MOVEMENT OR STILLNESS
(AUGUST 2011)
ALTER EGO

With falcon’s eyes
    not distractible.
With owl’s ears
    catching even the most subtle.
With bear’s strength
    slicing straight to the truth.
With love’s medicine
    not resistible.

AFTER THE SOLSTICE (TO NICK)

In the time of linden flowers,
    progress is suspended.
The sweet scent of summer finds us
    and penetrates our souls.
Gathering

Do not be distracted by the mosquitoes.
The heat of the summer sun will turn the buffalo currants just the right shade of black.
And, with patient experience,
You will find the ones that fall into your hands most willingly.

On the Dark Mare

I, a man unattached,
Had my feelings reignited with Vesna’s arrival.
In sacrifices to Ceres,
Rewarded by the fit and shapely forms of the maids who tend her plots, and their beguiling smiles.
But what imaginary lover can match the dark mare?
That mare holds the secrets of all lovers:
The source of the gentle, the rough, the patient, the wild.
To her, I must direct my devotion.
How can I resist becoming one with her?
**Running with Wolf**

When Wolf enters your world,
You will not be prepared.
Open your eyes;
Clean out your ears;
Flare your nostrils and take deep breaths.
Get ready to run!

On the hunt...
Alliances will shift;
Advisers will be startled;
Friends and loved ones will be baffled.
So keep your eyes on that Wolf,
You will need your wits about you.

Do be prepared for casualties;
That’s Wolf’s way.
As you see anew, you will be seen anew.
If all goes well, weak and infirm affairs will die.
A new pack will form.
And you’ll emerge from the den into a life transformed.

**On the Hunt to Fill the Ark**

Our quarry is still.
Only the breezes stir it.
My partner and I move quickly,
Eyes open wide as can be.

Learning the right patterns of place
Takes time and thought.
And the miles go by
In unfamiliar territory.

But within the forest,
We do discern the trees --
The mothers of a new generation
That can only be if we can nurture them.
**ON THE ROAD TO STANHOPE**

The lamb’s tied up in the back of the pick-up, uneasy.
My friend’s up front behind the wheel.
I’m in the back, holding her gently, firmly,
Compelled to sing sweet songs
and fragments of lullabies,
Over the gravel noise and dust.
How can you keep from singing
on the bumpy road to the locker?

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**A LESSON FROM COOK TING**

The discipline of self-discipline to promote balance,
when well aligned,
Becomes the subtle discipline of second nature,
Becomes no discipline but now integral,
practiced without thinking.
**Strategic Planning**

So tell me…
To get what I need should I
    Be strong like Bear,
    Be fast and focused like Falcon, or
    Be crafty like Fox?
If I can only be patient,
    Do you think I might learn a little something
    from all three?

**Bequest**

When we write our wills,
We leave something to support our loved ones
And perhaps something to bolster the forces of good.
But do we leave something to the imagination?
Imagination inspired multiplies material generosity.
**FLY AWAY**

What are words
To a prayer?
Could they be the wrapping
That surrounds the heart’s secret?
Perhaps they are
The crackle of the burning cedar
Or lyrics to the bird’s song
Whose feathers take it aloft.

**CATHARINE CREEK MARSH**

There’s dew on the grassy path
Through cottonwoods, massive shining willows,
Ash and box elder with chains of seeds
    hanging like dreams.
Kingfishers scanning the smooth brown pond,
Heron soaring away,
And then the rustle of cottonwood leaves
    on a fickle breeze
Breaks the stillness.
And a yellowthroat sings
“Wichity wichity wichity.”
AN ETERNAL QUEST

Immortal, immaculate Roadrunner
Immortal, battered Coyote
Just for once…
 Couldn’t Coyote find his true self
And switch equipment suppliers?

ECSTASY

Ecstasy follows no plan.
There is an ecstasy that comes on a long straight road
in Manitoba,
When a huge blue sky seems larger than ever imagined
and the future is infinite.
Then…
There’s the ecstasy that comes from a night vision of elk,
When it leads to the full measure of devotion
and a hidden geyser of joy and sorrow erupts.
**The Object of Desire**

My first love invited herself into my bed.  
My next dear love charmed me into her own.  
After decades passed, the fog lifted at last…  
By far –  
The sexiest place beneath the whirling stars,  
is to be the object of wanted desire.

**The Alchemy of Words**

Poetry is verbal alchemy,  
Passions and insights distilled,  
yet mysterious.
**CORN & BEANS**

The patterns of Iowa’s blankets  
Have become bigger and bolder,  
But it’s gotten harder and harder  
To hide the stains.

**MOVEMENT OR STILLNESS**

My bluestem friends connect to the Sky  
through the bobolink’s song.  
My oak friends connect to the Earth  
through the massive trunks.  
My pine friends connect to the Lake  
through the needles’ scent.  
And my bulrush friends connect to the Marsh  
through the croaking bullfrogs.  
Taking them all away.  
Is it movement...  
*or* stillness?