

for Oliver Everette

R o t t i n g w i n t e r t r e e s  
t o p p l e a m i d S p r i n g ' s g r e e n

Y o u r b o d y f e l l a l s o  
b e s i d e t h e w i n t e r t r e e s  
r u i n e d b y t h e c o l d

F o r m a n y f r o z e n m o n t h s . . . . .  
y o u r b r a n c h e s s a g g e d  
h a v i n g g i v e n a l l t h e i r s a p  
t o y o u n g e r t r e e s

y o u r f o r e h e a d w r i n k l e d  
l i k e b a r k

The sun stays now.....  
and your seeds are sprouting  
in soft moist earth

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published in Alaska 75 or 76

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The BIG FISH story  
for c.m. (c.a.)

You joy less ly  
let your being fill UP with her  
as she walked o v e r  
my tideless body  
with only you  
reflected in the pools of her eyes

I screamed sound less ly  
& let my (self) d r o p  
like a wounded gull  
.....from the sky

You bypassed the shattered bones,  
the torn feathers  
but I clung to you  
like a barnacle.....to a rock  
watching her c r u m b l e  
like a piece of charred drift wood

Yet.....you departed while still at my side  
for the hidden inlets of your mind

I am weary now  
weary of loving you  
weary of sorrowing

I am at ebb tide  
while you.....

you are a way  
on another ocean

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Holy / Wholly Spirit / Sprite

Most adorable Lamb of God

you send me

an electric bubble bath

.....of joy

a thousand feathers

to tickle my brain

tongues of fire

~1.2

to burn up man's logic

Flabbergasted

I am a puffy dandelion  
blown every which way  
by guesswhodidit

GOD

((alone))

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- I have dreamed -

I have dreamed.....  
that your arms are lovely  
(from the King & I)

Fireflies.....  
around the low arched door

flame in the oil lamp  
guttering

the moon a fingernail  
.....suspended like a jewel

the young man bends  
his neck to the  
carpenter bench

carefully planing the board

sun-drenched hair tied back  
with a leather thong

his sleeves pushed up  
arms matted

with downy bleached  
hair  
beads of sweat on the divine brow

caught  
(( in beauty ))

morning glory vines dripping  
around the cave window

filigrees of bright moon light  
across  
softer lamplight  
throwing patterns of light

overhanging tree branches  
caressing limestone eaves  
with gentle swishes

his color high  
spots of burnt orange  
on sun-warmed skin



sweetness revealed  
love.....unveiled

a curtain  
between centuries

l i f t e d.....for a brief instant  
thru praise  
{{ Behold the Man }}

Servant.....  
even to a dumb piece of wood

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