

Thirteen Raven Poems

I. Mountains in snow.

Raven

flies, black above white,  
looks down at mountains  
in snow.

II. A tree grows  
in my thoughts.

Three Ravens rest  
on three branches,  
thinking of flight.

III. Ravens fly  
in cold winter wind.

Ravens become  
winter.

IV. I love you,  
he says .

They hold each other close  
in mountain quiet.  
Raven flies above them.

V. Raven's harsh call  
becomes pleasant above harmony.

In silence that follows,  
I find  
intimations of enlightenment.

VI. Frost covers my windows  
before daylight  
and obscures the flight of black ravens  
toward spring.

They speak to me in raucous tones.  
I listen  
but never understand what  
they tell me.

VII. We seek material riches  
and spiritual enlightenment.

Ravens watch us toil,  
watch us spin,  
watch us try to understand,  
and laugh in sorrow  
at our misdirections.

VIII. Ah yes, we humans  
have words  
and wisdom,  
but Raven sees

the machinations  
of humankind  
and laughs  
for incredulity,  
for relief.

IX. Raven flies beyond my senses  
and tells me  
she and I are one;  
life is one  
with the creator of life.

X. Ravens fly  
toward strange colors of sunset.  
Were we not struck dumb by awe,  
we would cry out at beauty  
as colors reflect from Ravens' wings  
in numinous movement  
high above earth.

XI. When we fly above  
our own existence  
and see life,  
sudden fear penetrates us.  
What seemed necessary  
casts raven in dark shadows  
that might not yield to rising sun.

XII. Life proceeds  
harmonious.  
Sun rises.  
Swallows swoop to catch insects.  
Raven flies from her treetop,  
pleased to see beginning  
in every movement,  
every thought.

XIII  
Time is a human concept.  
Each moment is eternal.  
We look toward the future,  
try to think of everything that might happen.  
Raven, in the top of a juniper tree,  
gathers the moments we discard  
in our forward haste.