

<p><b><i>Silent</i></b> (December 2004)</p> <p>Waters swirling, churning round          Fishes dancing catch the eye.</p> <p>Life abounds in sights and sound          Always moving, passing by.</p> <p>A tilt of the head          Ever so slight          A sparkling reflection          That slips out of sight.</p> <p>Once more it skips by          And beckons to me:          "Come follow, Look yonder          What do you see?"</p> <p>I turn round to look          All is silent and dark          But I cannot forget          That beckoning spark.</p> <p>Light of God?          How odd.</p>	<p><b><i>Bursting with Joy</i></b> (April 2005)</p> <p>they burst forth in bloom,          with joyous pink hues.</p> <p>i gather them up,          to bring back to You.</p> <p>a pleasant surprise;          one that You've never seen</p> <p>but You knew all along,          what sweet tears they would bring.</p>
<p><b><i>Light Reflecting on a Chalice</i></b> (May 2005)</p> <p>lovely maiden          glancing down;          a broken body          on the ground</p> <p>eyes so sad          and yet serene;          your only son          the Nazarene</p> <p>your steady gaze          points me towards          Love triumphant          my saving Lord</p>	<p><b><i>Cristalline</i></b> (May 2005)</p> <p>Crystal mazes etched on glass          Like labyrinths of ages past</p> <p>Fractured light from eastern skies          Reflects within my searching eyes</p> <p>Eyes of faith look out to see          The beauty of a lonesome tree</p> <p>Eyes of faith look out afar          And settle on the morning star</p> <p>Eyes of faith gently close          To rest with You in sweet repose</p>

<p><b><i>Whispers</i></b> (August 2005)</p> <p>The words that were whispered such a long time ago Offered only a hint of what might be in store</p> <p>A hint of your presence each day as I rise A hint of your glory in blue morning skies A hint of your strength in the sun's blazing light A hint of your love in the quiet of night</p> <p>The words you still whisper each day in my ears They fill me with joy and calm all my fears</p>	<p><b><i>Tapestry</i></b> (August 2005)</p> <p>You weave your threads within my heart On silent nights as we're alone To build a wondrous tapestry I could not dream of on my own</p> <p>The colours that you intertwine Change before my very eyes Until the cloth that I become Is someone hard to recognize</p>
<p><b><i>Blemished</i></b> (August 2005)</p> <p>Blemished prayers and faint praise Are the best I can muster on windy days When my voice as weary as my feet Is lost in the din of rustling leaves</p> <p>Imperfections in hand Amid blustering gales, before you I stand To offer the broken fragments I find And ask in exchange some peace of mind</p>	<p><b><i>Fading Fast</i></b> (June 2005)</p> <p>Soaring aloft, safe under your wings Tasting the view that abandonment brings</p> <p>Suddenly falling; blindsided mid-flight No gentle landing as I ponder tonight</p> <p>Why such a fast drop back down to the ground? Why not let me savour the delights to be found?</p> <p>No need to answer; at least not tonight Til tomorrow, I bid you a fond "g'night"</p>
<p><b><i>Temptation</i></b> (June? 2005)</p> <p>here, there; up, down; take that thought; spin it round. listen to me; erase all doubt. replace the Silence with my shout. don't wrestle me; i'll wear you out.</p> <p>incessant chatter; volume growing; fills my soul to overflowing. Silence dislodged; Peace cast away from whence You sought a place to stay. yet still You'd listen, if i'd pray.</p>	<p><b><i>Inner Garden</i></b> (July 2005)</p> <p>knotted gnarls, unruly, root through gardens freshly planted; creepers crawl; obstructed path; tangled brush aftermath; chokeweed choking; brambles biting; angst victorious; holed up, on edge, until reprieve be granted.</p> <p>tender stalk, spirals round, thorn-spined twisted gorse; intertwining; calmness climbing journey instinctual into surging speckled skies; angst subsiding; tenderly venturing out; staying the course.</p>

<p><b><i>An Eternal Blink of the Eye</i></b> (July 2005)</p> <p>A day in the life of the Word eternal,  Does it speed past in the blink of an eye?  Your passion presented each day before us,  Was it gone in the blink of an eye?  Those hours, nailed down, by our sins infernal,  Did they pass in the blink of an eye?  Or is the piercing pain with which you bore us  Still there in the blink of Your eye?</p> <p>The bread and wine laid on the altar,  And You're here in the blink of an eye.  And it's only in my imagination  That You leave in the blink of the eye.  A prayer sent forth as my tired feet falter,  And You're back in the blink of an eye.  Oh, to bask in Your salvation,  An eternal blink of the eye.</p>	<p><b><i>the Son also rises</i></b> (September 2005)</p> <p>as nightfall encroaches  on all that's held dear  and envelops in blackness  buttressed by fear  remember, beloved,  He knew from the start  that the Son also rises  so do not lose heart</p> <p>and while in the darkness  you seek out your way  hold tight to the hand  that will lead you t'wards day  remember, beloved,  to be not afraid  for the Son also rises  and shadows do fade</p>
---	---

<p><b><i>Over Joy</i></b> (July 2005)</p> <p>Your shadow passes over joy  Bringing cover of night</p> <p>How can I not be overwhelmed  As your clouds veil the light?</p> <p>My hand in yours I take a step  Without knowing where</p> <p>Then I pause, unwilling to move  Afraid you're not there.</p>	<p><b><i>Forever More</i></b> (July 2005)</p> <p>You give me joy, enough to last,  forever more.  When darkness comes You whisper fast  "Forever more".  Persuasively, You bid me cast  My doubts away.  You say to put them in the past  For come what may  You offer me your hidden gifts,  forever more.</p>
---	---

<p><b><i>Making fun of me</i></b> (August 2005)</p> <p>I believe that I know that it really is so  for the voices I hear make abundantly clear  that my heart it contains what my intellect  strains  to pull back apart 'til I'm compelled to restart  So I open the pages once written by sages  and begin to reflect as I try to detect  the truth to be seen by a mind that is keen  to question and ponder and constantly wander  and search in the dark while awaiting the  spark  that already burns in a heart that still yearns  to believe that it knows that it really is so.</p>	
--	--

***Rocky Mountains*** (August 2005)

You choose to dwell on mountains high  
Solid rock that bears your weight  
Without collapse

You shroud yourself with morning mist  
Rising from the ground below  
To hide your face

A beaten path leads up the slope  
Carpeted with dust displaced  
By pilgrims' steps

Past crevices and mountain streams  
And tilting crags that lead astray  
It winds its way

To a broken bridge unsafe to cross  
For creatures not endowed with wings  
Who stop and stare

***In Your Midst*** (August 2005)

In the midst of my anger  
that simmers and swells  
I find your calmness  
and let it be quelled.

In the midst of my sadness  
With tears in my eyes  
Your sweet consolation  
Is there at my side

In the midst of frustration  
with the angst building up  
I drink your presence  
From a bottomless cup.

And in my indifference  
With no warmth in my heart  
I'd rather feel anger  
At least, that's a start

**1 Corinthians 2:9, etc.** (September 2005)

Eye has not seen  
Bodies bloated  
Boatlessly floated

Ear has not heard  
Throats bone dry  
With a sputtering cry

The human heart  
Can barely conceive  
Of these and still believe

What God has prepared  
With love and care  
Amidst our despair

For those who love Him  
And hang by a thread  
Amongst their dead

**Ubiquitous** (September 2005)

Eyes blink open  
At morning's light  
With hopes to glimpse  
An angel's flight

But God, how they  
Are so like You  
Always slightly  
Out of view

As I journey  
Towards day's end  
I look for You  
Round every bend

But God, no matter  
How I try  
What I see is  
Ground and sky

At close of day  
I slow my pace  
Weary from my  
Futile chase

But God, that's when  
I'm most aware  
That at each moment  
You were there

Gloria Patri, et  
Filio, et Spiritui  
Sancto. Sicut erat  
in principio, et  
nunc, et semper,  
et in saecula  
saeculorum.  
Amen.

<p><b><i>Delivery</i></b> (October 2005)</p> <p>You send me gifts Of stones and thistles Rough-edged and thorned</p> <p>With punctured skin, My anger bristles Unleashing my scorn</p> <p>Until empty of all That kept me grounded You let me soar With Love unbounded</p> <p>You bring me gifts Of sparkling diamonds Reflecting your light</p> <p>Refracted colours Stay within me Throughout the night</p> <p>Until the clouds Of early morning Rain stones and thistles Without a warning.</p>	<p><b><i>Taking Shape</i></b> (October 2005)</p> <p>No use regretting A past set in stone At night as we lie here We two, all alone</p> <p>The sands of the present Taking shape in our hearts Set free all the memories That kept us apart</p> <p>And as the moon passes over Slowly we mold With loving affection New clay mixed with old</p> <p>Til hands intertwined Stepping into the light We see what we've built On a long winter's night</p>
--	---

<p><b><i>I'll Wait</i></b> (October 2005)</p> <p>Softly singing in my heart A single Word in sweet refrain You give me but a fleeting glimpse Of all the beauty You contain</p> <p>And as our song fades into silence You promise to return again Bringing melodies unending; And so, I'll wait in hope til then.</p>	<p><b><i>Praise from a wooden pew</i></b> (November 2005)</p> <p>Come sit by the window On a warm wooden pew Return to the rest That's been waiting for you</p> <p>For the Lord has been good And so let us raise Up past the ceiling Our glad songs of praise</p>
---	--

<p><b><i>Unspoken Moon</i></b> (November 2005)</p> <p>Glory shines unspoken In the silence of the moon Crescent slices broken By white clouds overstrewn</p> <p>Majestic in the morning sky Upon a bed of blue Reflecting truths from God on high Then slipping out of view</p>	<p><b><i>Peeping Tom</i></b> (December 2005)</p> <p>Tucked around the corner In a world next door to mine Behind walls of brick and stone you sat And watched me passing by</p> <p>It wasn't til years later That I peeked behind the doors To find you'd been looking out for me In that world right next to yours</p>
---	---

<p><b><i>At Cross Purposes</i></b> (November 2005)</p> <p>I take the cross you gave me And lay it on the ground For we both know it just won't fit Through the doorway I have found</p> <p>Afraid of all the freedom That you've placed within my hand I prepare to pass the threshold And at cross purposes we stand</p> <p>Defiantly I enter Unencumbered by your weight To find a room that's empty Of everything, but hate</p> <p>So humbly I turn back to you Ashamed of what I've done Knowing something of cross purposes And how victories are won</p>	<p><b><i>Nothing to See</i></b> (December 2005?)</p> <p>Are you sad when I ask if you really are there? When all of a sudden I ask if you care? As if all of our past means nothing to me When I look around and there's nothing to see Nothing to feel Nothing to hear Nothing to tell me you really are near?</p> <p>Is there joy in your heart as my world spins around? And all of a sudden thoughts come crashing down? And I try to believe this is what you intend That this is one of those precious gifts that you send Wrapped in nothing to feel And nothing to hear So that one day I'll see that you really are near.</p>
--	--

<p><b><i>submerged</i></b> (January 2006)</p> <p>down in the depths undisturbed far below</p> <p>hidden away where all thoughts cease to flow</p> <p>let the winds up above continue their cry</p> <p>for our haven is safe undisturbed where we lie</p>	<p><b><i>sitting still</i></b> (January 2006)</p> <p>sitting still beside you ears wide open waiting for a word to be spoken</p> <p>sitting still beside you quietly waiting for you to say something illuminating</p> <p>sitting still beside you resting my head on your silent shoulders ...</p> <p>what's that you said?</p>
<p><b><i>#%&amp;^ing Ingrate</i></b> (December 2005?)</p> <p>It's so easy to say when all is just fine that I will repay you with something of mine</p> <p>But oh how talk is cheap and memories fade as I refuse to deliver on promises made</p>	<p><b><i>Gift-wrapped</i></b> (January 2006)</p> <p>The gifts that you can give me Are flashed before my eyes Containing everything that matters All that money cannot buy</p> <p>Incessantly you tell me I can try them on for size But it's only idle chatter Empty boxes wrapped in lies</p>
<p><b><i>Rendezvous</i></b> (February 2006)</p> <p>Your tug at my heart Invites me to smile And strengthens my courage To walk one more mile</p> <p>For tomorrow we'll touch And I'll taste life divine; In the depths of my soul It's your love I will find.</p>	<p><b><i>Hope Echoes</i></b> (February 2006)</p> <p>hope echoes in a smile that spans a thousand miles</p> <p>hope echoes in a song that takes me to new heights</p> <p>hope echoes when you're just standing there quiet as the night</p>



<p><b><i>Sky Blue</i></b> (February 2006)</p> <p>O'er world of grey  Elusive hue  of perfect blue ...  couleur de Dieu</p> <p>At close of day  Indigo sky  Framed moon on high  For wond'ring eye</p> <p>As colours fade  Begins the night  Stars take flight  Untold delight</p>	<p><b><i>melt down</i></b> (March 2006)</p> <p>windswept sparkles of white  on spotted window pane  drift out of sight  leaving droplets of rain  that meander by  begetting a sigh</p>
---	---

<p><b><i>When?</i></b> (March 2006)</p> <p>When did you become  an every day God?  Here from morning to night  through darkness to light.</p> <p>When did you change  from fearsome to friend?  Sitting quietly near  through each joy, through each fear.</p> <p>When did you turn  into something so new?  Into all that I needed.  Transfiguration completed?</p>	<p><b><i>revelation</i></b> (April 2006)</p> <p>your voice  scattered in the wind  your words  traced in shifting sands  reveal  some of you  and  more of me</p>
--	---

<p><b><i>resurrection</i></b> (April 2006)</p> <p>Such empty spaces ...  where love overflowing  with amazing graces  filled the barren spaces  of a searching heart</p> <p>Now fuller than full  on the day you return  with love perfectly whole  to the depths of my soul ....  no longer apart</p>	<p><b><i>self-portrait</i></b> (June 2006)</p> <p>What's that you're painting  With broad strokes of white  On today's canvas of blue?  Everything and nothing?</p> <p>Like yesterday's pictures  Erased by the night  Another portrait of you?  Everything? .... or nothing?</p>
--	---

<p><b><i>Forget-me-not</i></b> (April 2006)</p> <p>You've passed through the forest Through springtime, through fall And watched the leaves drop As your offspring grew tall</p> <p>And now looking around you Through the hills and the trees I wonder, I wonder Just what do you see?</p> <p>You may not remember Each name and each face But I'll never forget How I love you each day</p>	<p><b><i>groundswell</i></b> (April? 2006)</p> <p>run run far away as far as you can to where you belong</p> <p>stand stand firmly here firm as a rock on legs that are strong</p> <p>run where you will; no! just stand your ground for there's more to be found with your feet standing still</p>
---	---

<p><b><i>taciturne</i></b> (May 2006)</p> <p>est-ce un silence de paix qui m'effraie pendant des jours où la foi me semble un poids trop lourd à porter?</p> <p>est-ce un silence de rien qui me soutient pendant des nuits où la foi me semble une joie pleine de Ta clarté?</p>	<p><b><i>Slowly / si lente ....</i></b> (June 2006)</p> <p>Est-ce que tu gardes le silence parce que moi j'suis si lente à me porter peu à peu vers celui que je veux vers toi toi mon Dieu?</p> <p>Préfères-tu des pieds rapides qui te suivent tout de suite sans regretter une seule fois se trouver sur la voie offerte par ta croix?</p> <p>Est-ce que tout ça t'intéresse si c'est avec lenteur ou vitesse que mon coeur se déplace par le temps et l'espace attiré par tes grâces ?</p>
---	--

<p><b><i>Battle scars</i></b> (May 2006)</p> <p>Why write a poem carefully structured with rhythms and rhymes; veiling my thoughts so only you will understand?</p> <p>Crossing out words, then starting over and over and over again with no hope of conveying what I really intend</p> <p>Why write a poem? You know it's because I long for something concrete to touch as I reach out to hold your hand and sneak a glimpse so that I can find whether your battle scars are at all like mine</p>	<p><b><i>Hush now!</i></b> <b><i>(a conversation)</i></b> (September 2006)</p> <p>Sit down and watch the flowers blooming. And hush now.</p> <p>Look out and see the dark clouds looming. And hush now.</p> <p>Beauty. Danger. Colour. Darkness. Vibrant. Empty. Fullness. Starkness.</p> <p>Your world is loud chaotic contrast.</p> <p>[long pause]</p> <p>My joy is silent. Unassuming. So, hush now.</p>
---	--

<p><b><i>tree line</i></b> (July 2006)</p> <p>Oh, to wander, wantonly, beyond here. To fly towards the forest green, o'er yonder.</p> <p>To bid good-bye? To ne'er return?</p> <p>I wonder.</p>	<p><b><i>out of the woods</i></b> <b><i>... a variation on a theme ....</i></b> (July 2006)</p> <p>oh to ponder patiently, unhurried to wander on the mountainside; unworried</p> <p>to hold your hand and take a step</p> <p>securely</p>
---	--

<p><b><i>Hollow ground</i></b> (July 2006)</p> <p>Buried deep in hollow ground .. shallow; weep not -- heaven's hound does heed my cry and does abide ever nearby -- at my side.</p> <p>"Grieve not - for naught was lost" you say "Why grieve what you have thrown away?" For what is placed in hollow ground Makes room for all yet to be found.</p>	<p><b><i>slitelee fillersoffickle</i></b> (July? 2006)</p> <p>fillersofficklee speequing eye kan lojikle folloe eh prufe ov eh gaud hoo iz empte &amp; holloe</p> <p>thuh qunkloozhuns houghever troo theigh meigh bee kant capcher thuh grayss ov thuh won gnown 2 mee</p>
<p><b><i>goodness gracious</i></b> (August 2006)</p> <p>without a doubt, you give your goodness graciously, and pour it over sorrow, spread so spaciouly; on those without the strength to hope, audaciously.</p>	<p><b><i>darkness interrupted</i></b> (August? 2006)</p> <p>do dangers lie hidden in the dark where you dwell? dangers and strangers; the abysses of hell?</p> <p>if my foot hits a stone will the angels swoop low? to help me stand upright, keep me safe from the foe?</p> <p>is that smile how you answer as i start to count sheep? will you say more tomorrow? "fat chance ... go to sleep."</p>
<p><b><i>ite missa est</i></b> (September 2006)</p> <p>the clusters form; like clockwork.</p> <p>old-world voices tightly marshalled pleading in unison 'Ora pro nobis, ...'</p> <p>three young women huddled together muffling their laughter making plans for the day ...</p> <p>the quiet ones scattered about straining their ears for a sign of your silence ... then slipping away</p>	<p><b><i>smile happens</i></b> (October 2006)</p> <p>another day passes not much different from the last ...</p> <p>... until a smile happens straight out of the blue and all of a sudden I'm thinking of you</p> <p>I can't help but wonder if maybe it's true that in that same moment my love, you smiled, too.</p>

<p><b><i>they never left</i></b> (November 2006)</p> <p>where did they go?</p> <p>those words of thanks and praise that I had neatly tucked away for the close of day</p> <p>those grand expressions of immense emotion that were cleverly phrased in holy words of great devotion that could easily penetrate my mind's commotion and climb to You</p> <p>where did they go?</p> <p>for I looked for them when evening came and I settled in to call your name; But the only words that I could find, were those the ones you had in mind? "God help me!"</p>	<p><b><i>Deus Absconditus</i></b> (November 2006)</p> <p>Across the room, in open view, There's nothing I can see of you</p> <p>just colour texture</p> <p>Though all of you is present there, You're hidden from my steady stare</p> <p>so tranquil until</p> <p>You reach out from your hiding place Across the miles of empty space</p> <p>and touch me gently deeply</p>
<p><b><i>freedom restored</i></b> (December 2006)</p> <p>freedom reigns in the black of night where a thousand paths wait to be explored</p> <p>footsteps weave unhindered by sight through a land where dreams are soon restored</p>	<p><b><i>flesh tones</i></b> (December 2006)</p> <p>my flesh cries out for comfort that i can no more get from an imagined touch than from you tonight</p> <p>and so</p> <p>my heart cries out in earnest oh, can i really stand to be left stranded here with no strength at hand?</p> <p>and then</p> <p>my soul finds peace in knowing that this too shall pass when the new day brings on worries of its own</p>

<p><b><i>A Winter's Day</i></b> (January 2007)</p> <p>My heart melted on a cold, cold day when you welcomed me to sit and stay with you a while</p> <p>I hadn't planned to take off my gloves and reach across to grasp your open hand in mine, but</p> <p>my heart melted and before I knew I was walking side by side with you through fields of snow</p>	<p><b><i>a desert walk</i></b> (February 2007)</p> <p>can we walk slowly across the desert sands and glance down at the flowers?</p> <p>will you tell stories of life in distant lands as we wile away the hours?</p> <p>or will we share for days on end the silence that is ours?</p>
---	---

<p><b><i>Story time</i></b> (March 2007) <a href="#"><u>prairie messenger version</u></a></p> <p>i myth you on a cold quiet night as a warm fire and a story fill the empty spaces that you've left behind</p>	<p><b><i>drizzle</i></b> (March 2007)</p> <p>you mistify me until i'm drenched to the bone shivering quivering tired and alone</p> <p>you sanctify me as we make our way home ambling rambling along paths all our own</p>
--	--

<p><b><i>night and day</i></b> (February 2007)</p> <p><i>in nocturno</i>  I'm weary  from the race  <i>Dominus tecum</i></p> <p>tears on my  pillow case  <i>Dominus tecum</i></p> <p>Hoping for  your embrace  <i>Dominus tecum</i></p> <p><i>ad matutinum</i>  I take a break  from life's quick pace  <i>Dominus tecum</i></p> <p>to join you  in our special place  <i>Dominus tecum</i></p> <p>and share a moment  face to face  <i>Dominus tecum</i></p> <p><i>in nocturno</i>  I'm weary  from the race  <i>Dominus tecum</i></p> <p>.</p> <p>.</p> <p>.</p>	<p><b><i>engrained</i></b> (February 2007)</p> <p>gone are the days  of calm solitude,  spent far away from you  you, a stranger</p> <p>days of dreams and desires  not meant to include  an intruder like you  you, so other</p> <p>but dreams change shape  and you've engrained  yourself in me  you, my soulmate?</p> <p><b><i>Hanging by a thread</i></b> (March? 2007)</p> <p>Could I suspend my disbelief  For a minute or two?  And find a moment's rest  With the weight of you  Hanging by a thread  Round my neck?</p> <p>Was I really so surprised  That the answer was yes?  At least for a minute or two.</p>
---	---

<p><b><i>Blasted</i></b> (March? 2007)</p> <p>Let the weight of your troubles be cast away For eternity's only a blast away</p> <p>Rub the sleep out from your eyes As morning takes you by surprise And brings you to another day</p> <p>Let the weight of your troubles be cast away For eternity's only a blast away</p> <p>Pull up your socks and brush your teeth</p> <p>Don't wonder how your day will be Don't worry about your dull routine</p> <p>Just let the weight of your troubles be cast away For eternity is only a blast away</p> <p>Requiescant in pace</p>	<p><b><i>déjà Dieu</i></b> (May 2007)</p> <p>depuis toujours déjà Dieu vas-tu me montrer tout ce que tu as déjà vu, déjà su, tout ce que tu as déjà connu?</p> <p>une fois cette vie parcourue, ces sacrements maintes fois reçus, est-ce que je deviendrai un peu comme Vous: Père, Saint Esprit, et toi, Jésus?</p>
---	---



<p><b>the language of tears</b> <i>(June 2007)</i></p> <p>You hold my hand  As I cry in my gladness  In a roomful of strangers  Who don't understand  That you catch my tears  When I smile in my sadness  On the days when the dangers  Catch up with my fears</p>	<p><b>ritual snippets</b> <i>(July 2007)</i></p> <p>your might shines forth  on a candlewick  lighting the path  of your beloved</p> <p>your power drifts  on a gentle breeze  caressing her  as she stands before you  welcoming your touch</p>
<p><b>scriptum est</b> <i>(July 2007)</i></p> <p>You send them  forth to slaughter  from distant heights  (for Your love endures forever)</p> <p>The cries drown  out your silence  in the dead of night  (for Your love endures forever)</p> <p>Until hymns of praise  proclaim Your carnage  in the morning light  (for Your love endures forever)</p> <p>And songs of joy  shout out your wonders,  God of power and might  (for Your love endures forever)</p>	<p><b>babble on</b> <i>(September, 2007)</i></p> <p>do you float down the rivers  of babble on  are those the currents  you travel on?</p> <p>cascading by  too fast to see  at least too fast  for the likes of me</p> <p>as I watch you pass  with sad regret  until I wade on in  and let my feet get wet</p>

<p><b><i>a night out</i></b> (October 2007)</p> <p>I'll masquerade as a child for you with a smile as bright as the sun with a laugh as gentle as rain</p> <p>I'll dance my way through the night with you with a step as light as the air to the sound of our own refrain</p>	<p><b><i>the man-in the-moon</i></b> (November 2007)</p> <p>the man-in-the-moon tells tales of You at the oddest times;</p> <p>of the days where you lived in a world of songs and nursery rhymes</p> <p>he winks and he nods with a smile bright and broad as he reads from the books of your love</p>
--	---

<p><b><i>winter blossoms</i></b> (December 2007)</p> <p>they sit aglow on sleeping wood blossoms of pink that fade away bringing fruit as sweet as a summer day</p>	<p><b><i>after the storm</i></b> (September 2007)</p> <p>the rains come crashing out of the blue pelted, pelted, pelted down pelted down the whole day through</p> <p>then quietly the colours spread to your surprise circling, circling, circling through circling through the evening skies</p> <p>destined to fade away from view into the night yielding, yielding, yielding room yielding room to the pale moonlight</p>
---	--

***Abba Almighty (January, 2008)***

I ponder the love of Abba,  
His marvels of creation,  
His pride and joy Emmanuel  
The Lord of every nation

How His Silent Power through Gabriel  
Once came to speak with Mary  
Then joined with her to bring to earth  
One Man amidst the many

One Man who wore a crown of thorns  
In the days of Pontius Pilate  
And died upon a barren tree  
As all the world grew quiet

At close of day they took him down  
And laid Him in a tomb  
The only Son of Abba  
Sprung forth from Mary's womb

While those on earth were shedding tears  
Emmanuel descended  
And showed Himself to those below  
Whose earthly lives had ended

Until on that third morning  
Emmanuel appeared  
To reassure the mourners,  
Release them from their fear

He did not stay for long with them  
For soon he did arise  
To go to Abba's great abode  
And sit at His right side

A promise, though, He left behind  
To come back to us one day  
Bringing justice to all humankind  
So often led astray

I ponder the love of Abba,  
His marvels of creation,  
His pride and joy Emmanuel  
The Lord of every nation

So to this day we gather  
Where the Spirit yet remains  
In a house that's built for all of us  
In the company of saints  
With a hope that's ever present  
As fervently we pray  
That our faults might be forgiven  
And we'll see Your face one day

I ponder the love of Abba,  
His marvels of creation,  
His pride and joy Emmanuel  
The Lord of every nation

<p><b><i>the man-in the-moon</i></b> (February 2008)</p> <p>he tossed a scarf across his face when he felt the morning chill</p> <p>then the evening wind picked up, so he grabbed his big wool hat from his pocket and pulled it over his ears</p> <p>and finally, when he'd had enough of the cold he pulled his blanket over his head and tried to sleep</p>	<p><b><i>no god</i></b> (February 2008)</p> <p>there is no god ... like You they say who for hours on end will chat away at any time on any day</p> <p>but there is no god ... like You at all who responds in Silence to my call and lifts me gently when I fall</p>
---	---

<p><b><i>a missing word</i></b> (March 2008)</p> <p>my ears perked at the missing word both holy and broken that I heard</p> <p>and I wondered when I'd pronounce again the holy and the broken hallelujah</p>	<p><b><i>a moment or two</i></b> (March 2008)</p> <p>In the palm of my hand I hold you for a moment or two</p> <p>Hoping to delay Your departure for a moment or two</p> <p>After giving me more than I'd dream of for a moment or two</p>
--	--

<p><b><i>the incredible lightness of meaning</i></b> (April 2008)  <a href="#"><u>prairie messenger version</u></a></p> <p>you know, a rock  can counteract  the weightlessness  of empty words</p> <p>and pin them down  for long enough  to ponder</p> <p>but as they fill  with meaning they  grow lighter still</p> <p>and journey on  a gentle breeze  beyond here</p>	<p><b><i>sketches</i></b> (June 2008)</p> <p>I collect  the sketches  they make of You  and save them  for a while</p> <p>for they see  things from a  different view  and draw You  with a smile</p> <p>But one day  I'll be able to  remove them  from my shelf</p> <p>for bit by bit  I'm learning how  to draw those  smiles myself</p>
---	---

<p><b><i>Coram Deo</i></b> (July 2008)</p> <p>should it all make sense  when I close my eyes  to rest with you  beside me?</p> <p>at times like this  I understand  that you know more  than I do</p>	<p><b><i>a taste of joy</i></b> (July 2008)</p> <p>some surprises sneak slowly  through the quiet of night</p> <p>while they plan their attack  they remain out of sight</p> <p>until one day they spring  straight out of the void</p> <p>and you taste deep inside  some of God's steadfast joy</p>
---	---

<p><b><i>a disappointing harvest</i></b> (September 2008)</p> <p>so you fancied yourself a gardener when the wind blew the seeds your way</p> <p>tilling the soil clearing the weeds watering, when the rains refused to fall</p> <p>and you dreamt you'd harvest blossoms in the colours of God</p> <p>fragrant flowers wonders to behold the crowning glory of your toil</p> <p>why did you frown at your harvest of straw? can bricks be made from blossoms? can the weary rest on a bed of fading roses?</p>	<p><b><i>les larmes d'un amour banni</i></b> (October 2008)</p> <p>où est-ce qu'il va l'amour de Dieu quand il n'est plus le bienvenu?</p> <p>par où erre-t-il pendant ces heures quand on le barre de son coeur?</p> <p>trouve-t-il un coin loin du vacarme pour y verser toutes ses larmes?</p>
--	---

<p><b><i>the grammar of God</i></b> (September 2008)</p> <p>after detailed study you will learn that God's rules of grammar make perfect sense</p> <p>the pronouns they are personal and the Verb is in the present tense</p>	<p><b><i>Moon Times</i></b> (November 2008)</p> <p>4 pm she makes her debut amidst the pale hues of the sky beckoning</p> <p>5 pm robed in royal blue her insolence intrigues the eyes glued on her</p> <p>6 pm all else out of view she takes command somehow magnified by the dark</p>
---	--

**Bluetiful** (December 2008)  
[prairie messenger version](#)

Out of the blue  
Out of the sky blue  
Out of the why blue  
You come to me  
with topaz  
topaz vobiscum

Into the blue  
Into the rhapsody  
Into the rhapsody in blue  
You charm me  
with sapphire  
heart sapphire

Plunged into the blue  
Into the black blue  
Plunging into the sea blue  
You hold me close  
azuredly  
Held in the blue  
by You



**Carry on, Comforted** (in memory of Gerard Manley Hopkins) (December 2008)

Gentle Hop, worry worn, weary worn  
wondring wondring When will be thy darkness done?  
When in daylight dark bleary eyed the battle won?  
beckoning the one by whom your burden's borne  
beckoning the Son; alone, alone with thoughts your own  
your inscape unescapably instressed upon  
those who hope you've found your Easter morn

<p><b><i>forever (less a day)</i></b> (January 2009)</p> <p>come take a break and reminisce you've been so long away</p> <p>and eternity's no shorter at forever less a day</p> <p>there's so much catching up to do we need a chance to play</p> <p>besides, eternity's no shorter at forever less a day</p> <p>you can surely find an hour or two to steal some time away</p> <p>for eternity's no shorter at forever less a day</p>	<p><b><i>how the prairie god shows his face</i></b> (March 2009) <a href="#"><u>prairie messenger version</u></a></p> <p>with the winter wind he chills their bones until they shelter themselves from his wrath</p> <p>as the winds die down eyes peek through the scarves bundled round their faces to see the dazzling white of his smile</p> <p>and they wonder if a mountain god would be any easier to understand</p>
--	---

<p><b><i>shadows of pain and joy</i></b> (May 2009)</p> <p>the shadows paint your portrait on a sheet of beaten bronze</p> <p>a mouth agape in sorrow a pair of weary eyes</p> <p>then your father pays a visit casting shadows of his own</p> <p>a smile, a nod and then he's off to other parts unknown</p>	<p><b><i>sedet sola</i></b> (March 2009)</p> <p>she sits on her own with you without you together alone</p>
	<p><b><i>song without words</i></b> (June 2009)</p> <p>if I could just outrun the rain it couldn't wash my thoughts away it couldn't drown my joy and pain and I could find my words again</p>



<p><b><i>tides</i></b> (July 2009)</p> <p>borne on the waves  you wander in  beside me  on the shore  before you make  your slow retreat  beyond my reach  once more</p>	<p><b><i>Prayers of a successful spider and an unfortunate fly</i></b> (July 2009)</p> <p><a href="#"><u>prairie messenger version</u></a></p> <p><i>spider</i>  they have not been in vain, my labours  for something comes my way  I surely have not lost thine favour  I give you thanks today</p> <p><i>fly</i>  will you save me from the foe?  for I cannot praise you from the grave  alas, I see, the answer's no  (and I'm no longer brave)</p>
<p><b><i>tell me, thomas</i></b> (August 2009)</p> <p>was it with joy  or maybe trepidation  that you stretched out your hand slowly  or maybe hurriedly  to touch lightly  or maybe firmly  the one who you expected  or maybe doubted  would return to you?</p> <p>did you sigh in relief  or maybe recoil in panic  when you realized  "My God"  what have I done?</p>	<p><b><i>In the silent hours</i></b> (September 2009)</p> <p>if the night  were silent  I'd bless  the Lord</p> <p>but the waves  they crash  against the shore</p> <p>and the wind  she howls  and the wind  she roars</p> <p>til the calm  of dawn  returns  once more</p>

<p><b><i>snow angels</i></b> (December 2009)</p> <p>their message of joy  drifts down slowly  gently blanketing the ground  so as to soften the blow  when you ride forth on a wind  too strong for us to bear  yet barely strong enough  to carry your majesty  while you carve your beauty  into every corner of the sky</p>	<p><b><i>noises</i></b> (February 2010)</p> <p>go ahead and harp on  in your persistent voices  for I know what the difference  between quiet and noise is</p> <p>beckon if you wish  in your thundering tones  for it's only through silence  that my loved one is known</p>
<p><b><i>colours</i></b> (February 2010)</p> <p>black and white  or shades of gray  or brilliant blues that  pass your way?</p> <p>what colours  would you  choose to see?  who is it  that you'd  rather be?</p>	<p><b><i>remaining nameless</i></b> (May 2010)</p> <p>you wander away  taking everything with you  including your name</p> <p>leaving me  with a smile on my lips  but no word on my tongue ...</p> <hr/> <p><b><i>water's edge</i></b> (May 2010)</p> <p>I wander to the shore  to dip my feet into the sea  not knowing whether I'll need  the strength to swim  or to let myself  be drowned  beneath your waves</p>

<p><b>glory</b> (June 2010)</p> <p><a href="#"><u>prairie messenger version</u></a></p> <p>your love outpaces the empty skies reaching beyond the places where sadness lies as your glory spreads forever and ever amen</p>	<p><b>silent word</b> (July 2010)</p> <p>unsure of what i've seen and heard i listen for your silent word</p> <p>"Come eat the sacrificial lamb I'll nourish you with all I Am"</p>
<p><b><i>The Sounds of an Abbey Day that Punctuate God's Silence</i></b> (July 2010)</p> <p>Crows cawing precede a yawn Up before the bells</p> <p>Listening to the feet padding in, shuffling in</p> <p>Singing breaks the quiet gently ushering in the day</p> <p>A pause</p> <p>Organ and hymns, the words, The Word</p> <p>Chirping birds a chickadee breeze rustling through the trees</p> <p>Soft half-past bell followed by a clanging call</p> <p>Cackling hens and a clumsy clap of wings</p>	<p>Soft half-past bell followed by a clanging call</p> <p>Listening to the feet padding in, shuffling in</p> <p>Singing breaks the quiet until the organ's alleluia ushers in the night</p>

***Talking to the Sun*** (song lyrics / 2010)  
***[Youtube link](#)*** (music by David Leech)

All night long I dream of you,  
I see your face in the moon.  
But when I wake and turn to you,  
you fade away all too soon.  
Daylight veils your green eyes.  
Sunshine hides your smile.  
'Til the darkness comes and you return to me,  
I will have to spend my day just Talking To the Sun.

I'll tell him of your sparkling eyes,  
I'll tell him of your smile.  
I'll tell him how we spent the night  
Just laughing all the while.  
And when the day is over  
When you're at my side.  
I'll know that you heard each word I spoke to you,  
When I had to spend my day just Talking To the Sun.

When the sun says Adios  
Before he heads on his way  
He whispers to me: "hold him/her close  
Right up until break of day  
Look into his/her green eyes  
Remember every gaze  
So when I return you'll tell me tales of him/her,  
When you have to spend your day just Talking To the Sun."

***Out in the Snow*** (song lyrics / 2012)  
***[Youtube link](#)*** (music by David Leech)

Why spend the winter hiding from the storm?  
Why wait until the days are warm?  
Come let's wander  
Let's go out in the snow

I know they've warned us baby  
once or twice  
That we might fall down on the ice  
But let's wander,  
Let's go out in the snow, dear

Don't you want to feel the wind against your face?  
Don't you want to taste a snowflake on your tongue, ear?  
Come with me before the winter melts away  
Come on let's walk out in the snow together

Why spend all winter where it's safe and warm  
When we can play out in the snow?  
Come on now, take my hand  
Baby let's go

<p><b><i>Scrap paper</i></b> (August 2010)</p> <p>scattered sketches etched in blue on paper worn and tattered</p> <p>a single hue's enough to hold all that really mattered</p>	<p><b><i>paths</i></b> (October 2010)</p> <p>if You walk with me as i wander round, will all paths lead to sacred ground?</p>
<p><b><i>psalt water</i></b> (November 2010)</p> <p>your waters pour onto my sweat-soaked skin until i've strength enough to venture out again</p>	<p><b><i>moon songs</i></b> (November 2010)</p> <p>at night you sing to me in the phrases of the moon as the moonlight becomes you in an unending tune</p>

<p><b><i>decem milia dubia</i></b> (November 2010)</p> <p>without a doubt what would we have ever talked about?</p> <p>such a singular breeding ground for the Silence that grows all around</p> <p>no! however much my soul might ache ten thousand doubts do not a difficulty make</p>	<p><b><i>in between smile</i></b> (December 2010)</p> <p>amid the drizzling rain of a December day a mid-winter rainbow brings an in between smile</p>
	<p><b><i>cold comfort</i></b> (January 2011) <a href="#"><u>prairie messenger version</u></a></p> <p>there are shades of blue only seen in the moments before a winter's night that will never really turn dark</p> <p>as the light of the moon hits the freshly fallen snow that covers the dull remnants of an almost forgotten summer</p>



*Snowbells* (December 2010)  
[prairie messenger version](#)

one by one they fall  
in the dead of night  
past the spaces that  
the leaves once filled

each flake thinking  
itself unimportant  
as it makes its way  
through the frigid air

then landing on a berry  
that even the birds  
won't eat  
until lo and behold  
the Christmas bells  
are there

<p><b>windbreak</b> (February 2011)</p> <p>I beckoned the breeze  from behind my walls  unsure if she  would heed my call  not sure if she'd  respond at all</p> <p>and then</p> <p>I waited  waited  waited</p> <p>but I could not hear  from behind those walls  I could not hear  her voice all  until I stepped outside  and someone called</p> <p><i>"come follow me  for the breeze  yes the breeze  she beckons"</i></p>	<p><b>water from the rock</b> (April 2011)</p> <p>A stare into the black of night  Eyes trained on the dark  As shadows take their flight</p> <p>A step into the vast unknown  Feet that venture forth  Soles bare on cold damp stone</p>
	<p><b>the scribe</b> (June 2011)</p> <p>by the uncertain hand  of a tired scribe  the word was  laid fresh  misspelled among us  still full  of glory  and truth</p>
	<p><b>a reluctant poet</b> (June 2011)</p> <p>the colours that  we share at night  i grasp and hold  with all my might  until you push  my prayers  into the light</p>

<p><b><i>Lot lingered</i></b> (July 2011)</p> <p>So let me see  if I've got this right:  Since I am righteous  in your sight  It's off to the hills  in hurried flight?</p> <p>It's not my place  to second guess  For surely you know  what is best  But hear me out  with one request</p> <p>I'm a city boy  who's used to sound  to hustle bustle  all around  So might you send me  to a town?</p>	<p><b><i>the silent colours of god</i></b> (August 2011)  <a href="#">prairie messenger version</a></p> <p>they are not  the colours that  catch the eye</p> <p>grass so brown  that it's hard to imagine  it could have ever been green</p> <p>weathered rocks  of a such a hard dull gray  that refuses to reflect the sun</p> <p>and an occasional splash of  yellow that dares to shout  before fading away</p>
<p><b><i>Who am I?</i></b> (September 2011)  <a href="#">prairie messenger version</a></p> <p>You are  the Silence  of the sky</p> <p>undampened  by the rain</p> <p>unshaken  by the wind</p> <p>undarkened  by the night</p>	<p><b><i>unless</i></b> (October 2011)</p> <p>as the shadows pass  at the close of day  and i watch  the colours  fade to grey  i promise to  forever stay</p> <p>.</p> <p>.</p> <p>.</p> <p>unless, that is,  i walk away</p>



<p><b><i>runaway moon</i></b> (November 2011)</p> <p>you'd think it near impossible to lose sight of the moon on a cloudless night</p> <p>but then you glance back up to the exact same spot where you could swear she had been just a moment ago</p> <p>and all you find is a sea of black</p>	<p><b><i>moon poem # 12</i></b> (February 2012)</p> <p>a better astronomer than I would know where to find you in the sky</p> <p>and when you have slipped away from view would know when and where to look anew</p> <p>but even with their charts and books I'm unsure of where or when to look</p> <p>so I spend the long and lonely night not knowing if or when you might</p> <p>make me smile in my surprise when there you are before my eyes</p>
<p><b><i>forever and ever amen</i></b> (December 2011)</p> <p>sometimes at a dime a dozen they're tossed about freely cavalierly, even</p> <p>making it impossible to track where they land once they fly off my tongue</p> <p>but then there are the other ones formed hesitantly</p> <p>pushed slowly past my lips</p> <p>the ones that You take from me gently to ease my pain</p> <p>yes, those might be my forever and ever amens</p>	<p><b><i>A quick glance</i></b> (March 2012)</p> <p>I look at you For a moment or two Then I wander off For there's work to do</p> <hr/> <p><b><i>Jack and Joy</i></b> (March 2012)</p> <p>Jack went scrambling Up the hill And slipped upon Some water</p> <p>Jack fell down Knees on the ground And Joy came tumbling after</p>

<p><b><i>in the dark</i></b> (April 2012)</p> <p>if we shut our eyes we can linger in the night</p> <p>known to each other only by a silent touch unencumbered by the light</p>	<p><b><i>in the dark (reprise)</i></b> (April 2012)</p> <p>wide open eyes stare blindly in the dark</p> <p>searching for each other in a silent quest awaiting the next spark</p>
---	---

<p><b><i>museum piece</i></b> (June 2012) <u><b><i>prairie messenger version</i></b></u></p> <p>we are a body of jealous bones</p> <p>pulled from the peace of our resting place for the pleasure of prying eyes</p> <p>our return to dust disturbed</p> <p>unceremoniously</p>	<p><b><i>on the journey to joy</i></b> (July 2012)</p> <p>my heart rejoices yet my soul is sad</p> <p>my heart is stricken yet my soul is glad</p> <p>my heart is stubborn yet my soul obeys</p> <p>oh that heart and soul might be one some day</p>
---	--

<p><b><i>futility</i></b> (December 2012)</p> <p>with all her force she hurls her light into the oceans of the night</p> <p>an act of pure futility swallowed by the boundless seas</p> <p>until the clouds come floating by spreading moonbeams through the sky</p>	<p><b><i>Guadalupe's Moon</i></b> (January 2013) <a href="#"><u>prairie messenger version</u></a></p> <p>she plants a foot on the dark side of the moon</p> <p>stepping down from the land where roses always bloom</p> <p>leaving petals that turn December into June</p>
--	--

<p><b><i>and God saw ...</i></b> (February 2013)</p> <p>her eyes were trained on the ground in that winter way of walking</p> <p>with each foot carefully planted then lifted trying to land on the spots that offer some security and not on those deceptively clear spots like the one that sent her tumbling the last time she ventured out</p>	<p>finally, she reached the door and grasping the handle looked up to see the last shades of pink fading away in the sky and the branches decorated with a layer of frost and wondered what it had looked like while her eyes had been trained on the treacherous ground</p> <p>content in knowing that it had been beautiful and God saw it was good</p>
--	---

<p><b><i>dying to know</i></b> (April 2013)</p> <p>if i shed my blood for You  if i bled my love for You  would You shun me then and there?  or would You bind my wounds with care?</p>	<p><b><i>Nightfall</i></b> (June 2013)</p> <p>let the worrisome light  fade away  fade away  fade away into night</p> <p>and when the day  doth lose its glow  come enter  the joy  you've been  dying to know</p>
<p><b><i>Rearranging Terms</i></b> (August 2013)</p> <p>She moves the letters  To better see  The path towards  Infinity</p>	<p><b><i>Our Lady of Blackstrap</i></b>  <i>(Feast of the Assumption, 2013)</i></p> <p>Oh to be loosed  From my rootedness</p> <p>To soar with the birds  Above the birds</p> <p>To view the world  With my soul unfurled</p>
<p><b><i>Why the clouds sit in front of the moon</i></b>  <i>(November 2013)</i></p> <p>You draw a veil  Across your smile  And let my soul  Be sad a while</p> <p>Hidden until  the moment when  I'm ready for  your joy again</p>	<p><b><i>ode to a spruce that lives no more</i></b>  <i>(January 2014)</i></p> <p>I had never met  such a weary tree</p> <p>grown tired by  spring's spurts  sprung forth  on limbs too old  to carry the lightness  of youth</p> <p>branches bowed  to the ground  where now  they rest  in pieces</p>

<p><b><i>hush, Lord</i></b> (January 2014)</p> <p>I lie back and watch the shades of blue My body safe within your keeping Silence fills my weary soul, as You hush, Lord, for your servant she is sleeping</p>	<p><b><i>transitions</i></b> (Holy Thursday, 2014)</p> <p>and so draws to an end the season of the private alleluia where spontaneous smiles arise out of the blue</p> <p>for out of tomorrow's dark night comes synchronized joy exclaimed on cue and if it in the present cannot be found hopes of tomorrow's joy will do</p>
<p><b><i>Lord Crow</i></b> (June 2014)</p> <p>He sits atop the deadwood That crowns an ancient evergreen His throne carved from lifeless limbs</p> <p>Black wings silhouetted on an empty sky He calls out his presence To all who pass by</p>	<p><b><i>Lunch at the Beach</i></b> (August 2014)</p> <p>The heron opts for his usual A table for one Fresh fish The catch of the day</p> <p>The crows, however, gather for a 'clam break' Followed by dessert at a berry nice spot just down the road.</p>
<p><b><i>lunar reflections</i></b> (January 2015)</p> <p>at break of day i shade my face and turn my gaze away</p> <p>being more suited to a view of You that's muted by the moon</p>	<p><b><i>en pleine lumière</i></b> (January 2015)</p> <p>tu me parles dans une langue partagée entre nous pourtant incompréhensible sans le reflet de la lune</p>

**Scholastica's moon**  
(February 2015)

Let's linger under the lesser light  
That gently glows to guard the night  
And hold the shadowed beasts at bay  
As we await the break of day

**Branching Out**  
(March 2015)

It  
takes  
time to  
trust a tree  
and  
believe its boughs  
will bravely bear  
your  
worry's  
weight

**word flow**  
(July 2015)

our river  
of words  
  
trickles  
slowly by  
  
what more  
is left  
to say?  
  
except  
  
everything  
unsaid

**Lunar associations**  
(January 2016, for David and Sally)

I stare for hours  
at the evening sky  
  
knowing that you were all I was  
I was **all** you were  
  
and for the tiniest of moments  
the moonlight becomes you

**Un-less**

You can't see me un-  
less, I smile

You can't hear me un-  
less, I laugh

And I can't make you understand.

**Skyward**

She journeys towards  
the heavens

Detached from the  
hills and rocks  
of her ancestral home

Carried by the breeze

Upwards, until . . .



**Pray as you can**

They each have tried  
to find a way  
To find their special  
way to pray

Some found their voice  
by drawing doves  
Wounded in their  
quest for love

But among the most striking  
of them all  
One simply said:  
fuck the wall

