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A BIT OF WEATHER

The clouds roiled
through the windows we watched
as the boats bucked at their moorings
and the wind wept.

Now sailing in the
clouds, tall as skyscrapers
pinching the light
measuring night in
mustered the vast seas
moving with the moon
our tyrant of the sky.

WHAT WOULD YOU DO?

A Poem After Mary Oliver

What if a hundred eagles
called you by your name and flew above you.

What if a crow sat at your window
told you how to fix your printer.

What if the summer breeze
took away your aches and pains.

What if the whistle from the passing train
gave you an idea

and you became filled with joy.

What if the news was filled with
stories of goodness in the world
and all hostilities ceased.

What if the light in our eyes became so bright
we couldn't kill each other any more.

What if you finally knew the value of your every breath
the way the flower turns its face to the sun.

BEFORE THE STORM

The birds are dancing themselves down to perch,
turning and swooping

dropping down to rise, then up, breaking off
from each other to a smaller group,

just enough to make it comfortable for landing.
They seek shelter before a night rain

that marches its band across the western horizon
with the lightest of breezes.

As the birds move through the sky, I see the full black wing silhouette
turn to the barest sliver

then become mere dots flashing downward,
then upward, spiraling a circular swirl

then, hanging in air as a landing group
wheels down and down.

They make a distinct *thwap* to my limbs,
my body swaying with their bird movements,

my heart alive with little bird hearts.
Not many of my leaves have fallen

and many are still green.
They land with one voice, then quiet

as more of this great flock fills my branches.
I see their airy motions as they move

'till all have landed. Quiet settles,
just before the rains, the nestling in of bodies

to my bark, my skin, a place of comfort. Their hearts
a rapid swelling of life to my slow breaths.

AT THE AIRPORT

Waiting at the airport, hour after hour
the lengthy madness
floating in the airport aura I am present to,
laughing workers moving by
their bond, the longed for forgotten in this daily event
waiting, writing, big planes coast by
en route to runways, distant gates.

Sun on a hazy tarmac, where a boarding stairway stands alone
food and luggage carts driven by at a good clip
voices waft, phone conversations
overhead announcements, the jagged security warnings, again and
again,
hot tea at the café, a somewhat dry sandwich,
the wait goes on, ah but here, a stillness arises.

INSIDE OUTSIDE

I am from infant failing to thrive
infant restored with intramedullary feedings,
saved with Mother's milk.

I am from always the new person on the block.
Milk bottles delivered to the house
air raid drills under the desk,
Rock 'n Roll and Elvis.

I am from the ocean, clean salty swell, surfing the waves
on 8 foot boards at Piha beach, black sands and riptides,
sweet parties at the Surf Club, 1960's,
scuba diving in the caves of the Poor Knights Islands.
I have travelled on the "Oronsay" to this new home down under
the land of the Long White Cloud, New Zealand,
the Maori, mother's friends and family.

I am from divorce and decree, Catholic school and rules,
writing, writing and my first Brownie camera.
Poetry, stories and photographs.
The Newmarket Swim club, sunburn and swim meet.
I am from the red phone box, press button B to speak.
The sailboat adventures, aboard the 36 foot sloop of friends—
winning the race at the Akarana Yacht Club and
night time sailing in the cold, warmed with coffee and a drop of rum.

Nursing school and Postgraduate studies, the Ann Arbor riots.
I am from Meditation, Kriya Yoga, energy healing and growth,
Soul retrieval,
Transformation, my Beloved Guru, Sai Maa,
travelling always through profound healings.

DARK WATER

The dark waters, brown colored
in their depths, know nothing of my blood
running out from this deep gash
while fishing, this new knife unwieldy in my hands.

The kindness of strangers
asking if I'd caught anything
helping in my distress to bind my wound
stem the flow for all I know
the uncaught fish sallying for light
caught in a flash of reflection
watched me from beneath the pier
amazed at my ignorance, eating gladly
the bloodworm I dropped there.

At the hospital the nurses take such care
I am swept and cleaned and stitched
the lost light of this lovely afternoon
a picture past.

I visit again this windy pier
I do not cast nor attend to fishing gear
but walk and sit and linger in the cold
and ask the fish for another year.

SWEETNESS

Here I am with sweetness.
Sweetness, a pause from the painful...
The broken heart
bruised lip, ringing ears.

In the dim light
your hand and still there's this,

That which dwells in the center of our hearts,
on the lips of the Beloved. The kiss of the Divine
comes to me in her many forms, so beautiful, so varied. The breath of the
breeze, the sweep of the storming winds.

In the mercy of stillness
regret cannot enter
nor journey to its center.
It has no mode of transport there.
The quick Light dives deep.
That is the way of sweetness.

DO YOU KNOW OF TREES?

Do you know how trees breathe us?

Their deep life

What do we know?

Look here

the snow studded limbs iced over, glistening,

moving silently through the window

piney branches delicately waving to wind's quick breath.

Do we know how they are with other trees?

Perhaps speaking with the breath of wind,

speaking through soil, earth entwined roots,

weaving down and through and deep.

These trees have a magnificence in their ways.

As I walk through woods, perfumes of

opening buds in May.

Each a planet of life, for birds and bugs.

In summer passing through walls of green

a spell of beauty

whole trees blossoming

painted bright with life.

TIME TRAVEL

Time has somehow slipped away
lies hidden in the folds of the couch
frayed ends of covers and the bed.
Moments in the garden where the weeds crouch low,
but not so that the tulip cannot grow—

I lost an hour and a day
just cleaning up the cobwebs and the dust.
Pale moments meditating in my chair
so Light Divine could find me there
and writing this tears rush my heart
so filled with love for you,
my dearest patient, friend.

My Beloved holds my hand expands the wave.
I do not spend a moment where
this breath alone—that breathes me here,
no, time may slip or lie quite still
and claim a place for all I AM
for I AM all, I never knew the thought,
but know the place beginning and without end.