

Excerpts from Selected Poems

You Can Never Speak Up Too Often for the Love of All Things \$12.95 ISBN 1-928706-10-X

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You can never speak up too often for the love of all things.
For every living thing or natural place on earth, there is someone
 who wants to kill or destroy it;
Therefore, you can never speak up too often for the love of all things.

These families of geese that I watch as I sit beside the pond,
Two pairs, four adults, with their clutches of downy goslings
 who are carefully sheltered between the
 tall-necked, attendant goose and gander,
There is a hunter who yearns to kill them,
Who feels entitled to his killing of them,
Who would be outraged if you implied he had no right to
 gun them down in season.

This pond, set like an opal in the precious ring of earth,
 windsparkling among shaded forests of hemlock and pine,
There is someone waiting to race his motorboat across it,
 knifing the soft skin of its silence,
 leaking oil into its pearl waters;
 develop it, build beaches,
bring in crowds with boomboxes surging across
 macadamized parking lots;
Therefore, you can never speak up too often for the love of all things.

—From the title poem *You Can Never Speak Up Too Often for the Love of All Things*, page 11

In the mind's clearest moments, everything that has transpired
 seems perfect.
All words ripple downstream as liberating poetry.
Every pebble and stone sparkles with precious minerals.
Resting by uncountable billions in the beds of all rivers
 are rolled, rounded stones and poems.

In the deepest meditation, edges disappear,
All memories become rounded by charitable acceptance,
All turmoil subsides to undulating rivers washing over beds
 of rounded stones.
Rushing towards open seas are poems of remote and exquisite peace.

—From *A Remote and Exquisite Peace*, page 52

All is we have love and intermittent equanimity
In a world of patterns and impermanence.
Anemones, geraniums, and fading human faces
In the mirrors of my mind.

—From *Gestation*, page 50