STATES

Am I ess ess
eye ess ess
I pee pee eye

Am eye ess ess
oh you
are I.

Am I ann ann
eye ess ess
oh tea ay.

Ay ell
ay bee
ay am
ay

See oh ann
ann ee see
tee eye see
you tea

Am eye see aitsh
eye gee
ay ann.

I ell ell eye
ann oh why
(ess)
III u noy

Oh are
ee gee
oh ann

Eh are I
zee oh
ann ay

Am eye ann ann
uh ess ess oh tah

Tea ee ex
ay ess

See ay ell eye
eff oh are
ann eye oh

Aitch ah
double you ah
ee (hiccup) ee

Am oh ann
tea ay n ay

Eff ell oh
are eye
dee ay

Ann ee
double you
why oh are kay

Double you
eye ess
see oh ann
ess eye ann

Double you
ay ess aitsh
eye ann gee
tee oh ann
MONEY-HONEY honey
money money honey honey

Two words, five letters,
four the same,

Honey: flower-gathered
sweet stored in combs
of six-sided cells.

Money: paper printed
illusions we give value,
computered numbers.

Money is what the
square root of minus one
is in mathematics:

an illusionary quantity
we give quality
for illusive realities.

Betting imaginary realities
made a few shamefully rich.
practically overnight.

Bees patiently gather honey
one flower to another, busy,
and so fertilize plants.

Bees are all too real,
now killed by
imported foreign lice.

Plants need bees
to make seeds
for new plants.

Of course we’re smart
and have solutions
for killing lethal lice.

But in the meantime
what will fertilize?
Insects, frogs, mice?

Human brains can think
only machines
or chemical poison

To connect the dots:
our overwhelming presence
in the Middle East

sent home to mom
the B3 virus
that kills our bees.

with the compliments
of US forces
overseas.

june 2006
A DARK DUSK
IN AN AUGUST

Cannot call this sunset
haven't seen the sun
all day
assume it is going
down behind the clouds, but I don't know.

Now, straight ahead
a slit in the cloud cover
a sliver of pale blue,
very pale against the
gray of thick rainclouds.

Blue quickly covered,
now far far away
perhaps.

Hey, blue is back!
fighting for a hole
to look at me --
nobody else sees
what I see:
the dance of clouds

Again blue has moved
to the right, that is
south,
not where the wind comes from.

Wet wind joins the fight
against the dull drab
gravel gray
deep darkness

A last eye of blue
yet further south
where the wind
now does come from.

Cool pushing back
the heat
of august sun.

2007
O

from or for
for from or
call for more
four boar
odd war lore
four sore ore
lost ball fore
four sore oar
for storm shore
store door for
borrow color
roar for chore
from nor
for from
or...
Planet

There is no number for the number of planets there are in our universe.

Our earth is one.

Here
where we live,
billions, trillions of us,
in shapes undreamt of,
colors of the rainbow
and then some,
over, under the horizon,
but always in
the planet's skin.

Our home has no walls
no boundaries.
Foundation is rock
its roof the air
getting thinner
farther from the planet;
perhaps tapering
to the void.

It is hot here, and cold,
and wet and dry,
and dark and light,
fast-moving and slow-

Our earth is,
as the sun is,
and islands;
as thunder is,
and rain is;
as gravity is
light is.

My body is, what else?

However.

My feelings,
my sorrows, my joys,
pains and aches,
my judgments,
thoughts and my
reflections,
even memories perhaps,
exist outside the "is".

Where? Who cares.

They are mine for now.
And when I go they
transform to drops of
dew on the tips of
palm leaves at 5 am.

2003-2008
no groundwater
under lava

Hello sun,
you’re here today,
but hiding behind
thick overcast.
Day after day
“cloud cover”
as they say.
Hot enough
but dark.
Please sun,
we need rain
but we need you
too.

Hello rain,
don’t you
like it here?
A few minutes
but you don’t stay.
Teasing drips
is not enough.
Plants, trees,
are holding on,
but barely.
We need sun
but we need you
too.

We need
sun and rain,
rain and sun,
to stay alive.

Maybe tomorrow?

2005
ITCH

some people get  when I grew up
high blood pressure nobody knew
others eat sweets that sun is bad
and swell… for white

I itch.

I have friends who drink,
as I tried my best
others smoke dope…
to be as brown

I itch.
as all my friends.

and now I itch!

there are swearers
and sobbers

I itch.

one jumps

from female to female

another jumps oceans
to flee…

I itch.

yesterday glorious,

the day before, storm…

I itch.

there are shower singers

and basso balladeers

I itch.

the doctor told me
I had too much sun
that’s why I itch.

2010
I LIVE ON FAITH TODAY

early this morning I saw the moon go out
and not see it light up again.

before the moon had a chance
dawn came
and with it came the fog.

***************

they said “totality”
would be at four something AM,
and it was,
it most certainly was total.

there were faint stars I had not seen
near where I knew the moon to have been
just minutes earlier.

***************

when I went to sleep last night
did not plan to watch the eclipse.
but woke up,
awake in time
to see
the full moon shrink through
a whole cycle of phases in forty minutes.

at one time there was a faint ring outlining.
then all that was left of the moon was a sliver,
and a faint soft pink disk, until the moon evaporated,
totally, at 4:34 AM on april 24th, 1986.

***************

lit incense,
chanted OM,
but the moon did not show when i waited.

***************

I live on faith today
because my eyes saw the moon disappear,
totally,
and saw it not return.

think the universe is in place this morning
and that the moon will be there tonight,
so today must have faith.
can only believe that when the sun goes away
the moon will come back though my eyes saw it gone,
totally.
2012
another ABC

amusingly
amorous
ambience
business
brings
bills
classic
clammy
crank
distasteful
disastrous
disconnect
eccentric
economy
ecology
failing
flailing
freedom
geology
genealogy
gender
however
hollow
hope
intimate
incentives
inspire
jeopardy
jealous
jest
kibbles
kickstart
kitchen
loaded
lament
lost
masculine
memory
mutilates
nothing
novel
nice
old
organic
other
Peter
Paul and
Patty
Q for quick
Rrrrrrrr Ssssttttt….
Youveedoubleyou
Exwhyzea - - - ZED
CLOUDS

CLOUDS HAVE NO FORM,
HOLD NO SHAPE
AS THEY SPILL OVER
FROM FAR DIMENSIONS
BLURRING BOUNDARIES
OF AN IMAGINARY WORLD
MARKED BY LINES ON MAPS.
FROM THEIR DIMENSION
CLOUDS IGNORE
LINES, LAWS, LOVES, LIVES.
I AM NO POET...

I am no poet
to sing this longest day.

Deep inside me
a yawning yearning
to shout words
of great wonder,
of light and dark
and warmth;
delicate scents
and colors.

Praise god, goddess,
earth, life — and always
awareness.

Now sadness:
how can we so spoil the nest?

21 June 1989 (Solstice)
HOW STRANGE TO THINK...

How strange to think that life would begin at conception:
Life began millions of years ago,
it cannot be but from the beginning.
Life is, as matter and energy are.

Stranger to think that life would end at death:
where would life go? Is it a quality of matter?
or would it change to another life hereafter
(for the chosen) better than this one?

My life began when I was twelve, when I knew I was me.
A memory: caged in a concrete zoo, sad, angry...
My parents said I was not quite three then.
I’ve had a horror of zoos ever since.

A few times, my life was suspended; times I want to forget.
I began a new life after, with hope and a future,
and freedom to be who I am, and learn
and grow, grow and learn.

I cannot know what death is (yet) serious people tell me.
But I tell you, I know. I have been there.
Death is but another birth, another beginning,
for surely my life is part of all Life.

Life is what keeps the universe from running down.
Life is new beginnings and that includes deaths;
it is thinking, feeling, sensing — awareness...
mine is but a bashful bubble in the stream.

1991
CYCLES

Watching, observing
repetitive rites of love and pain;
stumble and get up again.

No resolutions
no endings, conclusions,
or deep insights.

Just an endless dance
of birth and death,
and birth again.

2001
this is aries?

days that flow without ups and sideways color or pain
without worrying or thinking deeply
without heat or wind or drizzle
seamless second into next
shallow breathing and
a name for stream
and don’t worry
be happy to
flow with

no towering waves
to force thinking
no pleasure to
experience
is enough
friendly
almost
word

……
lupines now are everywhere and those fragrant
little wood violets, iris, the first calendula,
the roses will burst out tomorrow.

1988
DREAMS

Dreams go where thoughts and memories are forbidden.

Dreams poke and burrow underneath neat nests of nice.

I dream of people with faces unfamiliar but know they’re ‘real.’

Bright colors, strange locations; even dreams in color can be dark.

I dream of futures empty of people ruins enormous.

Does a god dream dreams? Perhaps she dreams us. Or, we him.

1983