



1/12/08

“A privilege and pleasure”
that describes the best attitude toward life
or, more accurately, living
which, I’m reminded, is a verb rather than noun
something we do rather than have
a process rather than possession
an experience, an experiment
a story that takes a lifetime to tell

RECURRING
RECURRING
THEMES
THEMES

But who is the teller?
Who is the listener?
And why wait ‘til the end to find out if
we lived happily-ever-after?

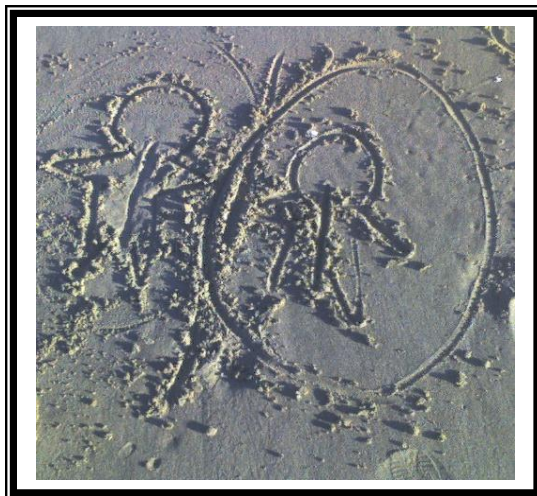
The secret – and privilege - lies in being grateful
for what we have
while we still do

of RoberT.

The pleasure comes not from doing our best
but the best we can do
and being content with the result
as the best possible outcome -
better than we could ever have imagined,
and exactly as the gods planned.

Living is a verb that exists only in the present tense
and cannot otherwise be conjugated.

It’s what you’re doing while you’re doing it.



1/13/08

Fear management
an end in itself
accomplished by faith & trust
focusing on the present
living from the heart rather than head
becoming willing rather than willful.

It involves both accepting AND letting go
... no wonder it's so confusing ...
difficult
and daunting
more scary in its own way
than fear itself.

It involves embrace of vague feelings
over obvious facts,
the willingness to carve a path
rather than follow the trail,
and sometimes to live in solitude
rather than be alone in a crowd

Fulfillment is not simply elusive.
It is evasive.
Hard to find
and even harder to hold on to,
enough to make us afraid to try.

1/14/08

If seeking rest at its source
is so logical
why do so many look elsewhere
with such determined urgency,
as if they convinced others
they'd believe it themselves
but instead apply too much persuasion
- desperation by another name -
turning flashing yellow lights red instead of green
making us less-rather-than-more relaxed
and entirely unrested.

These always seem to involve ways of doing
rather than being;
bringing in from the outside
than out from the inside;
thinking rather than feeling;
spending rather than saving;
self - rather than other - focused;
from the surface rather than the depths;
toward the short-term rather than long;
tending toward exclusive rather than inclusive,
with at least as much potential to instill pain as joy.

Fortunately, we have a choice
and it lies somewhere between these opposites.

1/15/08

Learning when, where and how to make a difference
- in our own lives or others' –
is easier than figuring out why.

It seems too obvious,
then obviously not,
as methods and motives become so intertwined
that it's hard to tell up from down,
left from right
and
wrong.

Ironically, change begins with acceptance
and becomes more likely with growing appreciation
of how the status quo gets that way.

More irony?
Maximum results requires a degree of minimalism,
brute force delicately administered,
deftly implemented
gently assuaging.

Leverage is required.
Also:
principled pragmatism,
calm confidence,
strong faith,
good luck
and
intestinal fortitude.

1/21/08

not knowing

wondering without wandering

accepting the void
without allowing fear to devalue,
degenerate
devastate

letting the moment in
and difficulties pass
with or without understanding

devoid of rationality
lacking sense, common or otherwise,
not permitting the seepage of doubt
to erode our confidence
or commitment,
deflate our currency,
confound our thinking
undermine our momentum.

1/24/08

appearances
deceiving by definition
illusive by design
misleading by implication
surface-level, by necessity

looking beyond them
we'll find
more appearances
and yet more behind those
layer upon layer
in unending supply
each beseeching us
to stop
and see this as the last level
and thus draw our conclusions ... prematurely

always more
to hear, discover, learn.
the only predictability
lies in uncertainty.

security involves discomfort.

1/30/08

is there anything more imperative
or less conscious
than breathing?

Heart beats, perhaps
hand/eye coordination
or kidney function.

If such vital signs, as it were,
pass unnoticed, then
what others do we miss?
essential yet unrecognized
unappreciated
unacknowledged

And how is it we allow ourselves
to be distracted
from the chance to become
fully aware of life,
and the liberties it affords

precious gifts

2/3/08

a whole month for lovers
and/or the celebration of love
so elusive and enveloping
fickle and fierce --
perhaps the ultimate aspiration?

Love

the cumulative total
and inevitable
– indeed inexorable –
consequence of our expression
- and experience -
of admiration and affection,
attention and acknowledgement
appreciation and ardor.

It is in giving that we receive it
that which can only be enjoyed in The Present,
so called because it is the gods' gift
already unwrapped for our viewing pleasure
if we remain calm and clear,
willingly accepting
what we've been given
instead of taking
what we want.

2/5/08

If nature abhors a vacuum,
then we must let go of what was
in order to create room for what will be.

Its perhaps our most conflicted of interests,
attached, as we are, to the familiar
that usually has as many benefits as by-products
some healthy and useful
some benign or even inert
some downright lethal
but known, and therefore by definition
more comfortable than the uncertainties
of the unknown and unfamiliar.

Yet if it is by living that we learn
and by knocking that doors open,
then only by extending and exerting ourselves
are possibilities realized and potential fulfilled,
unsettling and at times unnerving
as new experiences can be.

Living with confidence
- indeed enthusiasm -
that is "what made all the difference"
for those opting instead for The Road Not Taken.

2/6/08

The biology of ignorance
self-imposed prisons
created by cell-like obstacles
of our own making
locks without keys
walls without windows
life without the possibility of parole.

The anatomy of evil
lurking, patient and persistent
awaiting the vulnerable moment
where fear and pessimism coincide
and instinct triumphs over intuition.

Whenever willfulness comes around,
pride and deceit are not far away.

The psychology of innocence
invades our habits of thought and perception
tilting the playing field
in our disfavor,
tempting us to mask learning's painful lessons
hide bad motives within good,
cajoling us toward
lives of perpetual delusion.

2/10/08

The exposition of ideas
the analysis of intuition
the exploration of boundaries
the delineation of limits.

Creating a shared understanding
of nature – and the unnatural,
the obvious and hidden,
the known and unknown.

Seeking in the present
to learn the lessons of the past
and positioning ourselves for success in the future
without becoming pre-occupied by any one.

Life's most blessed mysteries
often don't seem so at the time,
undermining our attempts at control
heightening our aversion to unpredictability.

The pathway to joy
precludes complacency,
bringing us closer to
what we may never touch,
but otherwise never get near.

2/14/08

If only it was funny
it would sound like a joke:
putting Hurricane Katrina victims
in formaldehyde-laced trailers,
killing slowly those who did not die quickly.

Toxic living is not funny
corrosive inside-out
or outside-in
depending on where/how our boundaries are drawn
and on what side of those we live
letting in or keeping out
what is unclean, unwise or otherwise unhealthy.

The trick, as with those trailers,
is recognizing beforehand
rather than discovering the hard way
the subtle-but-significant distinctions
which separate that which makes us strong
from that which kills us
inevitably, inexorably.

There's no way to get out of this alive
or know if there is life after death.

It's living beforehand that's the challenge.

2/14/08

It is by releasing
that we stay connected,
or so Angel Cards foretell.

The space
for true togetherness
is where soul mates dwell.

Or providing room
for their separation
and a genuine "wish you well..."

In either case
there's forward progress,
as God's Plan begins to gel;

Otherwise
a hole gets dug
in the place where our hopes fell.

For it is only
when we get stuck
that we find our selves in hell

2/17/08

2/15/08

seeing the choices
hearing the voices
that guide our every decision

finding the light
that had been in plain sight
to miss it is cause for derision

following the rules
using the tools
life's efforts require precision

to find our way
at least one more day
requires a careful incision

striking a balance between
the seen and unseen
least there be a collision

the allure
of an elixir
that brightens our light

the possibility
of a cure
for what diminishes my sight

the opportunity
to acquire
that which makes all things right

that illusion
we pursue
with all of our might

an alternative
to consider
plain as stars in the night

that solutions
lie within us
transforms black into white

2/25/08

2/20/08

It's reacting
without being reactive
that determines
or undermines
our effectiveness.

Reaching out
by reaching within
that influences
-- or inflames --
our receptivity ...
and others'.

Hanging on
by letting go...
perhaps the ultimate paradox

It seems humiliating
but is instead merely humbling,
that life's simple lessons
are learned rather than taught.

They are more often grammatical
than semantical,
moving us arithmetically
rather than exponentially.

That love is a verb rather than a noun
is such a lesson;
something we do instead of get,
with the opening of our heart
changing our perspective
and thereby our possibilities.

Understanding may be another such lesson -
something we do,
and do again,
staying busy enough
to avoid the trap created
by trying to get it instead.

Learning is also in this category
an action rather than a possession,
-- and experiment --
a life-long pursuit

if we're lucky.

2/25/08

Letting go

A continuous
and imperfect
process

Always beginning
and
never ending

It is not the other
but ourselves
to whom we give release
becoming free
of our limitations
in perception, conception, reception

The artist says:
"it is not what we look at
but what we see "
that shapes our experience
happiness
and destiny.

Hearing is to listening
as loving is to living,
finding is to seeking,
and feeling is to touching;
as knowing is to thinking,
discovery is to exploration,
and growth is to learning;
as understanding is to experience,
insight is to knowledge,
happiness is to fun,
and joy is to happiness;
as exhilaration is to excitement
and ecstasy is to exhilaration.

Transformation is to transition
as belief is to hope,
faith is to belief,
and trust is to faith;
as confidence is to trust,
conviction is to confidence,
and commitment is to conviction.

Honesty is to truth
as healing is to medicine,
and enlightenment is to teaching;
as glee is to play,
calmness is to contemplation,
clarity is to calmness,
creativity is to clarity,
purpose is to creativity,
mission is to purpose,
and vision is to mission.

2/29/08
NYC

2/29/08

Sun streaming through the curtains
glistening on the pond
sounds of running water
scent of looming spring
smoke swirling from a distant chimney
leafless trees baring all

Lingering snow attests
to the permanence of change,
our Universe constant churning
one form into another.
Change so ubiquitous
it passes almost unnoticed
and, more often, ignored
as instead we change
our features, functions, focus
avoiding the obvious ... the inevitable.

Accepting who we are,
instead of becoming what we're not
is a lifetime job
that even diligent effort will never finish.

Yet, daily we begin anew.

Grand Central Station

Could three words adjoined
ever be more truly aligned?

So much movement
it is hard to believe the building isn't.

Is this what it feels like to be in a beehive?
An anthill?
Or a vagina as millions of sperm cells wiggle by?

The place hums
a democratic tune
as those with the most and least
share the same bench,
the same air,
the same ultimate fate, and
the same disbelief of those unalterable facts,
except when sharing their bench.

Both seem relieved,
one knowing they have so much
the other so glad for what he has
as all there really is
is this moment
and that bench.

3/2/08
New Life
in Brooklyn

3/11/08

In the darkest pages
of the Book of Life
are our greatest secrets concealed:
how the fruitful become fruitless;
how love, like life, is eventually lost; and
how an eternity lasts but a moment.

But of such moments make a lifetime.
And in that love, happiness.
And in that life, fulfillment.
And in the seeds of such fruits: possibilities.

From their families' oldest and youngest
the first and last
new lives germinate in fertile ground
wide-eyed and spirit-filled
bringing immortality to our fondest dreams
highest hopes
deepest aspirations
clearest realizations.

As we have learned from our own parents --
and them for theirs
as theirs for them, and them for us --
perhaps all we really need to know:
as it was, so shall it always be.

Our evasion of finality
makes the inevitable seem avoidable
which only makes it all the more real
and imminent.

Our denial of its existence,
is evidence of its pervasiveness
and persuasiveness.

It's not a matter of life after death
but rather life after birth
that determines whether we reach the finish line
in stride or in a sweat,
with a smile or a frown,
in gratitude or despair.

But toward that line
we are inescapably drawn
with, we're told, many on the other side
silently cheering us on until we reach their place,
having completed the journey that,
as it turned out
was more about direction
than destination.

Daily prayer

3/14/08

We are encouraged to pray
only for the knowledge of God's will
and the power to carry that out
so I also ask the Holy Spirit
to accept my release of all
fear & frustration
hatred & hostility
jealousy & envy
anger & anxiety
lust & resentment.

I release all those so that I can make room for more
trust & faith,
hope & love,
willingness & acceptance,
patience & tolerance,
healing & happiness,
joy & contentment,
peace & freedom
calmness, clarity, compassion,
courage, creativity, conviction,
consciousness, comprehension, courtesy,
confidence, consideration,
persistence
&
endurance.

Amen

A long documentary about
the life of Buddha
might better have been about his death.

While interesting to learn of his evolution
-- indeed his enlightenment
and transformation --
and to appreciate his emphasis on
building a community of fellow learners,
all the more compelling are his conclusions
after 80 years in pursuit
of life's purpose.

Noteworthy are the final words
of a man devoted to the aversion of suffering
and the realization of calm
advised: "Never stop struggling".

Before that, he observed:
"we are all prisoners in our own bodies.
only we can only liberate ourselves from this cell.
that door unlocks only from the inside."

And willingness is the key.

3/15/08

Living, loving, learning.

A continuum of experiences
that challenge us to exist more consciously,
 feel more fully,
 see more clearly,
 think more deeply,
 accept more completely,
 understand less reluctantly
 appreciate more quickly
 let go less resistently,
 judge more compassionately,
 change more enthusiastically,
 meditate more frequently,
 pray more fervently,
 laugh more loudly,
 sing less reservedly,
 risk less recklessly,
 examine more carefully,
 trust more willingly,
 believe less hesitantly,
 live more openly,
 love more freely,
 lose more graciously,
 leave more sensitively,
 learn more continuously.

3/20/08

First Day of Spring

All manner of people, places and things
 find their way to our door
but we decide if, when and how it is opened.

It's a simple, but not easy, choice...
 quick, but takes a long while...
 clear, but not entirely obvious.

Better, it only seems,
 to decide by default,
 or luck-of-the-draw
or opting for the most familiar/comfortable alternative
which often leads to unfamiliar/uncomfortable territory.

A plethora of options --
 an unlimited supply
 in a finite space
and oh! so short a timeframe
and how we choose determines whether
 - as the Beatles said -
"life goes on within you or without you"

3/23/08

It's fun to be playful
when the boundary line is drawn clearly
and we know well on which side of it we belong.

But when someone gets sick
or, god forbid, dies
the here-and-now displaces the fun-and-games.

Birds chirping at sunrise are reminders
of more than the arrival of Spring
and all the Good News that implies.

Their song also sings of form and function
role and responsibility
and each of us playing our part.

In the headlong rush forward
how do we discern when paths diverge?
And how do we avoid arriving at the finish line
prematurely?

Cannot let hide-and-peek games
distract us from the most fun of all:
recognizing
appreciating
and accepting
our place on the board
while the game is still in progress.

4/22/08

The tyranny of tradition
molding thought and belief
shaping assumptions & expectations
narrowing possibilities
and opportunities emanating therefrom.

The projection of the past on to the future
imposing the veneer of predictability
over inherent uncertainty
in futile search for control
only heightening our sense of powerlessness
and aloneness.

Its rejection opts for intangible
over all other prospects,
the elusive over the available,
dis-ease over familiarity,
toward healing/wholeness rather than denial.

Accepting the open-endedness of life
and all that implies
is not a rejection of tradition
but rather builds outwardly
beyond its foundation.

4/29/08

Fast-moving times
slow-coming rhymes
steady stream of surprises
swirl within and around
creep up without sound
as another new day arises.

Continually finding our way,
just how, I can't say,
but it all unfolds as it should.
Finding in that assurance,
from which we derive endurance,
while doing all that we can that we could.

Each one playing their part(s)
- that's where it all starts -
to see and be is our only real purpose
so none of our self
gets left on the shelf
when the Great Ringmaster calls an end to this circus.

To make the best of our life
and to minimize strife
while showing due respect for our health,
we begin to live
when we learn how to give
spreading love - our one true source of wealth.

5/11/08

Leaving the heart
open or closed
each has its own advantage
like hot water or cold,
being cautious or bold,
a meat or vegetarian sandwich.

There is no right way
or wrong
but rather a matter of preference.
If we choose to feel
and to find out what's real,
then there's only just one frame of reference.

Choosing to love
as our livelihood
is an extremely adventurous career;
as many up sides as down
as many smiles as frowns,
likely as not to end up on ones' rear.

But it's the journey
- not destination -
that makes a trip worth taking.
What we learn on the way
- if we so choose to stay -
makes the experience earth-shaking.

5/17/08

Is there anywhere more obvious
or elusive
than the place we belong?

It's not where we want to be
or wish we were
-- as familiar as those places are...

Or where we're trying to avoid,
or return to
-- as often as we try ...

It is where we get to be
when we're living our own life
instead of you-(don't)-know-who's;
when we're taking care of our part
instead of everyone else's;
and when we're glad for what we have
and not pine for what we don't.

Becoming who we are
is a lifetime job
that we are lucky to have
and need to complete
in order to earn that promotion
to an even more heavenly place.

5/30/08

We're always the last to know
and the first to find out.

By the Braille Method
we feel our way along
from there to there
yet here all the while.

Or at least trying to be...

Attentive, aware, awake, alive
in each moment's passing,
an ever-present state
of being, listening, observing
while also participating.

Connected, committed, complete,
fully whole but with room to grow,
learning-along-the-way,
finding what we seek within
or not at all.

Not waiting till then to be happy
or healthy or honest.

Not wanting more, or accepting less.

Receiving the Great Goodness
that is there to be noticed, appreciated
and enjoyed.

6/10/08

6/3/08

Clarity of vision
a fleeting accomplishment
at best.

Illusive as it is illusionary
here before you know it
and suddenly gone even more quickly.

How to overcome the difficulty
in seeing our own life
as it really is
rather than as
we hoped
or feared?

Seeing instead its blessing,
magnificence,
inevitability
unfolding, unveiling
always understated

and always for the best.

"Finding the time"
the saying goes
as if it were lost
or was yet to be discovered
hiding someplace unknown
instead of in plain sight.

Time cannot walk
but is able to fly.
It can pass but not flunk.
It never waits
but is able to stand still.
It can be set to music
but never misses a beat.

Time is of the essence,
yet totally relative.
It has come,
but never goes.
It will tell
but never ask.

You can call time out,
and have time off
or even a break time
and still not know what time it is,
or where it went
or when the time is now.

7/13/08

6/21/08

Addiction's "cunning, baffling and powerful" nature
grabs hold once again,
pushing us down, throwing us around
like a bronco just released from its pen.

It's a pathway littered with boulders and potholes
each step an additional drama
paved with disappointment and heartache
in its shadows no shortage of trauma.

It's never a matter of logic or readiness
a simple-not-easy matter of choice
neither forward or backward, upward or down
instead listening for god's quiet voice.

It's accepting the pain of the unfamiliar
and deciding no longer to repeat the lie
that somehow all will get better
without ever having to try.

So much harder to do than say
in part because the job's never through,
so we ask a Highest Power to send help
to those trying to decide what to do.

Looking forward
thinking back
somehow it's all the same
seeing clearly
feeling deeply
letting go of "who's to blame?"

From inside out
instead of upside down
we find there is no shame
in doing our best
and leave it at that.
It's more important than: "who won the game?"

Better still: who decides?
as mystery, delusion
and the ego we seek to tame
can make sweet things bitter
treasures seem worthless
and give "victory" its opposite name.

Finding the truth
is a lifetime job
that requires an unflickering flame.
Thinking we know
before we possibly can
is the fastest way to make ourselves lame.

7/16/08
Birthday

Our uncharted course
reveals itself
only with the passage of time.

Just as poetry
speaks to us
with (or without) a rhyme.

As a mountain peak
reveals its majesty
most to those who climb

And a tender heart
discover its strength
whenever sweet love turns sublime.

Such feelings of guilt,
accusation and blame,
you'd think someone committed a crime.

It's just the unfolding
of god's plan for our lives
that can start – or stop - on a dime.

7/19/08
In Flight/Chicago

Proof of relativity theory
is found
in the closeness of distant relationships
as space melts
and time slows
until we can catch up.

Separation is a perception and a projection,
growing larger or smaller
if we think it does,
and thus make it so
by opening or closing
our hearts.

Anticipation and expectation intervene
moving closer together with each minute
eventually touching
like our jet coming in for a landing
back home once again.

Finally the time has arrived.

7/22/08
Chicago

Keeping fresh our connection
between head, hand and heart
requires a renewal of perspective
where all things get their start.

Hard to know where you're going
unless you know where you've been.
Hard(er) to know who you are
if you don't even know your own kin.

And so returning "home"
is not so much a place
but rather a rekindling of feeling
and restoration of grace.

A reminder of our location
between beginning and end
on the path toward discovery
of how heart, mind and soul blend.

Thereby helping us to better see
the bumps and curves 'long the way
that can sap the resolve needed
to see the wonders of each day.

9/7/08
Clara's Departure

The time of separation
marks a beginning
and an end
of gladness and sadness
- no memory of badness -
when you into this world do we send.

You're fully prepared
for whatever's next
and all that comes thereafter.
The mysteries unfold
when you remain bold;
to do otherwise would be a disaster.

You're alive and awake
and ready to receive
the greatest of all the gods' gifts:
the ability to know
that we reap what we sow
as beneath us the sands of time shift.

And so as you go off
we say not "goodbye" but rather:
"see you later",
knowing not when
we'll next do so, but then,
from your experiences you'll only be greater!

12/8/08
Day After

9/10/08

Perhaps the most honest truth
comes from (s)he who says nothing
allowing their actions to speak
instead of their ego, bias
or agenda -
conscious and otherwise.

Perhaps the most potent action comes
from one who does nothing,
reflecting and resonating
recognizing and realizing
instead of confusing motion with movement
or power with authority.

Perhaps the best results are achieved
by starting rather than finishing
constantly beginning anew
the experience of living,
learning, leading
and loving.

Perhaps.

a flower opened unto me
revealing more than petals
not just sights and smells
but sounds, taste and touching
so much so deep so well
altering my definition of flower
subtly, significantly, permanently

first, grammatically
revealing itself not as a noun but verb
not something that is, but does
evolving emoting intuiting sharing loving
and all those not without adverbs
like inexorably, unremittingly, passionately
which can be subjugated but not subjected
more possibilities dangling than a participle
a story that is writing itself
with every unfolding moment,
revealed mystery
and
untold secret.

secondly, scientifically
defying laws of physics and economics
and raising questions about the artificial separations
of space and time,
motion from movement
proton and neutron
particle and wave
fact and fiction
cause and effect
I and thou.

and third, of course, theologically
affirming the gods' role, interest and influence
in all things botanical
and their will in letting each blossom
find its own way
from darkness to light,
sadness to happiness,
illness to wellness.

they say that seeing is believing
when it is often by believing that we see.
perhaps also the life/death continuum is reversed,
as we discover that each flower's seasonal departure
germinates only greater manifestation
of beauty, fragrance, vibrance and realization
of life's boundless and bountiful blessings

1/10/09
New Year

"Live unt learn"
our momma quotes hers expressing
the pragmatic Germanic view
of the perfectly obvious
that is so easily missed.

Such reminders are needed
because it otherwise seems like it should be
the other way around –
that somehow we could learn
and then live,
thus avoiding the bonehead mistakes,
poorly-timed/ill-advised statements
and painful results
that eventually arise in any life
actually lived.

But were we to learn then live
we'd miss the good as well as bad,
happy as well as sad,
rich(er) as well as poor(er) times
that shape our experience, character and destiny.

We indeed "live unt learn"
in that order,
and luckily so.

2/2/09
CHANGE OF ADDRESS:
175 College Way
Auburn, CA 95603

1/19/09

new day
new year
new beginnings

new possibilities
new opportunities
new attitude and, therefore,
new perspective

new chance(s)
new choices
new connections

new ideas
new opinions
new direction

new appreciation
(re)new(ed) respect
new understanding

new light
new smiles
new acceptance

New day's light
through new windows
on a new day
in a new place
ever new awakening
to new dreams
new perceptions
and new possibilities.

Seeing new things
from – literally – a new point-of-view,
provides new energies
for (re)new(ed) effort
in new direction(s)
with new understanding
and a new sense of value(s).

Moving into a new house
changes more than an address.
or refrigerator
or not-so-new plumbing,
but also gives new appreciation
and new feelings of gratitude
for all previously new places.

And those yet-to-come.

2/9/09

10/25/09
Sister Dear

No shortcuts or time outs.

No commercial breaks
or sneak previews.

Plenty of second chances
and too much second guessing.

20/20 vision available in hindsight only.

No referee
but there is a penalty box.
No shortage of critics or experts who
are always louder than
the cheerleaders.

No huddle
or scripted plays
or script, for that matter.

If lived right,
life has no re-runs,
no detours
plenty of seasons,
a long-term contract
and only one dead-end.

you come once again
in thought and in a dream
and in that sense you never have gone

your presence, a present
closer than it might seem
in god's universe we each are a pawn

moved by forces unknown
not in ways that we deem
yet always toward light are we drawn

and still there you are
those eyes, they still gleam
and hair the color of dawn

no question you're there
still part of the team
close as blades of grass on the lawn

always here as our guide
with a full head of steam
yet quiet and calm as a fawn

11/8/09
One Last Time

Yet one more child's driving lesson
and still i am guessin
the best way to pass on the rules

about driving, and life
the handling of strife
and how best to use all of our tools.

each one gets the chance
to find their place in the dance
and from then on are well on their way

finding out who, why and how
to separate then from The Now
and figure out how the piper to pay

where that road ends, we don't know
bur rather only can show
how to find their next step on the path

between Here and There
they will learn to take care
and thus not incur the god's wrath.

Inauguration Week
11/23/09

Hope, once again, springs eternal
making us dare to aspire.
Bringing light to what often seemed gloomy
and the courage only change can inspire.

It creates a shift in the center of gravity,
Shifting the onus from "them" to "us"
and to similarities rather than differences.
After all, we are on the same bus.

Seeing our sameness makes a big difference
removing walls erected by the belief we're unique,
cracking the mirror that makes us look backward
to blame others for making us weak.

It's taken us fifty years to "ask not..."
and receive what can only be given;
over two thousand to see "...doing unto others..."
as the only way to get on with livin.'

The pathway of hope is paved by our trust
and it's faith that serves as our guide
when seemingly backward steps take us forward
on what is clearly one heck of a ride.

another poem
for yet another time
still lots of rhythm
but perhaps too much rhyme.

the warming of sunrise
the call of the tide
the surging of life
at our best, we're still tried

and discover our limits
are not where we thought
and so further we go
until, again, we get caught

seeing and feeling
loving and living
reaching and touching
receiving and giving

recurring themes
put our backs to the wall
to which many aspire
but not all hear the call

our beauty and truth
get fully revealed
by the brightness of light
when that within is unsealed.

To
Be
Continued