

Quick

Quickly now,
where is my pencil
a sheet of paper
my notebook?
I have a poem
a few lines from a poem
and
hovering at the edge
of that poem
another
just coming into my mind

Has this time
for pencils and notebooks
passed
because the time
for keyboards
has come?

Keyboard
or pencil
or pen
I know by now to preserve
an idea, a line,
a pleasing confluence of words,
three lines that build on each other,
maybe rhyme,
or it will flow away
from consciousness
into unconscious memory,
like a dream
fades
when I wake,

The best poems are dreams
forcing their way
to consciousness,
trailing mysticism,
like mist
cloud wisps

of conscious realization
growing into sunshine
in blue sky
losing first
vividness of color
then details of vision,
becoming less visual
then a structure of words
then nothing,
remnants
wisps of fog
no more than stains of coffee
in a cup
tea leaves
drying at the bottom
of a pot

Quickly,
paper
pencil
Quietness of mind
an image
words
wisps of smoke
fire beneath
actions
words
images
a prayer
gratitude
for what stirs
in my mind
my heart
my eyes
conscious memories.