



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

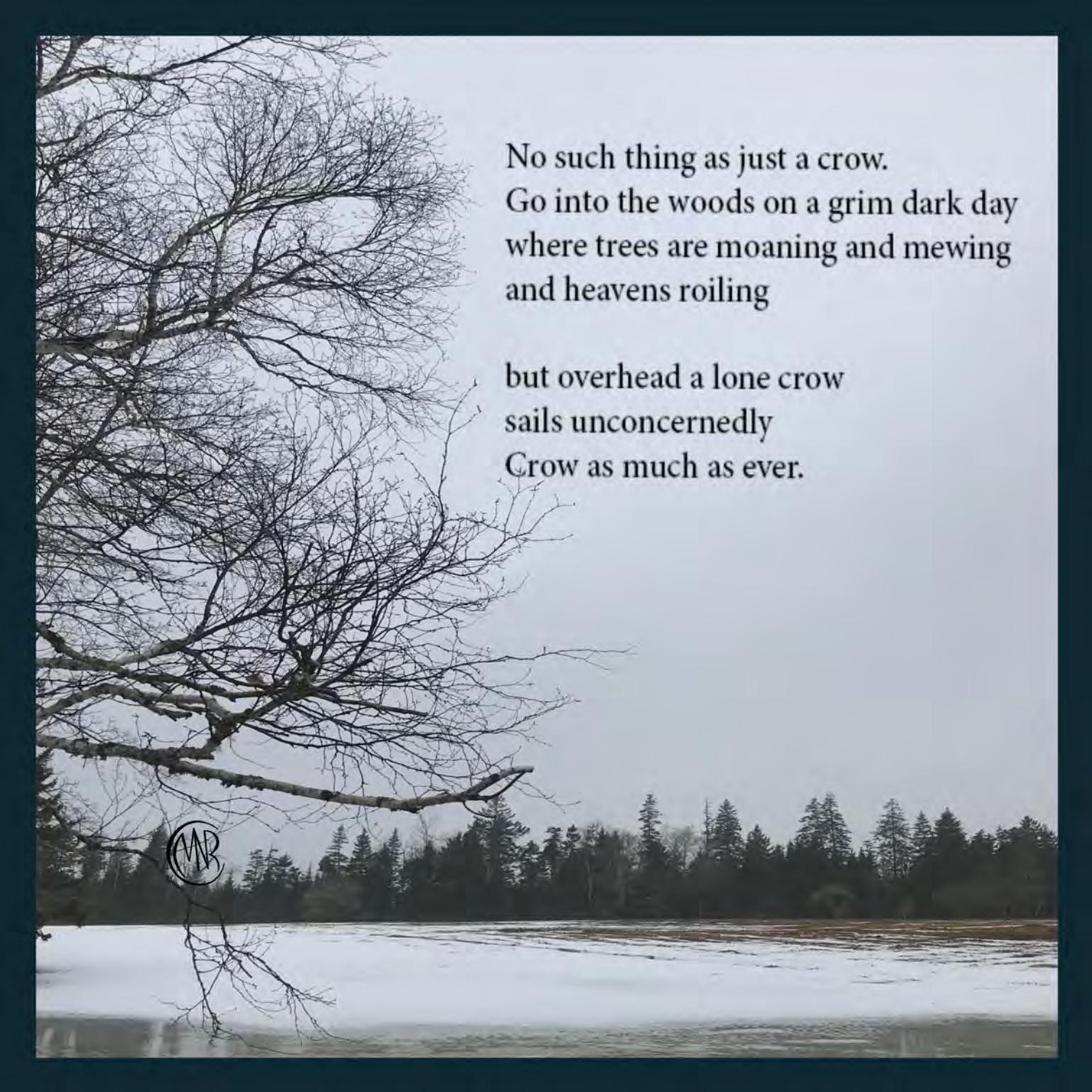
Like smoke they flow
up across the granite boulder face
pausing only briefly
over the glow of moss,

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



Thanks to the creature
that carried the apple seed
to this wild place where now
a tree it blooms its message
of sheer joy, of being alive.





No such thing as just a crow.
Go into the woods on a grim dark day
where trees are moaning and mewing
and heavens roiling

but overhead a lone crow
sails unconcernedly
Crow as much as ever.



A photograph of a moth with striking white, black, and orange wings resting on a mossy rock. The moth is positioned in the upper center of the frame. The background is a dense carpet of bright green moss. The rock surface is dark and textured. A white text box is overlaid on the lower right portion of the image.

When the words
'moth' and 'moss'
fail to call up
'beauty'
what else
do we mislabel?



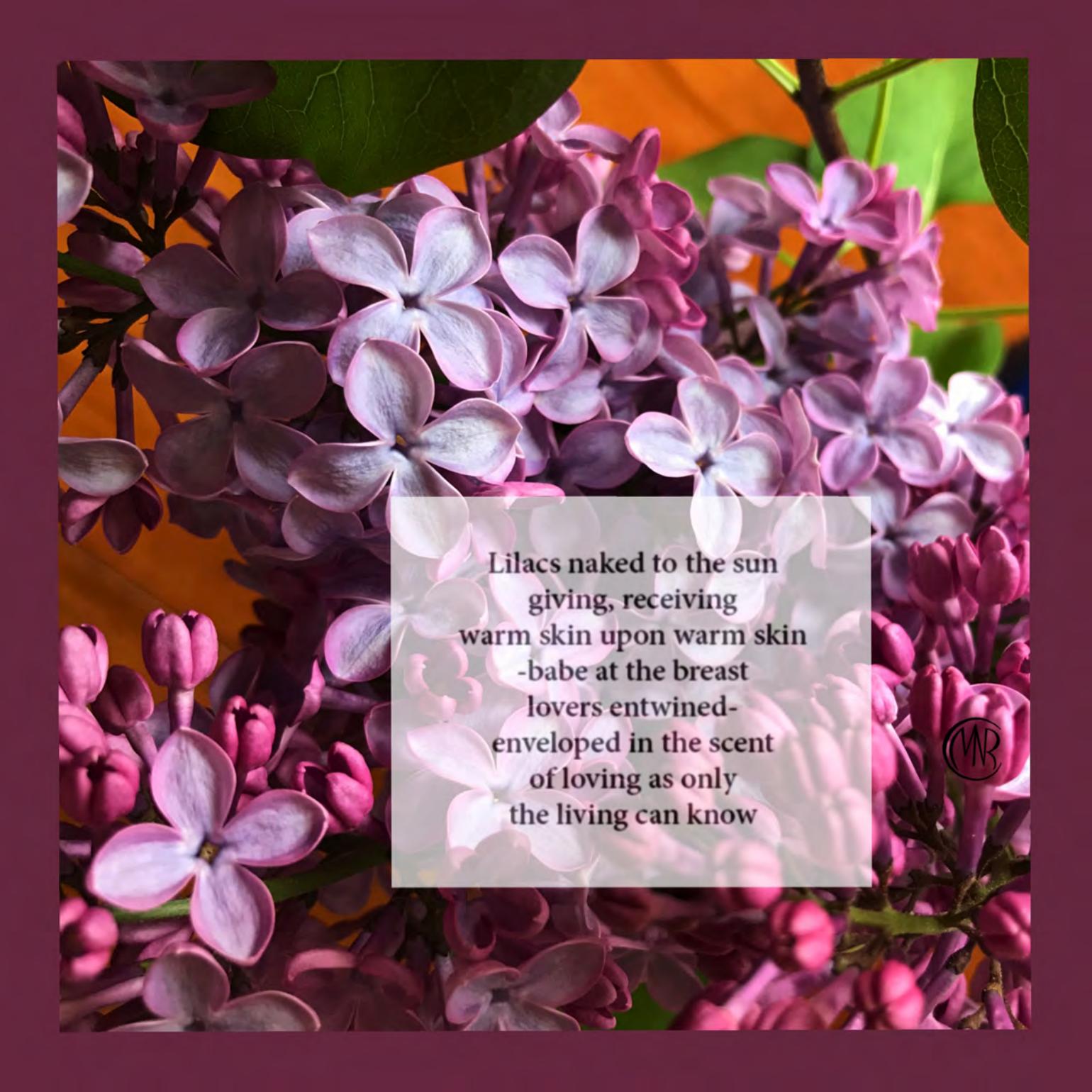
A photograph of a vibrant green lawn, likely taken in the morning as suggested by the text. The grass is dense and well-maintained. A semi-transparent white rectangular box is positioned in the lower right area of the image, containing a short poem. In the bottom right corner, there is a small circular logo with the letters 'CVR' inside.

In the cool of a
summer morning
while dew still
glints the grass
lawn robin works
endearingly alert to
subterranean potential.





Photographer captured by the scene
willing to share but cannot bear
to put a lens between
the I and seen.



Lilacs naked to the sun
giving, receiving
warm skin upon warm skin
-babe at the breast
lovers entwined-
enveloped in the scent
of loving as only
the living can know





As snowflakes
feather down
through the sheer
weight of silence
a lone dove rests
twilight colored
a perfect match
for spruce shelter.



Walk through life
looking back
and you hit closed doors
step off cliffs.

To enjoy the past
sit on a rock
in the sun
and grow wise.





Lowly is no apt description of the evanescent jellyfish in the daily beach creature low tide beauty show.



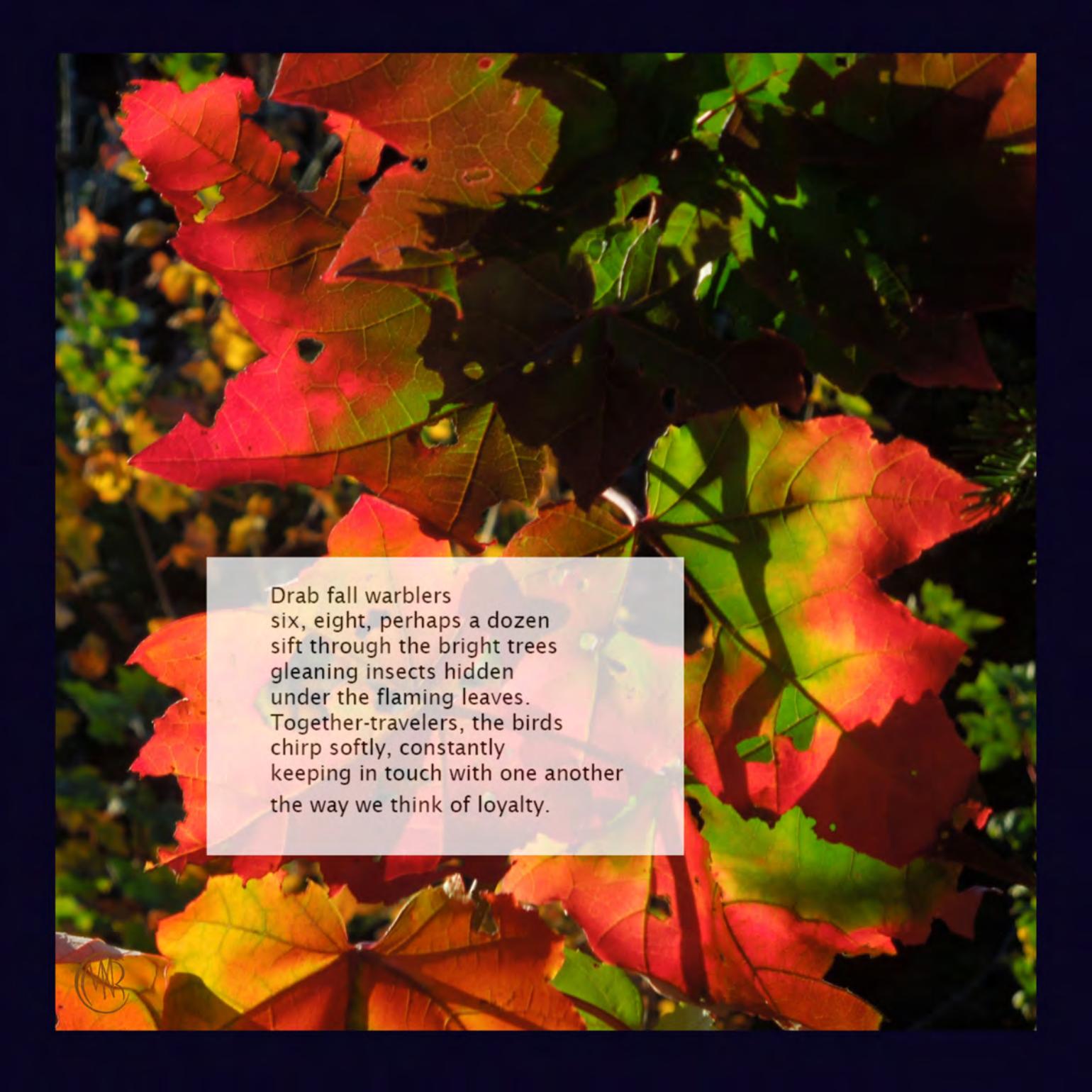
Calling these
lower plants
completely
misses
their point.





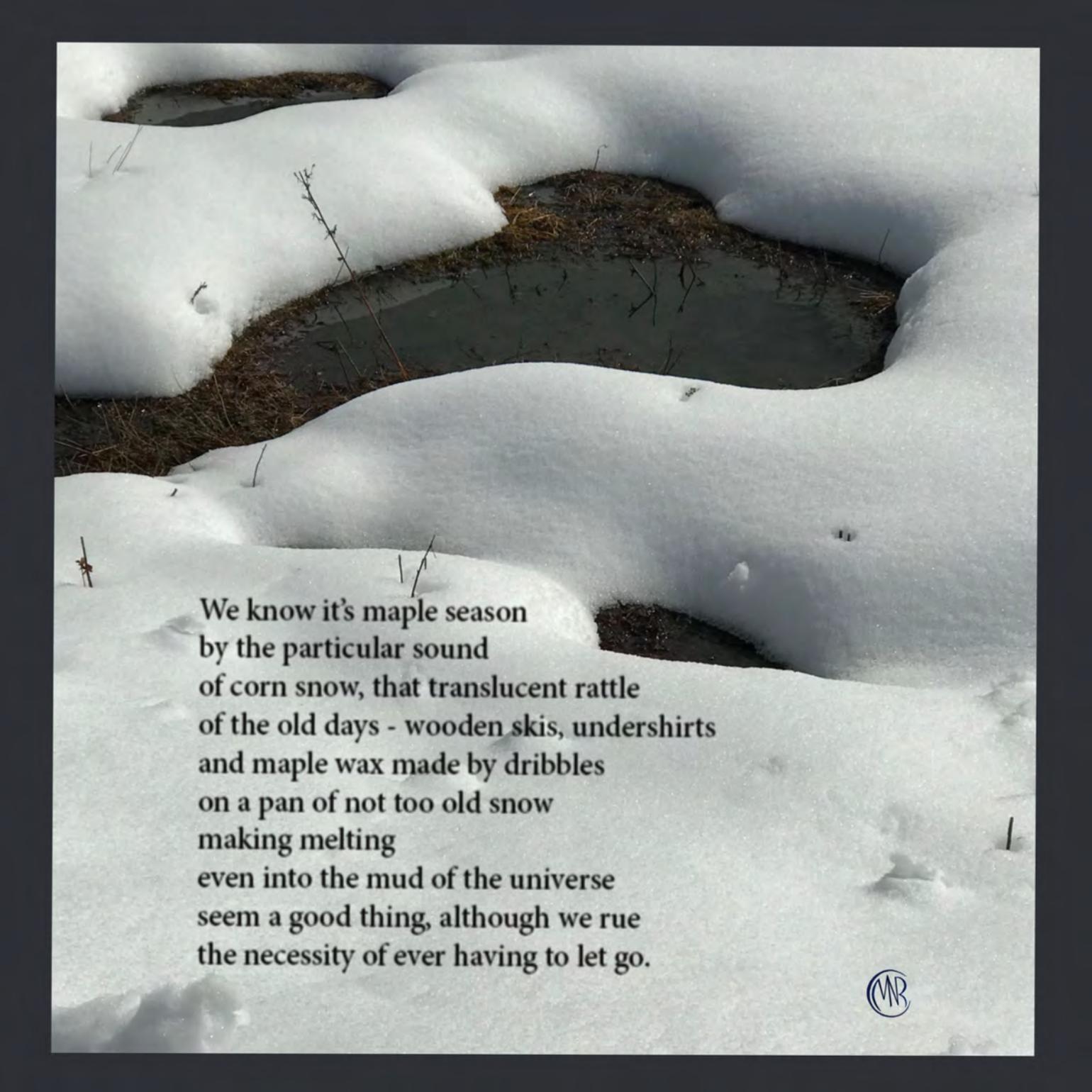
To the elderly, ill,
or merely impatient
low-hanging fruit
looks rewardingly
sweet.





Drab fall warblers
six, eight, perhaps a dozen
sift through the bright trees
gleaning insects hidden
under the flaming leaves.
Together-travelers, the birds
chirp softly, constantly
keeping in touch with one another
the way we think of loyalty.





We know it's maple season
by the particular sound
of corn snow, that translucent rattle
of the old days - wooden skis, undershirts
and maple wax made by dribbles
on a pan of not too old snow
making melting
even into the mud of the universe
seem a good thing, although we rue
the necessity of ever having to let go.



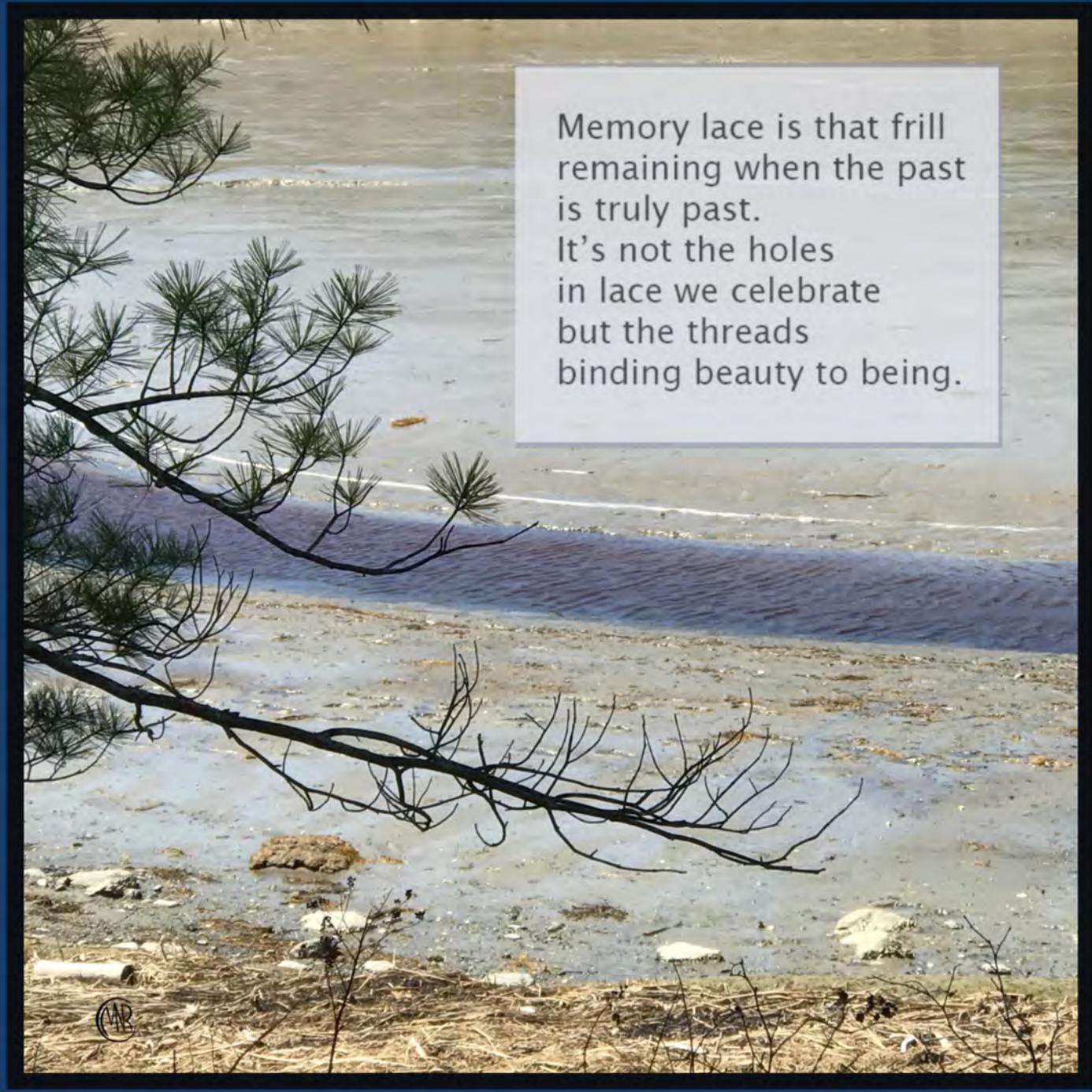


Tarnish clouds now veil
the noon spring air
in February breath
before the long climb
up March hill.





New buds, new leaves
blushing spring world
rosy breath of May's
sweet inexperience.



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.



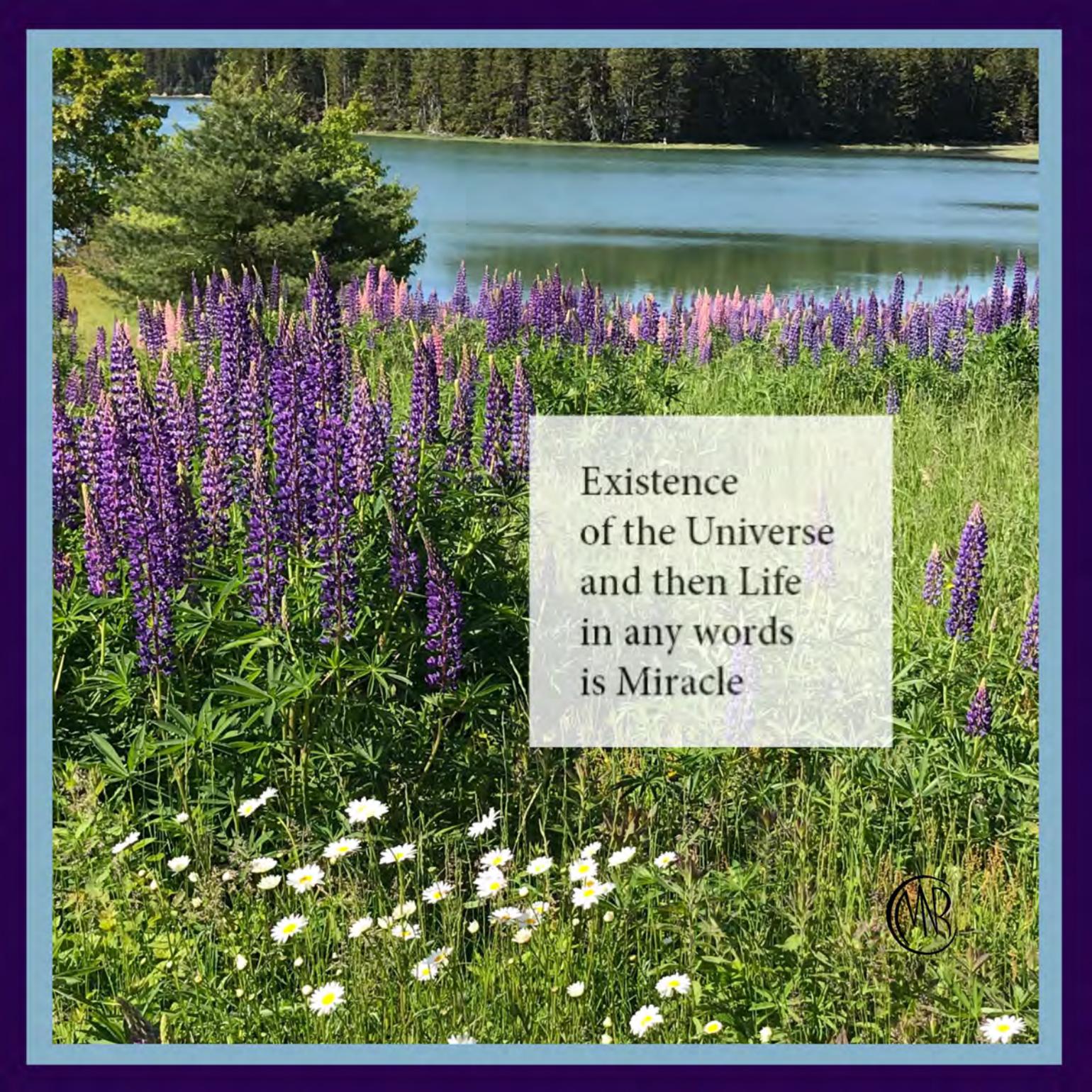
Mind rides
the pen across the page
in search of the
pure adventure of poem.





It's okay that sometimes
it's just
too hard
to make up
your mind.





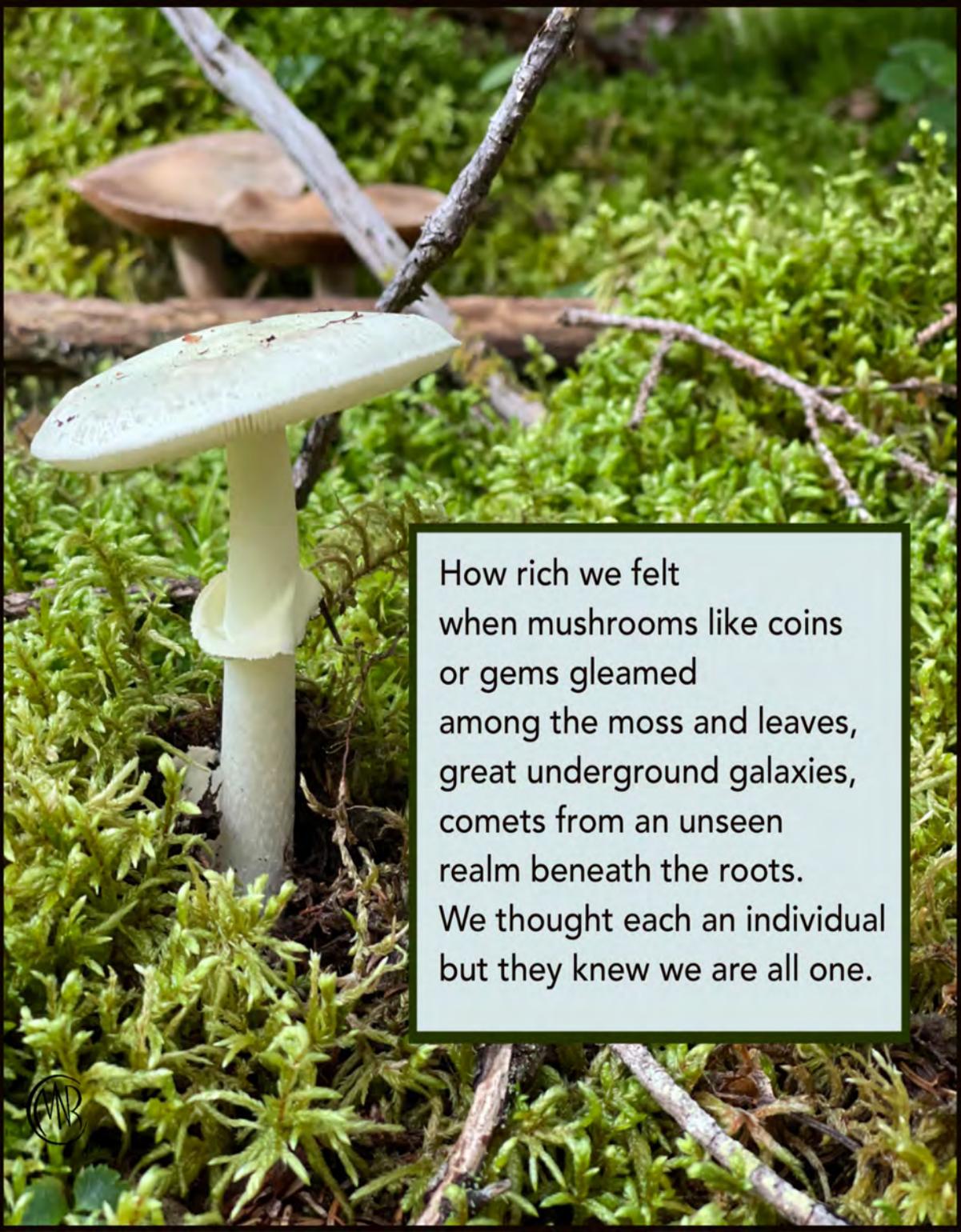
Existence
of the Universe
and then Life
in any words
is Miracle





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.



How rich we felt
when mushrooms like coins
or gems gleamed
among the moss and leaves,
great underground galaxies,
comets from an unseen
realm beneath the roots.
We thought each an individual
but they knew we are all one.





No need to know
their names
to know
how charming they are!

In my next life
I want
to come back
and dance
on life's mud flats
at low tide
as one of you.



A photograph of a person sitting on a tree branch, looking out. The person is wearing a dark jacket with a light-colored pattern. The background is a clear, light blue sky. The tree has green needles, suggesting it might be a conifer. The overall mood is peaceful and contemplative.

Take words for a walk
where wilds can mean
anything we did not ask for.
Be a poet noticing those rocks
and rills and trees and toads.

Mind's games and foghorns
and spotlights are Hand-Me-Up
gifts of noticing and when eyes
and ears are both reporting in
the brain does not forget.

As your gaze travels the distant mountain range



do you see
obstruction
or
endurance?



Pin the orchid on the matron's dress.
Fasten it on the prom girl's wrist.
Centerpiece the banquet table
but orchids' true glory stands
stately, quiet, and free
in the sunshine of the wild world.



Oh to be like
the Christmas rose
cheerfully bearing
all our Decembers.





Eew, there's a bug
in my blossom!
Relax, that's pollination.
Whether you see all your
gritty, sweaty work
as calluses or pay or skills
depends on how you look at life.

They call it going overboard.
When spring snowflakes fall
arrow straight to muddy earth
lobster boats which wintered long
in the snug tide zone of yards
aglow with Christmas lights
now turtle ponderously down
potholed roads lined with leafing birches
to join the sea in celebration
of returning Downeast spring.



Like a wrapped box
with your name
under deep snow
spring bulbs arrived.





grey day
blue hills
green waves
red haze of maple flowers
one warbler with a yellow spot—
what a tiny bird to bear the flame of spring.

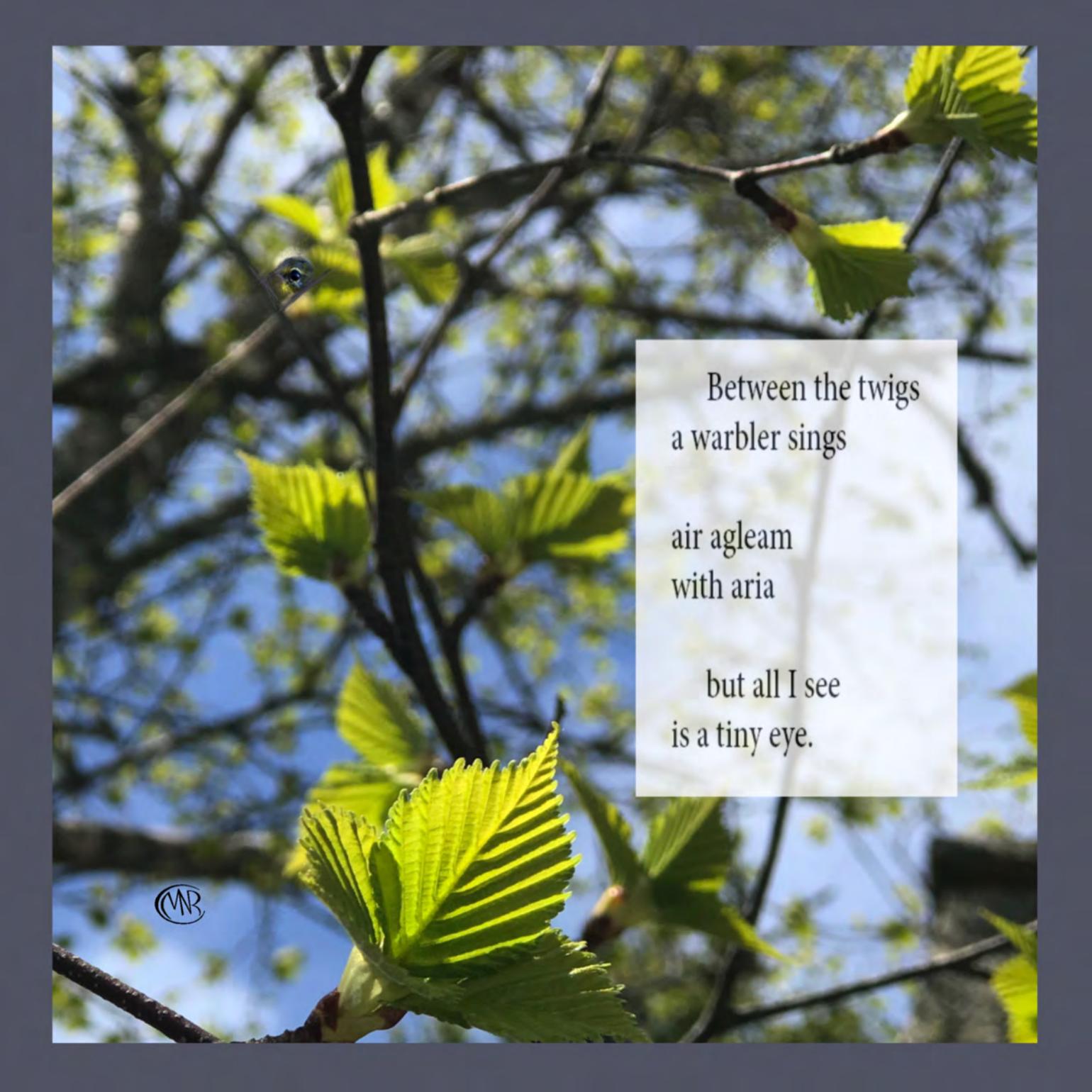




Click and rustle
of palm fronds
meeting in the dark
whispers
in our dreams.



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

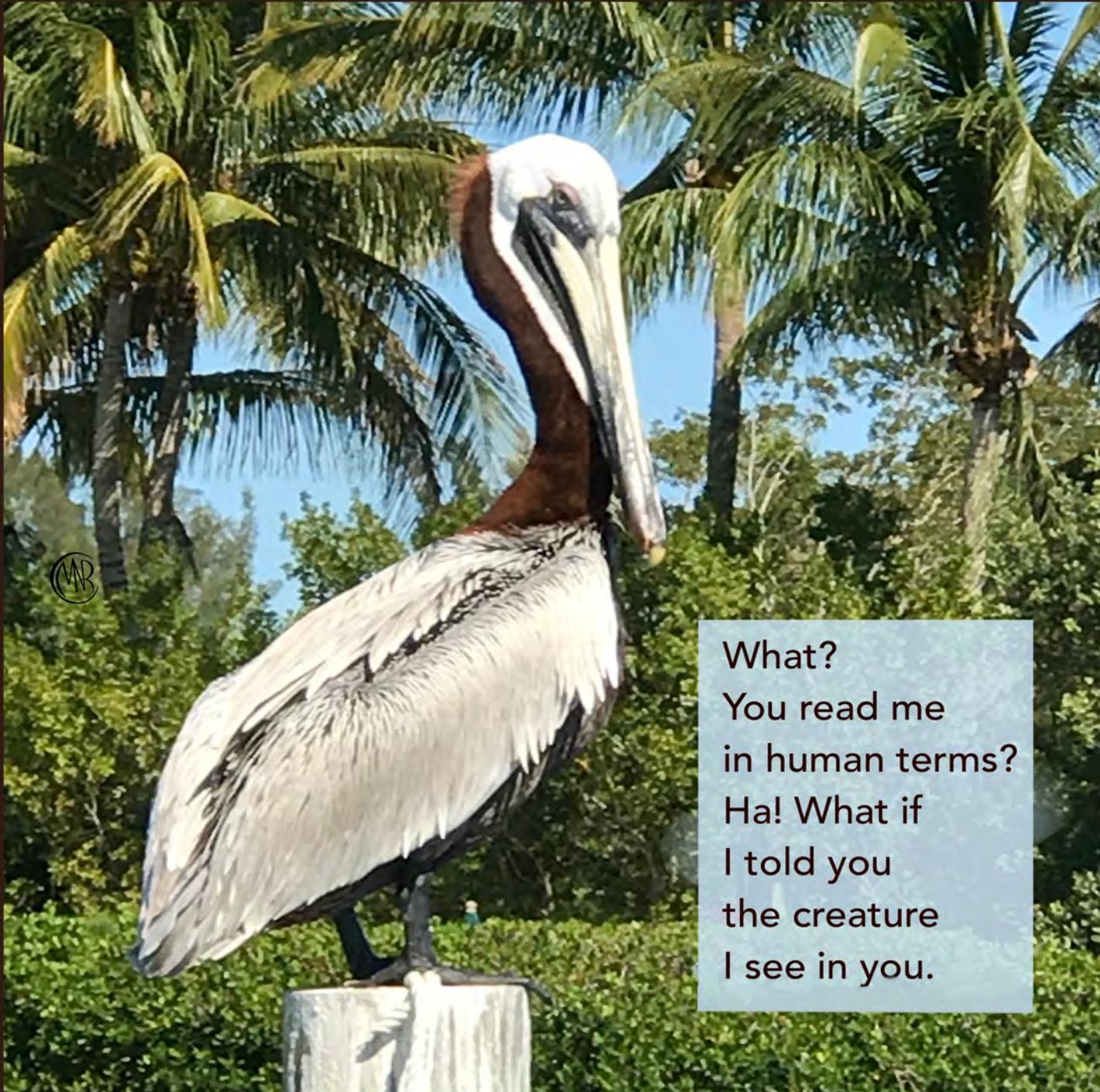


Between the twigs
a warbler sings

air a gleam
with aria

but all I see
is a tiny eye.



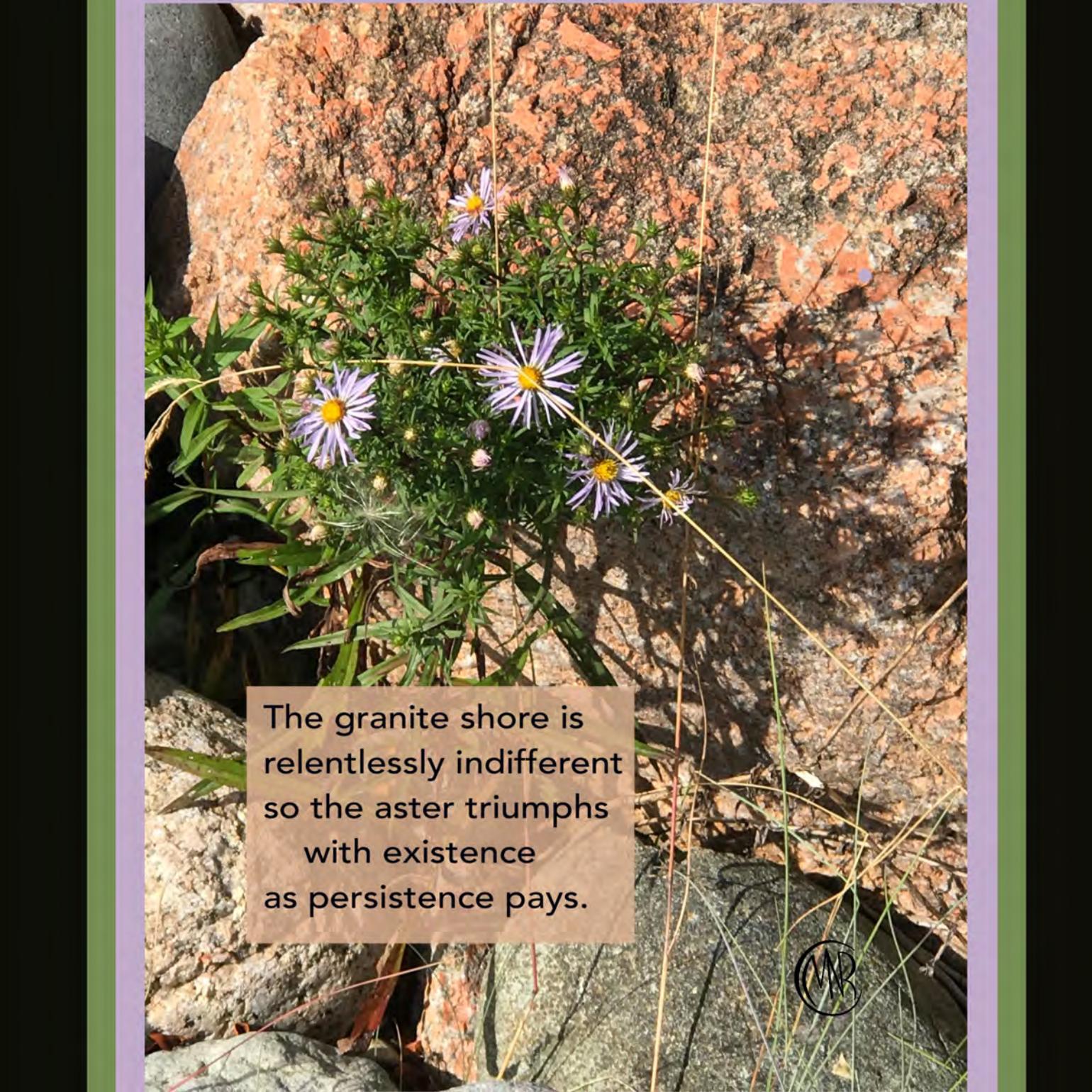


What?
You read me
in human terms?
Ha! What if
I told you
the creature
I see in you.



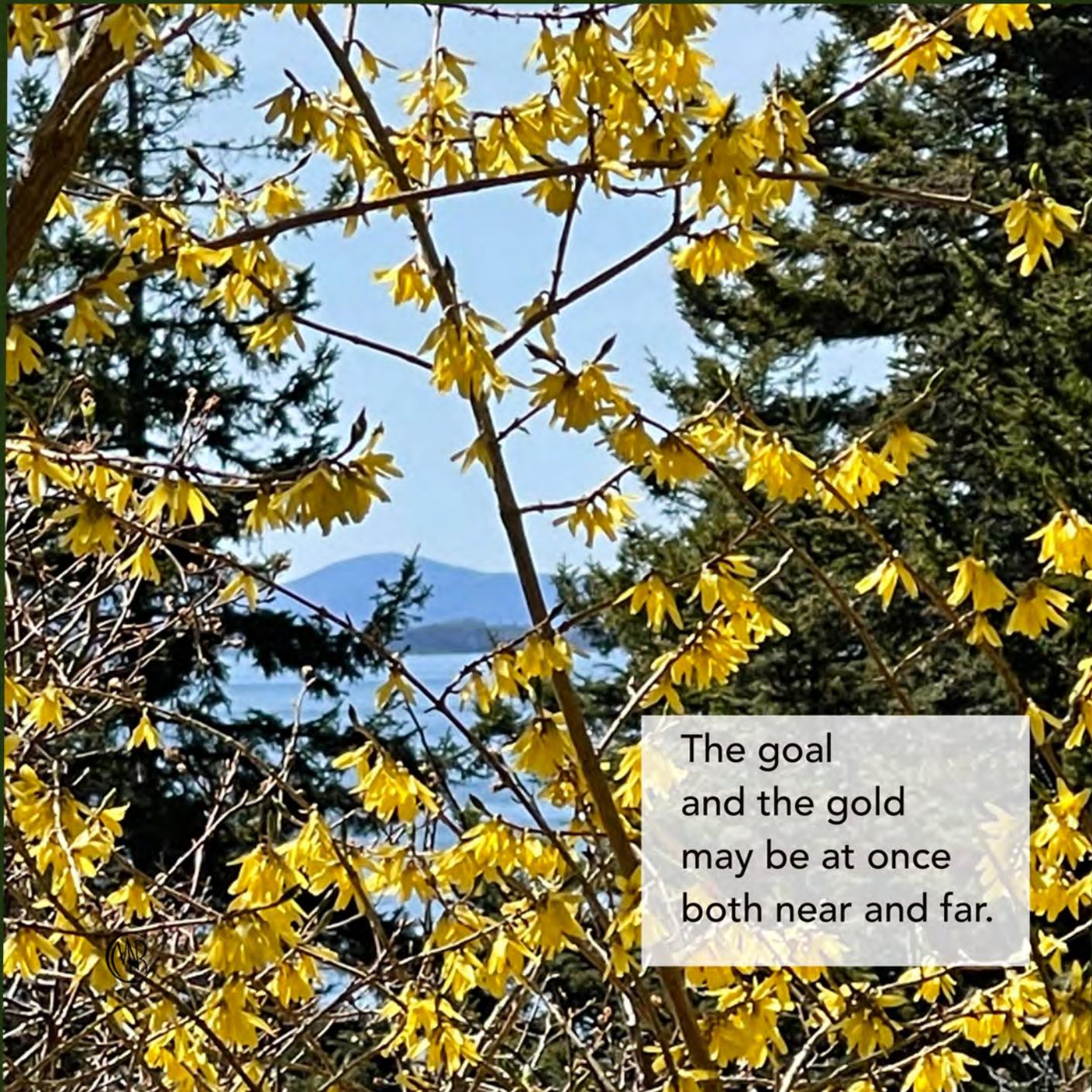
Beyond perfection
however humble
anything more
is only also.





The granite shore is
relentlessly indifferent
so the aster triumphs
with existence
as persistence pays.





The goal
and the gold
may be at once
both near and far.



**Torrents torrents torrents
the windshield wipers sing
as they beat out the rhythm
spring rain spring rain.**

**She waits in her car
till the school bus comes
watches her son step off
turn back to the steps
commanding his little sister
“Hug on”.**

**She smiles as he carries
her laughing over the puddles
and gullied road
enjoying her small arms
tight around his neck.**

