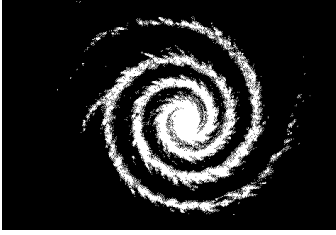


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As Our Own Star Recedes

As our own star recedes
The distant stars become visible
Possibilities emerge that were
Hidden from view.
Now far from the metropolis
A plethora of suns emit
Light I never imagined

Caught up by the smallness
Of my thinking
I limit the great I AM
Even as he could do no miracles
In His hometown

I must decrease He will increase
Inevitable as dawn follows night
We walk by faith and
Not by sight



Like a Legend

When the clouds come in
Cold invisible
Seizes the wind
Sand reflects no human form
To my eyes
The parking lot alone
Yawns for empty cars

A hardy soul or two
Head toward the shore
Plastic bags in hand
Seeking treasures
Frothed by oceans brewing

What is that dot moving on a wave?
Sliding
One hundred yards out
Someone in a wet suit
Dares the angry sea on a board

I stare intently
Until mist hides like an apparition
All I had seen or imagined

But the roar
Like the echo of a legend
Remains



A pearl in the shell

I have called you

Out of confusion

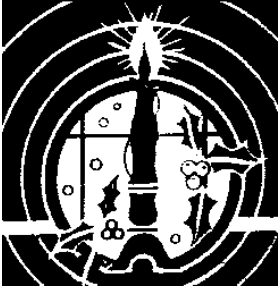
Into beauty

A pearl in the shell

Irritated by the sand

Pried open by a child

Glistening on the beach



Angel bells

Sound shimmering

Tinsel reflecting

Candle wax dripping

Bells ding dinging

Shadows on the ceiling

Lifting me to imagined wings

Brushing by me so softly

The air seems to flutter

I squint to see into this

Otherworld and leave

This one to wonder

Where I went



Art Tatum

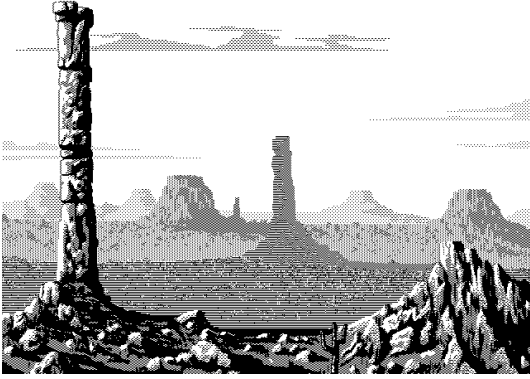
They come and go
Not seeing or knowing
The hands that blur surprise
There, in the corner
His genius travels
Turning eighty-eight keys
Into thousands of threads
A tapestry
Constantly changing
While couples talk loudly

Forgetting the song

Who gives this skill beyond words?
How does pain emerge as beauty?

Easily forgotten
Except to the ear that hears
The breath of God

June 2007



Distance

What is this distance?

This absence of grace sufficient

I look for your strength

To be perfect in weakness

I wrestle like Jacob with destiny

Please O Resurrected One

Show forth your strength



Dreaming's Door

Inside the shell
Then sounds the ocean
Or does my ear betray me?

In my deepest sleep
I hear a voice
SAVE THE CHILDREN
I awake shaking

Falling rain
A steady pour
Lulls me back to dreaming's door
Not knowing where
Or when

April 16 2008



Maturity

Help me to walk in
The simplicity of your love
The innocence of a child
The wisdom of Solomon
And the boldness of a lion
Could this be
Maturity?



Ps 62.5

*My soul wait silently for God alone
For my expectation is from Him*

Expectations

As long as I have expectations of others

I will be disappointed

When my expectation is of you alone

Father

I step through a doorway to Life.

I surrender my loved ones

My aspirations

And thus receive

Divine

Inspiration



Requiem for a Veteran

After the war is fought
And heroes have been cast in bronze
Our champions brittle and dismissed
Lie waiting in wheelchairs
While vague mists take them
To times and places
That shaped that moment
They least expected

Once a year a distant thunder
Sounds in the ears of
Mr. Orwell's history class
Until the bell rings
And fleeing feet run
Unfettered to the school bus

Still the memory lingers
This present freedom
Would not breathe without
Him who soon
Will breathe his last
As the TV droning
Laughs
So softly in the corner

5/20/07



I sing to you in the garden

I sing to you in the garden

Meet with you in the morning light

In the well watered garden of my soul

A place beyond words



Clear the Way for the People

Your shoe step echoes dance within my heart

As backpack man yells, "help"

The second time around the block

The cart man overfilled pauses to blow his nose

And sits upon the garbage can

An older woman in black

Red purse echoing her lips

Searches for yesterday

Normal has changed its address.

Two with multicolored hair hold hands

Somehow genderless

Feed the meter

Chronos makes kosmos money

Do you want antibiotics with your beef?

Do you need an office, the sign asks?

As bicycle riders defy the red light again

Decadence says

Be different

Is there a place where innocence prevails?

The false feet of progress
Approach my resting place
With reflections of tomorrow
Presumption demands surrender
To its fear and calculated chaos
So many souls confined to
The hard drive of statistics

The more we mass in one location
The din of our mutual existing
Drowns out the silent opportunity to hear
Over the Hilton tower
Pastel clouds imply
A giant in the heavens
Something brutal lurks here
While young lovers try to find surprise

Take out the stumbling stones
Clear the way for the people



Sand Dollar

Yesterday
Walking down the beach
I prayed
"Lord I haven't found an intact sand dollar
In twenty years
I know it is possible for you
To help me find one"
I took two steps and there was a perfect
Sand dollar
The currency of the beach
I took three steps and another
Five more steps and another
Sand
Dollar
A few steps more and one last sand dollar
Waited for my expectant touch
That was all I could carry in my right hand
The left one carried driftwood.

You who created all things
You who sees the small as well as the infinite
You have called and chosen me
How can I doubt your care?

Was the sand dollar already there
Waiting for my prayer?
Or did it suddenly appear?

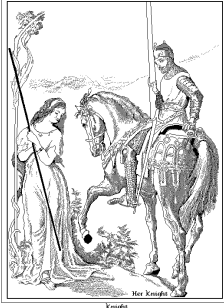


Sanity

A motorcycle in the background
Hurry tries to invent escape
Bells toll in augmenting chord
Rest is just a heartbeat away

A helicopter hovers overhead
Searching the latest gun shot in the night
High above the cumulus
Morning star shines bright

Jet stream bends the sunbeams
Around my inner life
Thanksgiving joy and gladness
Make for a single mind



Still Life

Just before morning the evil sister saw a
Glass slipper shimmering in the
Dew drop dawn.
Rushing to grab it before the
Light exposed her treachery
She slipped and falling
Smashed the promise of an earthly kingdom
To shattered fragments.
A tiny shard embedded in her eye
The blood began to flow
So that now she dared not cry
For fear of blind reward

The magic spell now broken
The Prince could no longer find the foot that fit
The fairy tale he had seen in the mirror
So far away

As evil sister screamed in pain
Cinderella forgot for a moment
Who had called her by name
And sent warm sunshine
To lift her from despair

She reached for words and
Sent them spinning into the air
Forming crystal impressions on the dawn

She could not hear or see
For now her eyes beheld
The shattered dream sparkling in the dawn
Like blinding specks of gold
To her imagining
Tears like transparent paint
Brushed her to this canvas

A child who screams at night
Until her last breath exhausts itself
No longer has strength
To rage against her imprisonment
There in the solitary cell
Nothing is left of all that sustained her beauty
And silence sends its calm

Breathing again ever so slowly
She looks into the mirror as
Some eternal being
Stares back at her with
Wide-eyed surprise.
The familiar person she had worn
Was peeled away
Like sunburned skin
In the brilliant glare

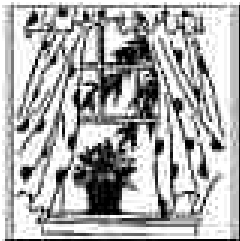
A woman taken from the side of Adam
Holds a child toward the sky
As now she sees the ages passing
A thousand years
A twinkling of an eye

She lies back in her bed
Now it is her turn to listen
The child inside
Was not betrayed but dancing.

And the song began again

*Where is the Joy without the pain
What good is sun without the rain?
The seed that seemed buried forever in grief
Emerges a Lilly transforms to a leaf
Spring comes round a bud comes forth
A flower springs out of the silent earth
No illusions power you will see
Is greater than loves simplicity*

2007



The center of my kitchen

I listen for the
Opportune sound of tomorrow
Promise drawing near
I whistle to the sunrise
Pouring in my back door
A morning bird replies
Better than I can imagine

All is well for those
Who do not concern themselves
With things to wonderful
But calmly survey today's
Threads of light

As darkness fades
Heat warms the center of my kitchen
Hot coffee begins to percolate.



Too Small

Your world is too small
As you sit in the hall
Recounting the steps
That led you to this design

Not long ago
You drank of the fountain
And shouted praise
To His Holy Mountain
Where Lion lies down with the lamb.

Doctor



Waiting for Dr Jones

Waiting for Dr Jones
Waiting – Waiting
Reading a book
I disappear to Nova Scotia
Waiting

I feel anger arise
My fellow patients line up in chairs
Cell phones ringing
Loud conversations call me back to
Kaiser clinic
Waiting

Why do they call us patients?
Now I understand

I'm reminded of my arrogance
How Noah waited
Abraham waited
Jesus coming back from prayer
At Gethsemane
Couldn't you watch with me
One hour?

4/30/08



What a wonderful journey

Through the veil

Together

What a Holy Communion

Drinking from Your fountain

Walking on Your Mountain

You are walking in our midst

Vibrating

Humble servant

Friend

In the clean water

I love you

In this house with you

A fountain flows

The sound of living water



Sundown

What is it about sundown?

That causes us to wander around

Arm in arm waiting

As the pastel light fades

Shivering

We hug each other

Eager for the beauty that remains

Your mercies are new



Out of the coffin of sleep
A glimpse of morning
Penetrates my dreaming

And calls me
Like Samuel
Up from the depths
To decompress into today

Fractured visions
Like Saul's inquiries
Try to trap me in a false embrace
Hold me to the night

Imagined scenarios play
Like newspaper stories
Through my thoughts
Anger attempts to subdue me

My eyelids open
No wide-eyed witch awaits me
No king who dreads the day
Only the quiet light reminding
The debt is already paid

Yes by Your blood
And through your love
I know
My soul is saved