

Informal Haiku

Mason jars,
blue green reflections,
over walls,
shades of leaves
winds softly fan,
sift quietness,
fill the room, this
space-----
There's no sound of traffic,
the lisp of the air conditioner-----
No, here there is only
this near stillness, the petals
glass muffled, a very selfless
hush. So
shadow ghost life, but vessel
brimful, content, I learn what
silhouettes teach & how to be
smaller than these slight slight
rustles

How the Untitled Forms

Umbrellas, fallen flowers
under pines on the front lawn-----
The wet wet grass is not responsible
for such littered vestiges left bent & pale.
Street lamps light raindrops on stretched
nylon skin, on sheer Oriental shapes.
By morning they'll seem sculptured-----
Petals snatched from wind & thrust
against earth, a nature-made commentary
about patterns within force.
Like this, we too are tossed
out onto the night, yet come together
again as something of beauty,
glistening mortal & imperfect,
but somehow strangely transformed
by the very act of going through
that weather, that storm, that air.

Human Interest

Reading through the paper,
light shining behind the lines-----
These words are one Pentimento
after another,
reflective for the old questions:
"Out there...what is happening?"
I know
I do not know
except occasionally-----
Jet stream fed
yet incapable of holding
stopping time bursting:
Goose bumps, the skin's fiery
liquid, faster than sound, even
earth movement-----
These clouds,
we roots, ink-stitched,
shape space by although,
that too is beyond
our knowledge & grasp.

My Angels

Have wrinkles & are tired.

"It's like having x-ray sight," they say,
"looking into time."

Still, how uncanny, to behold feelings
like vetch, to tune in on the hives'
homing signal, eavesdrop on thoughts,
dream lover dialogues, the lonely solidarity
of humans talking, (all at once),
to themselves.

To exist, to exist, is the manna of hands,
the cause of life tossed from rooftops
& caught as laundry intertwining each border.

No, it's not a psychic's grasp.
Here history is present & the future
an opinion formed by the forecast of
perspective angling views to an Eiffel.

Perched there, near, my angels are
your angels, believers unseen.
Once they were pedestrians, now, voyeurs,
sky patrollers, they fly-----
That wing of warmth at your back,
or throb of rain,
subsiding.