

Poems by Friends

(No title)

Some of us go along
the shore
dreaming of
the deep

Some cling to
the terrestrial
doubtless

of the drive
into the illusion.
all that manifests
comes from zero

but how are we to
know the realm
of the gods
reflecting our

game
until the glint
of Self
captivates
the mind

and the shore
disappears
and the deep
disappears

and we
learn
ourselves
renewed

Sean Sanz
June 2020
New Delhi

cutting ties

cutting ties
her face glimmers
on the blade

Michael Morical
December 2018
Chiang Mai

The Septuagenarian Blues

Febrility has yet
To cast its long shadow
On the Captain's Drama

There have been close calls
And shadows strong
And long across the stage

Always to be turned
Always by the Snow:
Archetype, iconoclast, trickster

The last of the Real Cowboy's
Shadow looms large across
The theatre of our mind

The Captain's story
Threads through our life
In a story of great dissipation

Of high art
Of letters
And of life well lived

From the gallery
The refrain: bravo, bravo

Encore, Encore, Encore

We await the next
Chapter like school children
On the first day of class

The king is dead
Long live The Captain

The king is dead
Long live The King

-Shan Shan
December 2, 2018

Dali Dream

O Dali
Palace of dreams
Imbued past
Unencumbered Mountain
myth
Laying quietly
Along the lake
Misty mornings
Play with me

Ron Robertson
Byron Bay, March 2017

There Is No Word For Goodbye

Sokoya, I said looking through
the net of wrinkles into wise
black pools of her eyes. What
do you say in Athabaskan
when you leave each other?

What is the word for goodbye?
A shade of feeling rippled the
wind- tanned skin, Ah,
nothing, she said, watching the
river flash.
She looked at me close. We
just say Ttaa. That means,
See you.
We never leave each other.
When does your mouth say
goodbye to your heart?
She touched me light as a
bluebell. You forget when you
leave us; you're so small
then.
We don't use that word. We always
think you're coming back, but if you
don't we'll see you someplace else.
You understand. There is no
word for goodbye.

by Mary TallMountain

Two Girls

I'm never sad,
I'm never glad,
All I am Is two
girls' dad.

Ron Robinson
August, 2009

The Owl and the Seagull

(adapted from "The Owl and the
Pussycat" by Edward Lear)

The Owl and the Seagull went off to sea in
a beautiful tea green boat; They took some
honey and plenty of money wrapped up in
a silken coat. The Owl looked up to the
stars above and sang to an old sitar: "Oh
dazzling Seagull, Oh Seagull my love, what
a sleek dazzling Seagull you are,

You are,

You are!

What a sleek dazzling Seagull you are!" Seagull said
to the Owl, "You elegant fowl, how charmingly sweet
you sing!

Oh, I'm glad we were married before we were buried,
but we need much more than a ring!"

They sailed away, for a year and a day, to
the land where the tea tree grows, And there
in the wood, a tea merchant stood, with two
steaming cups perched on his toes,

His toes,

His toes,

With two steaming cups perched on his toes.

"Dear Sir, are you willing to sell for one shilling
your cups?" Said the tea man, "I will." So they took
them away, and made merry next day by the
cherry tree lodged on the hill.

They dined on tea cakes that the tea man bakes
which they ate with a serrated spoon; And cups
in hand with bare feet in the sand they sipped
by the light of the moon,

The moon,

The moon,

They sipped by the light of the moon.

Terri Coppa

August, 2009

*Note: The Seagull is, in Taoist terminology,
Daniel's "Primordial Spirit," or totem animal.
And Snow's totem is the Owl. So we asked
cousin Terri to compose a poem for us, based on
"The Owl and the Pussycat."*

Three Reasons for Leaving

1) the onset of hypertension,
perhaps in the vermilion of a
shin mein preparation, a
prescription for the
very first reason. 2) the
senility of sensibility and
the partition of symbol
and reality. 3) the
fantasmic television and
the embattled nervous
system.

3 reasons for leaving before
acquiring a taste for
repression. *Sean Sanz*

I don't know what's come over me

I never
decided to
be a
writer--

much less
a poet-- it
just

came over me.

Sean Sanz

Ishi

square tongues speak brick words
that couple into nothing, surrounded
by hair and flowers. decay of fruit
and love and sex, all subside into
chemical contemplation, alcohol and
buzzing bees, sweet sticky scents.

police machines chop the sky into
thistles of noise and fear— I pick up
and carry a river on my back, a cloak
of home to drape across the
shoulders of the world, enfolding
streams and stones.

glaze of bone
across my eyes, a
hood of silence,

my tongue of salt
dissolving into words I
speak to you.

Scott Ezell

Requiem for

I.

Not cold, not hot

silent afternoon

wind moves through like washing hair

the sound of a child's laughter

young mother feeds her baby with her breast

old men pray to the mountain

young men serve tea

people gather in the village square

they've come to hear a man speak

he slowly ascends a stage

he is calm and has a subtle smile

like a flower in the desert

he stands silent

with perfect posture

like a tree

a rumor says he is from the Sakya tribe

an enlightened one

maybe he is Gotama Buddha

small bird voices

the wind is singing

the sounds pass through the bodies of the
crowd

Sri Gotama surveys the people

with his right hand
he lifts a white lotus
then lowers it again
his talk is finished
that's it

the people are silent and don't respond
they don't understand
nobody moves
Gotama still smiles
then he speaks for the first time

Does anybody understand?

no one understands
he only lifted the flower up and down
but one man rises
the wind stops

there's no sound anywhere
everybody silent, he says,

Words do not express the truth

If I use words

they will not express the answer

Buddha smiles
his subtle smile
becomes pure and open
like a child's.

II.

This man wears all white
that is his style
he plays saxophone
and when he dances
he raises both arms high
repeating a single step
his favorite dish to cook is macaroni
instead of Paramahanmsa Yogananda
he calls him Yoganadaji

death comes suddenly, without warning
my death will come later
in Latin, *memento mori*
we are always living with death
no one sees the future

not far

not near

when he died was he transformed?

he discarded his body

the body is the container of the soul

like a bird cage enclosing a bird of paradise

he is gone and we remain

I am trying to express this in words

too many words create distance

but I am trying to use words

the white owl

with paint brush and saxophone

opened the cage

flew up to Nirvana

higher and higher

in a slow spiral

then disappeared

he is gone

not hot, not cold

one day in January

one morning in January

the wind came wandering through

a child's laughter

a bird calling

hoo

hoo

hoo

Thank you, Dan. TJ

by "TJ" Tatsumi
English translation by
Scott Ezell