

Poetry Series

Grant House
- poems -

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Grant House()

8 Am Encounter At The Dry Cleaners

Good morning

She looks up, says

Head in the clouds
Hair still wet

Then smiles

I say, it is almost Haiku

She says,
I've done three quarters of the work
Now it's up to you

I give it a try
But now I see

Head in the clouds
Hair still wet

Would make a much better
Epithet

Grant House

A Dog Kissed Me In The Mouth

A dog kissed me in the mouth
Not on the mouth but he got
His tongue and part of his
Wet black nose in there
This or at least its intention makes
The day complete and whole
He rising on his back feet with laser
Accuracy and nearly at the speed
Of light (I did not see it coming)
Me bent over the low gate at
Our front door to greet and pet my
Two furry friends

Hi dog friends Hi Sophie Hi Coco.
The eight legs four ears two
Excited tails and one very precise
Nose-tongue intruder

I am home with my buddies who wait by
The open door patiently for the low
Rumble of a car coming up the hill
We will do it again for her this time with
Ten legs six ears two tails, and...

Grant House

A Love Like This

In the face of unspeakable tragedy, of terror and loss, love wakes us up from indifference. Love educates the soul and makes us whole. Love brings us together to declare what we know in our hearts is true; that "love is love" no matter who. Instead of quick reaction, love heals and moves us to effective action. Standing side by side, rainbow fabric of every hue, we find unity. Let's me and you ask as a community, "How can we love enough?" and of ourselves as individuals, "How can I love enough?" Hate, injustice, and evil have no power. They wilt and cower in the presence of a love like this!

Grant House

Angel Wings

I see your angel wings
Poking out of your shirt
Made of gossamer spirit
Light and feathery
Stronger than steel
Folded against your back
So thin no one ever notices
Open, they cover the town
Translucent
Shadowless
When you let them out to fly
Each breath takes you miles in the direction you are going
I see your angel wings poking out a little this morning
Even the teeny tiny tip I see inspires hope
Might catalyze a revolution of compassion were others to get a glimpse
I know you are careful with how you employ your strengths
People can only take so much at a time
Unfurl your wings
Rainstorms line the horizon
Empathy droughts lift
Happiness rainbows cause childlike freedom thoughts to break out across the
land
Wellbeing springs up everywhere like nourishing wheatgrass green and colorful
wildflowers and deep forests and clear freshwater springs
Ya gotta watch out how you use those things!
The rest of us are grateful we live nearby this radiance
This kindness
I see your angel wings poking out of your shirt this morning a little bit
Who knows what today will bring
Your not such a well kept secret is safe with me
Like most chance encounters with divinity
I firmly believe
Only good can come of it!

Grant House

Calla Rises

Calla rises

Like the Sun

Like the Moon

Like dough becoming bread

Like the lioness after her mid-afternoon nap

Calla rises

Like the temperature of the desert at 10 am

Like steam off the geyser pool

Like the geyser

Like lava from the earth's core, Calla rises

Like a rocket bound for Mars

Like Mars

Like the Milky Way on a dark cityless night

Like the city at dawn

Calla rises up, up, up

And we rise too

Rising up on the back of her cosmic turtle

Surfacing far out in the ocean

Looking together at wide open wind swept wave mountains, we rise with Calla

We rise in the eyes of the great wind borne albatross

Crossing the currents below

Climbing higher and higher

We rise with Calla

To the clouds and higher still

Lifting to the edge of space

Calla rises

And we rise to our highest spirit's potential

Where All is All

And we are all of it together

When Calla's spirit rises

We rise

Grant House

Cd's Report To The Board

Goal 4: Provide resources for community advocates.

Action Taken: Nothing directly at this time. CD

CD, in your report
you said
you did
'nothing directly
at this time.'

Not so, sister.

You
communicated,
coordinated,
educated,
instigated,
activated,
informed,
transformed,
reframed,
reclaimed
territory taken.

Empowered,
they took it back.

Nothing directly
at this time?

You put it
on the
map,
woke them
from their
nap,
drew them
out,
gave them
clout.

They found their
voice,
made a
choice,
wrote that
letter,
made things
better.

CD dear,
don't you
know?

This amount of
nothing directly is
exactly
what we
have been talking
about.

Please do more
nothing
directly.

Grant House

Cool Ruffled Sheets

sleep like
tangled legs and arms
and close breathing
under
cool
ruffled
sheets
til morning late
and day's begun
no rush to rise
and eyes
open
fresh
and new

Grant House

Earth Shadow

Earth shadow
Climbs red mountain
Purple deep remains
Breathes me in
Tomorrow Autumn

Heron blue clouds
Translucent sky
And everyone down below
Notice it's early still
And getting dark already

Darkness drives me home tonight
Old brain wakes from summer hibernation
Like bats and owls and other creatures of the night
That ageless part of me
Sees better in the dark

Sixty-five times
I have crossed this threshold
Earth shadow
Climbing red mountain
Purple deep
Heron blue clouds
Translucent sky

Everyone down below
Notices

It's early still
And dark already

Grant House

Ephemeral Blue Wave

Ephemeral blue wave

Become the beach
Other waves will join you
And grains of sand

Waves
Sand
Beach
One

Grant House

For Selma

The clear air in which we are immersed

The clean water from the high mountains and vast plains

All the animals on the fertile earth

The creatures in the teeming seas and lakes and rivers

The immense world of plants that nurture us

The sun, the planets, and Cosmos

And long strings of time

All these and the infinitely creative spirit of human beings

Sing in harmony a song we have just begun to hear

We are one! We are whole! We are alive!

A wild and awesome chorus.

You say,

Let's sing that song!

Grant House

Hell

hell
oh well
everyday life
crashes in on
extraordinary people
bright futures
recede into the distance
radiant dreams
full of promise
become long-ago memories
fading into tears
at night in the other room
it was a beautiful dream
destined for greatness
changing lives
whole new futures opening up before us
turn the curve
grandeur spreads out
the great valley
peaks and waterfalls
tall trees big sky
clear river runs abundant
children dancing drums and bells and singing far off and near
hope fills our veins
smiles of knowing
our lives count
who's counting now?
all fine enterprises start somewhere
all partnerships begin some particular day and grow
and some friends dream big and only ever live in dreams
to live
and love
and share our dreams
to start them on their way
dreams are children who outlive you
but sometimes that's not meant to be
you spin away to finer things
to fresh new dreams
bright flowers in a meadow on a hill

the path you took has meadows too
and flowers by a brook
and standing there
I look around and see
the place where disappearing in the wood
you turned and waved goodbye
and left those dreams to die
and left those dreams to die
your dreams are good and pure and bright
I wish you only well
for good intentions
and all my love
shared moments full of light
your leaving dear
spirit guided
heaven sent
is hell

Grant House

Hey, Posse. Ahhoooo!

AhhOooo!

Hey, dawgs. Get down.

Queenie wears a crown

She dis'd the dude that made her sad.

Now she's happy, laughing, dancing,

Now she's glad.

Look out, she said.

He's my man.

Loves me, takes my hand.

You gangstas come to shout

Good luck, ya'll.

Let's work it out.

Get up for this

Wake up, shake up, stand up for this

Friend, sister, brother

Father, mother,

These two lovers.

Want your cover.

Don't you know,

Today's their day.

The role we play, the things we say,

Through happiness and sorrow

Fill tomorrow with

Goodness, happiness, and bliss to borrow

Queenie ain't never been so satisfied.

She cried the day she realized that

He's her man.

When he takes her hand

We'll be their band.

Hey, Posse, out of tune or harmonize

Howl love's praises to the skies.

AhhOooo!

Hey, Posse, harmonize or out of tune

Howl love's praises to the moon.
AhhOooo!

Grant House

I Cannot Sleep Tonight

I cannot sleep tonight. It is dark.
Need pens her in and shocks her.
Fear dissolves sentience.
Horror slams hope against the grinding machine of death.
Blind metal tears screaming flesh apart.
Wet eyes are ripped alive from sockets.
Toes and ears and breasts and hope are ground up. She is
Bleeding,
Pleading,
Stop,
Not me,
Why me,
Please,
No!
Stop!

I cannot sleep tonight. It is dark.
Love holds her down and hurts her.
Tough rage flings the child aside.
Jealousy cuts desperate affection to shreds.
Violence descends between the sheets.
Stark justice stays outside and never comes in time.
Arms and thighs and joy and kindness are bruised. And she is
Screaming,
Asking in a nice voice,
Stop,
Not me,
Why me,
Please,
No!
Stop!

I cannot sleep tonight. It is dark.
Allegiance humiliates her and cuts her down.
Loud voices smash the door of mercy.
Machetes slice the mother's dress
And hack the young boy's head away.
Tribal, national, ideological, religious passions rip our towns to pieces.

Neighbors beat and drag the father to the street. He is
Praying,
Saying,
Stop,
Not me,
Why me,
Please,
No!
Stop!

I will not sleep tonight. It is dark.
There is no dawn from this suffering.

Grant House

I Gotta Find The Humor In It

Now, inside my little attempt at humor is this:

there is a part of me that sees this whole process as a domestication or reining in of my wild spirit which only briefly got to shine, although brightly.

Like a mustang being broken gently by a horse whisperer, there is a lot more going on here than just a quiet dinner at home with you.

I see a mustang; you probably see a stray cat.

I know. You offer a nice dinner together after a hard week.

I see a holding pen.

But it's not literal and my sense of humor always intervenes.

It's kind of funny and ironic that my freedom of spirit brought us together.

It's what I like about you - that independence.

Now that spirit is being tamed, and my sense of humor about it all falling flat with my internal audience.

Oh well.

My nightly revival of spirit as the workday finally winds down hits a wall you call 'it's too late.'

I love to talk the day down.

Get into a big discussion about the day's politics until exhaustion forces us to crash.

Play and be silly.

Be disappointed that they're stopping the dance because it's 11 already.

Go out for late night coffee and a little more chatting before settling in.

Late night is a creative and generative time of day when perspective and insights happen.

Otherwise it is all work and no play.

For a guy like me who works so hard and who is so intensely other directed during long days like I put in, there needs to be play in there somewhere.

Yes. You are wise to take care of yourself.

It's the mature way to make sure you are at your best and that you stay healthy and young physically and spiritually.

It's being responsible for your own well being.

It is smart and necessary.

I understand this.

I respect it.

I respect you for doing that and for honoring your body and spirit needs like that.

I just wish it could be light hearted and open to silliness and irony and a celebration of the successes and triumphs of the day, even if you are not able to stay up to get insightful commentary from Rachel Maddow or get into a big discussion about pressing issues or listen to all the stuff that happened and cool ideas about the future and the funny thing that cracked me up and how the credit card debacle got worked out with the bank and how I think I might have cracked a rib but it will heal and what Susan's daughter is proposing and how it might be fun to start dancing Friday nights or take classes together or why that house might be worth getting an investor quickly and and and...

silliness, humor, mutual honoring of the day,
happiness that he (me) checks in,
a time for appreciation,
and a little wondering.

Did I say humor?

I call you with a kind of happiness, eager to share and listen.
I know, I know
It's probably inappropriate.
And, too late.

If all this were not funny it could be sad.
I gotta find the humor in it.
I gotta find the humor.

Grant House

I Have Been Silenced

I have been silenced
intentions invariably misunderstood
words convey their opposites
whole parts of me are dying
whomever I seemed to be never was

Grant House

I Love You

I love you.
You rub me the right way.
You put a pep in my step.
You cuddle me like you mean it.
I couldn't fly until you unfurled my wings
There are many things about you that make my day.
Pretty much all you do and say.
The wisdom.
That wit.
And darling, you hold my hand like you truly do mean it!
Yep, you rub me the right way
And I'll rub you too.
I'll rub you rightly
until you say
Enough already! ! !
Stop it!
Wow! Okay now.
Stop! Whew! ! !
Wow!
I will put a pep in your step
Unfurl your wings
And cuddle you in a way
That makes your day!
That's what I will do to you.
So in case I forgot to say it recently
I really really
Really
Do
Love
You!

Grant House

I Want To Dance With You

I want to dance with you
in spirit
in partnership
with children
on dirt
to live music and scratchy records
to drums
in schools
churches
dance halls
and bars.
Yes, I know
I have a long way to go
and much to learn.
But, dear,
I want to dance with you!

Grant House

I Wonder

I wonder what you are looking for
Window shopping hand in hand
Walking along the arcade

Grant House

Just Read Come Sunday Again

Hi Sojourner,
Just read Come Sunday again.
"It's Memorial Day in Black America
Or the Fourth of July or Labor Day
Or any Sunday in between."

I wanted to thank you for that.
Those textures and aromas
That music
The warmth and colors
and how your memories
Got mine all kicked up

In this parallel universe, I recall
Summer days at the lake in South Jersey
Corn on the cob and potato salad
Watermelon eating contests
Grilling burgers
The sweet taste of amber cedar water
And the cool splash of going in
(had to wait an hour)

Tag and chicken fights in the lake
The mixed smells of pine, charcoal lighter
And someone's cigar way over there
The sound of Dad and friends from church
Rehashing the morning's sermon
Arguing the fine points

Wet bathing suits
Terry cloth towels around the shoulders
And some dim sense that this was temporary.

Mosquitoes and little flies

Your poem definitely stirred up something in here.
It would run away with me all day if I let it.
Anyway, thank you.
Grant

Grant House

Love Mountains

She said, 'Mountains of Love.'
She looked Ken right in the eyes.
'I have mountains of love for you.'
With these vows they joined forces.

Love moves mountains.
In Louise's love universe,
The mountains moved.
Years fell away from them both.
Younger, more vital together,
They began a miraculous journey
Of respect,
And joy,
And openness to what might be.

Generous to the core
The mountain spirit of Louise
Rises now into a starry sky.
Trillions of stars.
Billions of galaxies.
Space beyond space.
She is free to be
Herself.
Her wonderful,
Playful,
Sassy self.

Their journey together takes a turn.
She is about to go on ahead.
He sits by her bed
Holding her hand.
She has drifted off to sleep.
He nods off too
Still sitting in that chair.
Their hands together
A peace.
A kindness.
True love.
Mountains of love.

Oh mighty Spirit
Thank you for Louise.
Her spirit travels with you.
Wherever we are
She will be there too.

Mountains of love
Mountains of love
Thank you Louise
For your Mountains of Love.

Grant House

Midnight Dark And Morning Bright

A new day begins
In Ghana and Togo
Children laugh and sing
While you and I
Crawl into beds, pull up covers
Worn out sleepy
Time to dream

Of Africa
Of drums and dance
Arms full of love
Outstretched hands
Little feet stick out at Mama's waist
Auntie's fufu, bread and who knows what fills
Love's basket on her head above

We hear the kids
Big smiles and futures that will surely be
We want the girl
To find her voice
To create, be realized, to speak,
She shall be heard and change the world we see

Her dreams are real
Ours are too
Dear friend and partner, we know
They do come true!

It's vision time
Our future's bright
Our love is real
And filled with light

I stand for you dear one
You stand for me
We hold this in our hearts
The children will be free

To dream and dare aspire

Imagination's future high
Friendships warmed by spirit's fire
This love, our time, the reason why

Our purpose here on earth unfolds
Two hearts have opened wide
The possibility of partnership
Of being friends until we die

Of being friends beyond this life
Connected then and now again
Our spirits in recognition say
Hello, do you remember when

We held each other close
In parting made a vow
Our purpose to fulfill
To reunite in dreams somehow

We knew right off
Down in our souls
The two of us renewed
One spirit now made whole

Vision, dreams, this love is true
It guides us home in spirit light
Love guides us home to Africa
At midnight dark
And morning bright

Grant House

Morning Comes

When the morning comes
And you get up to brush your hair and pee
I lay there quietly
I wonder what's in store
You return to bed
Pull up the sheets
Put your arms around me
Tangle legs once more
And sigh
No talking now
Touch is all that speaks
It has a lot to say
That touching

Grant House

Orgullosa De Ti - Proud Of You

orgullosa de ti

mariposa
abriendo tus alas
volando más y más
por la mañana
por el día
por las vidas de las estudiantes del vuelo

mariposa
que belleza
que fuerte

el futuro
está viajando
en la dirección
del arco iris
frente de la mesa
llena con las flores
de esperanza
de la posibilidad de la realización
de la promesa
de nuestras vidas
aquí en la tierra

nuestras alas
desplegando
como las tuyas
el sol
el arco iris
y nuestras alas
levantándose
juntos

So proud of you

butterfly
opening your wings
flying higher and higher

through the morning
through the day
through the lives of the students learning to fly

butterfly
how beautiful
how strong

the future
is traveling
toward the rainbow
in front of the hill
filled with flowers
of hope
of the possibility of the realization
of the promise
of our lives
here on the ground

our wings
unfurl
like yours
the sun
the rainbow
and our wings
rising
together

Grant House

Peace Is Coming

Peace is coming

Bang the drum

Djembe

Djun Djun

Rik and Tabla

Damro

Bass and Snare

Nugah

Boku

Timpani

Bongo

Kettle

Tar

Clang Cymbals

Clack the Castanets

Tamb the Tambourine

The Bodran

Thump the hollow log

down by the river

Smash your pots and pans

a kitchen band

The oatmeal box

Be a talking drum for Peace

Let your Heart

Beat

Peace is coming!

Peace is coming!

Grant House

Rainy Day

dark sky,
cats and dogs
hot cup of tea and I
wind this bobbin
big plans

Grant House

Sewing Machine Repair Guy's Lament

Sometimes I feel like a man
In a small boat
In an ocean of sewing machines
Each one crying out
Fix me
Fix me

Grant House

Shadows Lengthen

Avila Beach
mid-August
Wednesday late afternoon

I take this photo and then just stand there
looking out in the cool breeze
Shadows lengthen.
Waves wander in.
Kids run around and shout.
The fog plans it's next move.
A kind of special moment to share with you.

Grant House

She Is Gone

Toothbrush did not know what had happened as it lay there all alone with the toothpaste and floss.

The shirts and sweaters hanging in the closet below the shelf of folded jeans wondered what happened to the black silk kimono with the red floral design that had for years hung from the belt hook by the opening at the end of the sliding door, always threatening to escape.

So much not knowing...

Grant House

Stacked Stones

stacked stones
make a hiked to place
a discovery

a gift from passing strangers
a minor marvel in a marvelous world
I sense it
wonder happens here

drawn to earth
like us
one upon the other
they climb up
touch their sky

a stack of stones
discovery and wonder
and higher aspirations
one superbly sunny
Santa Barbara Sunday

Grant House

The Damaged Monarch Tries To Fly

The damaged Monarch tries to fly

One wing torn,
Half gone, in fact,
She
tries
to fly.

All hope gone,
No miracle to come.
Vulnerable, alone,
Utterly alone.
She tries
again
to fly.

Brilliant orange and black etched wings
Earned at such a price,
Bought by effort
Unimaginable effort.
Black face
Facing out
And up.
Half a proud wing lost
A foot away among the weeds
Broken
Detached
And yet
She tries
once more
to fly.

Warm morning breeze.
Bright glowing sun.
Fine clouds sail above.
Small ocean waves lap the empty beach nearby.

Brothers, sisters, cousins
Glide and toss

On unseen waves of air.
Delicious leaves,
Sweet blossoms on branches reaching out.

She lies
on her side
below
Struggling.
And then
With all her might
Rights herself,
And tries
again
to fly.

When mortally wounded
What else is there to do?

The spirit of the wounded Monarch
Lives in me.
I promise this to you my friend,

I will
try
to fly.

Will you?

Grant House

The River Runs

Laying back in a small wooden boat
Oars in
Drifting
Water lapping
Soft warm breeze
Floating
Weightless
White cloud passing
Effortlessly
Going
Where the river runs
Slowly
Drifting
Away

Grant House

The Road We're On

The road we're on
winding, steep, and long
Dignity, Equality, and Freedom
Arm in arm we walk
And sing this song

Grant House

The Transition

the transition continues

I think:

it's best to just notice

everything

the edges of clouds

blue sky beneath

the breathing out

the breathing in

Grant House

This Train

This train, two engines and lots of passenger cars, groaning up Cuesta Grade, heading north out of San Luis Obispo, passing in and out of tunnels, curving through the lush landscape high above, up the mountain, completely immersed in green, this train and its vibrations take me in the only direction that matters to my wanderlust imagination - away.

Grant House

Today I Begin

Today
I begin
To stitch us
Back
Together

Grant House

Truth Is Not Loud

truth is not loud
the quiet truth does not brag
it does not threaten, belittle, or demean
it waits in the stairwell and watches through a small window
as the man without honor digs his reputation grave
truth provides the dirt that covers his name
the lying man without honor will lie in darkness, an infinity of nameless shame
truth is timeless and not proud
truth is patient while the puffed up braggart throws his weight around
truth is quietly waiting
the people are watching and waiting
when this disturbing time has passed and is in the ground
the truth will rise up
deeply rooted aspiring higher
vastly diverse
trees becoming forests
all manner of life within, above, below thriving
clean, fresh air returning
wind sweeping across prairies
whipping the waves of teaming oceans
fresh water cascading over cataracts
still pools calming, soothing
days and nights and seasons flowing
the small dishonor grave forgotten
consumed by life
no, truth need not be loud
truth does not have to brag, threaten, belittle, or demean
it quietly watches through a small window
as the man without honor digs his reputation grave

Grant House

Truth Whispers

The great loud lie needs untelling.

Truth whispers and is heard world round.

Fear destroys those who traffic in it.

Appreciation, respect, and love illuminate the way we are going,
each and every one of us treasured, our long progress celebrated,
and no one left behind.

Grant House

Waffle Wednesday

This morning
Kids all over me
Waffle Wednesday
Syrup sweet
Fruity
Silly
Goofy
Pretty
Handsome
Adorable
Delicious
Climbing
Noisy
Funny children say
I love Uncle Grant
Happy Me!

(this pencil, pad, and Kit Kat bar courtesy of Ben)

Grant House

When The Singing Starts

When the singing starts
The forces of darkness
Might as well just throw up their hands and give up
Their fate sealed
The future bright, fresh, and new
Their mighty conquest
An insignificant aberration
In the long and fruitful women's march
Toward wholeness and joy
When the singing starts
The harmonizing and dancing
Wreak havoc on malevolent forces
And the children are happy
They think up silly games to play together
And make up new languages
And songs of their own
That's what happens when the singing starts

Grant House

Where The Breeze Is Going

A cool breeze,
a freedom,
passes by,

Gently lifts
heavy feet
like butterflies,
like silk scarves.

Ephemeral breeze
lifts from the deeply worn path
of everyday life
this very
human
being.

Reveals
an other way
unfamiliar landscapes,
a fresh new world.

Where the breeze is going,
freely going,
I am going.

The warm sun
illuminates
the moment.

Grant House

Wildfire

Furious smoke rising
Mountains above mountains
Imagine the firefighters
On the ground below
Let in gratitude and awe

Grant House

Wind Of My Soul

see the moon

I howl at it
then head out
in that direction
mindful that
the future
is the wind
rustling the bushes
nearby

nothing ever
comes of this
until the walking
starts

I wonder

what might
the wind know
that I forgot

what great or small
mystery
calls me
to wander
this way
or that
a little drunk
with the vastness
of this universe
of possibilities

tonight
the moon
lights the way

tomorrow clouds

some see me stumbling
around in the darkness
lost

I know better

I am always arriving
at my destination
when I trust the wind

Grant House

Windows

Our senses are the gateway to the marvelous and mundane.
They are our windows on the world.
Sitting in the visitor's chair at the foot of a hospital bed,
I look out of the bland rectangular window at a bush turned red by the season
visible against the wall of the adjoining wing.

The forests of the region are on fire with color.
In a day or two, the autumn spectacle will have drained down gutters and
streams leaving only drab brown and gray for the inevitable winter to come.
From where I sit, none of this can be seen except the rain on the glass and the
red apparition framed by the darkened room.

Likely an afterthought of ornamental shrubbery and barely visible from any other
vantage or at any other season for that matter, the shiny wet red leaves of this
common bush became the last whole image upon which my mother would
exclaim during the few remaining hours of her life.

'It's beautiful, ' she said raising her left arm slightly and with great effort
attempting to point toward the partially covered window.
'Do you see my red bush? ' she whispered in a faint raspy but dearly familiar
voice.

Mother was bringing me into her view of the world now as she had always done
when my brother and I were little boys.
She had given us the world one piece at a time calling out majestic and minor
details that neither of us would have noticed on our own.
'Oh, what a wonderful morning, ' she would sing, throwing the curtains aside
flooding the room with sunshine.

Startled and blown free from whatever dream web we were caught in, our
childhood days would jump from the covers.
Her robin sang through those windows.
The great thunderheads would billow high above.
Little insects inhabited the corners of that world.

Nothing was left unappreciated in her clear-eyed vision of God's miraculous
universe.

I see things through soul-windows given to me by my mother.

I see God's miracles in expansive mountain vistas and infinitesimally small light refracting drops of water.

I see the world through the lens of her delight.

In that marvelous twist of perspective, I have developed a habit of finding the most inconspicuous, dusty, unappreciated corner or detail and giving it the dignity of my awareness.

In a long ignored wall my eyes seek the least angle of mortar and brick.

In that sad place I look for the least particle of grit and dwell on it for a moment.

At the curb of a car blown street where ancient newspapers gather along the former trail that once passed nobly through a completely wiped out forest, a renegade weed bravely stages a comeback.

I have been left with a wonder about the ephemeral connections between the cosmos in all its greatness and the small beings that share space and time with us back down here on the surface.

Slight and dimmed by incredible time and distance, the farthest star is a brilliant shimmering multifaceted gem viewed from the fine prospect of here and now.

Large panoramic views are often enjoyed best through the smallest of windows. Rather than blocking my view, tree windows have come to frame many of my favorite memories.

A glint of sunlight manages to filter through the leaves of majestic redwoods and shines a dancing spotlight on the translucent tip of fern on which an errant insect goes about his business.

My mother gave me the gift of commonplace miracles.

When I can, I pass it along in ways that may not seem to matter much.

I carefully remove the spider from the wall behind my pillow and take her outside to live in the garden.

I ask the rodent and his unseen family to live elsewhere by removing their windfall food source along with my new bird feeder from the tree in the side yard.

I no longer consume food made by killing animals.

Once the window opened on their suffering, I could no longer bring myself to consume their innocent and tortured bodies.

On our way home from the airport after the funeral, we top the last hill and look over the treetops in the evening's silhouette glow.

I know I am nearing my home.

Gazing through the hospital window at the brilliant red bush illuminated for all its worth by the late afternoon sun, Mother was coming home, too.

'Isn't it just wonderful? ' she exclaimed.

'Yes, Mother, it truly is.'

Grant House

Yes

Yes

Nothing is a lot
It's the things that just aren't there
Space is what we've got
Things get in the way
They drive us to despair
But empty places and quiet faces
And nowhere traces
Send us through the stars
A universe of peace

Your smile is like that
Weightless kindness
Effortless not knowing
Unsupported trust
Mischievous
Inviting now
To be now
All our nears
To be not fars

Right this instant
I sense your tease
Right here
See
Right
Hereless
Nowless
In this
Placeless
Part of me
Where future and past
Do not last
This empty calm unspoken

Yes

Right there

You are

Grant House

You And I Can Be Menders

When the fabric of our community
Tears itself apart
You and I can be menders
Who calm each grief torn heart
Who stitch by stitch restore our common unity
Who darn and patch and seam and hem
Our frayed and tattered faith
The divine cloth of inspiration
That there is no us or them
Begin to sew and make it so
With tears and hugs and smiles
Seams of caring, compassion, kindness
Quilts of understanding
Banners that welcome wanderers
Into our homes from far across the miles
We can be menders, you and I
Here, look, I'll show you how
Pick up your scissors, needle, thread
The time to start is now.

Grant House

Your Passing

On the other side now
Your love remains
Spirit wings enfold you
The rolling ocean tamed
The child just wants to hold you
Her dreams, her fears, the names
Of places never gone to
Of lands she's never seen
In the words on pages worn
The universe is framed

Little children want to know
How big, how deep, how wide
Space, and birds, and squirmy worms
A smile, caress, in dreams abide
The sky and earth below
Awaken new and morning fresh
We're here, what's next, let's go!
Hold hands, come with me now
Your dearest hopes confide

Dear friend, come in and warm a seat
Dear friend, you leave too soon
You fill our hearts with joy and love
By coming in the room
You make us want tomorrow
And appreciate today
You stand for peace
You earned release
From chains and pains
And, now you're on your way

Love the little children
Share a future bright
Hold their hands so tender
Give their dream wings flight

For Ann Walker, teacher and friend. You taught children how to read and loved them as your own.

Grant House