

DRAGON'S BREATH, SOFT

Dragon's breath, soft as a kitten's lick.
 Peach tree blooming in the snow.
 North wind ripping through July.
 Sunrise in the south.
 Moonrise in the north.
 Tongues tangled around words without concepts.
 Last goose in line veers off alone.
 Polar ice sheets, now fetid swamps.



Somewhere a CLANG sounds, and
 Trees trade places;
 Oceans drain like bathtubs;
 Earth swallows skyscrapers.

Nowhere is there anything as it was.

OBSERVERS of Destruction

Tear their hair in horror,
 Moan in helpless agony,
 Deny their terror, and
 Fall down in prayer.

IMPALED BY FEAR, ARE THEY.

OBSERVERS of Transformation

Twirl with the seeming chaos;
 Enjoy February fruit;
 Cluster for warmth in August and sing praises;
 Give thanks for the beauty of sun and moon crossing.

ENLIVENED BY CHANGE, ARE THEY.

When you wake up, Baby Love,
 And look at your world,
 What will you choose to observe?