

J comments (Oct 2018) You have a distinct style of careful observation of the details of nature – and then often linking it back to yourself. I'm so glad you're going to put them up on the website – they are all insightful, poignant. Loved them!

These are all lovely. You have a very recognizable style of writing – immersion in detailed images of nature.

* * *

undated.

The soaring shadow
of outstretched wings glide effortlessly
on glistening smooth ocean-washed sand.

J: This haiku is an especially evocative image – the shadow of the bird's wings reflected on wet sand. Beautiful!

* * *

Esalen. 1987

water tumbles over
jagged rocks, and with my thoughts
flows down the river

Love this one too, as the thoughts tumble down the river with the water.

87

THE LEAP

Dedicated to the
rope's course at
Camp Siny

Swaying in height's fear

A tree clinging to its roots ---

A deep breath of wind

Cool – maybe YOU are the one “swaying in fear,” (and taking a breath to calm yourself?!:)

*

*

*

Like the candle wax
falling from a hot flame --- but
the tears don't harden

the image of tears falling like wax, only they don't harden, is really gorgeous...and poignant, touching

x

x

x

Rain plucks the still pond.
Ripples effortlessly spread.
A koi surfaces.

a vivid image... on the one hand, there is agitation on the surface --the rain hitting the pond and the koi surfacing ...; yet another reading is that the rain "plucks"—the pond, like music; the ripples "effortlessly" spread...is there also a sense of beauty of the koi arising from "ripples" of thought and feeling...?

The circle of life.....some reflections....

TERRIFIED, THE WATER
CASCADING OVER A ROCK ...
To Be playfully caught by itself.

This is really sweet – it suggests we don't need to be so frightened in life – we can save ourselves!---also there is a feeling that "ourselves" is really part of a whole....and we can trust....a view of "one without a second" decades before reading Ramakrishna ☺

Persimmon Tree

3/25/72

once lush orange fruit - Now:
wrinkles of desiccated brownness
buried by dark shadows of
soft spring buds.

The Persimmon Tree poem is clearly about the cycle of life, and the tree is at its end of one cycle, yet with the possibility of rebirth.

TO
OBSERVE ONE
PASSING AS
A PETAL
FALLING FROM
A FLOWER.

*To observe one's passing
As a petal falling from
a flower*

the interlocking haiku (on this page) suggests the calm equanimity facing our own death with which we see a petal fall. Harder!

DETERMINATION

2/27/80

~~THE GREETING~~

The Rain falling hard

A Misty Fog.

Clear eyes and upraised arms

GRATEFULNESS 10/5/18

This haiku was written sometime in the 1970's. It was titled "The Greeting." On Feb, 27, 1980, I must have run across it, and changed the title to "Determination." Today (Oct 5, 2018) I re ran across it.

Some thoughts on titles: Greetings is that joyous optimistic expression, whatever comes, I greet: rain, fog....and still keep "clarity", optimism, and even "joy" to "greet" whatever comes.

By 1980, I believe the title "Determination" creates a feeling of the need for existential will and self effort to face life's rain, uncertainty, and challenges.

Now, in the final phase, I'd rename it once more: Something to do with "Gratefulness"---the ability to stay clear eyed even amidst "misty", with a combination of self effort and faith—opening myself to the universe with upstretched arms...I'm reminded of the line from the Havdalah, "Into your arms, your loving arms, I commend my soul." Some sense of willingness to "let go."

What an interesting disquisition on the titles, and how each – Greeting-Determination-Gratefulness – reflects a phase of your life. First welcoming whatever comes, then determination to face the difficulties of life; and finally, gratitude for whatever comes, accepting and opening oneself, letting go, and perhaps even coming full cycle, by "greeting" as Rumi welcomes all his "guests."

Musings on impermanence...and yet

J: The poems are poignant. They seem to focus on endings, but with a kind of quiet acceptance of the poof, and a recognition of a kind of grace accompanying the transitory nature of life.

7/04 SLIP SLIDING AWAY

Musical notes, sound,
then gone; hope for new ones; waves
break....recycle?....poof?

J: The ephemeralness of music, of waves, of life... poof! Aww

DISAPPEARING

He startled in fright
When his shadow, resting calmly on the rock,
Disappeared as the sun went behind a cloud

J: I like this one a lot – intimations of mortality. Light turns to darkness and suddenly he realizes he can vanish as quickly as his shadow

BEAUTY

Red branch sticking out
To the sun...your leaves will be
The first lopped off

J: Ouch – poor leaves. It reminds me of the tallest tree in the forest being the most vulnerable to chopping.

AND YET

If the sun sets quietly,
Grace must be....

Filtered tree shaded light

Warms the evening

J: I like the internal rhyme of “be” and “filtered tree”. The sun is setting, life is ending, but there is grace in the tree and in the fading light that still can “warm the evening.

Opening to the Rhythms of What Is.

I only watch, yet....

a caterpillar, after feasting on a green leaf,
turns into a butterfly
while the wind and earth’s creatures provide
background melody as the butterfly ascends
skyward
and soon red gold leaves let go of their attachment
to the limbs of a tree and drift playfully ,
yet inexorably to the ground.

J’s comment love the rhythms and cycles of life; the birth, growth, ascent, and how the nourishing green leaves cycle around to the golden falling leaves. (to provide mulch for the next cycle!?) The narrator “only” watches, yet hears and sees with a special seeing and hearing-- rhythms and colors of melodies. Really striking images! Poignant Love, J

☆ ☆ ☆