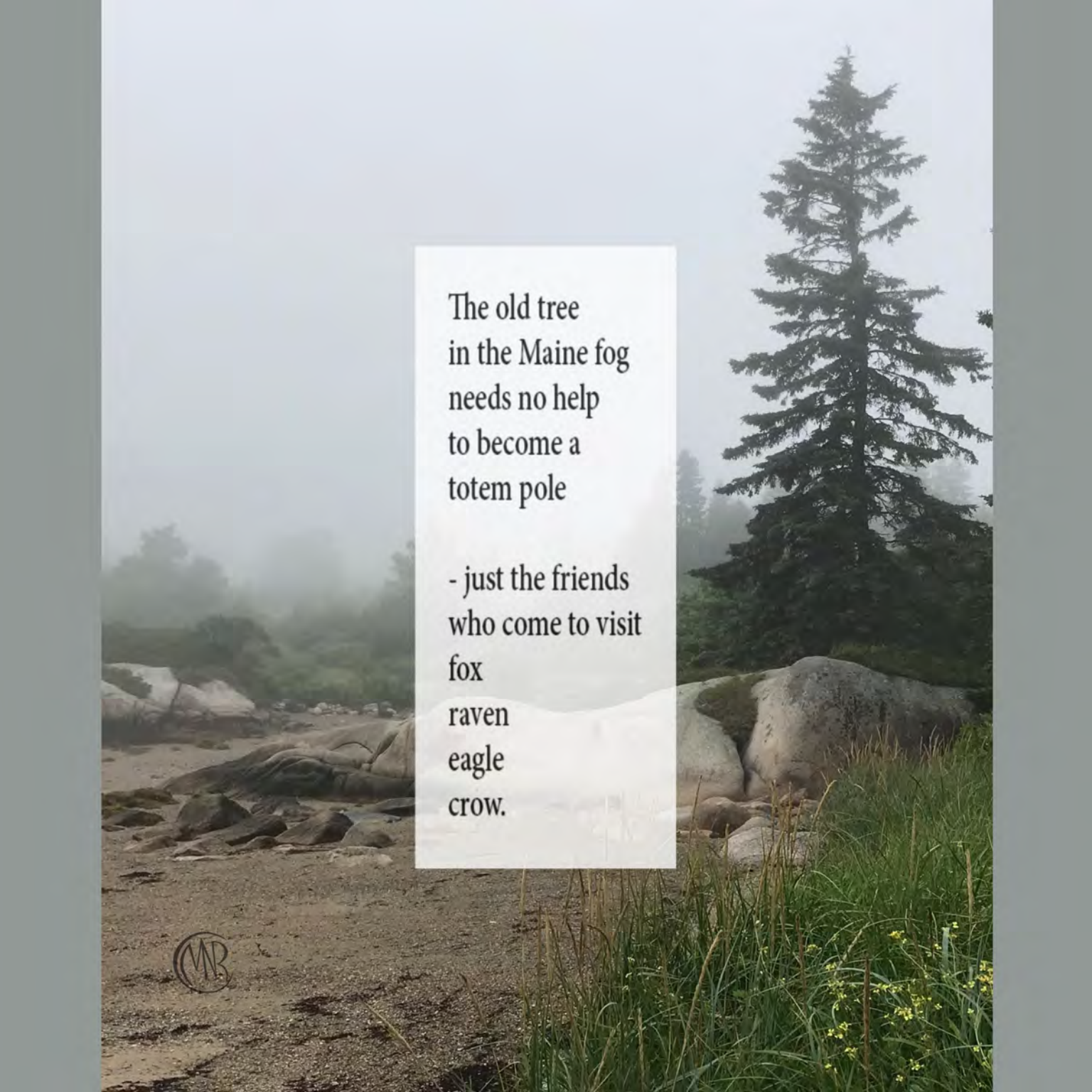




The future hides
in the green
embrace of now.



The old tree
in the Maine fog
needs no help
to become a
totem pole

- just the friends
who come to visit
fox
raven
eagle
crow.

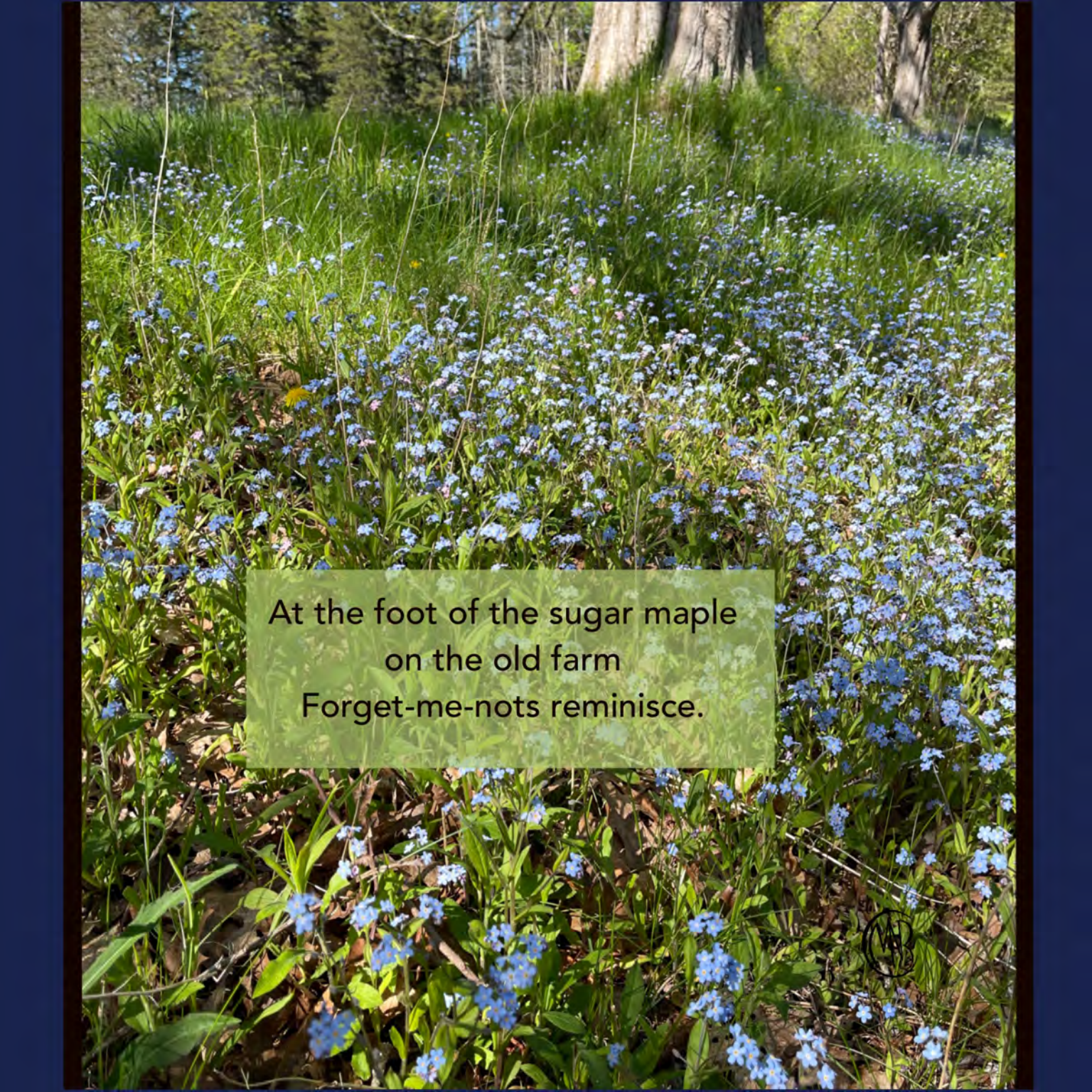




Forest stands
in quiet waiting.

Trees host
softly twittering flocks,
chatter of furry four-foots.

The message of the old road:
Remember to let in the light.

A photograph of a dense field of blue forget-me-not flowers growing in a grassy area, likely a forest clearing. The flowers are small, five-petaled, and bright blue, scattered throughout the green foliage. In the background, the trunks of large trees are visible, suggesting a wooded area. The lighting is bright, indicating a sunny day.


At the foot of the sugar maple
on the old farm
Forget-me-nots reminisce.



Lightning

When one pictures
Mr. Frost on
his New England
barn roof
bringing down
all those
poems
with a lightning
rod
the full
significance
of
being
a poet
hits

but
for some of us a poem flickers
out there at the edge of mind like some form
of heat lightning, sheet lightning
shimmering radiance of unbounded generosity.

A close-up photograph of a grasshopper perched on a pink flower. The grasshopper is green and brown with black stripes. The flower has large, ruffled pink petals and prominent stamens. The background is a soft, out-of-focus green.

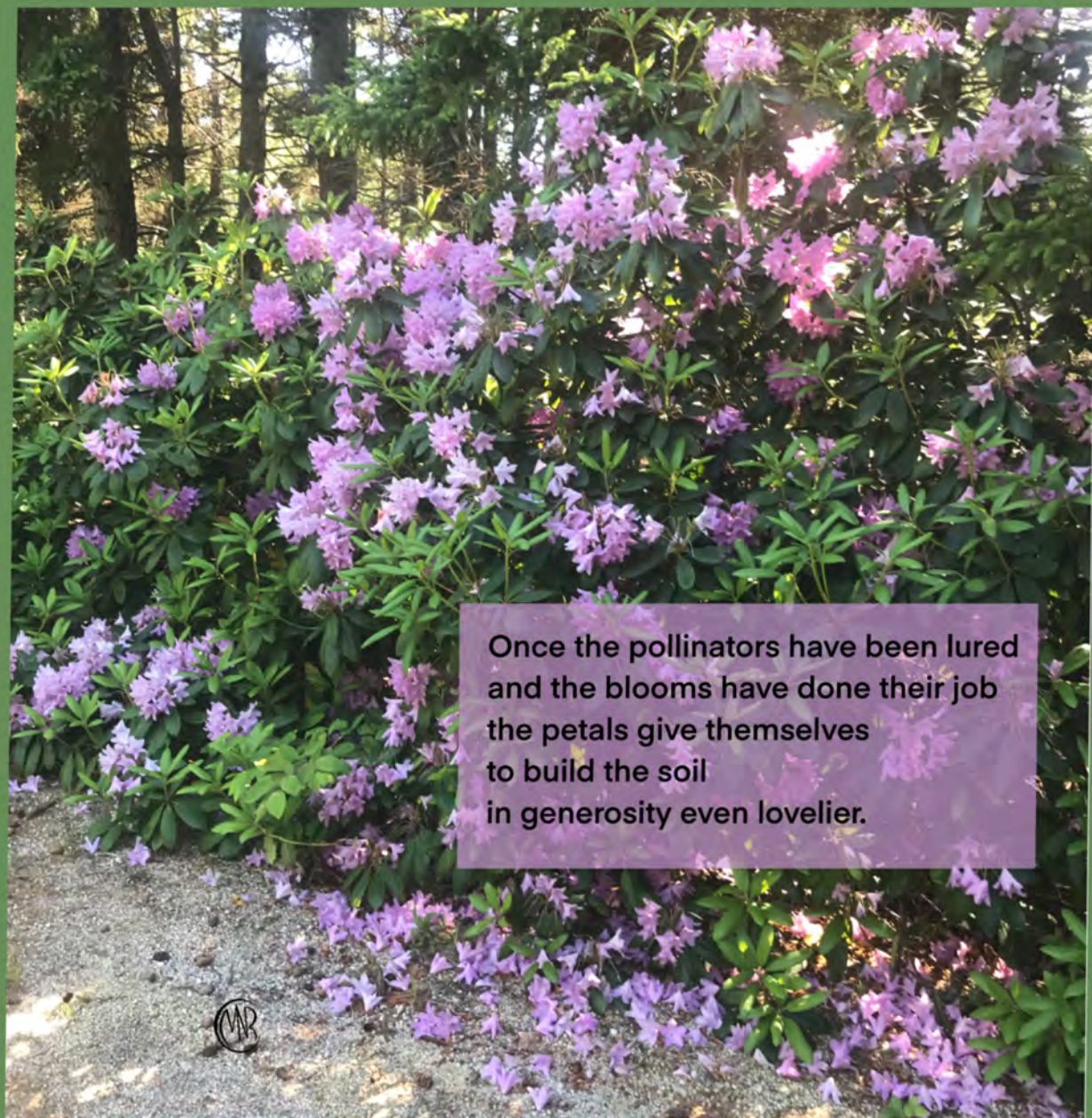
Standing birch trees rustle
in the sun like a concert cough.
Grasshopper lays down the beat.
Crickets, quick and silent scurry
knobby-kneed through the grass
pulsing when they find their groove.
Surround sound full-frequency clicks
round hot sound, electric splendor
of sonorities over the brief riff
of a lone cicada. Hot garden gamelan jazz.





Nothing like
a little
garden
variety!





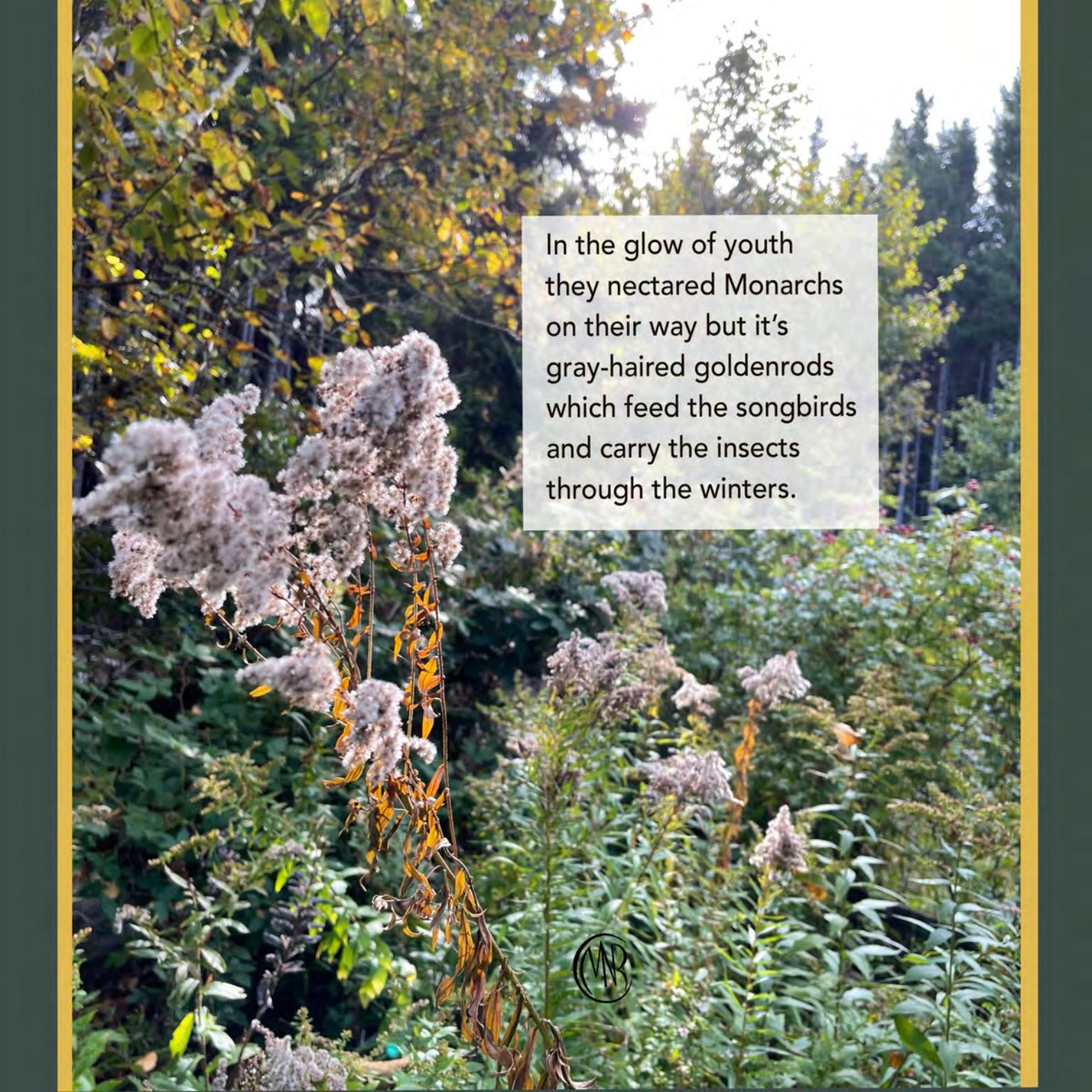
Once the pollinators have been lured
and the blooms have done their job
the petals give themselves
to build the soil
in generosity even lovelier.






Gold and silver highway
along a country lane
where Monarchs flutter
and crickets sing
humility's rest stop
the wildflower way.






In the glow of youth
they nectared Monarchs
on their way but it's
gray-haired goldenrods
which feed the songbirds
and carry the insects
through the winters.



A serene landscape photograph featuring a sunset sky with soft orange and pink hues. In the foreground, dark, silhouetted tree branches with leaves hang down from the top. Below the sky is a calm body of water reflecting the light, and a dark, distant shoreline with hills is visible on the horizon.

Nightly the treetop finch
in the fading light
sings his golden spell
protecting both his home and mine






Goal:
Grow old
gracefully
like autumn
leaves.

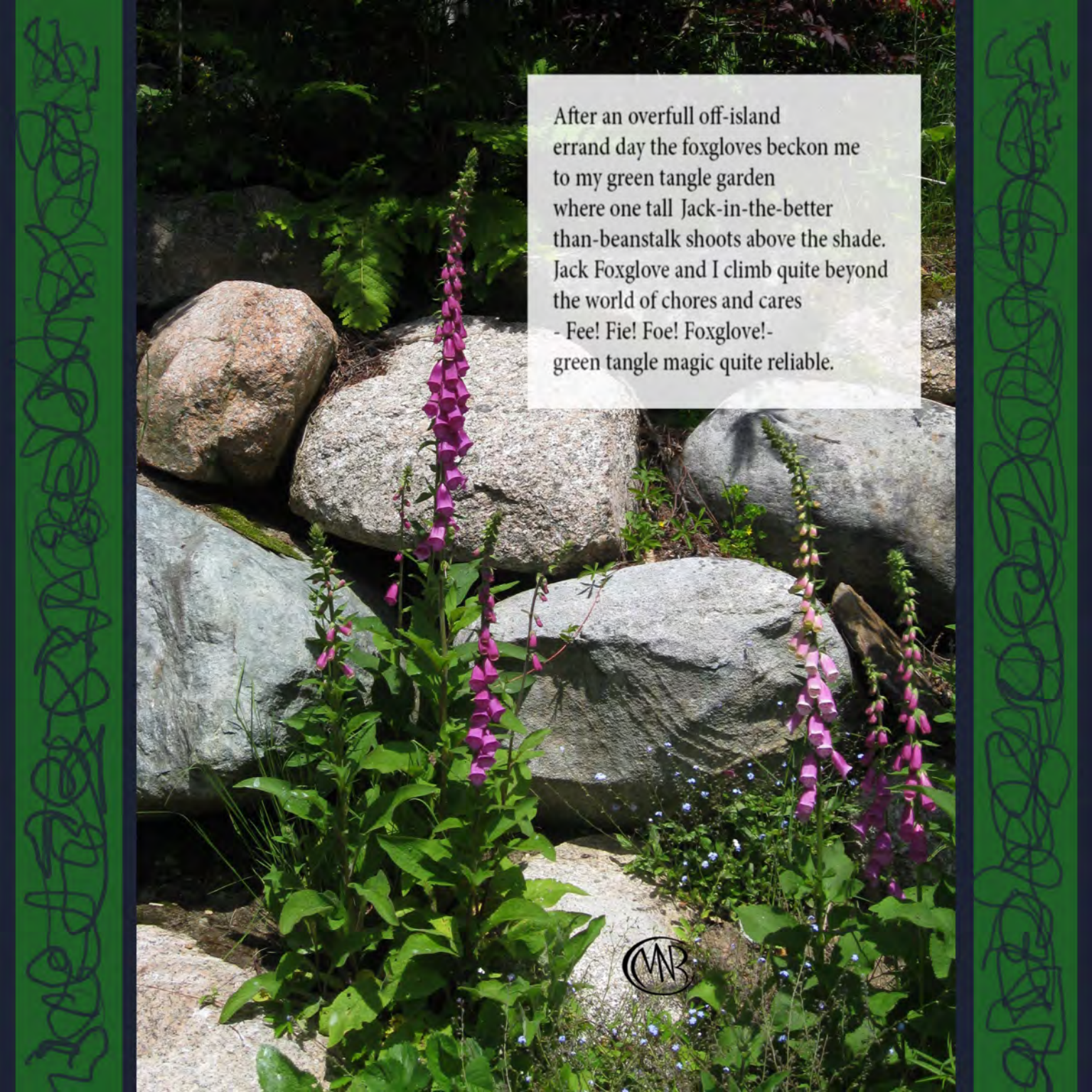


Green life covers the boulder
left by the glacier
pondering now
how likewise lucky the rock
that is Earth hurtling through space
held in life's green embrace
both miracle and responsibility.



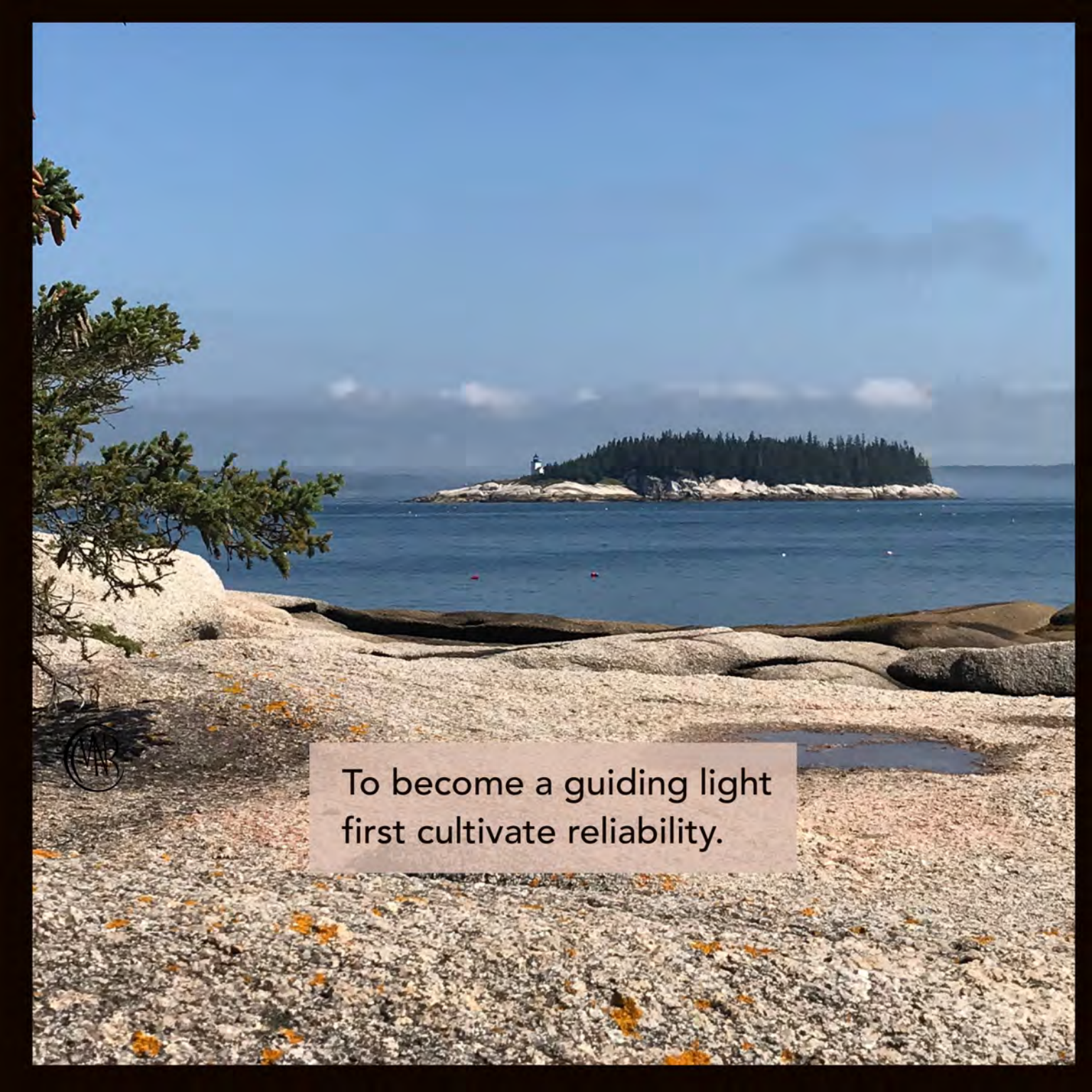
sprouts push
through snow-preserved thatch
with such a green shout



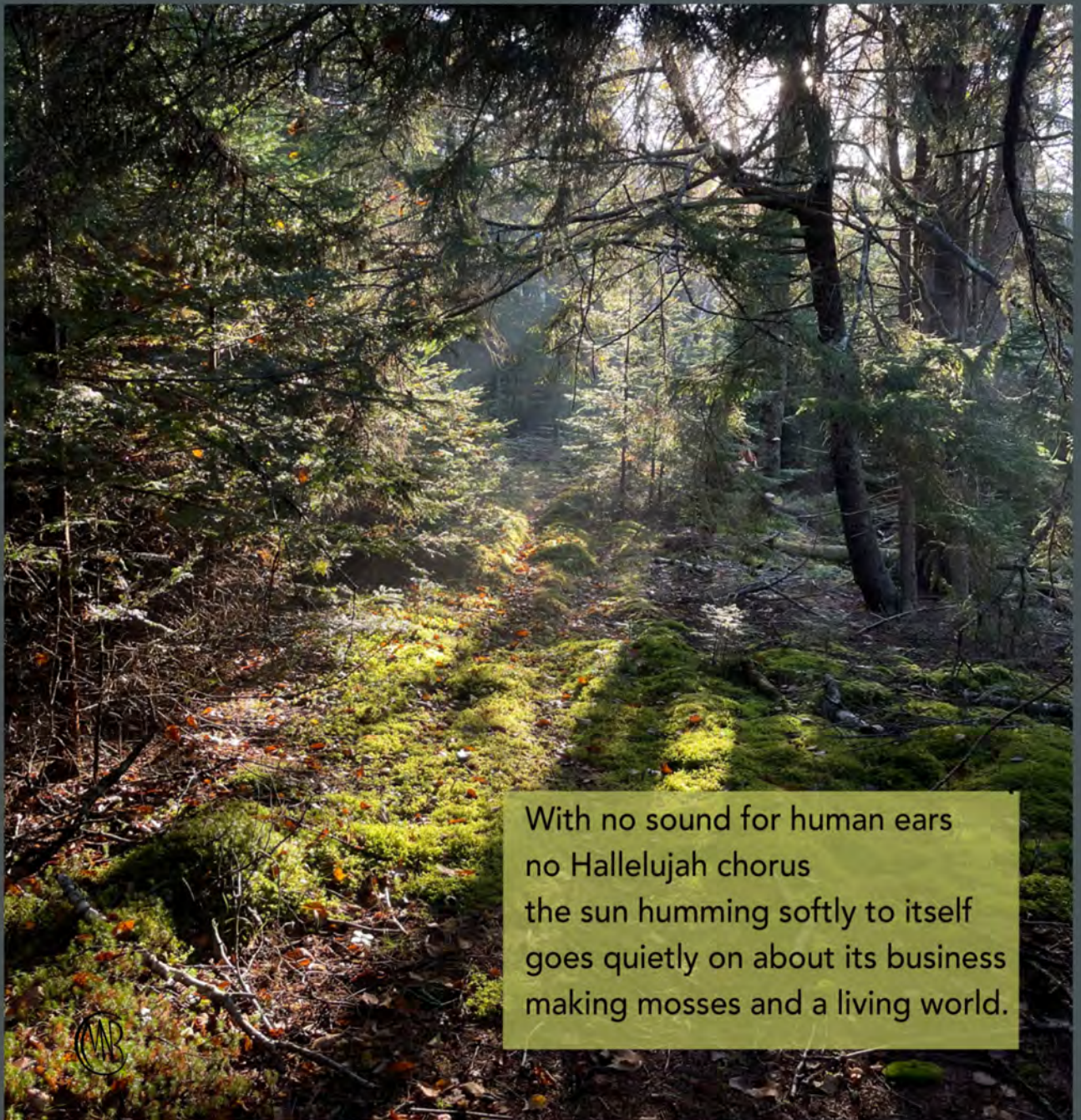


After an overfull off-island
errand day the foxgloves beckon me
to my green tangle garden
where one tall Jack-in-the-better
than-beanstalk shoots above the shade.
Jack Foxglove and I climb quite beyond
the world of chores and cares
- Fee! Fie! Foe! Foxglove!-
green tangle magic quite reliable.



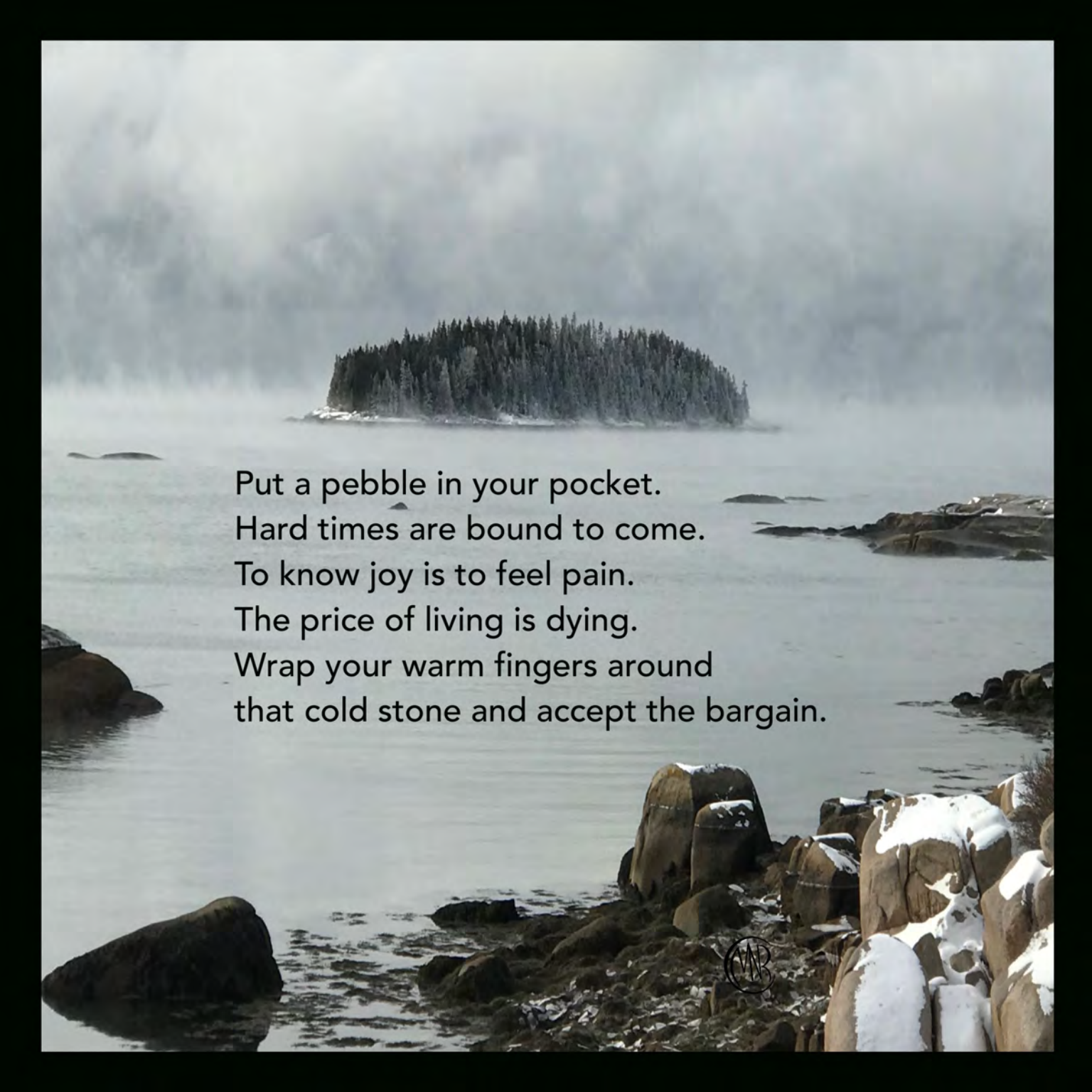


To become a guiding light
first cultivate reliability.



With no sound for human ears
no Hallelujah chorus
the sun humming softly to itself
goes quietly on about its business
making mosses and a living world.



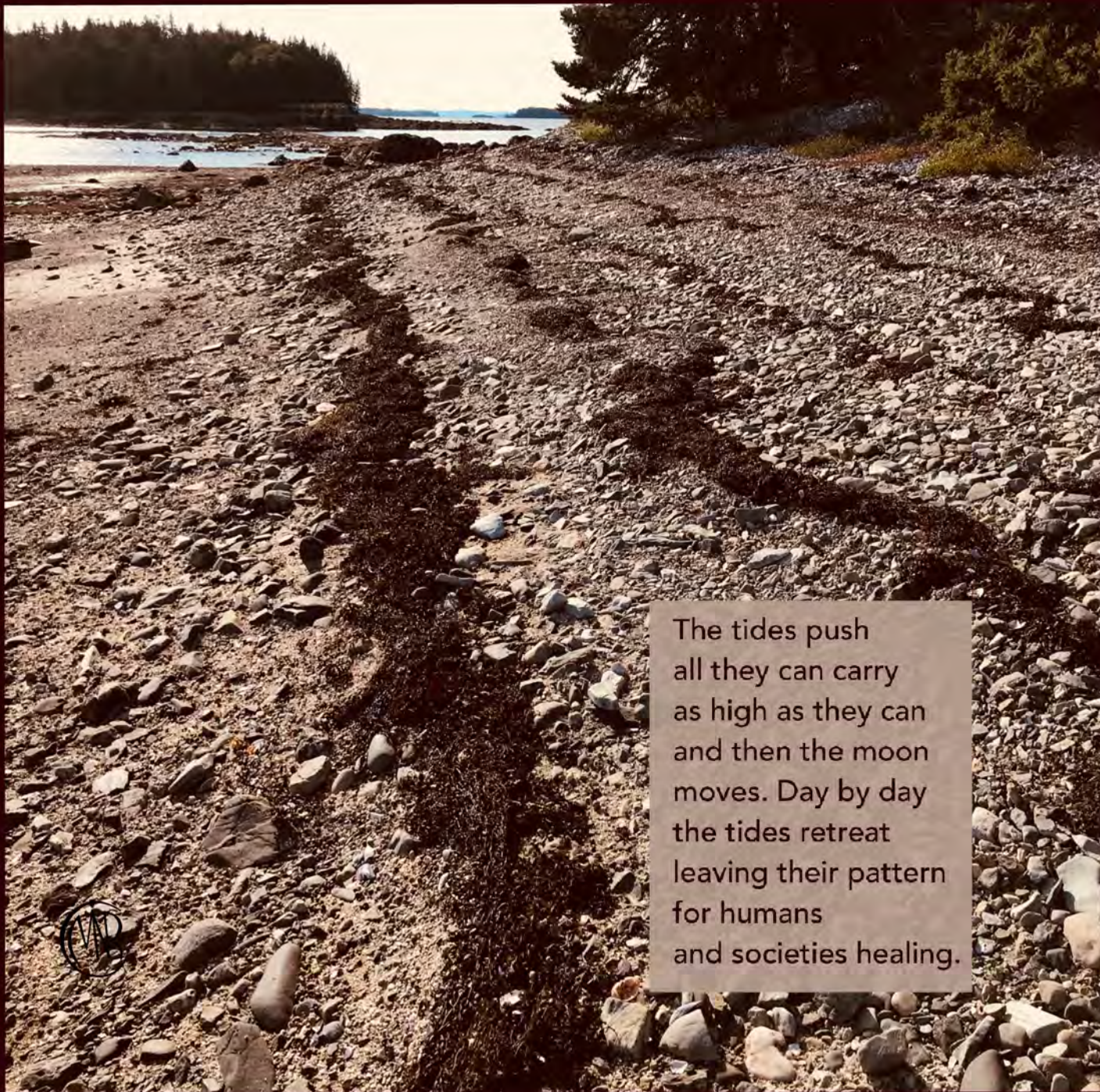
A misty, overcast coastal scene. In the distance, a small, forested island sits in the water, partially shrouded in fog. The foreground features large, dark rocks, some of which are covered in a layer of snow. The water is calm and greyish-blue. The sky is filled with heavy, grey clouds.

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.

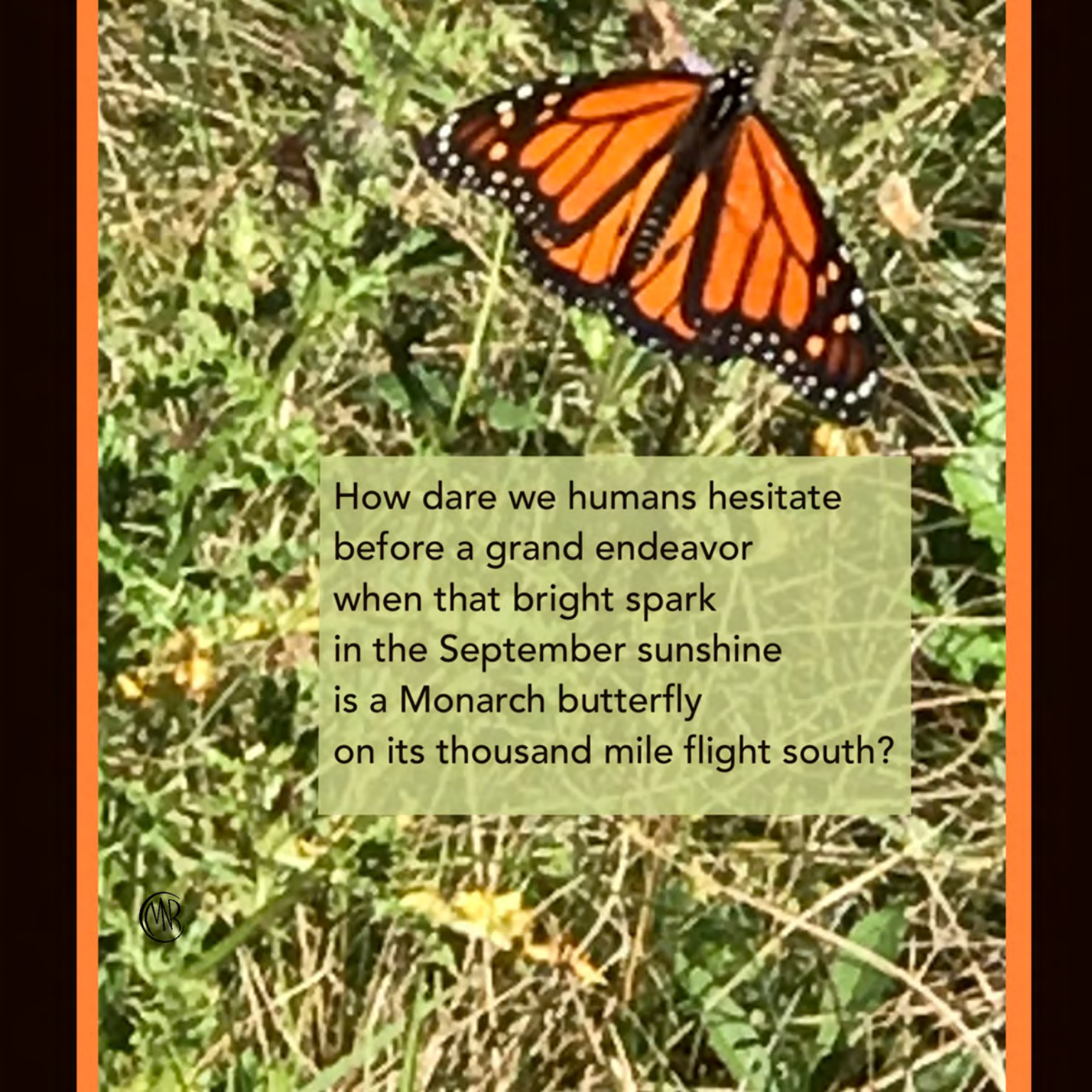


No one mocks
the evanescent
quiet beauty
of dawn and dusk
or the sometimes
hard work
of being nice.






The tides push
all they can carry
as high as they can
and then the moon
moves. Day by day
the tides retreat
leaving their pattern
for humans
and societies healing.



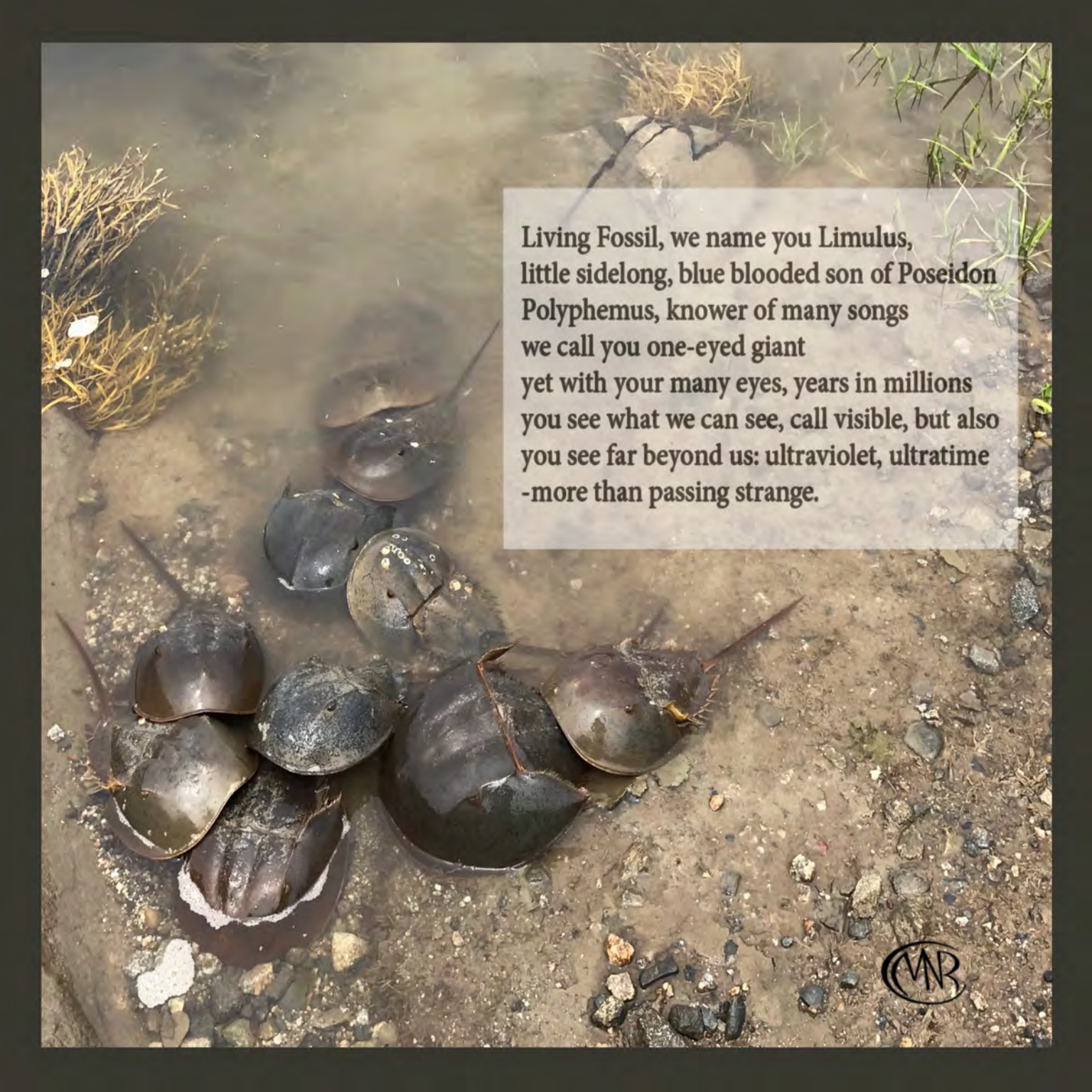
How dare we humans hesitate
before a grand endeavor
when that bright spark
in the September sunshine
is a Monarch butterfly
on its thousand mile flight south?





Hope
does not
always look
the same.





Living Fossil, we name you Limulus,
little sidelong, blue blooded son of Poseidon
Polyphemus, knower of many songs
we call you one-eyed giant
yet with your many eyes, years in millions
you see what we can see, call visible, but also
you see far beyond us: ultraviolet, ultratime
-more than passing strange.



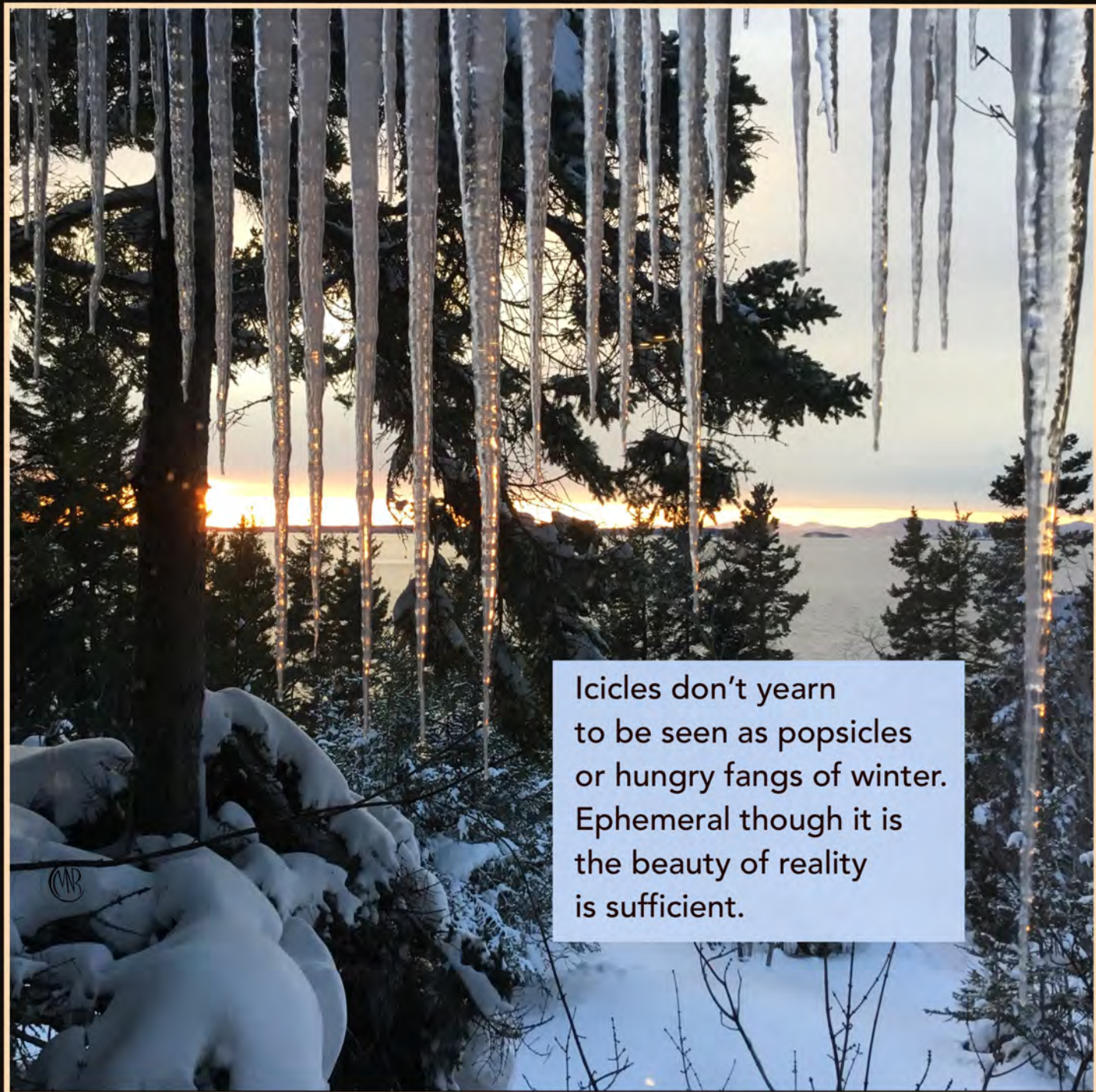


House flowers send out rays
both visible and invisible
so you are forced to stop
and smile back
whenever they catch you
looking their way.






Mushroom among the mosses
knows it's all about connection,
the invisible network of hyphae
that links its very being.

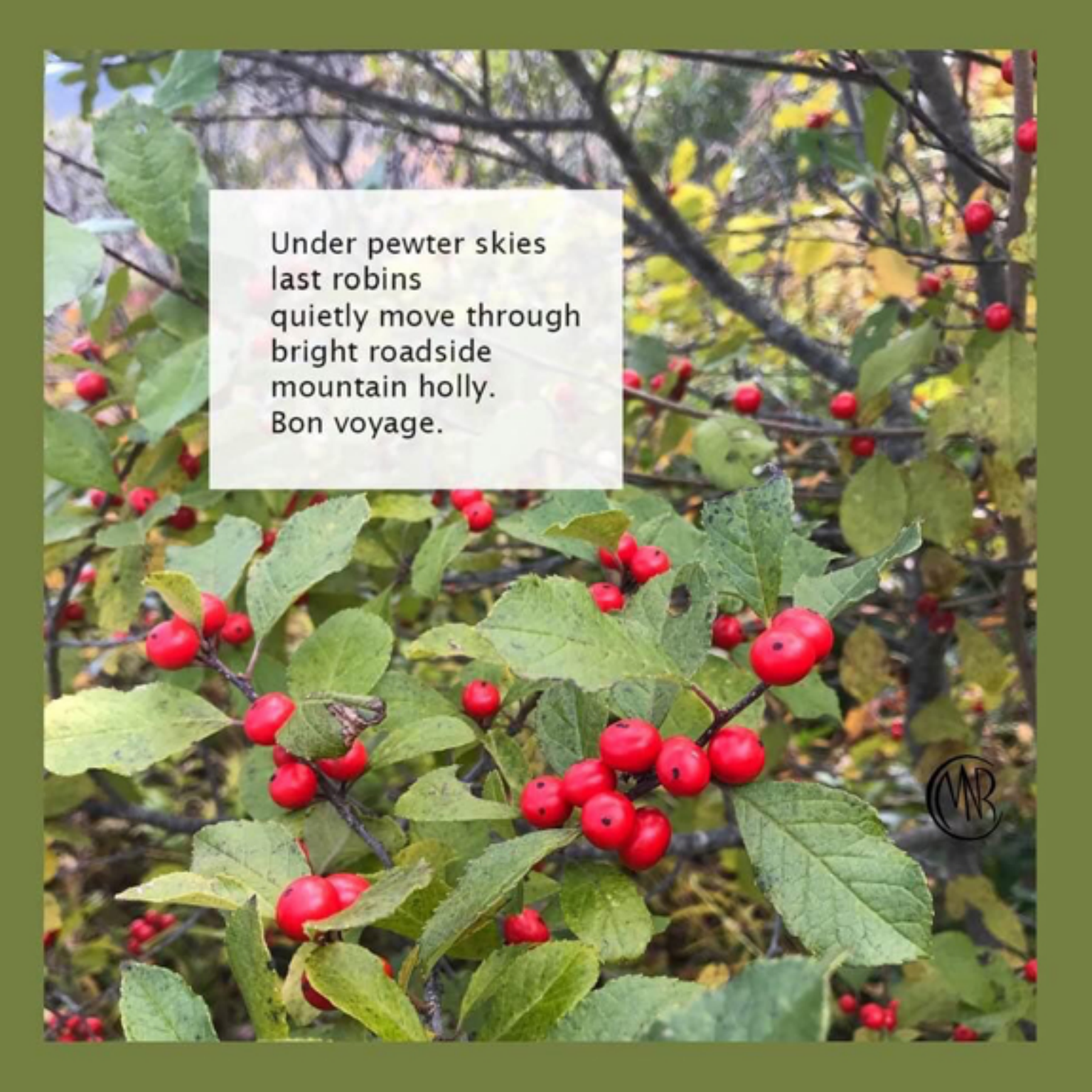


Icicles don't yearn
to be seen as popsicles
or hungry fangs of winter.
Ephemeral though it is
the beauty of reality
is sufficient.



When the idea strikes
distant though it seems
though tides rise and fall
it will persist
in its rightness
the way that water
triumphs over hardest rock.





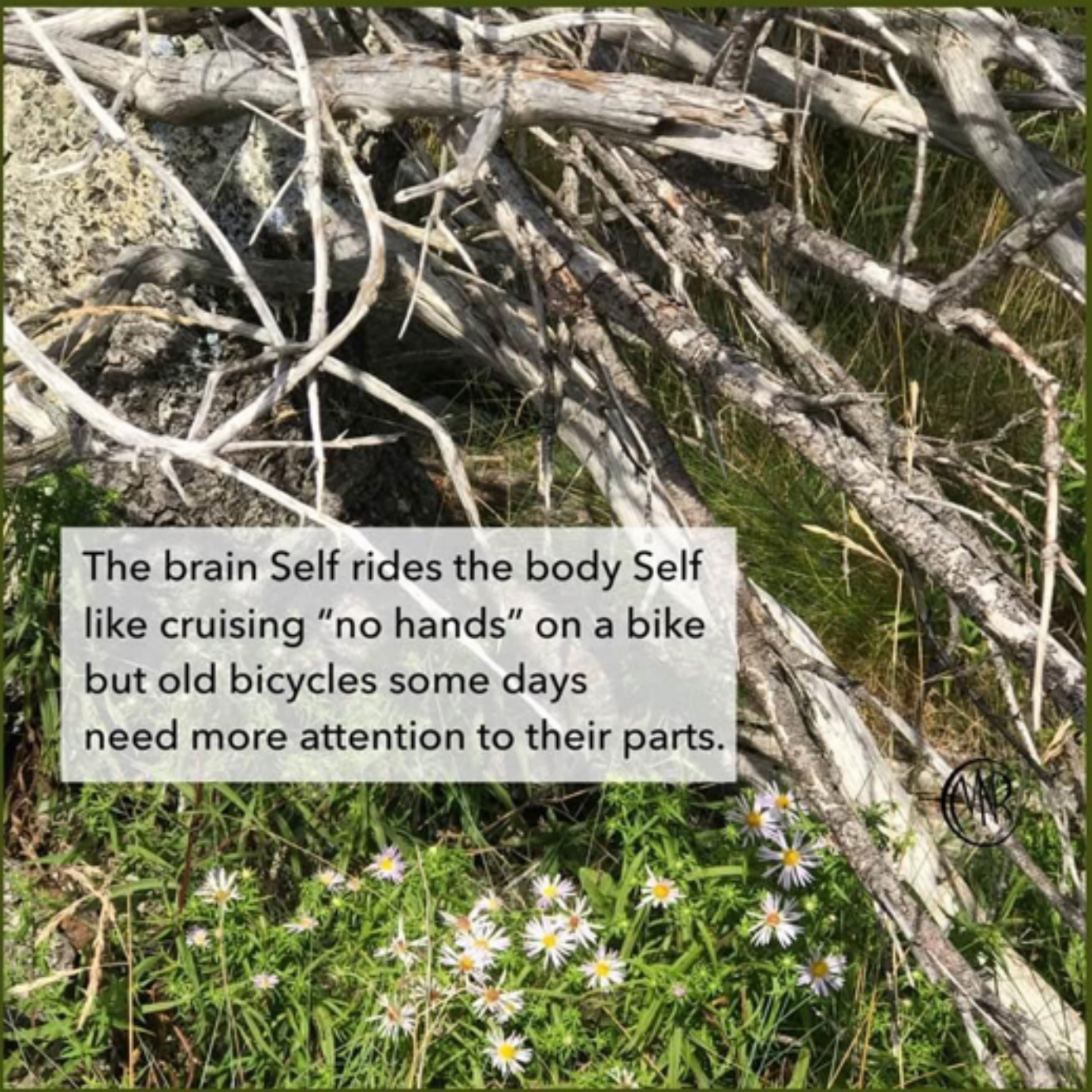
Under pewter skies
last robins
quietly move through
bright roadside
mountain holly.
Bon voyage.






Greedy King Midas came to grief
turning his food, flowers, and finally
beloved daughter to solid gold
yet wayside goldenrod freely gleams,
a lesson there to be enjoyed by all.




A photograph of a pile of driftwood on a grassy hillside. In the foreground, there are several white daisies with yellow centers. The driftwood is weathered and bleached, with some pieces showing bark. The background is a grassy slope. A semi-transparent text box is overlaid on the middle of the image.

The brain Self rides the body Self
like cruising "no hands" on a bike
but old bicycles some days
need more attention to their parts.






**Everywhere
reminders:
Life is a gift.**

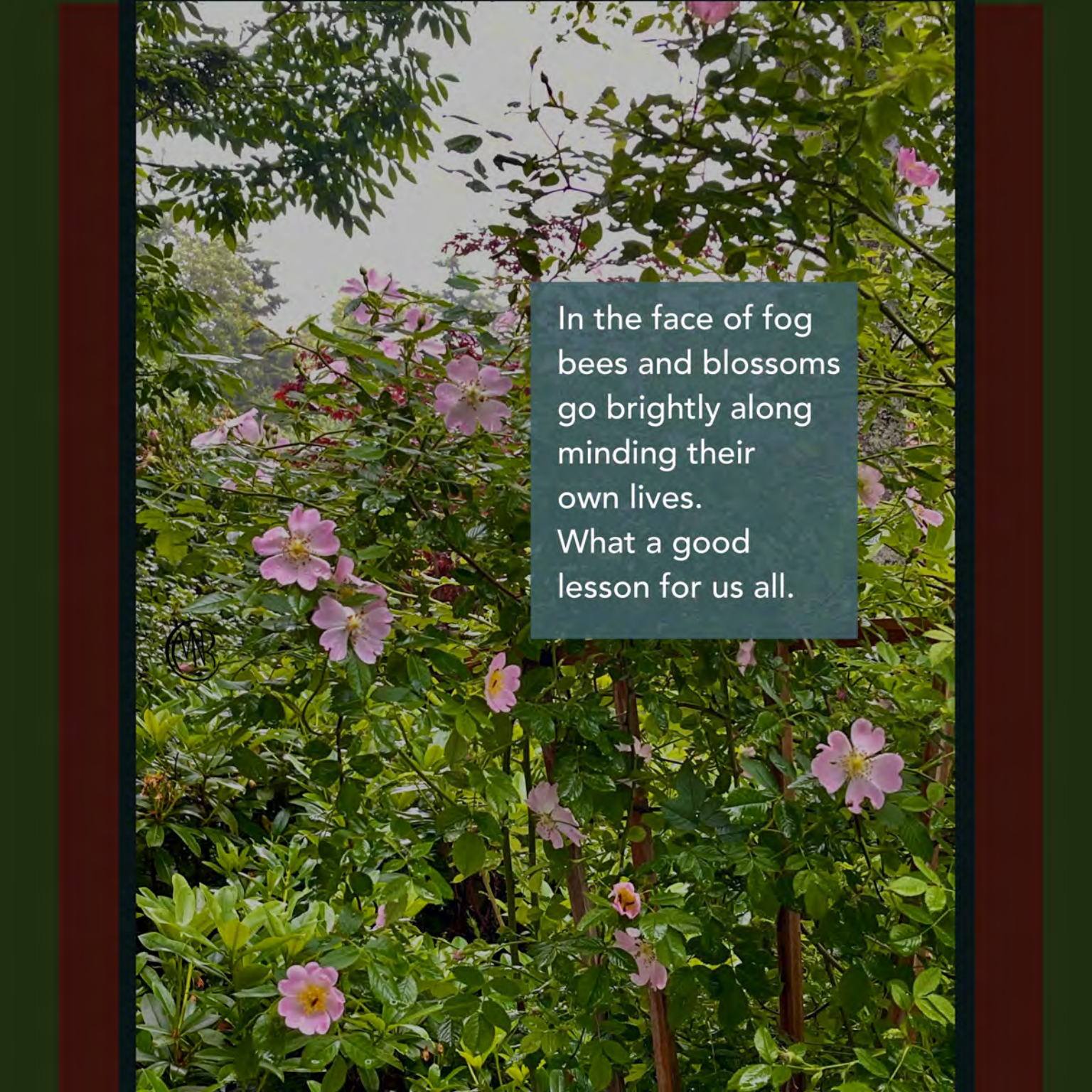
A photograph of a garden path. The path is a narrow, light-colored gravel or dirt trail that curves through a lush garden. On the left side of the path, there are dense, low-lying bushes of bright pink and magenta azaleas. Behind them are taller green shrubs and ferns. On the right side, there are large, dark-leaved bushes with clusters of white and light pink flowers. In the background, a calm pond is visible, surrounded by tall, dark evergreen trees and some deciduous trees with green foliage. The sky is overcast and grey. A semi-transparent text box is overlaid on the lower-left portion of the path.

The garden path is
living art
but we don't expect
the art of living
to be entirely
lined with flowers.




Immediate response
is just a wave
upon the shore.




A photograph of a garden filled with pink roses and green leaves. The scene is misty or foggy, with the background trees and sky obscured by a soft white haze. The roses are in various stages of bloom, with some fully open and others as buds. The green leaves are vibrant and dense. A semi-transparent teal box with white text is overlaid on the right side of the image. A small circular logo with the letters 'CWB' is visible on the left side of the image.

In the face of fog
bees and blossoms
go brightly along
minding their
own lives.
What a good
lesson for us all.



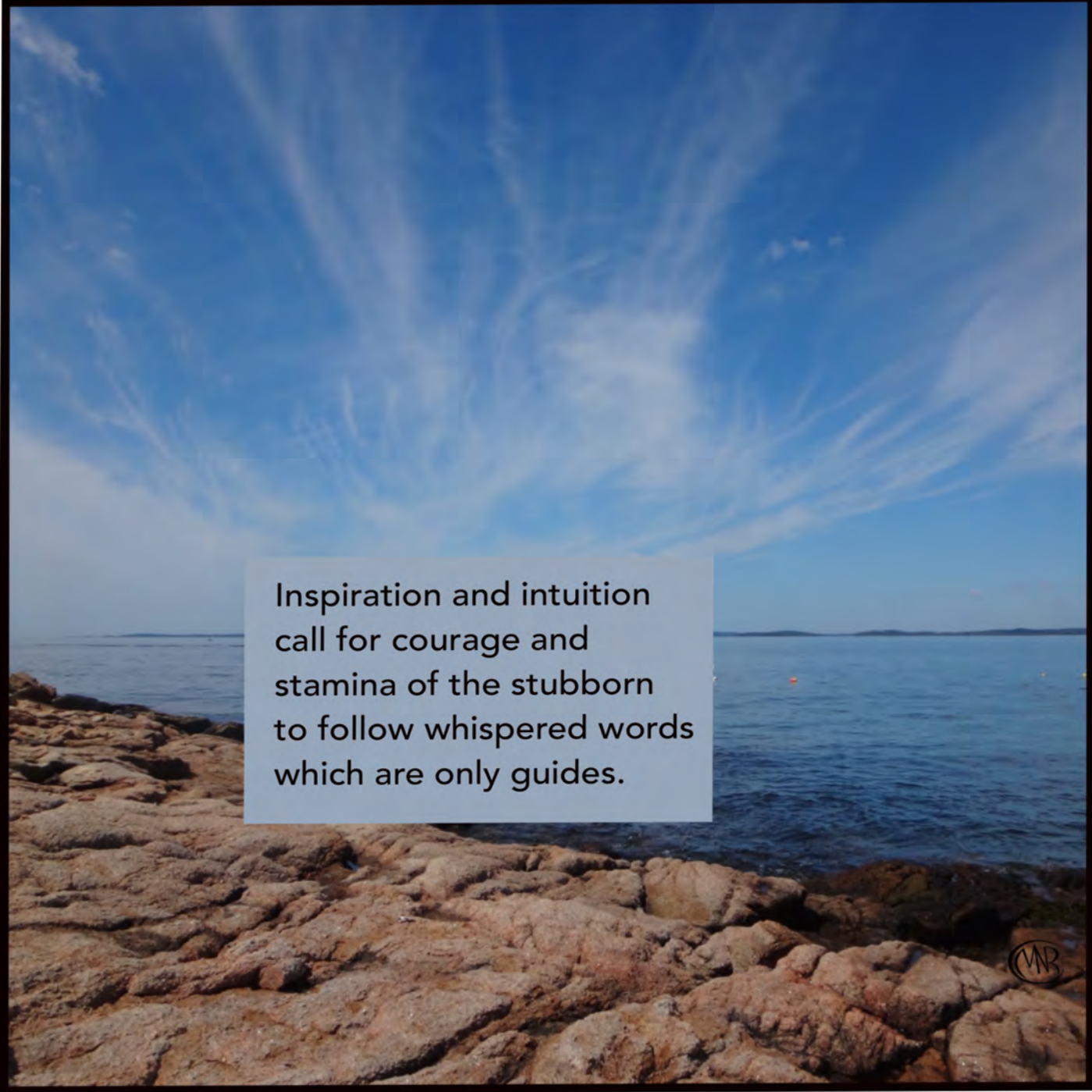
Even a rock knows
a streak of independence
can help one to endure.



A photograph of a snowy path with yellow and purple crocuses blooming along a stone wall. The path is covered in patches of snow and brown leaves. A stone wall is on the right side of the path. The crocuses are in various stages of bloom, some fully open and some just starting to emerge.

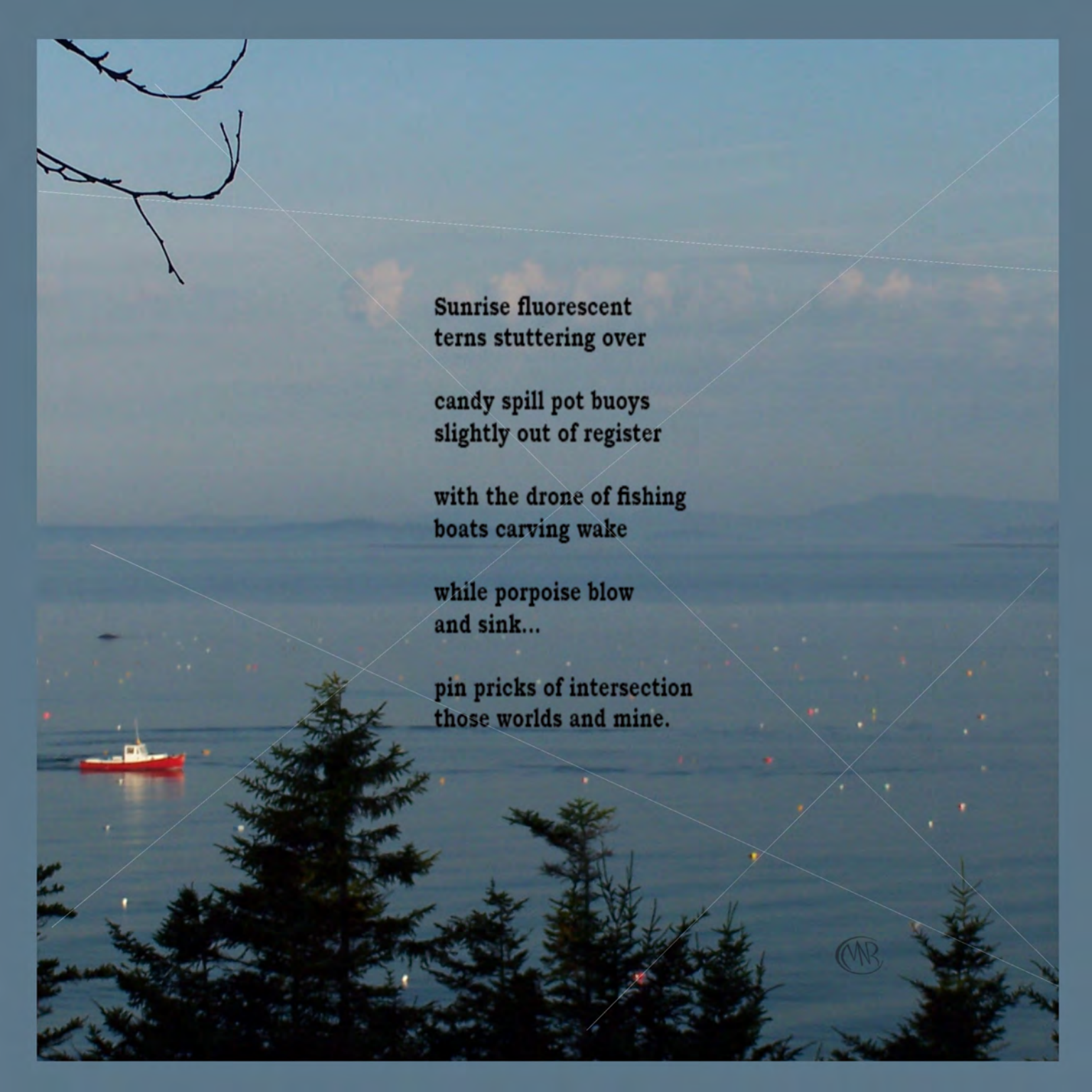
Indomitable
the bulbs thrust
their message to the sun
first white-throated sparrow sings
that we have seen the last snow
and promises tomorrow
that winter too will be only a memory.





Inspiration and intuition
call for courage and
stamina of the stubborn
to follow whispered words
which are only guides.





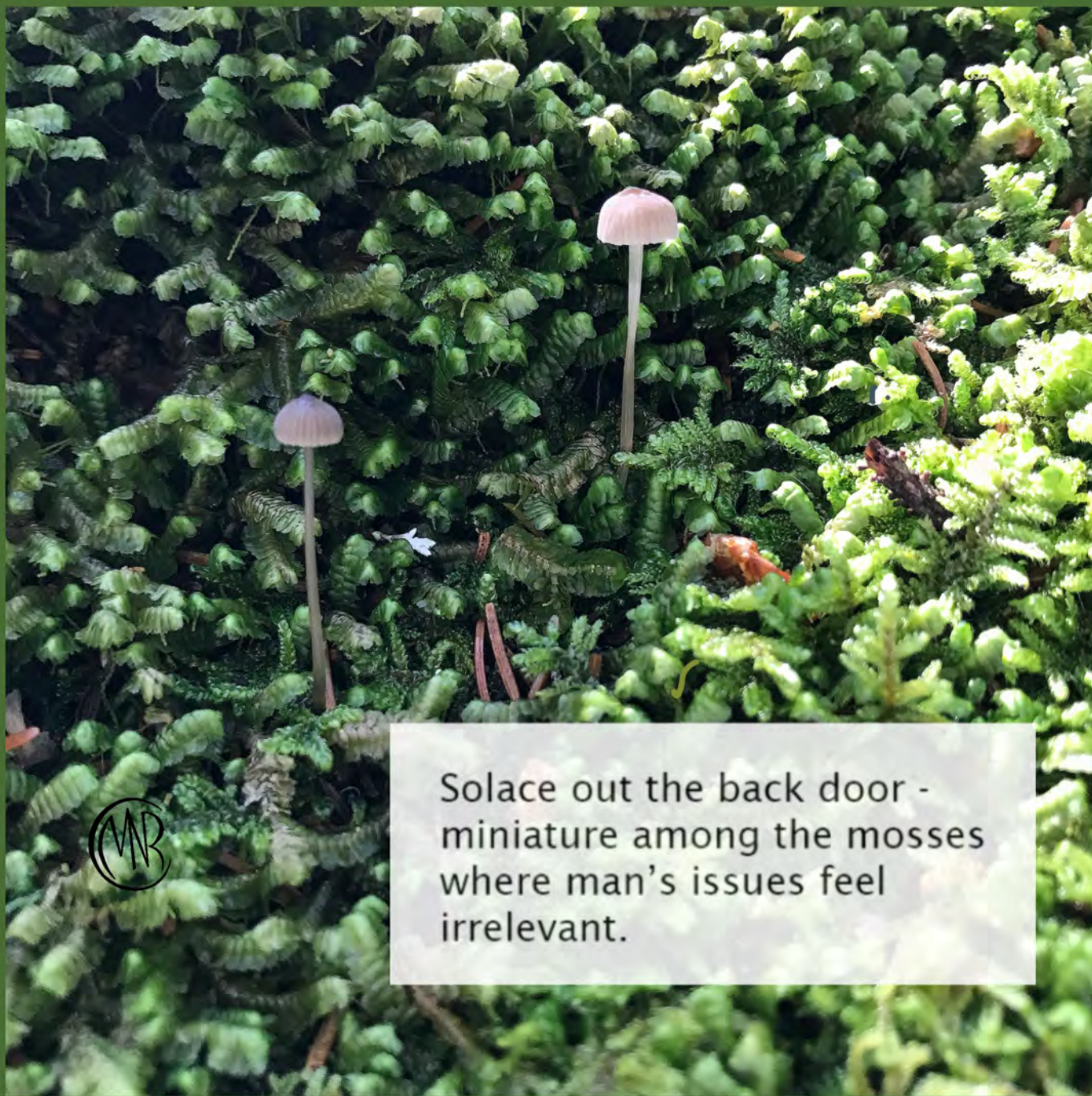
Sunrise fluorescent
terns stuttering over

candy spill pot buoys
slightly out of register

with the drone of fishing
boats carving wake

while porpoise blow
and sink...

pin pricks of intersection
those worlds and mine.



Solace out the back door -
miniature among the mosses
where man's issues feel
irrelevant.