



Big ruffled blue iris
at the granite ledge
in the tidy lawn
declares the modest
fisherman's home
with lawn stacked high
in lobster traps
and orange popsicle
pot buoy cascade
the first place winner:
Island gardens in the fog.

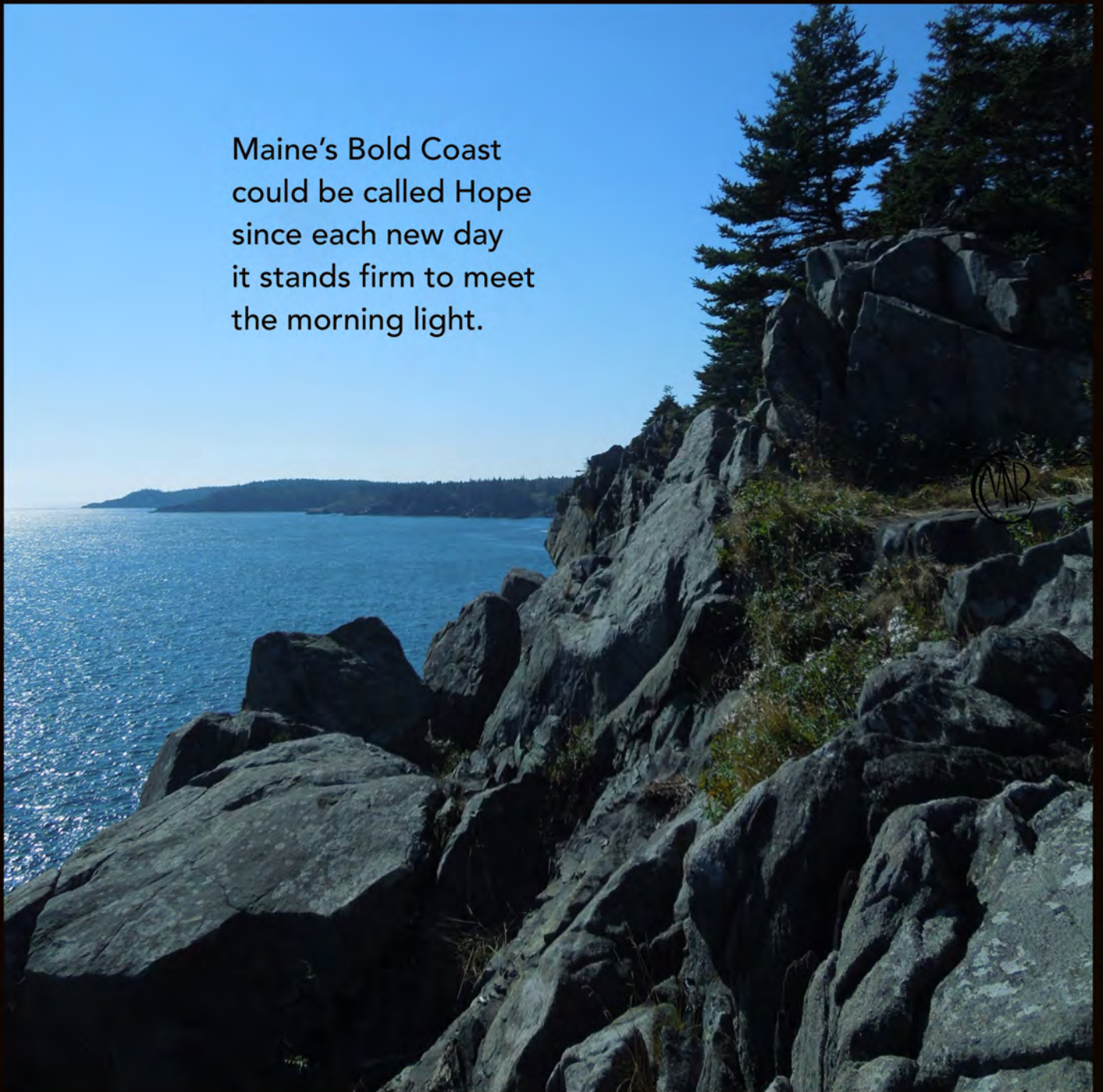


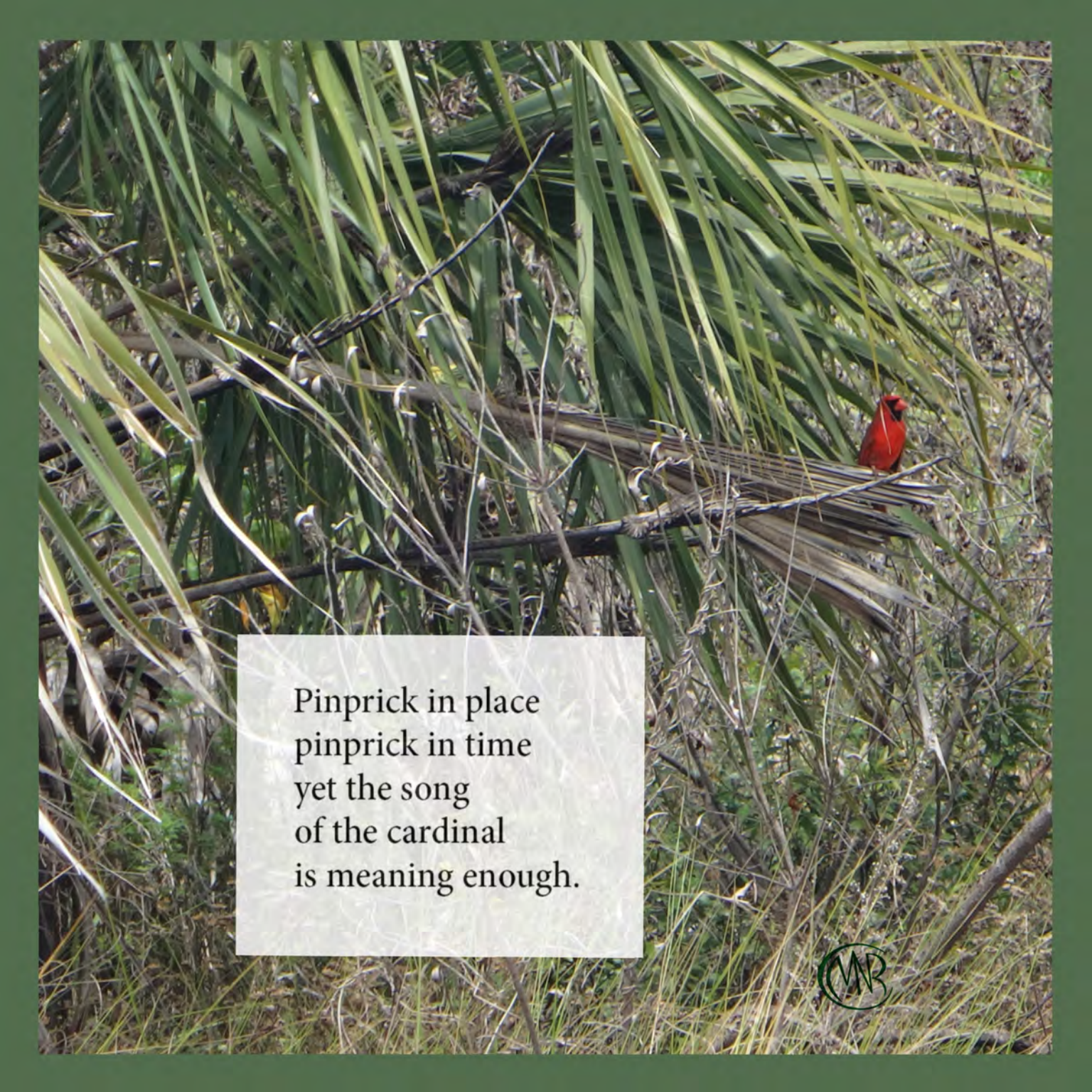


Thank you, Sun,
for another blueberry summer.
Long after the sweet berries are picked
their leaves flaunt bright fires
in the face of winter's cold dark.



Maine's Bold Coast
could be called Hope
since each new day
it stands firm to meet
the morning light.





Pinprick in place
pinprick in time
yet the song
of the cardinal
is meaning enough.





The spill of oxeye daisies
and white clover
from unweeded pots
draws the brown hare
who does all my pruning,
its sunshine-glowing ears
listening well to what is heard.



A photograph of a grasshopper and a cicada on goldenrod and aster flowers. The grasshopper is on the right, facing the viewer, with its long antennae and green body. The cicada is on the left, facing the viewer, with its brown body and large wings. The background is a dense cluster of yellow goldenrod flowers and white aster flowers. The entire image is framed by a thick orange border.

Electric buzz
like wind-up toys
goldenrod and asters
echoing the sun at noon
grasshoppers outdo cicadas
on the height of the arc
of summer, call and
response.





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.



Plump and full
the cattail in the marsh
stands ready to send
this summer's seeds
aloft on autumn winds
just as new ideas
are best shared
with a smile.

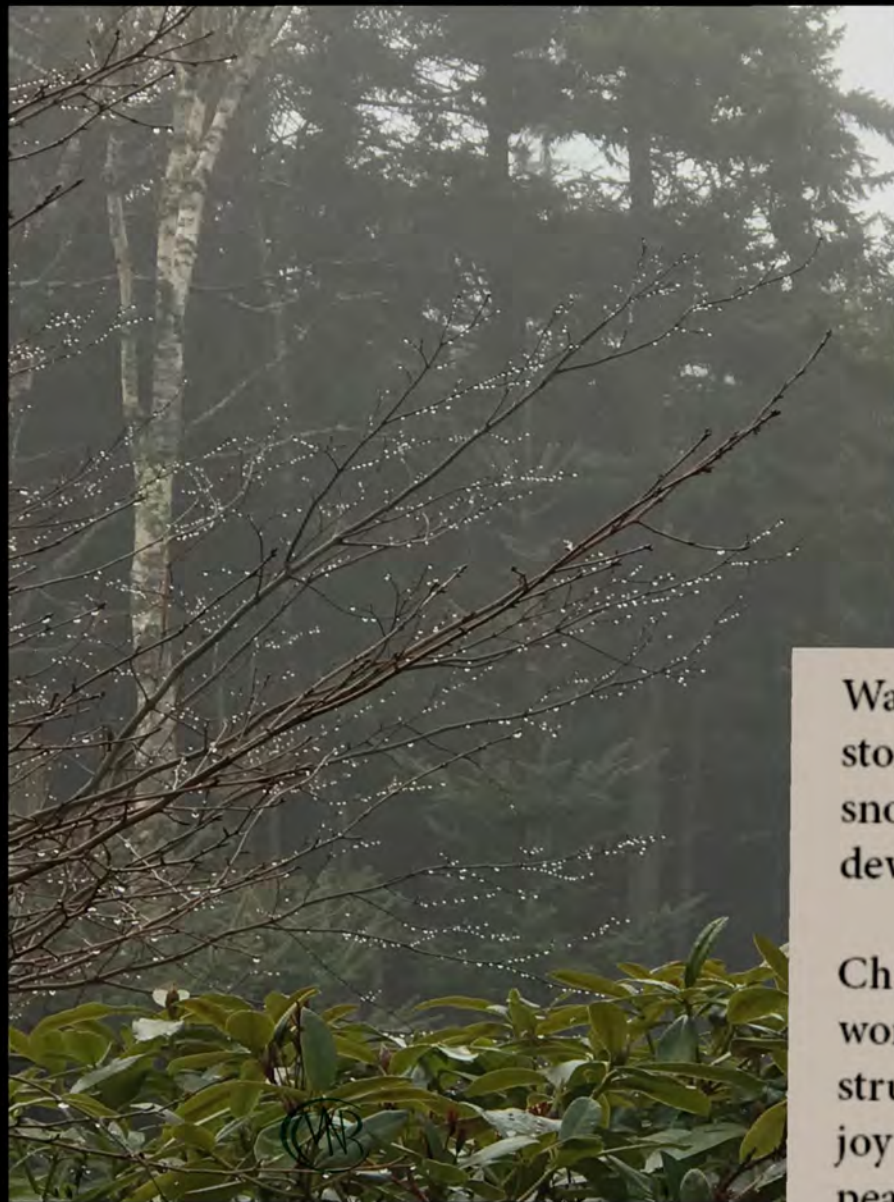




Celebrate
the job
well done!



Change comes
long before
we have seen
all there is
to see.

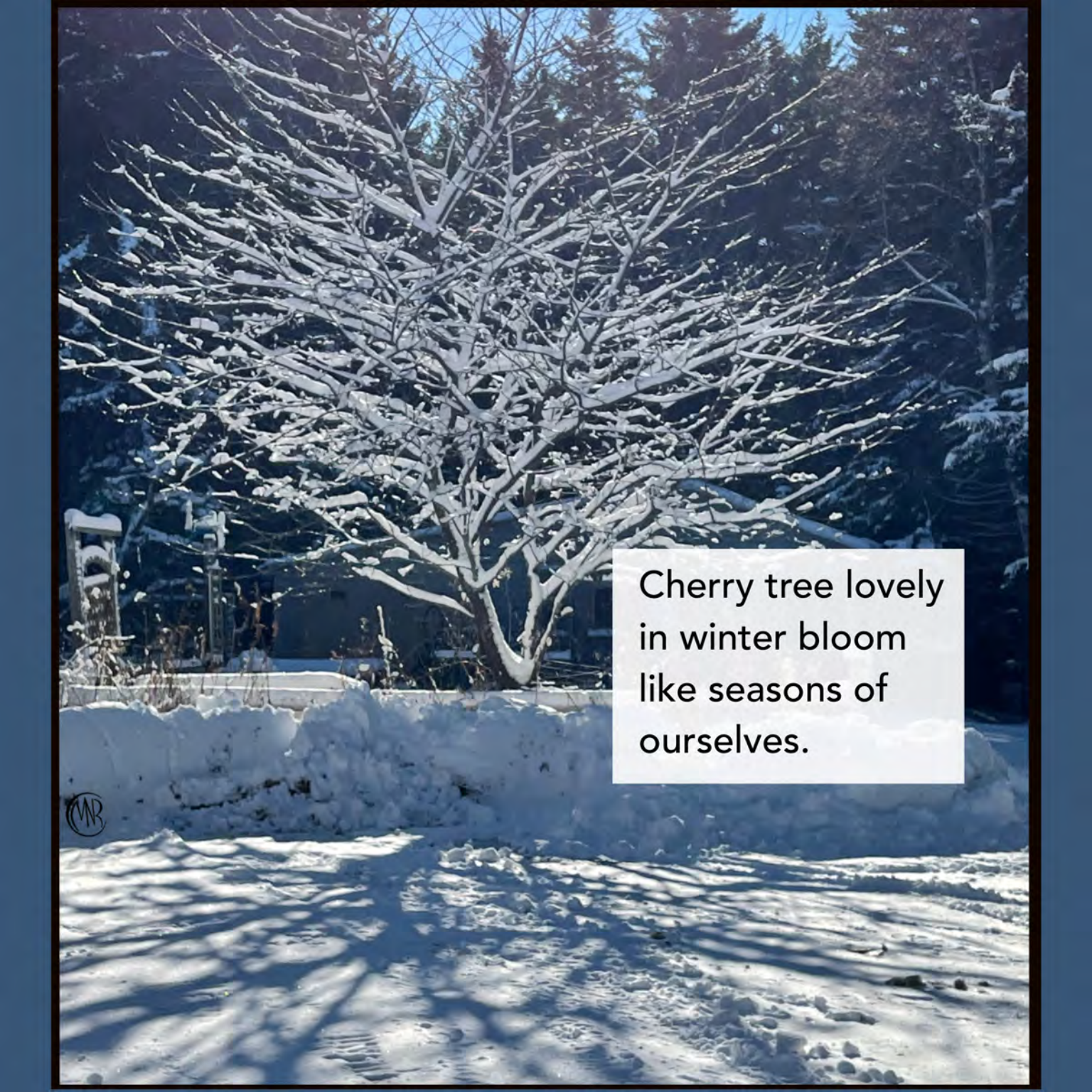


Water is
storm cloud
snow flake
dew drop.

Change is
work
struggle
joy
peace.

A low-angle photograph looking up at cherry blossom branches against a bright blue sky with scattered white clouds. The branches are covered in clusters of small, white, five-petaled flowers and some green leaves. The lighting is bright, suggesting a sunny day.

Cherry blossom
snow warms
the winter heart.

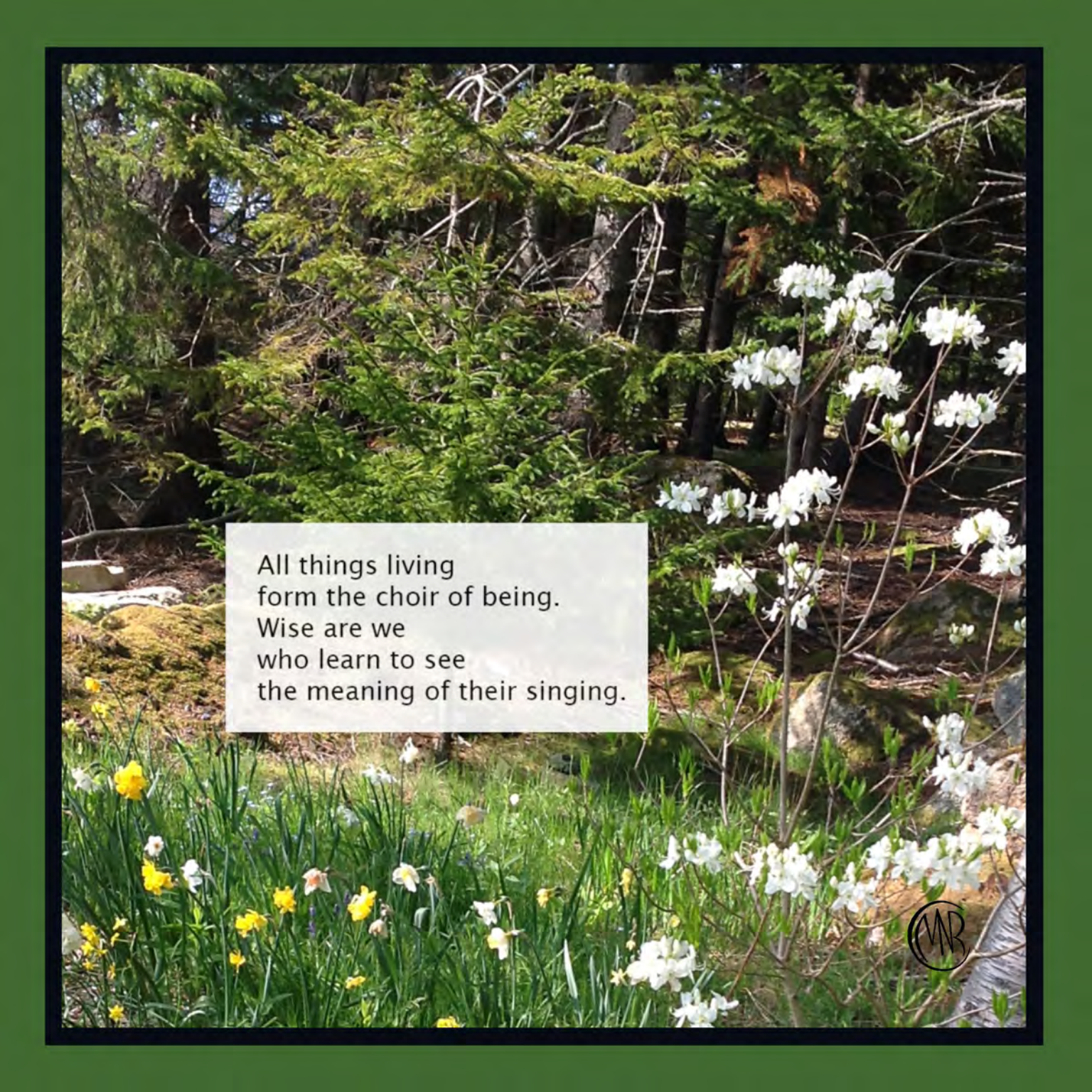


Cherry tree lovely
in winter bloom
like seasons of
ourselves.



Sandpipers don't
sing like a choir
but like a choir
they understand
that the harmony
of coordinating
is not conforming.





All things living
form the choir of being.
Wise are we
who learn to see
the meaning of their singing.



Christmas Light Contest

It's layers of time pressing deep
that make midwinter nights so dark
the press of past like annual rings
in wind-snapped spruce:

We read the year the bridge was built
when Russian trawlers anchored
just off shore and fish disappeared
when the grocery burned
the sardine factory closed
when Lisa had twins
and the neighbor's boy was killed in 'Nam.

But then sometimes we just go driving
around the Island to see the colored lights
red and green, all blue, or clear and twinkling.
Folks keep them lit on roofs and trees
and backyard boats till spring
cheering comfort, small acts
of faith and civic generosity.

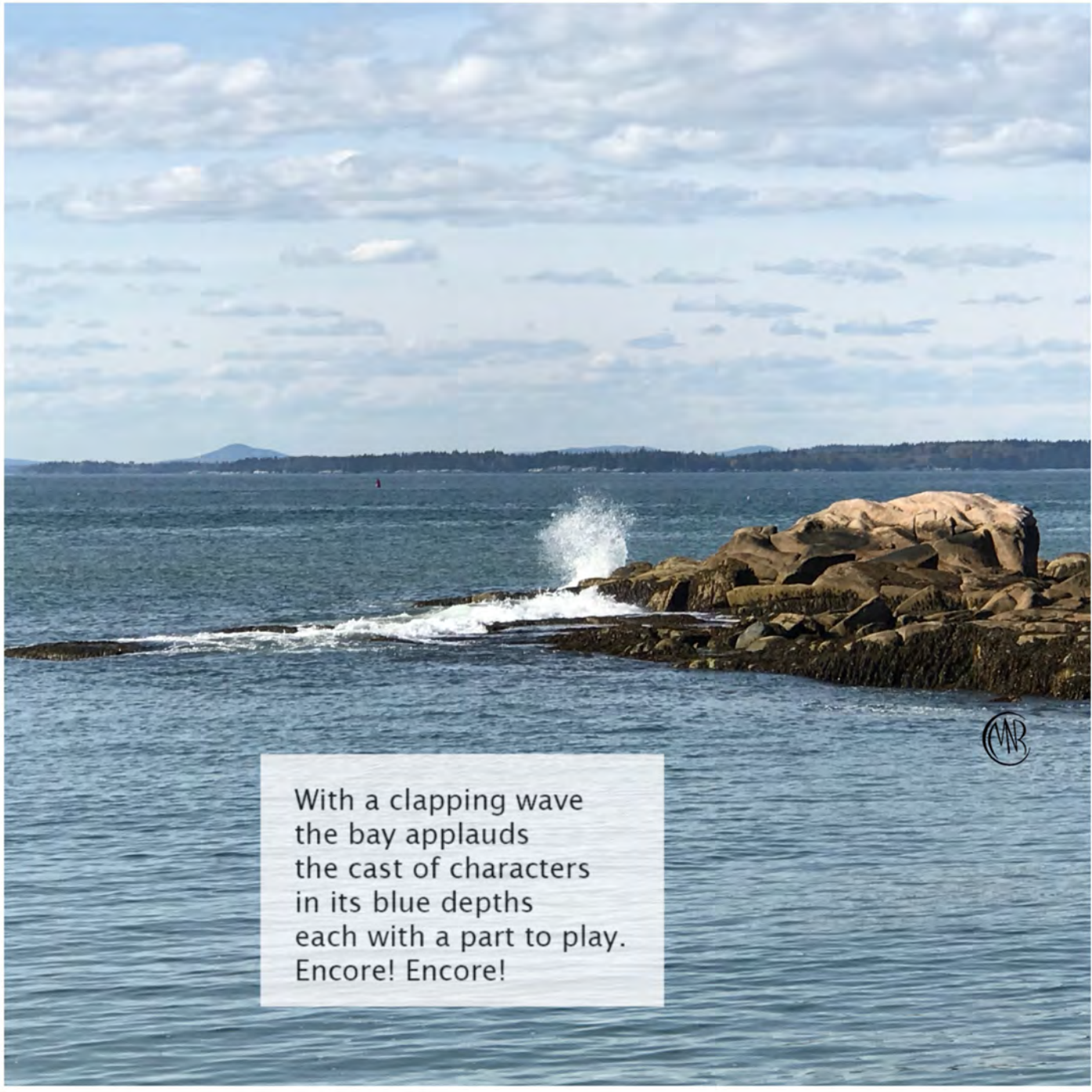




Clear and claiming
sparrow bragging
in sweet whistle
“Mine, mine, mine.”

How sweet to be owned
by such a bird
as once again he boasts,
“Mine, mine, mine.”



A wide-angle photograph of a coastal scene. In the foreground, dark, jagged rocks protrude from the blue water. A wave is crashing against these rocks, creating a large splash of white water. The water extends to the horizon, where a small red sailboat is visible. In the background, a line of green hills or mountains stretches across the horizon under a sky filled with soft, white clouds.

With a clapping wave
the bay applauds
the cast of characters
in its blue depths
each with a part to play.
Encore! Encore!



Cold feet?
Wet feet?
He who hesitates
is not a duck!



A photograph of a yellow bell-shaped flower, likely a Campanula, in a forest setting. The flower is in the foreground, slightly to the left, and is in focus. The background is a blurred forest of tall evergreen trees. A semi-transparent white rectangular box is overlaid on the right side of the image, containing text. The entire image is framed by a green border.

Compassion
on me
compassion
on you
says the shore
to the sea.





Burned fields glow now
at once both green and red –
blueberry fields refreshing
under June blue skies as
bees murmur hopeful messages
in the ivory bells beneath
the burnished copper leaves.



A photograph of a bog landscape. In the foreground, there are large, brown, curled fern fronds. Behind them, there are green mosses and small plants. In the background, there are thin, bare tree trunks and a field of white, fluffy cotton grass seeds. The scene is captured in a natural, slightly overcast light.

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



Curves
of possibility hold
not just what was here
but what is yet to be.



A vibrant photograph of a field filled with numerous white daisies with bright yellow centers. The flowers are scattered across a lush green field, with some in sharp focus in the foreground and others blurred in the background. The scene is brightly lit, suggesting a sunny day. A semi-transparent white rectangular box is overlaid on the lower-left portion of the image, containing text.

Consider the important
business of being
a field of daisies
in the summer sun.





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

Wildflowers come
in so many styles
to celebrate the
delight of diversity.



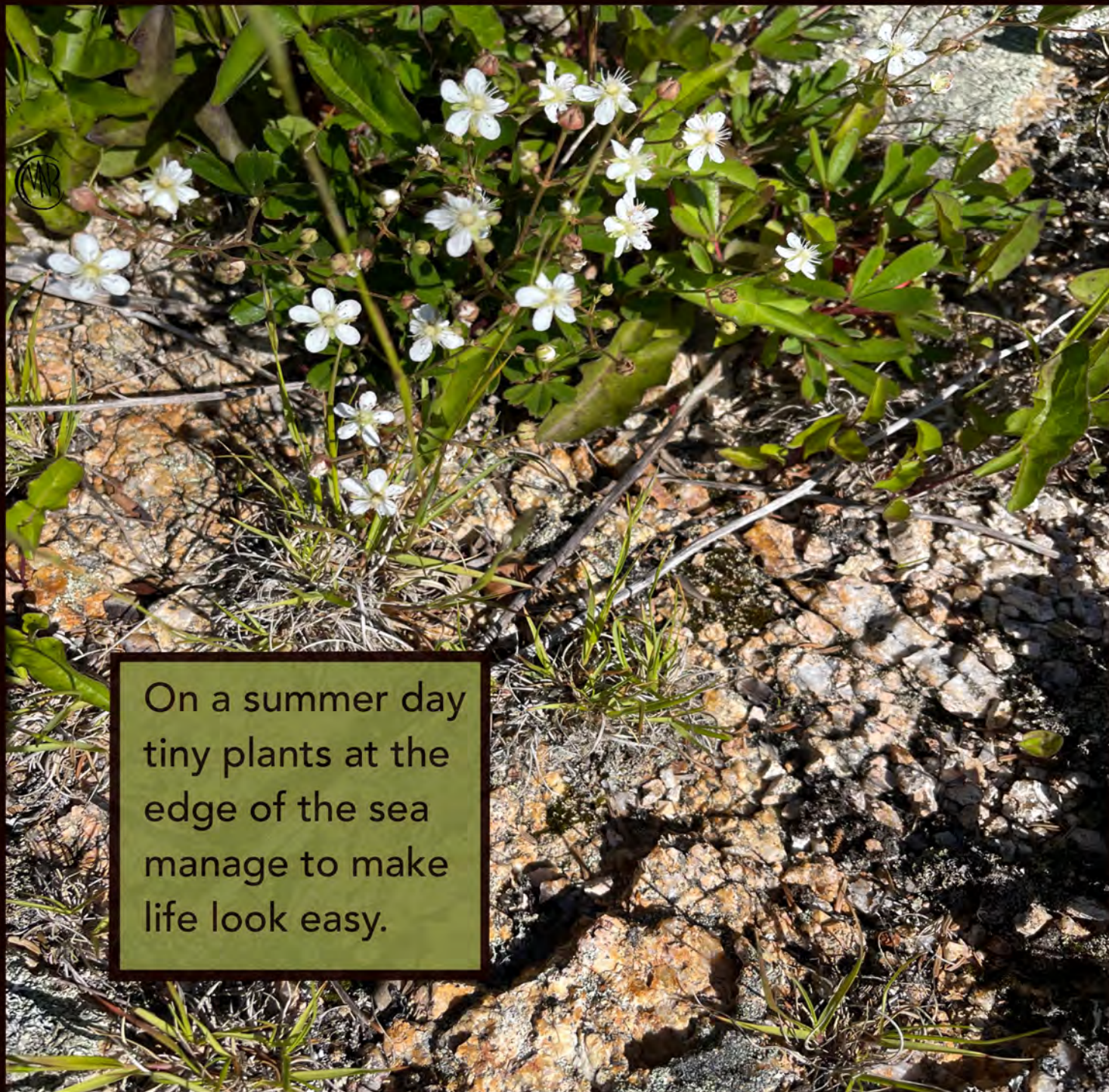


Dreams
carry us
everywhere.



What clever artists
the maple branch
and the almost rain.





On a summer day
tiny plants at the
edge of the sea
manage to make
life look easy.

O my heart! There will be no poem
from me today about the echocardiogram
I just had. There are no adequate similes
for the sounds of a live and beating heart,
no metaphors that do justice
to the winds in canyons,
in the tree tops,
the oceanic roar,
chugging, thumping
steam engine piston
sounds.

Magnificent glorious unlike anything
I have ever heard before sounds
of all that work which has been going
unattended on inside me for 80 years.
Theoretically I knew to give thanks,
but now that I have actually heard the symphony
of all my days and nights....
O sweet miracle of life.





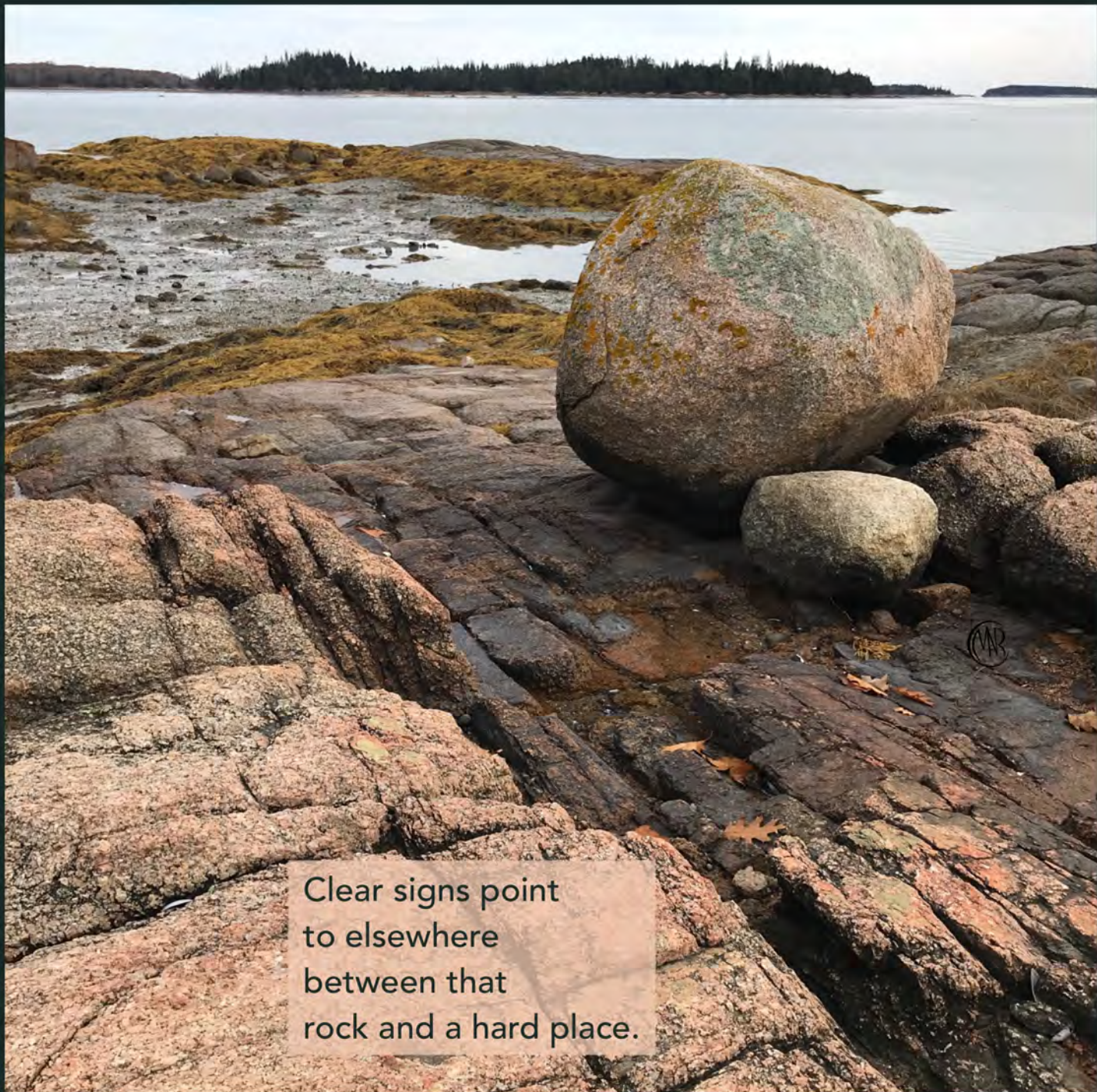
Life List, April 25

Today I saw my first-ever little brown Elfin
– tiny butterfly dropped like a flake of leaf
into the corner of my vision
to barricade the path in the cool afternoon.

Brown as a little bear it slowly slanted,
careened over like a windsurfer letting down the sail,
like a cat warming its tummy in the wan sun.

Like a movie star an elfin is much smaller
than I thought and so much better looking
than its picture. I'll never forget our meeting
though I was too excited to ask it
for its autograph or use my camera.





Clear signs point
to elsewhere
between that
rock and a hard place.



To make music
is to make meaning
in tune together,
ensemble the only
goal of the universe.



Every age
has its own
beauty.



Words flow across space
words echo out of time
to describe
the exuberance of living
that grand experiment of now.



A photograph of three mushrooms with dark brown, slightly textured caps and gills, growing from a dense carpet of bright green moss. The stems are dark and have a lighter, mottled pattern near the base. The background is a soft-focus view of more moss and some dry twigs.

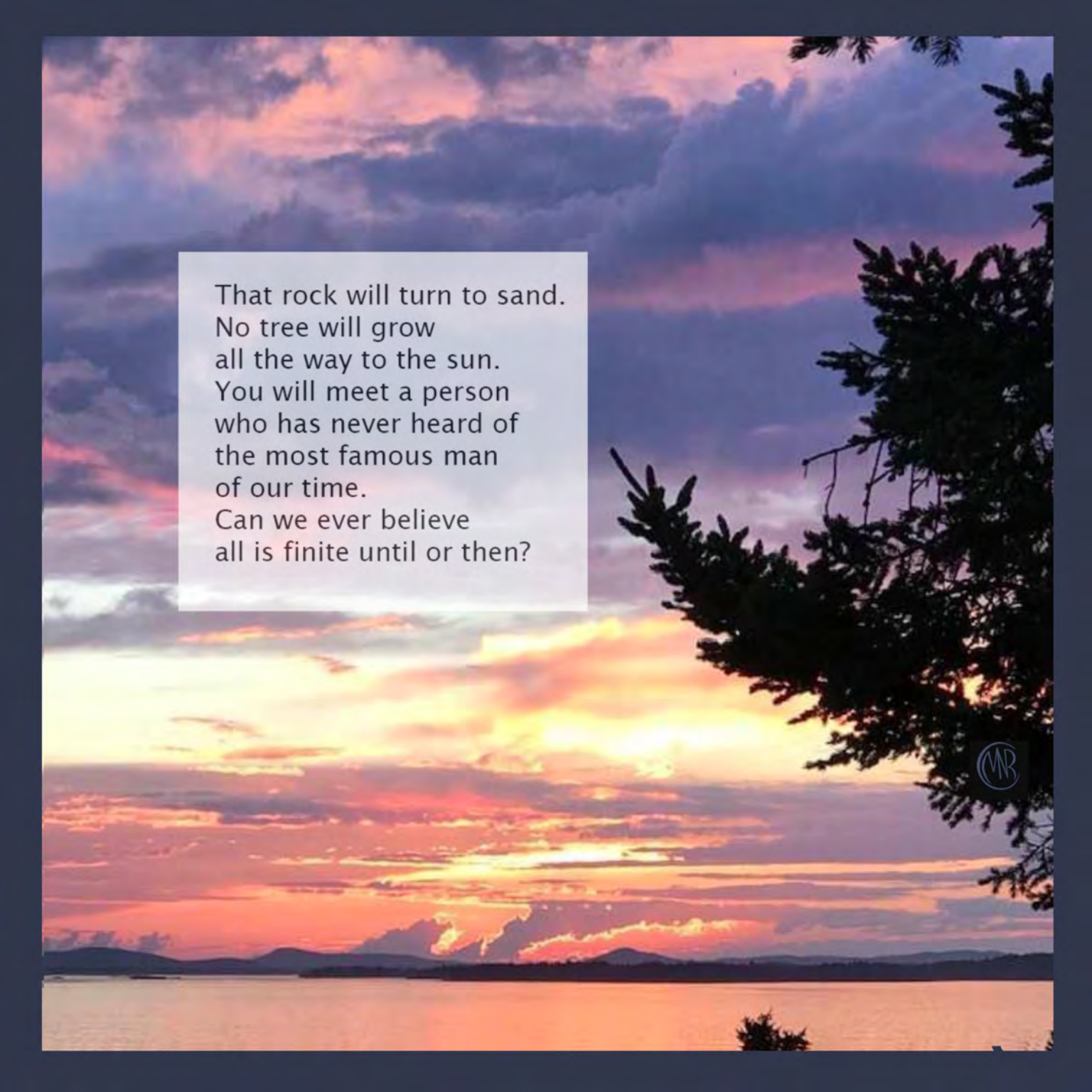
You're invited
Look and linger
Fashion show
of Life



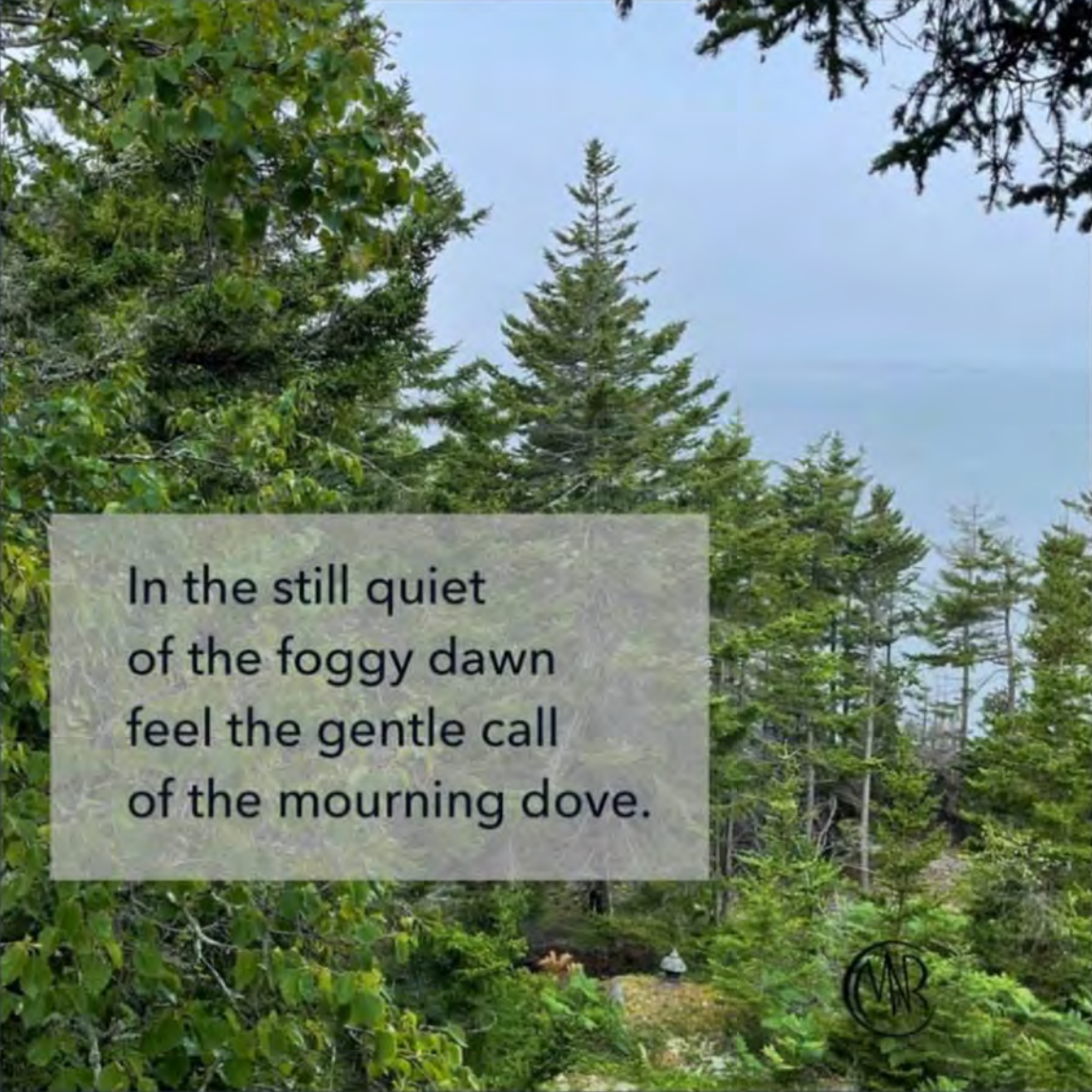
A photograph of a lush forest floor. The ground is covered with a thick carpet of moss and fallen leaves. Numerous ferns with bright green, unfurled fronds are growing densely together. In the background, there are dark, vertical tree trunks and some horizontal branches. A semi-transparent text box is positioned in the lower right quadrant of the image.

Ferns freshly
unfurled
set their own
standards.



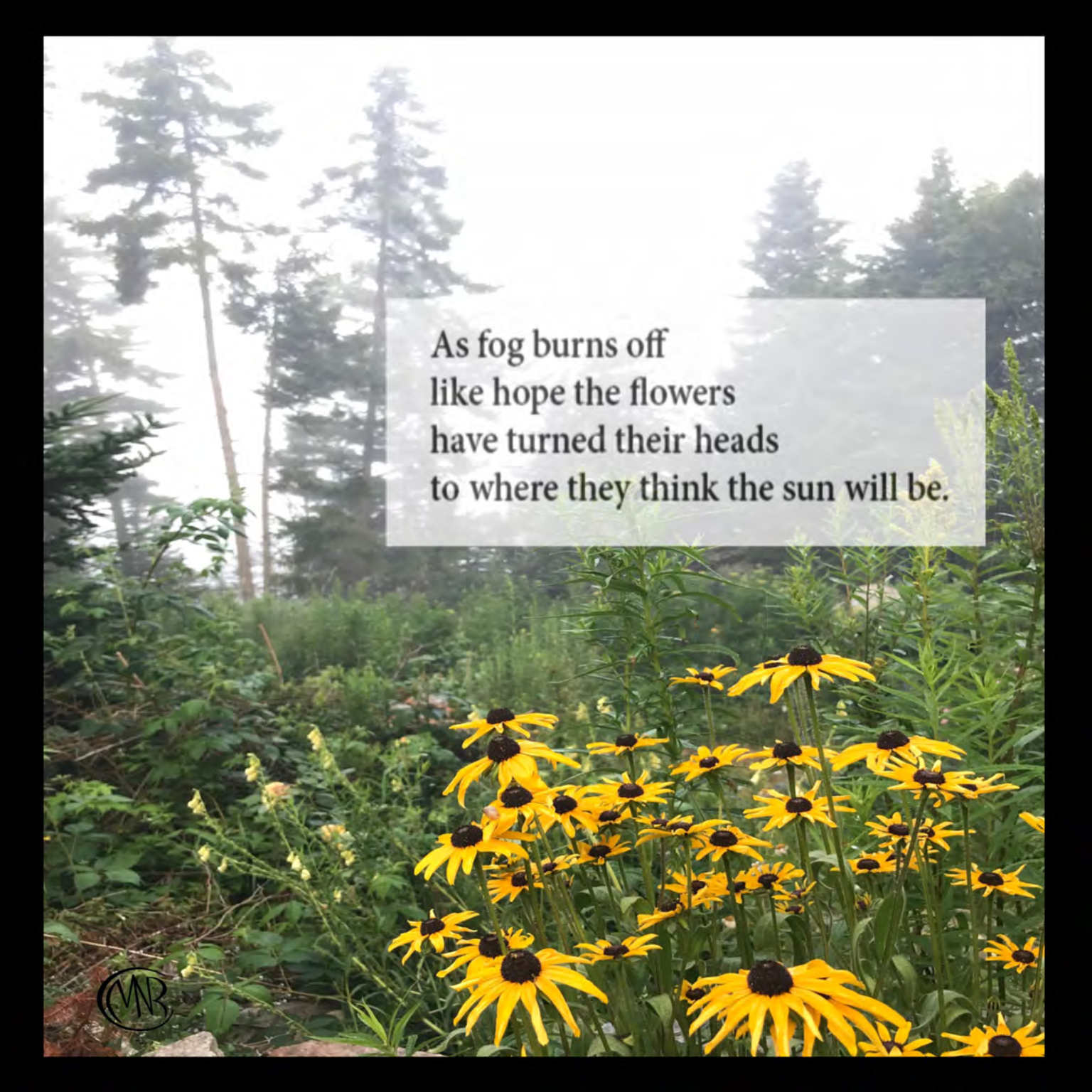
A photograph of a sunset over a body of water, with a text overlay in the upper left. The sky is filled with clouds in shades of orange, pink, and purple. The sun is low on the horizon, creating a bright glow. The water reflects the colors of the sky. In the foreground, the dark silhouette of a tree branch is visible on the right side. In the background, there are low mountains or hills. A small circular logo with the letters 'MR' is visible in the lower right corner of the image.

That rock will turn to sand.
No tree will grow
all the way to the sun.
You will meet a person
who has never heard of
the most famous man
of our time.
Can we ever believe
all is finite until or then?



In the still quiet
of the foggy dawn
feel the gentle call
of the mourning dove.





As fog burns off
like hope the flowers
have turned their heads
to where they think the sun will be.

