



The Tulips Puckered Up

The Dutchman hung up his breeches
and the tulips puckered up.
The dog's tooth pierced a violet
while the sun poured butter into cups.

Little Jack in his pulpit,
spoke of a spirited soul renewed.
The bells rang out their splendor,
painted an exquisite shade of blue.

Spring beauty wrapped around me,
Mayflowers danced with the wind.
Blue-eyed Mary sat and wondered
on the magic that God does send.



Fantasea

Floating on the Fantasea,
breezes of passion's wind,
awash in dreams of imagery
as desire's depth transcends.

Sailing on the Fantasea,
inhibitions cast aside,
riding waves of sensuality
to nature's rhythmic tide.

Drifting on the Fantasea
whet with instinctual thought,
compelling visions lead me
to imaginative figments sought.

Awaking on the Fantasea
to musings of Eratos freed,
a soul's journey into ecstasy
is the genesis of it's seed.

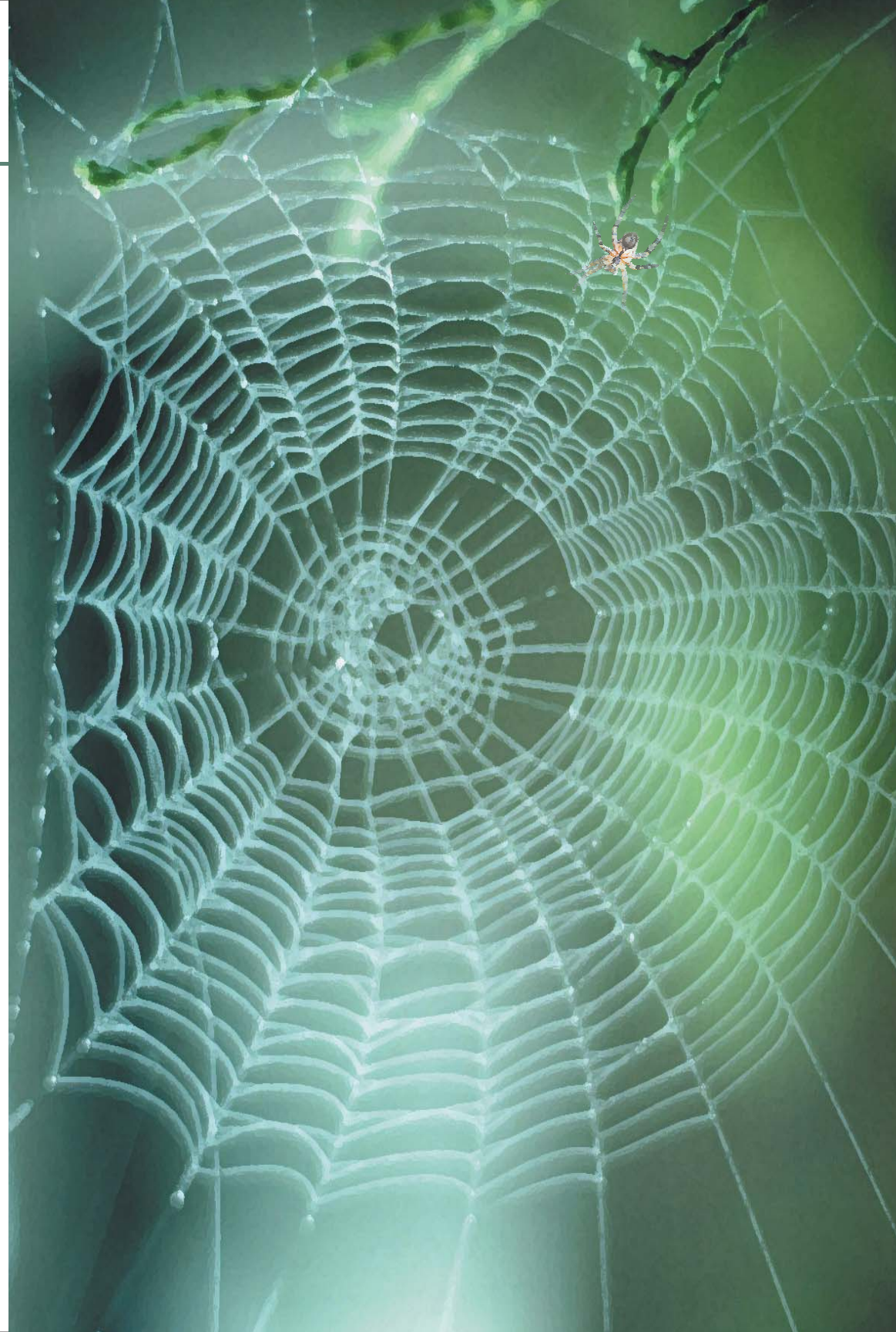


Circle Weaver

She started at dawn,
as the birds informed one another
of their hopes for the day.
Flying from the post
to the waiting arms of the bramble bush,
then free falling to the grasses
ornamenting the walkway below.
Forming the triangle,
her trilogy of strength.

She wove her way to dead center,
creating the definition of a phrase
as the circles of her life she spun,
designing one-of-a-kind art,
a summer's snowflake,
her fingerprint in space.
Line by line, tie by tie,
moment by moment,
until from the outer edges of her realm
to the sweet center she wove
the threaded rings of her universe.

All the while, she carried
an unborn generation on her back
in the sac Nature had
obligingly created for her,
so as to keep her working
to the circle's inevitable end.
Days from now, hours from now,
innumerable trips around the center from now,
she would give birth to that generation
giving her life in the process.
Revolving full circle, her life complete,
in the cycle of circle weavers.



Haiku I



*Dialogue of sound
surrounds communicating
messages from life.*





A Paradise Grown

Quickly He bent over
perhaps for the zillionth time.
Caring for the life around Him
as if creating fine wine.
A hummingbird floated nearby,
lunching with the Trumpet vine.

Carefully He choose colors.
Which ones to pick and where,
like an old Master's landscape created
skillfully painted layer upon layer.
Selecting from Natures infinite pallet
showing great expertise, subtle flair.

Slowly He stood up,
critiquing the Eden thus sown.
Were the textures mixed correctly;
the right spacing, proper tone?
From afar I sat watching, knowing,
a Paradise this Gardener had grown.





Forests of Knowledge

Trees speak of forever
With a knowledge to impart
If you listen very quietly
Forests whisper to your heart

Their numbers are innumerable
And each is so unique
One is chiseled, cut and drawn
Another obtuse and oblique

Knothole eyes smile and wink
And others bore down deep
They search within your soul
For the secrets that you keep

Ancient wisdom is found nestled
In a tree of many faces
With the circling of the lifetimes
And passing of eternal phases

Spirited images gaze down
With long impassioned glances
Loving energy seeps up and out
And through the many branches

Healing breath surrounds you
For the trees create your air
From an atmosphere of serenity
In Mother Nature's abiding care

It's why lovers feel at peace
While strolling in the woods
A forest's intimate knowledge
Of sacred romance understood

Shadows cast bring detail
And honest knowledge shared
Truth is found along this path
If belief in them but dared

Remember looking up at clouds
And all the images you've seen
A man dancing with a bear
Or a girl bowing to a queen

Every forest does the same
Regardless of time or season
Any tree presents the answers
Making sense in rhyme and reason

An oak will speak of courage
While the pines present security
Weeping willows give compassion
The old sequoia relates maturity

When all the leaves join in
A real soiree can be thrown
Inspiring fresh perspectives
As seeds of thought are sown

Wind increases the chatter
And there is no where to hide
When face upon face is presented
And depth is captured alive

Life answers can be heard
By those who know to listen
And keep an open mind
In forests of knowledge given