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I. World as Refuge

So we're coming back, where we all had to be away. Because of that, is it possible that our experience returning may be more on the same footing? It would be great to walk together or at least in the same direction.

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Photo

by Annika Goodman



Photo by Werner Schroffner

Tranquil Center Stage

Listen to your senses,
What they're telling you.
The most important part's
What's at stake, from another's point of view.

Deep listening's an act of surrender,
Suspending beliefs we may hold dear.
We know that what's at risk is being changed,
By what we hear.

Pay attention with your presence,
When you're absorbing someone's truth.
Ideas come to life and grow,
In remembering who we are and being moved.

If we stand still and lend an ear,
We allow our restless age to fall away.
Rather than running, delving into our souls,
Listening to another reach their tranquil center stage.

Heart communication's
What's happening when we slow down.
Allowing another person,
To bring forth what's alive to them in sound.



8/5-6/2022

The Better Voices

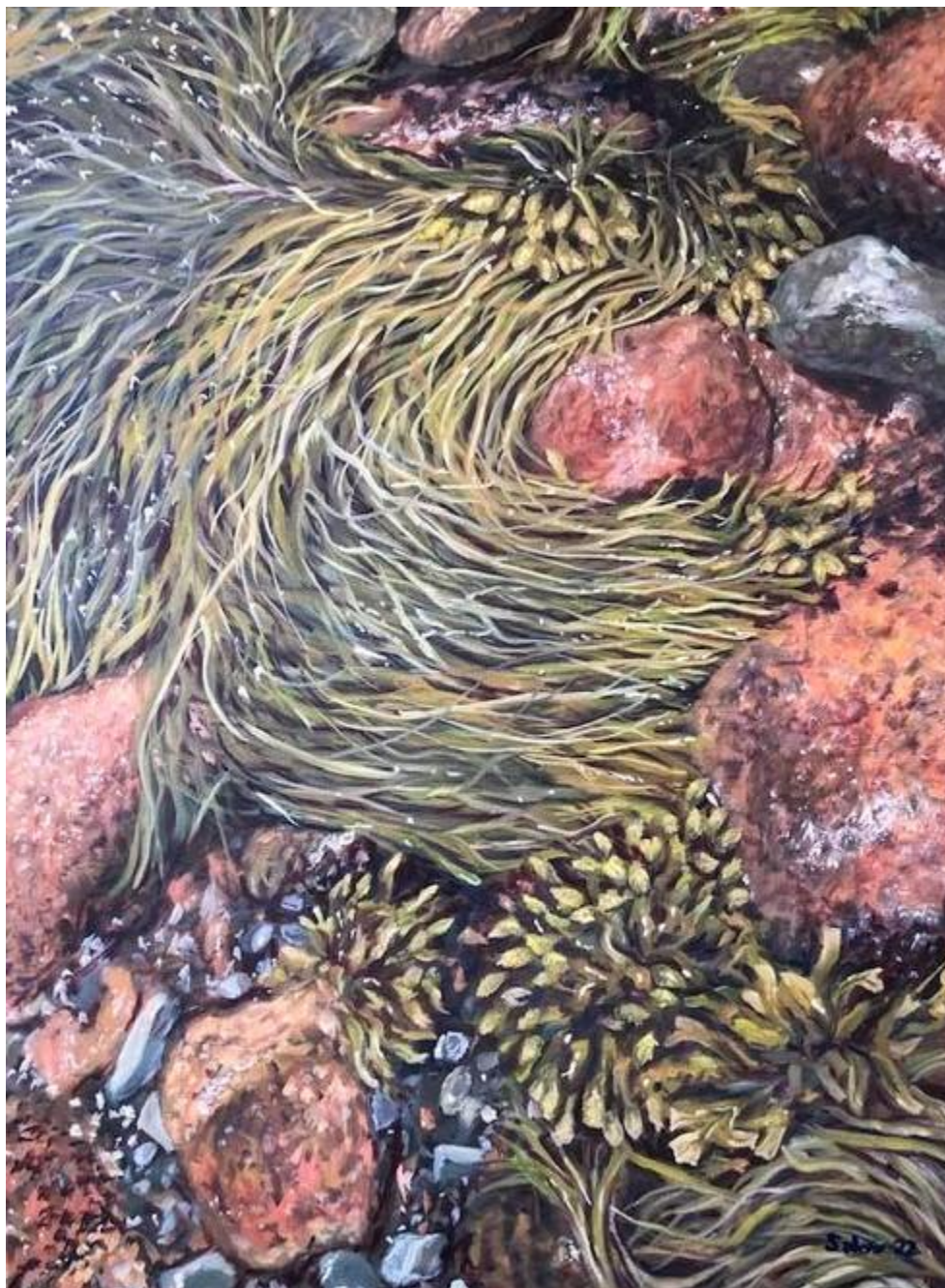
Hear the better voices,
What's alive in us.
Better angels of our nature,
Regaining innocence.

Mottled patches of sunlight,
Through the sprinkler mist.
The speech of lovers,
Can be true silence.

Images gritty and sooty,
Palette of light and shade.
Patterns marching towards us.
Reality, but nothing that we've made.

It's not so much places,
But states of mind and heart,
They can be found in the everyday,
We should hear what they have to say.

Contemplation breaks us
Open to ourselves.
Taking every moment,
Without reservation.



Painting by Leah Salow

12/7-8/2022

Climbing in With Your Eyes

Wild and roaming,

Seaweed's the antithesis of bonsai.
Glazed by water,
You can climb into it with your eyes.

A styled tree's a whirlwind
Made to move in a way
Your eyes cannot follow,
Leaving you dazed.

The ocean's not reaching for perfection,
Something that's always receding.
Rather there's a vastness, like outer space,
There's no need to be uneasy ... uneasy.

Tendrils reach out
Yet are contained much
By external circumstances,
Not human touch.

A swirl of tidal green, brings a feel of late summer peace.
A shrub enigma, bright chill of a morning breeze.

Their beauty can be traced
To striving to stay alive.
A tree with no scars stays rooted on a slope.
A tangle of algae bends to thrive.



9/17, 19/2022

Places We Can't Control

What's perceived by an island?

Letting go is different than denying, different than understanding.

Where does the ocean flow? Places we can't control,

It's why we sometimes cry when we forgive,

There's nothing to fix, but we need to live.

There's land out at sea,

Giving a wink, far away.

Distance is the flirting,

Part of the fantasy.

But some things are better up close,

Rocks we can rely on.

Sometimes we need to be near,

Feel the texture in the light of dawn.

There's closeness in the quiet moments,

Shared pain in honesty.

Nothing's risked unless we hold them.

Silence isn't awkward when it's golden.

We own both the far and near,

And the seaweed in between.

Dimming light has mystery,

But sometimes it's better to be seen.



Photo by Katrina Winzeler

1/5/2023 Originally 2005 Katrina Winzeler

Awaken Me

I watch the lunar swells. They're moving up and down.

I am losing my mind out here, sitting all alone.

I haven't found myself and I've got a plea for sanity,

If this is all they give me then I've lost my will to be.

I am scared of me. I am scared of me.

And how I've searched through highs and lows for truth only

To find nothing to believe in 'cause I am fresh out of faith.

The pale brain with false beliefs, I haven't answered for anything,

I'm fallen, I'm fallen, I'm fallen ... down, awaken me.

I need to feel your love as running through me

I can tell when you're around me, want to touch me.

Go ahead, I'm up for anything, to make me feel again,

I am not afraid of getting hurt, of getting hurt, of getting hurt, awaken me. Awaken me.

And I just don't understand why nothing means anything

To me anymore. It's like, all I feel is a dead end sense.

I look back and thinking back to Thursday night and what it meant to be alive

Stretch ourselves, I knew I should have kissed, you should have kissed, you waken me.

I need to feel your love as running through me

I can tell when you're around me, want to touch me.

Go ahead, I'm up for anything, to make me feel again,

I am not afraid of getting hurt, of getting hurt, of getting hurt, awaken me. Awaken me.

Ah ... stretch or something, I knew I should have kissed, you should have kissed, you waken me.

I need to feel your love as running through me

I can tell when you're around me, want to touch me.

Go ahead, I'm up for anything, to make me feel again,

I am not afraid of getting hurt, of getting hurt, of getting hurt, awaken me. Make me feel again.



Katrina and I used to play together at The Burren & it's nice to be able to still be able to connect & collaborate 😊 You can check out this tune at https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=xJYt6_5L2yE, <https://soundcloud.com/user-377401109/awaken-me-ft-katrina-winzeler> & <https://chiemi1.bandcamp.com/track/awaken-me-ft-katrina-winzeler>



Photo by Annika Goodman

9/2-3/2022

Neptune's Carpet

Leaning on these rocks, Neptune's carpet, glacier made,
The tide can bring words of truth.
The shadows aren't here yet, to cover the crevices.
They're exposed, with cracks anew.

We can fall in and out of love, with people based on words.
We should choose them carefully.
Not clinging to a myth, or what someone's said,
Just because it's pretty.

As the water rises, lapping at the jagged edges,
In time they may be softened, but they don't move.
You can read people closely, as an act of care,
Or just as they ask to be read.

It's only in pushing, past lazy cliches,
That love moves, to the tangible.
A wistful dream to something workable.

The effect of contemplation
Is authentic action.
We don't need to win,
Just do what we have to do.



Painting by Leah Salow

11/1-2/2022

What's Shown

Shopping with friends, looking in a mirror,
Even seemingly trivial things,
Can contribute to who we are,
What's dear, what's dear.

We like people who support
Our current view of who we are.
Communication makes us share,
Extending ourselves to those who are far.

Consolation's not an emotional state, but comfort can be.
Captivated in each moment,
Present tense with vulnerability.
You feel and see, what can be ... what can be.

Focusing on actualities,
Might belie our changeability,
Continuous inside, external versatility,
Internally disconnected, outward continuity.

Divergence may be unavoidable, every life can be viewed,
From other angles, when we are moved.

Living alongside our friends,
Are they the same that we've always known?
Or are there changes we struggle to see, And yet were shown, were shown?



Photo by Annika Goodman

Luminous Footsteps

Sweetness can begin to rise,
When we step out of our own way.
A dazzling darkness, radiant night,
What's been kept at bay.

We've got luminous footsteps to follow,
Those who have walked before.
The steps are many, in different shapes,
If we can glimpse them from the shore.

The sizzle of cicada,
Signifies signs of life.
Endurance, persistence,
Clarity cutting through like a knife.

Peace can come from holding pain,
Experiencing the tension until it transforms.
To deny pain is to avoid change.
Crushing uncertainty, just to not feel strange.

But uncertainty can be
Another word for possibility,
Struggling with your shadow self,
So that your feet finally see.



Photo by Katrina Winzeler

Riverwalk

There's an urban pathway along the water,
With palm trees and banana plants.
It's there we escape the wildfire,
Funnel of stars above, a happenstance.

We're listening to the water, a creative force
Causing us to expand,
Stay curious long enough to change,
See what matters outside ourselves, what lands ... what lands.

Tears express the vulnerability
In which we can endure
Having our hearts broken and still keep going,
Whether or not there's a cure.

In tears flow a sweetness
Not of our own making,
Mercy released
Into our hard-edged places.

Forgiveness is the great thawing of all logic and pedantry.
It's melting into the mystery of grace and humility,
What must always be free ... be free.



Photo by Annika Goodman

9/26-27/2022

Megapixels Perceived

An instant becomes a memory,
In an unconscious tale.
Each part of a picture,
With more on the way.

There are trees and leaves behind,
The scale of an enormous sky,
Distant greenery submerged,
Saturation, in time.

It's vision as sensing what's in front of you,
Placing it into patterns, capturing what can be.
Tilting the planes, fraught with spontaneity,
The world in megapixels, perceived.

Hearing and sight can touch us,
In ways that are profound.
A single note containing
Emotion with color in sound.

Can we speak our truth without needing to be right?
Love the power of things we can't control?
When we let go of our need to succeed,
We allow ourselves to be part of the whole ... the whole.

We're subjects confirming existence,
Caught with intensity,

In a moment that won't come back,
Reality instead of projected ease.