

# Connecting New

July, 2021

Once again it is my pleasure to share a basket of short poems, selected over what I have written in the past year. If you have a favorite among these, please let me know which it is.

And Now

No longer feeling being held or embraced.  
The pulsing of "I love you" has become muted.  
Faded too are familiar hope and looking to the future.  
And now, what I feel most are the questions,  
"Who will survive this crisis?  
Will we survive this crisis?"

Easter Talk

A friend called and I answered with a smile in my voice  
and God's Spirit flowed between us –  
energy of loving listening, honesty, vulnerability and encouragement.  
"Go for it," I said. "Life is to live and the time to finally love yourself is today."  
"Thanks, I know," she replied.  
"Such a gift you have been to me all these years and still."

Enlightenment

Enlightenment is not to escape our humanness,  
but rather to truly love it.

Fire

Our love is like a wood fire  
after a while the flames transformed  
into white hot coals radiating  
light and warmth

Fruitful

One plant can have a thousand seeds...  
if it thrives where it is planted,  
if it lives authentic,  
if it trusts that is enough...  
and God does the rest.

### Last Straw

The last straw was knowing that a nurse  
was going to jam the swab up my grandson's nose.  
Coronavirus, now we are at war...  
and you are winning.

### Spring

This morning is foggy but later will clear.  
You don't feel close yet I know you are near.  
So please take my hand and guide me today.  
For surely you are the truth, the life and the way.

### Tenacious

Baby bird nested  
Growing up hard and faster  
Survival dictates

### These Days

These days, all of us are experiencing scarcity in ways never imagined.  
These days, every aspect of our lives has been infected with a virus.  
These days, even the quiet, peaceful times contain an undercurrent of anxiety.  
And this day, his first birthday after his death,  
I am amazed at how relieved I am that he is gone.

### Tinnitus

A tea kettle whistles in my head  
ALL THE TIME  
distract me please  
somebody, anybody, anything  
before I blow

### Tools

A small plastic snow shovel is the perfect tool  
to dig a hole in the basement carpet...  
and then jump in.  
Yes, imagination, freedom, laughter and love are

the perfect tools to share with our grandchildren.

## Under Pressure

Tensions are high,  
patience is thin,  
engaging in pandemic measures again,  
our only outlet is each other,  
our only object of affection is each other,  
too bad we don't understand each other.

Peace and Blessings,  
Clarence

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