

vashon winterland





december 7, 2009

*take the tongue
out of the twist
to taste the all
in all that is –
wipe the windows
from the mist
to dance the edges
of each breath –*

*until the stars
that eyes had missed
grow into
our retinas
as we construct
and reconstruct
the entities
that we call us –*

*we split infinity
to be
a quintessential
prophecy
magnifying
who we are
into what never
was before.*

december 10, 2009

*ice resculpts
the whitened pond –
grass hangs frost
into the ground –
a brittle sun
too cold for snow
winters me
into the cold –*



*but hidden under
coat and hood –
beneath scarves
and mittened hands –
a silent surge
from breath to blood
transports me
summer
into warm.*





december 12, 2009

*above the ice and swim of fish –
suspended cold - a water drop
evolving out of what is not
from silvered pond to frozen rock –*

*within the waking of our sleep
where all is neither day nor night
we dropped our yester-selves to catch
this moment when the water stopped*

*suspended between here and there –
the world edges shift and spill
transforming us into the more
that we could never touch before.*

december 13, 2009

*i am antediluvian
mushrooming a frozen sun
to catch the morning in this fog
of underwater shivering –
beyond the planet of my eye
golden fish swim into ice
and pale grass clouds into snow –
with frosted buddha statued still –*



*collapsing outward through the day
i fracture into images
that dance across the splintered pond
in crystalline realities –
between the snowflake and the breath
between the statue and the fence
fragmented to a hundred selves
all born out of the god i am –*



*in each moment of my stare
wonderment grows multiple
as if i am a mirror ball
ballooning to encompass all –
around – within – above – below –
arctic winds refract the brain
into the opposites of same
and everywhere i am is now –
the hoary buddha watching all.*

december 18, 2009

*long and wide and silver pale
low mists weave a frozen shore
as if some giant fantasy
was drawing me into its world –*

*across the grey-white frosted dream
i walk on water – staring down
into the depths of icy realms
where goldfish dart to secrecy –*

*i am the ancient pacing skies
with shadow boots –
till suddenly –
i CRACK their wintered firmament
and vanish from their ruptured sky.*

