

1. Spring

March

rain falls;
this is not
an exclusive
truth

still,
the sky
being white
not

with cloud
but being
nothing
other

than cloud
seems to
melt the
hills

rain is not
the sky's weeping
or seeping
nor is rain

sweeping across
the landscape –
rain's speed
paints

the air
does rain's
marginal repetitive
nature

make it more
like thought
than
dirt is

thought-like?
All the ground
receives
rain as thought is

uncomplaining –
ground absorbs
rain as mind
absorbs thought –

slightly
moving
cypress tree-
top

in
rain's air –
is this
absorption?

.

drops
fall
slant-wise
right to left

as in Hebrew
or Arabic
script
often

in misty gusts
though drops drip
in even lines
from roof-edge

drops' totality
drumming on solid
objects like
a roof

or filigreed things

like trees
make sounds,
alarming sounds

whose intensity
thrills, occupying
much emotion-
al space

sound of
rain isn't
that rather is
rain's kiss

or brutal shove
drops
batter or
caress

according to wind
& object's
yielding or
resistance

now there is
less or there may be
more
of rain's strong

falling
absorption of rain
in rain without
stint or meaning

.

April

Bright, bright,
bright cloud
whose etched edges
against sky's blue

rounded softly
over hills
in billows
unmoving & calm –

water & light
dazzles –
Spring clocks tick
this time's

last hours, ah the
garden's mounds
of receiving plants
thyme, lavender

where bees suck
when sun so far
away from here
warms all things new

.

round red
car's tail lamps
before me
on highway

one of these,
two,
& there are many
as brakes apply

ranks of lights
under bright sky
touching down
to water's surface

birds soar
by
the hospital or
bridge's stanchion

in the wet ground
still herons
all white where
ground's green

stand rapt
waiting for
nothing
at all

this
happens
each spring day,
frogs

peep in pond
at Green Gulch
below zendo deck
a unison

or
cars' rumbled
whoosh
on avenues

going by, what
to pretend
to be true
or new:

that's spring
all over again
sad, cruel,
April month

where's the world
been
or going?
Can you

step off even
for a moment
so as to see
what can be seen

only outside
the picture – what
can't be spoken of
of that
one must remain silent

.

Faure's slow, sad
quartet
as these four
lines

crawl across mind's
page, slowly
die
into their own

spring, oh
how the grasses
do grow
with an alarming

persistence & strength
where one doesn't
want them: the
driveway

everywhere they do press
upward
toward
the sky, how futile

their aspiration!
how much trouble
they make for me
& themselves –

they do not care –
or the
air, warm or
chilled

rising or plunging
down (I can
feel it)
cares? I think not –

who cares? I care?
I could care
I could not
care, less

or more but it's
spring
April's annual
brief

adventure, Buddha's
born, Jesus
dies, then

doesn't, his

eternal everlasting
life
available
to all believers

through a simple
firm
act
of imagination

human response
to warm air
& plants' utter
sincerity

so we cry out "Praise
Ya," or words to the
effect, some broken
prayer

in patched-up words
stuck-on meanings
spring-time mud
of the soul's mistakes

Easter, Easter
lily, or calla
lily, calla lily
exotic lady

of the hillside
beneath the pines
by the thistles
that will live on

no matter how
much I try
to prevent it
Ah, spring, what

will not die –
even you who are
handmaiden
of an old star

will cease one day

(or is your return
implied in time
& does time

die?) Recognize
my face as object
seen by eye & spring
will not die

nor flower fade
so long as rain will fall
anywhere
at all

.

May

Naitobi's azaleas
reflected in lake
not like moon
in water or face

in mirror, one
is
all, all, all
waves

in water's gentle
perturbation
as sparrow
touches her wing

to water's soft
edge, golden carp
crap
but this does only

enhance pure Jap-
anese wistful
life, cherry blossoms
falling

into lake
are eventually
debris,
bottom-scum,

some
 stuck in pine boughs
 as if pines
 bore blossoms

delicate pink
 silent still
 tradition-encrusted
 beautiful cherry

blossoms, when's
 the festival, where
 do I get
 my ticket?

.

western red
 cedar, Doug
 fir
 western
 hemlock

tall
 above it all,
 pruned
 in the Tokyo style

.

Ah Buddha, take
 me away,
 away where I
 belong:

the airport,
 beyond earth
 imagined surround
 where nothing lives

that's not going
 or waiting
 to go
 away or back

.

June

although because
of my ignorance
I will never
become a Buddha

I vow
to bring others
across
because I am a priest

.

why these
clouds, not
some
others?

Why my-
self not
an-
other

writing these
ghost words,
this pilfered
bounty

will not yet
save anyone from
certain
uncertainty –

all day
birds peep – towhee's
pierced piping, hum-
mer's mumbled chatter,

jay's indignant squawk
& with wide soft
wing heron
glides down among

tall grasses so
innocent, silly
&
still

•

in wind
practically every-
thing
bends, easily

yielding so
spring's fullness
opens to time's
blowing by

•

that we love
imperfectly
& do not know
who or what

matters
not
at all – love
loves love

so is right
even though
mistaken, as
spring's magic

works even when
weeds grow strong
dis-
integrating driveways

•

from the middle
sea looks round
but sea's shape
is neither round

nor square, sea's
a jewel, a palace,
womb combed
by white-tipped waves

•

in high spring
everything wants
to grow, strains
up haplessly –

days so long
evening keeps us
outdoors for light
calls

& nothing rests
even night's coolness
is a drawing up of
strength for next

day's yearning –
soft-mouthed new deer
have so much
to eat!

they walk trail or
cross road sur-
prised &
high-spirited

.

a flower, a rose,
is not that if
a name is not

sweet, soft white
paper flopping
fruitful to the

touch & leaning
yellow, casual or
desperately am-

orous flower parts
splayed careless
upon the center pad

of upright offered
stanchions on
the dizzy theft

of simple fragrant
abundance as
the prince's con-

cubines were so
splayed in
debauched nights

– this innocent
flower falters
fate more, its

unconcern a certain
motive force
misunderstood

completely in poems –
now let us praise
names for their

unnaming so in
looking all can be
as unfamiliar

returned
to us
again as before

.

spring's final
hours
blood red or
orange

sun dies up-
on the Sound
while birds
chirp –

trees black
& noble
stand
without motion

in their stirring
com-
plicated

shapes

spring is not
the beginning of
summer nor
summer the end

of spring, spring
simply now
ceases as if
it had never

been, summer
arrives from
no-
where

& nothing
turns into
nothing there is
no

change – so I
too passes from
I day to day
in & out

of season
one
door
opens &

another opens,
closes,
life
per-

plexity
what's once
done or
been can't be
again

nor any form
of it
like a hat
removed from a

head baring
 a skull so
 the season's

open-ended
 passing
 discloses
 being's

delicate top-
 parts –
 sun done
 dissolving

darkness
 swal-
 lows
 earth

.

2. Summer

June

sudden swollen
 summer scent
 on the air
 lasting just

a breath's length
 washes over
 memory's
 gate

to splash me in
 youthful summers
 here in a
 new now,

being's
 odd emotional
 valence
 soon gone, maple

trees & ferns below
water gurgling
in a roadside
plant-rich ditch

are poems to be
records, recollections,
celebrations of such
perennial themes

& if we load
the line with velcro
rip, keyboard tap,
do we kill

illusion of
meaning's sweet desire
substituting the
low & weary?

.

that dark &
roiling cloud
edged acutely
with perfectly

radiant yellow
light cannot
be of
this world

.

this place so full
of wet green trees
ferns, Eastern land-
scape whose

thick woods' snarled
growth will die in fall,
be buried in winter's
snow & calligraphic

leaflessness so
unlike west's open
constant hills,
Pacific sea

summer touches
 many places, each its
 own, every-
 where myself

.

July

mists across Japan
 Sea, mounds
 of feathered
 gentle mountains

fading in distances,
 maybe not
 there?
 Floating world

rice fields in blocks
 of shocking green cut
 by narrow brown
 roads

so damp
 the air, white
 the sky so jammed
 together the steep roofs

of village houses
 surrounded by
 rice fields below
 mountains above

tamed by the wet
 air, clouds
 pressed into them
 soft as silk

.

up curl roof
 ends in T'ang
 style, 500
 arakans within Eihei-

ji's upstairs sammon,
 four guardian kings

furious in defense
below

•

slow
black crested
herons watch
river go by

•

seeing Dogen's
original writing
I marvel
at his careful elegant

strength on
mounted scroll
ink still dark
after 800 years

•

pinus & maples
so beautifully made
to order in Japan

•

hateful things:
to envy others
& complain
about one's own lot;

to speak badly about
people; to be inquisitive
about the most
trivial matters

& to resent & abuse
people for not
telling one; just
about to be told

some interesting
piece of news
when

a baby cries

.

rain falls on
Gion matsuri
treasures wrapped
in plastic as throngs

roam streets
following antique floats
white-faced chigos
high atop –

flutes, drums,
banners & scrolls
ponderous wooden
wheels that won't corner

.

rains fall on
Rinso-in
garden so frogs

croak happily –
bamboo on hill above
leans in the dampness

quiet is
rain's sound
room's empty & quiet:

evening arrival

.

how odd &
bracing in
hushed green
light of bamboo grove

to hear clear
loud uguisu's call
not
in a Japanese poem

.

Fuji's invisible head
wrapped in gray mists –
came close from far to see
this summer nothingness

•

great dragon fish
suspended in Eihei-ji
sodo: not a
fish, not a dragon

•

Nara deer
peaceful-eyed
beg for
handout

in the park,
Buddhist homeless
who sit down
any-

where quiet
& dignified
to suffer
their pictures

to be snapped
by far less
self-possessed
humans

•

oh the willow tree
on Ado river in Totomi
where the hail comes
down – oh
the willow on Ado river!

•

nine cranes:
eight face east
one looks
down

four with open beaks
five beaks closed
one bends down,
looks up

one
stands
up, looks down

.

August

visited
John
Dead

yester-
day, eyes
open, body

receding,
fading
as if

dissolving
into
the bed

like water
evaporating,
returning

to the sorry cycle
his eyes
as when

he was
alive: so
complete

.

after sun &
heat
fog

after love & life

death or dream &
vice versa

who
violates
these permeable

boundaries who
lives or
not

in
summer's
stasis

.

O Phil
watching over me
without
approval or

disapproval how
summer shines
on everyone
warms

even the coldest heart –
a form of words
as of weather
makes meeting true

.

inscrutable &
unconscious
urges egg me on

to all action I think I
choose, O woeful
impulse, born
of a dark past

in dreams words
begin in
living more

is made of every-

thing's less, so heat
doesn't matter
wherever there's

water
near-
by

.

vivid
mountain

thrust up
into pale blue

sky & mem-
ory or a memory

of memory's
memory

this place its
temple sounds

that
made me

O the me
unmade

.

such dear
quiet as if

a darkness
full of light

surrounds
each all

"any some-
thing

celebrates
the

nothing
that

supports
it”

.

in late summer
the rights of frost

do not apply
the fresh girl

with cupped eye
shone closer by

whose late demeanor
entombs my scale

nor cast by
alert the new grace

at night more
sheets to cover

dream &
saturate sight

& I had no more
eyes than that

.

O the stars
& suns

to rise or fall
o'er the seas –

watching them go
thin & gold

where the water
waves & will not

hold till darkness
come to dangle in

& then the cold

.

September

whose bad
mood could
it be

skirts in the
creamy sky
summer's

sad end –
more old
ideas to trot

out more
beginnings
in the

great circle,
light wakes
this table

& words,
more dear
than any

image, bring
things
awake

to perplexity
make all the old
objects new

.

the going &
gone by
years

just markers
from a broth
of life

stories with
now proper
endings

all yours you
& I
am not another

.

more bright
days,

once saw
a fog

lie upon the
valley,

furry
ermine

blanket
but sun

blazed it away
by mid-day

September
of my years

.

September
evokes
a place

in the mouth,
month of long
shadows

& sorrows
piled up bones
in an open field

in this month
I reckon

on things

that could be
said, could be
known as

rivers to snake
toward the
final sea

how not so
not so
it all is

this world-affirming
life-creating
stem

of a plant
on which cluster
tiny white

flowers
for the
season's end

.

not now
not then

not here
not there

.

Sacramento:
government
streets

abandoned under
smoky bright
sky

sidewalks
creamy with
personless presence

& in the big clear
windows
reflections

of the palm trees
that line
the streets – all

the minds
occupied with power
of the possible,

imagined occurrences
with borders
drawn to belief

& large advantage
self-projected, false
necessities

always in
tatters if you
look

.

what's beneath
the proud streets

what you'd find
if you blast & dig:

bones of those
built upon,

built upon
to forget

the blood
always spilled

to arrive at now
from yesterday

.

the anemone
gloriously functions

all its white
flowers

blaze in day's
mesmerizing

light, here
above the teeming

always moving
water

I don't wonder
just see

such slow
deliberate

swirling as
silence

be-
low

.

shrill hawk
whistle
near the house

shoulders hunched
turns cold dark eye
to the interloper

& moves on
into white
mysterious sky

.

there is no purpose
I can discern
under the sun

.

so many days of fog

then not

can I even recall
winter's rains?

all the seasons
in a life

is it so very
long?

summer lasts
forever

its end ends
& where

does summer
move on to

what white
mysterious skies?

touching the tabletop
convinces

that it's there
eating seasonable plum

seems so
true to life

thanks to eye & sun
(eye that the sun
made)

I say I see
the Indonesian stool
blaze yellow light

they say that's
summer light,
the last

delicious
& apparent
rays

.

3. Autumn

September

first moon of
autumn,
new

year, see the people
gather, they come
from elsewhere

to be together here
to sing
"this day the year

is born, save us
from our-
selves"

.

above the sea
the best & brightest
days

come in autumn,
the fog
having other business

here where we
live in such
mild weather

can weather
in a poem
ever be

merely itself?
or does weather
there

always also go
straight through

to the heart?

& is it only so
there, in the
poem?

suppose
the seasons'
sly rotation

were also this
swift arrow,
speaking out

into the
light
that is

a sea,
heart's depths,
unhuman

world we feel
as if it were
all too real

.

October

words a
stutter-
ing each

forced from
the
throat

drawn forth
pulled
out

through world's
sad
need

each a
pearl or

pool

bright with
cherished
promise

as if to fly
into the
face

of things
that call
for them

to complete
the
silence

even lit-
tle
pieces

of words
remnants
not of

thought or
feel-
ing

but for them-
selves,
words'

muse-
ic
their

utter
futile
charm

con-
tinu-
ous

human
necessity

skin &

flesh
air
they breathe

&
castles
they build

in
plain
air

.

what do you
or I or we
make of it,
anything

we do or
are in this
slant of
autumn's ancient

light? I am
weary of the
harvest
I desired

all these ah-so-
fleshy apples
that still not
eaten

rot &
fade to
earth – there's
something

still on the edge
of being's candle
a
darkness

cannot come to
light but in

my
dream

lights all
the world
makes of autumn's
ripeness

a blaze
of color,
softness
of form

.

how the trees
as fuzz
yellow or red

flit by
auto's win-
dow

with a feeling
of the
past, winter's

coming? or
the death
I've been

expecting
so long
covered now

in snow or
crisp
clear air?

seasons make
the man
or wake him

to the sorry
state that is
himself

in passing yet

each one's
glorious estate

in tem-
porary beauty
exalts

the possible
demanding
imperative

that one's life's
witnessed – can
it be?

who knows
this or
otherwise

knows autumn's
secret
stirring

deep among
the fallen
leaves

.

what's that
band of red
slashed across
brown hills?

my foolish &
endearing love of
earth makes
color cut the air

.

last of year's
flies
buzz

drunkenly
in the
mind

going
with purpose
nowhere

until they
fall
on

plate, sill
&
counter

.

the dead
know
nothing

& in this
provide
the widest

possible
wisdom, the
only

truth
in
town,

still (*they
are so
still*)

to ask
of them
help

is in a
way
futile

though no
help
other-

wise would
be

as true

.

in autumn
pelicans in
formation

fly
north over
the blue

water their
posi-
tions

relative to
one
another

ever shifting
in subtle
modulation

responding
to wind
or whim

or chance
this hap-
pens

in autumn
al-
so

in other
seasons
but

now, here,
within
the poignant

early
autumn
morning

it is fall,
fall of the
pelican flight

.

dark sky – which is to say
white
sky, looks as if

it could rain
some-
time

getting ready to say
something, to say
this

hidden in the
words
which

hold so much
feeling, so much
that could be felt

how high
the moon etc.
how long

life cruises on
is it
exactly

forever? O holy &
hardy
night

I'm not
saying any of this
I'm so

unsophisticated,
I'm afraid,
left here at the threshold

on my own
with no

references

look! the path goes forth
into the tall
trees

under the
white
sky

.

today again
sky's white, fog
pours
over hilltop

late fall & it's still
warm not a soft
warmth
a warmth

with a barb in it,
a cynical, menacing joke,
weather's crafty,
planet's

dumb gestural
flurry, to stir the heart
& get its way –
we're her garment,

her complaint, the
simple flutter
of her skirt
as the sun in setting

is her diadem, how
now sing to earth or
moon in twilight
of the age when

my eye can see
beyond today
to beginning & end
& sky's a delicate

vulnerable air, not

heaven's vault
in mind's castle
as it once was –

well, in the house a pot
& in the pot some stew
we gather together
to eat, to drink

to say “you are the one
we knew & know
the people who heard
our story”

.

December

I am free
of all natural things

I can die
but I cannot sin

I have touched
the untouchable

felt
the impossible

and know
what can't even be
imagined

have weighed
in the palm of my hand

life's impossibility...
I can die happy

.

more rain, rain
comes & goes

elsewhere becoming
snow – on the hori-

zon this dawn sun
blazes up then's

shuttered
in a shroud of black

cloud – at night
the candles

of several holy days
make the seasonal

darkness more poignant
& the city lights

in the distance, beyond
the emotional hills

open civilization
to the heart's quiet

tenderness, a meal
& then sleep

.

each one wounded
wounds one

& then another
in a domino effect

tumbling as far as
the stars – so

saw the victorious
prince, such lovely

pattern, with awe
like small lights

in the immense dark
or blood-red spots

on a vast
white napkin

.

hope in knowing
 simply seeing or
 loving, hope

for what is,
 not
 might be

.

4. Winter

December

shortest, darkest
 day of the year

early chill, frost
 on grasses, then

rain, rain, rain
 next day sun

glorifies the sky
 caresses hills

above which a few
 diffuse suggestions

of cloud with no
 bird in sight, empty

so hypnotic as all
 that's empty is –

air's crisp, cold
 which makes the visual

world even brighter
 trees greener, sea

more blue – here's
 now a hummingbird

dashing by, now's

gone, inside's

warm, outside braces,
sight can go either

place, a mirror
doubles the distance

eyes can reach
there are no flowers

in the sky but the eye
sees them anyway

Asia, Asia, aphasia
a virgin birth

is possible? life with-
out intimate inter-

action? others are
one's self, this

oozing, ever on-
going circum-

locution, does each
further move im-

prove things? is it
always by that much

distance closer to
true? or do I

dance in circular
fashion, stopping

only at the limit
of space, a wall

or final page
of a book, day

of a life
that's not an ending

.

perfectly snowing
so that

thin branches brightly
are outlined in white

& a general tangle
of them wherever

sight can reach
is the world's

flavor & mood
on this first day

.

course after delicate
course of the Brace-

bridge dinner, wassail
follows in a flaming cup

old joyful days
here again

briefly, in make-
believe, always make-

believe, squire &
dame, parson &

bishop & the lord
of misrule, role

made full, the fool,
by Ansel Adams

in his youth
in this soaring valley

whose fame swelled
with his brilliant career

maker of perfect
pictures – & the

plum
pudding

.

reading of the man
whose health's a

ruin, body assailed
from inside

till mood grows dim
it's hard to find

heart to live
spirit to press on

"nature know no
sick, her scars

all heal, of rock
or water or land"

January

only rain
in Canada
after snow

home to sun
& sliver of moon
Venus bright below

today flat white
hazy light
touches hills

sloping shapes
to the sea
all beautiful

things cannot be
painted in word
or line or color

but are some way
there in mind's
eye touching

heart's predetermined
feeling, no one's
plan or object

-

all the world's
activity rolls on

or in on me
ah it's of me

or is me or
does me in or on

.

February

actual things here
on the screen lets look
at them, content

to see what & how,
much rain
over the palms

& sea, then sun-washed
cloud by the sand-stirred
waves that can be heard

crashing as if inside
the skull
& without let up

so that they con-
tain the silence
finally, or it

them, how con-
flict contains all
we need or ever

ask for,
all things
clash

.

cake or tart
in shape

of heart
white-bordered

red, be my val-
en-
tine, be mine

& only
mine, be

what would you
be, mine, yours,

theirs, it's
time, time

nor last not
first

mine in white
yours in red

.

March

where
down the halls of history
soldiers march

a sour note's struck
& a beat
just off the beat

makes our song
stutter, rattle,
tongue-tied

ah this personal

life, buttery
sunlight on cool

waters, season's
plight, to be turned
round & round

so to become smooth
in year's fervent
repetitions –

before the Fall
planet's even keel
made for eternal

spring, at least at the
center of things
where we, privileged,

gazed, but afterward,
when we dared to be
more than we are

which was misery's
cause, axis shifts
so we could know

winter's sorrows
& the passion
of beginning & ending

perfection's tortured
close & heart's
heaviness

March – in like
a vulture
with teeth –

in the north
surprising snow
then bitter cold

at night a nearly
full moon
in sky's exact center

.

moods like spells
a drunken stupor

trance I'm in
I do not feel

this
or that, that it's

all so, that heart's
tugs are facts

but they are not –
terrible that war's

understood
to make political

sense, that anyone
think to kill

& maim actual
living persons brings

anyone any speck
of benefit hence

I vow to do battle
with war & its many

benefactors!
let there be falling

now like snow or rain
all-absorbing peace, that
even to

protect what you
think you have or are

you would not
think to kill

or cause others
to kill

from this moment
of time

till time's all
done

that it be so –
toward that

may all my words
be pledged

•

“O miserable man!
to what fall degraded,
what wretched state

reserved – better end
here unborn – why is
life given to be thus

wrested from us? Who
if we knew what we
received would

either not accept
life offered or soon
beg to lay it down

glad to be
so dismissed
in peace?”

•

“Someone else's business
is boldly attached to this
and there's no time

for a reckoning, the
carpet never stretches
quite far enough;

there's always
a footfall
on the stairs”

•

washing dishes I'm

no longer there, am
here in someone else's

thought, come back,
yet where, whose is
thought & why

return if there were
an elsewhere other?

thought reaches, mixes,
time says put, so thought
wrenches,

lurch through time,
wonder where it
or I go

.

though officials
pronounce this
winter still,

bright March sun
says now it's
spring

& weeds' dense
tangle, such deep
green

on hill chokes off
delicate cultivated
thyme we'd hoped

would grow also
announce spring's
coming vengeance,

life's killing virus
destructive soul
so

unruly, so incompatible
with my
wish & value

.

winter's end's not
spring's beginning

nor is spring's onset
winter's time dissolved

when it's spring
there's only spring

in winter there's
nothing but winter

time's no cloud
approaching from the east

it's here & earth
spins as it will

now's winter's spring,
absent spring's best

winter, if there were
here in California

a mythology
of seasons

.

the season's stalled
& no one knows
where it can be

found, how evoke
its poignant presence
amid the passing galleons

.

where are seasons
to be found, how
undertake

a search? if in
things or air
how can they

be found there when

things & air persist
as they are

(though a little
changed) throughout
the many seasons

& if in me then
where discover
that piece

which when tuned
produces spring's
sweet trills

or winter's stern
rebukes? must then
it be

that time's seasons
(or season's times)
are all a fiction,

figment of our cal-
endars but no this
could not be

for trees, skies,
& hearts too be-
speak the seasons

well it must be
in poetry
that seasons form

their shapes –
there or in
the gaps

between what's
sensed, felt,
on the skin,

& what one
thinks of it,
thinks to feel

.

days nearly long-
er now, longer
daylight at day's

end this year be-
cause the government
says so –

could I not then on
personal authority
hereby

declare spring's official
advent? could I
not then too

declare eternal peace
& a borderless
kingdom

of lovingkindness?
Yes I can
& hereby do,

for this is
what poems
are made of,

not of words,
as I had hoped,
but of

sincere
beneficial
pronouncements

made in secret
on islands of air
& thought

.

we walk
uphill
& down

no people
pass, no

car

hills are
quiet as we
go

below
dolphins
swim in

choppy waters,
here's a grave
or two

of old dear friends,
benefactors
whose lives we

carry on as other
ones will take
ours up the trail

ahead

.

days al-
most
equal to

nights, days
& nights the
same

"equinox" soon
to come, equal
night, equal

day, light &
dark
alike & balanced

.

rain in the
day, rain

all night

wakes us

sud-
denly

in the
evening

sky moon's
sliver silver

below Venus,
bright dot

in pearl-
gray

blush &
next

morn-
ing

day of
spring's

ad-
vent

still,
out-

spread
clouds

over
hills

rimmed
below

in pink
then

become
bright

gold

as day

comes full
then gone

as bright
sky

brightens
& blush

of brilliant
light

softens
hills'

edges
but one

thin
cloud-

scrap
re-

mains
in the

north
how

human
this

world
is,

its hu-
man

feeling
brings

peace
to hu-

man mind

however

twisted it
does

become
with its

willful
wars

& narrow
sharp

hooks of
killing

self-
advantage

seasons
renew

all de-
spite

what
people do

or fail
to do

earth
spins

any-
way,

any old
way,

it
lives

until
it

dies, time
spins

on
point

round &
round

.

this
that's

done's
done

by one
or

another
whether

or no
it's said in

si-
lence,

so's
done

here's
an

ear
hears,

eye
spies

all's
over

even be-
fore

be-
gun

so
time

flies,
seasons

die &
live