

Conversation

The wind
Talks through trees
Has a conversation
With palm fronds
And ironwoods

My ears listen in,
Deep in conversation
With wind
And
Trees

Fearless,
I enter this world,
Moving to new tunes
And distant stars

Joy dances in the space
Between us
Like a shadow,

As a fierce longing crouches (hungry)
In the corners of
This great space

Fishermen

They move soundlessly,
Shadows on another evening's sunset

The tide is low
As nets are cast

Then quietly, against the roar of reef
They walk, hip deep, towards shore

Three silhouettes
Against heaven's edge

Home

The mountains lift out of clouds below
bringing internal smiles
tropical air, moist, warm balm to my traveling
soul...
a friendly face at the airport
another spectacular sunset from the lanai
and another full moon
...I'm home

DAYDREAM

Dawn drifts in settling over
the morning
like spring mists on a mountain lake
at daybreak.

The sea curves round the horizon
and mango clouds choreograph the dance.

A sensuous too true blue
boogies all day in gossamer
and then, consumed by fire,
embraces the cool breast of evening
and lingers as earth yields to the
velvet touch of twilight.

An unconscious darkness steals the set
and spins the heavens around tomorrow.

An unseen hand ignites a thousand candles,
and a drowsy day sleeps the dream-filled sleep
of yesterday.

Moon Sliver

A sliver of moon hangs over the mountain
Stars rise as night falls
I walk the path to a room filled with loneliness

Sunsets

The lagoon at sunset
Is a ballet of color
And hue
Choreographed
And staged

Each evening
A new performance
With the same cast

And dancing in
Sea and sky
To a final curtain
One bright star

A landscape of Possibilities

In the heat of summer
I sweat
Dig
Move

As the air hangs sullen
And still

My work is a promise
A healing
An oath, taken to extremes

In the garden
Exist a million possibilities
Worms and flowers and song

Then I drop shovel
And wade waist deep
In the cool turquoise
Of a midday lagoon

And float
In an ocean of poems

Morning Walks

Morning walks confirm
The earth is round
As light and color play
On curving horizons

The lagoon turns from grey to azure
Clouds from ghost white to crimson
Surf roars in the distance
Like freight trains along a mid-western plain

I embrace the dew
Hanging crystalline from an ironwood branch
And notice a full moon
Overhead in cobalt

Crabs scurry, wakeful
Easy waves lap at the shore
A neighbor's dog walks beside me
The sun coming slowly to our backs

Like a spider's web
Connections are made
As daybreak whispers sweet,
Weaves me whole

Mountain Mist

Mists drape the timeless mountain
As a shawl on the old woman's shoulders

White birds appear
And disappear
From deep within her bosom

Is there a secret they know?
She knows?

Holding the gossamer close
She awaits tomorrow's sunrise

Rain Song

Rain sings a brief riff
Backed up by an orchestra
Of reef breakers

A late afternoon jazz fest
An early evening boogie

Leaves and flowers
Drip
Drip
Syncopate
A chorus of possibilities

Idle

In my idleness
I watch a bird
Perched on a hibiscus

Double flamed flowers
Frame his home

I watch the summer come again
And wonder if I will ever return