

Cumulus, cirrus, stratus and nimbus

Remember when you used to watch the clouds move?
 Stop and look at the patterns
 nothing else used to matter

A kid on the grass back to the earth
 lying completely still. Watching, waiting...
 "There! It's moving that way," exclaiming

A sense of gratitude and content
 knowing where the clouds were going
 The warmth from the sun on your face, glowing

Remember when you could sit in silence and be a part of it all?
 Everything seemed bigger and brighter
 You were always in awe

I tried to watch the clouds today to get that feeling back
 but as much as I stared and gazed, there was no trail to track

"Life moves pretty fast. If you don't stop and look around...you could miss it."
 Never standing still you can't follow clouds no matter how hard you wish it

As adults how uncomfortable standing still becomes
 we need to be active, on our toes
 or we will come undone.

And yet I wonder if we'd be better off,
 if we release our inner child
 stop. And track the clouds for awhile

Remember when you used to watch the clouds move?

THANKSGIVING POEM 2006

As we gather together as a family today
We remember all the things for which we pray.
We have so much to be thankful for
And so I'll tell you some, and try not to bore.
We are thankful that Kathy has a classroom to teach
We pray that her students, so high they will reach.
We are thankful for this food spread out on our table
We pray that it's legs will make it more stable.
We are thankful for our health and the health of our kin
We pray that the lottery some day we will win.
We are thankful for my parents and 50 years of wedded life
We pray that we will achieve the same with me and my wife.
We are thankful that Andrew could be with us this day
We pray that in college four years he will stay.
We are thankful to you God our creator blest
We pray that after this meal in front of the TV I shall rest.

Father

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The Symphony

Outside the window, I hear
winter's wind call,

then silence and the kitchen
sounds seem to intensify:

the jabbering radio--
a household voice ignored;

the oven door groaning open,
groaning shut.

The wind rising now
to a full insistent cry.

Leaves scratch at the window,
brush against the door.

The neighbor calls her dog--
the dog barks, "No!"

A car races up the street,
engine straining up the hill.

A pot bangs in the kitchen,
bangs again twice.

I'm a writer loafing
at my desk.

My wife doesn't hear
the symphony I hear--

She's too busy.

Grandfather