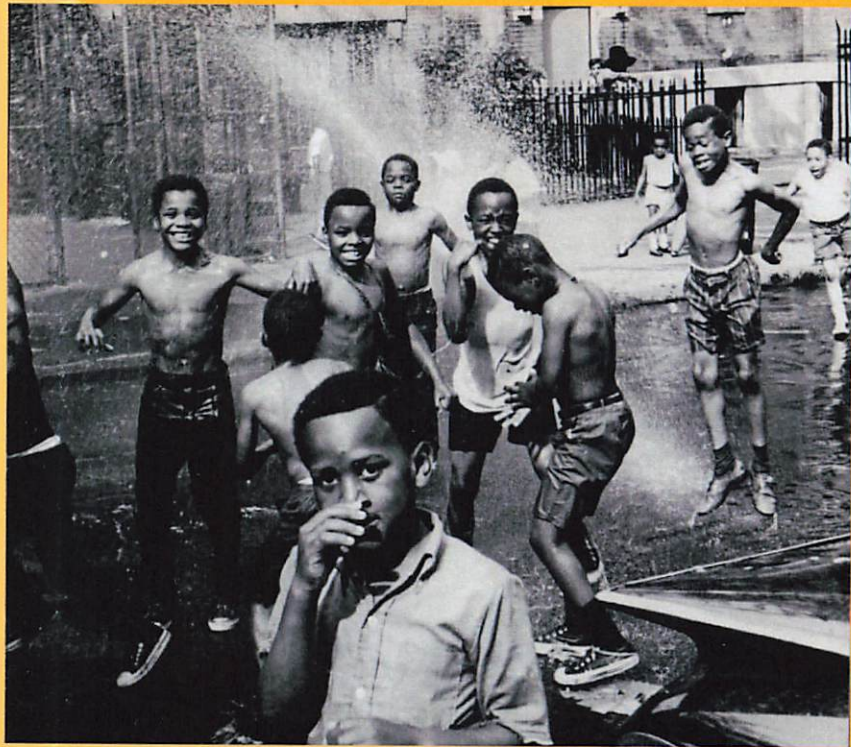


# WARRIOR POETS:

A PATH AND A TASK  
THAT DOES NOT END



KO SHIN  
BOB HANSON



Enjoy!

BLACK LIVES MATTER!  
NO JUSTICE! NO PEACE!  
SAY THEIR NAMES!



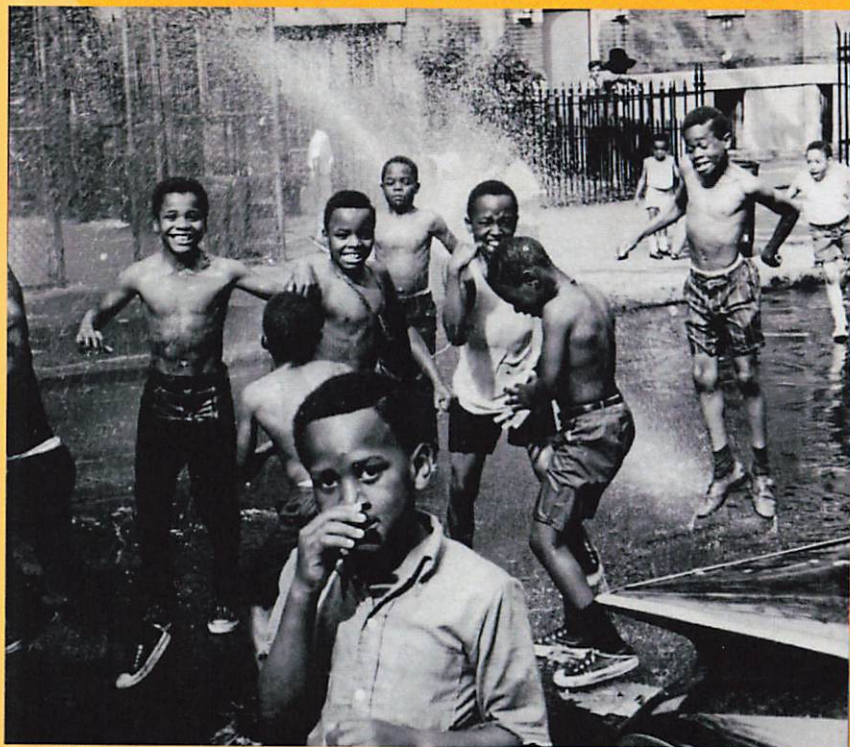
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KOSHER

Enjoy!

Sal



# *Read them out loud*

---

*Listen to them*

*Share them*

*Act!*

*By all means Act to bring peace and justice to our world and universe.*

*Every poem and writing in this book has been placed here with the permission of its author, and the photographs and art as well. Deep bows of gratitude to all who made this project possible! Unless indicated all photographs have been taken by ko shin, Bob Hanson.*

*This book is also for the memory my good friends, “**the Hairy Potter**” **Mark Allen Diamon and Rick Guard**, who passed in January and April, 2012, blessing and compassion on their journey in the next world and with their families and many friends as they continue to remember and mourn. I also remember with a great deal of love, **Leila Olson**, who, when I was a baby helped our family and was my baby sitter who passed in January, 2013 at the age of 94.*

*A special prayer and acts of compassion goes out to the **Wounded Warriors** of our land and world, many bows of appreciation, thanks and support to my fellow **Vets**. Peace!*

The Photo on the cover, **Poet Warriors of the Hood**, Bronx, New York City, 1973, 104<sup>th</sup> Street in front of St. Peter's Lutheran Church, is by Pastor Ed Ruen



*Always here, this moment, serving, guarding, accepting (At a Small Temple outside Fukuoka Japan)*

## Introduction

I welcome you to this wonderful project where the Warrior poets and artists help us understand how our compassion, freedom and peace are wrapped up in an ancient understanding of all of life. In the true sense of being interconnected to all beings there were no limits or borders to watch for as one wrote, painted, took a photograph or expressed themselves in this project. This would be our calling in our lives, in whatever field of compassion we find ourselves.

Our lives are a journey, a path and recently I rediscovered a performance. Old Will Shakespeare said “All the world’s a stage,” and I sometimes wonder if he was not pointing to something far deeper and broader than where we often place that quote. However we live our interconnectedness, our compassion for all people, it is a kind of performance, a dance and a song. Singing is not about being in tune, dancing is not just doing it correctly, but expressing who you are, and writing, poetry, drama, stories long and short are meant to tell the universe who you are and speak to the truth about life itself.

The role of “Warrior” is part of every culture and community. For some it is a more violent understanding, for others, as in Buddhism, it is one who lives out of the moment, in emptiness and with compassion. The Bodhisattva in Buddhism is another way to talk about this path.

The idea of Warrior poet came to me from Carlos Castaneda’s *The Journey to Ixtlan* where the hunter Warrior is an important concept. As volunteer with and then a member of the



Ecumenical Institute/ Institute of Cultural Affairs in the 70's and early '80's this book and its understandings played a role in our service to communities, with spiritual communities across the world. I have discovered over the years that the wisdom of the Hunter Warrior is also the wisdom of the Warrior Poet!

The writing of Chogyam Trungpa, the founder of Naropa University, wrote the powerful book *Shambhala: The Sacred Path of the Warrior* which also spoke to me in a powerful way. Many of his poems help's one to see the power of this path. I am grateful for this.

Finally, our interconnectedness, our being performer on the stage of life is only really seen in our collaboration with others. Last summer at the Jack Kerouac School of Disembodied Poetics I rediscovered again the power of performance, shouting the word and working in collaboration with all beings. This is the foundation of poetry, of art, of all we do.

This project, this book is interconnectedness, performance and collaboration calling YOU to speak, dance and sing! Come on! The world is waiting! Thank you for taking this book in your hands and experiencing it. May you know, we are all warrior poets and Bodhisattva's serving all beings, interconnected with each other and all creation! This is our act, our drama, even, our comedy.

*Ko shin, March, 2013, Neshkoro, WI*

Special thanks and many deep bows to my lifelong friend, Roger Sween for driving into the woods and editing my contributions to this project. A true Warrior Poet and Human!

## **What Is a Warrior?**

ANYONE WHO IS INTERESTED in hearing the dharma, anyone who is interested in finding out about oneself, and anyone who is interested in practicing meditation is basically a warrior. The approach of cowardice is looking for some tremendous external help, whether it comes from the sky or from the earth. You are afraid of actually seeing yourself; therefore you use spirituality or religion as a seeming way of seeing yourself without looking directly at yourself at all. Basically, when people are embarrassed about themselves, there's no fearlessness involved. Therefore, anybody who is interested in looking at oneself, finding out about oneself, and practicing on the spot could be regarded as a warrior.

Trungpa, Chogyam; Gimian, Carolyn Rose (2010-10-05). Ocean of Dharma (p. 4). Shambhala Publications. Kindle Edition.

## **Have you heard the call?**

The call of a warrior poet, a call to bravery, steadiness, resolve and compassion, connected, inside and out to all beings... That's the path we walk...

Stopping the world, pointing not to reason or convention, but the mystery in everyone and everything...it is the moment, just the moment that counts. The warrior poet lives with his or her end, her death, not wanting sympathy from anyone, but courage to continue knowing the end, or the passage to the next life.

We are on a journey that never ends, not asking what will happen when, but what is happening now, in this moment to transform life itself and all beings. It seems the poet has a strange power it does not seem to be the poets own, a way of living the mystery...always discerning the strategy, the next step, yet not owned by anyone but her or his self...living finally the equality of all beings.

The muses are singing, shouting, being silent and in their silences the warrior poet waits, sits, quiet, listening with a hearing aid of consciousness not technology.

The muses are all we need, but they need something, allies, not just words, but spirit, the warrior poet, all beings...

The muses are all we need, but they need something, allies, not just words, but spirit, the warrior poet, all beings...





**The Warrior Poet reads the signs of life**

And moves on

There are no road blocks for the warrior poet  
Only words and more words, placed together  
To unblock any road that seems impossible to thread.  
A closing for the warrior poet is an opening....

**The Warrior Poet has – stopped the world –.**

Stop the world of reason,

stop the world of convention,

stop the world of all  
taken for grantedness.

The mystery and the wonder beyond the realm  
of immediate has broken in.

The warrior poet sees the mystery in everything that is and

feels the same  
wonder in  
herself or  
himself.

**The Warrior Poet walks with her own death.**

The warrior poet is seeing the face of one's unique dying.

The warrior poet has chosen the space one will pass.

The warrior poet has rehearsed the solitary dance of  
dying and always lives in the presence of one's death.

Death has become the most trusted companion because dying  
alone always tells the warrior poet the truth.

**For the Warrior Poet the journey never ends.**

The warrior poet stands on the razor's edge between the terror and the wonder of being a human being in these times.

It is a trek that never ends.

One knows there are no goals to attain, or a finish line to cross.

The walk, the Path, the journey itself is the ultimate finish line.

In dread and fascination, the warrior poet journeys on, with no illusions, forever.



Grasping, hanging on, Wat Rong Klun, Chiang Rai Province, Thailand, 2009



### **The Warrior Poet**

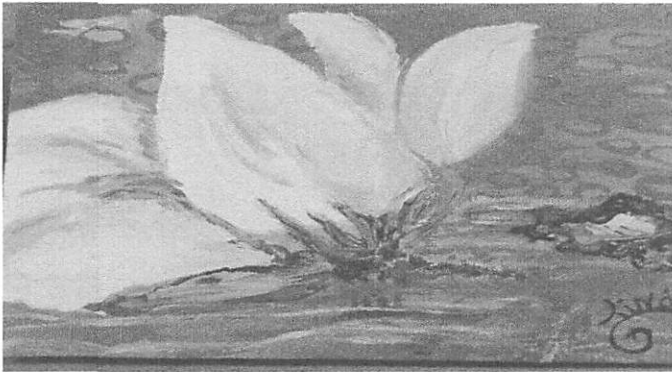
#### **Does not live for one's personal history**

The warrior poet is known, seen, heard, through her or his own uniqueness

They live an unrepeatable existence, one time through this life.

Letting the ego go, the history released, importance surrendered

Letting go of being someone, the warrior poet serves, speaks to the truth, and walks the path.

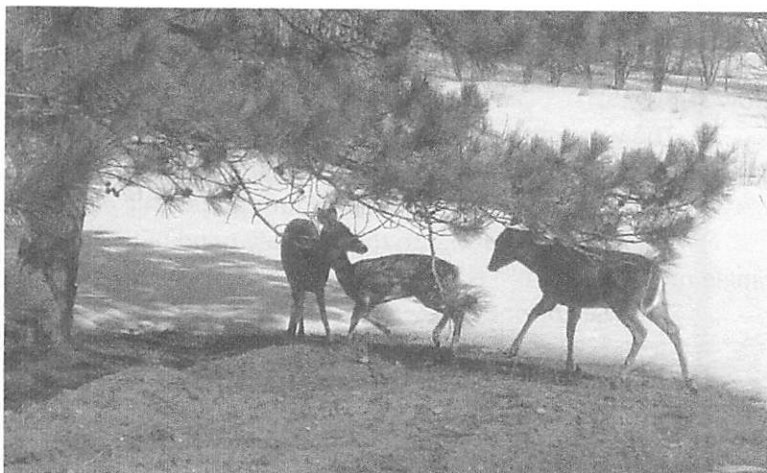


**Water Lily, Painting by Artist Tinghonginnie Lee**

**How strange...**

The warrior poet is all there is, tied to nothing  
The spirits of the wind, earth, fire and light  
Calls out and demands for one to walk alone,  
How does one navigate this monkey mind universe,  
Single mindedly?  
The warrior poet knows...

**Be cool dude, Be cool sister**  
I have always wondered  
How my friends can be so cool...  
warrior poets are cool, mysteriously reserved  
Speaking to the truth  
Speaking as a prophet not a judge  
The poet seems carefully detached from his or her passionate  
engagement in a situation  
Not drained  
Given completely to every moment, this moment  
Yet the warrior poet always decides the action necessary  
Being the role required  
Doing the necessary deed  
Offering unlimited concern  
And a final expenditure of all they have.  
Be cool dude, Be cool sister, Just Be...



**Photography by Charles McEniry**

**The Way of the Poet Warrior, by Bruce Dethlefsen**

(for Thomas Lux)

*throw the ball back to the pitcher better-*Bang the Drum Slowly  
pay perfect attention to what's going on  
what's going under  
and what's going on under

question everything that moves  
interrogate everything that doesn't

daydream deliberately  
use your x-ray vision  
but pay no attention to those little editors  
behind the curtain



shower and sleep with pen and paper  
don't let the big one get away

keep your antenna up  
but if the voices get too bad  
wear a square of aluminum foil  
under your watch cap

learn each rule then break each rule  
be prepared to read anything  
anytime anywhere for nothing

learn humility  
what do you think you're  
some kind of genius?  
there's always a faster gun in town

when you're with others  
try to act normal  
as if all this matters somehow  
walk as though you have somewhere to go  
when you're alone float for all I care  
(The Way of the Poet Warrior continued, stanza break)  
connect the strings you see  
that flutter in the wind  
eat bruised fruit  
howl at the moon from time to time

dance with everyone  
even before you hear the music come

learn another language  
memorize

know that although it seems like it  
not everything is poetry

understand that one average plumber  
is worth five good doctors  
or three great poets

in short pay attention  
write better  
and yes the flying dreams are the best

### **Fifteen Horses**

By Bill Kehl

Fifteen horses running so free  
In the windswept South Dakota hills  
A true connection to this place  
Of smell and sight and unbridled wild will

This Lakota land speaks a story so sad  
Yet I sense at least the earth no longer pains  
A much gentler light now shrouds this past  
Sculpted by blood and tears, but also wind and rain

Now climbing higher for the grandest view  
Almost too much for eyes to receive

Why always this thirst that there must be more?  
Then, almost instant resolution – thus I believe

On its side, in desiccated dusty clay  
Next to the hint of a hardscrabble trail  
A magnificent creature fights to live  
A shivering, convulsing form with lifeless tail

Its side-swinging hooves circle and carve  
The deepest groove in tufts of buffalo grass  
Vapor and dust explode from each nostril  
As the forces of life are seeping fast

In this moment, I so utterly helpless  
So unprepared and unrehearsed  
It's not the dying that shakes me so  
But this intimate reverence that has me immersed

Perhaps something more that could be done?  
You snort, I stay... you struggle, I sing  
Simply lifting my voice to sun and sky  
Here and now, what more comfort may I bring?

The tension slowly eases, shiny flanks let go  
The quivering halts, hooves grind no ground  
Do I stay until the final breath?  
To remain until there is no life or no sound?

So close to the source of sacred, I leave quietly  
But within a few mere steps glance back  
There is powerful medicine here  
How soon ribs on the ground lie flat  
And, now... one eye bulging upward, still open

I now can sense all it has beheld  
The pine ridges, hoodoos, draws and gulches  
My own eyes too, begin to swell

The time has come to return at last  
At dusk I descend these rolling plains  
Fourteen wild horses follow so close behind  
Seldom are we touched in ways to never feel the same

**A Poem by Anne Waldman**

**Aria/Paeon: Fire Opals on a Forked Tongue**

*Are you prepared for the wrench?* – Mina Loy  
what I see  
remembers me to a woman in tempestuous mind  
Minoan, long ago, with three faces, numerous  
accoutrements  
bejeweled, intractable, gentle and wise  
as Prospero's offspring of the dark-time world  
cheer as they release the mother of Myanmar  
Daw Aung San Suu Kyi  
beloved Burmese heroine-warrior-saint, her geometry  
a long calculation that her arrest might obviate  
in this end-time world  
you prostrate and bow  
O take back Burma,  
follow the weather as it shifts and changes  
one step behind what is to come in stranger patterns

dangerous for humans at water's rim  
as urban catastrophe moves in between canyons  
between juntas and juries  
you never saw tornadoes here before, must be the stardust  
irksome, causing  
demons in the weather  
dakini-shapeshifting hands on you  
monk at the door of Suu Kyi's compound, hands in anjali  
light changed with her weather, charged with it  
unnatural or pagan...weather tones, demon tones  
caught the junta generals on their forked tongues  
tell me your quotients, hideous ones  
and bow before her now come out of long arrest  
what I see remembers me to a red silk protection cord  
to protect from ego  
frayed and weary entering all gates although dharma gates  
are numberless  
and one vows to enter every one of them  
out of Babylonian captivity  
out of theism matrix  
vow to enter  
talk to me in an endangered language to an archive needing  
liberation  
talk to me as aspiration keeps the record  
books, tomes, communiqués, all technologies summoned to  
say  
we weren't all just killing each other this time around  
worry the midnight oil and proof thereof, talk to me, talk to  
me  
imagine life without archive?  
what to preserve, remember?  
mother narratives!  
imagine you could talk me over



know the patterns this way  
but you need a sure foot at dusk on Tantrika path  
and I, I was remembered to myself  
to wake to be wakeful, torch in hand  
remembers me in the Burmese of this message  
the resistance of this message  
the blessing of it  
and the struggling Tibetan of this message  
broken dream of it, say *resist*  
to the Asia of all messages, say *resist*  
Mexico, South America, Africa, the dream is vocalized  
cracked visage US of A, breaking up  
in a universe 14 billions years old  
yea suffering more of it yea yea but *resist*  
remembers me to a barley divination in Nepal  
or phenomenology of little sister trickster  
pure thread in a dark time  
sow over the left ear, Vajravarahi who threads you  
treads you, reads you a map of plentitude  
she was seeds all the way, all about seeds in her self  
of enlightenment, eyes afire!  
what pushes the cosmos apart: dark energy they say...  
remembers me to a rattlesnake reinventing collaboration  
or throwing a snake into a pit that always sets up again  
throwing throwing, being thrown and old-she-snake sets up  
again  
shaking her rattle at dusk: *chi chi chi*  
remembers me to an ur-script in a text from Andalusia  
it mentions Sufi light, look here not kidding not holding  
back  
not, not kidding, never kidding about Sufi light  
magnetizes me to a sand clock that was once in that stilt  
house

set in villanelle time, a theme of villagers  
come to gather come to eat  
Thailand we celebrate, kiss the Buddha's footprint!  
you are threatened by mercenaries of the queen etcetera  
and need to rescue Burma  
but Daw Aung San Suu Kyi  
magnetizes me to fire opals at the periphery of the horizon  
as if dancing on a poet-activist's tongue is salvation  
not forked, never divided  
gleam in a room, we're in 21st century gleam of all rooms  
liberation for all, it's time  
in the mind and in the room and at the horizon of Mars  
*esta noche*, the gleam of udumbara flower  
magnetizes me to the little caracol, the truth tower  
where we circle from, Chi'chen Itza  
remembers me to how the years accrue  
lighting incense for her liberation  
volcanic eruption, unsung denizens of calamity  
various tidal waves that sweep a life or many lifetimes  
away  
remembers me to lava to compassion to the new  
Confucianism  
to the taste of fire water,  
always craving it, that high way of fire water  
settles in a glass at your side tipped over  
to the same latitude as consummate thirst as I sit here on  
canyon's edge  
contemplating the same dreamtimes as a mystical  
proportion would calibrate  
stars and numbers, cells and drones  
are we in Yemen?  
and are we remembered as an intimate side of someone  
we didn't hurt?

don't recognize myself in that stomping but remember me  
to it

stomping around lava, stomp around lava  
it remembers, lava does, all that stomping  
all memory of a difficult time, of warning of death  
under colonial rule, an horrific time, waning time  
and out old power! you better be more alert with  
your new/old/blast/power, it's obsolete  
life spans shorten, minds grow weak  
remembers me I didn't own anything against the cold but  
a bohemian ballad, can you sing it my child, in the Kali  
Yuga?

remembers me as if this is a bohemian ballad  
and how close or cold I get thinking  
our atavistic selves, selves as such and cruel  
dream of wild animals contained in nacreous shells  
hidden and safe (I had this beautiful dream, really I did)  
as mellifluous as my friend Damian said it would be, or  
dangerous

remembers me to her bittersweet allegorical dream  
opaline: a stone that fires many ways  
and now recount this for you  
coming upon an image of black lava as if in contrast  
obsidian jaguar in the house  
thought about this a lot, she said, a terrifying presence in  
the house

jaguar in the house! jaguar in the house!  
wasn't exactly stalking more benevolent a creature  
almost human tongued  
opaline light and something rustling  
never mute on the battlefield  
but warning and what to do! what to do!  
but root was *poesis*, making with sounds, and you heard

these words  
now scribed and all to see  
OM AH DAW AUNG SAN SUU KYI

**Friend or Foe - The Brothahood, Melbourne, Australia**

I've known this brother from way back in my past  
We were best friends but our friendship couldn't last  
Time went fast do the math but on him I can't assume  
I met this brother straight out my mother's womb  
Only toddlers but we were partners in crime  
One thing was on our mind, what's the time, time to dine,  
check my rhyme  
Taught me to be selfish in my ways  
'take care of yourself kid, sharing don't pay'  
We were tight son, me and him stirring up a muck  
We would play Super NES until we ran out of luck  
Try to duck out of mammas way when she call to pray  
I would make salat but he always make me stay away  
He never ever, ever, ever really want to pray at all  
Always drags his feet on the way to prayer hall  
Oh no, now we're thirteen ya'll  
Hormones going crazy like the fans at the football  
Nice girls walking past, down drop my jaw  
The first look's okay but he makes me look once more  
Appetite bright, know what's wrong and right  
Got me sinning in the day and repenting in the night  
Why fight, in my heart I feel a hole  
So I take a deep deep deep look into my soul...

Now we're 21 and we're living our life fast  
I make all the money while he spends all the cash  
Versace, Rolex, Dolce & Gabana  
I try to settle down but he just don't want to  
He tells me every day that my life is way too short  
Indulge a little bit and forget what you've been taught  
Now I'm caught because his influence is way too strong  
At times we go against the teachings of glorious Quran  
He tells me it's OK and that we can repent  
But how can I repent when I hold this much resent  
Heaven sent, mind is bent, while I'm thinking of the rent  
He's spending all my dough without leaving me a cent

Laziness is our lifestyle  
Except when we're on a prowl  
Driving many miles for a reason to go buck-wild  
Stop at a red-light, to my right, pretty girl in sight  
Now my friend becomes the very definition of excite  
Starts with a smile, is it worthwhile?  
Could it be a trial, in the meanwhile  
Drooling like a child, first looks allowed  
But I'm way over the toll  
Lord please forgive me coz I know we're on parole  
Light goes green then I finally take control  
I keep my eyes on the road and I look into my soul..

Yeah he's my best friend but holds traits of the enemy  
Don't know if he's on my side or trying to get the best of  
me  
Respectfully, that's right I love him like my brother  
But sometimes you got to keep your distance from each  
other

Keep your friends close but keep your enemies even closer  
He's shredding up my soul and I know that he's supposed to  
Submit! I control this relationship!  
When I say sit, you sit, Snitch!!

Had to drag him by his collar to a Muslim class  
The whole way there making excuses so he can take a pass  
We sat through the lecture not a word come out his mouth  
Sheikh seen him from the front and told him to get out  
“Get out of this lecture, come back when you are pure  
Corrupting this man's heart and taking him to the sewer  
Some endure but you won't take this poor soul for a stroll  
Young brother take a deep deep look into your soul”

He was very well known by the people in the streets  
So popular the people made a nickname called him 'beast'  
He loved all the praise the fame and the attention  
Getting so excited when he hears his own name mentioned  
Me and him, you can't separate apart  
But I feel like he's clenching and squeezing on my heart  
I made my decision I can't treat him like a friend  
Can't sleepwalk anymore, it's time to take revenge  
For food, sleep and water he constantly relies on me  
Cut off his supply as a war utility  
Strategy supplied, by those who are wise  
Don't want to cut my ties  
Don't want to see no coal  
Don't want to enter fire because I know it's going to scold  
Don't want to cut him off but I got to be straight cold  
Don't want to but excuse me while I look into my soul....

I finally found some time to reflect upon myself  
I looked deep into my soul and I found my lower-self  
My NAFS - EGO, so-called friend who drags me back  
He's with me right now as I'm writing down this rap  
There's only 5 minutes left of Maghrib salaah  
Control and combat, that enemy inside  
Pretends to be your friend with shaitaan on his side  
He's with me and you every place that we may go  
That's why it's so important to look into your soul...

*The Brothahood, a rap and entertainment group from Melbourne Australia whom I met at the Parliament of World Religions in 2009 wrote these notes about this wonderful poem/rap:*

*"It's the story of me, talking about a friend who really is my enemy. At the end of the poem it's revealed that the 'friend' who I'm referring to throughout the poem is in fact my enemy - my NAFS (ego in Arabic) - My lower self, the desires, whims and wishes which bring me down and affect my spirituality."*

*I am honored again to have these brothers as part of this project.*

*This poem is from one of the tracks on their album, you can hear the song here: <http://youtu.be/r9fGz3QQEWO>*



**The Numeric Man**  
**A poem by Hemp**

Embalmed with the novocain of pain, desensitized  
    Lost in the guilt of shame, traumatized  
No bearings and ground beneath my feet  
    Has become sinking sand  
Drowning in the misery of a lost identity  
    For I am no longer a man  
Friends and family see me as a worthless thing  
    An object of scorning and pitiful being  
Thus I'm bucking under the pressure of their perception,  
    Depression!  
    Perpetually frustrated by emotional suppression,  
    Distressed!  
With no one to talk to about these feelings  
    The pain keep building  
Volcanic eruptions are inevitable  
    And a neurological breakdown impending  
Melancholy is normalcy for me and fellow caged peers  
    So to be optimistic and happy is queer  
For daily we grieve the loss of everything –  
    From possessions to dreams  
No longer living just merely existing  
    Trying to cope with a pain that's so overwhelming  
That it is driving me insane  
    But I guess that's just life  
    For the numeric man with no name!



## Poems by ko shin:



### **A Garden of diversity, the Sacred Sangha we serve:**

I just got back from prison.

That phrase often surprises my friends, what did you do now ko shin, is one response.

Nothing I say, I just sat!

That's what it is, a wonderful Sangha of men in a prison near my home.

Today, two new members came, these wonderful Sangha seem so fluid, I often meet men in one of the other Sangha I serve when they are moved around.

What a crew, what a community. After many years of this practice I have learned to love these men.

Their honesty, seriousness and humor, and their dedication to the Dharma and to the Path.

Three brothers have taken precepts in this Sangha recently.

But the doors are locked.

In this state most our leaders don't care about these beings anymore and the keys are locked away.

Yet, there is a sense of freedom that comes in practice, just sitting, and a sense of compassion as we learn to act our compassion with our "celly" the security staff and administration...

Then the anticipation of being out, of being freed, which can be a smoke screen so often, they just sit right through it all, welcoming the pain, the uncertainty, the injustice and the reality of their unskillful acts that landed them where they are.

Now, awake, or trying to be awake to this moment they like you and me, can become skillful and free!

In closing a Poem from The Inner Passage, by Bob ko shin Hanson, 2011

**Man, I am really comfortable here today**

It is quiet here

Can't even hear the heavy doors that close people out or in

That's right I am really comfortable here today

In a prison, in the place where the Buddha's come and sit  
Quiet, that's right no bull shit, just Dharma,

How can one be comfortable here?  
In a place where you are brought here for unskillful means?  
Yea, that's it, letting go, sitting quiet, and listening to your  
breath

Are you comfortable where ever you are?  
I bet!

Think about a cell, the cell we all live in...  
What does it mean to let go and be free not from your cell  
but in it?  
Freedom, yes, oh freedom!

**The traffic was amazing, confusing, and dangerous**  
Elephants, horses and carts, bicycles, cars, trucks, camels,  
and buses

Oh yes, many people walking some even running  
Then there are the holy cows.  
Just lying there, almost anywhere  
Yes, this is a city in India,

One navigates not with a map, or a plan  
But in the moment...hoping for the best  
Or at least to get where you are going.....

### **The traffic stopped**

A young lady came up to our car  
Her hand was out with a small can for coins...

I gave her a few coins

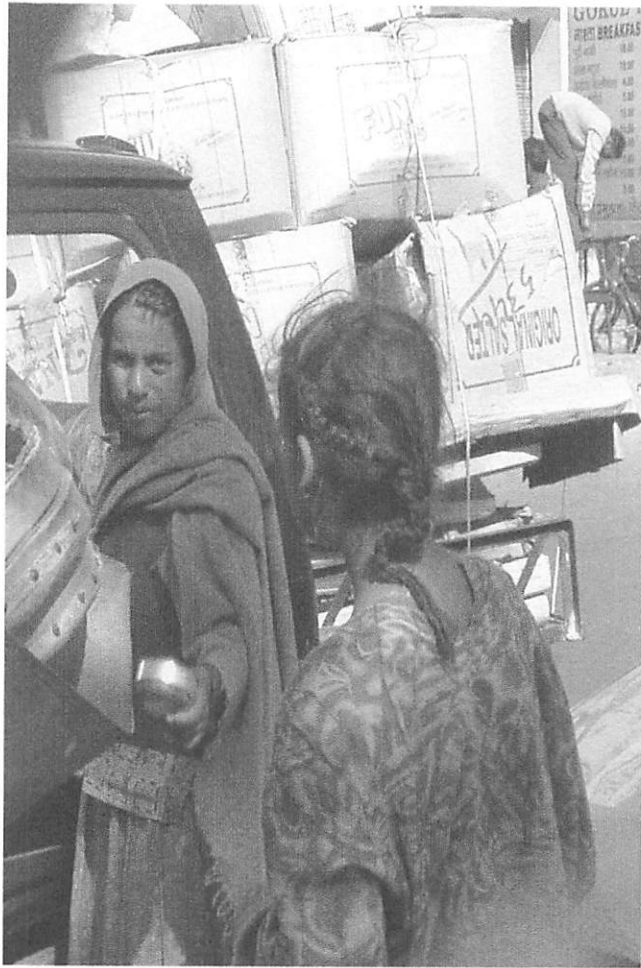
Suddenly there were six or eight young ladies  
Some hold babies, others carrying large loads

Their hands out...I learned a lesson

Yet, their faces have not left my consciousness

How do we take care of all beings?

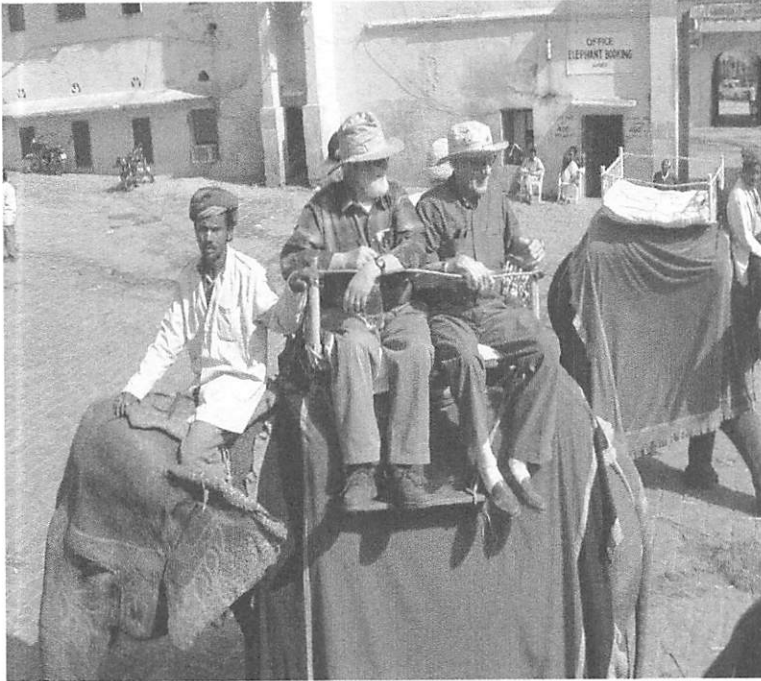
Coins are not the way...



The eyes of the Poor, the gift of all humanity...

## Elephants are large creatures

High off the ground  
My Colleague and I  
Looking back, starting up the hill  
A slow pace but then...  
Our driver and another decided they would race to the gate  
The gate only took one creature not two  
Yes, we won, but my leg had hit the gate  
Nothing serious, just a bump  
A bump from the elephant race in India



The ride begins two old men on to the Palace!

## Meditation, Reading from the Word

Sitting, just sitting  
The Word being read  
No doctrine  
No theology  
No box to put it in so that someone else can't see  
No walls to keep someone out, an open door...  
Just sit  
Just listen  
The power of the sacred in our lives  
Listen...



Place of Quiet and Word, a Sikh village in India

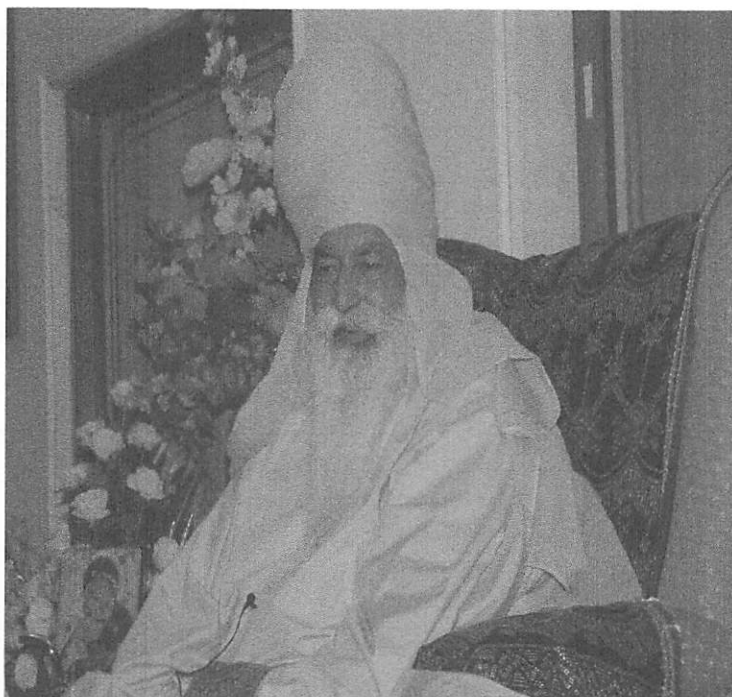


## Holy Man?

If someone told you  
We are going to meet a Holy Man from a village in India  
Maybe you would say, at least to yourself, sure we are...  
At the time, I was uncertain what this meant.  
Holy Man? Of what?  
From where? Why?  
Yet I had heard about the village, transformed from a few  
acres of stones  
To a 170 acre farm, with over 700 people living and  
working there in India.  
When we walked into the room, a farm house that served as  
a Sikh Temple  
outside Syracuse NY,  
On the couch, was an older man, dressed in white, a large  
turban,  
When he greeted us, something was clear  
He knew us, even though we had not met...  
Those eyes, the smile,  
You have had this experience, a moment, one that cannot  
be created again

Maybe you meet someone, someone says something, or  
does something  
And you know there is sacredness about the moment, a  
knowing beyond knowing,  
a holiness,  
And then, you are back in reality.  
Yes, we met Babbaji, from Gobin Sudan  
We met again in India and now he has left us for the next  
life,

Thanks for the holiness of the moment...and for life, the  
holy man...



**Amazing Grace from a Kitchen table!**

*(Sung to the tune of Amazing Grace)*

We love to sing of amazing grace  
Our hearts beat faster as we do  
Yet walls, so tall  
Block farmers all  
From figs and crops their own

The guns seem to grow like weeds they say  
And violence plays its tune  
We love our grace but  
Live in fear  
Of those we're called to love

Hold hands they say is love for all  
Yet if two men show love  
Hold hands or kiss we hold them out  
Where is that amazing grace?

Now where or where is that grace we seek  
Or where is that universal love  
The church you say, is that really so  
If all are not welcome there?

So tell me now where is that grace  
Compassion, love and peace?  
Wake up my friends, it's very nearby,  
Just look in the mirror now.

**Mysterious, strange, powerful, compassion...**

I met a poet once

The poet seemed to be from somewhere else

Possessing a strange power, style,  
understanding...

Yet the poet knew how to use that power on behalf of all

The mystery of life itself, has become an ally

The dread filled wonder of life itself had been wrestled to the  
ground.

Now walking together, the warrior poet, the mystery of life, are  
allies...

they push off the illusions, which wait to grab us, hold  
us at every turn...

And share this strange power with all beings....compassion...

**If you watch a young doe**

You wonder, where does the deer run  
after you see him on the road,  
deeper in the forest? Yet, there is another road there too...

Like a warrior poet, the young deer is free,  
Or like us, maybe running from something...  
Does the deer realize all is one?

Maybe more than you and I do!



**"Searching for Something" Oil on Canvas, 1991  
By David Ingvoldstad II**

**It was Amiri\* I believe**

Sitting before us all

He said something like this if you do not write  
poetry to change things, why write?

No, if you don't write for revolution, why write?

The warrior poet lives within that call, the boundaries of our  
being, yet

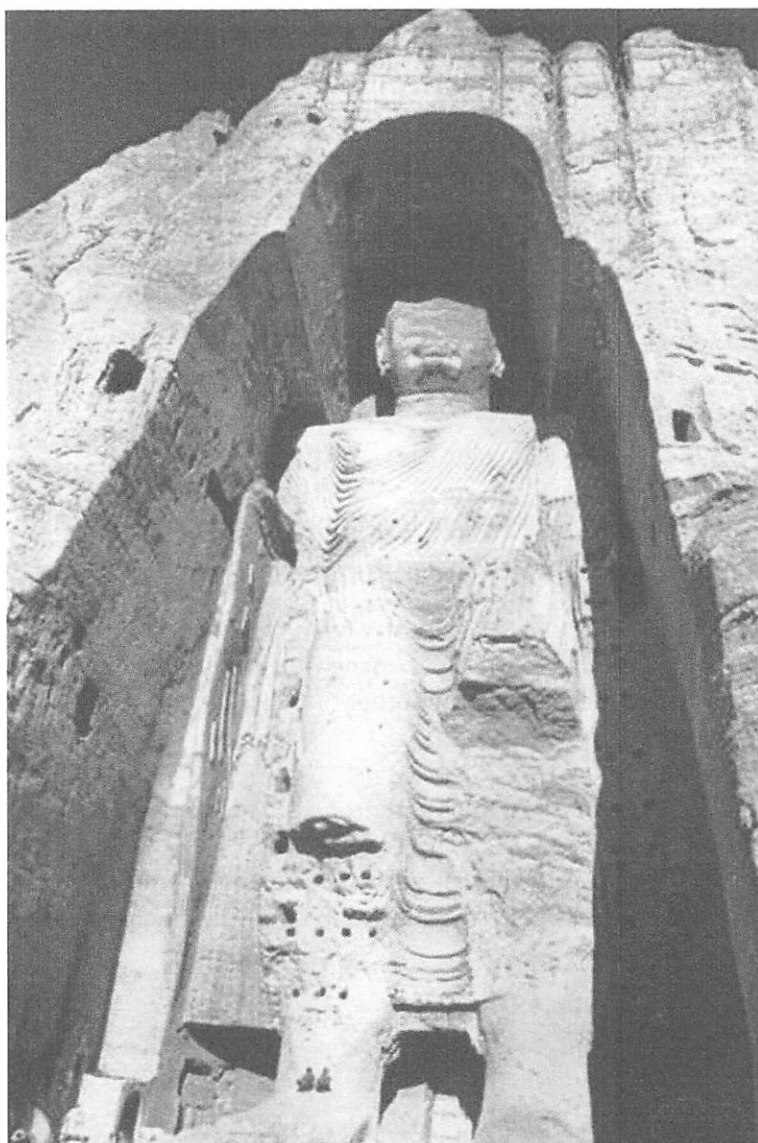
Often with the spirit of the other world

Accomplishment is not a goal for us,  
everything does not need to be finished  
But walking a path beyond knowing and being the warrior poet  
does everything she does with passion,

A spirit of compassion,

a demand for change for all beings.

*\* Amiri Baraka, or for those of us who are older, LeRoi Jones.  
The statement was at a lecture in assembly at Naropa Summer  
Writing Program, July, 2012.*



**The Ancient Buddha's before being destroyed by hate.**

## **A Poem by Ann Meier**

### **Camouflage**

I.

The crush of lines

agents laborers weary travelers

lights

fluorescent

and sound

intercoms cell phones infants crying

conceal them

Seven soldiers

hopeful eyes straight backs polite voices

lit with murmured laughter

male

dark hair shorn close color but a shadow

beneath canvas caps gray brims pulled low over  
eyes locked on one another

and female

three identical buns gathered at the base of slender

necks

slicks of pink gloss gracing open-lipped smiles

backpacks held close between tightly laced ankles

Children



II.

Digitized nylon

field tested fractal equations dappled  
brown and gray  
deposing the drab olive  
of yesterday's wars

21<sup>st</sup> century conflicts

ancient resentments enacted on desert stages  
rocks heat sand

replace

the humid dreams of their grandfathers

fought in tribal villages

Iraq Iran Afghanistan Sudan Syria

specified sets of points and samples

against monochrome players

brown skin black beards cautious eyes

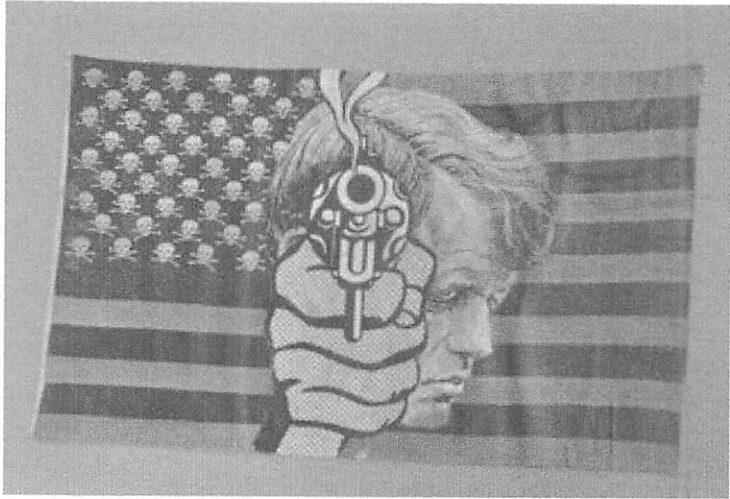
assigned preordained roles

Still nothing has changed

They need to be invisible

and so we've made them

## "Violence in America"



Montage by Ed Ruen

When I was in seminary I took a course entitled, Renewal of the Church. The professor

said we should apply a creative approach to our assignments. For my first assignment

I decided to focus on violence in America. I put together this montage, 6" x 13", and

handed it in on time. When the professor handed back our work he said I had failed.

He added that I could make it up with a paper on the same subject, four to six pages,

double spaced. And so it goes. You be the judge

## White Robed Apostles of Hope



Ed Ruen

My daughter-in-law, Clare, has been reflecting/studying and now dancing her way through a dialog with water. Her work has inspired me to do some of my own personal reflecting on water and our multi-faceted relationship with

water. There is the touch, seeing and smelling of water. There is the enjoyment of the arts and sports and nature that water nourishes in us and the world. There is the critical sacred life force of water that is truly awesome; probably best described by Chief Seattle in 1854 when "The Great White Chief " in Washington offered to buy two million acres for \$150,000:

**"So we will consider your offer to buy our land. But it will not be easy. For this land is sacred to us. This shining water that moves in the streams and rivers is not just water but the blood of our ancestors. If we sell you the land, you must remember that it is sacred and that each ghost reflection in the clear water of the lakes tells of events and memories in the life of my people. The water's murmur is the voice of my father's father.**

**The rivers are our brothers, they quench our thirst. The rivers carry our canoes, and feed our children. If we sell our land, you must remember, and teach your children, that the rivers are our brothers and yours, and you must henceforth give the rivers the kindness you give your brother."**

One day I saw a description of lilies as "white robed apostles of hope" and I thought to myself, how would they

look under water? And how would they look under water from the Atlantic, Pacific, Mississippi, Lake Michigan, Chicago River, tap water from Evanston and water from the little trout stream in Minnesota where I fish and Katie, Daniel, Clare, Isaac and Zora play and fish?

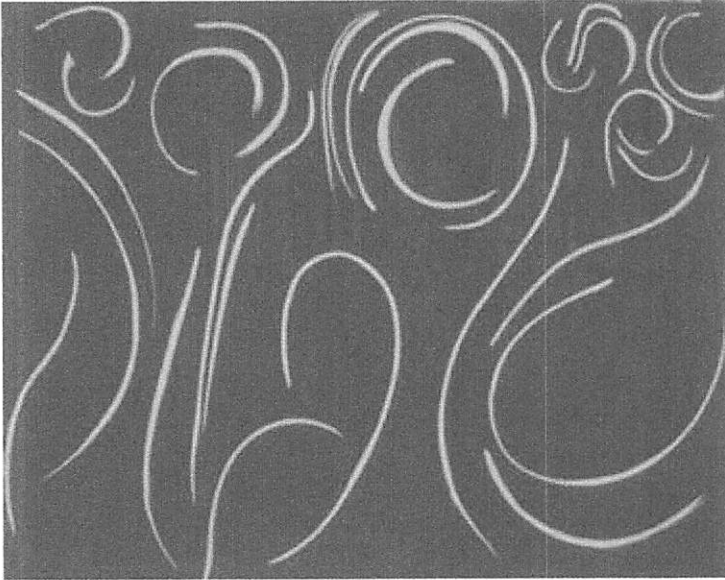
The idea of expanding from water to relationship with people or a combination seemed right and proper so a call went out to Kathleen Ruen/McAdams who sent water from the Atlantic, Bruce Dugstad who sent water from the Pacific (and he sent some water from Norway), Katie and I dipped our buckets in the Duschee Creek in Minnesota and the Mississippi and Sister Dorothy Kline gathered water from Lake Michigan. Others added water from the Chicago River and tap water from Evanston. And now you have participated and entered the stream with us and Chief Seattle. Thanks Clare!

**"The water's murmur is the voice of my father's father.....the rivers are our brothers and yours....give the rivers the kindness you give your brother"**

## **If/Then Surrealist Poem**

Linda Saccoccio – 28 June, 2012

If we left this room without our shoes, then tulips would bloom in December. In December when tulips bloom shoes are often left behind. When thunderclouds drip into the ocean, the bathtub overflows and all the stacks of books in the house are saturated with lavender perfume. Flowery poetry in the making wilts and weeps. Pairs of shoes abandoned in the living room after the poetry reading, became sole-ful delicacies for the teething family puppy. The most pungent ones were chosen first. The boxer devours three or four pairs before the howling coyotes celebrating nightfall leak his crime. The alarmed family returns to the irreversible ingestion of Prada's best designs. All Souls' Day occurs two days after Halloween most years, but for the cunning boxer, it occurred after tulips bloomed in December.



© **Linda Saccoccio**  
Swimming Naked, 18"x14", 2000  
Oil on paper

Linda Saccoccio – 5 October, 2012

**Here you arrive**  
from the dust of  
beginningness  
brushing a silken breeze  
across receptive  
sun colored  
skin  
time is no healer  
healing would be in  
the moments  
yet no healing will come  
unless  
you gaze out  
over the landscape  
find the horizon  
feel its pull  
surrender to its edge  
explode into the eternal



**Causes, by Roger Sween, April 2012**

Clocks and calendars condemn me  
for inadequately keeping pace.  
Plans and timetables indict me,  
those failed trail maps dead ended.  
Why is life so hard when viewed backwards?  
I break my own commandments,  
once taken to be points of life's vocation.

May my words bear being,  
images then of some good worth.  
Let thoughts process through actions  
that carry worn intentions to better fruits.  
Does not the neighbor suffer wrongs,  
mostly from naïveté, caution and neglect –  
ever my own inadequacies that capture me.

Break free, oh my soul;  
become more than you have ever been,  
afraid to step forward into the fray  
of relationships, commitment, rejection –  
of uncertainty, partiality, the grip of the familiar.  
Be born anew and rise to challenges  
in every day's longing and languishing.

Forsake your foolish ways.  
Embrace the risks of mistakes, even errors.  
See projects to their ends,  
and step by step course the paths  
that resolve into deeds of difference.

## **L is for Lengua & Lengua is for Language**

**By Carlos Soto**

*for Anna Badkhen*

I read somewhere that  
there must be a language  
for almost everything  
German for science  
French for politics  
Italian for love  
English for commerce  
I wonder then  
what could possibly be  
the language of poetry.  
The language of poetry doesn't exist.  
The language of poetry is silence.

## **THE WONDER OF MY BEATING HEART**

by Karen J. Ingvoldstad

Today I want to share a guided meditation for your heart. After all it is the month we celebrate Valentine's Day and every day is a good day to think about our hearts in all their dimensions. So I invite you to make yourselves comfortable, with your hands lying loosely on your lap, your eyes closed and if you can with your feet on the floor. Gently take in a deep breath and let it out slowly. As you repeat this breathing notice your body begins to relax. Remember that taking a breath was the first thing you did when you were born. In Genesis in the Old Testament [Ch 2 vs 7 ], it says: Then the Lord God took some soil from the ground and formed man out of it. God breathed life giving breath into his nostrils and man began to live. As you breathe in your next breath, let us pray.

**YOU** who breathe the breath of life into each of us, bring your healing presence to our hearts.

As you take your next breath, think about your own heart : How it beats without you ever thinking about it; how the valves, chambers and vessels function each minute many times, without our direction. How your heart began beating when you were still in your mother's womb. Today we are giving our hearts our attention and intention. Remember that your hearts weighs only about 10 oz. and is not much larger than your fist. Beating between 60 and 80 beats

minute, at rest, it pumps enough blood in a lifetime to fill 13 supertankers each holding one million barrels. Do you remember when you were excited or running a race how fast it beat? Or the wonderful calmness when you are at rest and it beats slow and even. Breathe in, gratitude for this marvelous circulatory organ.

As you continue breathing may each breath bring strength to your right ventricle so that oxygen depleted blood is delivered to your lungs for oxygen. As the blood returns to the left ventricle may this part of your heart be renewed as it pumps the blood out to the rest of your body. If these are troubled areas in your heart, may healing come with your breath. We know that during this day nearly 2,000 gallons of blood will flow through your hearts chambers, again give thanks for your heart.

As your breaths bring oxygen to all areas of your heart, may its unique electrical properties that allow it to beat until it is severely damaged by loss of oxygen, to be permeated with healing and strength from these breaths. We give thanks for this unique ability of our hearts. May we remember to tone our hearts through exercise and proper nutrition as we learn to love our hearts better. If this is a troubled area focus your love there.

As we breathe in your presence, bring healing to our heart valves and our heart values. Let each breath bring our hearts' beat to be in rhythm with your earth and universe. Let its beat be even and calm. Let it be synchronized to

provide maximum efficiency. May our heart valves continue to close securely. Help us to love our hearts.

O breath of life, calm and still our heart's fears and make us one with you. Teach us to turn our troubles over to the one who created us and to trust that we will receive our hearts desires and what we need for each day.

Gracious Presence, bring to mind all the treasures of our hearts, those people and things which make our hearts glad. We give thanks for these treasures. In flame our passions for justice, love, forgiveness, and compassion. Help us also to see which things are not good for our hearts and help us to wean ourselves away from them. Cool our passions for greed, lust, hate, revenge, and prejudice. May your presence in our lives be our greatest treasure. Bless our hearts and make them your own.

As you take in another breath thank your heart for all the work it does for you each day. May your heart be open and filled with loving kindness. May your heart be free from fear and suffering. May you accept yourself and all others and may you know peace and happiness. When you are ready open your eyes and return to the present.

## **Five Poems by By Fr Thomas Ryan**

### **Saving Private Ryan**

Movies of war fill me with congestion, leave me  
convulsively coughing up the phlegm of mental images  
of men like me dying agonizing deaths  
for a hilltop or a bridge or a beach.

This morning as I watch the sun rise  
over the mountain ridge against a pink sky,  
see the pines and maples mirrored in the still lake,  
feel the soft caress of moving air and listen to crows caw,

the freshness I am breathing in becomes  
the sweetest of perfumes, carried in a marvelous vial  
of skin and veins, structured with bone, coursing with  
blood--  
and one speeding, unseen projectile makes all the life go  
out!

It makes me want to step back from the edge  
where I have always stood, living from boldness,  
and cup my hands around this mysterious breath,  
shielding it from hostile acts and naive illusions of  
exemption.

Am I growing old or simply wiser, or just increasingly  
intoxicated by the scent and savor of living?  
Soon I will push off in my canoe, but with a life-vest in  
the boat,  
And I will dive in and swim today, but closer to the  
shore.

### **The Energy of Love**

Everything that day sourced  
from a mysterious well within:  
compassionate eyes,  
looking, living beings;  
gentle arms embracing shaken parent;  
soft voice soothing frightened child;  
sensitive ears scanning tremulous voice.

The energy of love flowed through  
like a steady stream of life-giving water  
from some wider, deeper reservoir.

From a clear pool within it came,  
calming the waves, stilling the wind,  
restoring peaceful breathing  
to troubled hearts.

Quiet wonderment at its working  
marked us all, and most of all myself.

### **The Spiritual Ladder**

The day you learn  
to enjoy lying on the hot sand  
just long enough to dry off  
but not long enough to burn  
you're a seer.

The night you come to realize  
that the second dessert  
is never as good as the first  
and you decide thenceforth to say  
"No, thank you, I'm content"  
you're a sage.

The evening when someone who  
should have known better

exposes your tender spot at a party  
before all the guests  
and the flush of anger within you rises  
and then evaporates with a laugh  
and a shrug of self-acceptance  
you're a soothsayer.

The morning you see a man  
jump out of a cab and run  
without paying the driver  
and you thread your way  
through the oncoming traffic  
to say, wallet in hand,  
to the seething face behind the window:  
"How much does he owe you?"  
you're a saint.

### **Vietnam Memorial**

You squat before the wall running your fingers over  
smooth black marble looking for the name.,  
As you see it, your hand involuntarily stops;  
then your fingers recover to trace the lettered grooves  
"George Patrick O'Toole"

Suddenly his all-American freckled face and Celtic red hair  
appear like a shimmering spirit in the dark screen before you  
and you hear his raucous voice in the corridor of your youth,  
see his plodding gait on the high school track and remember  
his eager blues eyes across the line of scrimmage daring you  
to try to gain some yards by running the play around his end.  
You knew it was true, what the Special Forces colonel said,  
that he taught the Vietnamese children Irish folk songs and  
was killed going back to rescue two of his wounded mates.  
Oh what power is held by small grooves in black marble!



### **Where Is the School?**

Holdings of money, looks,  
property and position abound,  
but where is the school that teaches  
holding without owning,  
enjoyment without storage,  
employment without control?

Where are the mentors  
to make clear the difference  
between preference and attachment,  
desires healthy and disordered?

Who teaches the hard lessons  
that no keys are given out  
for locking in happiness and peace?  
Who offers insightful reflection about  
paradoxical moments that deeply satisfy  
while simultaneously whetting new desires?

And who's offering a graduate class  
on why living with an abiding heartache  
is an essential part of being human.



**The Cathedrals of the Spirit are never finished!  
Familia Sagrada, Barcelona 2004**

**Poetry by ko shin:**

**Just a minute**

You say the past is over  
Really, how's that, I keep talking in the past tense  
the older I get

Ok, it's over but is it fun to revisit, right?

But the future, yes, what, it does not exist?

Hm, that's disappointing, I am the world's best day  
dreamer...

What do I have then?

If all I have been is gone and what I think I am  
going to be does not exist?

Ha, the moment, now, even if I don't like this moment,  
sore, tired, can't hear very well,  
And this is it?

Just a minute, it's ok, its now, and it's all we have, thank  
goodness...

**The sun comes up over the big lake, blue, red,  
gray colors everywhere,  
Same lake, same sun, new day!**

The children sing, speak, yell and move, the  
wonderful story of hope and new life,  
the children a year older, maybe wiser, you and I are  
also a year older, but...

Same old story,  
New life, Hope, Peace,  
Yet, a new day.

So it is not the messenger, although we love our  
children,

It is not the story we have heard it before,  
Now that we have heard the story, what will we do?

There is no same old, same old now, but there is  
Transformation  
Change  
Radical change  
The baby in the crib calls each of us to a new day!  
The monk, just sitting, under a large tree

Seeing the morning star  
All beings are awakened  
How will you respond?  
How will I respond?  
Same Lake, Same Story, Same Sun, Same tree,

A new day, a new way...



**Earning Legs**  
**A Painting by Tinghonginnie Lee**

## **What should we do?**

What will they do? What's the plan, Dan? What a plan? Why?  
Every step is the moment, what is our REAL situation?  
What is going on inside for you now, as we act?  
The warrior poet and colleagues forge a creative intent.  
In spite of the questions, the doubts, the reality...  
Warrior poets are relentless strategists,  
That does not mean boxed in by style or rules,  
But free verse, letting go, doing what is necessary,  
surrendering all  
And no regrets, none  
Careful strategic action and a wonderful abandonment define  
the warrior in all!

## **FREEDOM**

Free from what, or from whom  
It can't just be the word: freedom  
Maybe as a warrior poet  
It means, one actually creates  
Develops, no creates  
One's own being  
A discovery  
A responsibility  
Not free this or that  
But being  
Freedom is being, Wake up!

**The crossing gates fall to their place**  
The bells ring  
The train is coming  
The cattle nearby sleep standing, sometime

## **The Tree held the Board**

and soon it held stories of a revolution, liberation and dreams of a rural community in Zambia, Charcoal burners, made up most of the economic team, as we gathered around the tree,

sun shining, the mild weather of the plateau.

To the north, Rhodesia, at war, the afternoon and evenings, the silence of the time

Broken by explosions of the conflict, and the sounds of the marching ants

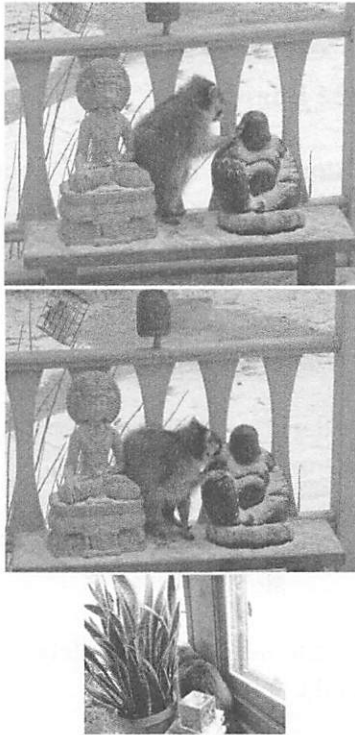
Approaching to feast on our spiral notebooks, only spirals were often left in the morning.

The Board and our minds filled with dreams

dreams of economic projects, assignments and revolution, a nonviolent one.

Filled with the spirit of freedom and independence

Hope comes pouring out of our beings and the Board held by the Tree...



### **Snowy afternoon, the woods are quiet**

Suddenly the Buddhas have a visitor

Is it asking the Buddha a question? Or bringing a message?

“Star” the cat hides behind the plant, watching, “this is my turf,” Star mumbles, protecting, hanging on to, grasping after, the visitor picks up some bird food, bows to the Buddha and leaves...I wonder, do four legged ones understand more than humans do?





there are times when you seem alone  
yet a vast body of water  
the sky is another universe  
for the moment, silence, peace  
a fish jumps and the water breaks

**sounds**

woman's voices  
sing ancient texts  
fresh water falls

**journey**

time to leave  
autumn leaves falling  
new life, old journey

**What path?**

no map, same path  
no end, only places to rest  
the sun always comes

**grace**

the leaves fall  
the creatures sleep  
life is grace

**everyone**

An orange sun sets  
evening cool  
everyone is mine

**freedom**

red pork chop  
little bugs  
barf  
ha, what a feeling...

Dozing off I heard a monk shout....

*“Let me respectfully remind you,  
life and death are of supreme importance.  
Time swiftly passes by and opportunity is lost. Each of us should  
strive to awaken. Awaken. Take Heed.  
Do not squander your life.”*



**Still Life Red**  
A Painting by Tanya Otero Ingvaldstad

### **What's your plan?**

Isn't it interesting?

The tree often does not fall where you thought it would

They didn't laugh at my joke,

I thought it was funny.

The cake seems to fall in, when we really want to impress someone...

This dress fit the last time I wore it...

I see, I understand

Take a deep breath and live the next moment

That's all we have, maybe that's the plan....

### **The towers could not see each other**

Now, anywhere else than a prison, that might not count

How would anyone get over, around, or through millions of dollars in electric fences?

The sun was bright, a little fog,

Yet a lock down was called

Moments later it was over I guess the towers could see each other...

**When you sit, know that you are sitting**

When you are standing know that you are standing,

Sit like the Buddha, stand like the Buddha, walk like the Buddha

Compassion, Peace, for all beings!

**The Old Notebook tells a story of me...**

The old notebook belonged to my Dad.

The hand writing reminds me of him

sitting at his desk, listening to county music,

creating these story filled witness from the Word.

These notes set the context...at Luther Seminary,

you can see him writing these notes in preaching class, or

theology class

I found a bulletin from New Year's Eve in this old notebook,

1927, from Bethlehem Lutheran, Minneapolis.

Dad was the Choir Director while a student at the Seminary.

Met my mom there, so this old book

Is about me...as I follow his thoughts, his questions,

His discovery of the Spirit, I know more of who I am now...

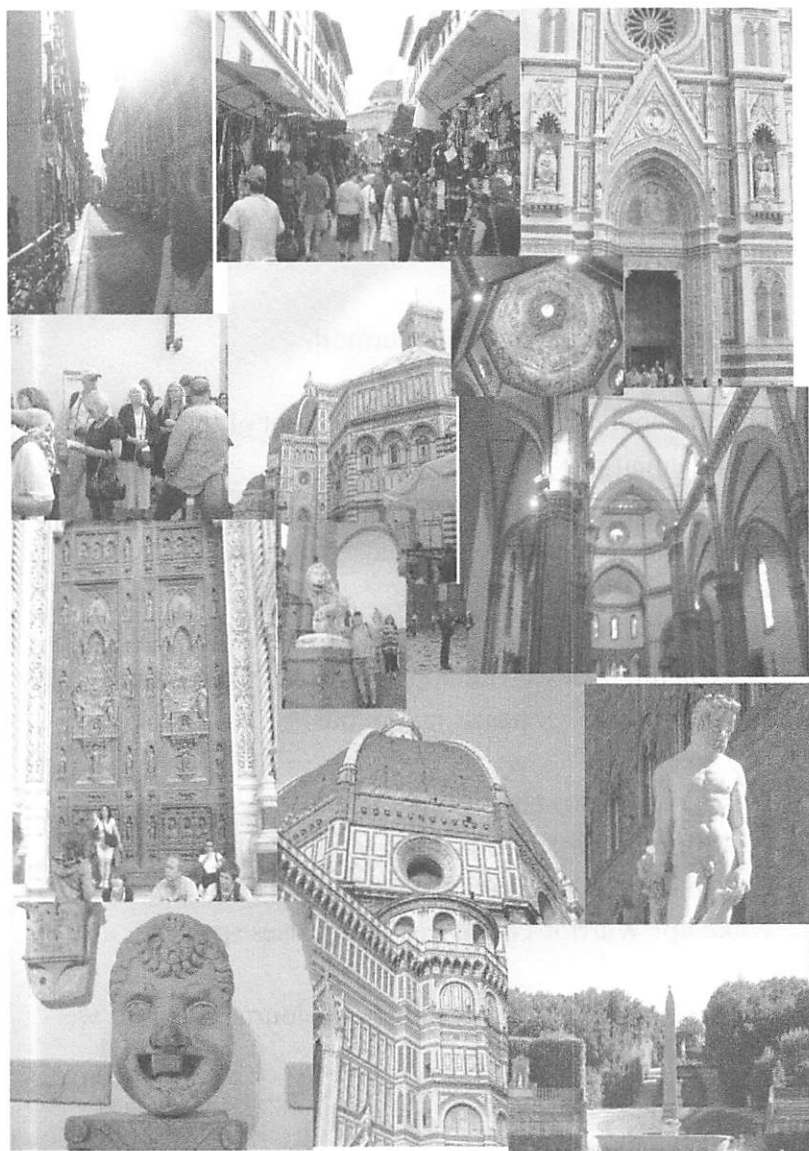
These old notebooks are a revelation and a gift. Thanks Dad!

**It's the experience, not just the concepts**

When we write poetry, it's the experience, the emotion  
Not the correct words or grammar  
When we read poetry, it's the experience not the proper way to  
read, it's the sound, the beat, the feeling  
I wonder sometimes  
If I experienced the "other" as an emotion  
and not a concept, a fear  
Maybe our world would be a more compassionate place,  
What do you experience? Oh, or should I say think? No....it's  
the heart, let it go, embrace all.

***"An empty mind has only one gift. The gift of saying nothing at  
great length" Spurgeon***

That could have been the Buddha, or one of his followers.  
But it was a great preacher of the 19<sup>th</sup> century.  
Yet, it is true.  
Just sit, and one finds out who one is,  
Just sit and one finds the fullness of the mind,  
Just sit and one does not need to say anything.  
Whatever needs to be said has already been said...



Florence, Italy, December, 2010

**The Mountain Stream shows us so much....**

Look, listen, the water moves over the rocks and the sand  
The diversity of the beautiful place is like the world we live  
in

Yet, the world is in absolute turmoil,

The shambolic teachings are created out of the reality of  
basic human wisdom

Not held by one culture, language, spiritual practice but by  
all beings.

The teachings of warriorship and peace is not from the East  
or West, but in our hearts and minds.

Warriors, warrior poets do not make war on others,  
But from the Tibetan word *pawo*, bravery is our call  
We walk in the tradition of fearlessness and compassion.  
Wake up! Warrior Poets! Let your muses speak for all!

The stream never stops its sounds, its journey, nor do we.

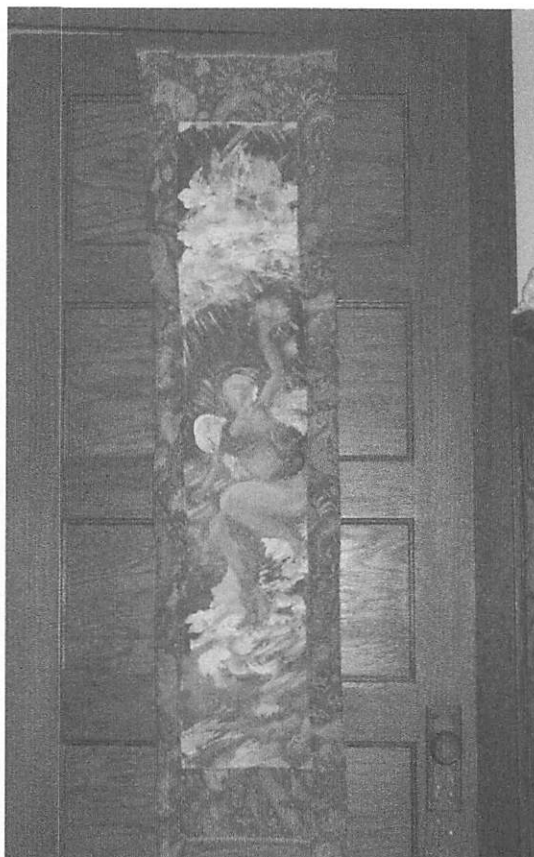


**Early morning darkness**  
Never hides the Sun  
The Sand Hills shout Good Morning!

**Wet leaves**  
Lie quietly on the ground  
While the world torments  
Quiet, Peace, Action!

**Empty Vessels**  
Is that what it means to be empty?  
Freedom  
Full of what?

**Quiet Morning**  
The woods filled with Hunter's shots  
Hunters miss  
The Deer have the last laugh!



**Untitled**  
**A Painting by Tinghonginnie Lee**

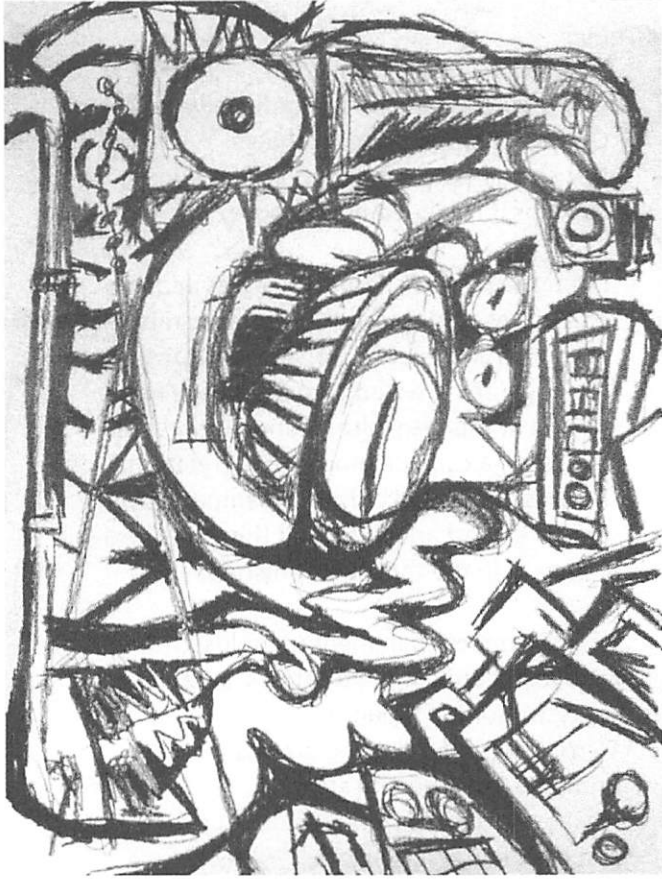
## **"Trails"**

~by tinghonginnie lee

I'd say I don't gamble  
some may say  
"well what kind of Chinese are you?!"  
but when I look at my shoes...  
books...  
jars of dried mushrooms and spices, etc. ...  
all the photographs ...  
and paintings...  
boys I dated...  
I saw my own games in  
slow motion...  
as if I was a snail...  
crushed with my own shell  
I am only a trail of colorful goo...

**Mustard Seed** by Dr. Tyrone Williams

They woke up dying, burning alive, expelled  
into the seesaw sickness of time, a torch  
scorching their backs as they fled into the dead  
of night, into the discipline of the desert--  
"a pillar of cloud by day...a pillar of fire  
by night"--with their newborn twins, memory,  
desire, separated at birth. Grandfathered  
apart, they went their own ways, as though  
the yawning desert were anything but a mouth  
that would, in the years to come, and the years thereafter,  
spit them out into a black forest  
set afire. They alone would survive,  
orphans condemned to make a virtue of loss,  
to kneel beneath a charred sky, await  
imminent rain, bending until their brows  
or lips (parting) brushed ash, and breath...



**Technological Abstraction at the Time  
1989 Graphite on Paper  
A Drawing by David Ingvoldstad II**

## Two Poems by Mike Miller

### To Fix Things

One's purpose in life, the radio lady said  
Can be as simple as to fix things.  
Not simple I thought but it's what I do  
Perhaps it has been my purpose.

From the pieces, shards, struggles and bits  
The offenses, defenses, false starts, missteps, mistakes  
From the places of no apparent purpose  
No single thing willed to show a pure heart  
I begin at this late date to understand that  
A toaster, a cabin, a model train, relationships  
Houses, a beloved old car, a camper, tools  
Bringing dead and damaged things to life again  
Fills gaps in the tapestry of history.

Struggles more than memory holds  
To save old buildings, streetcars, a bell  
Boats, motors of all kinds.  
To fix things, people, and groups  
Broken, saddened and stuck  
In ways sometimes dimly understood  
Just needing "a little work."

Some pieces fit together perfectly  
Just like new  
Others never quite do again and  
Must change to fit the ragged edges.

## Minutes and Years

The electronic lady on  
My phone card  
Tells me that my minutes  
Are almost gone.

With a few key strokes and  
My credit card number  
I buy enough minutes to last  
Until summer.

I wonder if somewhere  
At the gas station  
Or the drug store  
There might be a card for  
buying  
Additional years.

If life is good and  
Friendships full  
I could perhaps buy  
Ten or fifteen more.

But if health fails and  
Loved ones go  
I might just  
Not renew.

I know the electronic lady  
Would understand.

## **Three Poems by Gerald Bertsch**

### **Success**

**By Gerald Bertsch**

A Kestrel flew low,  
close enough to see  
the mouse it carried  
clutched in its talons.

Where it went to feed  
was unknown to me,  
but I imagined a familiar,  
nearby branch.

I've watched them hunt  
in open fields in the fall  
after the harvest season,  
hovering and diving.  
They don't always rise  
with a meal to show  
for their effort, but they  
fly off to hunt again.

### **The Alfalfa Field**

The alfalfa field  
dressed in autumnal garb  
hides a ready feast  
for a hungry falcon



poised to strike.

Hovering on quivering wings  
like a hunter taking aim  
it prepares a closed-wing dive  
talons ready at the last instant  
to secure the catch.

The alfalfa field  
dressed in golden robe  
harbors feasts  
aplenty for prey  
and predator alike.

### **Lingering December Leaves**

A few leaves linger into winter  
like memories of dreams in twilight  
or dead of night. In the wind a few  
are loosened to drift over the snow.

The bare tree is like the fading  
recollections of times past, eraser  
marks where pain once marked  
the page adorned in their glow.

I no longer fear unpleasant dreams  
or painful memories, but watch them  
drift across the snowy landscape  
where yesterday lost control.

## Five Poems by Cherie Hanson

### Observer: no story

What if fffff  
We are meant to be  
toddlers  
stumbling tumbling scrambling goofy faced  
learning the ground  
laughing  
laugh laughing at buggggs and rocks!  
Every moment  
as every moment,  
the movement  
in the simple things,  
running warm water here in this pan  
silence sur sur sur surrounds  
the deep rich of peace.  
Only this, this, this breath  
the clock tick king.  
I am making, making Am  
the breathing expands me  
ribs circle containing continuity container  
the out stream lyrical  
waiting for the click switch  
in in in in in  
out smooth as a diver cutting seamless water  
the surface  
air without effort floats, floats, flows.

## **I don't do winter well**

Mundane, repetitive, stuck, cycling gray  
bare cutting into the sky  
branch, branches dividing the merged planes.  
Two yards over fences a tree  
is busy with dead small leaves  
standing texturing the view  
somewhat.

I seek the continuity of  
over and over the same  
gestures, habits of delusion  
like a magician hiding.  
Mind full of thought crows  
brassing sound  
comparisons, directions  
for keeping me scared and small.

One day like the next  
a river's flat silver surface  
all turbulence underneath  
where water meets the rocks.

Numb sun burns a touch  
flaring the windows  
color flower ghostly daubs outlined by sepia light  
beyond in the garden  
"Remember. Remember? Remember  
not all days are winter."

## **Orientation**

The sky informs our feet  
balance falling into clouds.  
The up of under stones  
so so soft the smells of sound  
memories touching  
like finger tips whispering  
"I love you"  
into our planted earth.

## **Follow the Directions**

Stitching the days together  
casting over the bed my legs  
the floor steps, a pattern  
feet repeating the groove lines  
what is before, above, inside looping  
yarn time  
each now linked to make  
a complete fabric of intention.

## **Clarity**

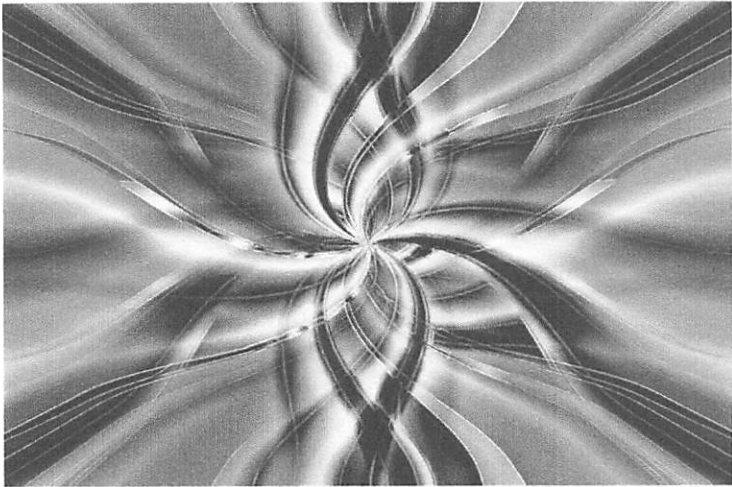
The shitstorm lesson PhD apocalyptic tornado  
turned my head around itself  
until I met myself coming and going.  
"Whaaaaa? The..... was.... That?"  
I said laying on the bathroom floor  
talking coldly to white tiles.

“Sweet heart,” I heard the larger voice.

“That is depression.”

“Oh Yeah. Smart Ass. How do I get out of this mythopoetic tragic, wagnerian sturm und drang vision of myself knitting out of razor wire a nice new sweater to tear and wear?”

“Get up. Get up. Get up. And go to Peru.”  
And so I did.



**Metallic Spin Paddy by Cherie Hanson**

**A Poem, by Glen Wheeler:  
IT'S FUNDAMENTAL YOU SEE, FUNDAMENTAL?**

How could something so good  
Be so evil when you add 3 little letters  
Ism?

FUNDAMENTALISM (that is)  
But here it is, old Texas Preachers  
Giving birth,  
Thinking they are saving god and the bible  
From god-less liberals  
Clarence Darrow-evolution  
The Scopes Trial  
Tennessee-\$100 please  
Inherit The Wind  
Inerrant you see  
Is a defense  
That neither God  
Nor the Bible ever needed  
Now or Then  
The voice of God  
Travels on the Wind  
Visits whom it will  
Blowing visions and tongues of fire  
My spirit poured out on  
Your daughters and sons  
To Prophesy  
Dreams of worlds never seen  
Dead men walking  
Risen from the dead  
Grief stricken women  
Looking for his stolen body  
A stone rolled away, an empty tomb  
Angel voices: He is not Here, He is Risen  
IT'S FUNDAMENTAL YOU SEE



**Let us talk of freedom, off Cape Town SA, December, 1999, during Parliament of World Religions gathering**

**Poems by ko shin:**

**Old rugged trees**

Gaze on the human walking along,  
Saying Good Morning, wishing you well.

**A Buddha sits on the stump of a Tree**

At the edge of the woods  
The trees bend in the wind  
All is quiet, empty, free...

**Where is the meaning in all this?**

Well?  
Right here! Right now!

**A Child in Palestine, Gaza...**

No sleep, little to eat, the home is bombed  
Why is this suffering allowed in the name of peace?  
An old African Proverb speaks:  
“When the Elephants fight, the grass suffers.”

**My walking stick**

Strong Birch walking stick  
Giving support, but not direction  
Where am I going?  
The path...



**Breath in, Breath out**  
Incense, just sitting, Hope!

***“Religion is but one tree with many branches” –Mahatma  
Gandhi***

The diversity of our world, of the spirit,  
Is like many roots,  
Creating large branches and shade for all beings.

**Precepts taken, precepts given**  
Vows made, not a finish but a beginning  
A path never ending  
Many lives, who knows

**The smoke keeps rising**  
The screams never seem to end  
Children dying, parents grieving,  
Homes destroyed, for what?  
Peace or power  
Love or hatred  
Where do you stand, believe or act

**Someone once said,**  
If you search for love you will never find it  
I think if you be who you are  
You will find what you are looking for  
Many times over

**Be patient, be open, be free**

Life is not a goal, but a path

The path that never ends

All creatures, interconnected are on this path with you

Judge not, listen, feel and act...

Then you will find and share your dream.

**Short ones, every two or three lines....**

Haiku's they say

Winter fog, see what?

**The forest this morning**

Grayscale it seems

I need a drink

**Avatar, objects, animals, plants, humans**

Showing up everywhere

Thanks computer

**Heard an actress tonight**

Talk about her characters

She plays so well, then asked

Who am I?

**Yes, who am I?**

I have an answer

What's yours?

**I'm so tired**

Sleep they say,

Dreams mess up my sleep

**Death is everybody's business,**  
right?  
Why are we surprised when it visits?

**Now, Japanese Haiku**  
Water flowing  
Sumi ma sen....



**Where is the reality in all this?**  
Sometimes I wish I did not see these images  
But it is real, the religious service I attended  
Just this last Sunday,  
No mention about Haiti, but a lot of god talk  
No mention of Martin, Martin Luther, but not  
Martin Luther King, Jr.  
Now sick the religious people are, only think of  
God and dogma, sexual orientation and not the poor,  
the hungry, injured, the dead from natural disasters  
Or war...now sick...they don't get it! Get what?

*The sun is always rising*

*If I keep moving west  
The sand hills are talking, quiet...*

**Gazing on old Post Cards, looking at ourselves....**

Water, bread being baked in Africa, the earth, ancient cities....

postcards, memories....

They say that at the tree where the Buddha had his moment, if you want to stand on and feel the earth he felt you must go down at least 15 feet.

Standing at the Roman Coliseum, or I say in it, left you wonder what it was like to cheer the death of others or animals, or races...why do we want to stand there? How deep must we go to be there?

My brothers and sisters we stand in the jungles of Nam, or Iraq or Gaza...it is not like what Alice saw in the land of Oz, although some would like us to go there, avoid reality...but life is real, the earth is spread with the blood of the innocent.

Wonderful clear water, or BP oil everywhere, not our fault they say, while the fish of the sea die...

The oils of the human hand make the bread, fresh from the stone oven, wonderful in taste and perfume....

When will our moment of enlightenment be? When will we see and listen, maybe then we will have our bread and our water, to nourish the new earth...each picture, all together say to me, as does each moment, NOW, no more waiting,

The Post Cards are every old, but I am here, now, wakeup!

### **Walk the Path...**

What does it mean to walk the path?  
What does it mean to be compassion?  
Not dominating but compassionate  
Not fear, but acceptance  
Not exclusion but inclusion  
Not war but non-violence, peace  
Not hate but love  
Not judgment but open and honest conversation  
We no longer need to be lost, but found,  
Is this my karma, or, the Path?  
The answers, no not answers but the moment  
is where I experience all of this and more...then...  
Move to the next one, free, open, it's just a breath  
away...

**Palestine.....**

***A rant, a prayer, a story***

**“1 Shot, 2 Kills”**

Compassion at its best?

Respect at its best?

No, killing at its worst!

Remember the day when one might say,

"one of my best friends is Negro?"

Or maybe today, "one of my best friends are Muslim,  
Jewish, or Gay?"

I thought at first it was a statement of care

Then realized it was a statement of tolerance

Ok, I will accept you, but I know I am better,

Or my faith is the only one, or, now I cannot be bothered  
by our differences.

1 Shot, 2 Kills”

The tee-shirt of a soldier of the Israel Army or could be anywhere these days, right?

When a Palestinian is shot and killed, like an animal, we are all are shot and killed

When a Sikh is shot in his or her temple, we are all shot or killed in our place of worship

**The news article said:**

**“1 Shot, 2 Kills” reads ones t-shirt routinely worn by IDF soldiers. It depicts a pregnant woman covered by a bulls-eye. Another t-shirt for infantry snipers depicts “the inscription ‘Better use Durex,’ next to a picture of a dead Palestinian baby, with his weeping mother and a teddy bear beside him.” Soldiers wear these shirts only with the approval of their platoon commanders. Margaret Kimberley’s Freedom Rider column appears weekly in BAR.**

How do we work for peace? Within and without?

Violence, Hamas, is answered with a strange dehumanizing violence

Do people who do not shoot the rockets, or in many cases even care about it

They want peace, freedom, respect, not tolerance...

How does one tolerate the wall that cuts you off from your farm?

How does one tolerate the wall and the nasty check points? That cut you off from family, medical services, friends, life itself...

In the name of Yahweh the Chaplains in the IDF yelled at the troops as they readied for battle, quoting the Torah...a righteous war

Fighting with bullets, rockets and bombs, many made in or paid for by the United States Foreign Policy...\$10,000,000 a day they say...maybe more in 2013... "1 Shot, 2 Kills"

Tolerate not respect

Human life is cheap when you hate or live in fear

Hear people Oh people of Israel. The world will not tolerate this killing fields in the name of defense or even peace.

"1 Shot, 2 Kills"

This muse will not finish until there is peace, we do not learn from the past or the present, we think not of the future we can live in fear or hope, hatred or understanding, tolerance or love?

"1 Shot, 2 Kills"

Your call and mine... Your T shirt, what is the message?





Peaceful Reflections, Costa Rica 2006

## **Where do these things come from...**

Growing older must be like moving into a state of  
Vipassana

A deeper form of meditation where everything you have  
filed elsewhere comes up...

Maybe that is where the stories of wisdom come from  
throughout creation's history.

I don't know I just feel it, like the deep rumblings of the  
tummy soon after the meal you could have skipped...

I remember...

It was after 8:30 in the morning, there was commotion in  
the outer office,

I walked out in the room filled with emotion, the radio was  
on, my staff was crying,

A plane had hit the towers in NYC,

My step son, Marcy's kids were in Manhattan, are they  
safe we asked without speaking?

We felt as a nation, a world, what we all feel at the death  
of a child, a baby, a loved one...

An emptiness in the bottom of our lives...

**Where did this come from**, amid winter, sunny and warmer an usual day in 2009?

It's there my sister, it's there my brother, it's there...

Always reminding us of our journey,

Of our compassion,

Of our hope...

Maybe the question is not, where does this stuff come from?

But, what else is there, where ever it is?

We are all "dhamma brothers & sisters

Life as it continues will surprise us, not just memories, but who we are,

Thank you, whoever I am thanking...can I rest from this stuff for a while? No! " I am the spirit of where it came from, and I have something to tell you now..."



*Afternoon Fires near Boulder, Bear Mountain, July, 2012*

### **Thank you Bear Mountain**

For taking the pain of the fires, the difficulty of the smoke.

We are grateful for your strength, the land growth, the trees, the flowers, the weeds and all the insects and animals

Thank you for being there for our sense of beauty

Help us to be more respectful of you and all of the earth

Thank you Bear Mountain, deep bows of peace for you and all beings..

## **It is incomprehensible, the tragic events of the earth quake**

I still smell the smells of New Orleans after Katrina...

No more, please...I can see the death on the shore line of the Tsunami in South East Asia

The coffee plantations of Sumatra destroyed...

Ha, ha Starbucks, raise your price again, but you do not give more to the farmer

I remember the streets of Detroit, eleven tornadoes in a few moments, the trees are gone, and the poor lost everything

Yes, welcome Haiti, I will never forget the pain, the loss, the fear, the needs...

It's not the will of God, shut up, its nature out of control, the plates under the earth

Move at will, we try and move in control and have lost it again...

Stand tall, be comforted by the loving spirit of this world and all creatures who care for you,

Ignore the wing nuts, the haters, the jerks...we pray for you in your pain and loss, your history of oppression and fighting for justice, we will continue to walk with you, now and always, It is incomprehensible, the tragic events of the earth quake...

What is important in this life? This event reminds us, human life is, relationship are, serving the neighbor is our task.

## **When the Tree falls**

It is said, when the tree falls, You face the other way, in honor of its death and its gift to you of course before you cut, you are silent for a moment in a way asking for permission to use this tree for your home or fire...

yes, the native, first peoples understanding of honoring the earth, the universe.

Rick and I and our forest buddies seldom cut a live tree unless it was injured by a storm

But now you know what kind of human being my brother Rick was...

We mourn his passing to the next world

I miss him dearly, daily

There is hardly a place I turn here in the woods that he has not touched around my home.

The earth is not ours, it belongs to all beings and ours to care for and nurture.

Rick was an earth man, a justice and peace creatures a Bodhisattva, holding back on his journey, to make sure we all make it.

Thanks Rick, I have told the trees of your passing, the deer, and the creatures who live here with us. The

sand hills were quiet for a while when I let them know the big truck, the wonder dog and the forest man as they knew him would not be around here anymore.

But they know you are really still here, caring for all! Miss ya bud, but happy landings, a good journey in the next world, thanks! Love!



May the smoke of the tobacco, sage, pine  
bless you always Rick!

## Four Poems by Anika Otero

### *The Sounds of High-Heeled Silver Shoes*

The sounds of high-heeled silver shoes  
Click, clacked around the house as mami got ready to “go  
out.”  
But even I knew what that really meant.  
No one goes out “just with the girls” for “one’ drink and  
comes back crying and beaten every night.  
Even at my age I understood.  
I understood that because that was the lifestyle the women  
in my family chose I too was expected to inherit those  
high-heeled silver shoes.  
Back then I admired mami's high-heeled silver shoes that  
always made her look like a goddess with long beautiful  
caramel dipped legs.  
But now...  
Now the sound of those high-heeled silver shoes are  
nothing but aching, breaking memories.

+++

### *Dark Matter*

Some say love is a beautiful thing,  
A wondrous matter.  
But truth be told,  
It's nothing but dark matter.  
Twisted evil.  
And from what I've tasted and desired  
I can't not indulge in this sweet dark matter.

+++



*Ask Yourself.*

You can tell a lot about a person by the choices they make.

So what kind of person are you?

Are you the type to fold and say yes to any and everything because you just can't say no?

Or are you the type to stand your ground and tell em how it is?

You a follower or leader?

Do you continue after your friends if one by one is diving off cliffs?

Or are you the designated driver type, who's always in "mommy mode"?

Ask yourself.

What kind of person am i?

And what kind of person do I want to be?

+++

*Ode to Cinnabons*

Its gooey deliciousness soothes any bad day, broken heart or simple craving. Layers and layers of warmth, sweet frosting dripping of every side, that bite of cinnamon that makes you beg for more. The smell of this delightful gift to yourself sweeps you away. Mouthwatering satisfaction makes it impossible to walk away. Believe me when I say there's no finer thing for a cold miserable day.

## Two Poems by David Harris:

### VIBRATION

Concierge of Chartres Cathedral  
Rooms behind choir screen  
In cell sparsely furnished  
By narrow cot, table for one, single chair.  
He never has company, expects none;  
But through opened door can see  
Altar and stained glass Black Madonna  
Watching for return of Christ.  
They both wait.

When hour is right  
(Dawn, noon, sunset --- the Holy Trio)  
He climbs three-hundred-stepped bell tower,  
Jumps onto seesaw-like platform  
And, seriously childlike, bounces  
Up-and-down, up-and-down  
To get reluctant brazen bell  
Swinging, swinging, swinging,  
Till it slams 'gainst heavy clapper ball ---

BOO-OO-AHH-UMM! ---

Boo-Ahh-Umm ---

boo-ah-um-m-m ---

And he teeters, balanced, deafened,  
Stunned by vibrations  
In spine, legs, bowels, head, heart, soul ---  
And bounces again, again, again,

The tolling telling wide countryside  
To notice darkness and light  
With gongs and bongs and three-toned chord,  
Base note, octave above, octave below,  
Holy Trinity.

After, concierge descends tower,  
Resumes ringing room, eats bread, drinks wine,  
Awaits next Arising

---daviDRHarris

51312



The Sacred Circle, created by native people, on grounds of Ninth District, Cape Town, SA, during the Parliament of World Religions. Earlier in the history of the Apartheid Government, the 9<sup>th</sup> District was destroyed because it was a very diverse, interfaith community. It is here a University was built later and the Parliament chose to gather here, 1999.

## MONARCH NOTES

Three months of fat summering in balmy Canada leave millions  
of Monarchs  
Brash with youthful confidence eager  
To sail Lake Superior out of sight of land into the unknown dark,  
Boldly going where no living butterfly has gone before  
On an unimaginable two thousand mile migration lasting sixty  
days  
To a ten thousand foot cloud-shrouded mountain lost in the  
haze  
Of eastern Mexico near the southern end of the Sierra Madre  
range  
Where the Mazahua people set out a picnic of oranges and  
orchids  
On the Day of the Dead  
To welcome these souls of returning ancestors  
Flittering through an ocean of air as thickly as beans in good  
chili,  
Luminous and numerous as the billions upon billions of stars in  
the galaxy,  
Blizzards of black-spotted orange snowflakes drifting ankle-deep  
on the ground  
Or huddled on giant trees that radiate precious warmth  
During a five-month solace interrupted only by occasional  
forays  
For nectar or water or visits to fiestas in local pueblos  
Settling weightlessly, casually, companionably,  
On heads, shoulders, outstretched hands  
To check how their spiritual descendants cope  
With death and taxes and visiting entomologists  
Before (despite a debonair lack of legal immigration papers)  
Recrossing the scarcely-noticed Rio Grande to mate, give birth,  
And finally fade on the drouthy red earth plains of Texas,

Trusting the next generation to rejuvenate in Kansas,  
Then the third without experienced guides to find never-been-  
there Ontario  
And the fourth each August to recognize dreams of sweet  
never-seen Mexico  
As hope...

--- daviDRHarris, 12 27 11



**A Face Ceramic Tile**  
**By Potter, Tanya Otero Ingvaldstad**

## **DISTANT THUNDER**

by Wess Mongo Jolley

### **I. The First Year**

Somewhere, off our mountain,  
the rumors say old  
battles continue.

But here the sun is warm,  
and distant wars mean  
little to hummingbirds.

News can be slow to reach us,  
and harder still  
to comprehend.

Yes, we know they are dying still.  
But the planes don't fly over  
here anymore,

and although the thunder can sometimes sound  
like a thousand marching feet, the storms  
mostly pass us by, and do not stop to rain.

So we water the garden,  
and we are putting in  
a new window box this year.

We have plenty of birdseed,  
and power outages don't  
get noticed until dusk.

Strangers on the road  
with dark and weary eyes  
often stop to look up our hill.

We see them, but look away to watch  
the sunset. And when we look  
again, they are gone.

II. The Second Year  
We gather wild berries  
that grow in the shaded  
gully behind our house.

I find more, so  
when you're not looking  
I put some of mine into your pail.

We eat them together in  
the silent morning air, a sweet  
breakfast gone too soon.

Warm sunlight streams through  
the open windows  
of our sleeping home.

We've long since stopped, you  
and I, flipping useless light switches,  
or listening for the hum of the refrigerator.

We've become accustomed to the silence.  
Especially since that day  
that the last of the batteries died.

That first year we talked incessantly.

Shared our lives and tears  
on days far too long.

But we share mostly silence now.  
And when we talk  
it is of counted canned goods,

the mushrooms we'll risk, where  
we saw the last rabbit, and  
how much water weighs.

The sky is always blue  
now, with never a white line,  
and rarely even a cloud.

I remember when you used to say  
how useless you thought  
it was to go on.

But now we just do, because  
to lie down and stop  
just feels that much harder.

I try to feel, to love, your  
sleeping form. And I seem  
to remember when I did.

But now there is only time  
to keep the knives sharp, and hope  
they won't be needed in the night.

III. The Last Year

To find you in  
the forest I only need  
to follow your laugh.



It's not the last thing  
I thought I'd lose,  
your laugh.

But it is what  
remains of our once  
endless decade.

Your laugh,  
and a few more days  
to count together.

Your laugh,  
and a shady tree.  
With a squirrel

who watches  
as we sit down  
to wait.

Note: Information comes primarily from "The  
Incredible Journey Of Butterflies," broadcast on "Nova" by  
Wisconsin PBS TV on Nov.30, 2011.



### **A Ribbon of snow overlooking the woods**

#### **Nature a koan**

The sun seems orange as it cuts through the horizon in the morning and at night  
sometimes we forget the rhythm of our lives are the same,  
looking up and seeing the deer staring at me as I meditate  
frolicking on the grass and eating our small trees and  
flowers  
I suppose I should be angry but, they were here first  
why does one mow the lawn in the forest  
ha, maybe a new Zen koan.

**I remember well the small stream on the East side**

It trickled down the side of the hill past the railroad track  
One night's rain transformed the stream into a torrent of a  
river gone mad,  
The rail tracks were twisted like half cooked pasta  
And many homes flooded beyond belief  
Why am I thinking of this on a wonderful sunny day?  
The earth is in charge,  
The power lies in the wind, sun, earth and fire.

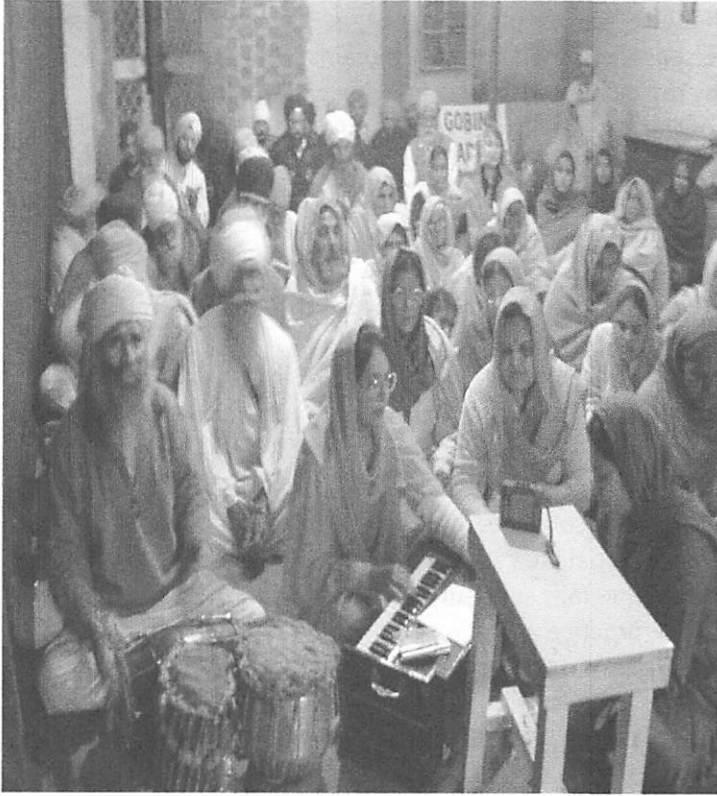


**Oak Creek: They came to mourn**

They came, hundreds, maybe thousands  
To mourn, the death, the murder of six human beings,  
Those who died and were injured were Sikhs  
A spiritual path of one God, compassion and peace

Yet a path of defiance of the poor, the left out, the  
hungry,  
Six people taken away from those they love and were  
loved  
But shots of ignorance, misinformation, hate and fear;  
I don't know what I was expecting, but the six bodied  
were there,  
in caskets, family members standing at their side.  
One scene was sad, a young man, his hand on his  
Fathers shoulder,  
His father shot down as he welcomed all at the door  
of the temple that Sunday morn.  
Young people walked by, and placed their hand on  
their loved ones feet, a way of blessing them in  
death...  
When will we learn?  
When will this human carnage stop?  
Why?  
Why?  
Why?  
Why?  
Ommmmmmmmmmmmmmmm  
What side are you on?

**Six Caskets**  
Dreams gone  
Six caskets  
Lost loved ones,  
Not coming home  
Six caskets  
Will there be more?  
Six Caskets  
**We are all Sikhs!**



*Late Afternoon Meditation and song, Gobin Sudan, India*

## Mindfulness, like an old pine tree

Stands in all its strength at the edge of the forest  
A steadiness, it looks solid, seems to be there forever,  
What can I learn from this tree?  
The seasons come and go, it remains, continues to grow,  
Why do we always want a final answer, a final way,  
Knowing as the seasons come and go,

As breathing is taken in and let out without our thinking about  
it,

We need not look for something up there or down there or  
around the corner

But right here, within, the breath, the practice, our heart.

As the old pine can fall  
The inside becomes eaten away by insects  
So our internal life can be eaten away by ego, illusion, fear,  
The old pine falls suddenly, and so do we.  
It is the practice, not the belief,  
That keeps one strong and on the path.



Early morning Copenhagen, Denmark, Fall, 1980's

**Tradition, it happens often and with some regularity**

Listening to the Dalai Lama, live from India  
A story that has been told for 2500 years

Every people have a story  
The injustice is that often we stop people from telling the story  
We force them to hear our story  
The story of oppression

Who am I anyways?  
I find that the issues, the ideas that turned my wheel in the past  
No longer have much meaning for me...  
The story seems to be changing

I have thought about the reality called "cloud of witness"  
comes to mind often

Who are the voices that speak to me on this journey called life  
On the path I have chosen to take spiritually?  
The Buddha, the Prophets, Moses, Abraham, Jesus, the  
Psalmists, Merton, Mary Magdalena , Jesus brothers, Gandhi ,  
Joan of Arc, Alice Walker, Luther, Martin Luther King Jr., Yolanda  
King, my father, Jim Groppi, the list goes on, you get what I  
mean, I hope

We have seen spirituality or practice as telling us what to be,  
Not discovering who we are and be.  
Not a practice but an answer  
When the practice is really all!



## **Cut out from My Howl, wanna listen?**

This came to mind recently on the National holiday for Dr. Martin Luther King, Jr, the extraordinary civil rights leader, who set the stage for a new understanding of what it means to live in a diverse, inclusive society.

Of course up my way, in the woods of east central Wisconsin, the schools, banks and businesses are open, they have not caught on, no respect, often fear...

I was reminded of meeting the daughter of Dr. King, Yolanda, a creative, wonderful soul who passed in her early 50's, she kept talking about her daddy as we ate together one evening, then I remembered thinking her daddy was Dr. King.

Then I thought of my daddy, a country preacher who could pack a punch, but a humble man...short but Powerful, he had to look up at me when he slapped my mouth when I said something I should not of... not often, just enough...

But then I thought of Kathy Brewster, Ceil Brown, Jim Groppi, James, Lynette, John, Connie and Clifford Brown, Bonhoeffer, Hildegard, Jesus, the Buddha, Roko my Buddhist teacher, my parents, Karen, our children, blended in love, on and on, the group is so large, yet right here for me...listen, listen to your Council of the Spirit....

Listen....

**The way of the Bodhisattva and Symbiosis:**

*By ko shin, Bob Hanson, Warrior Poet, SWP, Naropa Week  
3 workshop, taught by Anna Waldman. Using the ancient  
Bodhisattva chant as the foundation.*

**A} Thus by the virtue collected  
Through all that I have done,  
May the pain of every living creature  
Be completely cleared away!**

***SYMBIOSIS the reality of unity***

***From the beginning, organisms, bacteria, fungi***

***Then later the humans....how do we walk away from our  
evolving? We are taught we are different, better than  
others, dam, hoodwinked by the spirit peddlers, god said  
this or that, holy book is the way, the only way and the  
spirits sing, BS!***

**B} May I be the doctor and the medicine  
And may I be the nurse,  
For the sick beings in the world  
Until everyone is healed!**

***Listen to the Hindu practitioners, the singers of Epics,  
telling the story in their multi colored robes, everywhere.  
Being a Bauls of Bengal, who refused to conform to the  
conventions of caste-conscious society? Subversive and  
seductive, wild and abandoned, they have preserved a***

*series on breathing techniques, sex, asceticism,  
philosophy and mystical devotion.*

*The dance of sym, symbol, symptoms of the holy, the  
oneness of all beings...the bio, biology, the biography,  
autobiography, the story of who U are, who we are....*

*Symbiosis, oh yes...*

**A} May a rain of food and drink descend  
To clear away the pain of thirst and hunger,  
And during the eon of famine  
May I myself change into food and drink**

**B} May I become an inexhaustible treasure  
For those who are poor and destitute;  
May I turn into all things they need  
And may these be placed close beside them!**

*"You and I are bound together,*

*In the six-petalled lotus of the heart.*

*There is honey in this flower, the nectar of the moon,*

*As sweet as Kama's dart.*

*Through the garden of emotion, a raging river flows.*

*On its banks we're bound together,*

*In the six-petalled lotus of the heart."*

*We are bound together by the honey of this universe*

*Why do we continue to separate, divide, judge and say no?*

*Why do we box it up rather than let it flow like an endless river...?*

*Next time the sun sets, remember it is "cow dust" time,  
and the stars and the moon will feed you...and the sun  
will rise again, in the moment, an bless your soul..*

**A} Whether those who encounter me  
Conceive a faithful or angry thought,  
May that always become the source  
For fulfilling all their wishes!**

**B} May all who say bad things to me  
Or cause me any other harm  
And those who mock and insult me  
Have the fortune to awaken fully!**

*Conflict war disagreement, fear and hatred*

**SUFFERING! ALWAYS SUFFERING!**

**DAM I CANNOT GET IT OUT OF MY HEAD.**

**THE SOUNDS OF DEATH IN WAR, THE TEARS OF  
A MOTHER, A WIFE, A PARTNER, A CHILD**

***COME OUT OF THE BOXES MY SISTERS,  
BROTHERS, ORGANISMS OF BILLIONS OF YEARS,  
CUT THE CORD, LET GO OF THE ROPE***

***FLY, SAIL, SWIM, WALK TO FREEDOM AND  
SYMBIOSIS....***

**A} May I be a Savior of those without one  
A guide for all travelers on the way;  
May I be a bridge, a boat, and a ship  
For all who wish to cross the water!**

**B} May I be an island for those who seek one,  
And a lamp for those desiring light!  
May I be a bed for all who wish to rest.**

**A} May I be a wishing jewel, a magic vase,  
Powerful mantras, and great medicine,  
May I be a wish-fulfilling tree,  
And a cow of plenty for the world!**

**B} Just like space  
And the great elements such as earth,  
May I always support life  
Of all the countless creatures!**

**All}**

**And until they pass away from pain,  
May I also be the source of life**

**For all the realms of varied beings  
That reach unto the ends of space!**

***THROW ON YOUR WILD COAT,***

***SING THE SONGS OF THE DIVINE***

***LET THE SUFFERING BE YOUR BOWL***

***LET OUR CONNECTEDNESS BE YOUR MEAL***

***WANDERING***

***SEARCHING***

***EVOVLING***

***GROWING***

***NEVER STOPPING, NEVER BEING  
STOPPED...(pause).....ONE!!!***



Something is breaking through...

### **Breaking through**

Drizzling as I rode that morning early  
Refreshing in the midst of high temps  
But then suddenly  
The sun broke through, for only a moment or two  
There was hope of a sunny day  
And then more rain  
Yet, later the sun was seen  
The sun was felt  
A sunny day  
What wonder, what a creation  
Have you noticed the last time hope broke through in the  
midst of a cloudy moment?  
I have, on a drizzly morning in August...  
One just has to watch, be awake, and listen....

## **Tomorrow River**

It was funny, It was strange  
Driving down the road and passing over three bridges  
All of them were over the **Tomorrow River**.  
I wonder did the river come then today  
I was there yesterday  
I wonder  
Maybe I should go look,  
No  
It's like your life and mine  
We are always wishing for, looking for, waiting for  
Tomorrow  
The Tomorrow River  
When all we have is this moment

## **The moon sheds tears this night**

I looked at the half moon last night  
It was crying, it had lost a friend  
It might take years for those tears to get here,  
They are on their way  
The moon lost a buddy, Neil Armstrong.  
The only human foot to touch its surface  
The moon has lost a buddy today, and sheds tears  
Tears, not only for the loss, but for the earth.  
Imagine going through the cycle month after month  
Year after year  
And watching the earth in denial  
Stupid leaders or wannabe leaders  
Destroying the earth for profit  
Not caring for the poor, the sick, the imprisoned  
The moon has lost a buddy, will she lose the earth?





### **The Path**

Is this the right way?  
Is this the correct direction?  
Will we ever get there?  
I wonder when we will get there?  
Will we ever finish this journey?  
The path is the journey  
The beginning and the end  
Yes, this one never ends...  
The breath, the moment, is all we have...  
This is the path...

---

## **Reflections or maybe “monkey” mind**

The cement Buddha  
Painted a dark maroon  
Sits on a dead stump in the woods  
Amidst deep brush, green everywhere  
Very tall trees, pines and many kinds  
No sound other than the birds  
The breeze is slight but moves the tops of these giants  
No sounds of guns  
Screams of fear, of fright, death, escape

## **Yet we mourn with Aurora, Newtown,**

those who take their lives and others,  
    We send the spirit of compassion and comfort  
        For those who have lost, and our wounded  
            By this crazy turn of events

## **Is anyone asking?**

Why do we need to be able to buy these guns?  
    Those are used to kill, destroy  
        Concealed weapon permits?  
    Legally purchased murder weapons?  
        A right?

**Look in the mirror**

There is our problem

This is our solution to find, to hope for, and act on behalf of  
all beings....compassion...



The Neighborhood Sangha, Gasho!

## **The community, the sacred Sangha**

Aware, awake  
Fearless and watching  
The menu is not the draw  
But the means by which the Sangha gathers to be one...  
When the snow covers the ground, the food of the forest is  
covered  
often food is offered, taken in, the community has come  
together  
As ONE!



**Walk on water? Sure!**

The Jesus lizard can,  
Costa Rican water walker,  
Moves his or her legs so fast  
The lizard stays on top of the water,  
So what's your story?  
Walk on water?  
Know where the stones are?  
Live in the moment!  
That's all we need.....

### **Early Morning Dharma, everywhere...**

Indian summer air, cool and sunny  
The water in the pools and streams,  
The wetlands are wet again  
The ice on the waters is skin thin  
The deer are romping and the creatures of all sorts  
Sing a hopeful tune  
Biking through the countryside  
Listening, listening to the Dharma  
Or is it hearing the Dharma in everything  
The orange, browns, reds, yellow fading now  
Becoming one  
As the earth prepares to rest  
No thoughts  
And yet embracing all

**A NEW SEASON FOR BEING...a soft rant of symbiosis**

Greetings on this auspicious time in the spiritual life of our universe, and to all people of all spiritual paths...

Yes, I suppose, for those on the Christian path this is the day, Holy Friday, the disciples of the radical teacher and prophet, Jesus, went to set up the Passover celebration and acquire the donkey, who knows.

It does not matter really, but as those of the Christian clan celebrate holy week and Easter in west and then later in the east. a powerful story of new life and hope in the midst of suffering for all human beings and creatures is told again.

As we celebrate the Birth of the Buddha on the 8<sup>th</sup>, we are struck with sadness at the events in Tibet and India. Who knows maybe, someone else, pushed to the very edge of human emotions, and spiritual understanding, will set fire to their physical body on behalf of all beings for freedom and justice.

Or as those of the Jewish clan gather at the Passover Table soon and rehearse that great story of liberation from oppression all the universe sings the songs of freedom and peace with you.

No one fully understands the violence of the cross, the death of six million Jews and others, the self-immolations, the oppression and death in Palestine, the murder of young

people like Trayvon Martin, the violence against an entire culture and its people in Tibet by the Chinese government and violence against women and children.

It is real; it is in this moment...

Wait, be quiet for a while, listen, in all of this we can be transformed, changed, and as we sit, quietly, listening to our hearts, and to the world's cries around us, there is hope, new flowers now or soon, the trees are beginning to find themselves after a winter of rest.

The robins are jumping around, the small birds are back with their noisy flare, the deer are running to and fro, and the sand hill cranes are back loud as ever in the early morning,

And we can sing, dance, occupy, march, stand with, evolve, let go, and be made new.

Not perfect, not saved or anything like that, but just being, and justice will flow like a river the prophet said, and we will do to our neighbor, the stranger, our adversary what we would want done to us, and there will be peace, justice, for all beings, and the rivers will flow with love, kindness, compassion, and peace.

They will not flow with the blood of hatred, violence, discrimination, and fear...

Now I understand why I learned a song long ago, I am singing it softly now as I finish this note to you, it has one word, Amen, so be it, Yes, so be! Just be, now, in this moment, for all. A wonderful spring for you and yours...

**Hm, I dreamed of forgetting my daughter's back door in an apartment complex**

I walked through five or six apartments, not hers  
No one said a thing  
It was like I was not there or there and not seen,  
I think I finally found it, I hope so at least  
Hm, where was I now...

**Realization**

Enlightenment  
Nirvana

Great effort goes into these for you and me  
This morning, the fog, the sun breaking through  
The mountains and hills everywhere, the water, Peace  
Reminds one of an old Zen adage  
"Before enlightenment I chopped wood and carried water  
After enlightenment I chopped wood and carried water"  
Under, behind, above the fog of our journey is light...the  
Buddha dwells in all the universe

**Conceived in the country side,**

Green Valley is the place,  
Ushered into this crazy world, at St. Mary's,  
Green Bay by a Jewish Doctor  
Watered in Baptism, by my Dad the moment I popped out!



They say I was thought to be dead an hour before the big event

No one seems to know

But hell being a resurrection baby is not all that bad at all!

Two lives in the space of one as the Buddha might say...

And then I did not know Buddha...

**a poem, a story, a hope, from Palestine....**

**I love my hood, the village of my ancestors, but why this?**

*14:00 The army closed Shuhada street check point from 14:25 till 17:35 and they prevented all the families to go home or to leave the houses because the settlers went to HI to visit Hevron tomb. I saw many kids were crying and they have no place to go to, the shops were closed by the army .*

**We were visiting the tomb and the world stopped, why?**

**Because we are Palestinians, that's why?**

**Is that the same as sitting at the back of the bus, Dr. King?**

*15:30 Abraham Avino Settlers threw stones and destroyed Water tanks and the dog house belong to Nidal Owewieh , one of the settlers had M16 rifle , soldiers were with the settlers but they did nothing to help the Palestinian or to stop the settlers.*

**Nice neighbors!**

**What did we do? But be who we are, proud  
Palestinians...**

**When will we build bridges not walls? Can't we get  
along?**

*15:00 The Rumeida Settlers attacked Mohamed Abu Haikal  
and his sons while they were working in their land which is  
very close to the Army base , soldiers saw the settlers who  
threw stones and tried to steal the Video Camera which the  
Abu Haikal used to film the attack*

**Yes, we were working our fields  
Centuries our family and ancestors worked these fields  
in peace**

**But now, for no reason, we are attacked  
In the name of the Torah they shout...  
Yes, the book that teaches all people "do unto  
others..."The rabbi's say so....**

*12:30 Border police detained me for 1:30 Hour at Abed  
Check point without excuse.*

*13:00 Border police detained more than 100 Palestinians  
who went to pray in Ibrahim Mosque*

*15:00 Settlers fenced Palestinian land near Kharseena  
settlements and they built a wooden Tent (The owner of the  
land has the legal document "Tabo" ).*

**No excuse, no reason, no meaning, just hate, and fear.  
We welcome all to the holy land, why are we driven  
out?**

**Two state/ one state/ no state/ It is a mess but for what?  
More violence against our families, our land and some  
will never come home...whatever state it is...**

**Peace, compassion, love, forgiveness means nothing  
now,  
Maybe later, yes, maybe tomorrow, we hope....**

This is a report from Issa Amro from Hebron, a peace campaigner and member of B'Tselem, documenting how Israel applies the law differently to settlers and to Palestinians. Different laws for different racial groups amounts to racism, apartheid, doesn't it? (Baruch Marzel is an extreme right-wing settler, founder of the Jewish National Front), the year: 2009.

## A Buddhist Poem via an Anonymous Samurai.



I have no parents:  
earth my parents.

I make the heavens and the

I have no home:

I make awareness my home.

I have no life or death:  
my life and death.

I make the tides of breathing

I have no divine power:  
power:

I make honesty my divine

I have no means:  
means.

I make understanding my

I have no magic secrets: I make character my magic secret.

I have no body: I make endurance my body.

I have no eyes: I make the flash of lightning my eyes.

I have no ears: I make sensibility my ears.

I have no limbs: I make promptness my limbs.

I have no strategy: I make “unshadowed by thought” my strategy.

I have no designs: I make seizing opportunity by the forelock my design.

I have no miracles: I make right action my miracles.

I have no principles: I make adaptability to all circumstances my principles.

I have no tactics: I make emptiness and fullness my tactics.

I have no talents: I make ready with my talent.

I have no friends: I make my mind my friend.

I have no enemy: I make carelessness my enemy.

I have no armor:            I make benevolence and  
righteousness my armor.

I have no castle:            I make immovable mind my castle.

I have no sword:            I make absence of self my sword.

*Anonymous Samurai* 14<sup>th</sup> Century

A warrior –sorcerer Don Juan said, “the basic difference between an ordinary man and a warrior, is that a warrior take everything as a challenge while an ordinary man takes everything as either a blessing or a curse.”

The Awakened Warrior: living with courage, compassion & Discipline. Edited by Rick Fields, Introduction, Page 3. A New Consciousness Reader, 1994.



*A Temple near Fukuoka Japan, the warrior poets stand in peace*



*Leila, Bob, and Whiskers, 1941 Waukegan, IL*

*May I be a Savior of those without one  
A guide for all travelers on the way;  
May I be a bridge, a boat, and a ship  
For all who wish to cross the water!*

*The Way of the bodhisattva, An Ancient Buddhist Chant*

Maybe I was not aware, at the age of one  
Yet through my life I have been awakened to a wonderful  
reality  
All beings are served at some time by the Bodhisattva's of  
our time

A guide, a bridge, a ship, maybe a row boat  
As we attempt to cross the water or climb over the  
mountains of life

A nanny, a close friend, a stranger, Leila,  
A young lady from the farm across the road  
Offered to be of service, and then a friend for life,  
decades of separation did not lessen the compassion,  
and now we have said goodbye in this moment,  
Leila, deep bows of thanks for being you.

My babysitter, in my younger times, our friend,  
Physically gone, but Leila's spirit continues to take care of  
all.

May all beings, you and me, as Leila was be able to say and  
live these words....

*May I be an island for those who seek one,  
And a lamp for those desiring light!  
May I be a bed for all who wish to rest.*

*May I be a wishing jewel, a magic vase,  
Powerful mantras, and great medicine,*



*May I be a wish-fulfilling tree,  
And a cow of plenty for the world!*

### **Moment by Moment**

That is the flow...  
Large steel doors

Keep us in, prisons of our minds  
No keys  
No keys

Free only in your heart  
Your mind,  
Finding out who you really are...

### **The Trees lose their snow**

The sun shines through the forest  
Yet, trouble in the land, snow melts, hopes melt as well,  
where is our hope?  
The Old Chinese Proverb says, "Streams and Mountains  
never stay the same"  
Why do we think they will?  
How does one go with the flow?  
Live in the moment?  
Watch the sun, the trees, the streams and the mountains...



**Untitled**  
**Oil on Canvas, Cartoon/Under painting**  
**By David Ingvaldstad II**

## Homeless

by Russell K. Johnson

I can't believe this happen to me  
No more telephone, no more t.v.  
No more comfortable bed at night  
No more switch to turn off the light  
No longer can I answer my door,  
The ground outside is now my floor  
My shoes I wear are filled with holes  
So is my hat and the rest of my clothes,  
I only eat when I can,  
I'm in a constant race with the garbage man,  
For food, clothes, or whatever I could find.  
That may be worth something that I could call mine,  
As I wash my face I could barely think,  
As the dirt from my face fills the Burger King sink  
A person with no heart might hear this and laugh  
Not knowing it's the only place I could take me a bath,  
I own one book which is the key to my survival  
It was inspired by the Lord and that book is the bible  
So the next time you see me don't throw that rock,  
Throw me some chips or a soda pop,  
And if its' me you want to tease,  
Tease me with a piece of cheese,  
And since I make you laugh so much  
It's only fair that you fill my cup  
I'm not trying to tell you what to do  
But you could end up homeless too.

Poem by Antothijah

**COMPASSION GUARD**

compassion  
omitted  
medical terms. Menology  
world war 3, is in me  
big as bethlehem  
reaching earths loose ends  
all from a pen.

½ staff. Heart raised  
Salute  
soring stars. Stripes-n-cross'z  
while remainin. lowered.  
letter folded.  
"give me an A"

7<sup>th</sup> sense of recompense.  
Or. Stethoscope  
Listening 2 cry's  
Of  
Your spirit  
Weeps of your soul

-I'm sorry-  
I was "this many " once  
Born 4 others  
I must combat 2 comeback

I will beat. Semiautomatiks in2  
Soup spoons.  
servin livin water

draped with a towel, 2 wash Jah's feet in  
I will beat. Semantics  
Of mental murder. in2  
Published words  
Verbatim  
LIFE  
from the love of  
God's mouth.  
Heart

I will beat. Weapons of mass destruction. in2  
Knowledge  
That massively. Masterfully builds.  
Sociolinguistics. Of the masses. 2 the  
Masses.

learnin of Jesus. I will  
unlearn satan

Consumed by peace. I will  
unLearn  
war

kiss'd by LIFE. I will  
unLearn  
death

Fed by LOVE. I will  
unLearn  
STR8 H8

completely whole . complete. I will

unLearn  
broken heartedness

consumed by every nation, kindred & tongue. I will  
unLearn  
racism

in the presence of ½ & ½ not so young. I will  
classism  
unLearn

holdin' hands with 4ever young & not so young. I will  
unLearn  
ageism

men & women 4 clouds 2 see. I will  
unLearn  
sexism

embracing my own 16 shades of blackness. I will  
unLearn  
genocide.

facin' myself. Undone. Unwrapped. Uncloth'd. I will  
unLearn  
judgementalism

experience a KINGS swervanhood. I will.  
unLearn

me me me me me me me me me me me me me me me me me me me  
me me me me me me me me me me me

invited 2 obedience. I will  
unLearn  
rebellion of rebellious renegades

hug'd 2 feel human. I will  
unLearn  
2 view U animalistically  
(cat dog rat beast gorilla monkey jackass bitch pig...)

Bless'd. knight'd with mercy. I will  
unLearn  
cruel & unusual cruel punishment

inside the TRUTH. I will  
unLearn  
lies of any shade

surrounded by acceptance. I will  
unLearn  
2 rejected other myself

In the quality company of Him. I will  
unLearn  
ME. MYSELF...& not U

Mirror's His visage. N glorious appearance. I will  
unLearn  
brandishing weaponry of mean mug'd faces

Holding His image. I will  
unLearn  
who I was taught 2 B

circumference in faithfulness. I will

unLearn  
the manipulation of malpractice

Held in His hands. I will  
unLearn  
"keep away"

At His feet. I will  
unLearn  
walking pat the unReached

given eternal joy, u can no longer steal. Demolish. I will  
unLearn  
mournin' sadness

engulf'd by the GREAT PHYSICANS LIFE. Blood. Compassion  
I WILL BE COME IT.  
compatible.

As compassion  
I WILL HAPPEN

Inside His universe-city

Learn  
WHO I AM

Who U R  
who WE r

so

I can, will, shall, should, could, n would

WAR. FAIR



Compassionately guard  
Your heart. Your precious heart  
Proverbs 4:23

**I AM WE**

**A Dream By Russell Johnson**

Never before had I ever seen, the things  
That I witnessed in last night's dream.  
I dreamed of a world filled with peace.  
No need for jail, no need for police.  
Where no one cried and no one died.  
No stealing or cheating and no one lied.  
A place where everyone always cared.  
And no one starved because people shared.  
No longer did you have to choke.  
The air was pure and free of smoke.  
There were no homeless, poverty was gone.  
And no more parents raising children alone.  
Disease and destruction, no longer exist.  
And I got to see people that I really miss.  
The thing I liked most about this great dream,  
Was being in the presence of the glorious King.  
So if you see me sleeping with a smile on my face,  
I might just be dreaming, I'm in the same place.

**Four poems by John Cock, from *By Cosmic Design: Spirit Poems* (1974-2006), printed by Transcribe Books (2006), follow:**

**Lift My Spirit**

I sit and wait for a movie to lift my spirit,  
for it to prick and explode my illusions  
and to leave me with a vision of new creation.

It surely doesn't have to be a box office hit,  
so violent and gruesome I scrunch in my seat,  
nor so freaky or maudlin that I want to leave.

It doesn't have to have famous stars or director,  
sensational stage craft or outlandish price tag,  
nor a blitz of TV ads coming at me for weeks.

*Rabbit Proof Fence, Winged Migration, Whale Rider*  
lifted my spirit as sisters escaped the whites,  
a species of nature soared, and a tribe was reborn.

*The Pianist* uplifted me with his spirit,  
surviving the devastations of war in his Poland  
where once he was the artist of a dying order.

So you see, it doesn't take much to lift my spirit,  
just a hour or two of a story of great life journey  
responding to *spirit* from the heart of creation.

**Till All Breath Is Gone**

We got Enlightened  
descended Mt. Myth  
to the Promised (flat) Land

where there was fact and  
human progress instead  
of milk and honey.

Thousands, hundreds of years  
to climb the mountain  
only tens to come down  
for decline is faster  
than ascent; throwing  
out stories faster

Than creating great myths.  
who's to say which is  
better: mountain, flatland?  
both are illusion –  
the one otherworldly  
the other immortal  
empiricism.  
Whether heavenly or  
this-worldly progress  
we are left in limbo  
for our lives are about  
seeing through to the meaning  
of birth and breath

Not chasing promises  
that someday will come  
in the sweet-by-and-by  
or at retirement –  
given new gold watches  
to wind going home.

So promise us some height  
some depth and substance  
right now, downtown Flatland.  
we know we're not  
*el cap'tans* of our fate  
so let's deeply breathe.

Let us have a go at  
our interiors –  
everlovin' moments  
experiencing  
wonder and fulfillment  
till all breath is gone.

### **Oh I Don't Know**

~printed in *Poetry GSO* (Poetry Greensboro)

*Two lonely leaves hanging from a limb  
tossed in the early winter wind  
considering the day of their fall  
What will happen after we descend*

Said one to the other: What if  
when we land there is nothing more  
nothing except we rot away  
Wouldn't that be an awful shame

Said the other: Oh I don't know  
From dust to dust is the promise  
and I'm sort of fascinated  
by the process of changing form

The first: Isn't *transformation*

a word for raving romantics  
who believe in happy endings  
We're about to experience death

Said the second: Oh I don't know  
The way the word *death* comes to me  
is something like what happened when  
dinosaurs died in the 60s

and vegetation really thrived  
That is the big picture on death  
I guess it all makes sense to me  
thinking of what comes after us

The first: Maybe the universe  
and the earth will figure it out  
All we have to do is be blown  
And soon they did float to the ground

The second: That was sort of neat  
an experience we've not had  
First: Yea here we are yet alive  
Is death only a metaphor

Oh I don't know said the second  
I'm sort of enjoying the view  
From down here it does give us a  
new perspective on everything

Then asked the first: Do humans think  
about what happens after death  
Oh I don't know said the second  
But they don't need to be afraid

*Two lonely leaves hanging from a limb  
tossed in the early winter wind  
considering the day of their fall  
What will happen after we descend*

### **Sic Semper Tyrannus**

when i am tyrannized by massa  
i sometimes hear the truth and overcome  
when i am tyrannized by the future  
i sometimes hear the truth and overcome  
when i am tyrannized by crucifiers  
i pray to hear the truth and overcome  
*à la* jesus' deciding no one takes my life from me  
'cause i freely give it  
at such times tyranny is overcome

when i am tyrannized by Hitler  
i hear the truth and try to kill him  
on behalf of 6 million jews & future generations  
*à la* bonhoeffer who prayed  
not to be tyrannized by a nazi hanging

*à la* rosa parks on the bus  
who prayed not to be tyrannized by white  
alabamians  
*à la* gandhi who prayed  
not to be tyrannized by englishmen and  
religious fundamentalists

does this make any sense  
is this in some testament  
yes in the testament of life

tyranny is overcome  
thank you jesus dietrich rosa and gandhiji  
we shall overcome  
freedom is as freedom does  
or is it freedom does as freedom is

and what about the tyrants  
sometimes we have to put a foot on their necks  
and a spear to their hearts  
as on my virginia flag  
saying *sic semper tyrannus*: thus always to tyrants  
but sometimes we let them up  
if we think they finally understand

~September 27, 2001



**Untitled, A Painting by Tanya Otero Ingvoldstad**



## **One Energy**

(An original work by Harold J. Slater)

One energy vibrates, shines  
and manifests itself in the universe;  
Infinite in form and expression,  
residing within you, me, and all,  
our essential essence.

Twinned like strands of wire  
in corded utility of purpose;  
One strand drives to know,  
do, and accomplish,  
the divine father within.

The second nurtures,  
gentles, and blesses, divine mother,  
whose name is Grace.

Her love need not be acquired or deserved  
but simply accepted.

No plan predestined  
upon which to thrive or stumble.

Only capacity, circumstance and given limit  
to embrace, mine,  
and from which to learn.

Ours to use in co-creational splendor;  
choose and decide the "will of god."

Not theory, grand idea, or wish dream  
but opportunity waiting for our choice  
of incarnate splendor.

In wild freedom and  
obedience to our moment,  
the Great Work awaits our contribution.

## Two poems by E. J. McAdams

### Sampl 7

d, in hee d m all  
me, an ar my  
t in le t ne t  
ne t s; if t  
d evil s at  
l, and  
th, an  
D, in  
s: and me t  
ge t ge m  
s, and  
s in he w s o he w  
me t t est he r  
s and s o  
t in s, and  
he w t, he t his  
t his w, and  
s o s  
ag th in  
m t, an f, an He  
m t, an to t he  
s own  
se t s: and  
se t he n

Sampl 8

D our                    we                    the e  
ve t                    s. 2: O t o   he m   th o  
s and s                    of t

I cons                    he w   of t                    the m  
to

m? an                    n o                    an t                    s, and

no   he w   s of t                    t all   s  
under   t: 7: All   p an                    s of t  
l of t                    the se

e                    s o   the se   s. 9: O LO   D our                    ow

## Two by Abe Cáceres

### A Limerick

My middle school age child comes home with assignment to write some limericks. He shows Dad what he's written.

Dad: Those are not limericks.

Son: What do you know about limericks?

Dad: I'm a songwriter. I deal with poetry all the time.

Give me a few minutes and I'll give you an example of a limerick. (15 minutes later). OK, here is a limerick. Pay attention to the rhythm scheme and the meter.

Raising two kids is fun.

If you like to live life on the run.

Lessons and soccer,

The first date's a shocker!

No rest till they turn....31!

Written about year 2000

### I'll Take it All

We walked through valleys

We crossed the streams

We marked the trail

with tears and dreams

But I look back

As I recall

I said "I do.

I'll take it all."

When we were lost.

It was so dark.

Where was love?

Where was the spark?

## **Justice a poem by Ralph Singh**

Talk is cheap -

Justice is paid for with lives – blood sweat and tears –

sleepless nights and days fried in the oil of Truth

These days, Truth is hard to come by – lies masquerade –

blending in so smoothly you can no longer tell who the  
real actors are

The play winds its way up and down the mountain –

moving towards its ultimate climax – but who can tell

We can't even listen – let alone understand the lines –

It has to be in your face to see it – and sometimes, even

then we don't recognize

PEACE

## **The Poems of Ruth O'Neal**

### **Gardening**

Come let us go to the shore today  
To gather stones for our garden.  
We will choose a beach where the wind blows strong,  
Waves pound the earth; tall cliffs tremble,  
And the sea water drips in the damp of the grottos  
Until ebb tide

You will come with me.

Come let us go to the mountain wood  
For vines and moss for our garden.  
We'll rest in a forest where the bat hangs still;  
Great ferns cascade; a deer's hoof moves  
And a song less bird breaks the solitude  
Where mosses hide

You will come with me.

Come we need from the desert's dry bed  
Gravelly paths for our garden  
In the sun-sparked sand where the wind ripples form,  
In reflective warmth skin and flesh tingle,  
And the vast sky curves to the circle's bare edge.  
Earth time abides

We will meet there.

Come may we go to our friends today  
For seeds and roots for our garden?  
To see rainbows dreaming within each seed,  
To know thrusting and force within each bulb,  
To love and tend each fragrant bud  
Till evening-tide

May I come with you?

**This too is a ruin**

From whom everyone has fled  
What is it, then, breathing, beating?  
And walking, step by step, and blindly,  
The ground rising  
To meet each foot,  
The air caressing  
An abandoned face?

Penstamons lean in a green curve,  
Lifting scarlet cups to the eyes delight.  
Useless and empty. Washed up.

What is it, then, that breathes  
And is beating?  
This tiny ocean moved by the sun?  
This longing for something  
This voice which hangs in the sky's blue shell  
Ringing without reason?

***On hearing about the scattering of ashes of the body of  
Suzuki Roshi: Tassajara***

What subtle genius lingers in this Valley  
That those who come and stay  
(I pass, Alass) through some gentle metamorphoses unto  
greater selves?

What seeming magic stirs among these hurt ones, that those  
Arrogant and belligerent, gain kindly strength?  
That those weak and ineffectual, learn to function  
And give their gifts long buried and concealed?  
What rich sustenance brings forth their steady kindness?  
What secrets live so deep within this Valley  
Where stammers' lose their hates and clearly speak?  
Where those dependent on man's stimulants  
To feel the power they know lies within,  
Turn from these means and know this power?  
Where those who only dream, can live the joy  
Of working their dreams

Whose are the visions held so clearly  
That there evolves these transcendental selves?

*Oh, Shunryo Suzuki Roshi  
(mat) flying thoughts  
You did deliver into the hearts of men!  
Adoremus, Suzuki Roshi*



**Red is a race, red runs.**

Red is the pit in the heart of worshipped mountain.  
Red is the color of blood we spill it.  
Red is a riot. Red is cry.

Yellow is yours, you love how it hangs  
In the dusty air and kisses your face.  
Yellow says Hi! In a cheerful voice,  
and makes you laugh when it's caught out dancing.  
Yellow says, YES! And COME ON, LET'S GO!

Green tastes cool and calms the stirred eye.  
Green brings me home, and wraps me in kindness.  
Green life, balm leaf, rife river deepening.  
Green Grass feathers on my brow.

### **MIDNIGHT IN PURE LAND**

The Reverend Sasaki is climbing into bed,  
For his home and his temple is already asleep,  
And the slow-dancing women are letting day seep out of them,  
Each in her own house where the new moon hangs:  
A delicate curve on a calm face of summer stars.

Obon is over, and the gone ones are fed:  
those from whom we came and whose memory we keep.  
The Reverend Sasaki is letting day seep out of him,  
While the little moon rises, and the Temple stands;  
A dark shape in the deep face of the Dark.  
Namu Amida Butsu  
Namu Amida Butsu  
Namu Amida Butsu

**On The Way**  
Jim Justman

Some say they are searching for peace.

'Tis a noble thing...

Some say they *know* peace.

My heart exults for them!

Some say they have *no* peace.

My heart breaks for them.

Some say: "*Go in peace...*"

I like that. Beautiful! I will try.

Until peace captures every fiber of my being...

My prayer to God is this...

Let me sense the peace of a sleeping child,

Let me feel the peace of a warm embrace,

Let me work for peace in public places,

Let me know the peace of God's love and grace,

Let me reach for peace in the strength of others,

Let me share God's peace with those who falter,

Let me make peace where I can in small but wonderful ways.

Some say peace is a journey...

If it is...I am on the way.

The International English Institute ([www.iei.edu](http://www.iei.edu)) is a small, cuddly school in Nashville, Tennessee that helps adult language learners from all over the world develop proficiency in this fascinating language we curiously call English. The following submissions are the creations of a handful of those international adults.

**I'm Somebody**

*EunJung Choi (South Korea)*

I'm special  
I'm unique  
I'm one-of-a-kind

No one has my talents, my personality,  
my abilities  
No one has my eyes, my nose, my face

I'm special  
I'm one-of-a-kind  
I'm somebody.

**Life by Hyunwoo 'Jordan' Yeom (South Korea)**

Have you ever thought about life?  
If so, what does life mean?  
Many people try to find the definition of life,  
but it is not easy at all.

Someone thinks that life is a way to live  
Some other think that life is a hardship.

However, I believe life is a present from God.  
In order to make my dream come true  
I am willing to get this chance with a humble mind.

## **Today and Tomorrow**

*Kasane Hirai (Japan)*

Even if you feel down today  
You will be hungry tomorrow

Even if you feel sad and cry today  
You will be hungry tomorrow

Eat a lot  
And look ahead.

## **Just Love**

*Patricia Mendez Castro (Brazil)*

When love is knocking at your door  
Just open it  
Don't ask anything about the past or future  
Enjoy the here and now  
Do your best  
Live as someone who contemplates the rainbow  
Know that the rainbow sometimes appears  
                  and sometimes disappears  
So try hard - get a pot of gold before it disappears  
If you fail, don't worry  
It doesn't matter where you are  
Believe or not  
A new rainbow will always appear  
Close to you

## **Stay**

*by Aalaa (Saudi Arabia)*

Everyday I'm trying  
That's why I'm dying  
I'm trying to be strong  
But the weakness might make me do  
    something wrong  
It might make me walk away  
But at the same time - it is no way  
That's why I'm trying  
I'm trying to stay!

## **Time**

*By Husam (Saudi Arabia)*

A second, a minute, and hour, a day  
    Time just keeps flying away  
While people struggle to live their life  
    Their life turns into a play  
They seek wealth or seek power  
    The strong will live, the poor will pay  
It's a shame to waste a fortune on fun  
    While others do not find a place to stay  
Let's gather, let's start to help each other  
    Let's do it my friends, Let's start today.

**By Rick Deines**  
**A Poem**

The nothing I am is everything that is and that's something.

I go to see Joe and his wife. He is weak and tired. The cancer is gradually taking his life. He is dying. She does a good job of being energetic and realistic.

Joe has sat at the bedside of literally thousands in his life nursing them as they breathe their last. Now it's his turn. We all get our turn.

His head droops for a few moments. He opens his eyes insisting he's not sleeping.

He's not always like this she says, he has had a bad day, as if to make sure I consider returning.

We become silent. There is nothing to say. It's a bit awkward but not tense. No one is avoiding what is.

No words to fill the void. Immersed in fear? Accustomed to no good choices?

Something is happening. It defies description.  
Joe does his best to frame his three score and ten.

With a kind of finality and some shaking certainty Joe strongly, yet quietly says,  
"It's all about meaning. That's all it is, meaning. Nothing else matters."  
As if to say, I may keep breathing or I may not but  
The nothing I am is everything that is and that's something.

## **Films-A Source of Sustenance**

Popular culture at its best is a channel for an encounter with reality that can be part of our ever-developing need for sustenance as people. On an individual and community level it can feed us. The 2012 film 'Amour' is one such example. Film, art, poetry, music and drama are the gifts of the gods.

The film ended. No one moved. The theater remained silent. A near full house then began to leave the film "Amour" sharing an extended silence. No music accompanied the credits. We were left with our own feelings and the sense that others too were dealing with some unexpected emotions.

Thomas Vinterberg, who directs, leads us gradually to the center of being, the heart of living. The no-blinking honesty of the story unfolds from the easily understood to the more deeply problematic. Moment by moment of unvarnished truth absorbs and infects us with what commitment calls for when a loved one is dying.

Georges and Ann, in their 80's, provide a lesson in 'processing life.' They leave us with the question, "how do you or will you handle life when it goes off course?" Their answer is 'Amour', love, but it is not the love of pop culture. It is a love beyond the romantic or sentimental. It is hard core--hard dore practical and continual care that demands 100% devotion, a care we can never really fulfill. That is the dilemma.

'Amour' gives us an opportunity to re-think how we process life, how we 'love.'

Couples making life long commitment through marriage in our time like to write their own vows. 'Amour' asks, 'do our vows capture the reality of love?' Or do they tempt us to dodge what we know is true?

Traditional vows set the bar very, very high.

I, (name), take you, (name), for my lawful wife (husband), to have and to hold, from this day forward, for better, for worse, for richer, for poorer, in sickness and in health, until death do us part.

That is a very high standard. It is total devotion. All excuses for why a relationship might not work are swept away in the wake of this commitment. We commit ourselves to an impossible kind of relationship. We tend to forget that this kind of commitment happens in the context of a community of 'forgiveness'--you will fall short, but we will be there. When we aren't an even greater sense of being or power of life will be.

Anne and Georges find this power in music. It strengthens them beyond what they can naturally give each other. But then life requires even more of them. They are finally left to use the gift of their commitment to ultimately love one another.

Age and illness gradually gives them choices they do not want. They proceed painstakingly to adopt the kind of mundane day-by-day decisions that require more. It is no longer adequate or sustaining to share music or words of affection or even acts of kindness. The community and family aren't much use to them either.

Life that once called for one kind of care shift almost without notice to require a new level of attention. No longer primarily emotion or romance, love is an act, an act of care that requires every ounce of physical and mental strength Georges can call on.

Yet, neither Georges nor Anne look to others for empathy or sympathy. They understand the potential illusion of co-dependence. It is their lives they are responsible for. This is now their live and others cannot help change the situation.

They will work through the choices as they see them finding neighbors, physicians and home health care to assist them, but they have no tolerance for well-meaning, yet misinformed or misdirected intentions.

They suffer the additional agony of having those closest to them misunderstand who Georges and Anne are and have to be now. False comfort is not a friend.

From the earliest stories of humanity, the popular myths present life only through a lens of two choices--something is either good or bad. Happy is better than sad. Light is better than dark.



Georges and Anne make a different choices. There is no 'good' and no 'bad', there is only a 'yes' to what is. At the end of a day filled with changing diapers, and bedding; making meals that won't be eaten; listening to her incoherent cries; knowing that tomorrow and tomorrow and tomorrow will be exactly the same, only harder because of the repetition, Georges loves it all. He doesn't like it. But he does not shirk his duty of love. He has promised her. He will not let her down. Anne, too, only occasionally alert, does all that is humanly possible to love back.

It is not clear if they are 'happy' or 'sad' or simply accepting on some level that their choices are horribly limited. Words like 'meaning' or 'hope' or 'cure' don't exist for them. Neither do they feel guilty about rejecting easy but inauthentic options. They are not attracted to take paths that lead further into deception.

'Amour' is pitch-perfect in almost every way. No moment is wasted. There is no extraneous scenery or characters or dialogue or acting or truth. This leads full circle to the silence that enveloped the audience. We're left kind of naked, but not ashamed. Exposed but not fearful. Devastated but not without possibility.

In viewing 'Amour' some are met by mystery in the ordinary. Is there any experience in life that is more important than that? Or is that 'the heart of the matter'?



## **Warrior Poets**

**Deep Bows of Gratitude and  
Compassion for your verse, your  
expression, your art, your being!**

## **The Writers/Poets/Artists/Potters/Musicians in this Volume**

*All of them gave ko shin, Bob Hanson permission to use their work in this book.*

### **Antothijah**

A warrior poet with a message often uses another name, to hide nothing, but to speak to the truth, thank you Antothijah.

### **Gerald Bertsch**

Gerald Bertsch has been writing poems since he learned to write and before that his landscape sketches sought out the rhythms and harmonies of life around him. After college he continued to write while in Seminary and thought his pastoral career. Retiring in 2004 he devoted his time to writing in earnest with his work collected in four volumes: "In This Land, Prairie" was published by the American Historical Society of Germans from Russia. Two other collections of peace poetry were published by the Sheboygan Veterans for Peace. A fourth volume is a collection of spiritual poems called "A Taste of Ice Cream in the Rain" and can be found by goggling his online site: [GoingRadicalPOETRY4U..](http://GoingRadicalPOETRY4U..)

### **Patricia Mendes Castro**

Patricia Mendes Castro is a lover of languages from Para, Brazil. She has a bachelor's in Psychology and a Master's in Business. She is currently pursuing a master's of Organizational Psychology in the United States. She loves to exercise (particularly Zumba) and believes that happiness finds its origins in freedom.

### **John P. Cock:**

poet; blogger ([www.reJourney.blogspot.com](http://www.reJourney.blogspot.com)); writer of 13 books on spirituality and care of Earth community ([www.transcribebooks.com](http://www.transcribebooks.com)); and worked with USA urban poor, poor villagers in Indonesia and India, and Aborigines in Australia.

### **Abe Cáceres**

AKA “Dr. Abe,” (Ph.D., ethnomusicology from Indiana University) likes to think of himself as a taco. In the middle is his family, friends, church and interfaith community, all richly spiced with music from all over the globe, and gently wrapped up in God's love. I grant my brother Bob Koshin Hanson permission to reproduce the limerick and song in this book.

### **Rick Deines**

Now 73, Parents were first generation Volga German immigrants who farmed sugar beets in Colorado. Rick did schooling in Wyoming, New Mexico, Kansas and Illinois followed by church and community revitalization efforts in Illinois, Pennsylvania, California and Wisconsin. Rick is

married over fifty years to a wonderful Kansan and teacher. They have 2 children and 4 grandchildren. Of importance to Rick: family, travel, citizenship, authentic religion, public dialogue, the addicted homeless, books, film, exercise including Tai Chi' Chuan and dog-companion Charley

### **Russell Johnson**

I was born in Gary, IN, one of 6 kids, I'm now 44 and the proud father of 5 boys and 2 girls. I came to Milwaukee in search of changing my drug plagued life, and found God along the way. I started writing poetry around age 13 and have a binder full of original material. I still live in Milwaukee, writing is my passion and sharing it with others is my dream.

### **Bishop Jim Justman**

Jim Justman was born and raised in Christian love in Oshkosh, WI. He has been an ordained pastor in the Evangelical Lutheran Church in America (ELCA) for 30 years. He is a work in progress but saved by God's grace anyway+

### **Bruce Dethlefsen**

Wisconsin Poet Laureate (2011-2012), has two chapbooks, *A Decent Reed* and *Something Near the Dance Floor*, and his full-length book, *Breather*, published by Fireweed Press, won an Outstanding Achievement Award in Poetry from the Wisconsin Library Association. His new book, *Unexpected Shiny Things*, published by Cowfeather Press, will come out in November 2011.

### **Ko shin, Bob Hanson**

Poet, photographer, retired clergy and Volunteer with the Buddhist Meditation Program of the Milwaukee Zen Center in Wisconsin Prisons, part of a wonderful blended family, five adult children and twelve grandkids and the compiler and creator of this volume. Contact at [koshin@centurytel.net](mailto:koshin@centurytel.net). This is his second volume in collaboration with others of poetry, photography, paintings, and thoughts, **The Inner Passage**, (2011) can be found on Amazon.com.

### **Cherie Hanson**

Cherie Hanson holds a B.A., B.Ed., and a M.A. in contemporary American poetry and has credits toward a Masters of Fine Arts in Creative Writing Poetry. Her writing includes publications in various periodicals, four plays and numerous short stories. Her focus is on growth, her spiritual studies and learning to speak from the heart with authenticity.

### **David Harris**

Dave Harris has lived in Wisconsin in the vicinity of Lake Waubesa since slipping over the border from Minnesota half a dozen years ago, charged with multiple counts of attempted poetry. In hopes of raising a defense, he grants his friend Bob Hanson permission to print a stray effort or two in return for not revealing his whereabouts.

**Hemp**

A warrior poet with class, speaks to the truth, loves all beings. Hemp loves you all!

**Kasane Hirai**

Kasane Hirai is a freelance photographer from Tokyo, Japan. She particularly enjoys taking black and white photographs of people. She enjoys reading books, traveling, and eating fresh tomatoes.

**David Ingvoldstad II**

Is an artist who is living and working in Milwaukee, WI. BFA, School of the Art Institute of Chicago ( 1991 ) K-12 Certification in Art Education, UW Milwaukee ( 2010 ) His work ranges from drawings, paintings, jewelry, and ceramics, to monumental liturgical creations, restorations, and murals in public buildings. David has worked with and shared studio space with a number of artist both in Chicago and Milwaukee, including Ting Hong Lee, Jeremy Wolf, Doug Van Dyke, and Guy T. Fisher.

**Karen J. Ingvoldstad**

As ko shin's companion these last 19 years, my journey has evolved from nurse, peace Corp and VISTA volunteer, mother, to parish nurse, healing touch practitioner, ordained interfaith minister and grandmother of twelve. Currently all of my past is used to assist me as a Heartland hospice chaplain.

## **INDIEFEED**

With over 7 million downloads, more than 400 poets, and 1,100 shows; the IndieFeed Performance Poetry Channel is one of the world's longest running, most successful poetry podcasts. The show highlights poets from all over the world, from a variety of oral traditions. New subscribers can find the show in the iTunes music store, and at the show's website: <http://performancepoetry.indiefeed.com>.

### **Wess Mongo Jolley**

Wess Mongo Jolley is a poet and poetry promoter, living in Vermont. **He is the founder and host of the IndieFeed Performance Poetry Channel** (<http://performancepoetry.indiefeed.com>) and the President of the Performance Poetry Preservation Project (<http://poetrypreservation.org>)

### **Bill Kehl**

Bill is a musician/educator, song-writing poet who resides on a small glacial lake in the rolling hills of Waushara County, Wisconsin. His performances and presentations with elemental primitive musical instruments have been enjoyed by audiences of all ages for many years in the Midwest. His intimacy with the natural world has provided spiritual nourishment and sustenance throughout the course of his 62 years on planet earth, and his constant yogic challenge is to acknowledge and express gratitude for finding this connection. Bill's strongest sense of body-mind-spirit peace is found in the midst of earth, fire, water & air. ( [www.planetaryproductions.com](http://www.planetaryproductions.com) )



**Tinghonginnie Lee**

Tinghonginnie Lee was born in Taiwan, 1965. Her family relocated to U.S.A. in winter of 1977. She studied at the School of the Arts Institute of Chicago. She has been painting since childhood and continues to work through painting as a form of cultivation from her experiences.

**E. J. McAdams**

E.J. McAdams lives in Harlem with his wife, Kathleen, and kids, Joe, Lyla, and Jane. His chapbook *TRANSECTS* was recently published by Sona Books in Chicago.

**Charles McEniry**

A professional photographer who lives in the Neshkoro, WI area.

**Ann Meier**

Writer and freelance editor Annie Maier received her MFA in creative writing from Naropa University in Boulder, Colorado. Her work has appeared in *Kakalak Anthology of Carolina Poets*, the Charlotte Writer's Club anthology *Only Connect*, and Naropa's *Lethologica* and *Caesura*. Edited works include *Sydnor Knows the Answer*, *Lethologica*, *Act + Vision*, and Ashley Evans' *Princess Prissy* series.

**Mike Miller**

Mike retired a few years ago from a varied career starting with Peace Corps (volunteer and staff), moving on to social policy research and planning, and real estate (had to get the kids through college). Along the way he did extensive volunteer work with transportation museums, choral

music, school issues, church, and historic preservation. At this time Mike occupies his time with a sometime handyman business, time at the lake and in Minneapolis with Marilyn, restoring a Model A Ford he bought when he was sixteen, and writing an occasional poem.

### **Aalaa Mrhomi**

Aalaa Mrhomi is reflective woman from Jeddah, Saudi Arabia with a strong ability to understand the perspectives of other people. She enjoys to read news and fashion magazines and watch movies about the lives of real people as well as documentaries. She is currently working toward her MBA in the United States and looks forward to being a mother and a businesswoman.

### **Ruth O'Neal**

Ruth O'Neal was born in November, 1909 in Paha, Washington, and died of lung cancer in September, 2004, two months shy of her 95th birthday. She loved the desert, especially around Tucson and Phoenix, and in her later years liked nothing better than sitting in the sun reading, drinking coffee, and smoking an occasional cigarette. Ruth was widely traveled and lived for nearly a year in Japan and over 13 years in Mexico. She was a classical pianist, a faithful and learned correspondent with friends worldwide, a sometimes poet, and had the curious nature of an eight year old child throughout her life. She studied many religions, was acquainted with Suzuki Roshi, but her main teacher was Kobun Chino Roshi. . . . the first lesson we need to learn is to accept and connect to the lives we are leading. For THIS IS IT. This is the path for us, and the

right one. Let's make the most of it. This is the spiritual way. - *Lama Surya Das, Awakening the Buddhist Heart*

**Anika Otero**

I'm 15 years young and I attend Milwaukee High School of the Arts as a Dance Major. These poems were a part of an Honors English class but I had to share them with you all. Enjoy! Anika is ko shin Bob Hanson and Karen Ingoldstad's wonderful granddaughter and Willie and Tanya Otero's oldest child.

**Clare Tallon Ruen**

Clare is a professional dancer living in Evanston, Ill. with her husband Daniel Ruen and children Zora and Isaac. Clare is the founder of Lake Dance. Her passion is dance and her preferred subject is water and more specifically, Lake Michigan.

**Ed Ruen**

There is a connection. What we see and read in this book by Bob Hanson speaks to the relationships we have with sky, sea and one another. It is with this in mind that I made my contribution to his book. Ed Ruen

**Fr. Thomas Ryan,**

Thomas Ryan is a Catholic priest and member of the Paulist Community in Washington, DC, where he directs their North American Office for Ecumenical and Interfaith Relations. He is the author of 14 books and the DVD Yoga Prayer. [www.tomryancsp.org](http://www.tomryancsp.org)

**Husam Sarhan**

Husam Sarhan is a thoughtful, calm, patient man from Jeddah, Saudi Arabia who loves chess and soccer. He feels at home as a center on the soccer field directing his team. He is currently studying law in the United States specifically to practice Business and Administrative Law in the future.

**Jean Sasaki**

Jean Sasaki has been at IEI for over 23 years but “in the field” for many more. She is a language teacher, curriculum designer, faculty mentor, human rights activist, people inspirer, world traveler, life lover, faithful friend, and most importantly a devoted companion to her husband, mother to her daughter, and grandmother to her two teenaged grandchildren.

**Harold "Trailwulf" Slater**

Harold is retired after 47 years as a parish pastor. He has led or been part of over 35 high adventure backpacking camps for young adults in seven states and Ontario . He is a Reiki Master/Teacher, been certified in twelve healing modalities, and is engaged in shamanistic practice. His passion for writing is an extension of his healing vocation.

**Carlos Soto**

Carlos Soto-Román was born in Valparaíso, Chile. He is the author of "La Marcha de los Quiltros" (1999), "Haiku Minero" (2007), "Cambio y Fuera" (2009), "Philadelphia's Notebooks" (2011) and the forthcoming chapbook "Con/Science" (2013). He is a translator and the curator of *Elective Affinities*, a cooperative anthology of

contemporary U.S. poetry. He is also a pharmacist and holds a Master's degree in Bioethics. He lives in Philadelphia, PA.

### **Roger Sween**

Roger spent 40 years in the library and information field, but thought of himself primarily as a learner and adult educator. He regards language as our primary gift and reading as the entry way to practice it. His bucket list has only one item – finishing a novel to his satisfaction. Roger is a lifelong friend of the organizer of this crazy book and a gentleman.

### **Linda Saccoccio**

Linda Saccoccio, Artist and poet [www.lindasaccoccio.com](http://www.lindasaccoccio.com) ;  
<https://www.facebook.com/pages/Linda-Saccoccio/76083564570?fref=ts>;  
<http://www.315experiment.com/2011/readpoem.php?poet=Linda+Saccoccio> Interview 2011  
<http://vimeo.com/24797317>

### **Anne WALDMAN [a.waldman@mindspring.com](mailto:a.waldman@mindspring.com)**

Anne Waldman is a poet, performer, professor, editor and cultural activist. She is the author of over 40 books of poetry, including *Structure of the World Compared to a Bubble* (Penguin), the book-length hybrid poem *Manatee/Humanity* (Penguin), and the epic *The Iovis Trilogy: Colors in the Mechanism of Concealment* (Coffee House Press). She is the co-founder with Allen Ginsberg of the renowned Jack Kerouac School of Disembodied Poetics at Naropa University in Boulder, Colorado, where she is chair and artistic director of the Summer Writing Program.

She also helped launch the Poetry Project at St Mark's Church in-the-Bowery in 1966, where she worked for more than a decade. She is the winner of the Poetry Society's Shelley Memorial Award and is a chancellor of the Academy of American Poets. [www.annewaldman.org](http://www.annewaldman.org)

### **Tanya Ingvoldstad Otero**

Tanya is a mother of four living an abundant life creating pottery, an occasional painting and fabric art. She is also an authentic living room dancer and night time lullaby singer. Tanya may be contacted at [bear1929@hotmail.com](mailto:bear1929@hotmail.com).

### **Glen Wheeler**

A very tall Glen comes from Cut Bank, Montana, is a retired Lutheran Pastor, part of a wonderful blended family, of six adult children and eight grandchildren. Glen and Jane live in Minneapolis and Glen has been active in community and justice issues all through his ministry in Inner City Parishes, Open housing Marches with Fr Groppi, staff of the Ecumenical Institute. Prior to retirement and during retirement Glen has been working on Inclusivity Issues and policy changes for same gender couples within the ELCA. Glen catches very big fish at least that is what is told.

### **Dr. Tyrone Williams**

Professor in the English Department of Xavier University in Cincinnati, Ohio. Dr Williams was also a teacher at the Jack Kerouac School of Disembodied Poetics at Naropa University in Boulder, CO in the summer of 2011 during week 3. Ko shin Bob Hanson was a member of his workshop and deeply appreciates his being part of this project as he was in [Inner Passage](#), 2011.

**Jordan Yeom**

Jordan Yeom is an energetic young man from Daegu, South Korea. He has a wonderful ability to think critically and quickly apply newly learned ideas to his life in constructive ways. In the opinion of the author of this bio, this young man has the potential to be a key world changer.

## **Wrap it up Ko shin!**

Tonight could be almost any night. I watched a basketball team I really wanted to win get beat in the last few minutes by a team I usually want to win. They wrapped it up as the say. We often can't wait until it's time to wrap up the project, the meeting, the action. Sometimes we even get a little sloppy just to be finished. Interesting, we don't often speak about death or the period before the end as wrapping things up. Maybe we should. Hospice and the Tibetans can teach us a lot about wrapping things up and moving on.

You might wonder, what is all this warrior poet stuff about? I guess I do not have a clear answer, just the fact that in coming upon the poetry, the language and practice of warriorship in the Shambhala tradition of Buddhism, I discovered something. If one lives their life in the practice of wholehearted engagement, living fully in the moment, our entire life journey changes. It is here we hear the muse within, the poet, in whatever form. Here is the foundation of the performance poet, artist, and writer. Here we discover our warriorship as poets. Here is where we meet the Bodhisattva within each of us.

Recently an inmate came to our Sangha for the first time. He was nervous, he told us he had been reading a lot and this was the first time he had been to a group like this one. He told us, he had done some very bad things and he wanted to change. He asked "I am an atheist; can I be a Buddhist too?" We answered and cared for him by sitting together in the Sacred Sangha and chanting together. After we had finished the Bodhisattva Chant and we had chatted a while, as we were wrapping up he said, "This is where I



am supposed to be.” I am not sure he understood what he said, nor did any of us, but in the moment that was a statement of freedom for all.

How does one wrap up a book with the name *Warrior Poets*? We could say this is one of the strangest collections of poetry I have ever seen, although a wonderful collection of poetry, art, pottery and photographs. This is all true. I am glad we are ready to wrap it up. But maybe my dhamma brother the other day, sitting in a small room in prison, wrestling with the past, discovering that it is the moment that really counts and that he will become a more skillful human being, said it best. “This is where we are supposed to be!” Metta! Gasho! Peace! Love! Gratitude!



Madrid sometime in the mid-80's with my friends...

All I know

Is that I am still chasing wind mills...

This volume is another battle to take on the wind mills  
in our time...the thing about wind mills, spiritual paths, the  
practice that brings new life to you each day, is that the task  
is never over, there is no end, just more....

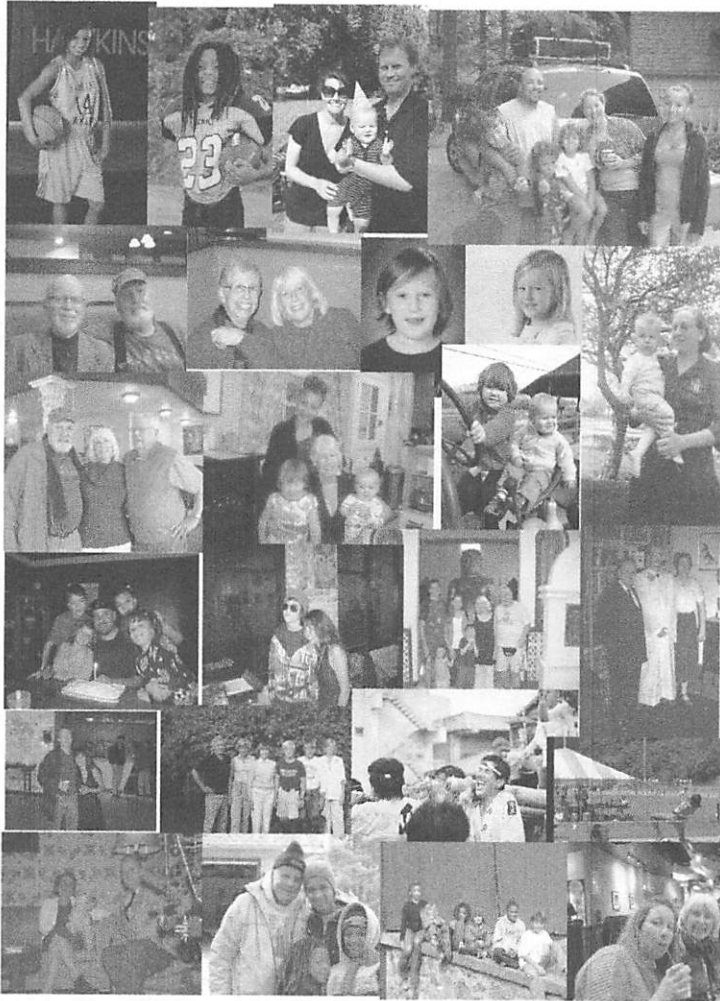
So at some point, this book will be finished

And then new ideas, new windmills will show up on the  
horizon to be challenged.

Deep bows of gratitude, many thanks for picking up this bit  
of the spirit, I hope you found a poem, a picture, a painting,  
a word that gave you some joy and hope!

If not, keep chasing those rainbows! I am.

I am so thankful for my family, friends, teachers, bishops  
and all who joined in this project! Peace! Love!



Family! Thanks for walking this path with me. What a Blessing!



*“Before Enlightenment, I carried water and chopped wood”*

*After Enlightenment, I carried water and chopped wood, and then I  
continued to chase wind mills”*

*Don't forget to feed your camel! Love, ko shin*



*Carry the load, it's all you have and smile!*

Made in the USA  
Monee, IL  
12 June 2021



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HOW STRANGE...

THE WARRIOR POET IS ALL  
THERE IS, TIED TO NOTHING  
THE SPIRITS OF THE WIND, EARTH,  
FIRE AND LIGHT

CALLS OUT AND DEMANDS FOR ONE  
TO WALK ALONE,

HOW DOES ONE NAVIGATE THIS MON-  
KEY MIND UNIVERSE,  
SINGLE MINDEDLY?

THE WARRIOR POET KNOWS...

BY KO SHIN BOB HANSON

THERE ARE ALWAYS WIND MILLS TO BATTLE,  
AND THE COMPASSIONATE WARRIORS OF TIME  
ARE ALWAYS READY!

JOIN FORTY-TWO ARTISTS AND POETS  
ON THIS WONDERFUL JOURNEY OF CON-  
SCIOUSNESS THAT NEVER ENDS. WHAT-  
EVER YOUR PATH, WHATEVER IT MIGHT  
BE, A PEN, A BRUSH, YOUR MIND,  
TAKE THE JOURNEY WITH US.

