





COMPOSITION IN WHISKEY . . . (special thanks to my good friend, Bert Rogers,
for allowing me to make this photo at *Annie's Liquor Store*, in Eagle Valley, Richland, Oregon.)
On the road in the American Northwest.

WHISKEY—*a long-line sonnet*

He could see everything he ever dreamed of
Inside a fresh, new bottle: The young, handsome
Rodeo cowboy, or shooting Geronimo on a Hollywood
Set, or taking care of the last ferocious bear above town.

He always set out *two* glasses before breaking
Open a new bottle. One for solitude; Two to spit at.
You can't *steal* inside heaven in hell; One must *buy* it,
One bottle, at a time. The fate of clear crystal.

Inside the bottle he sees a world more real than
The squalor around him. He pours two more glasses,
Puts his boots up on the table, and spins the chamber

One last time. He likes the sound. Well-oiled. He stands,
Kicks the door open, and throws the last bottle into the air,
Shooting it before it smashes to the ground. He always misses.

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V.6.2010
*Thompson Meadows,
Eagle Cap Wilderness*

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(created: [XI.4.2010](#))





NIGHTFIRE at Ice Lake, Eagle Cap Wilderness . . .
On the road in the American Northwest.

FIREBIRD—*a long-line sonnet*

As in the middle of a calm ocean energies are said
To converge out of nowhere in one immense wave,
So in the Paris of 1910 the Arts surged in a floodtide,
Washing away 100 years of Wagnerian excess.

Gone are the rotund teutonic gods. *Gone* are the
Thick velvet sitting-room chords, the cadences of a clavary
In hot pursuit. *Here* is new balance, a dangerous balance
Of clear, cold stars looking upon pure passionate earth.

New beginnings. Empathy studies a panther in a cage.
Dancers catch the rhythms of Africa in their feet,
And the mystery of Russian folksong takes center stage.

Raw, naked movement, flashes, flares of orchestral élan,

Shooting sparks that are seen about fires on distant planets.
For angels know: *meaning travels faster than light!*

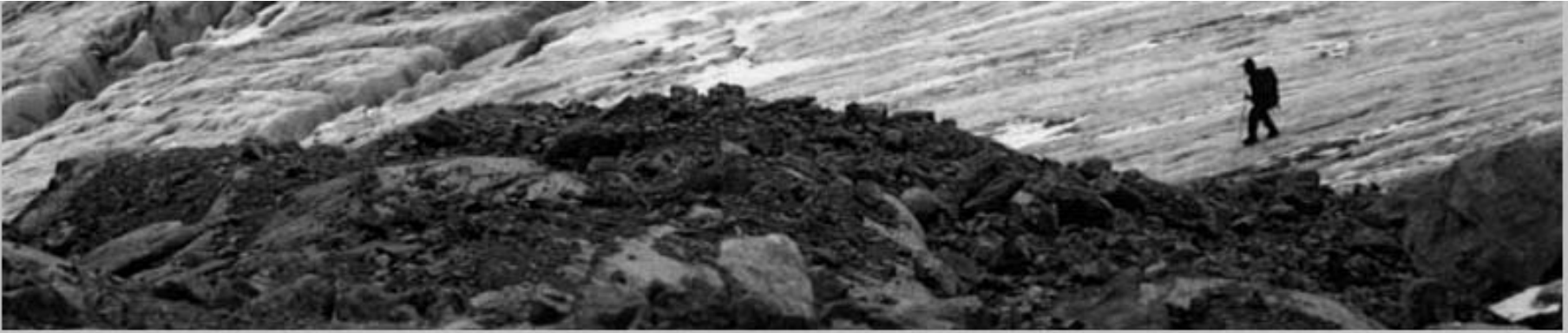
[upon seeing a recording of Igor Stravinsky conduct
his Firebird Suite with the London Symphony, c. 1964)

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*X.19.2010
Ice Lake,
The North Wallowas*







FALL GLACIER / WAYFARER—the Alps . . .
On the road in the American Northwest.

SONGS OF A WAYFARER—*a long-line sonnet*

On a way—a dark and misty way—stands a Linden tree.
It is the first day of Fall, but its leaves are still green.
The crown of the tree fills its space with a thousand
Rivulets and rills shading off into the limitless morning gray.

It is the first day of Fall, and a young man stops
To rest under the tree. He has been here before,
But the way and mist and day seem darker than in the past.
He takes a small wooden flute to play the great Linden a song,

A song both happy and sad, both bright and dark. No name
Do we have for this round of thirds that is Nature's way,
No name do we have for the sounds of fresh Spring,

Or the bare ground of frozen Winter. And so we must sing,
Must sing ourselves back into the wholeness of the World.
It is the first day of Fall: O such sadness, such joy.

[upon hearing Gustav Mahler's *Lieder eines fahrenden Gesellen*,
4th movement, *Die Zwei Blauen Augen Von Meinem Schatz*, sung
by Dietrich-Fischer Dieskau, Symphonieorchester des Bayerischen Rundfunks,
Rafael Kubelik, conducting]

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| listen to the 4th movement of [Mahler Songs of a Wayfarer](#) [9.8 Mb] }

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IX.23.2010
Marias Pass,
above West Glacier, Montana,
after an early Fall storm



DIPPER at Ice Lake, Eagle Cap Wilderness . . .
On the road in the American Northwest.

SPIRIT THRUSH—a *long-line sonnet*

Poor Francis made two great mistakes: after stripping naked
In the open air of the public square, liberating himself from
Patriarcal dominion, he then sought false refuge under
The corrupt Cardinal's cloak; Then there was this mistaken

Sermon to the birds. Poverty *is* simplicity *is* wealth, yes,
Is listening. But witness the Spirit Thrush. Unlike the
So boastful Robin, we never see him, still, we are enchanted
By his space: dark evergreen, cold, clear-flowing water.

Nothing in excess, his music floats like a morning mist
Over an alpine lake. When song is mostly silence, we guess
That angels are near. But with two tones in perfect mistuned

Unison, we can be sure of the divine. Poor Francis was right. Yes,
The world is our family: brother Sun, sister Moon. But this sound
From another space:—far beyond the line we draw around Time.

[for the Naked Poetry artist among avian
maetros, the *Varied Thrush* (*Ixoreus naevius*). I call
them *Spirit Thrushes* for the etherial quaitly of their music,
made all the more so by being rarely seen)

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VII.1.2010
Thompson Meadows,
South Wallowas