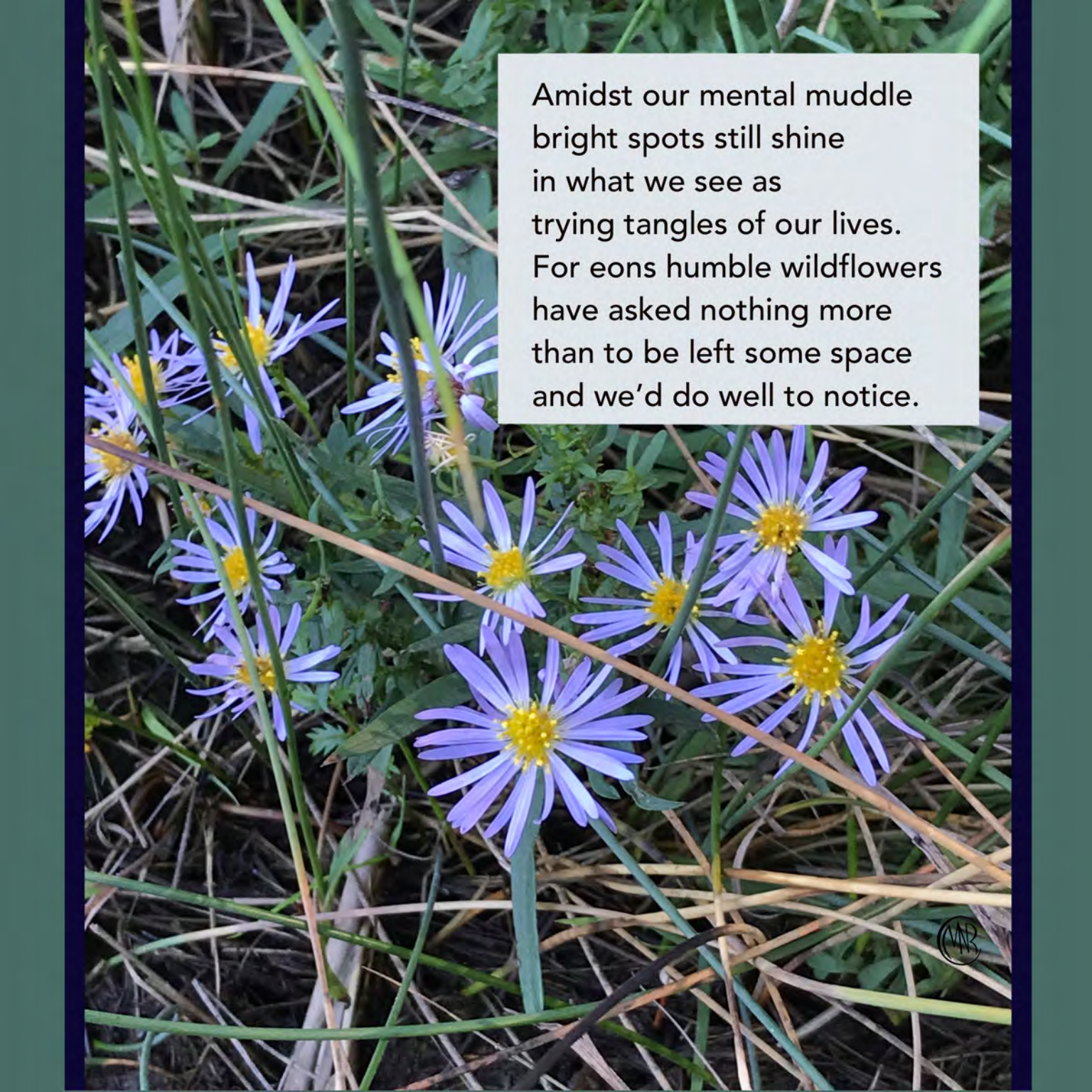


The empty field
hosts snow geese
improbably white
at once both pure
and ordinary.

They feed, preen, rest
watching out for one another
before their next flight

bright against dark furrows
or the empty sky
like folks who try to live
true to ideals.



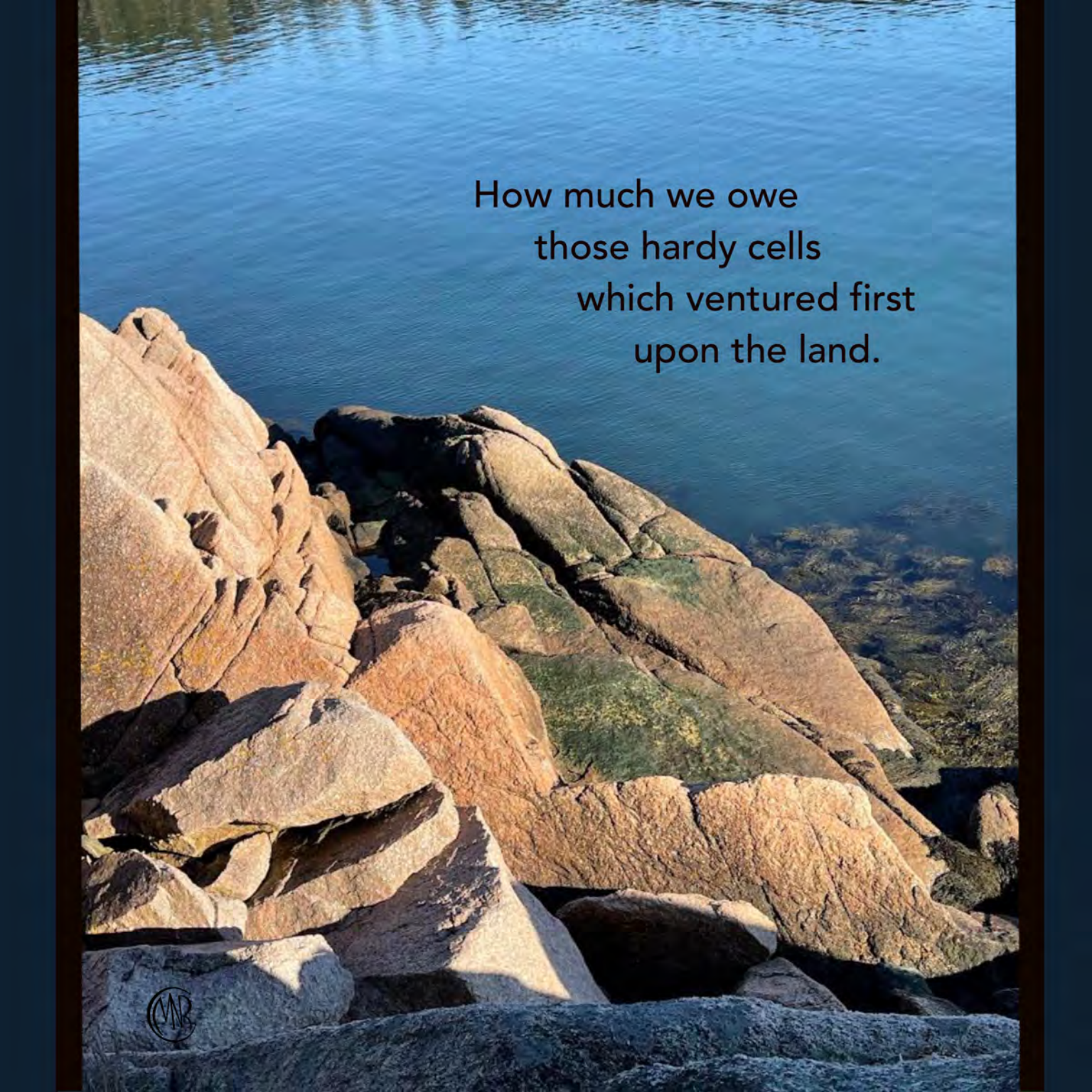


Amidst our mental muddle
bright spots still shine
in what we see as
trying tangles of our lives.
For eons humble wildflowers
have asked nothing more
than to be left some space
and we'd do well to notice.



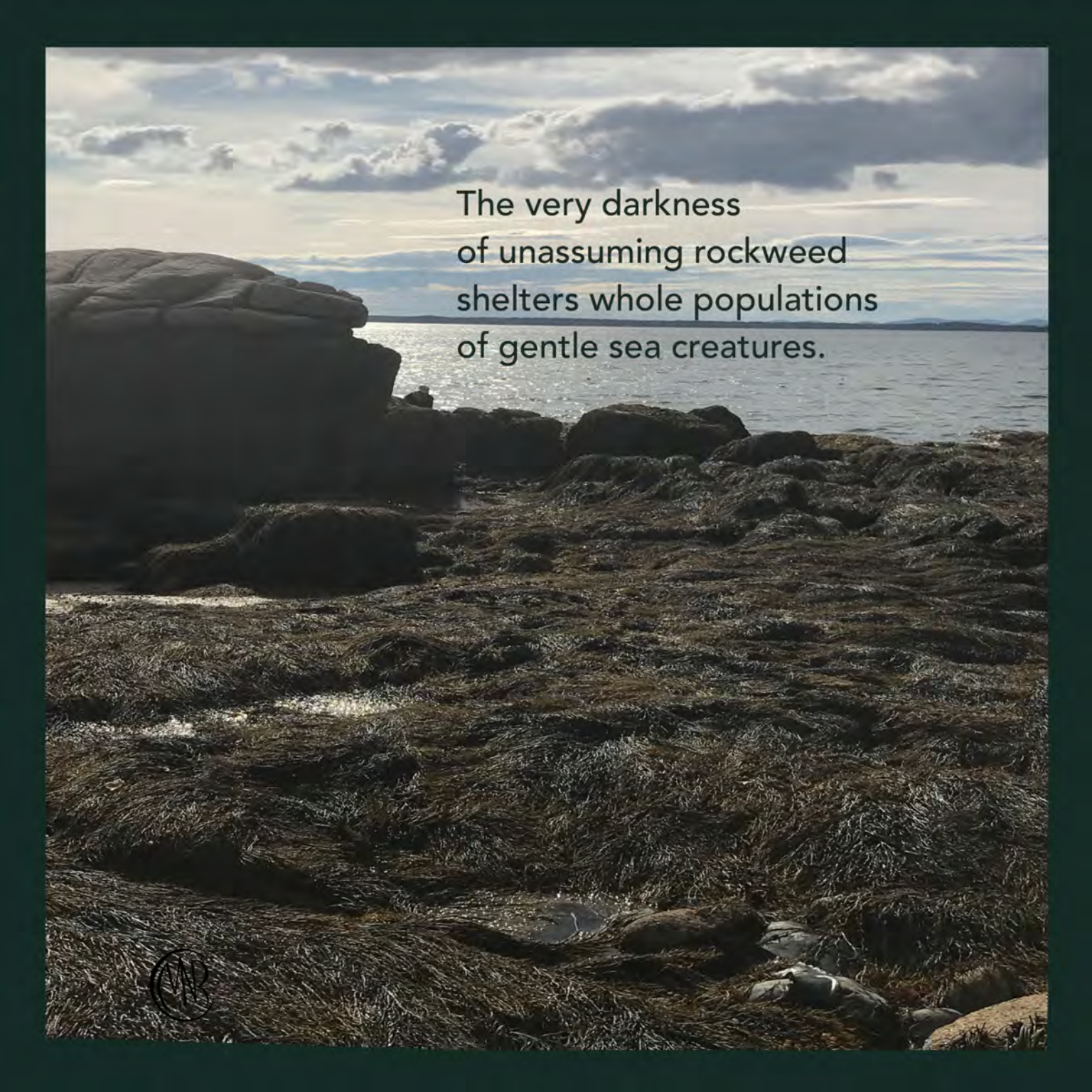


We call it turkey tail
this humble fungal growth
beside the forest trail.
But fungi made this beauty
long before turkeys ever were.
Life lesson in the merits
of a closer look.



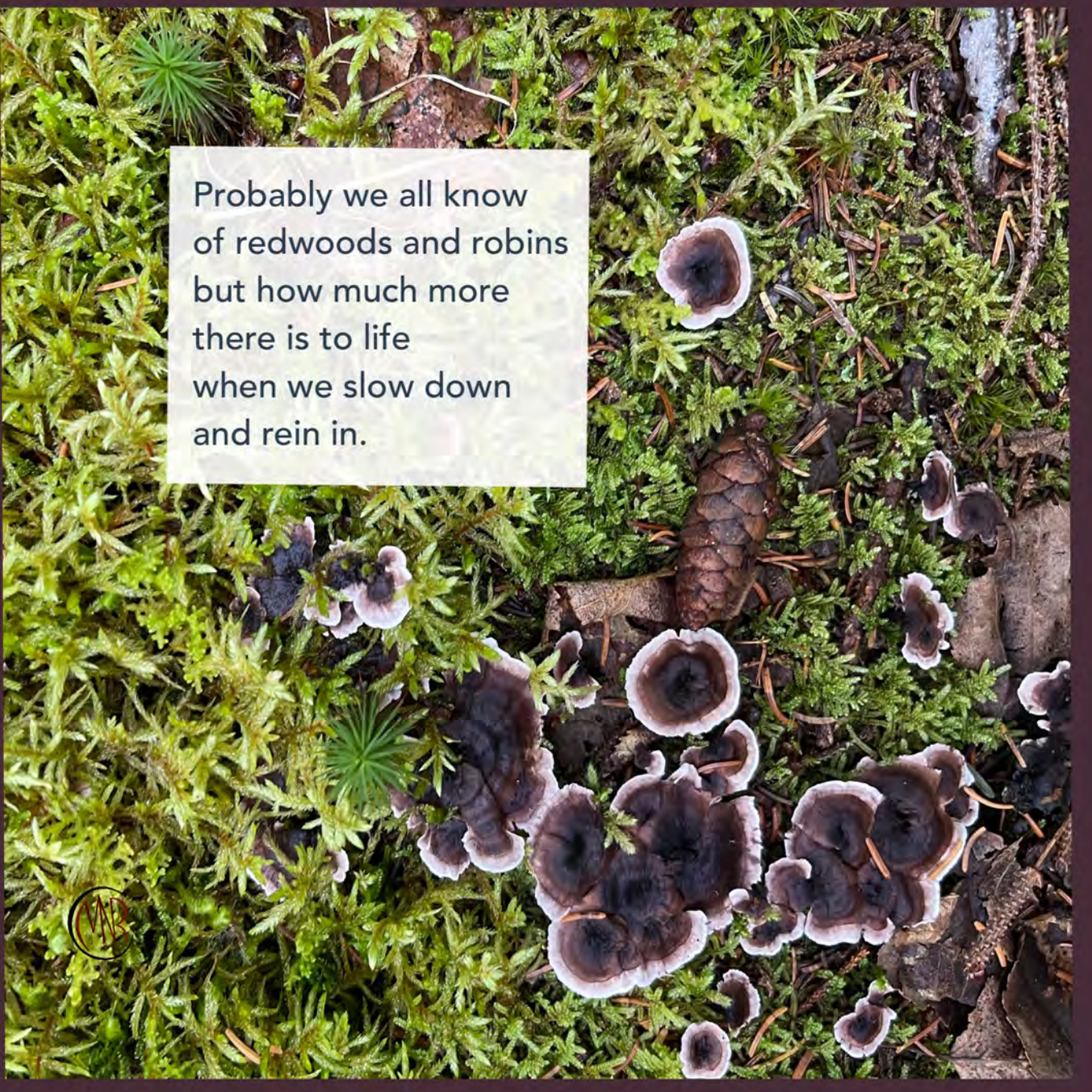
How much we owe
those hardy cells
which ventured first
upon the land.





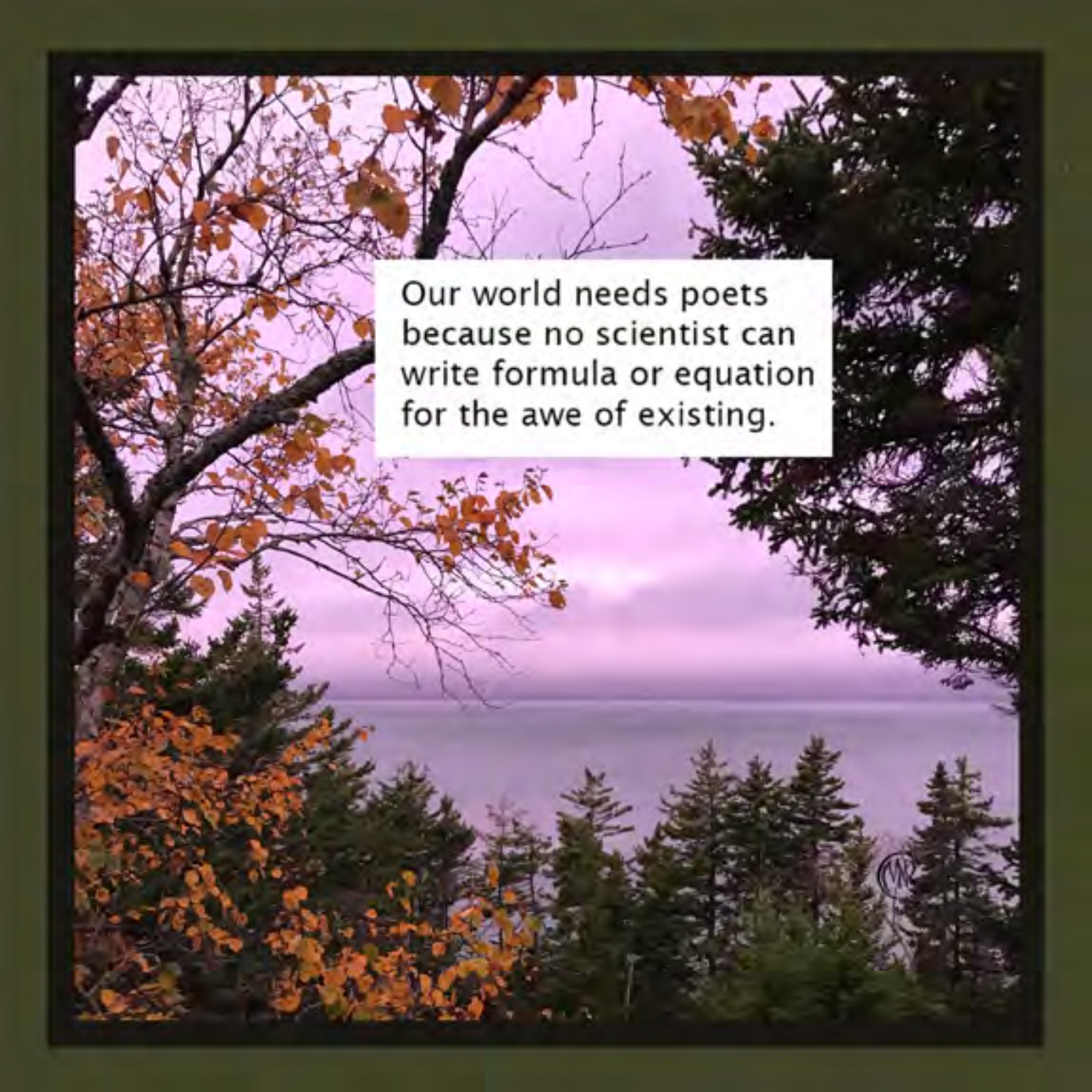
The very darkness
of unassuming rockweed
shelters whole populations
of gentle sea creatures.



A close-up photograph of a forest floor. The ground is covered in a thick layer of vibrant green moss. Scattered throughout the moss are several small, cup-shaped mushrooms with dark, almost black centers and light-colored, slightly frayed edges. A single, brown, textured pine cone lies horizontally in the center of the frame. The background is filled with more moss and some small, dark, needle-like plants. The entire image is framed by a dark brown border.

Probably we all know
of redwoods and robins
but how much more
there is to life
when we slow down
and rein in.



A scenic landscape photograph featuring a calm body of water in the center. The foreground is filled with trees, including some with bright orange and yellow autumn leaves on the left and several dark green evergreen trees along the bottom and right. The sky is overcast with soft, grey clouds. A white rectangular text box is superimposed in the upper-middle section of the image.

Our world needs poets
because no scientist can
write formula or equation
for the awe of existing.



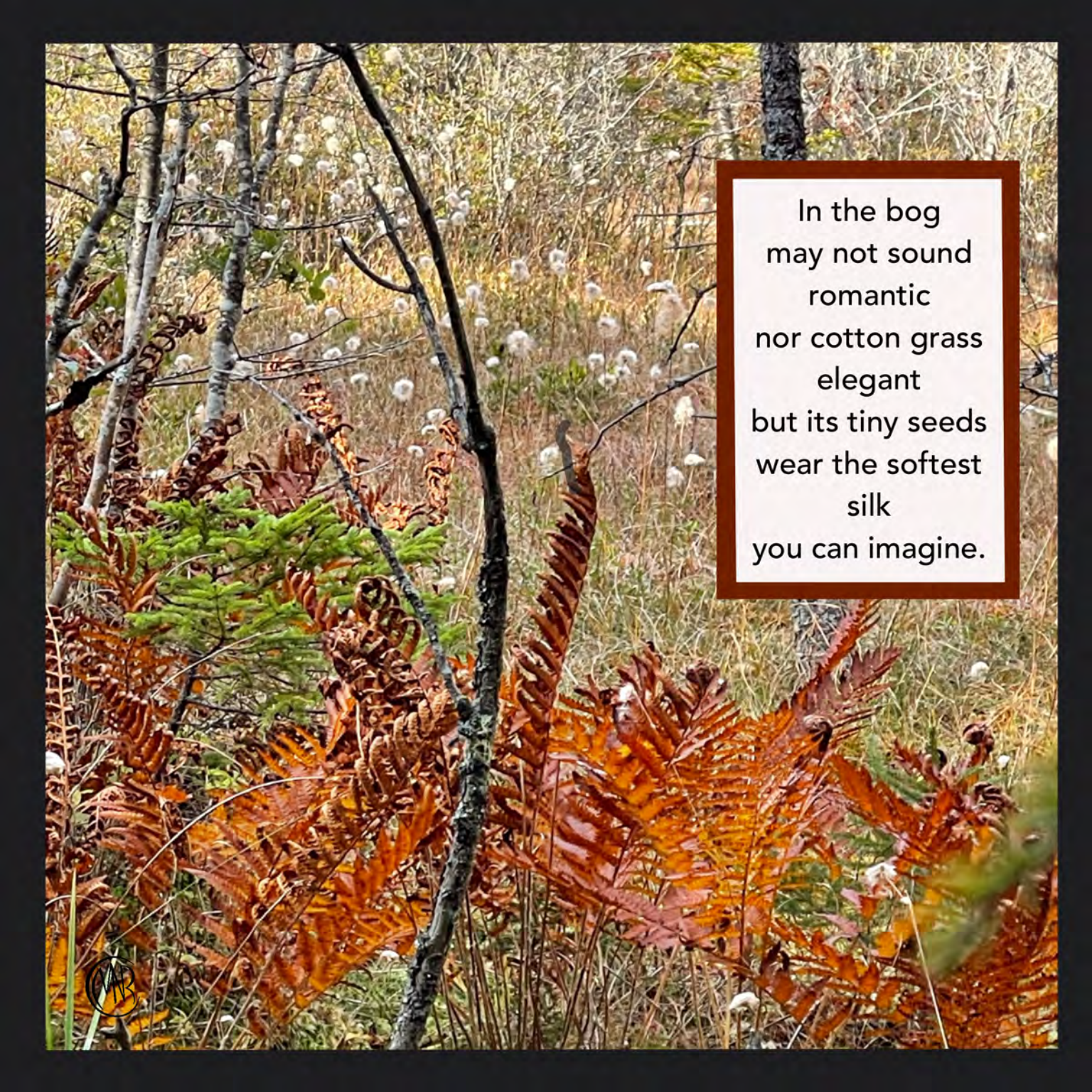
Be still and hear the singing sea
Be still and hear the singing
Be still and hear
Be still
Be

Thus spake the ancient psalmist
to the modern harried me.



Wearing sun on his head
moonlight on his shoulders
bobolink so fills the morning air
with May meadow dandelion gleam
that long after he's gone
the shimmer and pulse
imprint on the air.



A photograph of a bog landscape. In the foreground, there are large, brown, curled fern fronds. Behind them, there are green mossy plants. In the background, there are thin, bare tree trunks and a field of white cotton grass seeds. A text box is overlaid on the right side of the image.

In the bog
may not sound
romantic
nor cotton grass
elegant
but its tiny seeds
wear the softest
silk
you can imagine.





Fog is the breath of tide
current made visible
closing in not with a swirl or a sweep,
but with an imperceptible
increase in density.

How unlike cultivated inertia
celebrating indifference
without the redeeming
transiency of fog.

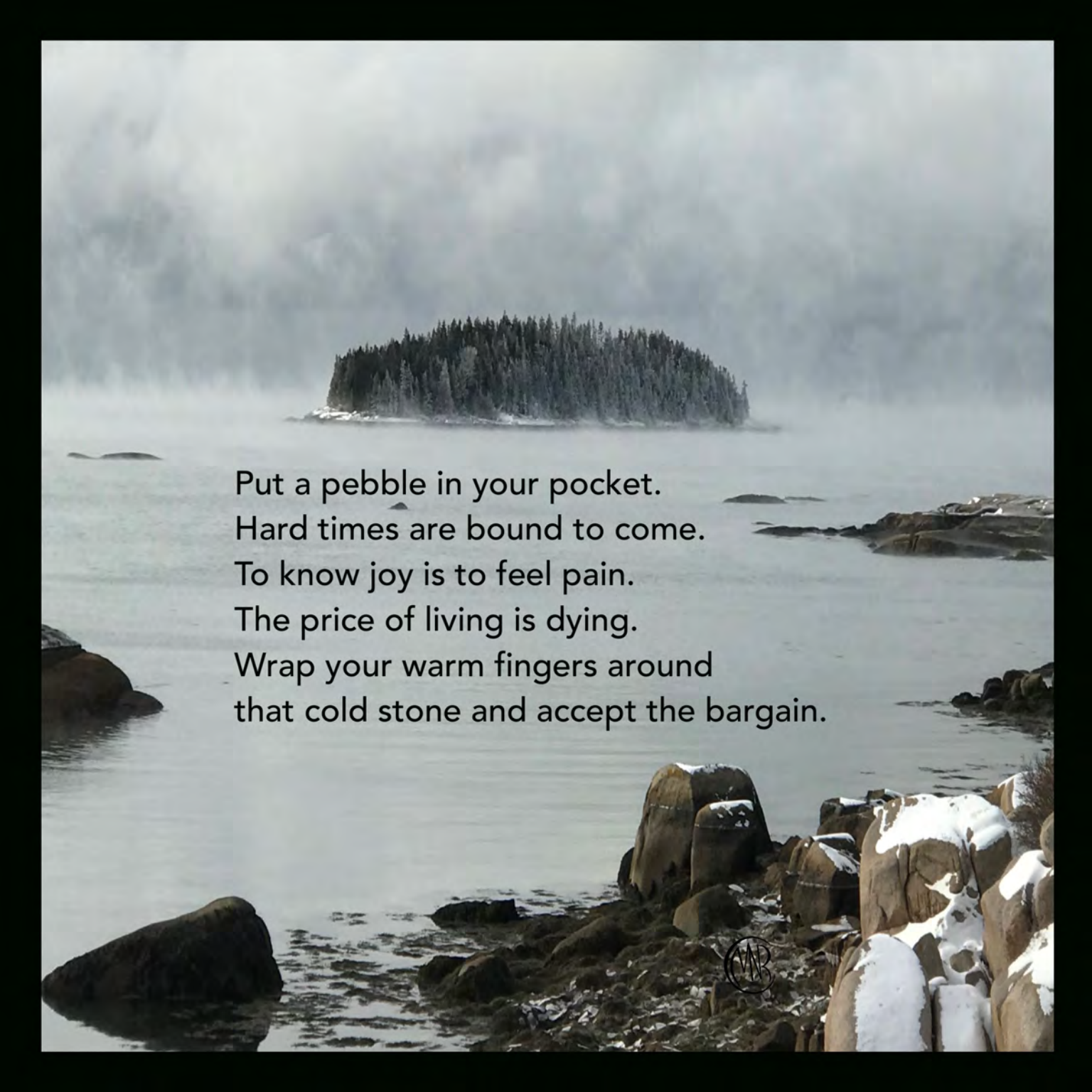




Grasses need not resent
the tiny orchids that get
all the attention!

Inefficient animals that we are
could pledge protection
to the humble ancient plants
in gratitude for green
a symmetry
owed the chlorophyll-crowned
for turning radiance to resource
airy energy
to the sunlit
sustenance of beauty.



A misty, winter coastal scene. In the background, a small, forested island sits in the water, partially shrouded in fog. The foreground features large, dark rocks covered in patches of snow. The sky is overcast and grey.

Put a pebble in your pocket.
Hard times are bound to come.
To know joy is to feel pain.
The price of living is dying.
Wrap your warm fingers around
that cold stone and accept the bargain.





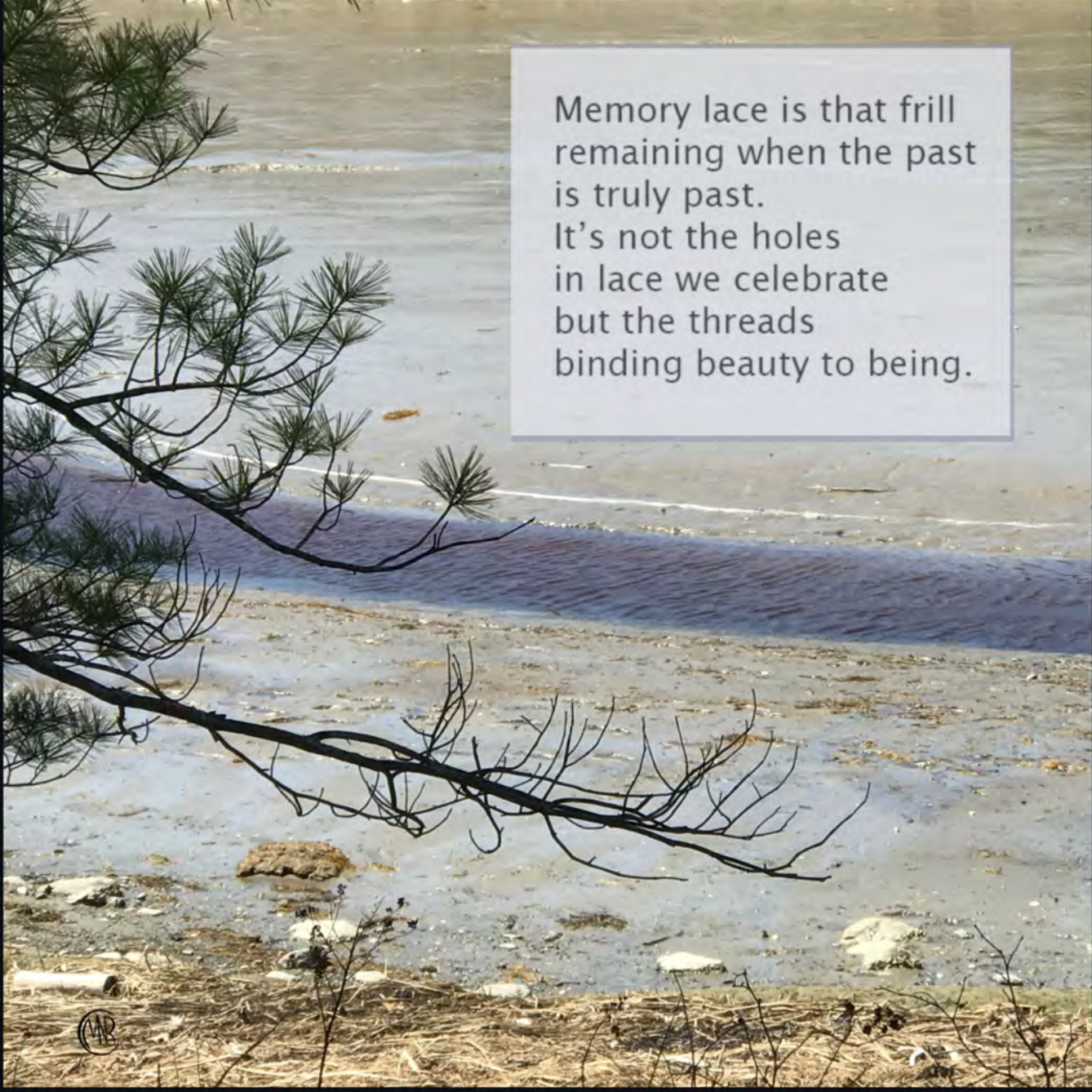
A hundred tiny birds come
linking whispered calls
low through the dripping spruce.

Like smoke they flow
up across the granite boulder face
pausing only briefly
over the glow of moss,

Ink-grey Juncos migrating
white tail feathers flashing
brief signals of intent.

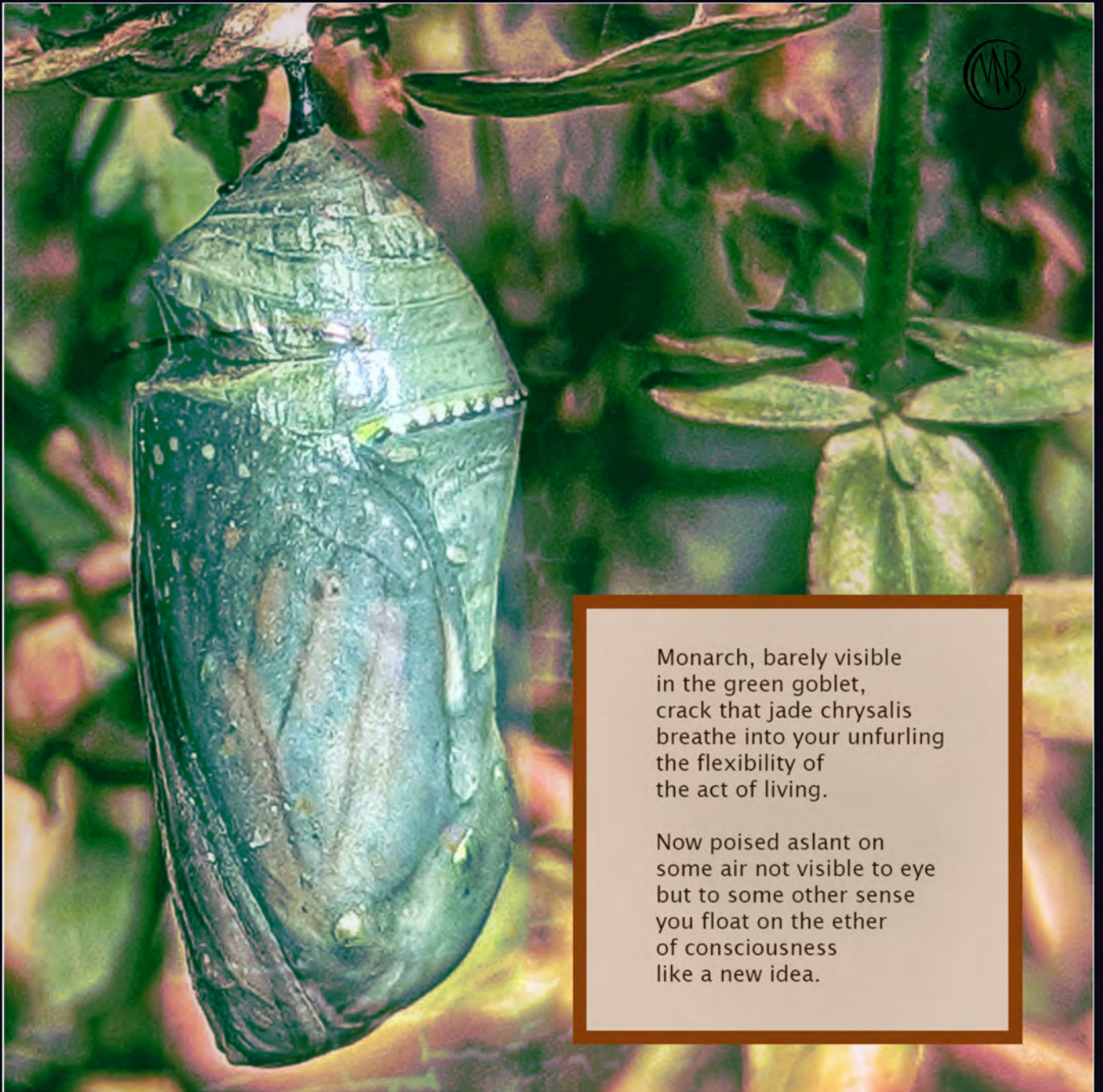


Alone with hermit thrush
and the scent of arbutus
we celebrate May Day.
Sunshine on our cheeks and
two Painted Lady butterflies
just arrived from the South
pin up a smile of surprise
that the whole body feels.



Memory lace is that frill
remaining when the past
is truly past.
It's not the holes
in lace we celebrate
but the threads
binding beauty to being.





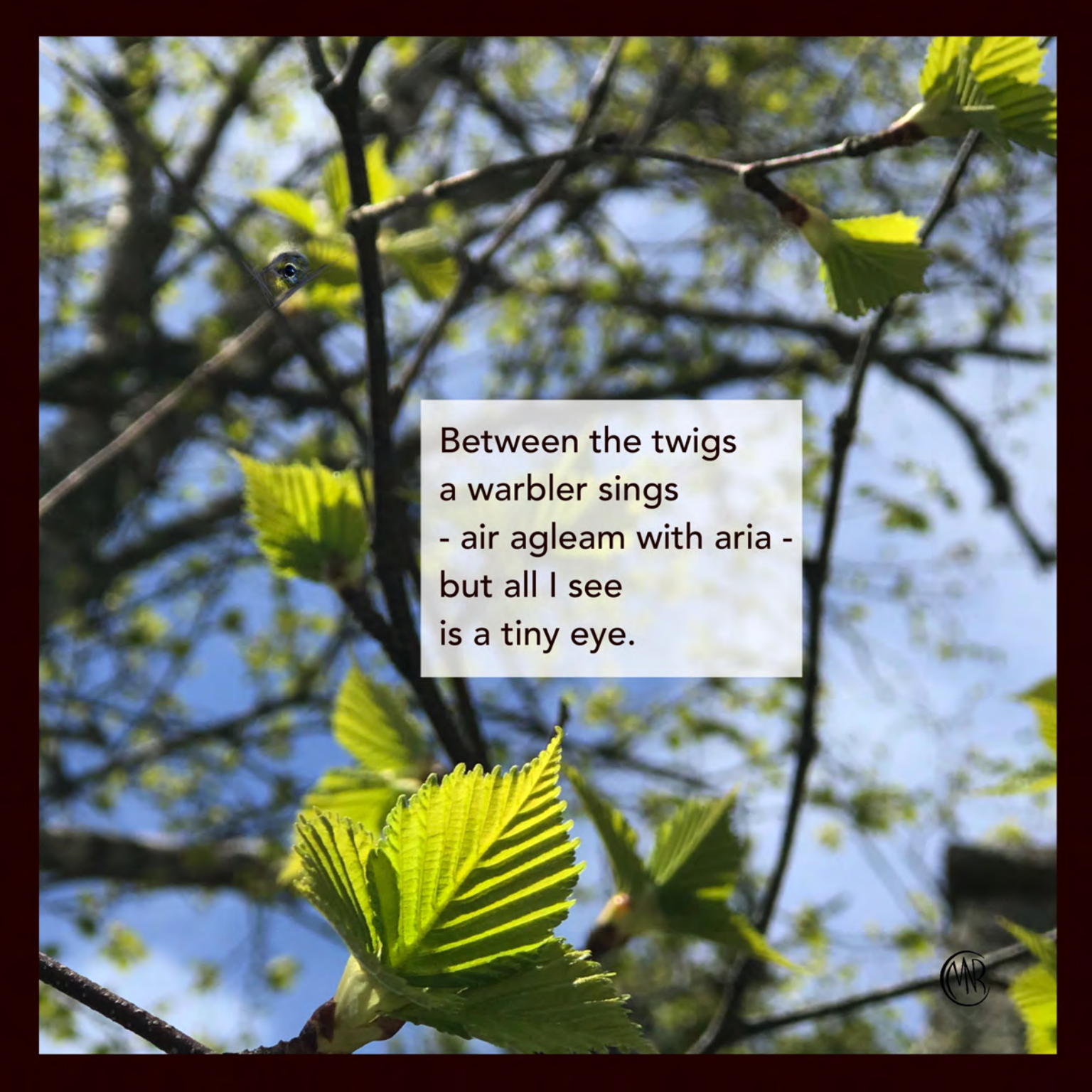
Monarch, barely visible
in the green goblet,
crack that jade chrysalis
breathe into your unfurling
the flexibility of
the act of living.

Now poised aslant on
some air not visible to eye
but to some other sense
you float on the ether
of consciousness
like a new idea.

A wide-angle photograph of a beach. The foreground and middle ground are filled with a dense layer of smooth, rounded pebbles in various colors including grey, blue, green, orange, red, and yellow. Some pebbles are covered in green moss. In the background, a sandy beach leads to a calm body of water under a clear sky. A dark, rocky shoreline is visible on the right side.

From its very beginning
our planet planned
pebbles and peoples
in a rainbow of colors.



A photograph of a small warbler with blue and yellow plumage perched on a dark tree branch. The bird is facing left, and its head is turned slightly towards the camera, making its eye visible. The background is filled with out-of-focus green leaves and branches against a clear blue sky. A semi-transparent white text box is centered in the lower half of the image.

Between the twigs
a warbler sings
- air a gleam with aria -
but all I see
is a tiny eye.





One can decide that
all poems have been written
and then two or is it three
swallows twitter madly
about the new moon sliver
high in the afternoon sky
with shadblow blooming.





Pretty Poison...Ivy



In the bushwhack thickets
on secret deer trail byways
I've never met anyone else.
If I ever do, will I come again?



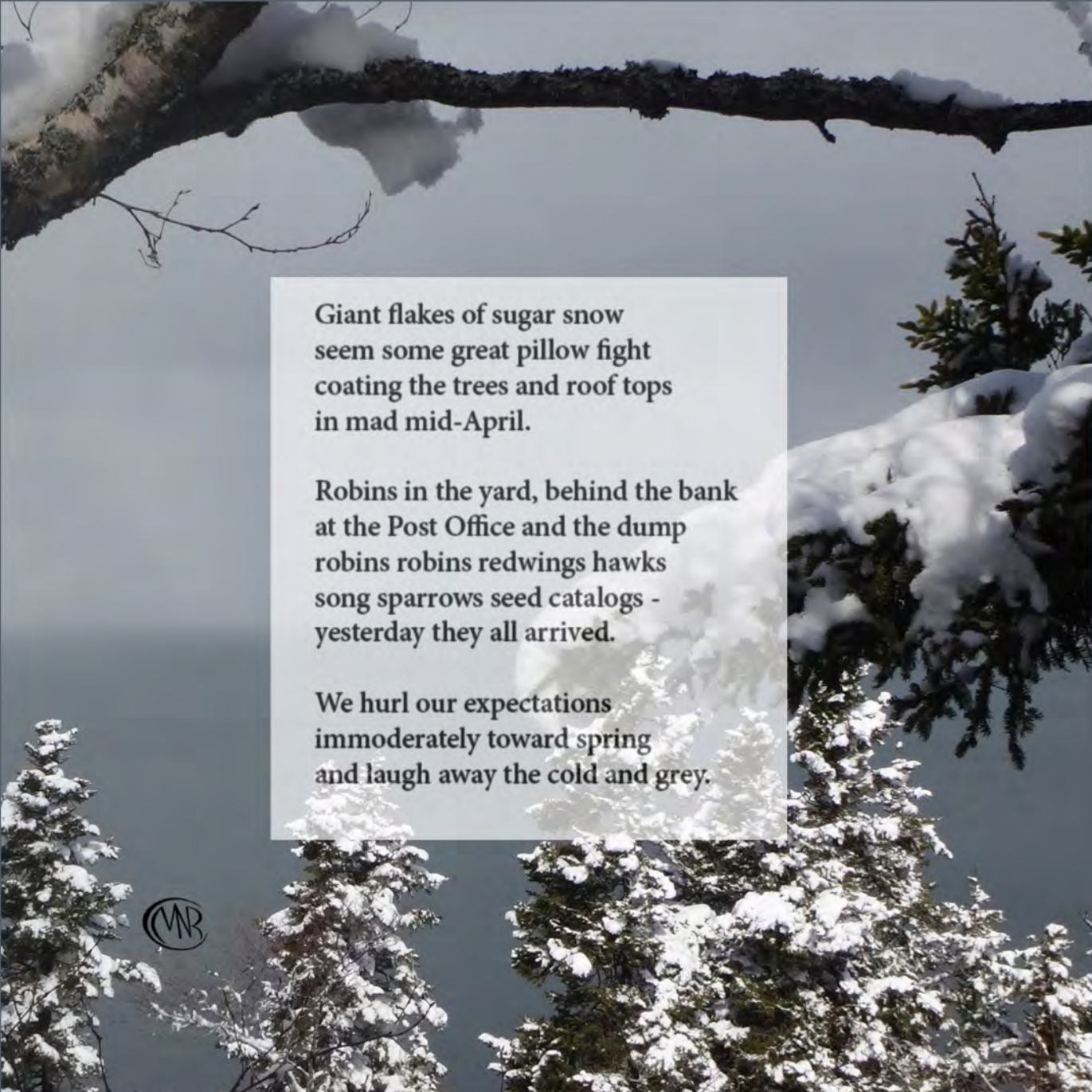


Let us thank those
who support us
like spruce roots
on granite
silently reaching out.

A detailed illustration of a spotted sandpiper stands on a sandy beach. The bird has a long, straight, light-colored bill, a dark eye, and long, thin legs. Its plumage is intricately patterned with brown spots and streaks on a lighter background, particularly visible on its wings and back. The bird is positioned in the lower-left quadrant of the frame, facing left. In the background, the ocean waves are depicted with soft, painterly brushstrokes in shades of blue and white, creating a sense of movement and depth. The entire scene is framed by a dark blue border.

Just at the silver seam
between the sea and shore
a spotted sandpiper
teeters, speaks softly to itself
a poem it has by heart.



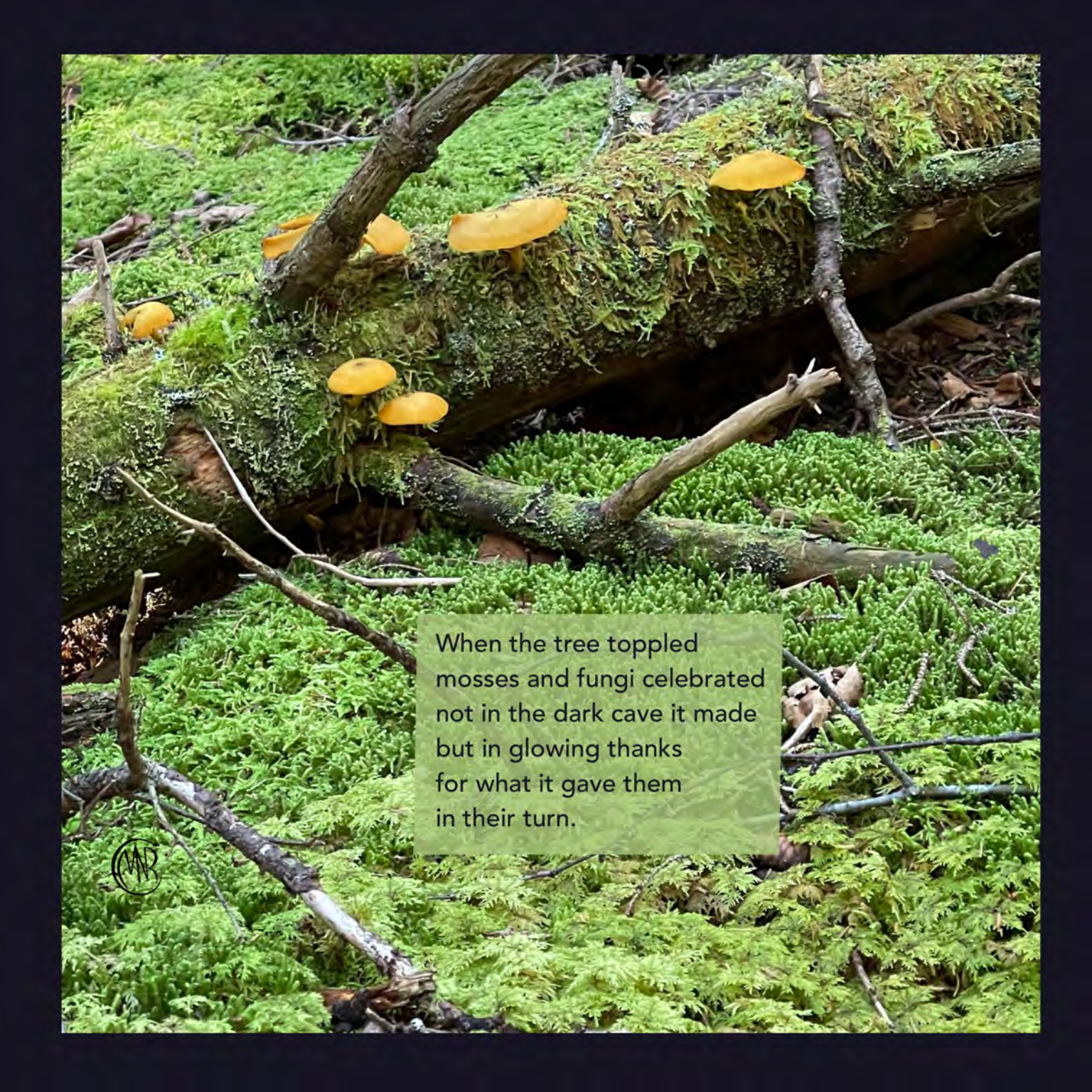


Giant flakes of sugar snow
seem some great pillow fight
coating the trees and roof tops
in mad mid-April.

Robins in the yard, behind the bank
at the Post Office and the dump
robins robins redwings hawks
song sparrows seed catalogs -
yesterday they all arrived.

We hurl our expectations
immoderately toward spring
and laugh away the cold and grey.





When the tree toppled
mosses and fungi celebrated
not in the dark cave it made
but in glowing thanks
for what it gave them
in their turn.





I don't remember when I was a kid
thinking Twelve-spot dragonflies
were any more special than Cabbage White
butterflies hoping for broccoli
among the strawberries but now
when I see a dragon hover over the garden
pretending to be a great winged pterodactyl
I savor the illusion of summer doubly
knowing it for now and for the way we were.





Beauty is where
you find it
says the tree trunk
to its fungus.

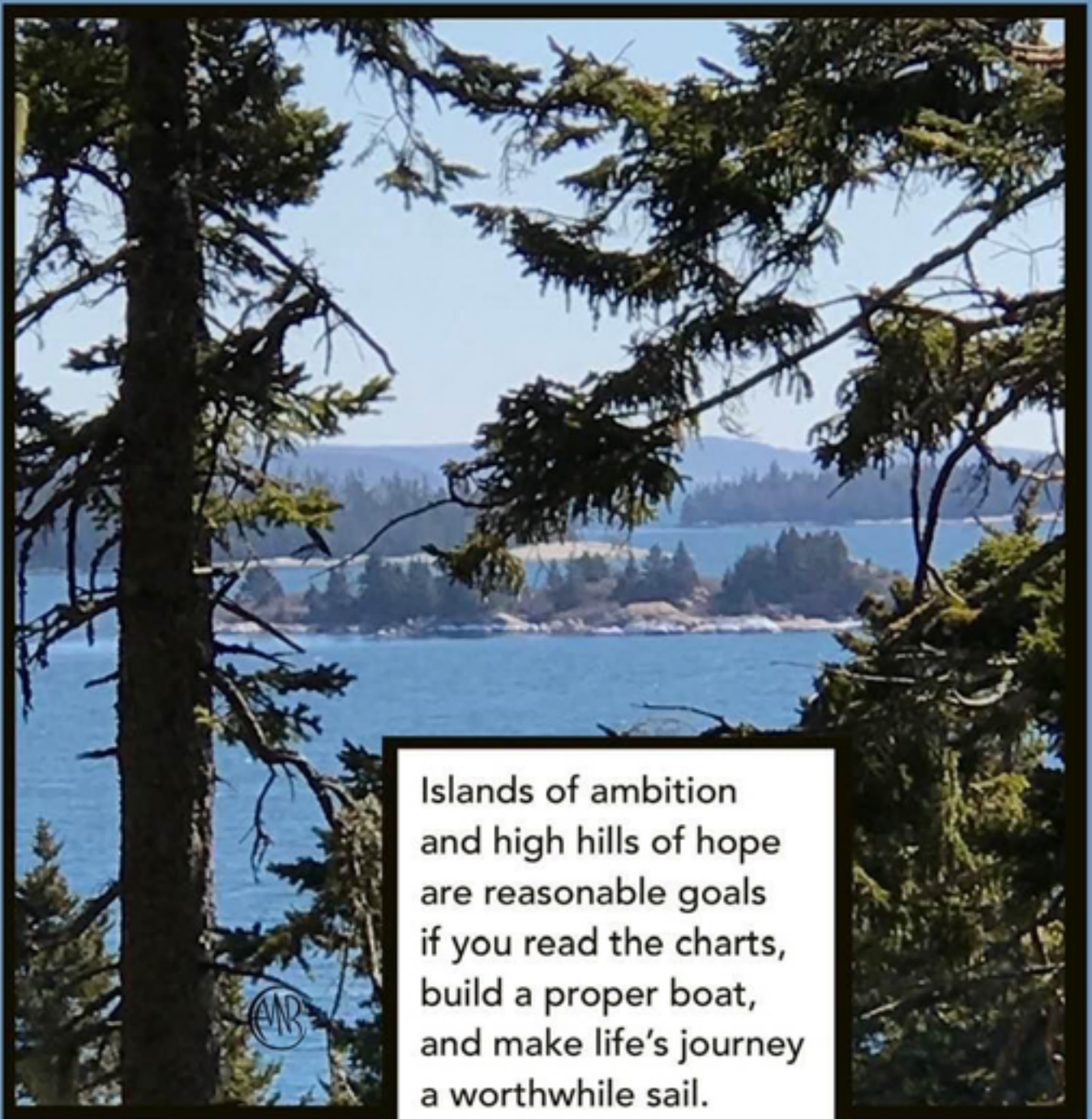


Woodcock circles high
in the April evening
bringing down spring
in all its electric glory.

Woodcock step dances
on the frozen ground
to bring spring green
sprouting up.

Know it by the sign
wishing star snagged
on the old spruce.





Islands of ambition
and high hills of hope
are reasonable goals
if you read the charts,
build a proper boat,
and make life's journey
a worthwhile sail.

