

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

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

Among nameless plants  
I remember my mother  
recalling their names.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

On a tired evening  
a memory of friendship  
gratefully treasured.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

A pavilion for viewing  
the moon's reflection  
enchants me

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

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

'It's a grand day,'

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

Cloud hangs  
only over this bay  
with its jagged black rocks

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

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

Life without pain  
is too far out  
isolating

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

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

From blood of martyrs  
and atomic hell —  
Nagasaki

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

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

*(at Hara castle)*  
Site of slaughter

soaked in blood—  
the summer song of cicadas

Rain clouds again—  
still Mount Fuji  
eludes me