5 hours after a bad accident...
inspired by Rumi

I am having tea with Rumi
and ask him to speak on
yearnings, the strange
feeling to wish for
what does not seem to be
apparent. He laughs gently—
don't worry you are not the first
to wonder! Open your heart--
how else can you hear its
hidden instruments?

I tell him about my accident,
misjudging the width of a
bridge, how my handlebars
caught the railing, throwing
me on the steel teeth of a bridge.
How lucky not to have anything
broken, only bruised, only
torn skin that will heal.
I tell him how easily worn out
I am, and discouraged that I make
errors that should not be.

He laughs again, and gently,
places a hand on my aching
shoulder. *Put aside the pain,*
the worries. Your job now
in older age, is
to play harp, create
marvelous melodies
that will echo
in the mountains
we see here as the day
draws to an end.

Even with no harp, I can
imagine such peace,
and break into
a soft rumble of a laugh.

Response to Tchaikovsky's Autumn Song
with a nod to Rilke

Of course, all must fall. The ripe pears
heavy on the branch we saw today,
the wild blueberries high in the mountains,
little pearls of goodness dropped, perhaps
with no one to appreciate them.

No use denying a sense of melancholy
knowing things must end.

Last night, the moon was swelling to fullness,
and we could see falling stars. Next week,
it will begin to wane. Now dusk is slowly
falling. Daylight will return. It is as if
an Infinite One holding all this falling
so softly in His hands knows we need
daily reminders that life does not end
with a fall. Perhaps that's why we call
death, *life passing.*

U*ntitled*

How glad I am when I release my ample
oversupply of thoughts, rambling
like a drawer full of extra spoons of no use,
and turn my eyes in my feeling-laden,
rather self-absorbed being,
to find time for wonder.

Look for instance at this hibiscus



Look again, in fuller context:



Do you see now a little love story,
Romeo not yet aware of a Juliette ?

A little flame returns to me
confirming nothing is ever alone.
Next, will it be a passing butterfly,
to turn Romeo's head?