

The Farthest Shore

We live in a cosmos
beyond Euclid's imagining.
Expanding, it has no center,
the center everywhere.
Expanding, it has no edge,
the edge everywhere.

As it dilates in time
elementary chaos,
outward streaming,
becomes twisting tendrils
of ever increasing
complexity.

We are the most exquisite
complexity we know.
We are sea foam
on the farthest shore
of the expanding universe.

The Highway

My garden this bright day
is the bottom of a blue river of air
between house and great fir trees.
The river flows, a busy highway
carrying hopeful fluff-winged seeds
and swarms of infatuated insects.
Butterflies graze in the flowering depths
and two small birds row upstream.
Then, in the blue, a glint of drifting web
betrays the passage
of the boldest navigator of all;
a wingless mite has launched his bark
on the irresistible stream,
off on secret business of his own.

The Lion of Kea

Reclining in the sun on a lofty slope
he watches the village on the nearby hill,
the great stone lion of Kea watches
with an enigmatic smile as he has
for two thousand and five hundred years.

Through pillage and peace, plague and plenty,
siege and starvation, contentment and calamity,
observing his small piece of the Aegean world,
he smiles his archaic smile.

Behind that smile, I thought, the timeless lion,
having seen a hundred generations of men,
must know a secret of their little lives
that I, in my ephemeral life, do not perceive.

But there's a sorry mystery here, I think.
How could he watch the lives of men
through two millenia and more
and now not weep ... or laugh?