

INSTRUMENTALS

Wisdoms and Wonders with Nature -
Inspired Haiku Poems

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For the wind

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POEMS

Sunrise May 19 2020

Soul knows no distance.
There is a way, happening now.
Sovereignty instructs the hand.
The hand goes tick tock.
My hand goes scribble – daily.
Love is endless.
God vibrates in our being.
Ecstasy is sweet.
Leaves are green.
Less of less.
Enough satisfies the soul.

Haiku Rising

Sun's in sweet rising.
Old sweets rise in new rising -
Rise sweetly, old sun.

Instruments

Some play instruments.
Through others, instruments play -
echo ever-songs.

Oneing

Oneing with the God -
Sounds like wind in the wind chimes -
Musically one.

Mouthfuls

Poets have no tongue
Only mouth space for flowers -
Mouthfuls of flowers.

Windows

All the little birds -
Through the window, they lift up
Windows, songs, and smiles.

Life

This life is a play
of ever unveiling - life's
First act's unveiling.

Tending Flowers

When I tend flowers,
Flowers tend bloomfold to me.
Love is like this.

Flower

Endless and tender
Is the brilliance of bloom
In each flower.

Flora

Of flora I learn
Life is all bloom and is wilt
And always is life

Ukiyo-e

In empty blue sky
The poet drifted out - As clouds.
Drift in. and drift out.

Clouds

Sometimes the clouds smile,
Curve and crescent with the moon.
Sometimes the clouds swoon.

Home

Birds in spring's nesting.
White butterfly whirls out dreams.
Homes here and homes there.

Our Duty

Our proper duty -
To see, feel, hear, taste, smell - earth
Most improperly.

Seeing

If ever artists
Stop their divine seeing - worlds
I think, stop being.

Translation

How do you translate
Basho, Rumi, Hafiz, Rilke?
Well, you look around!

New Name

A new name in new bloom
Calls new I, new as God's Spring,
Calls Flora - this I.

Children

God is the pregnant -
Mothering all. Ever womb -
Open and connect.

Love

I love to be love,
Splashing love water up in
Endless seas of love!

Winds

Winds are whisperers
In green leaves, pines, poets, chimes -
The same whirling song.

Trees

I went on a walk
To talk to trees. To hear only
Easy breathing - praise.

One

Come with me to sun -
Flower with us, ever-songs
Of all's only one.

Enough

Enough rainwater

Will not drown, will not dry out -

A soul or flower.

Dragonfly

Old blue dragonfly

Whiskers above pool water.

Then an all blue plop.

Pool Water

Still blue, reflections -

My childhood dreams wander through -

Mirror, rippling.

Day Dress

In fields of grass. I,
I sink into fields of grass.
Deep green – my day dress.

Grass

Finger of green grass,
How many lives do you touch?
Having touched just one.

Location

Wisteria tree.
Purple Japanese blossom.
American yard.

Kissing God

The sun in the moon.
The God in all the people.
Go see! Kissing God.

Blue Hour

I fear of escape.
How sunflowers on blue hour -
Heard the sun running.

Red Grape Tomato

Red grape tomato -
Bit! Gush with sweetness serum -
Gush like soul from pen.

Two Moons

Two moons Spring collide
Colors of a lover's eye
I see with and by

Wet Dreams

Slept atop roof tiles -
Where night skies swirl stars like rain.
I wore no dream coat.

May

Poet sips coffee.
Rose, petunia, lily white -
Sip slow may moonlight.

Painted

I painted this eve.
Night winds in my hair and hands.
Flowers standing tall.

Flower

We
With flower
Live

We
We flower
With

Colors

Suns

Rise in

Red

Moons

Set in

Blue

Life

Follows

This

Theory of Color

Theory of color.

How each by another is new -

Theory of people.

Sun

In morning's blue hour –
Birds begin the unveil of dawn
Singing welcome red sun!

Pink and White

My pink and white skies
Are not my skies, but God's –
Open eye in my own.

White Butterfly

Spring's white butterfly
Now through cocoon, now in flight –
Soars! Light life is her.

Mystery

Love mystery. Find,
What beyond us, becomes us.
Meet us! Mystery!

Rejoice

Rejoice with your life!
You have been waiting for you –
To rejoice with you.

Proof

Who needs proof of God?
What need to cast light to light?
Shadow to shadow?

The Life of Petal

Petal Perception -
Not to look at, but from
Nature's humble eye.

Buzz like bees do sing -
Open please petal lip song!
Pollen serenade!

Sing petunia to
Sunflower to lavender
To lilac we spring,

Same love in new life -
Each one to another, new life -
New bloom to same sun -
Same sun shine same life.

Lift with us each - petal'd wing praise!
This life, same life again!

All Springs

From first flower to -
Forget-me-nots in your mouth -
All Springs are in you.

Journey

They - the poetic
Bent, left word of - real life, like
They dream - roads we walk.

Remember Poet

O open Poet!
write us while you remember -
from now, all futures

New (1,3,1)

What is new is not
What is new is not clean, yes
It's a sweet mess.

Goes down like this -
Eternal whisper crowds -
Lips all with less.

Loses self,
Finds eternal one
Finds us more

In less.
Goes up like this
Whisper -

One.
Eternal.
One.

Form

Thing
Attribute
Act

Is

God?
Yes, you who -
Are.

Rain

Sky
Blue up there
Cry

Where?

Love,
Is endless -
Here.

When?

Love,
Is endless -
Now.

Limitations

The
Limit - Is
Free.

Lilac in Peaceful

Lie

In-between

Lack.

Purple Spring

Sprout

Potato

Plant!

Oleander's Time Charm

Old -

Leave and knew

Her.

Instrumental

In
Strewn mental -
Sing!

Lonely Liminal

This
Lonely place -
Home.

Always Being

In
Even there -
I'm.

Worlds

One

Color - their

Eye.

You and I

Through

Tonight's moon -

Us.

My Favorites

You -

Lovers of

Love.

Summer Moon Seasons Again!

Spring,
Winter sun,
Fall,

As God Does

One,
In all things -
Breathe!

Seeds

Seeds
Sown with light -
Grow.

Is in all.

Love

All people -

God -

Night

Night

With rain, with

Dreams.

From Cocoon

White

Butterfly

Wakes!

Pruning

In pink spring morning
I plucked brown leaves bare toed - the
Mammoth sunflower.

Litanies

Mourning dove sings
Through golden gleam in laurel -
Litanies of Spring.

Mourning Dove's Morning Lesson

Mourn -
Sing dew of
Rise.

Underexposed Film

Polaroid click, roll
Image appear, black form -
Like a new moon rise.

Heating Coffee

Swirling galaxy.
Finger in the coffee pot -
Coffee is ready

Smile

Smiling is easy!
Sometimes I let myself smile
Even when it's hard.

Reflections

Moon -
Sun. mirror -
Self.

Self -
Mirror. God -
Self.

As the moon sees sun
So the mirror sees the self
Reflection sees source

To see, reflections need source.

Think of this, as you see God.

Beauty

Your
Eyes - beauty
Needs.

And you will be.

Act
As though you
Are -

Your Dreams

Your
Dreams - wondrous
Acts.

War

Hate

Stops - when we

Stop.

Peach

Peace -

Tastes just like

Peach.

How to Live

Love -

Abandon

Self.

A Voice

Each
Age needs a
Voice.

Each age needs a voice
To seed the torch of passion –
Sun's propagation.

Simply

I
Seek simple
Truth.

I seek simple truth.
Any flower will do, really.
Hear there – the colors!

Tobacco and Clove

Tobacco and clove
Smoke billows, unfolds like rose
Petals over this page.

Sweet Divination

Night café carafe
Pours poets silver hours – Spring moon's
Sweet divination.

Giving Moon

See the crescent moon
Carved out itself – hold open
Swirls of starry skies

Dewy

How good it does feel!
Toes in green dewy grass leaves –
Spring light's morning walk.

Flying

Green leafgrass
Spins between my toes – green lifts
Up my toes.

Hollyhock

To Spring's hollyhock
I said – “let's write a poem!”
– and bowed us to sun.

Shepherd

Wind – shepherd of clouds.
In new moon pastures, flights feed
Sheep – flower'd with stars.

Nothing Inbetween

Earth dreams of moon's love,
So she names the sky – nothing –
Nothing inbetween.

Sun-Lit Eyes

Asleep in a field.
Like handwriting on the wall –
Dreams in sun-lit eyes.

Gem Spa

Pissing in starlight -
Golden celestial splash.
Rebuttoning pants.

Bird

A bird is singing.
I have no names for any bird.
I call each bird - bird.

Jacuzzi

In the Jacuzzi -
God of bubbles, sea, and sky.
Outside - just nude flesh.

Veil

Less over this world -
Silk sheet over sweet release -
Veil over candle -

Every Secret Thing

I was disappeared
In every secret thing
I was discovered

Ripples

As for ripples -
Little blue dragonfly skirts,
Feather skips like stone.

Tonight

Spring's new moon, dark glow.
Corduroy coat, coffee, smoke.
Playing the wind chimes.

Wisteria

New moon silhouette.
Japanese wisteria -
Veins the empty sky

Females, red with flowers

Females, red with flowers.
Spring, rests in the shadow -
of oleander.

Seasons

Each moment feels as -
Swirling petals, falling leaves.
I let wilt - my hands.

Let spring pass
and Petal-less
Let us dance
and Leaf-less
Let feeling form
as Formless

Blossom

Been deeply rooted.
Blossomed still a new flower
Swirling. Petal-less.

In

Been up in Spring's red sun -
Shimmers of every light introspection.
Had face assume Spring's gleam -
Fingers line, shone into unseam,
Shone onto page. Too clean, I see
I see! Spring's red sun form
Every blue dawn -
 Formless
Opulence, mystery kiss.
I know this - this formless,
 Rhyme-less
One, she's red, she's got it like
She's won herself, everyday
The same, lost herself in
 This.

Skin

Skin has no pockets.
So why then do we pocket -
Like we owned something?

Doubt

There can still be doubt,
Without a shadow of a doubt -
If there is no light.

You may have your doubt,
But with a shadow of doubt -
You know there is light.

So, if there is light,
Why have any sort of doubt?
Ah! Be found by light!

Loss

For acceptance of loss,
The flower finds ways to grow -
Spring brings new blossoms.

Treat Them Kindly

The person you are
Is the person you are around
More than all others.

Lilac

Our limits open us.
The lilac only lilacs.
This is her beauty

Uncapped Pen

Pen that is uncapped,
This - the best sort of pen.
Endless, endless, ends!

Little Bug on Water

Little bug on water
Can ripple the whole of pool
With just one cry.

Lisa's Wave

You
Are swimming in it. Life is endless wave
Drowning time, and space, and

Mystery Blossom

Mystery Blossom -
Soft green in dense sharp rock.
Will they remember?

Us, the sun, soil, and wet rains.
Blossom - we will remember.

Lady Bug

Spring moon's lady bug -
Smoothed over by candle wax
Smells of caramel.

Vanilla bean caramel
Melts in Spring's sun - she is free!

Soul

All Springs are in you.
All earth changed to tongue to sing -
All the praises of you!

Two Prayers

Two geese flew over
My head bowed and then - sweet sounds,
Two coos, scribbled pen.

Ivory

Soul in every
Sweet ivory skin is one
New skin of one soul.

Equanimity

Two koi skies. One beige, red.
circle pond – in, out empty blue.
Moon and sun, their Spring.

Dragonfly

The pool and my mind.
The blue dragonfly gently taps –
Ripples.

Candle

– when Consumed to love.
Candle waxed with love – burns in
Love, burns into love.

In Way with Wind

A traveler needs no road – the soul knows no distance.

Way

Forever

Way

-

This – the beginnings of forevertimes journey.

Way to way I am traveler, my way is way. Yah

Road

Gold dust Road –

Whirl.

Wind – this way like wind, invisible, directionless, formless,
silent whirl of wind. But the wind keeps motion, can't
help manifest in visible water ripple, felled trees to
east, flower petal dances, and a song in wind chime.

This wind fills me inside, where Spring's moon and sun
bloom – is wildly whirled on.

I wished to reach in, opening doors inside. Only that the
winds inner hand could grow arm, body, feet and walk
outside here with me – take this way.

Reached to stroke night lily white. The petals felt soft like
leather skin. The green center spun like a dance. I
turned to my friend – wind.

“Have you yet felt a flower?
Just one –
the Joy!”

He’s felt through every flower. He taught them to dance, to
feel, to bloom and to spiral off.

He brought me down a new flower – brighter than my lily
white –

He called it moon flower.

-

Spring -
Flowers into
Dreams.

It was not long when night awoke. I'd opened the door. I'd
search for that moon flower.

I roamed fields of grass, black as the night sky. I pocketed
field daisies asking permission of course - they still
shine in my pockets.

The way was lonely, but the wind was with me. My friend
and I made home this way.

Lonely -
This way is
Home.

-

On one cold night I laid supine. I saw the field daisies
spinning. I felt myself spinning.

I knew I couldn't stop traveling. I kept moving like the wind
was always, always flowing inside.

My bare feet became sore always out for the moon flower. In
all my traveling I'd fallen tired, asleep in a blue
pasture. The wind must have carried me then. Because
just over one rolling hill was the bright moon flower!
We danced; I felt my dust mingle with the moon
flower's. Its light awoke something in me. This place
felt apart space, slower than time. A lovelier home
than being always on my way. I asked the moon flower
if we could rest a little while longer.

Is
Dream to dream
Waking?

-

When I awoke, it was day. This blue pasture was full of
fluffed white and black sheep. I met their shepherd; he
too was making way with wind. He spoke to me of
the sunflower.

-

I stayed a while in wander with the shepherd, his sheep, our wind. Against the blue pasture his flock seemed to float. Often one would hurry ahead, thin out and seem to disappear off the pasture.

The shepherd though was a good shepherd. He would call up again the gone off sheep in a series of cycles only he knew – the sheep felt.

I admired the shepherd. His sheep he did not need. They looked fuller together, happier. The sheep did need the shepherd because daisies here were sparse. Only blue grass and the promise of the sunflower could feed.

The sheep resembled their shepherd. I could make out faces in their fluff, and each one seemed also to be in the shepherd's face. I asked the shepherd how he became shepherd.

“Always was. So long as black and white sheep float
this pasture, I will forever journey with them. The
wind – the way.
Even some day we will return in the wind.”

Wind –
Ever the
Way.

-

That was the last time I saw shepherd. And whenever I saw
sheep, I saw him. And his word stayed with me,
especially that some day we will return in the wind.

-

The wind and me sought the sunflower. The wind carried to
me its scent of life everyday. I only had to give all my
attention.

The scent of life had a taste – a lavender honey tone. With it
a sweeter, musical tone, I nearly saw it – and color

too. That yellow skirting the backs of my eyelids. I'd say I could even feel it - a warm embrace, like the longest arms were wrapped and holding me close - from everything, over nothing.

The wind said these sensations were life itself. We turned a bend in blue and before us stood the sunflower. It was a Joy! Every secret sensation suddenly had face. the work of traveling had stilled. The light of life before us, in us.

To
See is to
Be

-

Yah
Ever the
Way