Alone Along the Shore

The flight of birds is hypnotizing,  
Wheeling, circling against a backdrop of peerless blue sky  
My heart yearns to soar with them,  
Above the great green land—  
Searching for you.  
My brain knows this task is better left  
To the steady wet wind that carried you away.  
My spirit refuses—it only knows fierce desire  
Deep blue waves encrusted with thick gray foam  
Thrust themselves upon charcoal gray stones  
I stand on the beach and watch gulls turn—  
Its light gilding the lapping sea,  
They glide off towards the sinking sun;  
My soul silently follows, high in the briny air.  
The sun will rise again tomorrow;  
Until then, I think of you.

The Farm

The land of my ancestors, an inherited ground  
The same schedule lends to a haze of memories separated only by minute details  
And a peaceful familiarity to each new day;  
The dog barks with excitement, running swiftly ahead
The calves low conversationally, greeting each other in the fresh morning
The mother duck waddles across the gravel drive towards the creek, her ducklings following in a crooked line
The wind folds through the nearby fields, and breezes in the further woods
While the sun thaws the fog, eliciting the shadows from the glow
A new day, more work to be done
Creamy eggs to be gathered and cold milk coaxed for the silver jugs,
Yet nature makes this work glorious, beauty found in the harvesting of hay
The cicadas whirr, and the horses are excited.

Celestial Cogitation

The sky is a clear black, cloudless
Bright silver spots shine down; it is much lighter than I expected.
No moon—unnecessary this evening,
The deep snow and its crisp ice cover reflect luminously.
I trudge along the rolling fields, no particular destination in mind.
A small white cloud of breath precedes me, in this air, brittle and cold, yet completely still.
I pause—staring up at the heavens.
They hold so many answers, but I know mine cannot be found there
Marching on, I continue to the greatness that awaits,
Feeling small and very much alone.
I am thankful for this rare moment of peace.
A quick look spared behind, to see:
Landscape still, so pure, painted in black, white and gray,
Marred only by a line of shallow tracks
Leading to me.
Fluid Sanity

I glide below the surface
For once I see the water above me
A cool blue, punctuated with tiny brown leaves and other flotsam.
My nose and throat burn, filled with chlorinated water
Patient lungs slowly losing their virtue.
Deeper and deeper I go,
Putting the calm, peaceful water between myself
And everything suffocating me.
A serene glass cage, to separate the rational,
As I drown beneath the emotions
Stress, embarrassment, failures, anxiety
No longer a slave to oxygen or expectations
Down here I am free.
Apathetic, disconnected
A short sedative, no lasting catharsis
I reflect on the madness above me,
No time to break my life into tiny, manageable pieces
Only to carve out this subliminal moment of control,
Leaving everything else to follow in flowing ripples.
All too soon I hit the wall
Air floods me, a tsunami,
Yet I long to re-submerge
And lose myself to the unassuming currents.
So much solace under silent waves; if only I couldn’t float.

Haiku

Can you see the light
Above the stars shine brightly;
Look down from up high