



ANNUS SPIRITUS

To Sherry

Annus Spiritus is book four of Decapoiema. Decapoiema is a series of 10 works of poetry, each based on one of the elemental numerals 0-9.

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Spring 3/21 - 6/20

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Introduction

A poet's life is one of breathing, inhaling everything into the self, and exhaling that self back out as a new creation. At times the breath is a desperate gasp, other times it is deep and satisfying. This respiration sustains life and without either side, the filling or the emptying, the poet would soon fade.

Annus Spiritus, a year of breathing, or a year of spirit, began in a simple way one day. I decided to take some advice and came to pay more attention, for one full year, to the small act of breathing. For the next 365 days, I made an effort to watch my breath, to listen to its song, to feel its passage, to taste its scent.

When I began this year, I had no particular destination, only to take each step and see what happened. However, on the first day of giving attention, I was given something in return. As I bent to hear breath, I heard something more. An ever so slight message was being sent my way. Each day to follow, as I paused to breathe, I felt the world pause and leave a few words on my plate. These gifts have now become the breath poems within this book.

A breath poem takes one of my daily alms and puts it into a tiny package for passing on. Each poem is four lines, there are four syllables per line and there are four poems on each page. These fours also reflect the four seasons of the year of breathing.

Annus Spiritus is open to your own breathing while reading. You may choose to find the poem for today and breathe it throughout the day and each syllable or line can serve as an inhale or exhale. Each season too, can be seen to have its own rise and fall as the air of the season first fills and then empties it.

The message of each poem was actually heard, and most were written verbatim on the day associated with it.

Spring

I lift the gate
to water fields.
My neighbor's land
sips my edges.

Waiting for the
sun to break from
the cloud, I lose
sight of the gray.

I don't recall
the insight. I
do remember
the cast, the warmth.

Pardon sleepwalks,
limping like debts
that refuse to
rouse from slumber.

3/21 3/22 3/23 3/24

There is no weight
To tiny bits
of bliss, but they
still tip my cart.

I greet the sky,
devour wind,
I eat the earth,
my sacrament

Humility
crouches behind
my heel. Retreat
catches my step.

I cut, I set,
lines torn and packed.
Edges form, gaps,
words where I step.

3/25 3/26 3/27 3/28

Ice hits the stone.
It is justice?
Not in the strike,
in the melting.

Woke with a rag.
Once my shirt, I
use it to rub
peace into you.

I carry you,
a scythe mowing
my wheat. Cares threshed
in your quiet.

A gift's true home
hides downriver
now far from its
ancestral birth.

3/29 3/30 3/31 4/1

The gut spiral
speaks to my bones.
Keep watch, alert,
the hour is yours.

Heaven may be
just the right half
of the mind of
the universe.

I cry out or
I am mute. God
listens to both
with the same heart.

Fast enough to
feel movement. Slow
enough to hear
the creation.

4/2 4/3 4/4 4/5

Fear is farce. Not
the wit of doubt,
nor the laughter
of souls at ease.

The same blood flows
to tighten the
hand's grasp, as flows
to release it.

The air holds no
attachment, yet
the wind and the
cloud dance as one.

I lay them on
altars of rest.
Then I think to
lay myself down.

Every thousandth
blossom chose noon
to let go. This
time I noticed.

I am densely
packed. Then spirits
open spaces
inside my flesh.

Whence comes this smoke?
Finest ash from
a heart burned and
blown by love's flame.

This side of life,
the work, stacked stones.
At the shore, hold
a hand of sand.

To be mine, the
sun must cross the
horizons that
come release me.

To be mine, the
moon must yield, an
apparition,
my secret cave.

In that pause, there
was no room, hence
no time. Light, the
color of bliss.

There is rarely
learning, but a
healing back to
what I once was.

Mercy rains, seeps,
streams, falls, flows, pools,
returns, to rise
again, no end.

A creature of
habit, the mind.
“Be bored with it.”
cry out the stars.

No guilt, blankets
take my form as
they fall. These are
the name of God.

My inward glance
comes upon a
mirror. Out, I
am reflected.

If the soul is
but chemistry,
is it any
less a wonder?

Of all the lines
that could be, this
one is written,
these words, this now.

The games we fools
play, such effort
flushed downstream. Find
a rock and sit.

The light absolves
the air. Now with
no weight, it falls
into my skin.

4/22 4/23 4/24 4/25

A voice pitches
like smoke from a
ship's candle, up
into heaven.

If there be no
offense, then there
be no remorse,
so say the birds.

I soak beauty,
the drops from the
first blessing that
ever was poured.

Worthiness dwells
in the burrow
behind the trees.
seek it, find it.

4/26 4/27 4/28 4/29

Not far into
another's heart,
a table spread,
one word deeper.

Like platitudes,
they sound. I clamp
them so tight, they
can't resonate.

I lean my thoughts
up and over,
like warmth rising
under the eaves.

A summons sent
by divine wire.
Innocence new
with shedding skin.

4/30 5/1 5/2 5/3

Clawing rocks, down,
digging away
from the sun. Then
what is this light?

The night dried out.
my rasp breathes in
aloe vapors,
an early mist.

The branch lines up,
another. How
many 'til I
drop and follow?

This time I dive
to where the green
deepens to thick
ink for my press.

5/4 5/5 5/6 5/7

When love's palm, on
my lung does press,
I even breathe
beneath the waves.

No lines marking
or dividing.
I bow, all is
good, all is god.

Life drops from life,
the giver's womb,
no awareness
of being born.

The rooster crows
hours before the
dawn. Singing its
song of no time.

There's a scent of
desperation
in the riptide
of the ego.

From fog draped cliffs,
the edge pits my
gut as if clear.
Which plunge is real?

O panic, you
fly as mist as
I bow prostrate
upon water

All my counting
comes back to one.
All my striving
returns to love.

I am left then,
with only true.
Like the wave's vow
upon the sand.

There is a tale
that awaits my
return. It, like
all, is enough.

A new green rose
off the sea, a
dripping passport
stamp for my eye.

If this were not,
I would dream it
and just the thought
Would sustain me.

He said, "We came
here naked, all
is a gift." Then
he helped me move.

A skin beneath
wraps my heart. If
pricked, you must drink
or I shall die.

The quark senses
cosmos' edges.
My smallest cry
senses being.

Celebrate birth,
celebrate death,
celebrate all
things in-between.

On the rim of
my eye, I catch
a flower and
now I am home.

I walked slowly.
A winter in
the lowlands. The
mountain waited.

The fullness of
time dies as a
dream, is born as
tender blessing.

Where is the light?
Where are these things?
Words such as “where”
blow into me.

5/24 5/25 5/26 5/27

I return to
the work. It pours
from the right urn
to the right bowl.

The branch, slightly
off center, stretched
my focal point
to the next frame.

I ignore the
dark at my own
peril. Keep it
at bay with light.

Birds know not to
dream tomorrow.
False future, no
memory of now.

5/28 5/29 5/30 5/31

The sea boils where
wind channels. The
same air, when come
to rest, glistens.

At the line where
life leaps, jasmine
air rises like
mist off hope's field.

I open, I
expose. At times
I confuse pain
with tenderness.

The promised storm
waits like nervous
love, then breaks, just
like my vision.

The spray reminds
me to slow the
try. Trust love, as
mist from the sky.

Dams break, flood, then
re-seal. From the
wash, come tailings,
our flecks of gold.

I thought I heard
a call. 'Twas just
the echo of
my own desire.

Magic rises
even from wounds.
Thus, any of
us can bear it.

Each lesson lies
innate. One per
cilium, stirred
when spirit moves.

Consciousness lies
behind the drape
of every face
as it passes.

Storms forming far
or drifting clouds,
carry being
without body.

Sit, fall, stand, drift.
Rest but alert.
Dreaming enters
even awake.

6/9 6/10 6/11 6/12

Hawk, leaf, cloud, web.
In one minute,
a four act play
of nature's float.

Heated, tired,
I notice breath.
Cool breeze, the world
catches its breath.

Things may get done,
or not, or may.
Still there remains
no sense of need.

Mind and river
cascading their
fall line into
one another.

6/13 6/14 6/15 6/16

Kindness gently
steps over a
justified soul,
goes on its way.

Immersed in light,
life carried on.
Blinded, the day
dripped compassion.

Connections form,
they break, they form
again. They pause
in no hurry.

Perfection wants
and so it acts
accordingly.
Love is enough.

Summer

Only feeling
can find the words
to write or say
this very thing.

Even the most
degraded thing
contains a space
shaped like kindness.

In belonging
or in alone.
we all find a
seat of welcome.

Waiting leads us
down the steps to
our nothingness,
our emptying.

6/21 6/22 6/23 6/24

Darkness carries
as many shades
and depth of hue
as does the light.

Time slowed until
it came to stop.
I think rather
it ceased to be.

In any when
and every where,
a choice is brought,
a breath or thought.

Inhale peace, wait,
listening for
a heart beat, wait,
exhale empty.

6/25 6/26 6/27 6/28

Embrace a task
to completion.
When repeated,
led to patience.

Things may seem hard.
Sometimes easy.
In either way,
they are the same.

I do still tell
myself to be.
I do still learn.
I am still here.

Once again missed
alert presence,
but maybe not,
it matters less.

6/29 6/30 7/1 7/2

Pain opens a
lens to focus.
Pain provides a
means to bow down.

All uncover.
All bury gifts.
All believe, all
have always known.

In the clear light
of the new day,
under our feet,
anger scatters.

Ancient remnants.
Dead reminders.
Now resurrect
to catch my eye.

7/3 7/4 7/5 7/6

A first breath comes
too late, I think.
A respire
no less welcome.

All of my sighs
return to me.
They rinse the shore.
They echo down.

A sweeter taste,
a richer bread,
is baked on stones
unearthed just now.

A comfort and
a restlessness.
Routine has a
right hand and left.

7/7 7/8 7/9 7/10

An untrue choice.
A trick question.
To honor or
to be idle?

When nature blurs,
in sharp-free lines,
does art come out
to play, to sing?

Stitch in the side,
each breath a pain.
try not to hear,
try not to be.

A doubt carries
a benefit.
It is not ours,
it is granted.

7/11 7/12 7/13 7/14

First, naming dies,
then the body.
So everything
is in order.

Is the cost of
our careful joy
extracted out,
or is it alms?

Waiting starts dry.
Soon it will sit,
will be its own
meditation.

From hand to toil
to strain to pant
to breath to pause
to clear to calm.

7/15 7/16 7/17 7/18

A sliver adds
to the skin of
the earth's cover.
Drops feed the stream.

Who among us
will fight the heat?
Who will refuse
the offered drink?

Would it be more
than could be asked,
if every breath
had its own note?

Attention is
redemption for
the debt of our
impatient hand.

7/19 7/20 7/21 7/22

Lie on love's bed.
Stretch as you will.
There is no edge
that lacks cover.

Does the lone tree,
or the pale snow,
seek an answer
for its purpose?

In lost days past
do we flee from
or turn to stand
amid horror?

When now awakes,
find abandon
in moments of
divine presence.

7/23 7/24 7/25 7/26

New recompense.
Pay slips crafted
of finest joy.
The day's wages.

I am master.
You are master.
Heaven's kingdom
within us all.

There is nothing
more to the breath
than the wonder
of the breathing.

In its own time,
pain can even
come to visit
in quiet dreams.

7/27 7/28 7/29 7/30

Waiting to come
up with something?
Listen. Something
will still come up.

Let go and be
the confusion.
Therein it can
play itself out.

The window glass
of time, collects
the drops of joy's
condensation.

Behind the wall
of the chill wind,
the smallest glimpse
of simple bliss.

7/31 8/1 8/2 8/3

Many commands,
none required.
Save the one from
caring, be kind.

We do not change
so much but we
may return to
our origins.

Without a breath,
no panic comes.
Rested in grace,
beauty surrounds.

Choose to believe,
or more knowledge.
On divine scales,
where's the treasure.

8/4 8/5 8/6 8/7

Arcs of worry,
swing far and wide.
From the world's end
to the heart's bed.

To be alone
seemed like a gift.
Then it was not.
Sigh and a smile.

When authentic,
sight touches the
tongue, it tastes like
heaven's birth dew.

The words rain down
their motion's haze
becomes a veil
for the formless.

The fleeting foam,
essence leaves lines.
A retreating
tide marks the soul.

Beliefs may wax
and wane, but lines,
they are either
true, or they're not.

Alongside our
falling, beside
our decline, we
are lifted up.

Heat rises, and
it will until
I fall into
its soft updraft..

Folly tries to
use the mind on
things that will not
be held in thought.

We all carry
satchels of tools.
We all craft with
few real lessons.

Before truthful,
before needed,
before kindly,
remains a gift.

In creating,
I step away,
to a touching
and breathing god.

8/16 8/17 8/18 8/19

Words once spoken,
“So far to go“.
Now simply be,
where I am now.

In the bright noon,
bathed in the light,
it may see you
‘ere you see it.

Casting aside
cold assumptions,
a crack in the
shell of myself.

When I detach
from my mind’s eye.
then can I lay
upon your skin.

8/20 8/21 8/22 8/23

Truth cools, wakens,
like downswept frost,
tender, brisk air
kissing sad lungs.

A simple sound
falls on my ear.
A soft whisper
to change the world.

When the gray noise
is heard, is named.
It can not hide,
and panic flies.

Time is a raft
carrying me
to speak and hear
my connections.

8/24 8/25 8/26 8/27

We shatter things.
without effort,
and one day we
may even try.

When left without
a light, a guide,
always return
to compassion.

Look down into
the hearth unmade.
A dark pit where
the world breathes fire.

The slope slides down,
carries along
to one moment
of a lone child.

8/28 8/29 8/30 8/31

The tangled nets
slacken and fall.
Thoughts are then tossed
against the sky.

A thousand small
beads of clear glass.
Kept in wait for
our remembrance.

One soul may keep
in its own care,
infinite stores
of mystery.

I may forget
to do the task.
the task did not
forget itself.

If I could know
and gather time,
I think my arms
would soon drop it.

Shadows seem breathed
on my heart's glass.
Soft, wet vapor,
angelic dew.

When I lose her
vanishing tracks.
Only then she
returns to me.

The darkness crept
through splintered doors
Within its grip,
it had no hold.

A glance beneath
the heavy loads.
their undersides
hold weightlessness.

The formless calls
for infinite,
formless embrace.
Arms are enough.

The gift of this
time may become
a thinner slice
to fix our gaze.

The inhale as
the upbeat stroke,
tolling inside
a breathing chant.

Draw close, come near.
I see you here.
I pause and then
neglect to care.

Sadness of place
has no bearing,
takes no sounding
against its love.

Awake, aware,
be here, be served.
Become their gift,
alone give thanks.

Surrounded by
a swarm of needs.
One will choose you,
trust for the rest.

Autumn

Wandering in
and out of mind.
The last moment
reserved for joy.

And once again,
I speak in fear.
The words emerge
already thought.

Arms hold dying
expectations.
In the evening,
familiar love.

Who knew what stones
fell in my pack?
Who would offer
a bowl for trade?

Trees and rocks and
writing tables
bring me closer
to my own truth.

Be, the inhale,
kind, the exhale.
Fear and darkness
are overcome.

I am convinced
of many things,
but things, the true
are only known.

A full, clean, dive.
It cleaves the breath.
The choice that's made
in love that's true.

9/21 9/22 9/23 9/24

A pale line, a
relationship.
A darker etch
awaits its time.

A premise holds,
so I am right.
Proof melts, warm, wet
drops on my neck.

It walks the same
roads that I do.
The reason why
I came to earth.

To seek beauty,
drop effort, drop
the search, drop a
letter, and see.

9/25 9/26 9/27 9/28

Market forces
wonder about
spiritual
economics.

What if our blinks
were the only
brief moments when
beauty emerged.

Newer things in
older places.
Now is the time
for them to wed.

The cynic's tin,
the lover's gold.
The alchemy
keeps us in awe.

9/29 9/30 10/1 10/2

Waiting for a
more fulfilled time,
a window cracks,
startled by joy.

The problem states
itself clearly,
but solutions
wait in shadows.

Not just a love,
but this love here.
Needs an outlet,
needs to be heard.

Quiet, anger,
two old kinfolk.
Agree not to
meet anymore.

10/3 10/4 10/5 10/6

If light can shock,
then sound can sneak
behind, can fold
in on itself.

Work finds its way
carried on carts.
pure therapy
down in the soil.

No simpler task
to bring, when the
work of your hands
feeds another.

A broken mouth.
Keep talking and
you never know
what may happen.

10/7 10/8 10/9 10/10

Every beauty
is in doing.
Setting aside
the getting done.

Life will happen
no matter what.
More essential,
less efficient.

Each inhale draws
incense of life.
Each exhale pours
out in a psalm.

Many lessons
lie underfoot.
Heads in the sky
pause to look down.

10/11 10/12 10/13 10/14

Hurry the day?
Some things cry out
for sense, lest they
defeat themselves.

Return to words,
old words, old forms,
old alphabets,
old scratched markings.

If an instant
be reserved for
contemplation,
it will suffice.

Everyone on
the work party
just trying to
fit in the line.

When down, the words
can only hope.
When up, do they
just play the part?

Thoughts and phrases
waiting to form
watching becomes
reason enough.

For a time it
was delayed, was
unrecognized,
was providence.

Gradients of
beauty fail to
measure the first
strike, the last hold.

Life came up from
the side, matching
my stride, living,
not being lived.

Each sound was brisk,
cracking the skin
where the sun had
left its skid marks.

In and out of
here and now with
no force, no fight,
no flight, no fear.

We arrive here
unassembled.
Mind comes along
here for the ride.

10/23 10/24 10/25 10/26

I am rivers
with multiple
thin layers of
flowing water.

Unsurrounded,
unconnected,
around the bend
being awaits.

The slope was slick.
the slide led to
pools where I found
droplets of joy.

Hand, knee, dirt, stone.
A clawing sound,
then finding grace
under a rock.

10/27 10/28 10/29 10/30

Answers come, then
fall, far away.
Left alone to
embrace mystery.

The more I fight,
the more I'm lived.
This fair chance stays,
gives me its all.

The brain, it lists
to starboard side.
This hemisphere's
not going back.

In the morning
words sound like words.
Then later on,
they sound like truth.

10/31 11/1 11/2 11/3

A collective
choice reflecting
millions of small
awakenings.

Seeking outer
requires care,
lest we forget
the heart beside.

If gratitude
be infinite
in supply, then
what of demand?

Crouching streamside,
I come not for
knowledge, I come
to wash my hands.

11/4 11/5 11/6 11/7

If growth needed
pain to seed, then
banality
would be our guide.

Intertwined lines
of compassion
stretch us out where
there is no end.

Resting in a
pair of cleft hands.
Look, it is a
heart laid open.

Wet, soaked, dripping
with heavy air.
Loaded down, it
becomes solid.

Lay the plans down
on the table,
end to end, the
day surprises.

In kind, a turn,
no end in sight,
no more and no
less possible.

A mind crosses,
engages mine.
Another door
without judgment.

A flash of pain
reminds me. Who
feels this, who weeps
behind their veil?

A hard hand dipped
in blessing oil
more easily
looses its grip.

Understanding,
do I limit
what can open
inside, between?

Days open like
cloth kept for brows.
Unfolded, it
becomes our path.

Keep emptying,
keep doors unlatched
so things can go,
can find their way.

One breath spans the
same moment as
one now. Just a
coincidence?

The pale blue ice,
the mountain's shell.
Reminding me
I've been before.

There is nothing
to remember.
There is only
uncovering.

Follow the crack,
it leads where lives,
the smallest speck
of elation.

The roots of peace
run far down where
soil needs them, to
remember light.

Learn again, then
again. Patience
attends the birth
of ritual.

There was a time
when love ended.
It ran out. It
gave in. No more.

The instant when
sleep falls. Just then
I turn to mark
the day's first breath.

11/24 11/25 11/26 11/27

Seed sown in the
under - conscious.
Mulched with memory
against the cold.

Today, a gift.
A new call for
a gift. A new
song for a gift.

It is simple
already. There
is no need for
keeping it so.

Empty want, thanks.
Empty fear, love.
Empty judgments
to compassion.

11/28 11/29 11/30 12/1

The drama keeps
a steady pace.
The difference now
is detachment.

Gaps between bells,
an empty quote,
a sitting, a
day of silence.

Learning again
for the first time,
an ancient craft,
long forgotten.

Speak what is true,
a dream that has
only been in
one heart is pale.

12/2 12/3 12/4 12/5

It once was thought
as tedium.
Now it's just a
way to create.

Art rises past
the bridge uphill.
Art falls scattered
along the road.

Keeping the peace.
Cover it with
a careful hand.
Hold on dearly.

Body and mind
alternate in
creation and
in their repose.

12/6 12/7 12/8 12/9

Watch a child, watch
a lesson, find
a place to land
and so be watched.

Look close enough
at the people's
faces, you can
almost see them.

Not with forcing,
nor resisting.
The wave finds peace
its crest and trough.

I expected
none to come out.
The cold and mud
proving me wrong.

An answer that's
beyond belief,
doesn't mean there
is no answer.

The year's brightest
sun rides the edge
of the coldest
air of the year.

Be a still place.
Be the calm, where
loved ones arrive
to lay their cares.

One man waits on
fifty. They don't
realize he
blesses them all.

These young people
with natural
effortlessness
believe their art.

Winter

When will I learn
this trust? When will
I take this work
and give my all?

Deep snow, deep faith.
The wind our doubt.
The white, our cloak
of clarity.

The last shall be,
if not first, then
the beginning
of my return.

One thousandth of
my cache, when watched,
is abundance.
Nothing too small.

Self reminds me
of itself, takes
me where it will.
Now I notice.

He moved back in,
content. Soon the
empty rooms had
filled with clutter.

12/21 12/22 12/23 12/24

The pause between
inhale, exhale.
Yin becomes Yang
I become thou.

A child may be
waiting inside
someone else, just
asking for help.

Soul rise. Ascent
finds a scent, it
retrieves the air
of creation.

Surrounded by
frenzy. Service
points the way where
love keeps the calm.

12/25 12/26 12/27 12/28

The spirit's silk
unwinds until
all that remains
is a bare spool.

I forgot the
no-self. Is that
more or less than
losing the self?

Whatever is
true, whatever
stays, I abide,
I will remain.

Illness is felt
where the body
first breaks offshore,
beyond our reef.

The banal smiles,
like a master
teasing with words
far too simple.

Eternity
in a single
gong. Time so dense
no sound escapes.

Perhaps because
it is so small,
it finds a crack.
it drips back in.

Devotion draws
both roadblocks and
breakthroughs out of
hidden shadows.

Stay clear and true
to my nature
lest things begin
to fall apart.

The balls of life
remain aloft.
Smooth, consistent,
simple tosses.

Return to the
center of the
vortex. Let go
of the spinning.

Pre-determine
how much gets done.
once again, I
fall for that one.

1/6 1/7 1/8 1/9

Trust comes closer
when on the ground.
Remain sparing,
still generous.

Out of the blue,
conversation.
Perhaps the slow
line is the best.

Lay them upon
the altar. One
by one. Entrust
them to the care.

The sun's return
I can't recall,
is it warmth that
I remember?

1/10 1/11 1/12 1/13

This time my walk
was different, where
I found a trail
under the snow.

How long was it
since I put pen
in hand, watching
words scratch the skin.

How much was that
a reflection
of myself from
thirty years past?

I find a thing,
I pass it on,
in the end, all
gets passed along.

Before taking
it into my
person, to hurt,
I take one breath.

Behind the door,
the gale became
a blast of noise,
bark without bite

The color of
the who does not
matter. Being
true to it does.

The thin blade of
judgment abrades
under the stream
of our laughter.

If I don't know,
who will? If I
don't feel, don't say,
when will it be?

I come upon
oceans. I think
to dive in, but
I dip my cup.

Learned things evolve,
become as if
a priori.
Stones uncovered.

No dues today
for the snowed trees.
I found no less
in their beauty.

The work is pure.
The work brings me
into the place
of offerings.

When something keeps
returning, it
stakes a claim to
the omen's deed.

Still there is no
hurry. Time is
not running out.
The river sings.

Vision sits, no
need of my trust.
It flies, no need
of my belief.

Is ignorance
of the moment
the problem, or
is it the point?

Walk to the spot,
find nothing, turn,
briefly wonder,
then imagine.

If love moistened
my skin, that would
suffice. That would
keep me always.

Emotion hides
in my heart's crease,
unknown until
the game begins

Stop one second.
Don't try to tell
all. Remember
only one thing.

This is the spot,
a point of place,
sound, or time, can
contain it all.

What is enough?
An arm? A heart?
What does it mean,
without measure?

Follow the way
most efficient.
You may find it
cold and arid

The breath enters,
carrying “no”.
The breath departs,
abducting self.

That which is next
declares its will.
What is here, now,
smiles and ignores.

I wait on you
like a branch waits
for warm and air
to lead it there.

In the air? No.
Under leaves? No.
By water? No.
I am the peace.

Do we dare call
the last bird come?
Is it within
us to hold it?

The lightest touch
of mercy, stuns
me the same as
infinite grace.

The doubt was in
the process. In
the vision, I
always believed.

Is it fortune
or honesty
that wets my cheek
like wind tossed dew?

The evening sky
so slightly dips
in gratitude
for the first star.

Before myself,
I strain. Behind
myself, I faint.
Along myself.

This morn, my mind
waited for a
few breaths before
reassembling.

A light rapping
of fear. I dip
my back, I go,
ignoring it.

2/15 2/16 2/17 2/18

I've yet to raise
empty from this
well. At times though,
I fail to draw.

I, when empty,
ride the sun like
begging photons,
the no lesson.

When words condense
their taste becomes
a concentrate,
simple syrup.

If you but ask,
my work becomes
a gift, itself
a recompense.

2/19 2/20 2/21 2/22

To plant, to share,
to tend, to wait.
What comes, fills a
basket yet weaved.

Their belief brought
a scattered one
down rivulets
to this vastness.

A simple hand
outside the self.
The task returns
and I return.

Believe, or not.
Either way, my
offerings hold
me in their scent.

2/23 2/24 2/25 2/26

To finish was
never the goal.
It became an
acquired taste.

Futility
lies in many
layers, each more
sure of itself.

Days will not drain,
a seed remains,
never ceasing
its tapping truth

Words press down hard.
She wonders if
ever they once
brought her to flight.

2/27 2/28 3/1 3/2

There is no through,
or from, or to,
in my breath. Just
eternal air.

The rope is taut
only because
I pull it. I
let go, it falls.

Panic feeds, then
fears itself, then
stops. A last snow
a crack for life.

The scale on which
offerings are
weighed is better
left in storage.

Love pours over
me and us all,
leaving traces
behind, new skin.

When it comes, it
falls in layers,
seeps into pores,
catches the breath.

Sacred washing,
not to cleanse, but
like dawn's tears, to
simply be wet.

What is dear? What
will I barter
for this moment?
A brush of cheek?

Collect us all
at the rim where
the wave of wind
first swells and breaks.

Under this lone
drop of rain is
gathered every
seed of myself.

A touch becomes
indentation,
becomes a light
shaded etching.

The tide lines me
with a slight bow
at each pouring
into my bowl.

A shore without
a wave. A breath
without a gasp,
bracing wonder.

The time to hold
falls an arm's length
away from the
time to let go.

Take, eat, this is
my kindness, says
the day, its tasks
my plate and cup.

The return rose
as if all of
earth's souls paused at
the same instant.

I give and plant
with intent. I
toss, it may fall
where it belongs.

A slant of words
stops me like the
spell of a long
forgotten scent.