



ODES

to

BACK YARD
SAMADHI

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Thank you!
To Anique and Sparrow and Phoenicia Poetry Friends
for *Encouragement* no matter what the weather!

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ODE TO LIFE & DEATH

OH! The world spins riotous pleasure!
Over my head mystery sounds
spring returns to flirt, then nest.

Loud penetrating, is it the oriole?
Hidden by oak leaf shoots,
an exact chartreuse match!

Black swirls bearing water snakes!
Esopus Creek roars to life
Look out! The poison bite is furious!

Tadpole and salamander nymphs
in muddy crawl
indistinguishable at birth~

The mallard spikes them all.

Not a thing to say
comes to mind
Glorious, glorious delight!

ODE TO SPARKY

Early forgetting of a dream
Archiving last night's food, the back of the fridge
Reaching yogurt, blueberries, toasted coconut in February
Languishing til spring
I can't remember, oh yes I do
Easily I sat transfixed
Say it again! Potatoes Wear Jackets! You can eat
Them with butter!

My, my! The yellow light in the room!
Enter black tea with milk, cinnamon, and honey
Mist steams from the cup
Or is it a thought of him today?
Right, gotta go
Yesterday started like this



ODE TO STAYING AWAKE

OH! short it is
there's no time
no time like now

here tiny white flowers
pop out of grass
the blue jay scatters

mating season is loud
raucous
eyeballs pop too

a dream of you
no aching bones

juice in the veins
flows like the stream
I strain to remember

I want to fall
dead asleep

a slap on the side
a twitch in the rib
does not let me nod out.

ODE TO WINTER'S SLEEP

Darker is the valley
the sun's easy death~
a slit lamp looking
for an angle, the weakest hour.

Faint fire seen through nest
of winter, not really winter.
It's warmer, even at noon.

All birds scattered
the last time wind
whirled the pine boughs.

So high you couldn't see
small branches
or pine needles for that matter.

Why sad this time of year?
We won't wake up,
the sun won't rise,
the birds will not return?

Frost sparkles a cold starless night,
houses lit from the inside out.
Everyone sleeps.

"It is a joy to be hidden, but disaster not to be found."

~D.W. Winnicott

ODE TO A DREAM

Cradled in her arms,
carried the squirrel
into woods, at the last breath.

Strange water spooned over
the headstone
into the bucket

She floated on the surface
clambering to escape.
A glance passed over her
and forgot.

Pause, illuminate, see.
Please help me!
Scooping her up securely
filling the palm of my hand.

Wings folded silver-tongued
non iridescent~ segments
rock gray and soggy.

"Thank you for gathering me", she said.
I awoke remembered.
Thought nothing of it.

~for Judy Wyman

"Nothing I do is done by popular demand."

-

~Steve Martin

ODE TO A WOLF SPIDER

Lie in wait creature!
Between glass panes
hang a white hammock
pulled tautly, suspend stealth.

Your hidden wheel of revelation,
~scuttling pounce~
black, now white, in a flash!
Day after sunlit day.

The bare late track,
a scintilla of trembling
in the middle of the funnel.
Trip lines on dew drops.

Tap! In a second!
Disappear into corners
hiding from white expanse
Appear! You are so splendid!
Exposed for the world to swallow.

Pray pounce! Don't go!
Not a finished
place this funneled web
left for a numbered few.



ODE TO A WHITE THROATED SPARROW

Soft expectant note
four forty three a.m.
before it's light.

High up the black birch
a tiny white throat balloons
a brown speckled body.

Mystic song floats the air
far wilder blue
the ear's low depth
grainy drought seeking earth

a body's twirling
Reveler, the Forever Swimmer,
stream passes~ gone
to summer's pathless forest.

At dusk, the white throat
Near! A loving perch,
Stay in lilting breaths.

Alas, A pity!
Night closes day's song.

"Our minds respond to things beyond this world. Beauty is a response in our minds to perfection. People don't realize their minds expand beyond this world."

-

~Agnes Martin

ODE TO GIRLS

By the budding
magnolia
Gingy breezes about her day.
She already knows.

Sister Lulu
dissects a plastic
transformer motorcycle station
with a hidden drone.

She deftly reassembles
the circular form.
How she knows!

Saucer eyes take in
the rising stratosphere
from her crown up to ceiling,
out the window, ascending
three gabled stories.

Dust particles billow
In upturned limbs
of the giant spruce
from a passing car.

Carried by red wing black birds
biting dinner insects,
mellow unknown floating
for a second~
What time is it anyway?

The white layered cloud comes closer,
the sky bluer
peering down, the ground is *greener*.

Beyond the wistfully
unmapped stratosphere-
What can be known?



ODE TO WEDNESDAY NIGHT'S THUNDERSTORM

Oh it's thursday already,
I'm late ~ crickets are telling me
get with it you'll miss it
this heuristic scour

tiny hard shell animals tug and suck
my skin very quiet, very sneaky, don't say

last night's thunderstorm would have sent me
cowering to the cave were I a primitive woman

I lay down reassured
from unknown disaster
ear turned up
to swaths of storm

rain pounding roof
horn beams, oak branches swing
the tune of wind in all directions

Did you see the wild sky
when light flashes instantly?
a spark of lightening
coming my way

ODE TO A SUNFLOWER

Look at your bony stalk soaring~
Who'd a thunk you could
Rise so high?
Shine away up there like that
Consenting sunface, moonface.

Your golden head
Bright seal of blue sky.
Your chatreuse tips jut,
Shy maroon petals wait, unfurl.

The bumble bee draws the air
Bounces on nectar's smell
Unfolding petals held dearly
What it took to become you?

Never knew oily seeds would
 bend you down
Never saw Blue Jays shriek
 towards hunger
Never marveled ~
 such a miraculous changeling
As you, Sunflower, facing me.



ODE TO CHEZ BERNARD

mid-morning sound
call from treetops
sunlight does its dappling

middle of the worn gravel drive
sitting in a webbed lawn rocker
his gaze pierces
the crown of my wispy hair

Oh they are so golden!
he did not say this

lifting tresses lightly
his large dextrous fingers
cut a fine layered look

deftly flowing round
the nape, then back on top
to each ear bent forward
catch each stray silvery strand

it's been twenty years?
yes I think so
I was just nearing the end
of courtship days and so were you

ODE TO YOU

Apart from words, where do I rest besides you?
In a pile of rocks hurled along by Irene,
At the end of a valley stream?

In a small room in the dark
Confined by a buzzing fly?
Would I find my back damp,
Belly breathing droplets of the humid air?

In silvery sheets of summer's night
Would I waken to your feet, to the
Whorl of my hair?

Would I find you
Without these words,
Without this cloud floating
In the bluest of sky above me?

I found these words
Here they are
for you.

.

*"Not a single thing exists,
yet we see in the entire universe,
nothing has ever been hidden."*

~from Dogen Zenji, Eihei Koroku Japan, 1225.

