

In the morning mist
a squirrel leaping head first
breakfasts upside down.

Deeper than our hearts
is the love that enfolds us.
Clouds pass far above.

Among nameless plants
I remember my mother
recalling their names.

Christopher Smart said
that the true names of flowers
are still in heaven.

To listen only
to the waves, not to my mind -
that would be blissful.

In the distant haze
Vancouver rises like a
row of totem poles.

Prayer can be done
thankfulness is easy
awe is out of reach.

Truly to face God
without looking at oneself
facing God - Jesus!

God is always there.
Surfacing after illness
I look up again.

Waking or sleeping
full of life or exhausted
cradled in God's love.

On a tired evening
a memory of friendship
gratefully treasured.

Posing as righteous
even to myself I lie.
You are Otherwise.

Will the shadow on
the sundial turn back? Will the
autumn shades turn green?

Golden leaves we are.
The high wind of the Spirit
blows us all away.

My Christmas cactus,
as though it lived before Christ,
blooms in October.

The gladdening light
will never glow faint even
for the faint-hearted.

Against the darkness
again I choose to rejoice
not to surrender.

Waking from nightmares
I puzzle what they could mean
and find only God.

I am left standing
when cyclones engulf the world -
how can one still live?

Disappointments are
the sharp tools that cut one's hopes
to fit one's stature.

God is the tower
from which we see the land stretch
to infinity.

As if being me
were a problem, I sometimes
crave a solution.

On the commuter
train - people reading novels
as though praying them.

I almost gave up
when I read poems like love
caressing the world.

Praise is what life filled
to the brim cannot contain.
Overflow it must.

Drawing the curtains
I feel the world shrink. I doubt
that there is outside.

The circumference
and the centre are in God.
God circles the square.

Over my shoulder
I see the backs of the years
evading me still.

Stained glass blue
deep as the ocean above
through which we un-drown.

A disappointed
evening turns around to greet
the future we share.

Joys of a friendship
multiplied by gratitude
to the source of all.

This also is praise:
seals on a sandbank at dusk
howling their weird hymn.

At the river's edge
a solitary flute-player
tiny dog listening

A pavilion for viewing
the moon's reflection
enchants me

Three monks parade in prayer
with measured steps
until the filming stops

The last snowdrops –
just when we were moving on
to higher things

'It's a grand day,'

she said, on the beach
with the Bass Rock in view

Cloud hangs
only over this bay
with its jagged black rocks

The lonely posts
of old breakwaters –
a beach where no one goes

A cloud drifts
and high on the horizon
a field turns to gold

Life without pain
is too far out
isolating

(at Shirakawa-go)
From the onsen —
beyond the chattering river
a silent heron

The smile and the sympathy
of friendship —
touched by God's hand

From blood of martyrs
and atomic hell —
Nagasaki

(at Unzen)
Cauldrons of scalding steam
where thirty-three endured
the pain of God

(at Unzen)
Above the sulphurous
landscape of terror—
a cross

(at Hara castle)
Site of slaughter

soaked in blood—
the summer song of cicadas

Rain clouds again—
still Mount Fuji
eludes me