

Connecting New

July, 2023

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.

Caretaker

Cemetery custodian
trims around the headstones
straightens memorial flowers
enjoys the warmth and sunshine
and whispers a prayer
grateful to be alive

Contagious

Still grieving the many losses and hardships of the pandemic,
God gave her a hug,
lightened her load,
graced her with a poem and a fresh sense of connection.
And having had the privilege to touch her,
I was reminded that the Spirit is contagious.

Digger

A grave digger's tools are backhoe, shovel and tape measure.
It's respectable work, though respect is seldom paid.
Honoring the dead, persevering unfavorable weather.
To God I commend my life, love and spirit,
but to you, Sir, I commend my body.
To you and Mother Earth, I commend my body.

Favor

She did the favor of telling me
that most of the time I am not crabby,
without being more specific.
So now I am trying to improve the percentage
in favor of both of us.

Greatness

I found myself dreaming of greatness
and remembered that it doesn't last.

Then thought about love,
knowing and trusting that it does.
I choose love.
I choose the greatness of love.

Image

A friend asked, "How do you image the great commandment,
to love God with all your being and your neighbor as yourself?"
And immediately the answer appeared in my mind's eye,
me standing with her,
giving my life to her,
(and to God, there is no separation)
sharing my life with them forever.

It's Not

It's not just words when I talk about your presence in my life.
It's not just saying what I'm supposed to say
or conjuring what I am supposed to feel.
It's not just trying to be an inspiration to others.
It's what I know.
It's what is true.
It's what is you.

Most Special

The most special day in the world is today,
because today I will be with my grandson,
hold him in my arms,
see his beautiful face,
hear his innocent voice and share our special love.
Every day with him is indeed the most
special day in the world.

Never Old

The last time we held hands this much
was when we were going steady.
Now, it is to steady each other's gait.
Now, we can say with more conviction
than ever that falling in love never gets old.

No Greater Joy

Perhaps there is no greater joy
than to see your children grow
into a better parent than yourself

Pe(s)t

A neighbor's cat hunts at my feeder
and taunts my dog for fun.
My dog's barking wakes the neighbors –

not able to appreciate how cuddly he can be.
Whether pet or pest is a matter of perspective and relationship.
May I be more of the former to the world
and may I see that in others.

Plugged In

Checking my kindness meter as often as I check my phone.
Pausing for silence, especially in nature, as often as I make a deadline.
Listening as often as I speak.
Affirming more than I criticize.
Welcoming, welcoming life as it is, as it comes, this moment, this day.
Daydreaming of the life I have.

Price

Tripping in the path
gentle earth embraced me
muddy jeans
the price of friendship

Peace and Blessings,
Clarence

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