

EASTER MONDAY APRIL 13TH 2020

May all of us, all sentient beings,
Feel better today, our aches and pains less.
May we be the root, the trunk, the branch, the leaf and the blossom.
May our voices be the gull's cry
and the silence of the trees.
May we sail our ships into the mystery.
May we see the horizon, and the stars beneath our feet.
May we be surprised by our own hearts and may
jubilation gurgle in our bellies.
May we know and *be more deeply known*.

AMOR DEI (April 27th 2013)

there is a deep rhythm playing,
playing beyond my skin,
beyond my organs,
beyond my blood,
playing beyond the night and the day,
beyond my ancestors,
beyond the mystery and the future.

it comes to me in the silence,
after hours of mutterings and stumblings,
after miles of walking one way and then another.
It comes after everything is finished
and all the outside is gone.

when it comes,
I rush to it with my whole heart,
like a man running from a train
down the platform
to meet his lover.
when it comes,
I know I have called,
without knowing I called.

when it comes,
it feels like it's always been there,
waiting for the right moment,
a surprise just around the corner,
something to bump into,
something that burns into my heart,
that drinks up my tears,
that knows the whole story .

when it comes,
I can stop,
I can sit down, and
close my eyes.
I can smile,
I can listen,
as if my body has left itself
by the warm dock,
by the shading tree,
by the wise mother.

I never want it to end,
this vast huge pulse
soaring through my veins.
I never want it to end,
this mountain
breaking through the sky.
I never want it to end,
this waterfall pouring
down into the endless depths
of oceans within oceans.

everyday I want my voice to tell this story.
every day I want my eyes to see this path.
every day I want my ears to hear
this unimaginably beautiful song.

in my hands
to hold this star,
this child,

this jewel,
this lotus.

I never want it to end.
I want to sing it,
I want to become it,
I want it to become me.

IN CELEBRATION OF TODAY (March 19 2019)

"We'll go because it's Thursday, and we'll go to wish everybody a Very Happy Thursday. Come on, Piglet." (House at Pooh Corner, A.A.Milne)

Measuring the hours and the days
I risk losing the joy
of this moment.
Measuring life by the business of my mind
I risk losing myself.

Looking with the outside eye
only gives the outside vision,
the surface tension beneath which
the current flows and the unseen fish
finds its way.

At what point does the constraint of circumstance
lose its magnetism
and I, a boundless soul,
am released, in free fall,
to dance like a dervish,
to smile upon the face of the Beloved?

Can it be today,
as I drink my breakfast coffee
and gaze upon the ocean?

THE GOVERNOR GENERAL'S GARDEN (June 2019)

I am sitting on the wooden bench.
Nobody here.
In the wind the garry oaks bow
down to the earth
even as they reach for the heavens.
The spruce dances, arms aloft,
before the mazy sky.

The foxgloves, the yucca, the lilies, the rosemary,
all the tribes are the chorus to this
arboreal performance.

Underneath, slowly, silent to my ears,
the roots reach for one another,
an invisible communion,
blessing their own creation above.

Who are we?
We are all here.

LES MÛRIERS September 2018

The two mulberry trees,
lovers embracing overhead
create a haven of shade
for those of us below.
The breeze threads its way
through the trees
through my mind.
It sweeps clear all the spaces,
all the openings.
I have nothing to do.
The quail quieten my voice;
The sky stills my movements.
Lucianne's nude, a fertility goddess,
stretches beneath the sun
and invites me to be.

My legs are heavy now
as I walk beyond the house
up the baked path of Les Mûriers
carrying plums
after tea with my friends.
The sun illuminates everything
even the shadows are radiant here in Provence.
The silence has its voice as well as the trees.

My laboured breath still adds something
to the fig trees, the apple and pear
the rosemary bush.
The depth of silence returns me to myself.
My eyes see,
My ears hear.
My brain is empty,
a comfortable place,
like a well-loved tale.

Here in Léonard's suite
beauty, a refugee, has found a home.
The 15th century cupboard door
the exposed ceiling beams
the embroidered cushions and Persian carpets.
Is it an oasis?
I don't care.
I plunge into this ocean
and go where it takes me.

PARVATI IN THE AUTUMN

In the autumn stillness,
the garden dying before our every step.
Parvati has invited me to dig up gold
buried eight years deep in her garden.

Our spades signal our intent.
The gold, concealed,
illuminating the darkness
is brought into the light.
Shining and shimmering the coins
flow into her hands.

The ancient Chinese sages tell us,
autumn's symbol:
gold within the earth,
the hidden wisdom of ourselves.

Is her hidden treasure
finally surfacing
for all to see?
And are she and I witnesses
to the changing time,
the deeper measure
of her next step?

TREE

Oh, you binders of the earth!
You who anchor life in the land and in me;
Whose generosity creates a shelter even for strangers
And a safe harbour for many,
How do you see us?
I know of people, even children,
who tell me you speak of the origins of the world
to those who can listen;
who have been guided by you,
in seeming silence and seeming stillness,
through the snow to safe harbour.

Can we recognise you as our elders?
Even the pencil hums
when you play with the wind
and sing your songs of
ancient beginnings and of futures yet to come.

My Cree wife who was,
would go out in the night,
into the forest,
amongst the dormant plants,
the bears and the cougars,
and sit peacefully
with her night tribe,
the great arboreal people
who shared what can only be shared
in the dead of night:
the deep darkness which, alone,
knows your name.

She was clad in the wisdom of the trees.
She was clad and masked in cedar bark and spruce root.
Her cedar mask closed her outer eye
and her inner eye opened.

RASHAD January 21 2018

A soul scout
scanning the far horizon.
The foot always always on the road ahead.
The easy smile and the hard knowing.
The unspoken question:
"Do you have the courage?"
while the lips spoke only love.

