

Haiku

on my 63rd birthday, from the cabin window

the young buck steps carefully
over unmown grass
eating the dandelion heads

VARIABLE HAIKU FORMS:

5-7-5

7-5-7

5-7-7-5

dune grass bluegreen, sand whitegray
the weather vane too
comes around when the wind shifts

driving through mud at fifty
windshield obscured,
waiting for a little rain –

let small things be small
breath awaits no gong
nothing less than all

a hand moves through us
an urgent wind through grass
we bend to celebrate

Songket (a fabric of Indonesia)

midnight lake, dark blue
fine silver threads, moonlight –
the surface shimmers

raw boulders, stinging rain
windswept field
memory races through grass

washing window fingerprints
the small perpetrators
all fled laughing into time

who does He invite
to the marriage feast?
those who linger at crossroads.

saving graces not needed
when all else stills
Still the quiet rain falls

convalescence, weak tea
after long illness
pale sun, a little to eat

iron discipline

ice in spring breaks up –
the discipline of water
is in the water

snow pond surface rain-laced
shifts in constant motion
deathly cold depths stay still

warming sun crumbles
rotten snow slips from roof edge
the façade gives way

yesterday hands dropped
to lap – ah
aching muscles hold no more

Palembang Megaliths

Palembang megaliths –
urgent desire of stone
to be made human

look how freely
the white hydrangea and the blue
give themselves in bloom

Fishline

i thought i would have to
untangle the mess
but one, two cuts, it's clear –

Blasphemy

Fatwah or not
truth is never
available to be shot

standing out in the rain
faces lifted
as flowers do

trying makes itself impossible
that arrow
has flown already