

insta-poems

paul kameen

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preface

In January 2023 I decided, out of the blue, to create an Instagram page pairing photos I take on my walks (uploaded in reel form) with bits of poetry I write (what I call “my tiny poems from Olympia”) about things I see or think along the way. Most of the pieces in this series were composed expressly for this purpose, a puzzle-assembling process combining my words and images in what felt to me like successful synthetic collages. Some were derived from previously written poems, which I often revised to fit the images or, in the case of longer poems, excerpted to suit this format. For these latter, I include here the poems in their original not-so-tiny form. Instagram is of course an intrinsically visual medium, which is what attracted me to it in the first place, the possibility of fusing words and images into interactive arrangements, a sort of contemporary William-Blakean experiment. Most of these poems will make more sense, then, or a different kind of sense, in combination with their indigenous images, which are not here. If you want to see the original posts my Instagram page is:

<https://www.instagram.com/paulkameen/>

1. at watershed park

hemlock branches
water-drop-tipped
droop down inviting
my lightest touch

the first bunches
of skunk cabbage
punch up
through thick mud

their slender heads
hunch under hoods
pulled tight as mine
to ward off the cold

the stiff stems
of horsetails frail
with frost unfurl
first fuzzy fronds

nothing moves except
magical moxlie creek
bits of last year's leaf-
fall swirling in eddies

then whirling off
to continue their long
languorous dance
toward some sunlit sea

2. a walk at woodard bay

buffleheads gather
at the headwaters
ready to head north
for tundra nesting

even the sternest firs
extend friendly hands
trusting enough now
to warrant welcome

I stop now and then
to touch tenderly
path-side alders
such sweet cheerful trees

or brush thick coats
of rain-puffed moss
fluorescent green
on fallen logs

at the point
a king tide leaves
barely a foothold
between woods and water

I hear no words
only waves lapping
gravel single-syllable
greetings repeating

3. at woodard bay the next day

the buffleheads
have left now
for destinations north

where they have
important work to do
as I do also

in my mind's eye
holding places for them
until next fall

today many tiny clouds
help the bay and me
remember where they swam

...

on my way back
I hear distant drumming
and feel the spirits

of good people
walking by me
chatting happily

on their way
to the shores
to fish

still waters will not forget
those who come and go
without leaving a scar

4. at east bay

purple martins
have started nests
again in boxes
hung high on poles
sunk into east bay

miniature migs
zig dizzily returning
with breakfast
beakfuls for mini-
martins to munch

5. at budd bay

many millions
of tiny fry
undulate as one
around budd bay

each an inch
stitch-thin
riding tides
in or out

when bunches breach
the sea sparkles:
sudden sprinkles
of spring rain

6. *backlit: at eld inlet*

that flat part of
paul 20 feet tall
bobs up and down
on the path
just up ahead
attached back here
to the tips of my toes

on the right
lazing in light
white bark adazzle
a freshly fallen alder
friendliest of trees
stretches straight
its full 80 feet

bright and shade
riffles shimmer
camouflage mottled
brown and green
far as eye can see
a full forest hiding
inside only itself

what happens when
sunlight walks
on wavering water
is wizard alchemy
hypnotic trance
optic overwhelm
all too liquid-quick

for stuck-in-the-mud
poems like this
strings of single words
wrung out and hung
up to dry on lines
strung too tight by
tongue twisters like me

7. at east bay

if you were
these clouds
or those

you'd find
some still water
to hover over too

just to see
how great
you look today

seeing yourself
seeing yourself
looking back

8. my walks

it is

no wonder
why I wander
by myself
to near places

look long
at things
too little
to notice

why my smile
is luminous
and simple
and I am

nothing but
the unworn
sides of my eyes
where right now

what's not-me
blossoms
for a moment
as only what

it is

9. on olympia avenue

after all that rain
a little bubble beads
at the tip of every twig

a spline of shiny droplets
lines the tender underbelly
of every slender branch

each a snow-globe universe
teeming with tiny poets
writing poems
even tinier than mine

10. at woodard bay

ferns eternally vernal
a florid understory
forevering

I wander fan-frond
savannas until I know
no way back

with each step forward
I imagine someone else
who has forgotten me

I will keep walking
until I remember everything
I've forgotten about myself

11. in my yard

one gold-crowned kinglet
hops through leaf-litter
out front pecking for seeds
and I am suddenly of one mind

another flits in to forage
among tangled roots
and small fallen twigs
and I am suddenly of two minds

after a few seconds they fly off
and I am of no mind at all
everything they called me toward
now incomparably beautiful

12. downtown

a single seagull glides by
kiting on a slight breeze

two treetop crows screech
at each other unreaching

layers of trees recede
in shades of blurry gray

until it is hard to tell
right here from way out there

somehow my rickety spirit
remains surprisingly intact

13. at budd bay

some days now the water is so cold
it rolls over itself slowly
molten metal shimmering

*they say the emperor Qin
created a miniature replica
of the Xianyang he loved*

*inside his burial mound on Mount Li
with many rivers of mercury
flowing ceaselessly into a great sea*

today the sea I see is Qin's
waiting patiently for a great man
to walk by gladly

at his leisure
every morning
until the end of time

14. at woodard bay

stunning
sunlight
electrifies
moist march
moss magically

sideswipes
trunks twigs
and stems
with neon
green stripes

15. from my kitchen window

sunrise here
is so austere

a wash of peach
bleaching up to blue

a hint of pink hinged
at the horizon

salmon-stained
granite blanching

airbrushed grays
rushing up the bay

or today next to nothing
just breathtaking

16. at henderson inlet

today the bay is lapis
lazuli polished smooth

forests of firs crowd
closer on both banks

bow heads down
a hundred feet deep

to see what it feels like
not to look up at clouds

17. on thurston avenue

at the tip of each twig
tiny petal-points
pierce brittle shells

like baby birds
irresistibly fierce
fighting to get free

soon every branch
will be unbearably
beautiful weighted

with blossoms waiting
to fledge in whiteout waves
some windy day in may

18. at woodard bay

the tiny wren I heard singing
last week has woven
a tiny nest of dried grass
beneath a flake of loose bark
on an ancient cedar stump

a home so well-concealed
I would never notice
had not the wren
flitted in and disappeared
revealing its secret

for years I've heard
these fern-hidden birds
chirp warily through winters
then step on stage
to sing their spring songs

now the nest is made
they go quiet again
zip about at lightspeed
a sleight-of-flight inviting me
to look anywhere else but there

19. birds singing everywhere

redwing blackbirds back
in the cattail marsh cackling

house finches in still bare-
twigged treetops trilling

warblers and wrens hidden
high in hemlocks soloing

20. at budd bay

all those moored yachts
jut jaws forward
as if they are entitled
to sail off on their own
and might any minute
white as white gets

until a seagull settles
wings and tail shimmering
extra-white, super-white,
ultra-white, inside-out-white
a shining, yes, a shining
no yacht can ever top

21. at the state capitol

this earth so green so
good so much asizzle

with cherry blossom
clouds wafting up

into puffs of steam gleaming
in seamless sunlight

begetting one beautiful
blue brood after another

22. in bed

note to self
5:21 AM:

things get better
you'll be ok

23. at henderson inlet

stiff wind whips
wave tips raw
grave voices quaver
over washboard water

the only loss
from fare thee well
to farewell is thee
my dear

and somehow me
clutching
nothing
but these cold arms

24. east bay before dawn

li po drowned
with the full moon he loved
vanishing in his arms

no one knows
whether he was trying
to embrace it or to save it

it just melted away
in millions of little white
flakes on the black water

that may well have turned
into deep space
as they both

went missing

25. at woodard bay

this deer
walked
right up

to me today
like I wasn't
even there

because
I
wasn't

eye was

**26. poem in the manner of
a.e. housman**

nothing sweeter mid-march
than the song of a pacific wren
telling of all the light ahead
not how dark it's been

all winter it kept to ground
always out of sight
sending up a chirp or two
rarely taking flight

now it sits atop a branch
for everyone to see
maybe another randy wren
and this morning me

reminding me it's time again
to rise up on the wing
and resurrect at least once more
my own sweet song to sing

27. at my desk

I have no idea

what that bird is
in my backyard
singing away at
dawn and dusk

such a song
I never heard
a bird I cannot
ever see and

me sitting here
typing away
at something
exactly like this

that cannot
possibly sing
I would try
to make up

a few words
that sound
something like
that song but

no poet ever
could not even
shelley surely
never me

but come over
any day you
want at dawn
or dusk and sit

for a while
with me and
you will not
need a poet

to tell you how
a bird you never
see can sing a song
you never heard

28. at woodard bay

water so still
viridian veneer

evergreen
verdigris mirrored

buffleheads back
now bobbing

sudden sunlight
stains manes

and mounds of
march moss

fluorescently

29. at eld inlet

one of my minds saw
what was there

another saw
what wasn't

neither could find
happiness

today they saw
each other

now we can

30. driving down state street

that bank
of clouds
afloat like
breeze-puffed
boat sails

taut-flappy
duck cloth
moving
schooners

over
hilltop
treetops
on the back side
of budd bay

fills me up
until
I too
billow

with
well-being

31. in my living room

I think, therefore . . .

. . . i am

a fleck
of wave-tip light
on an endless
sunlit sea

. . . i am

on a path

straight and

n
a
r
r
o
w

or

i a
m
n o

t

. . . i am

exactly what
popeye
the sailorman says

i am:

what I am
and all what I am

32. a walk downtown and back

sudden sunup stuns
air breathless
so clear
everything appears
magic mushroom vivid
down to the finest detail

just as I hear myself sing
“none of us is here for long”
a single leaf floats down
in front of me
its season complete
perfectly timed
and I think:
I hope I too
will not leave
too early
or wait too late

...

the bay is lathered with fog
maybe 10 feet deep
while I walk
down the hill
it rolls back slowly
toward the mountains
still water shaved clean

...

a single mallard drake
preens himself
at the edge of east bay
iridescent neck
shimmering lapis to jade
and back in the dazzling light

a quartet of sandpipers
squared off at corners
facing center sing
what sounds at first like
one continuous shrill trill
but soon as I stop to listen
I hear their sinuous song

three crows lined up in a row
along the path that curves
past the back side of east bay
leap into flight mechanically
in sequence keeping perfect
time with me as I walk by

. . .

the homeless men who sleep
on the sidewalks on thurston street
near the furniture connection
and zeigler's welding
are packing up
bags and bags of stuff

I wonder as I always do
where and how
they haul it all day
day after day
until I see them again
in the morning packing up

one young man still asleep
seems to have nothing
but the small blanket
pulled down over his head
his bare calloused feet
sticking out
peony pink
slicked with soot
wood ash gray
I want to call them beautiful
and to keep looking
except well of course

...

the four mystery trees
along the sidewalk
beside the doubletree hotel
have many long slinky arms
twisting out and about
like gayatri devi belly dancing
each one wrapped
in a tight green sleeve
of shiny round leaves
spiraling from trunk to tip

...

and budd bay from the boardwalk
well what can I say
sky-high blue mirrored
a hundred feet deep
adorned with trees
and boats and birds
and clouds and docks
one down there
for every one up here

except for those bland nouns
I have nothing

...

on my way back up the hill
at the corner of olympia and franklin
in the big store-window
that is a perfect mirror
the young woman I often see there
staring at her reflection
sometimes dancing
sometimes talking back to herself
stands still today
inches from the glass
pulling her hair back
to admire
her perfect beauty
as I do sometimes
to see mine
when no one else
is there to see me
see me but me

...

on east bay the fog
has retreated
all the way back to the sailboats
lined up in rows
their mast-tips propping up
a soft white cushion
on top of which
distant mountains
now lounge lazily
gazing up
at an endless azure sky

...

I left later than usual today
to take my walk
sunday distractions and all

given what I saw
I'm pretty sure
at least today
I did not leave
too early
or wait too late

33. dawn from my kitchen window

behind a murky mist
the thinnest
barely pink blurs

then trellises
of climbing roses
brighten the sky

treetops stretch up
evergreen pillars push
taupe-gauze tight

bare-branched maples'
many slender fingers
brush blushed skin tenderly

it all slowly melts
from the bottom up
rose petals drooping

34. east bay

sailboats ultra-white
in bright sunlight
slide in sidewise

steamboat billows
slide down cloud-
bound mountains

beside a slice of blue
a rainbow repeats itself
in still water

like trying on three
nice skies wondering
which one to buy

sometimes even the sky
can't decide what to wear
so why should I

35. walking down bigelow avenue

huge sun-spooked
clouds shapeshift:
dustbowl billows

shed soft
fleshy
petals
that waft
"in lacy jags"

if carrara marble morphed
modules growing nodules
puffing slowly
kilauea pillow lava

skilled winds
sculpting
abstract bodies
so lovely

it would be these
undulating clouds

36. low tide on east bay

“We invest each other with selves. But how can we know that what we call a self is really a self?”

Chuang Tzu

like too many toothpicks
poked into too-tiny hors d'oeuvres
too close-packed
on the too-small tray
the tide provides
on East Budd Bay
a few hundred sailboat masts
skew akimbo in tight bunches
waiting for mount olympus
that brown-gowned wraith
frowning on the far horizon
snow-coifed now
to step back a bit
making room to move

37. through my living room window

pink glaze dry-
brushed sidewise
hand poking
through puffed up
ruffled grays
thin wristed
long skinny fingers
reaching all the way
from here to downtown

half a dozen
seagulls black
wedges drive
wildly down wide
whitening highways

then suddenly
like me
barely
any longer
there

38. watch

how clouds billow
collide without
violence yield
everything
they have to
one another

when you are
old as I am
rise up with clouds
where they gather
speak gently
if at all

body aching
to behold
what rolls
so fast past
liquid lips
into empty air

plaintive voices
explaining
what it means
to vanish
that way into
one another

the opposite of me
the opposite of you
the opposite of separate
the opposite of afraid
the opposite of wait
the opposite of words

39. just thinking

every day
advance
this to that

what's left
behind
decides that
itself
by not saying
stay

what stays
is me turning
into
more me

if you want
to be
more me
then
say
stay

40. rain

just ended
hemlocks bend
boughs low
weighted wet
friendly hands
extended

beneath
I deeply
bow

reach up
slender
fingers inter-
mingle so
tenderly
with mine

41. still life

leaf-shadows quiver
on the sofa back

one spear of sunlight
thrusts through

the almost
closed door

slicing apart
the floor

filigrees of leaf
and wrought iron

chair back
shadowbox

on the wall
beneath a painting

of orange clouds
at sunset

42. from my front porch at dawn

black-robed cowl-hooded
hemlocks file into pews
steeped hands lifted
to high heaven
praying maybe
to that one
vague wavy cloud
engraved into
granite gray
or the three crows
that fly raucously by
five seconds and gone

as day breaks
I see more clearly
there is nothing
here but the trees
and me on
opposite sides
of the same street
waiting breath
abated to be swept
up in a rapture
of nothing
but dazzling light

43. after walking downtown

every day
find some
little way
to become

what you were
before you
knew boy
from girl

here from
there now
from before
from after

that leaf say
swaying down
to settle
at your feet

the tiny bird
you just heard
from a twig
overhead

its bit of song
flirting with
the tip of
a curved beak

strong enough
to lift you
to the clouds
and carry you

as far away
as it takes
to become
who you were

before you made
all those other yous
the world expects
you to display

every moment
of the day except
(if you say so)
this one

44. think

what it might mean

today

to say
out loud
I love you

if you are alone
walking in the woods
among winter trees
their svelte delicate arms
outreaching
so openly
they will smile
understanding

never say
I love you
back
knowing
you will know
that everything they know
about love
is in words
that cannot be heard

except
we will be here
when you come back
tomorrow
lovingly
by yourself
with us
another ordinary day

you may say
I love you
all day long
to children
the glossy wings
of those words
gliding perfectly
through the crystalline air
a bright white wedge
dissecting the bluest of skies
swooping
to a soft
landing
in the greenest grass
that grows
in that wide field
at the top of the hill
where you always end
your imagined walks
with them
together

and you may
say them
smilingly
to any passerby
on the street
who will assume
a lunacy
of loneliness
or the out-of-tuneness
of Jesus
sounding loose
even stupid
so barren there
in the open air
when they cast

eyes askance
and walk past
at an obtuse angle
as if they cannot hear
or nod smilingly
to say
silently
safely
thank you
even if I can't now
know for sure
or say
that I love you too

be wary though
with those
who barely
know you
out there
in the marketplace
of giving and taking
wanting and needing
where those three words
are a worrisome
currency
care there
is imperative
say I love you
even beneath your breath
and those who overhear
will tighten
recoil slightly
eyes dipping
tiny invisible anxieties
gripping the corners
of their lips
tipping them
down

but always
and I mean always
in the lush hidden chambers
of your own heart
where you speak to yourself
ceaselessly

say I love you
over and over
an endless loop
as if those are
the only three words
you still remember

ever need

to hear

or to think

45. at woodard bay

after days of rain
bright sun bakes
moss-caked
branches dry

little stacks
broken open
stoke smoke
wafting up

even roof beams
and mud banks
stream steam
back to blue

46. olymptomistic:

*a workweek of tiny poems
walking past the state capitol*

flapjack clouds
stack up:
syrup pouring

afloat
on waterspouts:
angel wings

trees part
their fingers:
peek-a-boo

reclining
on an elbow:
repose

47. downtown doubles

sometimes sun so stuns
buildings boats bridges
they step outside
and find out how it feels
to see themselves
exactly as they are

**48. june full moon on my kitchen floor,
2:45 AM**

strawberry moonlight
on
blueberry marmoleum

mmmm-mmmm

49. lying on my bed

two left feet?
dance anyway!

50. dawn at budd bay

there

the rare
pink tint
skinny fingered

daring dawn
to linger

I fawn
want to
fondle
fondly
but

it is way
too

s
l
i
m
f
l
i
m
s
y

and now so
gone
I wonder

was it
ever

like love
when it
leaves

even
there

51. mirror images on woodard bay

to touch the sky

you can climb up sixty feet
and reach up
or wade out knee deep
and reach down

52. at eld inlet

the woodpeckers creed:
knock knock knock knock knock
and it shall be opened unto you

53. flannery o'connor logic #1:

some days
I must be such a good man

because
I am so very hard to find

**54. flannery o'connor's good man
meets wallace stevens' snow man**

“reflect everything; hold nothing.”

Lao Tzu

some days look
long and hard
as you like

you'll find “nothing
that is not there
and the nothing that is”

55. flannery o'connor logic #2

“reflect everything, hold nothing”

Lao Tzu

. . . some days
the really good ones

I find
every
thing
twice

with out
me

56. for hank williams

first light flirts
with the ragged edge
of mount olympus
cardboard-cutout flat
blocking the way back

a phalanx of sailboats
march in place
spears upright
waiting for
orders to advance

a man rows
furiously down
the wrinkled sleeve
of east bay
unable to go home

so lonesome
I could cry

57. for carol on her birthday

down here

I watch wistfully
and wonder

why my wings won't work
without you

up there

58. salmon run from 5th avenue bridge

salmon
seethe

seal swirls
beneath

water
boils flesh
flaps hap-
less

between
teeth I
 deeply
breathe

59. wise eyes: no lies

this wise tree's eye
has lips

so it always says
exactly what
it sees

60. the five stages of grief

log
stump
leaves
boulder
sunlight

61. fall's smalls #1

*“Without dwelling there:
that’s the one way
you’ll never lose it.”*

Lao Tzu

the little people
came and went
in august
as they always do

reminding me
that space
is never empty
once it’s lived in

so every day
I pick another place
and build a tiny home
to leave behind

62. fall's smalls #2

*“Keep up self-reflection
and you’ll never be enlightened.”*

Lao Tzu

when light is right
golden droplets
drizzle down

on the one tree
no one
seems to notice

reminding me
to pay attention
to understories

even when light
falls everywhere
but there

63. fall's smalls #3

*“When you never strive
you never go wrong.”*

Lao Tzu

some days
light starts out
way over there

and before
I know it
is right here

sudden surprise
for my eyes
incandescent

reminding me
to keep on walking
until I get it

64. fall's small's #4

*“Simply give up contention
and soon nothing at all
beneath heaven contends with you.”*

Lao Tzu

trouble dont last
quite as long

if you leave out
the apostrophe

65. fall's smalls #5

*"Try to improve it and you ruin it.
Try to hold it and you lose it."*

Lao Tzu

water never
stops flowing
out of fear

or spite
or self-doubt
never asks

what is
the point
how to

do more
or be better
than it is

just trusts
in the way
and falls

66. fall's smalls #6

"Indulge love and the cost is dear."

Lao Tzu

when here
is no place
you can stay

and there
is nowhere
you can see

remember
you still
have wings

to take you
neither here
nor there

67. fall's smalls #7

“Reflect everything, hold nothing.”

Lao Tzu

some days
every cloud
left in

is twice as
nice with me
left out

68. fall's smalls #8

*“To know people is wisdom.
To know yourself is enlightenment.”*

Lao Tzu

to know who
you are and aren't
what you mean

and don't
where to start and
when to stop

that is wisdom

to wake up
laughing for no
reason whatsoever

that is enlightenment

69. fall's smalls #9

*“If we can’t stop fearing
those things people fear
it’s pure confusion,
never-ending confusion”*

Lao Tzu

sometimes
in dense fog’s
tense stillness

far and near
shear and
what is here

becomes so
clear fear of
what is not

disappears
ending pure
confusion

70. fall's smalls # 10

*“The less people understand me
the more precious I become.”*

Lao Tzu

the best way
for me to be
happy today

is to become
a much more
wondrous me

without worrying
how silly I will
seem to you

71. fall's smalls # 11

*“A sage sees through himself without revealing himself
loves himself without exalting himself
always ignores that and chooses this.”*

Lao Tzu

it's ok if you
don't see me

when I see you
I see me

72. fall's smalls #12

*“When people devote themselves to something
they always ruin it on the verge of success.”*

Lao Tzu

Alder bark is
parchment soft,
perfect for carving.

On one I used to walk by,
a heart arrow-stitched,
meticulous script:

JC
loves
AW

Right beneath,
huge letters gouged out
helter-skelter:

IT'S
ALL
FAKE

Day by day I'd wonder:
One or the other betrayed,
hateful? Someone else

enraged, forewarning?
One day I wondered:
Which came first?

All I know is this:
nothing in this world is fake:
love, hate, rage;

just decide day by day
which your knife
will carve in bark.

73. fall's smalls #13

*“Once names arise,
know it’s time to stop.”*

Lao Tzu

this morning
I couldn’t tell
if the first gull

I saw fly off
was the one just
coming back

all that confusing
sleight of flight
in the meantime

forcing me
to focus more
on what keeps

changing and
less on what
stays the same

74. fall's smalls # 14

*“To grasp all beneath heaven, leave it alone.
Leave it alone, that’s all
and nothing in all beneath heaven will elude you.”*

Lao Tzu

If I keep my mind
mirror clear
as this still water

everything that
comes near
gets to be here

twice: once
as itself once
instead of me

75. fall's smalls # 15

*“To forget the whole world is easy;
to make the whole world forget you is hard.”*

Lao Tzu

today this deer
sauntered along
eating her breakfast

right in front
of me as if I
wasn't even there:

to see without
being seen forget
you are here

and soon all fear
disappears both
there and here

76. fall's smalls #16

*“You can resolve rancor,
but rancor always lives on.”*

Lao Tzu

when love
goes awry

there is always
a path to after

never a way
back to before

so take each next
step with care

77. fall's smalls # 17

*“and when all beneath heaven is yourself in love
you dwell throughout all beneath heaven”*

Lao Tzu

treetop wind is
a torrent pouring
over stones
a roaring crowd
heard from a car
droning tires
drowning out
the sidewalk
whispers of two
lovers about to
kiss coveting
white noise to
hide what they
hope to hear
from each other

the voices of
my ancestors
rising up from
eternal silence
to sing chorally
one true note
I can sing back
for air to carry
up to treetops

quivering now
ever so slightly
wind's fingertips
caressing every
single slender
stem at once

78. fall's smalls #18

*“If we didn’t have selves
what calamity could touch us.”*

Lao Tzu

a tiny wren
zig-zags twig
to twig to twig

veering every
which way
to avert calamity

the only hint
of fear in
the air mine

79. fall's smalls #19

*“Words go on failing and failing,
nothing like abiding in its midst.”*

Lao Tzu

how these clouds
so moon-molten
a few hours ago

then lead-heavy
when the backlight
turned off

now dawn-doused
can flaunt
such feathery fluff

words go on
failing and failing
to explain

80. fall's smalls #20

*“Whatever heaven sustains
it shelters with compassion.”*

Lao Tzu

a skittering towhee
jitterbugs through
leaf litter finding

just what it likes
right there at
the tips of its toes

81. fall's smalls #21

*“The further you explore, the less you know.
So it is that a sage knows by going nowhere.”*

Lao Tzu

follow the signs on trees
and you'll go nowhere
knowing more and more

82. fall's smalls #22

*“Those who know don't talk;
those who talk don't know.”*

Lao Tzu

easy to stop
talking once
you've said

everything
you had
to say

the trick is
getting there
more quickly

or not
needing to get
there at all

83. final fall's small: Happy Thanksgiving!

*“The more you do for others
the more plenty is yours,
and the more you give to others
the more abundance is yours.”*

Lao Tzu

to understand
another's abundance

think “I'll be more
you and less me

until you become more
me and less you”

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*With thanks to the beautiful
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Olympia which provided the
accompanying images.*

84. at the bottom of bigelow avenue

the road is dappled pink
last week's twig-tip razzle
now dazzling at my feet

a single petal sashays
down and settles
on my shoe-top:

this moment . . .
this morning walk . . .
this tiny poem . . .

this silly life of mine

Paul's other books:

Poetry:

insta-poems (2023)

light/waves (2022)

first: my newer tiny poems from (t)here (2021)

slights: my new tiny poems from here not there (2020)

September Threnody (2016-23)

In the Dark (2016)

Harvest Moon (2016)

Li Po-ems (2016)

Mornings After: Poems 1975-95

Beginning Was (1980)

Personal Essays:

waking up (2023)

In Dreams . . . (2022)

Living Hidden (2021)

Harvest (2020)

Spring Forward (2019)

The Imagination (2019)

A Mind of Winter (2019)

First, Summer (2018)

Last Spring (2018)

This Fall (2016)

Scholarship:

Re-reading Poets: The Life of the Author (2011)

Writing/Teaching (2001)

