

records from your room

Records from your room are in bloom,
fountaining out from the buildings
in bright colors onto the street,
and I meet you there out in the air,
I'm listening.

Is there a word for these things
we've felt and we've seen,
in the blocks of town, the depths of belief,
the kindness of strangers
in leaps and in ranges where I've never been,
and you've never been before?
A word becomes a door,
soon, to come through.

Rain could be the sigh we would breathe at this time.
Umbrellas open now could be the arms we would reach.
And I meet you there out in the air.
You're glistening.

Is there a word for this time,
the changes we find,
the music that blooms now out of your room,
the kindness of strangers
in cities, in places where I've never been,
and you've never been before?
A word becomes a door,
soon, to come through.

green bus

Down this street,
I ride a green bus,
early, deep into town.
If I could speak, if I could be
as I would like to be now-

and what could I bring you,
now in the meantime?
Fruit from the sunlight,
quartz from the bay?
And where will I find this,
perfect and wondrous?
I look into shops,
I slip into rain.

Leaves on leaves.
I walk through deeply,
gold, green, gold,
for my friend.
I cannot find a thing
beautiful enough for you
again.

And what could I bring you,
today in the meantime?
Fruit from the sunlight,
quartz from the bay?
And where will I find this,
perfect and wondrous?
I look into shops,
I slip into rain,
slip into rain.

look out from your window

Look out from your window now.
Can you see me cheering for you, up and down?
I holler across the park, I'm waving these leaves.
I miss my far- flung heart.

All I cannot say I hope you know.
All you cannot say I hope I can hear.

Then holler across these miles.
We will the same snow, starting the same time.

Not easy to find a friend.
And places we've been, now different scenes again.
All I cannot say I hope you know.
All you cannot say I hope I can hear.

shadow of the pines

Leaving the shadow of the pines,
some lost things I will hope to find again.
I imagine us, I can see us in the green air.
The sunlight, the lawn of a park,
carrying all our things.
So far I have only managed the start
of every song this winter.

Birds dart into every building,
connect all of the lines, all of the lines.
I'll hear from you by tomorrow,
or the next day.

Crossing to your part of the sky,
perfect landing on your roof,
I hold you in my hearing, my sight,
my every thought and wonder,
since your leaving the shadow of the pines.
Some lost things I hope you will find again.
I imagine us, I can see us in the green air.
The sunlight, the lawn of a park,
of St. Margaret's, maybe.
So far I have only managed the start
of every song this winter.
And we're leaving the shadow of the pines.
Some lost things I will hope to find again.
I imagine us, I can see us in the green air.

buildings in flower

All the leafiness of a thousand miles
is felt in the heart, a change that has started.
The packing up of things, the loading of cars,
the farther and farther darkening dark.

And it's hard to know, now, where we should go.
And where will we be, before the next season?
Of evenings and days we can hardly say.
From which will we flower?
Brightly from the buildings, now.

Will the lifting of a window let the Spirit in,
and then we begin to vividly live?
With lakes of orange, seas of green, cadmium scenes?
And walking fleetly through a dream,
I will hear everything you mean,
I will see everything you mean.

And it's hard to know, now, where we should go.
And where will we be, before the next season?
Of evenings and days we can hardly say.
From which will we flower?
Brightly from the buildings now.

sun on the square

Sun on the square.
My brother there
walks along and will not fall,
he will not fall.

Light on the faces,
light on the buildings,
one and all,
he will not fall,
he will not fall.

The possible noon hour, the bells,
the lemon-colored clang on the rooftops,
footsteps in the sun.
Let it ring out into the air-

let there be more kindness in the world.
And he may be the one,
he may be the one.

Sun on the square.
My brother there
walks along and will not fall,
he will not fall,
he will not fall.

light of winter

From the trains
I will be on the way now,
happy, soon to see you
in these blocks of town.
Let streets connect now,
let streets connect now.

Light of winter, I'm seeing you now,
light of winter, I'm seeing you now,
soon now.

Gentle lions, will you rise from these sidewalks
and walk beside me awhile.
Taxis arrive. The snow has arrived,
the snow has arrived.
Light of winter, I'm seeing you now,
soon now.

And the traffic is no match at all for any mom,
and the weather is no match at all for any mom,
any dad.

From the trains
every light may soon give way to green.
From the trains
I will be on the way now.
Let streets connect now,
let streets connect now.

Light of winter, I'm seeing you now,
light of winter, I'm seeing you now,
soon now.

star of land and sea (Don Peris)

World inside of me, I know.
The forest and the trees, I know,
the cars upon my street won't go
I know.

Be a light to all, you shine
into darker lands, you shine,
a friend to friendless men, you shine,
You shine.

Star of land and sea, lead me
into morning sun, lead me
Star of land and Star of sea, lead me,
lead me.

an idea of canoeing

Circles outreaching and growing wide,
endlessly outreaching, into the hour,
into the hour,
the idea of this: water in flower.

The colors, greens, yellows,
and state park sign arrows,
though I don't like boating at all,
or being on the water,
somehow gleam into the hour.

And will I see you walking now?
And will I be this reaching out,

here and now?
The understanding and the light,
reaching into the hour,
into the hour?

Will I cross the street to you,
in the traffic breaks,
in the light of this,
in the light of this love,
here and now?

galvanic

Days we will see.
The radiant greens
and the long strides.
Walks of our own,
every word to be kind.
Galvanic lights
over us all these miles.
I believe
we're going to see,
things will come right
this time.

And we will see,
and leap to our feet,
in song flights,
and mark it down:
the healing has now been authorized.
Held in the arms,
carried along this far.
I believe
we're going to see
things will come right
this time.