



Our quirks blend and blur  
like the many particles in a good strong tea.

When we grow bitter  
I'm not sure if it's you or I  
that has flavoured the water.

Anyway it doesn't matter,  
because even those ideas come from the same well.

When we are calm or joyful or reckless,  
the seed germinates and grows  
*between* our beings  
in the soul soil.

It was once individual people  
bone structures  
facial features

flower arrangements!

how trite they seem, those things  
and the time when we spoke to each other with words.

Words only say so much--  
a peeping Tom hole.

The body expresses more--  
a window.

The mind reveals nothing at all--  
a wall.

a wall that reasons us away from the real with the rational.

\*

In your physical absence I am like the river without the river bed.  
lacking inertia, buoyancy, turbulence.

I see a man in a car who has been engineered  
into believing that separation and individualism  
are the fashionable ways of being.

I see a man in line at the grocery store who is stuck inside the  
LCD screen of his smart phone.  
A screen keeps something outside  
out.

There are more people inside screens every day.  
I don't believe in little virtual rooms anymore.  
They don't exist.

I remember when someone first told me about the aspen trees.  
I grew dizzy with love!

Thinking of all those hands holding each other.

Nothing in nature is isolated.  
Pull out a weed--  
it's roots are laden with a whole soup of antiques!

But a man pulls at the string of a chainsaw. It starts after a few tries--  
chews at a log.  
He is slicing into another world without even knowing it.

Birds call all around us. They cackle at our ignorance,  
marvel at the rift--  
whatever they have the whim to say won't be understood.  
We get the gist of it even if we don't get the details.

\*

In loving you I am more connected to the world.  
I am reaching out my root threads to all the wriggling life--  
to take hold and be aware  
of our intrinsic intermixing.  
To enjoy it and celebrate existence.

But they are a dying breed, the open curtain souls.  
Most people are not so alive. They are like rocks.  
no emotion tentacles to tangle with.

You have to lift them up to see the earth at work underneath.  
And they are heavy! They don't come to you.  
They wait for the wind to bring them a friend.

We are like two bay fig trees.  
Pushing through the flaky earth to be tangled in each other.

Lovers.

