

POEM

I am a poem

A Haiku,

a brief, timeless ode to this morning
and the cardinal which arrived with the sun,
soft as Basho's snow

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A Sonnet,

a lyrical love song of breath and compassion,
and the sacredness between lovers.

An easy embrace of this day and of life
and of all moments

Sometimes a staccato

iambic pentameter frames my reference,
honors the space of sound
and silence

A beat from the beat generation
still ignites my soul and drives me

A chorus, a fugue; energy, intention

Streams of consciousness

follow tendrils of intuition

into new countries,

formless in the rush of feelings

I am a poem

Often without rhyme or reason

More like a season,

a process,

a deep listening to the Mother's heartbeat,
resonating with my own dancesong soul

Short stories and novels

have beginnings and ends

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