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watching the earth breathe

with thanks to Giles Slade, after Raymond Carver

watching the earth breathe
can become habit-forming, wind
touching incessantly at our clothes
tossing our hair, tousling spirits

we are water settling from sky
gathering in the folds of leaves
seeping into soil
watching the earth breathe

can become habit-forming
done tenderly with heart stirring
watching the earth newborn
on a grey morning. he told me

ideas travel first in drops
rills of thought become creeks
springs erupt into streams, streams into rivers
rivers open-mouthed to the sea

where thought comes together
with other thought
it pleases me

seahorse migrations

falling in love with our stories as
they rise from their deep-rooted places

called forth by
any little question
a chance encounter

an imagined look upon an imagined face, and all
remembered glimpses
of past times

drifting upward now —
quick & quick —
seeking the air
in droves

here the golden one
here the hungry one
here the singing one
this one, afraid

each tail has slipped its mooring as
sunlight calls through whispering water
urgent for redemption

craving the air &
all good things
that may happen there

deep plants remain and growing
seahorses ever hopeful

rise & rise

reflections (interdependence)

the three of us
sun & moon & earth
weave our webbed light

old moon held in young moon's arms
shining by the light of the ocean
& the inland sea

my poor bird
take thy flight

lift away into stardust & radiance
interplanetary messenger & escapee
defeating the demons at last

dream of fine houses

dream of fine houses grown organically and
walking the landscape on chicken legs, fine
stone grain or weathered board, skin over limb
for that distinctive bone-rack effect
o ownership
o ownership of the material elements of self
to toss down a dish-cloth and open a river
to throw down a fine-toothed comb
and unleash the eruption of forests
this horn on my head
plucked and posted by the gate
listening carefully to the animals
i slip between the dangers of the neighbourhood
i receive the gifts of the powerful baba
and live oh yes i live to tell the tale

poems poems poems

I used to live across the street from a strip joint
my eldest son & his friend mortified me to no end

after we'd stepped over the needles and condoms
all the way to kindergarten and/or the corner store

we would pause for the light to cross the street
and the pulsing music would cause these five-year-old boys

to dance! dance with elation! how
can i hold a sour look

given the hilarity
i am feeling

now my son is twenty-one
moving out this weekend with his king-size bed

i am building a poetry joint across the way
poems! poems! poems! on display