

crickets

crickets of the field sing to the moon
shaping each note with feeling,
riding the stems of windbent reeds
to the beat of a twinkling ceiling.

the moon never learns the simple words
but happily hums along,
until early dawn it dutifully chaperones
the green legs perched on the lawn.

crickets of the wood sing with the trees
making their harmonies sumptuous,
another shade of darkness hides the pipers
and queues the waiting chorus.

they greet each day's end with a chance
to sing a song better than the night before,
and welcome the waking stars,
fresh from their day-long nap,
in the sunshine, ready for an encore.

crickets of the city sing for anyone
spinning their mechanical melodies,
horns and tires and power lines humming
seasoning the night and the crickets' song
with suburban harmonies.

the golden harps of an august evening
beg for the ballerina's graceful dance,
to match the notes in summer lightning
at the edge of each metropolis.

august storm

the death of a summer
is a painful thing.
another slice of my time
drifting out of reach,
passed by without
so much as a whisper
 from an august storm
 or a late sunset.

the death of a summer
buys its way into my heart,
offering cool breezes and colour
to fill the spaces left
 by dreams of spring and summer.
time, the necessary evil,
 will bring me back
 another summer or two.

august 21, 1986

prayer at summer's end

sun, o glorious radiant burning one
you set and left me standing here.
you lit my day and fueled my labours,
your warmth and your light have gone.
now it is my time to play.

sun, will you rise again
and bring back the delicate leaves?

summer, o land of precious little time
you are gone and the worshipping leaves
feel your unannounced passing.
the trees issue a retreat order
and pull back their green.
the autumn's rain the tears
shed at your departure.

love, does your goodness
drip from a ceiling of stars
or grow from a ground
warmed by hell's deep fires?

life, o wondrous fickle painful life
you fade and cause me to question
whether your dusk and coloured leaves
will linger on ...

so—what do you have to say
for yourself, my life?

window in the sky

i toiled in the fields on a gray and stormy day
my neck ached and i weary of the clay.
the ground's chill found its way up my spine,
until i looked up over a cowering pine.
my first thought was to question what was there,
a white-framed window suspended in the autumn air.

out popped the sun to blind my eye,
my mind now hurried to find a reason why
this sleeping giant had ceased to hide
and illuminate the sleeping countryside.
its grinning rays of yellow and red
had chosen to shine on me instead.

heaven's warm blessing was not to last long.
it headed off haphazardly to make others strong.
the white-framed window moved as a cloud,
dragging with it the work of gods so proud.
its bright favor passed on.
my chore called again—golden sun gone.

october 14, 1976

colours

red, anger and sometimes fear,
the embers in the fireplace,
missing a turn in the path,
glowing and shaping
 faces in my life

orange, laughter and mirth
the setting sun at dusk,
catching a joke at once,
waving a farewell
 to the flickering windows

yellow, brilliance of soul,
the noonday sun on high,
finding new insight,
burning and blistering
 the top of my head

green, awakening my dreams,
the hills and distant meadows,
beneath the white snows,
uphill, the maids of flower
 gathering and releasing

blue, a slow sad song,
the sea and the newday sky,
winter’s chilling ice,
waves mocking cloud’s white,
 surrounding the land

october 12, 1978

red and orange

autumn’s rain of leaves
litters the wet streets,
the red and orange blood
of a dead summer.

the leaves drip
their final raindrops,
as they have no tears
of their own.

october 1982

last leaf

it is the last leaf
on a once golden tree
that sees the naked beauty
of its parent, a beauty
which GOD tries to augment
with spring’s green
and autumn’s brilliant colours,
while striving for
unending perfection.

november 1982

orion, again

orion is rising again,
its sword and belt
flicker like tinsel
on a yule tree.

sirius is following again,
its bluewhite fire
shines the fairest
on a winter's eve.

saturn is playing again,
its tricks and rings
sneak like a thief
on a starry sky.

october 16, 1980