

## THE SPIRIT OF LOVE

The flaccid Old Man  
Said: Let me make love to you  
I know why trees grow.

The wingless Old Bird  
Said: Come soar blissfully high  
Feel Zephyrs' power.

The tailless Old Fish  
Said: Come dive for hidden things  
Deep water is Home.

A Fire without heat  
Said: Enjoy my light with me  
Glow without burning.

A sheltering tree  
Smiled as the wind shivered it:  
"There's light in the East."

## RAKING PEBBLES IN THE RUBBLE OF MY SOUL

Enduring sadness  
Is a soul's malignancy  
Raven's beak bites deep.

What is depression?  
Stuck on a river's edge  
Moving back, standing still.

Or immunity  
To seagulls and the sense of  
Wet salt on your tongue.

Cardboard in your mouth  
And plastic apples shining,  
Savorless and flat.

Or stuck in a well  
Without water, light, or hope  
Just getting through days.

Salvation only  
Exists Here, Never there; only  
Today brings freedom.

You must realize  
Rainbows see us, when we see  
Their arching beauty.

And Mountains in the  
Distance reach for us when we  
Truly see their peaks.

Like homing pigeons  
Spun in their cages, we can  
Miss our True North's pull.

Still, in time we find  
Our way back: the pull of home  
Is built in our wings.

This compass may be  
God: He's light shining in  
Stone's hostility.

Satan's an angel  
Whose wings only fly down, to  
Loveless absence.

We see him when we  
Mismanage our gaps between  
Light and convenience.

Cruelty exists and  
We cannot fully avoid  
Hunger's eager bite.

We can only eat, drink  
And take joy in our work as  
God's Bible teaches.

I say I am strong  
For weakness has not broken  
Me: I still strive yet.

In love's sweet solace  
We can once more cry tears of  
Rebellion, not failure.

Our universe, like  
A puppy, is eager to do  
What we ask of it.

Lacking sentience,  
It cannot understand us  
When we can't see Peaks.

It reflects joy back  
And gives us what we want when  
We smile at others.

The hurt of digging  
A well, and of climbing out  
Can be relinquished.

And a deep kiss of  
Connection, and abundance,  
Can yet fulfill us.

Walk with me: See me  
As I strive to see you and  
Let us love again.

## THE SPIRIT OF HOPE

**Is hope an anchor  
Pulling us down to a place  
Without needed air?**

**A now-seen spacing  
Between what is and isn't?  
Violence to mirth?**

**Or is it challenge?  
The sparkle of a friends taunt  
To race to the tree?**

**Our Dreams come to us.  
They fill us like sand and water  
Until we stand seaside.**

**Unbidden they shape  
Who we are at 3 A.M.  
In night's dark embrace.**

**Unrelenting winds  
Blow until their shape slowly  
Changes into New.**

**To stand rebelling  
Fearless in a grim winter  
Is a dream itself.**

**Our future, like water  
Is infinite, and movement  
Alone carries hope.**

**God smiles on seatides  
Blessed by caprice, currents move  
And flow without cease.**

**We possess oceans  
And to be fully still, now,  
Is a heart's black crime.**

**Possess seashells, fish  
And sunlight, glinting on waves  
And you will be free.**