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# *Poetry Floats*

*New and selected*

*Philosophy-lite*

*By Jim Wilson*

*Silver Boomer Books  
Abilene Texas*

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## *Table of Contents*

<i>Introduction . . . . .</i>	<i>7</i>
<i>Dedication . . . . .</i>	<i>8</i>
<i>Leaning Litely (myself) . . . . .</i>	<i>9</i>
<i>Poetry Floats . . . . .</i>	<i>10</i>
<i>We Do Solemnly Swear . . . . .</i>	<i>11</i>
<i>Artist in Residence . . . . .</i>	<i>12</i>
<i>Pollyanna Seriously . . . . .</i>	<i>13</i>
<i>Metamorphosis of Me . . . . .</i>	<i>14</i>
<i>I Never Leave the Playground . . . . .</i>	<i>15</i>
<i>Quality Being No Factor . . . . .</i>	<i>16</i>
<i>Egolepsy . . . . .</i>	<i>17</i>
<i>Truthin' . . . . .</i>	<i>18</i>
<i>Think Shy . . . . .</i>	<i>19</i>
<i>Decibels . . . . .</i>	<i>20</i>
<i>Putting Our Heads Together . . . . .</i>	<i>21</i>
<i>GPS . . . . .</i>	<i>22</i>
<i>Seeing the Lite (philosophically) . . . . .</i>	<i>23</i>
<i>Braveheart the Crawfish . . . . .</i>	<i>24</i>
<i>Good to the Last Drop . . . . .</i>	<i>25</i>

<i>Relativity</i> . . . . .	26
<i>Realizing I Am the Endangered Species</i> . . . . .	27
<i>Scandal</i> . . . . .	28
<i>See Outside – Peace Inside</i> . . . . .	29
<i>Reflection – noitcelfeR</i> . . . . .	30
<i>Dominion</i> . . . . .	31
<i>The Art of Living</i> . . . . .	32
<i>Constantly Learning</i> . . . . .	33
<i>Dial 9-1-1 Followed by the Pound Sign</i> . . . . .	34
<i>Amazed Me</i> . . . . .	36
<i>Modern Medicine</i> . . . . .	37
<i>Tylenol</i> . . . . .	38
<i>Bringing Down the House</i> . . . . .	39
<i>Pecuniary Façade</i> . . . . .	40
<i>Evolutionary Façade</i> . . . . .	40
<i>Fundamentalist Façade</i> . . . . .	40
<i>Front and Center</i> . . . . .	41
<b><i>Pure Delite (just for fun)</i></b> . . . . .	42
<i>Left Brain – Right Brain Dementia</i> . . . . .	43
<i>Unrelated Stanzas</i> . . . . .	44
<i>Word Wanderings</i> . . . . .	45
<i>From "Old Man Eating Alone in a Chinese Restaurant" by Billy Collins</i> . . . . .	46
<i>Out of Alphabet by February</i> . . . . .	47
<i>Urban Renewal</i> . . . . .	48
<i>The Nature Channel Brings You – The Sins of Rocky Squirrel</i> . . . . .	49
<i>Tastes Like Chicken</i> . . . . .	50

<i>Crawling Out from Under Partly Cloudy . . . . .</i>	<i>51</i>
<i>Capture and Release . . . . .</i>	<i>52</i>
<i>Mutual Maid Service . . . . .</i>	<i>54</i>
<i>Simply Elegant Times . . . . .</i>	<i>55</i>
<i>Taoist Tangle . . . . .</i>	<i>56</i>
<b><i>Litely on my mind (her) . . . . .</i></b>	<b><i>57</i></b>
<i>Easy Keeper . . . . .</i>	<i>58</i>
<i>Very Soon Susan . . . . .</i>	<i>59</i>
<i>Taking a Chance on Love . . . . .</i>	<i>60</i>
<i>Triumphal Entries . . . . .</i>	<i>61</i>
<i>Wistful Union . . . . .</i>	<i>62</i>
<i>The One Vital Sign . . . . .</i>	<i>63</i>
<i>Remains and Reminders . . . . .</i>	<i>64</i>
<i>Best of Both Worlds . . . . .</i>	<i>65</i>
<i>You Want to Kiss Me, Don't You . . . . .</i>	<i>66</i>
<i>Scenario . . . . .</i>	<i>67</i>
<i>As We Know Our Life Should Be . . . . .</i>	<i>68</i>
<i>And the Two Shall Become One . . . . .</i>	<i>69</i>
<i>An Inch Away From Susan . . . . .</i>	<i>70</i>
<b><i>Lamplite (belief) . . . . .</i></b>	<b><i>71</i></b>
<i>Off the Mark . . . . .</i>	<i>72</i>
<i>Holy Recidivism . . . . .</i>	<i>73</i>
<i>A Need to Cuddle . . . . .</i>	<i>74</i>
<i>Jim and Casper . . . . .</i>	<i>75</i>
<i>Perspective . . . . .</i>	<i>76</i>
<i>Judge Not Unless It's Obvious . . . . .</i>	<i>77</i>
<i>Missionary Support . . . . .</i>	<i>78</i>
<i>Lord Make Me a Nephew . . . . .</i>	<i>79</i>

<i>Fitful Seventh Day Rest . . . . .</i>	<i>80</i>
<i>Mormon Missionary Kids . . . . .</i>	<i>81</i>
<i>Puritanical Paradise . . . . .</i>	<i>82</i>
<i>Earth Angel . . . . .</i>	<i>83</i>
<i>A Snow Job . . . . .</i>	<i>84</i>
<i>The Hour of Power . . . . .</i>	<i>86</i>
<i>Sinphony . . . . .</i>	<i>87</i>
<i>Going to the Dark Side . . . . .</i>	<i>88</i>
<i>Survival of the Flittest . . . . .</i>	<i>89</i>
<i>God's Unhandy Man . . . . .</i>	<i>90</i>
<i>Spectrum Theology . . . . .</i>	<i>91</i>
<i>Hundred Mile Prayer . . . . .</i>	<i>92</i>
<i>Going Ballistic . . . . .</i>	<i>93</i>
<i>In the Beginning God . . . . .</i>	<i>94</i>
<i>Graceful Communication . . . . .</i>	<i>95</i>

## *Introduction*

Poetry has a bad reputation in the general population. It is seen as a literature of insignificant value. Murky writings that are difficult if not impossible to understand with little or no value in daily life.

Hopefully, the poetry of our generation is changing that evaluation. Many poets today write clear, concise, plain, understandable, and useful poems. I was struggling with how to say this, and on a December morning I turned a page in Walt McDonald's *Faith is a Radical Master* and in the afterward read:

Robert Frost claimed poetry at its best can be "a momentary stay against confusion." I like that — and I think maybe he's right. Even the everyday has splendors that we strain to capture and save, or at least express for seconds in phone calls and letters — in form or on canvas, in melodies, or in scribblings we call poems.

This is what I hope for you'll find in the scribblings of *Poetry Floats*.

---

*page 8*

*Poetry Floats*

## *Dedication*

To Susan whose companionship, love, attention, and care  
has given me a new perspective about everything

and

to Mom and Dad who against their better judgment allowed  
me to grow up the way I wanted to and then chose to be proud  
of me anyway.

*New and selected Philosophy-Lite*

*page 9*

*Leaning Litely  
(myself)*

*Poetry Floats*

I am practicing write and release.  
Lifting lines on the rising heat  
of winter's curling chimney smoke.  
Laying words out an upstairs window  
On a springtime zephyr.

Lofting themes tacked as summer kite tails  
flying to high cotton cloud pillows while  
the slick string slips through my fingers.  
Linking fall writings to milkweed seeds,  
Lint puffs, and down feathers.

I will float them to you all,  
whomever, whenever, wherever,  
and you open them in your time  
to read and recite  
till their season is done.

Never knowing me.  
Never knowing that I am watching you  
from the crack in the closet door universal.  
Feeling pleased and planning to float  
verse after verse to you — as our seasons change.

### *We Do Solemnly Swear*

Poems are single frames  
of motion picture life.  
Still clips extracted, enlarged,  
and enhanced, then printed  
and frozen in time.

Every poem written  
is the absolute truth, the facts,  
as processed and produced  
by the poet,  
no varnish, no touch up, no editing.

Are they still true today?  
Some are.  
Some were false a second after  
the pen escaped the paper

Poets write momentary truths colored by  
experience, environment and emotion.  
No less appropriate than eternal truths,  
but eternal truths are customarily written  
by One Poet higher up.

---

*Artist in Residence*

I am painting my life today.  
It's a simple job.  
It's an easy job.  
It's my life, my paint, my way.

I don't have to learn anything  
to paint beautifully.  
But I need to forget some things  
to paint beautifully.

Forget choosing the specific area  
of my life canvas.  
To paint on any given day.  
Paint where the light is.

Forget picking my favorite color choices  
before I see the background  
of my day's circumstances.  
Paint color blends that harmonize.

Forget any preplanned assumptions  
about my life-painting job.  
My past teaches only technique.  
Paint according to life's happenings now.

A true-life artist paints a masterpiece  
by painting life going its own way.  
I want to be a true-life artist.  
I need to pay attention, and forget.

*Pollyanna Seriously*

I have decided  
to love unconditionally.  
No more keeping score.  
I've wasted too much of my life  
judging, ranking, classing,  
condemning.

My influence is pretty small.  
"I" won't make much difference.  
But if every "I" decided to love  
and practice no more evil,  
we could all love unconditionally  
and there would be no more evil.

I'm not looking to lead but—  
maybe if we all joined  
in one long, winding chorus line,  
that would resolve the conflict.  
I'm too old to high kick,  
but I would love to link arms.

---

page 14

Poetry Floats

## *Metamorphosis of Me*

I am living in a glorious age  
as I watch,  
the purpose of my life

u

n

f

o

l

d

like the beautiful flash  
of a butterfly's wings  
announcing the end of the cocoon  
and saying it is time to fly.

*I Never Leave the Playground*

I'm not good at work  
I just don't have the heart for it.  
People really good at work  
have to love to work.  
I don't.  
I never did.

I love to play.  
I play at way too many things.  
I play better at times and worse at times.  
But if I think I'm playing, I'm happy.  
If I think I'm working or wasting time,  
I'm disturbed. I'm out of place.

I play doctoring dogs and cats.  
I play writing poetry, stories, and books.  
I play tending cactus, flowers and trees.  
I play looking for beauty.  
I play being kind.  
I'm not here to work; I'm here to play.

I may define play  
    a little  
        b-r-o-a-d-e-r  
            than  
                some,  
and I never need a vacation.

---

### *Quality Being No Factor*

I am called to create.  
I create poems,  
arrange little landscape designs  
in our postage stamp patio,  
build a business,  
design a house.  
quality being no factor.

In a Buffalo Gap, Texas, pottery shop,  
George De Vinci Edison has created  
shelves of cups and plates,  
egg poachers, cornbread cookers,  
teapots, candleholders,  
and apple bakers.  
He is content.  
He helped Susan  
create a rabbit and an elephant—  
her personal little clay zoo.  
They were all content.  
Quality being no factor.

It doesn't matter that  
the elephant's tail  
and one of the rabbit's ears fell off  
before we got home.  
This is about creativity — not quality or durability.  
Creativity is fragile — ephemeral.  
Ask God. Look at His mankind.  
Exercise your permit to be God.  
Therein lies contentment.  
God does laugh at us and with us.  
Join in — create. Quality being no factor.

*Egolepsy*

Occasionally

I

realize myself missing  
from my methodically simple  
introverted self,

and discover

me

attempting to act  
outrageously cool,  
dynamic  
and interesting.

I

am very uncomfortable  
when

I

find myself—  
conjuring one of these spells.

And all harmony concurs,  
chuckling—  
that is such inappropriate behavior.  
Medicate him — now.

---

*Truthin'*

I'm a solitary person.

I love to be alone.

The music in my heart  
is a single quiet tone.

Truer self is torn and troubled  
when acting like my brain is fried  
I join up like teenage groupie  
though I would really rather hide.

Like a bad dream realization  
I wake in groups that I have joined.  
I blame, push on phantom others.  
Lame excuses I have coined.

But the suspect of my distress  
I fear's a little closer home.  
I confront him at this moment  
writing down this little poem.

I protest this accusation  
but the plain truth is here to see.  
I just glance at my soul's mirror  
and it is me untrue to me.

So I confess and I repent.  
I'll live my life more naturally.  
No more yes yes when I want no.  
Bliss for the solitary me.

*Think Shy*

I have a goal,  
a heart's desire,  
to blend — to meld—  
accepted whole by earth and sky.

Yet, though I try and try and try  
deer will run and birds will fly  
people shy and babies cry.

Why?  
Oh why?  
Oh why?  
Oh why?

Maybe shy attracts to shy.  
Maybe there's still too much I.

*Decibels*

What is my problem with noise?  
Knowing ecstasy  
does not need to be announced,  
I would indeed  
take a mute lover by choice  
to fill my night with quiet.

So may she come to me  
with written note of introduction,  
forever pleasuring each other  
in visual, tactile, avibratory ways  
consecrated by the praise  
of laryngitic heavenly choirs.

And in our own time  
we will be awakened  
by the noise of the sunrise  
on that day after our night  
is sated with the sounds  
of the filling of the moon.

### *Putting Our Heads Together*

I was crawling out  
of Lewis Carroll's keyhole  
with all the  
necessary knowledge  
to save the world  
  
and crashed head-on into  
Alice in Wonderland.  
On her way back in,  
ready to contradict  
everything I had to say.

---

*page 22*

*Poetry Floats*

*GPS*

I prefer  
silence and space  
to  
people and place.

So  
sometimes  
it looks like  
I am leaving  
when  
I am really  
coming home.

*New and selected Philosophy-Lite*

*page 23*

*Seeing the Lite  
(philosophically)*

*Braveheart the Crawfish*

George Armstrong Custer was a pompous idiot.  
Braveheart the Crawfish is not.

Fighting the red mud water, he treads against  
the mass motion of molecules  
across the middle of the road.

He is assigned by nature both inside and out  
to defend his puddle  
sent roaring across County Road 127  
by this August deluge.

So as my two-thousand pound Pontiac approaches,  
in spite of the waters surging over him,  
he rears on his hind legs to his full four inches.

The current whips around his knees,  
Upraised forelegs and antenna  
give him fifty percent more presence.

Though a comrade lies two feet away  
a puddle of crawfish puree—  
never once does he question  
whether his territory  
is worth defending.

I drive around him  
because it is his territory—  
as Sitting Bull and Crazy Horse  
drowned Custer in his own blood  
for violating this same rule.

### *Good to the Last Drop*

Apparently draining the last dribble  
from the squeezable  
plastic Head & Shoulders shampoo bottle,  
a sporadic blue snake spit-sputter-spats  
into a paltry palm puddle.  
Hammering a ten-second pounding  
yields palm pain and one more drop.

Then I snap shut the lid.  
Turn the bottle upside down  
and perch it in a headstand  
on the bathtub edge.

During the day,  
clinging shampoo residue looses its grip  
and oozes down into the cap.  
For two more mornings  
shampoo magically appears that  
refused to participate the day before.

This effort  
works with Afta pre-electric shave  
and Equate moisturizing lotion, too,  
making me wonder—

How many extra days of other things  
could I have gained  
by being slightly innovative  
and trying a little harder?

---

*Relativity*

On a heavenly morning  
I sit on the right side of the plane  
and my pilot is instructed  
to rise toward the south.

Nose pressing my window  
I see  
that I am flying on two planes.

On a parallel course  
a shadow plane of shadow passengers  
zips along hugging the ground below.

As I fly into a cloudbank  
the silhouette plane,  
unable to escape shadow gravity,  
disappears — and one "I am" is lost.

I am relatively unaware of my death  
save a brief flash of chest pain  
until I read tomorrow's newspaper.

*Realizing I Am the Endangered Species*

Perched atop my desk and  
trapped behind a glass  
framed with black metal bars,  
a cold staring, bald eagle  
issues  
this stern warning.

FOCUS  
if you chase two rabbits  
both  
will escape.

So today I focus  
and suddenly realize  
that this bird's words,  
heard for years as promise,  
do not necessarily guarantee  
even that one rabbit I so  
righteously assumed.

---

*Scandal*

If you are called  
before a congressional committee  
to answer the question—  
Have you stopped beating your wife?

Figure that you are part of an elite group  
that includes  
Vietnam policy advisors of the '60s  
and Confederate heroes.

It is best to move  
to the back of the bus  
and start  
your own witness protection program

by setting up photo opportunities  
of you visiting nursing homes  
and delivering meals on wheels  
as soon and as often as possible.

But please do not  
try to start a hedge fund  
or publicly kiss  
babies of any age.

*See Outside – Peace Inside*

Twilight falls.  
Bullfrog croaks to hooting owl—  
“Meet me at eight  
on the isle of imagination.”  
I’ll be there too — singing.

As Mr. Moon  
rises to the occasion,  
we chorus nature’s night song,  
the wondrous harmony  
of our varied nocturnal solos.

The four of us  
and all the universal spirits  
gather—  
kicking back to watch  
as twinkling stars begin  
turning on their night-lights.

Sweeping their stardust  
down across light years,  
sprinkling our peering porches,  
paving a path for peace to our souls.

---

*Reflection – noitcelfeR*

Unicolor gray skies drippl  
through the clasping oaken cover.

Beneath the trees raindrops float  
to shallow earth depression.

Eastern shore laps the sidewalk.  
Sea-less seawall guards front door.

Far shore feathers into sands  
meets the rolling green grass lawn.

I glance down into the pool  
seeing up into the sky—

Infinitely in both directions  
the thickness of a pond reflection.

## *Dominion*

(Extreme assimilation)

If  
the mosquito, the fire ant,  
the cockroach, the scorpion,  
the snake, the strange,  
the unusual, the different  
are killed

for no particular reason  
other than fearful  
reputation and potential.  
One may not always  
know when to stop.

In fact,  
in historical hindsight—  
we, people, are known  
for our manufactured  
emotional misjudgments.

---

## *The Art of Living*

Find your art. You have your own.  
Show your work. You're not alone.  
Dare to do what's in your heart.  
It's the perfect place to start.

Build sand castles on your beach,  
well within the water's reach.  
Watch the tide wash them away.  
Come back and build again next day.

Plant annual flowers of each hue  
even though they're way past due.  
Enjoy beauty through the fall,  
though the winter takes them all.

Truly love a dying friend.  
Be there at the very end.  
Make the hurt live on and on  
in their honor since they're gone.

Write a life that's unconfined.  
Practice art in all you find.  
Live a life that sets you free.  
Then come share it all with me.

*Constantly Learning*

My time on earth is not immortal  
though I may be.

I am here to love and share  
though I often do not know  
exactly how to love  
or what to share  
and often make mistakes.

Therefore I am learning and trying  
while dying.

Life in action is not pretty.  
But perhaps in the end  
it can be said — I did in fact live  
an aesthetically pleasing life,  
and my poetry wasn't bad either.

So give me a break.  
Name a building  
or a section of highway in my honor.  
Decay, the great eraser,  
will take care of it—  
right or wrong—  
in a few hundred years, anyway.

---

*Dial 9-1-1 Followed by the Pound Sign*

Trimming his front yard crape myrtle,  
Jerry Mack fell off his ladder and  
hit his elbow on the sidewalk edge.  
Instantly, there was throbbing pain,  
and a purple lump popped up.  
He couldn't bend his elbow.

Jerry Mack said, "Call 9-1-1," and  
I said, "No, I think you have about a 4-1-1.  
Let's get in my car and  
I'll drive you to the hospital."

Jerry Mack had a partial dislocation  
that the doctor snapped back in  
with a little manipulation, gave him  
a few Tramadol, and he was  
back on the ladder in a week.

Trimming his front yard crape myrtle,  
Tommy Black fell off the ladder and  
hit his elbow on the sidewalk edge.  
Instantly, there was throbbing pain,  
and a purple lump popped up.  
He couldn't bend his elbow.

Tommy Black said, "Call 9-1-1," and  
I said, "No, I think you have about a 4-1-1.  
Let's get in my car and  
I'll drive you to the hospital."

On the way to the hospital  
a blood clot in his elbow broke loose and  
traveled to his brain. He seized twice,  
slumped over on the dashboard and  
was dead on arrival at the hospital.

All things are relative and I am not kin  
to either one of them.  
What's this world coming to?  
Who's responsible?  
Who is responsible?

*Amazed Me*

All my life  
trying to manufacture  
an awesome personal destiny,  
I am awake  
in the same dream complication  
of many doors, seeing no door  
I have guts enough to open.  
Deep down knowing from the past  
that when I do dare—  
choose, open,  
walk through — and close,  
all other doors in that room  
disappear,  
and in this new room of life,  
as I focus,  
twice the more doors  
will appear  
crying, "Open me. Open me,  
you complex little rat."

*Modern Medicine*

Sitting around smoking  
in my asbestos leisure suit  
I'm dying to cause cancer  
so that I can be irradiated—  
glowing in the dark  
like those old time  
radium wristwatches.

Living long enough  
to shoot up chemotherapy  
till I look, smell, and feel like  
a walking Love Canal.

---

*Tylenol*

Dosing down all around  
with clanging banging  
raucous sound.  
Glaring bright bulbs,  
manic motion — fondling  
feel-good phony friends.  
Chasing true belief  
in bolder living  
through drink and drugs  
and chemical hugs.  
Numb-filling our  
would be/could be  
mindful lives—  
we sedate our precious  
panicked souls,  
begging for strings  
of minor moments  
to soothe our fears  
distress and pain  
that fully faced  
and truly solved  
would find  
all our demons  
neatly slain.

### *Bringing Down the House*

Time to blow this joint—  
a barely standing structure  
of organized rubble  
propped by propriety.

Don't waste your life  
running around  
with hammer and nails  
shoring up the rot.

Sooner or later  
you are going to hit  
your thumb really hard  
and be very mad.

Sometimes even for  
the best handyman  
the bulldozer is the  
most appropriate tool.

---

*Pecuniary Façade*

Time will pass  
and you will know  
but I will  
never ever show

That all I want  
and say I need  
is fueled by  
hidden gilded greed.

*Evolutionary Façade*

My cells divide  
and years go by  
and I will say  
that all is well,

but looking out  
my soul can tell  
my fancy form  
is just a shell.

*Fundamentalist Façade*

Trading the truth  
*as I see it*  
for a kindness—  
is the Way.

Because I may not  
always know THE truth,  
but I can spot  
kindness — any day.

*Front and Center*

(location, location, location)

If you feel  
you must buy the house  
at the end of the cul-de-sac,  
stick to your guns.  
Don't settle for less.

You could be  
like Wild Bill Hickok  
who knew  
because of the way  
he had lived his life  
he could never afford  
to sit with his back  
to the saloon doors—  
but one day in Deadwood  
he forgot.

*page 42*

*Poetry Floats*

*Pure Delite  
(just for fun)*

### *Left Brain – Right Brain Dementia*

A holy shout — transmitting  
Beautiful poetic creations to me  
Coming repeatedly from beyond  
Deepest inner space — rings out.  
Energy pulse of creation's call  
Flows into my receptive mind.  
Gratefully I copy waves of words.  
Here are unique illuminating  
Images never before envisioned.  
Jumping from God, arching thru me,  
Kept as lyric melodious verse. Yet  
Losing all as *the I* determines they  
Must be  
Numbered  
Or at least  
Put in alphabetical order.

Q

R

S

T

U

V

W

X

Y

Z.

*Unrelated Stanzas*

(As per Mary Oliver's Dream Works, p. 50)

The more I listen to Jimmy Buffett  
the more my shaving  
becomes optional and irregular,  
and the more my shoes hurt my feet.

Synchronicity and serendipity  
are so much sweeter  
when preceded by adequate  
planning and preparation.

I just like  
the way  
butterflies  
make me talk.

There is a world of emotional difference in  
having a dollar extra and a dollar not enough,  
and the happy-go-lucky husband or wife  
should seriously consider that point  
when dealing with a prudent spouse.

Time flows along  
on the wavy lines of wrinkles.  
If I marched on  
we would have forehead footprints.

*Word Wanderings*

The wind blows and the chimes tinkle.  
Two tired, familiar, expected verbs,  
adequate in their own way—  
asynonymical but easily parallelesque  
because chimes don't blow and wind doesn't tinkle.

But that's neither here nor there.  
Yet it is both here and there  
as the English language can show you,  
because what I wanted to say  
before I was sidetracked by the asides is—

the wind blows over the open chimney pipe  
sounding a hollow, creepy swoosh  
that if you hold your lips and your heart just right  
becomes a whistle that calls the dog  
and announces a happy day.

---

*From "Old Man Eating Alone in a Chinese  
Restaurant" by Billy Collins*

Billy mentioned the light  
which fell through the big windows that time of day  
italicizing everything it touched.

And instantly he had copyrighted italicizing  
in that sense  
and I am jealous.

It is lyrical poetic use,  
invokes a beautiful poetic scene,  
and on inspection,  
specifically defining the term used that way  
is impossible — sublime poetry!

My spell check wants  
a question mark  
after sublime poetry.

This is not  
a poetic spell check.

*Out of Alphabet by February*

When a highly tolerant and optimistic person  
meets a readily judgmental and pessimistic person,  
they may fall in love, and work hard to blend.

When they do, it can be  
like Katrina hitting New Orleans  
and leaving the city in better shape  
than before the hurricane.

Cleaning up the daily debris  
will be a lifelong joy,  
or it can be—  
Galveston 1900 everyday.

*Urban Renewal*

At this Sunday morning's daybreak  
I post at a knife-signed, green picnic table  
in a two-cacti-landscaped mini city park  
on the south shoulder of U.S. Hwy. 90,

my heart guarding a residually regal row  
of old, tired main street buildings  
cornice crown chiseled — Adam Sloan 1928,  
and enthroned on the highway's north side.

Once purposeful, necessary, essential,  
soul and sinew saving stores—  
dry goods for blue jeans, hardware for shovels  
and grocery for bread and for beans,

now gaspingly revived and embarrassingly  
hawking imported ceramic cats,  
twenty yogurt flavors and chocolate,  
bruised books and tacky silver crosses—  
all festered with blisters and bunions of art  
pinioned to the castle's wailing walls.

Though scarred and scuffed  
with a modern graffiti logo,  
only the post office survives  
with a venting vestige of dignity  
announcing as did the train depot  
of long ago — Marathon, Texas, 79842.

## *The Nature Channel Brings You – The Sins of Rocky Squirrel*

He looks in. Sees 'em. Smells 'em  
down there, delicious, desirable,  
discarded squirrel delicacies—  
burger bun and black banana.

Chattering, "Come to papa, yum yums."  
Rocky Squirrel circles the rim  
of the topless  
black metal, *Midwest Waste Dumpster*.

Launching a hundred slides  
down every inch of edge,  
the tireless, timid swordsman thrusts  
and fear parries.  
Each plunge leaves in view  
only hangy-ony toes and flit-flit tail.

The vertical sides are slick.  
The bin is deep.  
Look at that tail snap!  
He is pissed and passionate.

Will he stay  
Rocky, the hungry squirrel,  
or will he become  
Rocky, the landfill squirrel?

Tune in tomorrow.  
Will desire overcome discretion  
and Rocky become  
a trash truck's compactor impression?

---

### *Tastes Like Chicken*

Rupert Richardson Squirrel—  
not nature's brightest pearl.

From my window I see  
you climb up that pine tree  
bound for the top of your world.

You Wallenda across the wire line  
to the box that transforms heat to shine.

You wriggle right in,  
fry yourself crispy thin,  
and dark in my room is unfurled.

*Crawling Out from Under Partly Cloudy*

Outside the tempest storms—  
West Texas thunder, lightning  
wind and rain and pea size hail  
and golf ball size hail and softball  
size hail and TV touted tornado.

After a feeling of forever — angry  
attack of the elements is repelled.  
Sprinkling straggler raindrops  
pepper peeled ragged roof remains.  
Final rolling thunder-guns  
fire in the distance.

Is it over for the night? Tune in to  
KTAB-32. Randy will tell you  
after a word from our sponsor—  
if you still have electricity  
if you still have a house  
if you're still alive.

Now truly! Our favoring God choice  
has again regained control.  
Preserving our and His  
little pseudo-religious community  
save a sacrificial bit of sinful materialism.  
Praise the grace of Jesus.

---

*Capture and Release*

Three days ago  
a big green horsefly  
buzzed into my kitchen.

She appliquéd herself  
to one plastic ribbon slat  
of the blond window blinds  
over my steel kitchen sink.

I ignored her  
until tonight when  
I wanted to practice  
my newly learned  
"thinking with my heart."

So I focused on her.  
I asked about her dreams,  
desires, longings, regrets.  
She flew away.  
I assumed I had failed  
to communicate with my heart,

but I turned and  
spied her bump-kissing  
the kitchen window.  
I cracked the door,  
and she zipped out—  
whirring fly profanities  
about captivity.

George Washington Carver said,  
anything  
will give up its secrets  
if you love it enough,  
but he was talking about peanuts.

My fly  
didn't want love or peanuts.  
She wanted out—  
so she patronized me  
and sought opportunity.

I vastly underestimated  
this technique—  
thinking with my heart.  
It had almost made her  
human.

---

*Mutual Maid Service*

Beware of a person  
who hangs their commitments  
on the clothes line of irresponsibility,  
allows you to bring in the laundry,  
and then wants to know  
why you haven't folded them yet.  
Do more than beware. Run. Especially  
if you can still hear the washer running.

Unilateral maid service works  
only in hotels  
and other situations  
where you're just passing through.

But mutual maid service  
is a beautiful thing  
that results in clean clothes  
and a house full of sweet smelling joy.

*Simply Elegant Times*

All I want  
is to have  
a personal relationship  
with a baby gnat.

I, in the rapturous  
early morning sunshine  
and birdsong  
of this oncoming day,  
sit still.

Alert and aware,  
I tune  
my presence of mind.  
Buzzing a bold introduction  
the baby gnat approaches.

I greet her  
with the respect and attention  
she deserves—  
and that will be my template  
for today's relationships  
with all of life.

These are simply elegant times  
when all I need  
to begin a great day  
is to have  
a personal relationship  
with a baby gnat.

---

### *Taoist Tangle*

Lao Tzu says — the value of a room  
is not measured  
by its wooden walls,  
but by the empty space within.

The value of a water pitcher  
is not measured by its clay form,  
but by the empty space within.

The value of my intelligence  
is not measured by my skull,  
but by the — oh, never mind.

*New and selected Philosophy-Lite*

*page 57*

*Litely on my mind  
(her)*

### *Easy Keeper*

A good woman is much rarer  
than a good horse or dog.

Good for all is defined as:  
responds to praise and dependability  
and is satisfied the next day with  
exactly what they got the day before.

If you find that woman though—  
be satisfied with one.

Don't try to keep a pack or a herd  
'cause even Solomon in all his wisdom  
couldn't keep 'em very well in groups.

*Very Soon Susan*

Now's the time to ache  
and cry and plan,  
not a time  
to be patient.

This time's not a time  
to throw caution to the wind  
but

to fly with life's winds—  
on peaceful wings of trust  
to a blissful paradise  
of unending love  
and laughter

gliding into the soft comfort  
of our time of eternal joy  
that we can share  
with all.

Our time is coming.

---

*page 60*

*Poetry Floats*

## *Taking a Chance on Love*

Ok,  
you go first.  
No, you first  
no, you  
okaaay. Wait!

Ok,  
on the count of three  
I will if you will.

1 — 2 — 2  $\frac{1}{2}$   
Okaaay. Wait!

Ok,  
Let's close eyes,  
hold hands,  
and jump together.  
Okaaaaaay.

Wow!

*Triumphal Entries*

Near morning bursts  
a sudden dawning—  
day's renewal  
in golding sky.

Slipping from misty dressing gowns  
pine tree torsos  
pose boldly framed  
through bedroom window.

Blue jay bards in erect missile cedar  
overlay  
the good morning  
song of the sparrows.

As a beautifully blossoming rose  
you softly slide over and open to me.  
Smiling — crinkly nose to nose  
we breathe a mutually whispered request—  
again please.

---

*page 62*

*Poetry Floats*

*Wistful Union*

To see you  
only for a moment,  
to touch you  
ever so slightly—

Pictures of propriety  
overlaying sweet souls  
cautiously keying  
telegrams of desire.

*The One Vital Sign*

When I imagine You  
I can scarcely breathe.  
My consciousness lies  
in a shambles of hope,  
and my unconscious  
is so deliriously happy  
to find and feel thoughts  
of You in my heart  
that my lungs are left  
to shift for themselves.  
Yet my blue lips beg  
no need for air inspired  
but for a last tiny puff  
of expiring air to flow  
and waft these words—  
indeed I do love You.  
I'll be home in a minute.

---

## *Remains and Reminders*

(I am so lucky)

We finally peeled apart at five.  
You have to go back and  
work one more week. Then  
we are married together for the  
rest of our lives. Praise the Lord.

Beautiful long sienna hair curls  
contrast to bathroom sink whiteness.  
Sexy red lipstick smudge hugs  
seductively lipped kitchen glass.  
Scribbled yellow pad note  
commands doctor's appointment  
for my own good—

Life signs reminisce the blessing  
and beauty of true caring  
you bring into my life,  
never there before, and the joy  
of my promise that I will give all  
to constantly care for you *even more*.

Our committed souls and  
joined hearts yearn for  
time to fly and distance to die.  
We ache to show that  
declared devotion and great sex  
growing through daily expression  
are all — are all that really matters now.

*Best of Both Worlds*

She'd be loveless passion  
my taunting intellect insists—  
declaring unsolicited  
needless judgment.

Passion pleases,  
powers,  
passes—  
love lingers,

lives of joy  
unite forever—  
a rational ranting of  
hollow holy words.

O I could  
fall to my knees  
and beg for love  
properly, puritanically programmed.

But today—  
the love call twins the passion cry  
and soon — for the rest of my life  
I want to burn again forever

even for a moment—  
with those native sensations  
that never last either too long  
or too short to matter.

---

*You Want to Kiss Me, Don't You*

Flesh flash points explode  
spray all consuming passion fire.

Come hither — sleepy song of  
awakened sweet lips seeing,

teases to adventured play  
fulfilling hot high noon's desire.

Cover tangling all night delights  
press again sweet lips smiling  
in the next new morning's light.

Ready willing  
spark, light, fire of true true love.  
Love like no other. We come  
to mold. We come to please.

Seizing wondrous chance at  
brand new start  
mesh perfect match heals  
long broken hearts.

Having had so little  
hoping for much  
willing to risk it all  
without reserve—  
for a forever love  
we both deserve.

*Scenario*

Horn roll of night thunder  
heralds Director's call for action.  
Crackling fire fish  
flip in the fireplace net  
light striping  
the cloud soft comforter nest  
bowled on the branches  
of the oak plank floor.

From soft side shadows  
two hungry hands reach out.  
Fingers touch.  
Palms press in passion's perfect clasp.  
Bold breath bodies flow  
natural loving—  
pleasuring each other.

Two people  
loving each other  
more  
than we ever thought possible  
through  
a long perfect night  
of forever more.

Cut and print are fine.  
But  
"let's wrap it up and  
put this baby to bed" — is  
totally unnecessary directing.

---

*As We Know Our Life Should Be*

This weekend  
you came into my house  
and now you are gone for a moment.  
Every room is marked  
by your presence, your comment,  
your pleasure, your approval,  
your question.  
It will never be the same.

A few months ago  
you came into my life  
and now you are gone for a moment.  
Every soul space is marked  
by your presence, your comment,  
your pleasure, your approval,  
your question.  
I will never be the same.

My physical house and my spiritual soul  
cry out for these moments you are  
gone to cease because until they do  
the tracks and traces of your  
presence, comments, pleasure,  
approval and question will trample  
us with the joy pain of longing  
for your return to us forever.

*And the Two Shall Become One*

We are—  
interchangeable, inseparable.

Merging pangs cease.  
The joining is perfect and complete.  
No buttons, no zipper, not even  
a seam.

An exciting new life  
of learning  
to use and enjoy  
the power and pleasure  
of the newly birthed being  
is just beginning.

---

## *An Inch Away From Susan*

Time came to me and said  
be bold — and I did.

Time came to her and said  
be bold — and she did.

And now we are.  
The resounding joy so resonates  
that we step back  
from the echoing ecstasy.

But not for long.  
because an inch apart  
in mind, body, or soul  
is a Grand Canyon's width,  
and the reverberation  
becomes singularly unbearable.

*New and selected Philosophy-Lite*

*page 71*

*Lamplite  
(belief)*

## *Off the Mark*

(Matthew 7:1-2)

I will affix no labels  
and  
make no judgments—  
because  
I might  
    be right.

And that might crush  
some struggling soul—  
who  
had planned  
to change  
    tonight.

## *Holy Recidivism*

God  
I understand  
Your concept of grace.

Believe in it.  
Trust in it  
Rely on it.

And you should be  
proud  
of me—

Because  
everyday  
I do something  
that puts me  
in need  
of it.

---

*A Need to Cuddle*

Lord I don't know  
what to say  
except that—  
I am me  
and You are You.

And I succeed  
and fail each day  
as an average personal  
example of our world's  
humanity in general—

which You seem to take  
credit for making. Though  
Lord only knows why.  
I truly love You. Believe me.  
I sincerely need You. Trust me.

So Father-Mother-Spirit  
I suggest, maybe we can  
both feel better  
about what we've done  
if You'll just hold me — please.

*Jim and Casper*

Jim and Casper went to church  
climbed upon their viewing perch  
looking for a righteous find  
or maybe just a holy mind  
did their research very well  
and found most churches here to sell  
their special view of what is right  
based on their leader's own insight.

---

### *Perspective*

Do not worship the sun.

Worship the Lord, maker of the sun.

Do not worship the water.

Worship the Lord, maker of the water.

Do not worship the incense.

Worship the Lord, maker of the nostril.

Do not worship the scripture.

Worship the Lord, maker of the code.

The bow-down temptation  
of so many graven images  
necessary to be seen through with awe  
and enjoyed — in our world.

### *Judge Not Unless It's Obvious*

Early this cold Sunday morning  
I zip into my church parking lot.  
9:05 a.m. — five miles in five minutes  
not bad for residential,  
and Jesus forgives.

Screech stopping behind  
the same white Ford pickup  
I parked next to last month,  
I bump the left rear fender a bit  
but nobody saw me,  
and Jesus forgives.

I notice  
cool shiny aluminum, bed ramp tracks  
hanging over the tailgate.  
They look fancy new. The red rubber  
end caps lost by any normal person  
within a few uses are unscuffed.

What would Jesus think—  
a thrill-seeking 4-wheeler person,  
or a benevolent hauler of riding mowers  
to gratis cut fragile elderly folks lawns.

Lets judge. Well, it's January, and ooh!  
See the extra satellite radio antenna and  
the huge black pipe grill guard bumper.  
This guy needs religion.

Come on, Jesus  
Lead me to some soul today.  
Let's get him.  
He best not be in my pew.

---

*Missionary Support*

An international soda straw pipeline  
trickling the few dollars  
not spent on excess  
by suburban refineries of calculated concern  
has done more  
to sustain  
idealistic love offerings  
than all the faith of all ages.

It is much easier  
to extend the hand of love  
if you don't actually  
have to touch anyone.

When you walk right in  
amongst the splatterings  
of mud, blood, and puke—  
and all the casual cursings,  
it is, to say the least, distracting,  
and much harder  
to find the pocket  
with the checkbook in it.

*Lord Make Me a Nephew*

I believe Jesus was  
the perfect choice.

I am thrilled God  
picked him to be  
the Son of God.

I pledge allegiance  
and unquestioning support  
to his Sonship because—

I have read the job description  
and I would not have wanted it.

---

## *Fitful Seventh Day Rest*

Everywhere—  
organic, protoplasmic pieces  
cling to inorganic bits.

All created by God  
out of nothing.

Never functioning quite right,  
he's never really  
been happy with it.

Broke down stuff.  
Broke down people.  
Broke down world.

I hear there may be  
a Manufacturer's recall  
soon.

*Mormon Missionary Kids*

I didn't realize  
how lonely  
I really was tonight—  
Until I almost invited  
those two Mormon missionary kids  
in to visit  
and hear their pitch.  
But I didn't.  
Nobody's quite that lonely.  
I am certainly  
in need of companionship,  
but salvation will have to wait  
till I'm a little more desperate.

---

*Puritanical Paradise*

O God in heaven  
believed to be remote  
and safely  
out of harm's way — or not.  
We beseech. We implore.  
We beg. We cajole Thee.

Take this conforming cup  
self-poured full  
of suffering, pain,  
grief, and shame  
from our lives—

Which in truth we  
cherish so — that  
even  
in the lucid hour of death  
our clench'ed fingers  
cannot be pried from.

Though at any time,  
we could choose  
to pitch it in the sink  
and walk away to joy  
with You.  
Right here. Right now.

### *Earth Angel*

Down Butternut Street, God and I walked.  
We studied the people as we talked.  
Stayed out of my heart and in my head,  
but God looked at me and thus He said.

"Jim — you're conscious, visible me.  
Hungry, homeless so many I see.  
Lots of poor sad people here in need.  
I want to help but you must lead."

"Wait, God," I cried, "that's not the deal.  
Weak and helpless — that's how I feel.  
You have all power and awesome might;  
You're the one to make this right.

"That hungry child needs bread and cheese.  
Crippled lady — help for knees.  
Homeless man needs shelter near.  
Sad couple ought to get some cheer.

"God, this work is up to you.  
You should know just what to do.  
Fix it all by magic spell.  
Heal and help and make all well."

God didn't bite. He said to me,  
"Jim, you're my eyes. Through you I see.  
Your heart's my heart — your hands are mine.  
Their working order seems just fine.

A simple truth that you must know  
is that through you — My work can show.  
Do not refuse or seem to faint.  
If you won't help — that means I can't?"

---

## *A Snow Job*

Slipping into early morning's darkness, I leave my toasty house.  
Wet wads of snow blow stinging hard and bitter cold bites through.  
A jolt of melancholy sadness strikes  
between house and soon warm truck.  
I know the homeless and the truck-less  
today are really out of luck.

I hear phantom teeth click, chatter, and cracked, cold lips chanting brrr  
though real living freezing bodies could be nowhere near my house.  
I feel such sympathy and pain  
as I start and drive away.  
but I know that there is nothing  
I can really do today.

Squinting through wipes flipping windshield snow splats  
I weave the ice bound streets from house to work.  
I coolly drive by neighbor, Jesus,  
trudging against the wind and snow  
moving opposite my progress  
walking like he has no place to go.

Silhouette in hooded parka, arms folded, chin tucked down  
the little person on the roadside is not covering much ground.  
Instant anxiety and distress,  
I should go back and offer him a ride.  
Simple, simple, the solution was  
he should have stayed inside.

Now to offer him this favor I would have to turn around.  
Ease beside. Crack frosty window. Snow flakes in my comfy cab.  
Maybe scare that little person.  
Maybe endanger big brave self.  
Using my imagination,  
he could be a chill-proof Santa's elf?

Delaying the decision has put me much too far away. He was  
walking near a bus stop sign. That must have been his goal.  
The 6 a.m. sharp city bus, its lights I see,  
is just back up the way.  
That's the one always on time  
and pulling Santa's sleigh.

Even if those lights weren't the city bus  
all Christmas stories have a happy ending.  
I am pretty sure that next car back  
just sliding round the bend  
was a Bible story man we know,  
the Good Samaritan.

And since I didn't stop this morning  
I was on time in Jericho  
Where Zacchaeus, taxman of biblical fame,  
helped an humble me make an extra money shift.  
For a one time, tax deductible,  
heartfelt, benevolent, year-end financial gift.

---

*The Hour of Power*

I get up every morning  
at three-thirty on the dot.  
I prep and primp and go to work.  
Early starting helps a lot.

I start to toil, prepare the day  
begin a little after four.  
Balance the books. Post daily plans.  
And allocate the chores.

But when the clock strikes  
six o'clock it's meditation hour.  
I read and pray and chant some verse.  
Ask God for daily power.

This time is all that it can be  
to make the perfect daily mood.  
I have happy smile and cheerful heart.  
Go eat oatmeal breakfast food.

The rest of the day the struggle's on  
but six-to-seven hour's sublime.  
Now please just tell me how to get  
the other twenty-three in line.

*Sinphony*

(try again God)

A timid, fearful man  
voicing few words, and  
a politically astute man  
shouting many

are equally effective  
in hiding truth.

Failing to show love  
and practice love  
that our earth  
so desperately needs.

The fearful and timid  
ping a quiet hollow ring.  
The politically savvy  
sound a loud empty gong.

Sadly, perhaps soon—  
this completely harmonic,  
yet aesthetically unpleasant timbre,  
may be the only sound heard  
reverberating through empty eons of time  
from the late creation — mankind.

---

*Going to the Dark Side*

Piercing north winds thrust  
chill tipped icy spears  
through my frigid body.

My tousled hair rises — reflex to  
the howling cry of a closing beast  
stalking my prey emulation.

Planted deep in the fertility of  
night's blinding darkness  
my fear flower unfolds.

God-created Nature  
processed by  
God-given human senses

transformed  
by the imaginary power  
of The Other Force.

---

*Survival of the Flittest*

Drawn to the aroma of sweet nectar  
beckoning from the bell  
of a blood red trumpet vine blossom,  
two ruby throated, emerald green  
avian Apache helicopters  
hover warily at a petal portal  
planning inevitable preculinary combat.

Desire — anger — aggression—  
violence — fear — retreat — then  
with all others subdued or bluffed,  
victor's lust for self-indulgence  
is smugly satisfied.

Natural traits  
of the animal kingdom.  
Don't deny them.  
Don't apply them.

With a whirl and a flit and a "love you,"  
rise above them. Admire the grace  
of the single hummingbird spectacle.  
Find another of God's creatures  
to exemplify proper social interaction.

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*God's Unhandy Man*

Is it only vanity to think  
that I must earn the money  
to buy the grain  
to fill the feeder  
that feeds the birds?  
Is it only vanity to think  
that they would have died  
had I done otherwise?

I am a first chair member  
of God's  
fragile orchestra world—  
but I know very little  
of my instrument and  
am totally ignorant  
as to how hard or  
how long to blow.

So comes my mournful solo,  
trying to harmonize,  
but sticking out  
like a sore thumb—  
only vaguely suspicious  
of the bloody hammer  
in my other hand.

## *Spectrum Theology*

You are there—

In the red of a Lincoln rose  
and a livid tyrant's face.

In the orange of a sweet fruit  
and a slashing, clawing tiger.

In the yellow of our saving sun  
and sallow jaundiced skin.

In the green of rolling grasslands  
and the rot of bloodless dying flesh.

In the blue of heaven's sky  
and heaving drowning waters.

In the violet of the pansy petal fan  
and the poison nightshade flower.

But it is my choice to see You there,  
to point You out to others.

For us to deal with You  
and fathom Your true colors.

*Hundred Mile Prayer*

It is noon in August 2006. Cruising east  
on I-20, I am blurring through Big Spring  
on a speed limit plus stroll aimed for Abilene and home.  
Not realizing that for the next hundred miles  
I will run a hundred thousand acre gauntlet  
of thirst-crazed naked cotton plant bodies  
symmetrically row rooted and abandoned to die  
in the merciless blazing summer Texas sun.

Lured toward this sun by the come hither rains  
of April through June, hand-size verdant leaves  
furl from knee-high green towers. Pleading plants  
salted with crimson centered white blooms  
strain desperately to set green boll piñatas  
filled with fall's fluffy white fiber that next  
spring's spin magically weaves to soft Pimo Polos.

But God's faucet is off. Not a trickle since June  
and a destined dehydration death  
is less than two weeks away.

Helpless farmers afield and we fans of fabric  
have no more control over a rainless today  
than April's magic seed sprout,  
the spontaneous spring rain  
or the magnificent growth until now.

All Joe farmer can do is eye upward hope,  
take his best umbrella to church  
and keep his parched fields uncovered.

As I walk in my kitchen door  
I have done my first hundred-mile prayer.  
Soon I am flipping phone book pages  
searching for Apache Indian rain dancers  
and atmospherically astute seeders of cumulus clouds.

### *Going Ballistic*

My sacred self bit into an apple  
trying to recreate the fall.  
Thinking that I needed to do that  
to get back to where Jesus  
could try again.

In a typical psychotic egotistical explosion  
I only wanted to be responsible  
for something important.  
I didn't want to settle  
for a common university campus massacre  
or a been-there-done-that regional genocide.

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*In the Beginning God*

I thought that I thought to myself,

"Today is a new day.

You should see the sunrise.

It is so wonderfully usual."

But later I heard God say,

"Wasn't that a wonderfully usual sunrise?"

Then Brahman expressed,

"Wasn't that a wonderfully usual sunrise?"

And Jehovah declared,

"Wasn't that a wonderfully usual sunrise?"

Soon Allah added,

"Wasn't that a wonderfully usual sunrise?"

And Spirit echoed,

"Wasn't that a wonderfully usual sunrise?"

And then from the North Pole to the South,

from the Far East to the Near West,

from the depths of history

to the eons of the future

there was a chorus—

magnificent, harmonious

multiples of the same voice,

the same intonation,

the same inflection,

the same BEING,

"Wasn't that a wonderfully usual sunrise?"

You are one people.

Love each other.

I am one God."

*Graceful Communication*

On this icy  
early Big Bend morning  
I absolutely believe—  
that if I couldn't see  
Your magnificent  
Milky Way parade,  
that if I couldn't hear  
Your distant dogs' bark,  
and treetop birds' banter,  
that if I couldn't feel  
my freezing cold  
nose and toes,  
I would still know  
that You are here,  
because You  
would find a way  
to let me know  
you were,  
that required  
only acceptance  
from me.

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