

6.22.14 Handoff to Thomas

## *Anticipation*

**Poets:**

Blair Mathews (**Blair**)

and

Donna Carnes (**AD**)

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**Shift**

Waning moon  
Blankets first snow,  
Wrapped in shift,  
Being burrows  
Under cover.

*Blair*

**Winter Wood**

Beneath midnight moon,  
Inside the floating fall  
Of unhardened snow,  
We play cat's cradle,  
By the talking fire.

*AD*

**Puberty**

Exploding from within,  
Function over form,  
Sensing change,  
Vanishing innocence.

*Blair*

**Pilgrim**

When I was innocent, I basked in the sun;  
When I was a young blood, I chased bright hope.  
Now I walk in the autumn garden,  
And at night when I dream,  
The birch weaves a cloth of gold.

\*Honoring Olav H. Hague and his poem, *And I Was Sorrow*.

*AD*

**Galaxy**

Night sky constellations  
Swirl past Chimney Rock,  
Jupiter pauses over  
Thunder Mountain's  
Lizard Rock,  
Coyote time.

*Blair*

**Star Dust**

I hunger a bit  
For old lost worlds,  
Just out of reach, where  
So many breathless souls,  
Dim the falling stars.

*AD*

**Next**

Voice deepens  
At sentence's end,  
Marking thought,  
Feeling, wondering,  
Tender invitation  
To explore.

**Blair****Dust**

My life began on the airwaves,  
Feathers and wings of the lofting sky lifting my soul,  
Above the coves and the grey gulls.  
    And I fell  
    Into the summer sea,  
And wrapped myself in a skin of pearl.

\*Honoring Dylan Thomas and his work, *Poem In October*.

**AD**

## Sharing

Bare beauty  
Blankets being,  
Softly touching  
Sensual frame,  
Inner thoughts.

*Blair*

## Through Water

I like being,  
On the water with you,  
Slowly drifting west,  
Watching our lingering wake,  
Glide through brilliant sun.

*AD*

**Companion**

Deep bugled  
Yodeled sound,  
Taunting haunting  
Loon sound.

Flight song,  
Night song,  
Heralding haunting  
Call.

Silent glide,  
Sudden flight,  
Gentle caress,  
Summer night.

*Blair*



**Fall Down**

I am the bones of the tree,  
my yellow-green buds burst into  
the lush leaves of new spring,  
saffron sun on a young day,  
sparkling on the cusp  
of a milk moon night,  
full of thunder and light ~  
And I fall down on you.

And I am soft slow summer,  
basking in the light of the longest day,  
sighing in the heat of midnight,  
full of the strawberry moon,  
rising over the deepening blues  
of lingering dappled dusk and  
driftless darkening hills ~  
And I fall down on you.

And I am old fey autumn, where  
the honey daffodils of lost spring  
are long gone, buried deep  
below the beautiful bones of  
lyric open-hand maples, and  
baritone burr oaks,  
turning their leaves in a moody sky ~  
And I fall down on you.

And I am lone winter in silent snow,  
I am true north drifting south,  
inside the season of swirling sky.  
I dream of great blizzards  
and sorrow night,  
blanketing the bones  
of sleeping trees ~  
And I fall down on you.

**AD**

**Aha**

Meditation clears  
Path for mind  
To wander  
Toward creativity  
In open,  
Mindful way.

Mindfulness,  
Beginning point,  
Resting place,  
Fuels fresh thoughts,  
Insights,  
Stillness's voice.

**Blair**