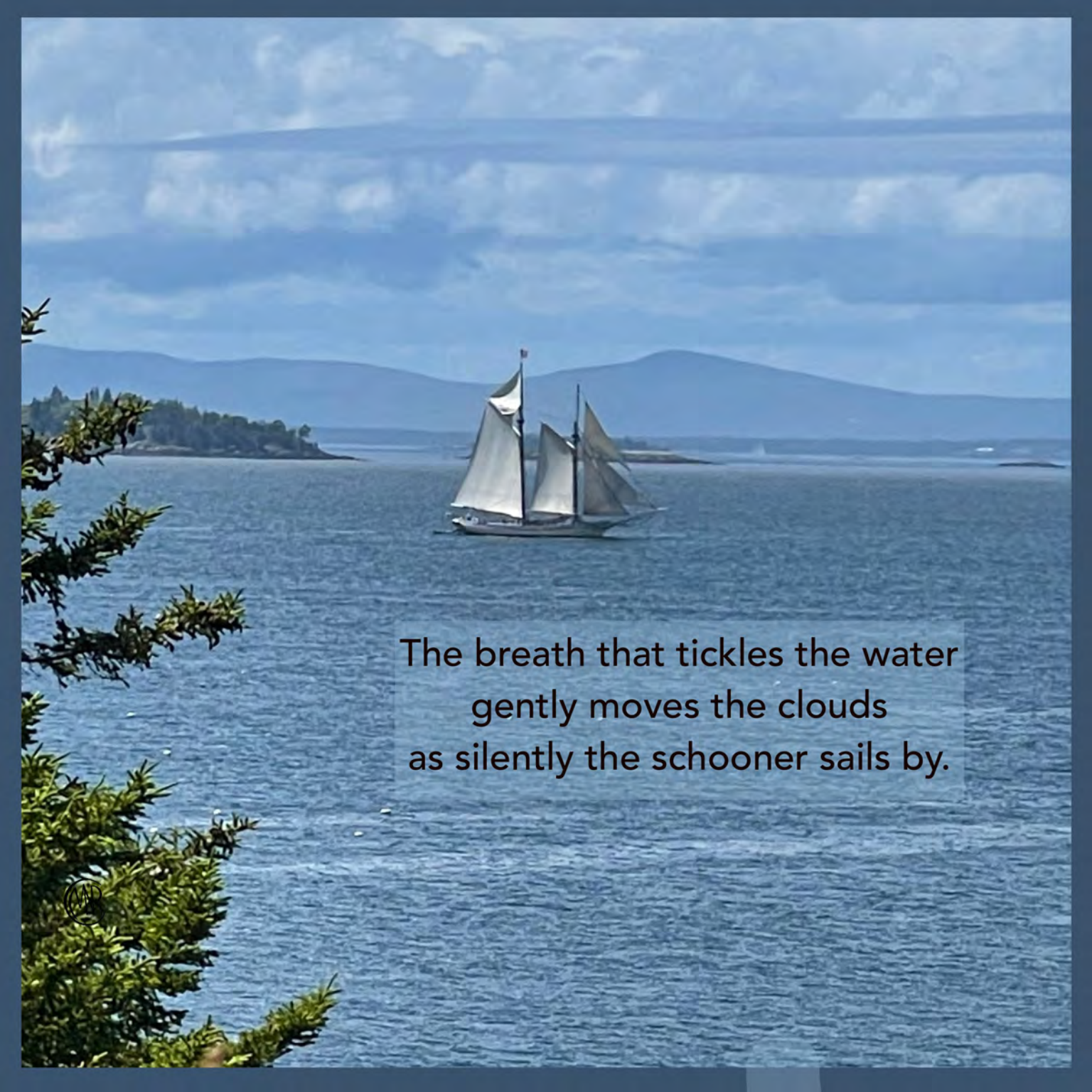




The breath that tickles the water
gently moves the clouds
as silently the schooner sails by.

A close-up photograph of a field covered in fallen yellow blossoms. The blossoms are scattered across a carpet of green moss and dry, yellowish grass. Some brown, fallen leaves are also visible. The scene is captured in bright, natural light, suggesting a sunny morning.

Fallen blossoms
in the morning sun
are like memories -
loved while they last





Blueberry bells offer
their modest promise
in the soft shadows of
the fog-bound forest.





Salt air and
fragrant lilies
in summer fog
a subtle thrill.

Bold triumph
to be admired
not shunned
for its success.



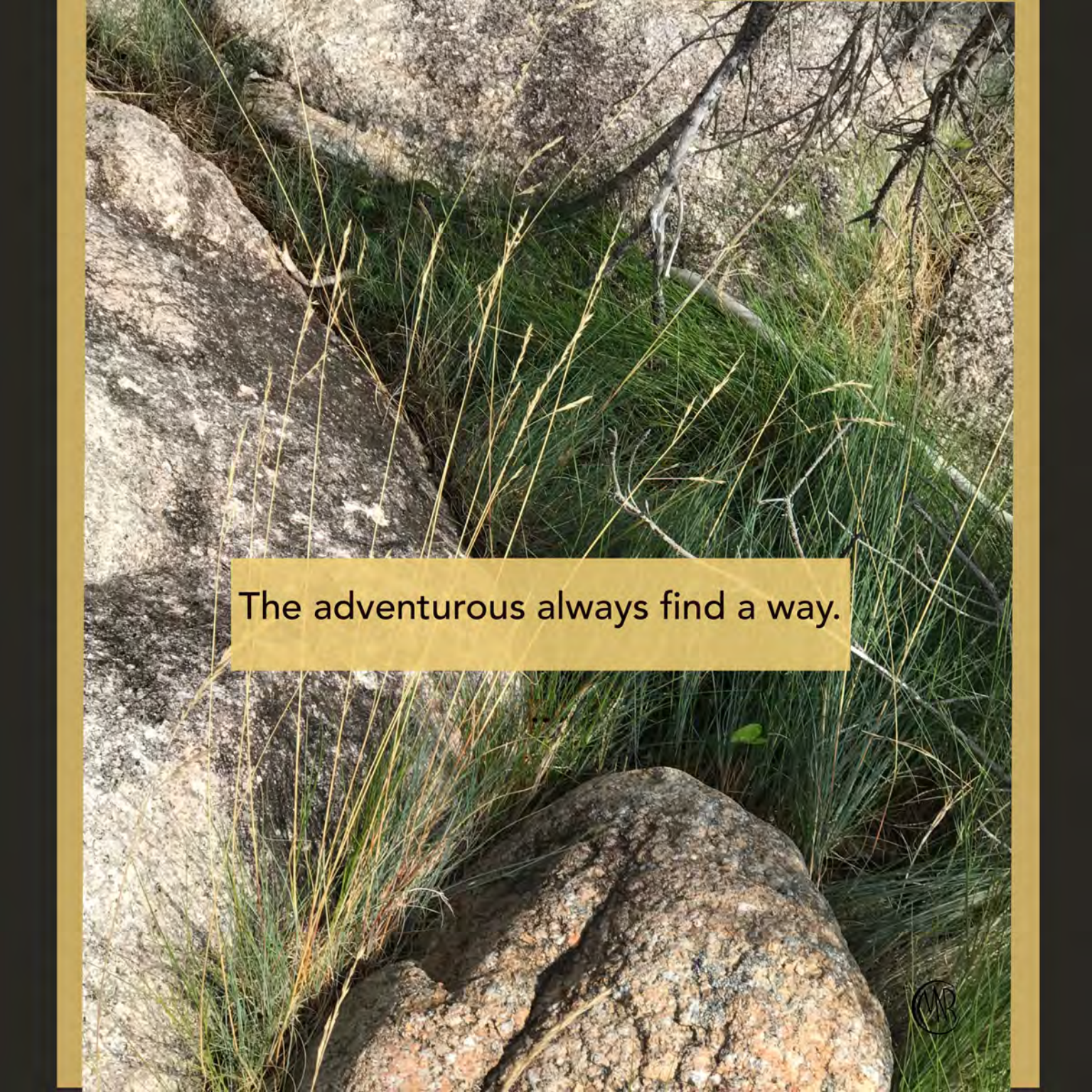


Exquisite the webs
of orb-weaving spiders
lacing themselves
into our world.



A photograph of a rocky landscape. The rocks are dark grey and jagged, covered in patches of bright orange lichen. Several green plants with long, thin leaves and brown, seed-like heads are growing from the cracks and crevices of the rocks. The scene is brightly lit, suggesting a sunny day.

Between a rock and
a hard place can be
made a good home.

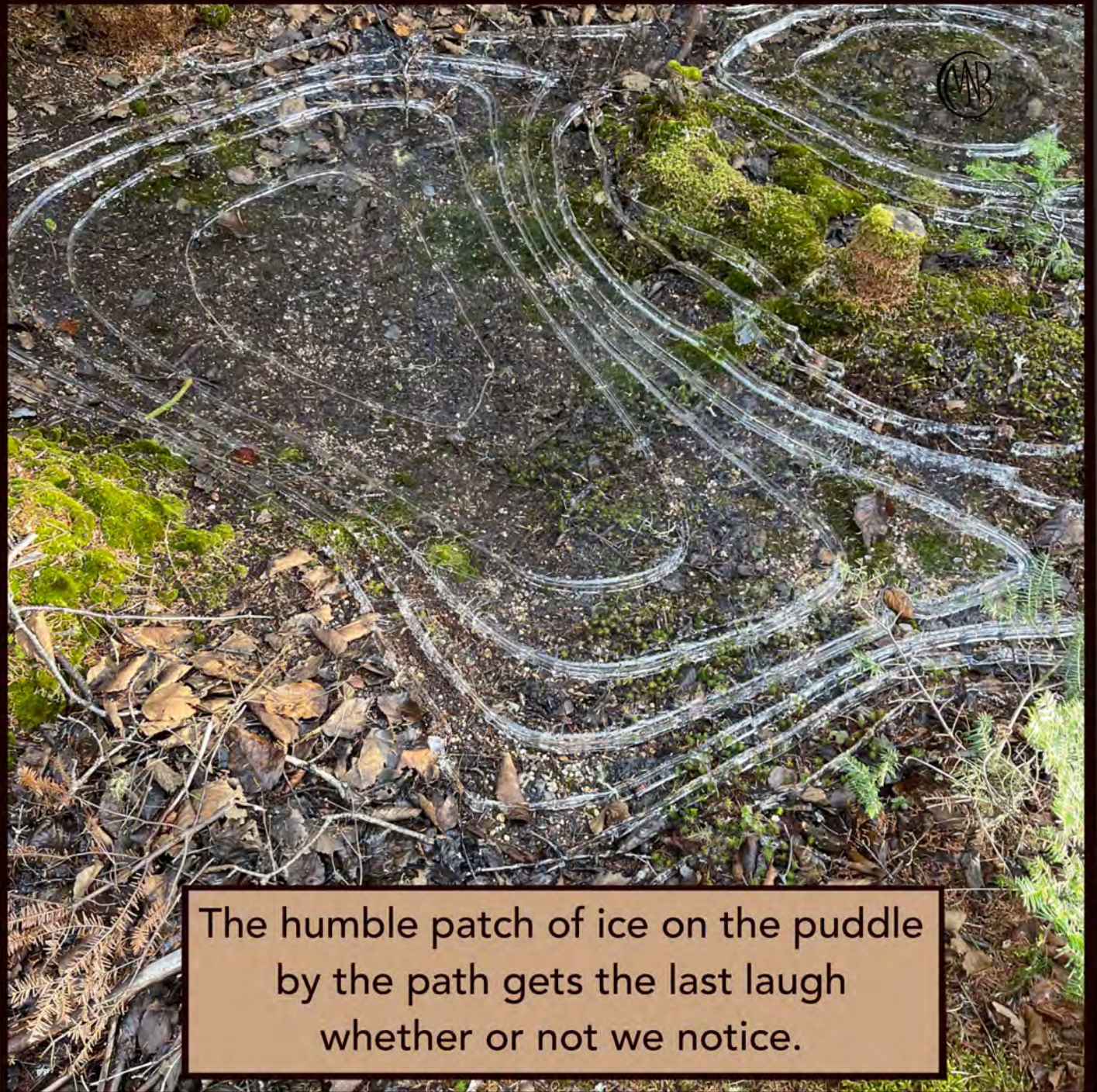
A photograph of a rocky landscape with tall grass and a text overlay. The image shows a close-up of a rocky surface with patches of green and yellow grass. A large, light-colored rock is in the foreground, and a smaller, darker rock is in the background. The text "The adventurous always find a way." is overlaid on a yellow rectangular background in the center of the image. The entire image is framed by a thick yellow border.

The adventurous always find a way.





Friendship is
not a loyalty
test.



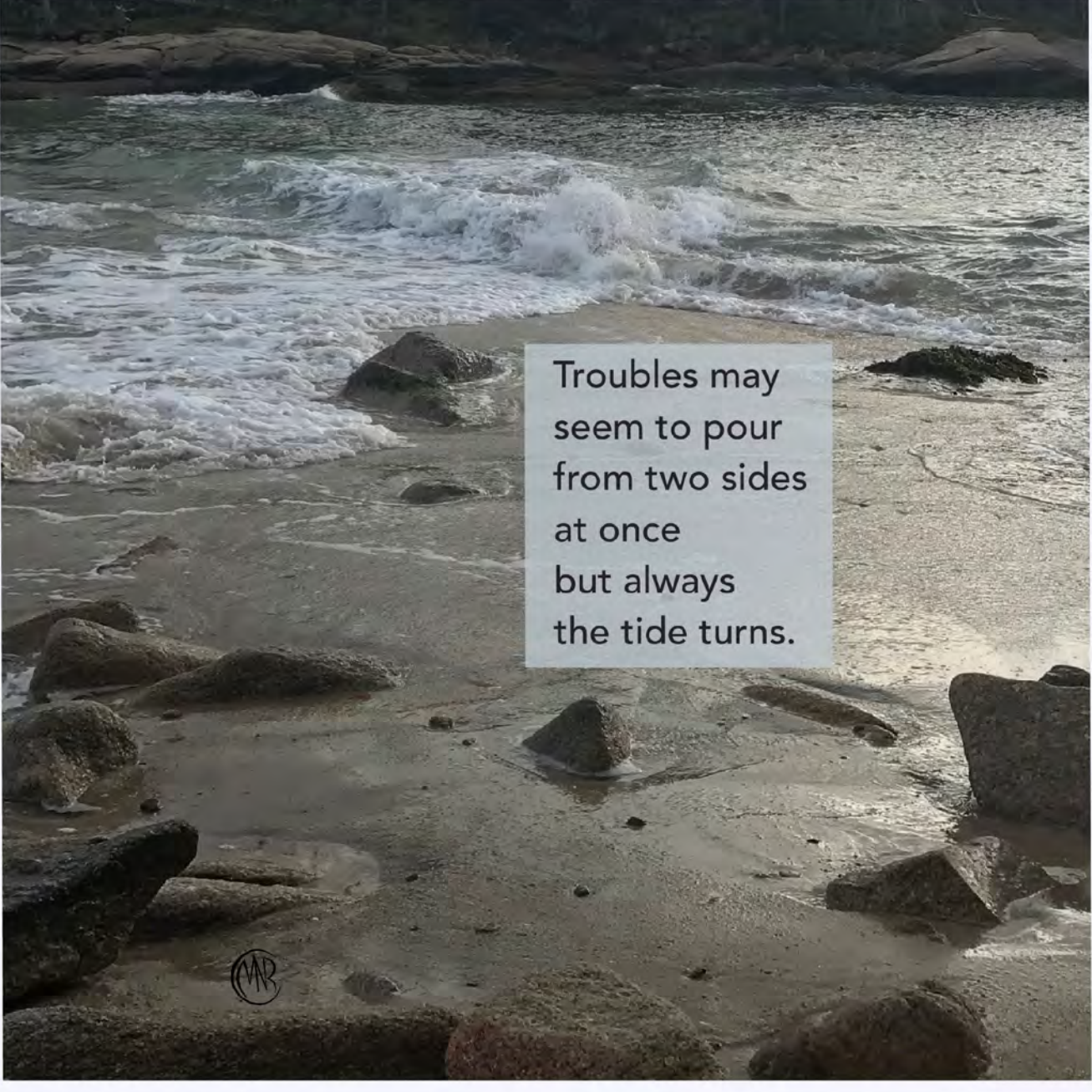
The humble patch of ice on the puddle
by the path gets the last laugh
whether or not we notice.

A photograph of a winter forest. The ground is covered in a thick, smooth layer of snow, with long, soft shadows cast across it by the trees. Several tall, slender tree trunks stand vertically, their bark dark and textured, with some snow clinging to them. In the lower right foreground, there is a small, snow-laden evergreen branch. The overall atmosphere is quiet and serene.

How handsome
the forest
in its winter coat

A scenic coastal landscape. In the foreground, tall, thin grasses and green plants with small white daisies are in focus. The middle ground shows a calm blue ocean with a few small rocky islands. In the background, a forested coastline is visible under a clear blue sky.

Adventure lies not just
on distant islands
but in learning to
appreciate where you are.



Troubles may
seem to pour
from two sides
at once
but always
the tide turns.



Winter and lobsters have gone deeper.
Fishermen have hauled their traps
but still they check their boats
moored in safe coves. They know
to go deeper in bleak seasons
you must keep checking your anchors.



A close-up photograph of a forest floor. The ground is covered with a dense layer of green moss and small, light-colored lichens. Scattered throughout are brown pine needles and a few dried, reddish-brown maple leaves. In the upper right, a small, smooth, pinkish-orange fungus is growing. In the lower left, a small green fern frond is visible. A thin, dark branch runs vertically through the center-left. The entire scene is framed by a dark brown border.

Lichens, fungi, mosses, ferns,
spruce needles, maple seedling.
Like so-called Primitive Art
the tale of the Ancient Ones
is long and anything but simple.





Arbutus arrives unblemished
on a bright May morning
but soon wears the marks
of insects, age, and weather.
Like any well-lived life.



Aspirations,
like birch trees
in early spring,
thrive in the glow
of light and warmth.





Attasquash, crookneck, squash
dismissive names for this pretty
from the sunny garden, singing hot
nasturtium colors, butterfly shimmer.
Are we so beguiled by sugar that we laud
only strawberry and peach, ignoring
this unassertive veggie gem?
Ask the overlooked among us.

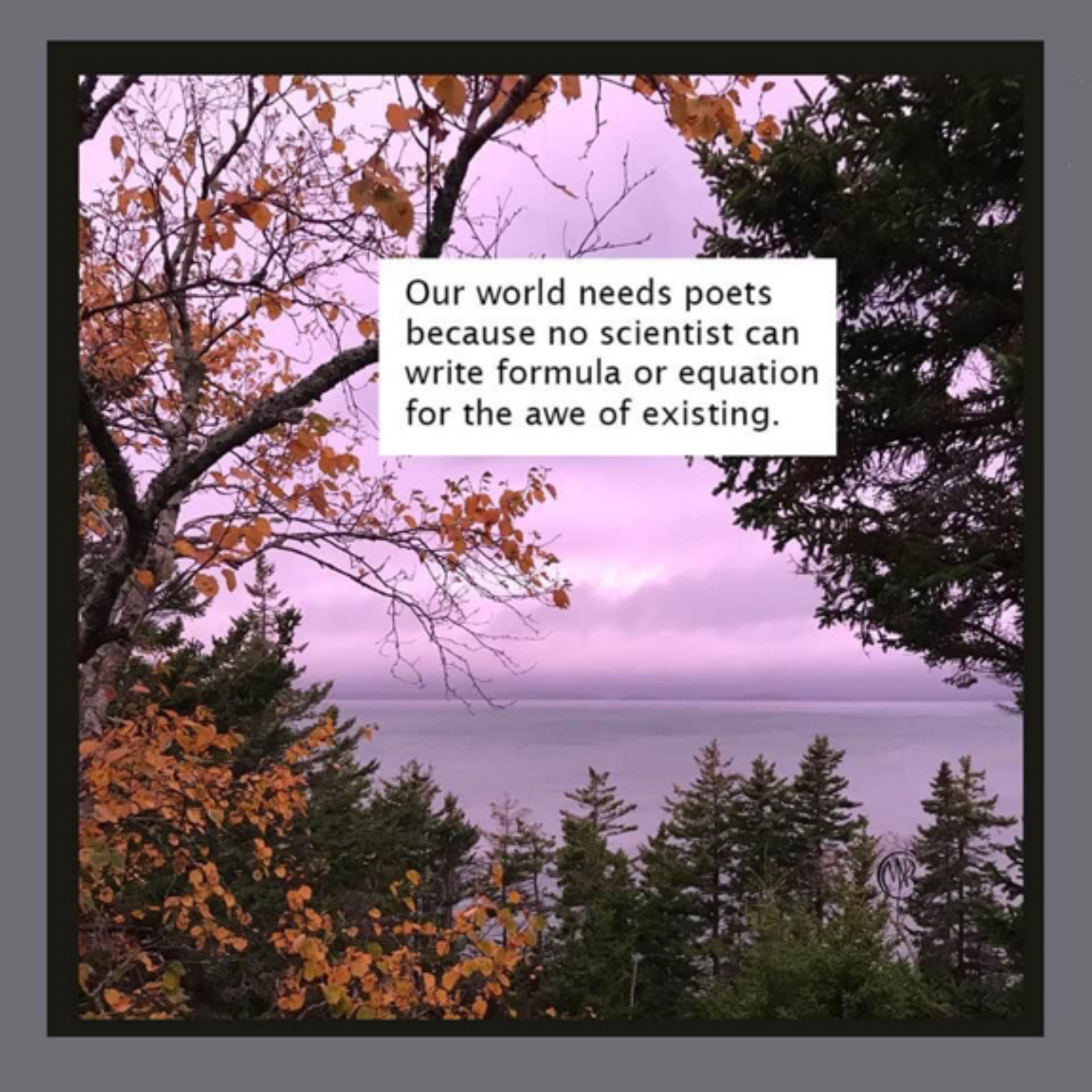
Autumn leaves are sunset of their own.





Any autumn
invites the wise
to see fall color
in every size.





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

A photograph of a dense canopy of vibrant red maple leaves, likely during autumn. The leaves are bright red and have a serrated, palmate shape. They are set against a clear, light blue sky. Several dark, woody branches of the tree are visible, crisscrossing the frame. In the center-right of the image, there is a semi-transparent white rectangular box containing text.

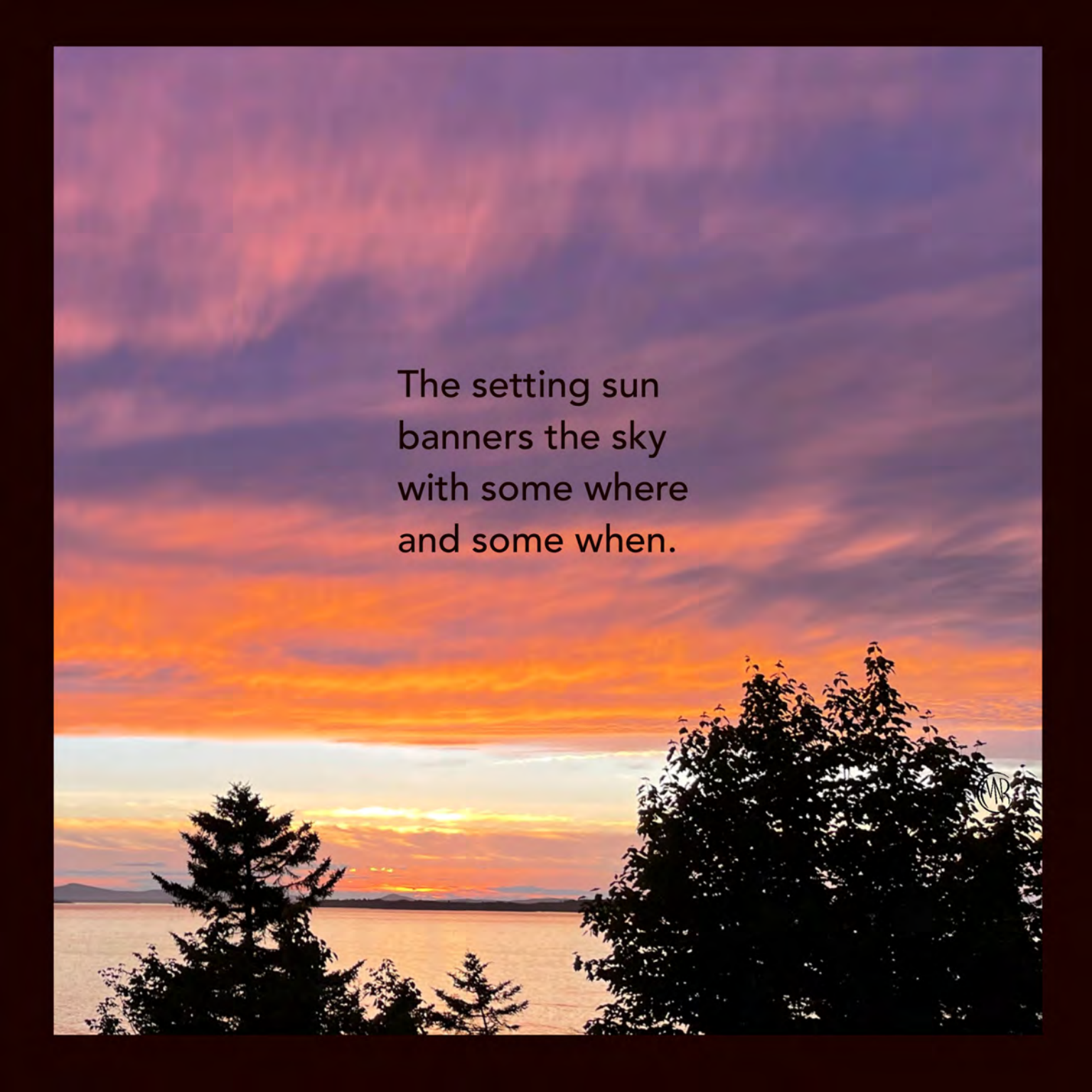
It's not the light
shining on red leaves
that makes for
dazzling drama
but all that lies
behind that beauty.



A photograph of two raccoons in a garden. One raccoon is on the left, leaning over a blue bird bath and drinking. The other raccoon is on the right, standing and looking down. The garden has green plants, grass, and a mossy rock in the foreground. A semi-transparent text box is overlaid on the right side of the image.

Masked bandits we are,
cute, clever, or wild?
If you offer, we'll rob
your birdseed, your
bird bath, your fruit trees
but who's fault is that?



A photograph of a sunset over a body of water. The sky is filled with soft, wispy clouds in shades of purple, pink, and orange. The sun is low on the horizon, creating a bright glow. In the foreground, the dark silhouettes of evergreen and deciduous trees are visible. The water in the background is calm and reflects the colors of the sky.

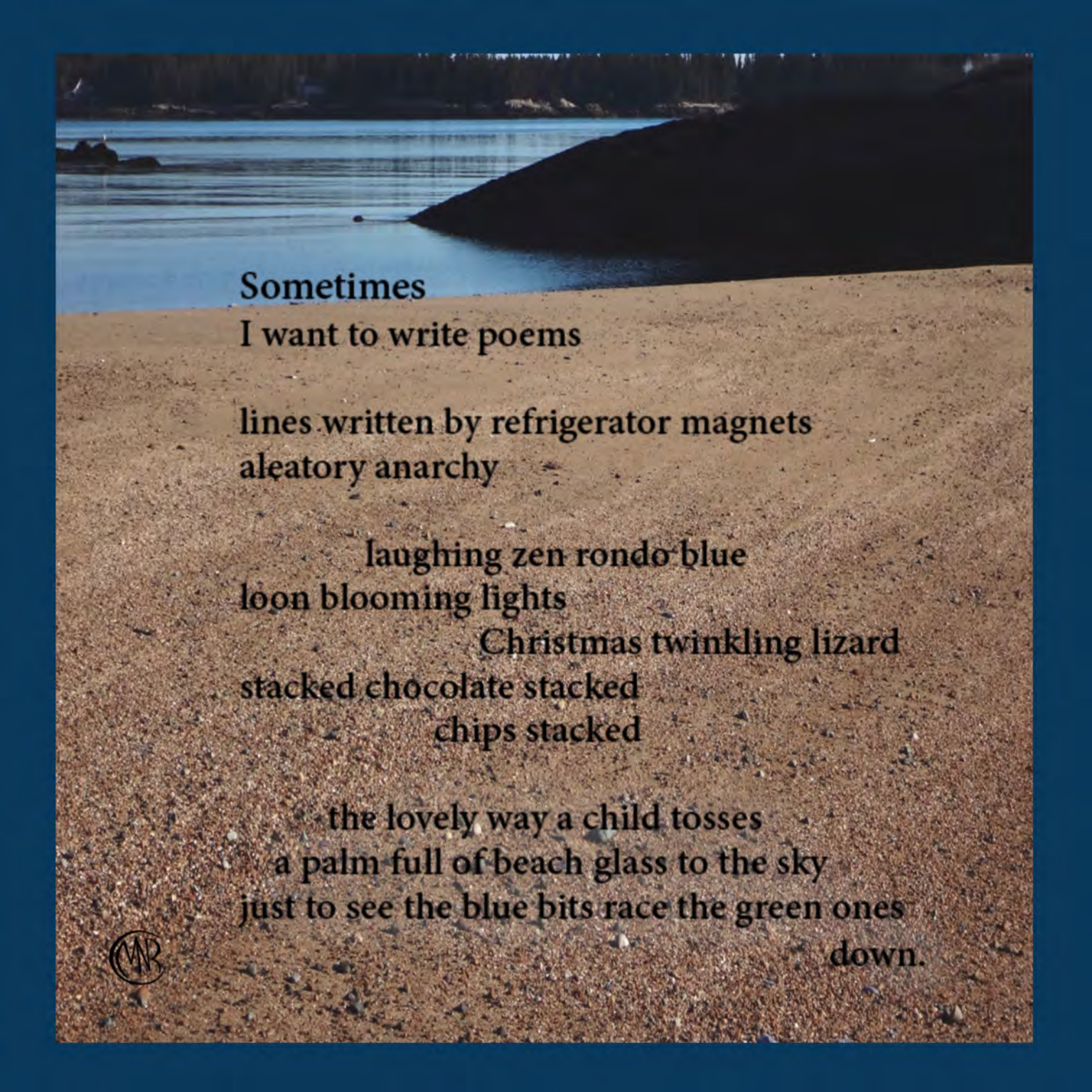
The setting sun
banners the sky
with some where
and some when.



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.





Sometimes

I want to write poems

lines written by refrigerator magnets
aleatory anarchy

laughing zen rondo blue
loon blooming lights

Christmas twinkling lizard
stacked chocolate stacked
chips stacked

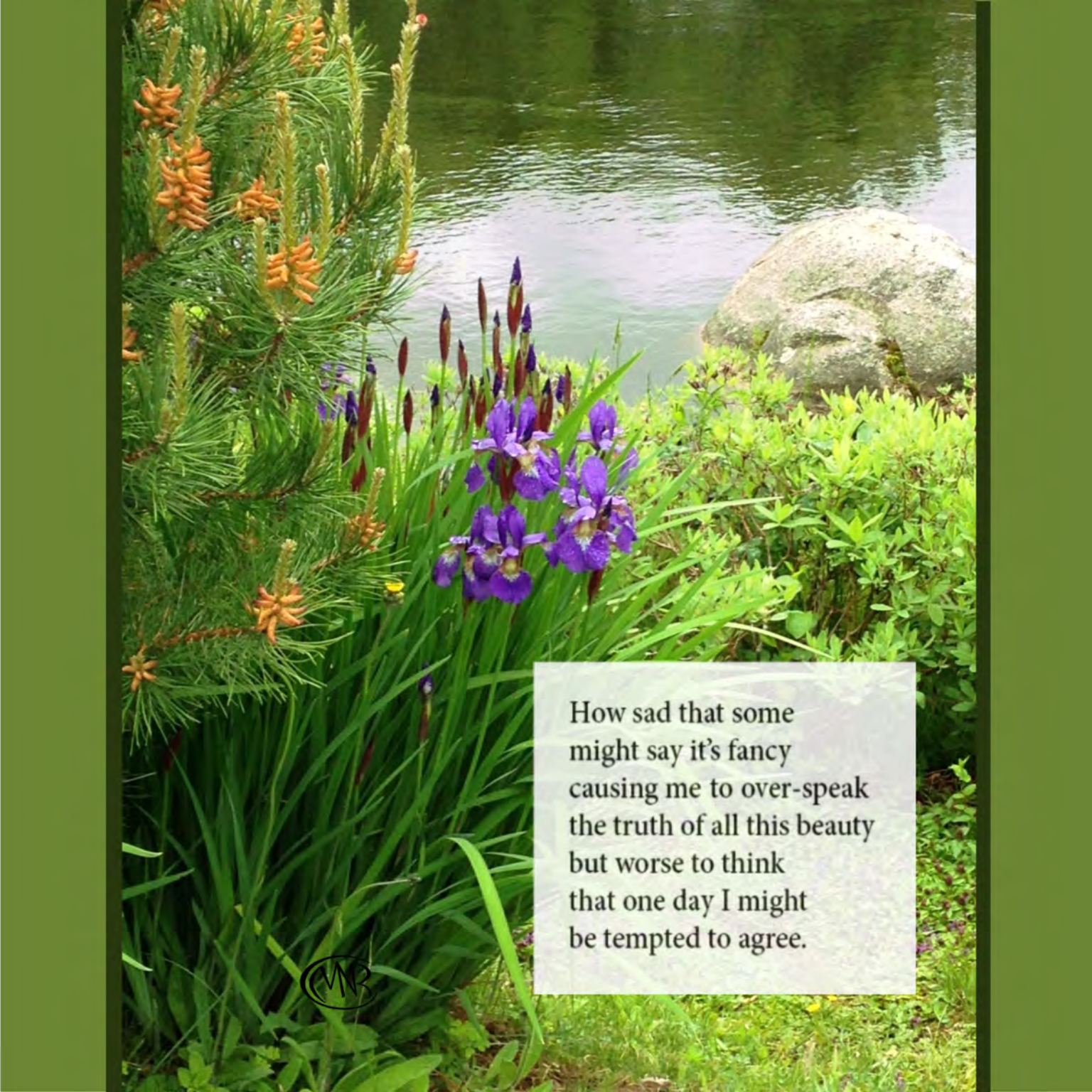
the lovely way a child tosses
a palm full of beach glass to the sky
just to see the blue bits race the green ones
down.





To see
beauty
it helps
if you
are
looking.



A photograph of a garden scene. In the foreground, there are several purple iris flowers with long green leaves. To the left, there are orange pine cones on a branch. In the background, there is a body of water and a large rock. The entire image is framed by a green border.

How sad that some
might say it's fancy
causing me to over-speak
the truth of all this beauty
but worse to think
that one day I might
be tempted to agree.



A photograph of a rocky coastline. In the foreground, there are large, light-colored rocks, some covered in a thin layer of snow. To the left, a dense forest of evergreen trees, including spruce, grows on a slope. In the background, the ocean stretches to the horizon under a clear sky. A white rectangular box with a black border is positioned in the upper right quadrant, containing text.

Bare silver
driftwood
wind-pruned spruce

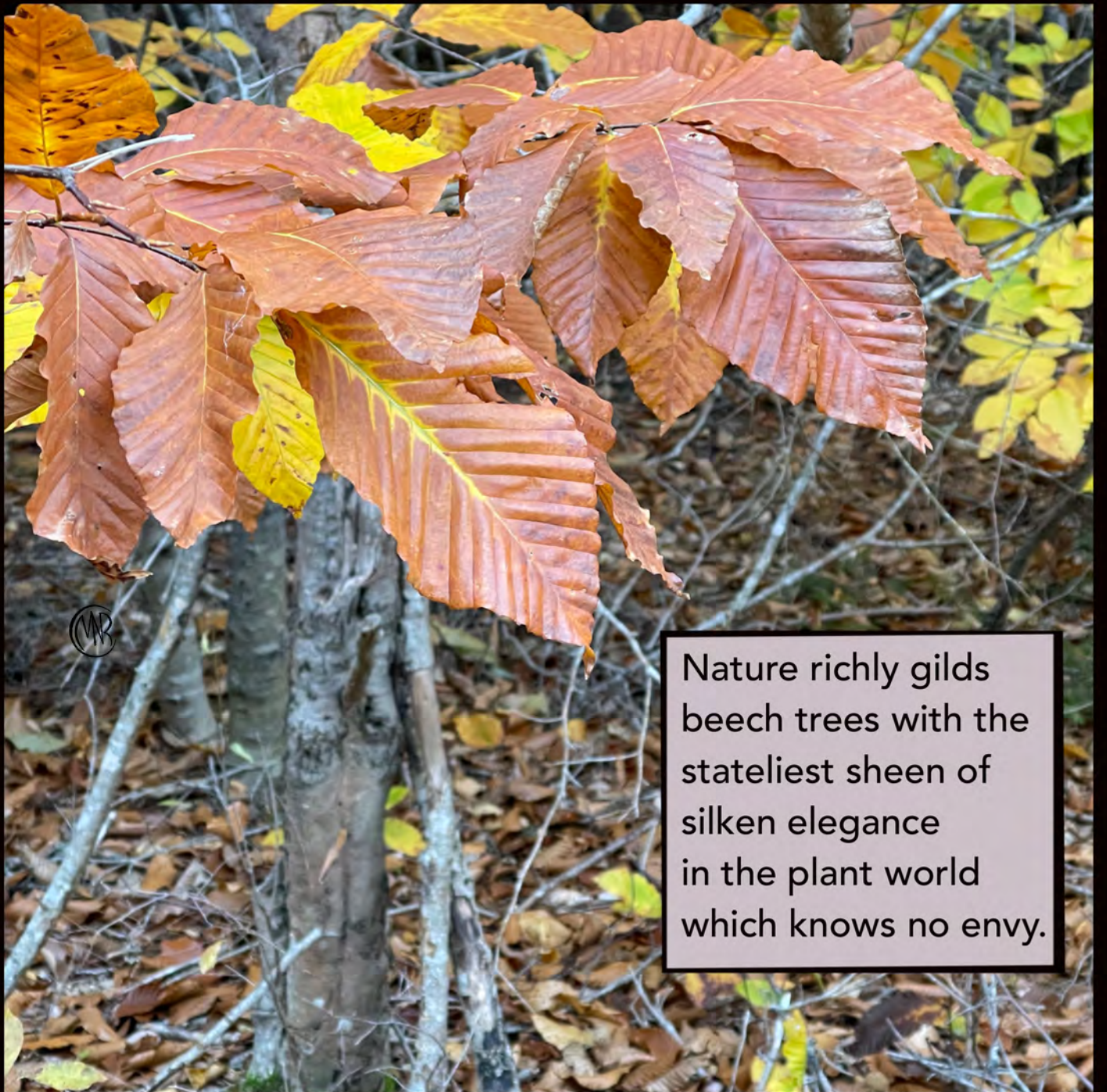
beauty not pain
what we recall.





Beauty is
near and far
if you remember
to look for it.





Nature richly gilds
beech trees with the
stateliest sheen of
silken elegance
in the plant world
which knows no envy.



Brave
enough to venture
that special sweetness
and vulnerability
of being first.

Do you know my name
or what in our world I do?
If I were a movie star
or football player
you would recognize me
but what if I were half my size
or had twice as many legs?
Life is not a show or game
but it's time that humans realized
it is a team sport.





Lovely as it sometimes seems
it's perhaps a good thing
that seeing the world
in black and white
does not last long.

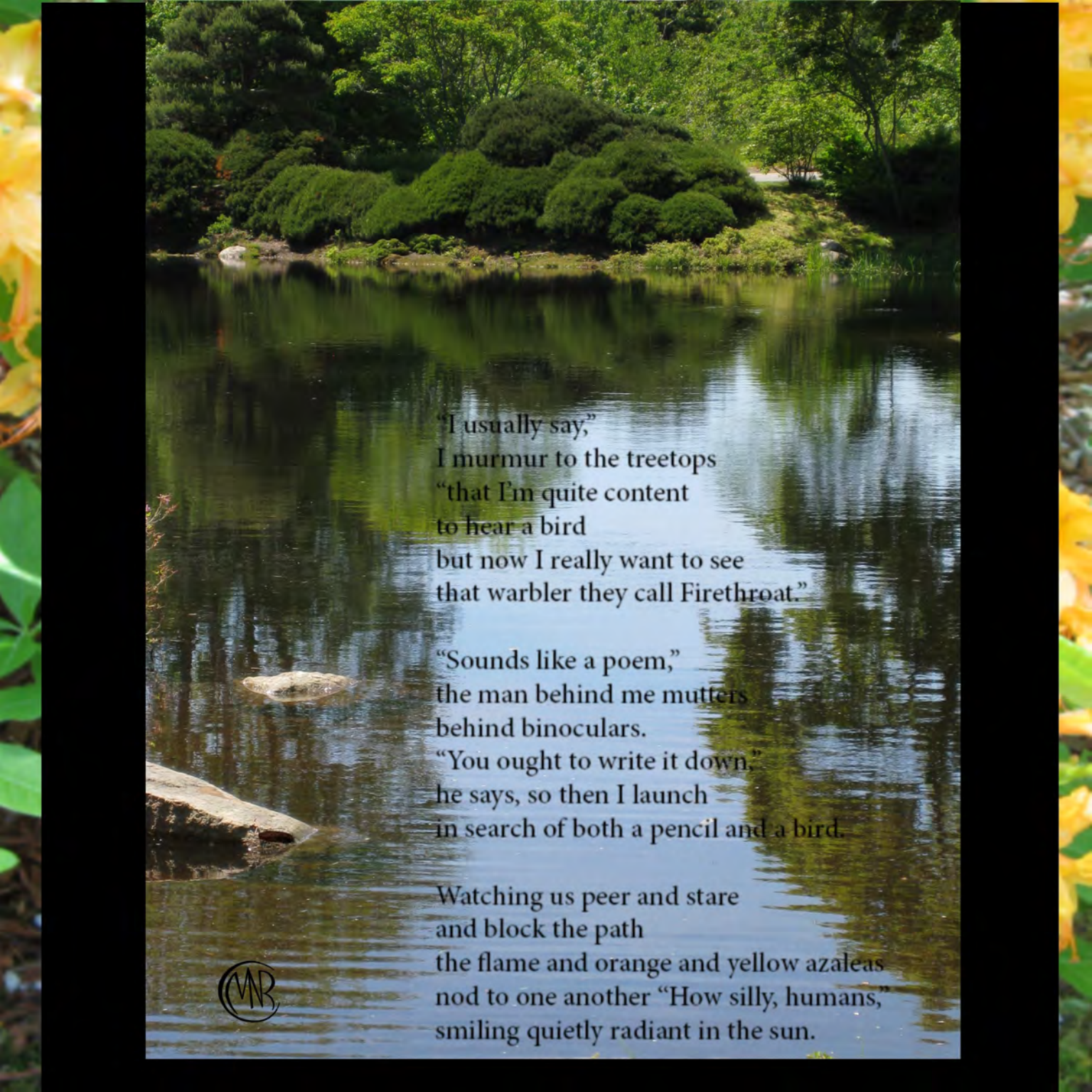


Who sees
blackberry briars
when blossoms
and butterflies
are on stage?



Already
incredible
caterpillar
ponders
its next
incarnation.





"I usually say,"
I murmur to the treetops
"that I'm quite content
to hear a bird
but now I really want to see
that warbler they call Firethroat."

"Sounds like a poem,"
the man behind me mutters
behind binoculars.
"You ought to write it down,"
he says, so then I launch
in search of both a pencil and a bird.

Watching us peer and stare
and block the path
the flame and orange and yellow azaleas
nod to one another "How silly, humans,"
smiling quietly radiant in the sun.





Long before words came
sound, came music. Before ears
came blooms. Jealous of their
sweet and private song
they close up tight at dark
lest stars should overhear.



A photograph of a field of blue flowers, likely gentians, growing in a grassy area with a rocky background. The flowers are small, five-petaled, and have a yellow center. They are scattered throughout the frame, with some in the foreground and others further back. The background shows a large, light-colored rock. The overall scene is bright and natural.

It's a wonder
that flowers come
in any other color
after they figured out
blue.



A Blue Jay youngster
must have dropped it,
this small feather.

Even in the shade
faster than fading
its color vanishes

that momentary dark
a small lesson
in being blue.

