

Reflections on Being Human

Sitting downstairs in the
monastery's silence.
From the top floor come many
loud voices.
My mind is noisy.

4/25/15 Holy Cross Monastery

Red, red sky at dawn.
I get my camera, and
It goes away.

4/26/15 Holy Cross Monastery

Between two facing banks of monks
chanting psalm verses alternatively
stands a magnolia being more than a magnolia.

4/26/15 Holy Cross Monastery

Editing poetry.
Is it possible to get a past moment
to speak to me again?

4/28/15 Home

Struggling against morning meaninglessness,
I press inward toward the Stillness.
Then from outside (quite suddenly) I hear
birds singing.

6/10/17 Home

I wrote a poem about insights that
inspire poems,
A clever piece about a door opening
in my mind into a space between
myself and the world beyond.
I threw it out.
But it came back to life here.

6/10/17 & 10/25/17 Home

Our Christmas angel
Looks down from her treetop perch
And calms the year's storms.

*12/25/20 Home
(year of COVID)*