

2012



Joanne Kyger

*Wild Currant is blooming Pink
The Odyssey by Random Chance*

You are in search of some simple way to reach your home
but the old gods reach out with their stories and resentments
and so your journey will be troublesome
and, frankly, endless
for you will go on to meet people
who have never heard of you

Caught inland
by the outgoing long tide

Where you will find a place to plant some seeds
And tell your story all over

And give a bit of sacrifice
so those dead ones
can speak again

February 18, 2012

Early Breakfast with Mourning Dove

See what happens when you waddle around
beneath the bird seed table
waiting for a hand out
You've become a sitting duck a pile of tiny grey feathers

March 27, 2012

Everything I know About You Guys is Wrong

Exhausting the intellect and imagination
what is left?

The flicker walks on the grass
and then freezes still
for 5 minutes
as do I—

This is a chance to practice 'meditation'

He's my teacher
listening for worms turning

In a 'dry and merciless reality'

'You' are what remains

March 30, 2012

The Last of May

The "Death and Resurrection" has already happened
plus "Workers United" and "Memory of Wars and Victims"

And what about the 52,000 Amer-Asian children left behind
the departing military brrr it's cold this early morning

I guess there is no way to drop out of it
any more. Sadly resigned

Really? Noon cries out
for an old Chinese poet's sage wisdom
compressed in an appropriated anthology on the shelf

And someone's making a lively living—

"We don't use cheap wine
It's the blood of Christ
We want to use the best wine
we can find."

May 28, 2012

Barely Viewed Lunar Eclipse

Here I was feeling so sad for my neighbor the botanist
who died alone in the hospital
but it turns out his children and most recent wife were actually there,
although he wasn't conscious
He was known as the Forest Pig among his Mayan workers

So a friend and I went down to the beach to burn some incense for him
but it was so windy we went up a wooded trail
and made a little altar sweeping away the pine needles
leaving roses, three cherries, plus two Mexican oak leaves from his garden
with four sticks of burning incense

The Monterey pine tree above had a very camouflaged
heart shaped stone pushed into the bark

Kind of empty across the road now
in this morning's reflection
now the center of that little green empire is gone

Wednesday
June 6, 2012

Romantic

Half human half bird

and a headdress of crazy colored feathers

Careful steps

to bring in the sun's

pale silk of the summer's new year

stitched with meadow wild flowers

finally a breath

moves around the garden

recognize me?

July 21, 2012

The Epic of World Mythology

"This is our homeland. All this, is our homeland."

And here, the priests are in control of the elements.

But then there was a long long drought and no one could bring rain.

So there were no crops, nothing to eat, and the people left.

Sometime after, big storms came

and made the world's biggest natural disaster.

Then the Giant Asian Hornet arrived in France,

hidden inside a delivery

of Chinese pottery

Some animals don't want to move.

The deer here spend all their lives

in a two mile radius.

The back yard is

ankle deep in pellet poo

They are practically domesticated

The fearless male quail hops right over

the red shafted flicker

pecking the new grass.

Constant sound of drones over Gaza

Rescue honey bee from drowning in rain water cover it with jasmine

but it dies in the night

At dawn on my 78th birthday Allen and Peter

dressed in Indian whites

give me an embrace
then sit down to a meal of Indian food
covered with a clean cotton napkin

Drive to watch the elephant seals in Drakes Bay cove
enormous and territorial on a beach the size of a table cloth

The deer eat the fallen yellow apple leaves like potato chips
'they must get Something out of them'

Poet Holman reminds us 'the book is breath'
in the very very far west

December 26, 2012

'God' as a Man Made Arrangement

Hurting towards the dark fog the overcast
hoping the book will open the door to familiar recognition

Gales of morning rain, getting on an airplane with too many little bags.

The emotional life of animals—
25 years ago it was said animals
had no 'feelings', no consciousness
all was human projection.

"The first storm wetted the earth
The second storm soaked it"

Wander through wind pathways visiting ancestors
on a rainy night

Into violent stirrings searching for a story
to re-tell. Forget the heroic voyage.
No remodels in the modern world.

The big doe chases her youngest away
A wandering epic, of childhood insecurities
blackmail the stars . . .

"Far far better thing that I have ever done"
Here's the sun broke thru the lousy world debt
illuminating equally lousy investments
that work out extra great
if a calamity occurs. There goes

the morning sun behind the neighbor's monster killer pine.
The ashes need to be cleared out of the stove.

December 27, 2012

Seeing the Old Year Out

Good lord all this teetering on new definitions of 'edge'
How will we ever get in
and out of town when the sea rises
through the marshy end of the lagoon
Exiled through the change

of governments bought and sold
by words too shrewd to evaluate

Remember how the heart is always located
by its place in the body, by the bottom of a mountain,
on the slopes to the sea

Watching it go by as if owned by no one,
the 'watcher' sneezes and disappears

momentarily

She is forced to watch from behind a curtain
She can't go out by herself
to see the red starfish

Longing for the elixir of movement
—looking for next year's snake
now that we're a year older

So open your book and dream what is written

December 30, 2012

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