

Poetry

Seasons

*Winter has its way with the earth,
often cruel and abusive to her host
Seldom does one see the beauty
usually just the beast*

*The Spring brings the rains
flushing soil and seeds for 'morrow's growth
Sometimes we see the colors of the flowers,
before their smell disappears in the wind*

*For the Summer is coming
God it is hot
God it's gone
Dry and parched, it has paved the way for the Fall*

*Changing colors, dying alone on the branch
the leaf awaits dust
Last year's weed
next year's rose?*

*The seasons come and go
do we do too
Arriving and going
not here for very long*

*Living in the past
looking for the future
Never staying in between
maybe later or it's too late, certainly not now*

*In this moment love exists
this chance will not be seen again
Yesterday we were someone else
so it will be tomorrow*

*Can it be right?
that we spend this time
Exiling ourselves
from the season.*

Stephen Breen

The Marginal Man

*On the margins of greed, hatred, and delusion,
mindfulness plays dice with eternity;*

*On the margins of time and space,
untainted by territorial aspirations,
winter geese rendezvous on the pond;
flying north: only honk! honk! honk!*

*On the margins of lost internal monitors,
unencumbered by definitional imperatives,
Kierkegaard despairs, and Nietzsche goes insane;
The Buddha: only the smile of serenity.*

*On the margins of profiteerism's attention,
undeterred by the ambience of Kennebunkport,
the monk and the playwright meet
in humanity's embrace;
their chant: "nobility is possible, compassion is
possible";*

*On the margins of Reagan-Milken-Trump America,
in the shadows of Golden Arches and
designer bikini-lines,
unwarmed by secret deals with the mullahs
and S & L bailouts,
The Marginal Man whispers: "to what end,
to what possible end?"*

Mu Soeng Sunim

Welcome Relief

*Cool night trail
flashlight eye wandering
(rattlesnake feeler)
Low growl somewhere
flushes fear bubbles
from the gut
coming to a chill burst
in my forehead*

*Awakened from the nightmare
of seeming tough*

Jan Sendzimir
Kitkitdizze

Foothills of the Sierra Nevada

get down with the dharma blues

(12-bar blues)

*Talk bout the dharma, sing an shout bout the dharma do,
sing an shout bout the dharma, shout bout the dharma do.
If you treat the dharma right, now, it will always stay by you.*

*Gunshots on the street, be'fore the break a day,
gunshots on my street now, jus before the break a day.
It's those ole nasty crack dealers, jus tryin to make
a decent day's pay
(like you an me, you know).*

*Goin up to the office tower, meet the men run this great lan,
up to the office tower, check out those heavy white dudes
run this great lan.
They're launderin cocaine money by the millions, but always
give you the glad han.
(“Hey babe, how are ya? nice to meet you, son.”)*

*Goin down on the street, tryin to find a decent job,
down on the street now, find myself some sort of job.
But the wages they're payin baby, feel like I-I'm gettin robbed.*

*Get down, get quiet — take a good look all round you.
Get quiet, get centered, check out what's going on around you.
Trust your own true self, babe — just have courage,
you will never be blue.*

*Don't get hung up on the fat cat money game,
don't get hung up, baby, on that fat cat money game —
get stuck on big buck ego power, it will dri-ive you insane.*

*Who ever told you you were the best thing on this whole earth?
Who ever told you that you, that your little self was the most
important thing on this whole earth?
Don't you know darlin, that we are all connected from birth?*

Talk bout the dharma . . .

Paul Bloom

“All conditions disappear”

*All conditions disappear
Every face smiling
Black child not black
White child not white
Play together happily
Rich, poor, old, new
Melt into the rushing stream
Bubbling over rocks
Swelling the banks
Flooding to feed the parched land
Green, not green, everyone
Water, water everywhere
And not a drop to waste
Drink it
Just drink.*

Susan Monagan

Love's Song

*It is not you that I love
With you there can be no love.*

*Nor is it love that loves
For love can not know love.*

*For us it is only:
A glance
A smile.*

*And Moons eat moons and oceans roar
And Love is love forever more.*

Robert W. Genthner