

1. Return of the Native

Rock, juniper, and wind,
and a seagull sitting still –
all these of one mind.
He who finds will
to come home
will surely find old faith
made new again,
and lavish welcome.

Old things breaketh
new, when heart and soul
lose no whit of old refrain;
it is a smiling festival
when rock, juniper, and wind
are of one mind;
a seagull signs the bond –
makes what was broken, whole.

2. Courage for Lost Poems

Lost poems live a better
life, maybe,
than when or if they come to
print.
Leaves fall and no one wonders
what they do at all,
but they alone are wise
with their explicit premises,
and if a given rhythm ends
a something wonderfully else begins;
if poems lost could bear the
same profound import
as leaves when wind is done with them,
they would but do a better job
possibly
than if they were cloaked with glory.

3. Fisherman's Last Supper

For wine, they drank the ocean –
for bread, they ate their own despairs;
counsel from the moon was theirs
For the foolish contention.

Murder is not a pretty thing
yet seas so raucous everything
to make it pretty –
for the foolish or the brave,
a way seas have.

4. Gay World

It's a gay world after all; I knew it was;
only there are so many things that
make it dark and much beside the point
not to say cheaply, utterly out of joint.
I like to call it gay, this world, because
if I didn't know most of these folks
like flags in the wind unfurled,
I would be inclined to say – "tiresome world,
troublesome world, how do you get that way?"
But these folks I know, or certainly would
want to know if I didn't, makes it
seem like a gay world to me.
Of course tomorrow we might all be feeling
different,
truth to tell in all probability will.
I like 'em now very much and that will
do, I'll say.

5. When It Is Time

When it is time for me
to go on that singular outward
trek
to the funny place called home –
of the whole thing make a very
neat sum:

Dust me as a tooth brush
or burnish a forgotten candelabra,
the seven-branch one –
or else give the floating integers
to the width of a river,
watch them stumble by the sticks
that float nowhere-ward.

It is foolish to talk about the
end of everything. –
Why should it be more foolish
than the beginning?
How can it be?
I have had my fling
at wonderful sinning.