

EARTH DAY 90

Poetry

by

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CARPET FLOWS UPON THE HILL

Carpet flows upon the hill,
Jet black oak lonely leans
Three horse and two freely stride
Over the rounded hillside.

Mustard sparsely, patched does frill
Toward hill top trunk; and dreams
Have I of how Spring shows
Her wonders through grass that grows.

Grows and flows, grows and flows;
Wean and sway, wind and play

Woodpecker flies around old oak,
Sweet scent carries with the wind.
One horse prances and two take chase,
Another's head's in a grassy place.

A hemisphere of greened coke.
Five tail of hair so thin
That I can only see
Shear wonder there, and so for me:

The horse will prance, the tree will lean
And mustard dance upon the green.

THE SUN ONCE MORE COMMANDS THE DAY

This world's oldest witness,
With colors sparkling in the light,
In crystalline clarity and warmth,
Absorbs, reflects, with patience,
To find the sun once more commands the day.

Small delicately spiraling
Buds appear to welcome life.
Green blades gently peek,
Out of darkness, in gratitude,
To find the sun once more commands the day.

Curiously twitching, sniffing,
Whiskered nose probes new air,
Air renewed by weathered wisdom,
Timeless, rhythmical, surrendering,
To find the sun once more commands the day.

We awaken to a new sky,
(Still blue, yet new).
The quality does not remain the same.
The world changes in our hands,
(This youngest of the witnesses).
But still we arise with the light, challenged,
To find the sun once more commands the day.

TOO LATE?

At this hour
All
Is NOT right! with Nature
(She's become our battered child?)
We are chillingly
So so so
PREPOSTEROUSLY
P.r.e.s.u.m.p.t.u.o.u.s.
To believe
We are a part
From Her
When we are IN: we are in the scheme!
(To be sure or blind WILL matter
We flagellate Her so
And thus ourselves)
So blind.
Need we
Needlessly annihilate
Ourselves and other beings with
Gases and poisons for an inner hell
Or nuk nevermore bombs
And my God its beautiful, Earth
To love, cherish and obey
(Humble yourself at Her feet!
Before Her creeping decrepitude
Preempts your effort)
But then
Then is it too late?

MOTHER COVER ME

You warm me when I'm bone-chilled
You cool me when I'm boiling
You give me cover and coverings
You satisfy my many thirsts and hungers
You allow me my many years

You serve me well
But what do I in return?

That I've grown through your devotion
 beyond myself
 my family
 my friends
 my nation

But what do I do for you in return?

EARLY MORNING

There was a time, I remember when
I would wake up to the warbling of birds.
As a boy, outside my bedroom window
The growing lights of morning played
With the rustlings of the bush.
And I could close my eyes and hear
the seashore rumble and siren in my ears.

Today they fly to other lands
And the early morning light peers in my window
To make me bear witness to the cacophony out of doors:
Leaf blower, airplane, mower, the drone of distant cars.
The morning paper hits my door with a smack
Before a boy's voice or a whistle.
But sometimes, I catch faint chirping or a shrill
released briefly through the curtain.

SWEET PEA

Oh lovely bloom,
whose ebb and flow of life and growth;
whose ether world
holds me in common with itself
in Love.

brothers are we
within this flowing realm;
this realm of light filled currents
of Memory....

Of Sun,
when I was as you are;
so lovely in this Light of Worlds;
in this time of sharing
Mother Earth.

I honor thee sweet plant,
And thank you for your service
to my Life.

Oh bringer of the Light,
that I may move untethered;
free.

Sweet Image green,
sweet Pea.

MY VISIT WITH THE RIVER

Today the river spoke to me.
She said,
"All the droplets gather
And run down the leaves
Down through the particles of dirt
Gather together in little rivulets
Into little streams
Down
Gathering into brooks and rivers
With such power to the sea.

In some places the water runs
Crystal clear.
In other places,
Where it meets resistance,
It foams and chums
And is cloudy and very unclear.
Letting go
Running with the river
Loving in total freedom.
The pain
That keeps you from Loving
Is the resistance.
Let Love flow.
Be clear."
That is what the river said to me.

TODAY THE RIVER SPOKE TO ME

I visited the river again today.
She was much calmer now.
Today the water was clear
And green, And deep.
The rocks of the river spoke to me
Through the clear water.
A huge boulder,
Half in and half out,
Cracked by New Hampshire winters,
And sprouting trees out of the cracks,
Knows the lesson of giving.
The trees of the rock
Were masters of balance,
Growing out of the side of the rock;
Roots forming to support
The upward thrust to the sun.
The woods behind
And on either side of the river
Were a mix of deciduous
And evergreen.
The river spoke to me of this
She said, "The deciduous trees,
Living and fading in yearly rhythms,
Gradually die off
And are replaced by the evergreens,
Just as our human rhythm of years
Is replaced by everlasting life."

WAROLD WITHOUT FUTURE

Am I writing
For generations
Not to be?

Are my questions
To benefit
Only me?

Are those voices
Real who would steal
My tomorrows?

Do I speak
But solace
For my sorrow?

THE LAST ACT

On an endless land of sand
No morsel of nourishment to wet my eye and lips
A stretching sea of pits and dips
Tantalizing me towards and into it

Joyfully rippling surface laps
On my toes
Over my feet
It presses ascending

Forcibly I must condescend
To meet and kiss the dunes
Missed lips of a lost lover
Thus so, subdued

Now swallowed
In the mantle of life

WATERFALL

Like an eagle surging earthward,
On an errand of the gods,
Oh you downward rushing torrent
Filled with Beauty, waterfall.
From the Source of your creation,
To the misting of the ocean,
Here you play upon your harp strings,
Where I sit in sheer delight,
Listening to your orchestration
Of your water violins.
There deep rumbling of you drumming,
Sweet whispers of your flute and oboe,
Bellow of your brass I hear now,
As your waters tumble over
Rocks, then hissing through the branches,
Dipping into your clear waters.
Sudden freedom, into air plunging,
Downward, skyward, soaring , far.
Diving deeply, gurgling, swishing,
Bubbling in the pool below,
As you enter so you curl
By the power of your movement,
Then as silent as your coming,
To this place where I was waiting,
On you go unto the sea.

ES.CAR.GO

Up the glass it slimmed.
I watched its trail
Come forth to the midpane where it stopped.
It stopped, it seemed, to check the view.

When on its way
It spewed more dung and dew.
I watched its trail, mystified
At what it left in view.

FOR TODAY'S CHILD

Water blue,
Yellow Spring,
How lovely does the autumn bring
Red to eye,
Soft to feet,
Cushions of the underneath.

Tears of gold
Love's ending
Over laughter, pondering,
Kiss of Love,
Kiss of Death,
In the garden, a caress.

Ode to be
Heavenly thing,
Becoming Earth's first sibling,
Shades of green,
Wandering,
Toward the infinite happening.

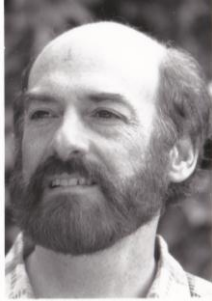
Pure of air,
Winter's dance,
Blossom,
Nature's only chance
To recall
From memories past,
What she had that did not last.

For we see
Although progress,
Her untimely, final death.
And now to say
How can I be
A life that allows no beauty?

RED DOG

Red dog laying in the sand,
The sun preparing to descend
Upon a day that should not end.
Eyes flutter, then are closed again.
Sun glistening on shallow waves,
Sparkling lights seem to behave
Like bees from a swarming hive.
And there the dog, barely alive
Fails to see the priceless sight,
And rudiments of human plight.
A gull swoops down to catch a fish
Not worrying about becoming rich.
The gentle wind brushes through red hair,
For the dog doesn't really seem to care.
Too bad he can't appreciate
The beauty of nature's estate.
And as the sun sinks beyond our sight,
The dog walks home to sleep the night.
A yellow moon shows him the way,
But I think I would rather stay
And watch the stars perform the feat
That sparkling waves had in retreat,
For beauty in this world to see
Is everything in life to me.
To that I dedicate my hand,
Red dog laying in the sand.

Authorship



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