

**My Triumphant Return from the Virtual**

We'll explore life within us,  
Where there are no limits.  
Time holds space for you here,  
By Earth's love you are blessed.

Today we will feast,  
Mother Earth will provide,  
Spring greens and ramps,  
Spinach, peas and arugula.

Goldfinch chats, egrets crossing the towpath,  
They are gathering sticks for an eyrie.  
Muskrat whiskers crease the canal.  
Red-winged blackbirds exclaim the ecliptic.

Mankind's pride knows no limits,  
There are things to be proud of,  
But today our assumptions are challenged.  
We depend on the real, but inhabit the virtual.

You can unplug the internet,  
But Nature's batteries last,  
They are charged with unstoppable sunshine.

## FLYWHEELS

Love's display is a spectrum.  
Be the rainbow! You are all of the colors.  
Be magnanimous sharing your wavelengths.  
Wisdom's strength is in patience.  
The rebirth of the Earth we await.

Earth is not an experiment.  
This Spring fall in love,  
With Nature and her recurrent cycle.  
Our star's brilliant sunlight and benign gravity,  
Host an infinite well of potential.

**The River**

The river is potential,  
Energy of uplift source.  
Go with the flow they say, I do.  
Yet to swim upstream, against the flow,  
Is surely noble too.

A river's art is waterfalls.  
Stones surrender to erosion.  
In the river, one rock stands alone,  
With petrified devotion.

Blue heron stalks quicksilver prey,  
Under the cascade sheets,  
Potent, timeless as a monolith,  
Until her energy's unleashed.

Men rush in where herons halt.  
Death stalks us from above.  
Return upstream to placid pools,  
Of indefatigable love.

FLYWHEELS

Endless waters, ever-changing,  
Hidden swamps and swollen streams.  
In oxbows quietly abandoned,  
Float the relics of our dreams.

Surrender fear unto the river,  
Never let it dam this flow.  
From the hill down to the ocean,  
See how quickly you can row.

To inundate this hydra,  
Many heads combine each day,  
I dive into the cleanest source,  
Surface in toxic bay.

River bend suspends us softly,  
In her cool, belov'd embrace.  
They say the river splits our city,  
But it binds us to this place.

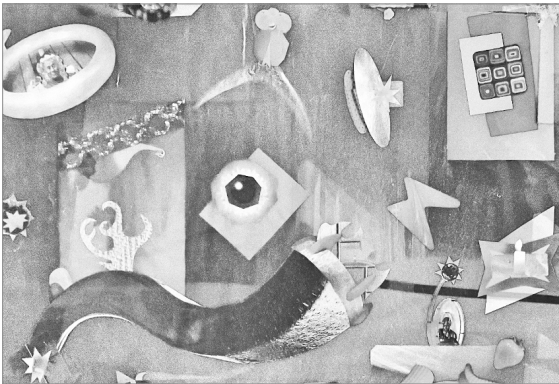
Sunshine, water, bird and laughter,  
Paint communities of sharing.  
To inspire others to give back,  
Build a bridge of active caring.

## FLYWHEELS

To the river send your hopes,  
Your art, your vision and your dreams,  
Carried far beyond the ocean,  
By this octopus of streams.

In our endless water cycle,  
There will always be more rain.  
We live in Erie's crescent.  
Water is our middle name.

Circumfluent timeless flow,  
Historic city, ancient trees.  
Be a bird upon the water,  
Or a creative honey bee.



**Innumerable Blessings**

Nature spins sunlight to sugar.

Illumination is honey.

Where pollinators labor,

Blossom ripens to fruit.

Why number the wild blueberries,

When poppies and lupines are blooming?

While you count them, they're going to seed.

Rather linger awhile in the long summer sunshine,

and be content to leave your petals uncounted.

