

a blanket of color

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the texture
of the landscape
is woven
from thousands
of earthbound colors.
objects reflect
and build color aura
both temporary
and enduring.
we've been given five senses
that can work in unison
to perceive
subtle variations.

I'm sorry
that you are lonely
and that you tire
of a repetitive life.
our path
is in some ways chosen for us
but serving others
is a requirement
that cannot be avoided
and the more you submit
it seems
the more you are comforted by it.

there is a belief among many of us
that all people
are connected and communicate
through the brevity of pure thought.
it doesn't matter what language you prefer.
colors and sounds and textures
are universal
and need no translation
we are indeed all creatures
of an ancient species
and although we have traveled
and gathered ourselves about the earth
we are undoubtedly working in unison

I have not written a poem
or worked on a painting
for quite awhile now.
I have been shut down
in my quiet house
removed from society.
in pain there is regret
doubt and loneliness.

don't be afraid
by technological advances
they have always been
and will always be
many have been lost...

who these days
is able to paint
like Vermeer
no one my friend

who is able to live
by hunting and gathering
listening with clear intent
to the movement of the land

love is simple
hate is very complicated

our work is to provide
service and instruction

we must keep moving
forward

we never really know
if its working

we learn
as we go

natural world
has color, form, texture
built of tiny abstractions
all things
are part of the whole

you are rich
the dirt and rocks
color your surface
with character
your skin shines beauty
in its youthful longing
with the white shells
you can tell others
the stars
are in your bones

exhalation
drains the blood
of an exhausting ego

animal deity
stares at human God

thoughts simmer
until they are charred

the physical dances
between effort and suspension

winter sun warms
as winter winds enflame

mira!
como algunas estan contruio
en fomas
con colores
y texturas
de lineas
es maravillosa

look!
how things they are constructed
in forms
with colors
and textures
of lines
it is marvelous

bus stop graffiti
rusty falcon
dented metro

middle aged
old man
49ers fan
rotweiler pal
half-smoked cigar

gas station attendant
ringing up a customer
not listening to the president

quiet rainstorm
you can't have the one
without the other
though it is wonderful
not to be preoccupied

can you smell the paper
your infancy is there
in the library mostly

think about
giving your mind
the rest of the night off

Dragon
Dove
Design
Dish

the moon
whispered a love song
and said
how do you do
I am the moon
and the tree replied
I always knew
you were the one
to rescue my heart