SECRET TELLING
In this rare time when I have days alone
   I hear the trees resume their secret telling.

They whisper spells, speak of sacred paths
   conjure smoky visitations from ritual fires.

Their dervish dance draws down the moon
   They dive thirsty into earth’s depths.

They say
   Invite the humid approach of jealous storms
   the hot wash of sky’s complaint.

   Confound the hubris of the sun
   Reach and meet as equals.

Drenched and seared by storms and stars
   bend or rise.
Chant burn dance dive.
THE SURFER
The distant figure paddles
    on his rainbow board
out into the vast blue
    where he lies on the sea
and studies her movement.

Seduced by the swell of her power
    he rises with her
and stands upon his fragile craft.

With outstretched arms
    and tender balance
he traces her heights
    maps her undulations
and rides and rides.
FLIGHT
She ducks into the bar like she’s escaping some familiar tyrant.

The atonal chaos of the music tracks her to the barkeep and prompts her reckless request for a double scotch.

The barstool creaks under her awkward bulk when she swivels to one side then the other, searching strangers’ faces for the threat of recognition.

Gulping the iced whiskey darting eyes refusing a partner she bangs the tumbler down on the mottled bar turns and steps on my foot as she banks for the exit red skirt flying.
THE VOLCANO

I soar on bird’s wings into
the majestic earthworm
extinct volcano eroded
by cold cosmos
exposed sides
black with vegetation.

I skim interior walls toward
the waterfall’s rush which
crashes unimpeded onto
glossy rocks below and
like a silver ribbon
drapes across the inner floor.

I track the crystalline flow
out to the waiting sea
and hear ancient echoes grumbling
seething magma
recalling Peel’s former might
and dreaming her return.