

one world

julia doughty

in gratitude to: shree maa & swami satyananda, mamma, trees & earth, & all teachers & friends.

2010

one who is tree

gets tree

who is a monk who is an indian

leafless willow budding

mountain's gully marking half shadow half light
two sides turned toward each other
both becoming light

moon turned whole

discus of devotion

voices that say do or don't

just the slightest song of low lying creek

more rains to come

& love

most profound

wild grass coming up in rock dip

every bird in a life

sage keeping blue green every day each day

no one
turned away
empty handed

a good place to start

lichen matching color for color with sage

reason for being

in form & unformed

why want what i already have

having come from returning

nothing is

as it seems

get wind coming through hot

on a winter day

see coyote tracks see manzanita red bark

seeds going to ground

one of many

and flowers in hand

getting
warm sky mid january
all the way
to peak top

clear seeing all the way to the sea

most birds staying close
to water

so contracted, little lake, few birds

somewhere

new year's day

jet overhead going

people & some angels there

trunk like any other
bending when it grew leaning in its decay

sure, languages are dying

and bug & bird

crows circle over
some homeground

if what comes is expected, there is peace
if what comes is unexpected, yet there is peace

unbreakable

signs of a kind of cloud

meaning storm

bracing what can be seen

going on seeds

in another kind of mind

fallen leaves still in netted branches

so much not to do

stay with it

where the road can't be seen in chapparal

it's there it's there

this sheering of mountainside
made a million years ago

green

given the time all the time in the world

rocks exposed moved

the thousand names of it

multiplied

repeated

known

blue jay comes over

calls out
for food

push & pull
winged wind
twists & spins

limb cracks & sky shouts

groundswells
rainfalls to waterfalls

bird hideaways

light through great swaths of darkness

tree parts flying
into windowless walls

one who runs in rain in only shorts & shoes

flood scours

ground partings

plumped dudleyas

house warmings or bridge awnings

green & green in all
rain & grey brings out green
& already blooms & blue sky

i may have gone down but winter comes & goes

ever & ever light
rays just rays by ways of shadow & cloud

returned birds
song to song callings

mountain strong & falling
creased with age

mountain between mountain above
cloud in creek crinkles

touch the last bit of hard snow

rock to go by
turns

grasses, ever grasses, coming up

creek bends over slickrock

and all the downed not grieved

is what is

breaking down for new ground

going on

the journalist says, we have a long way to go with this war
i will probably have to write
about it for the rest of
my career

the more & less of it

when you visit the child
whose arms are now gone

past is present
present is already past

fear
the story with dramatic feeling
we
don't have to take
the story
as truth

humility fidelity purity

virtue

light spread out in a cloudless sky

trail to go in any direction

clearings between hill to hill
creek contained by its own path

all along the way the grasses dry

rocks in the creek holding
part in part out

fire didn't make total ruin

oaks revive

go see the new any day any time any place

now already past

uneaten acorn grounded by winter wind

walk over ridge to get to creek

over & down
then back & around
another way

fallen twig hanging on fallen trunk's limb

scours of old burns

through the night glorious singing
i would wake i would sleep

all awake

water bubbles surface then no more

fire offered to fire

not the owner or recipient

headwaters to river
river to sea

rain all morning but clearings too
creek going bird winging & singing
around this bend another bend
if you move me across the mountains
to the next valley
the strange harshness of this time
to live inside the prayer
tree seed leaf trunk ground again
grant that i may not seek so much
parting of the ways of having
living in the dying of having
when rain comes hard
and then parts
water gathering for a moving song
coming through rain

what ifs of our deaths hovering
snowy manzanita blossoms on gold ground
windless trunk's side pale & dry
just as sudden cloud falls sage fades
more rain to come minus or plus
now wood smoke scent drifts uptrail
reside in
what goes out
must come in
laugh cuckaburo
some that must not be talked about
because words flit over & around
and creek runs
past how words point
afloat
*
where green turns into another green
into cloud out into & then out
to cleared lowland
here to there
is really there to here
everywhere
after awhile the rain lets up

three little lights
across the canyon

in the car in tandem
with two-deck coaster train
all of us
going the same direction

what's a rig

the child asks but already on the next word
ring rule
seal sea

what's in a word

we call that a cloud but what is it

mint persists
chickweed up

if it's all the same to you
it's all the same to me
without i'd rather

around the bend
sinkhole full of rainwater

much later mountainside
pouring out soakings

coots return & run around

blackbird pipes out a new learned tune

inhabit flying & landing as weather

bindu

stand/sit in the middle of all this

scritch-scratch bird diggings

where deer walks i walk

so bright so cold

each line to its own

tracks in mud

more to come more or less
more to yield
see how we diminish in size

spread out
but lose
stature

soaked ground

about the possible

we have our quiet moments

cut orchid still thriving in its jar water

handel says he's been given the messiah

where *is* the beginning

where we can't see in these (seemingly) end times

in the walk-in refrigerator your baking powder

will get the cornbread to rise

two mothers of two friends die
around
the same time

don't smoke it
i want to say
but they are at the beginning
and don't know
that meaning

who will rise up who will go down

they still tell us
what to read

begin with the best
they say

what makes the list

between fingers the little
leafless-like leaves of california sage

gathering stones & moving them

at that moment around the world
you
were making a stone wall
go further around
your field

out
beyond right & wrong

able to eat normally
anything, without
the fact
that it will make you sick

out there
there is a field

ashes to give to the sea—?
no, he says i'll carry you around
in my car

all along the road, cherry trees
in pink & white

hot & then it rains

close cut or shaved heads
of cancer patients
monks
military personnel

these ideas

all in the head

something
to practice

how do you fill your day—
from beginning to end?

breathing in
inspiration

where is there to go
but backcountry

where could i go but to

mint persists

the child's shoes go on & off &
back on without a hitch

sky's canvas
just now cleared & cloud patched
before awash in grey

there's no telling these days
yesterday as prediction foretold warm & blue

there's no getting away from being
fickle & confused & full of moods

oak trunk & limbs & roots

one spindly another grandly big & old

canyon's rock-lined walls
sage scrub hillsides

water coming down from ridges

watercress fine in the icy water

what is it like to stand up
& speak, in costume and mask,
about being defined as ill
when in fact you're fine

this is what the psychiatrist
had to do
in order to
get the association
to change the definition
of a homosexual

one world nests within another

two blue birds flitting tree to tree at the creek

don't know their kind, the deepest blue, their name

tender

what of the days

hope is between

willow about to leaf

some oak outliving the trees around it

a garden in bloom & another time in browns

in twilight in last light in new moon starlight
birdsong

happy by inside by outside
turned in & out & all around

kick stroke kick stroke
even if i can't see the bottom

ocean of possibilities

oak catkin in my hair

i run fast past snake hisses in scrub

sky shifts all week
heavy grey cloud strewn
freed blue

all these languages coming together in one place

tree's spider web threads cling to skin

here is the ground
built upon
sometimes called stage

kin to tree
cloud creek

turning away from
is turning toward

green within the green

what comes comes what goes goes

just now herons in great numbers overhead
click & chuckle song

this undone book
ever-writing writing

the one act
translated to another

you could be a have or have-not

let's read the book of each life

what there is to know

it goes so far

in it

walking around the bend
in making beauty is beauty
even in hunger the sumptuous light
because normal has multiple variances
and mine is not yours
but we can still be
on common ground
look for you in you

silk oak nearly done shedding
its many petaled blooms

must do something about the telegraph weed—
the slightest bit of water—or none at all—
and it leaps up as if to catch the sun

the choices, the released prisoner says,
are overwhelming

the final chapters of his life
he will not be able to unclench
the chain on his back
there the sale brownie is the right price
the numbers flow at the gaming table

we, on the sidelines,
cheer on love
and have nothing to give
that moves the action another direction

we with our own chains

the song of the unseen fern gully creek

white bloom becomes sweet blackberry

you, the star so quickly falling

you, like that character
in the story i read last night

now mariposa gentian
now black oak in full leaf & new bud

this thousands year-old trail

dusty flowers

baby
wild turkeys

i never knew what time it was until
after the time

one cloud & another
small & together a bit bigger

another gold in these mountains

she who was the prostitute
the one to nurse the ailing miners

*

pink black-clouded blank blue morning sky

aspen rattlesong

*

the season so short

seeing every day's partings

windsong
saying free

let loose

*

and then the clouds passed

i believe in the sun
even when it is not shining

i believe in love
even when i am alone

i believe in god
even when he is silent

—scratched onto a wall in auschwitz

no one knows if there will be sun tomorrow
given these strange fall days of rain & mist

everywhere there is something
to eat, to plant

even if it is two things

you can go on nearly nothing

both night heron & crane perched on fence

being in the company of

without book with one way
or another

going
light

where the wildflowers have been
the sand & pretty pebbles
the hot ground dust

emergence of rain again
flower, heavenly color,
long-stillness, little bloom comes through
for sun for another short-lived
stand & sway

wind in the cusp of dawn
in the leaves

within the seeming ties & knots

i can not believe i have ever been small
(tho i am)

being as i am
the all of all

always this residence

can't ever remember an absence

i became a child
and then again and then again and so on

so that each round
i have known
the song

of songs

it's how i am not alone
in twilight

crescendo flowers humming rocks

great visions
everywhere

ant in sink
weather here

all here
a light unto the world

and the warmth as we are used to returned

but for the cold or night

how could we see

pink in early morning horizon

outside like inside

the greatest of loves

up close: make me an instrument of your peace

now the highway becomes
part of snow clad ground

smoothed ice or insatiable
collectives of flakes

river runs unstopped

rail tracks appear & go
into ghost clouds

all in all white & wing

cloud sky ground in places one place

go on & on miles upon miles
snow upon snow

the road as this i've never known

all old crying falling from
a new slash

finding
the great fire

ever given
ever able
to drive
the changing road

*

another day
another next day

morning's early night
road's ice

peaks coming into cleared sky
peak tops pink

great harmonic swellings of fast shifting
morning light

driving into desert deeps
rain sweetened creosote
earth tone layerings
sky etchings
springs singing

*

coming here to walk where sun
shines through cold & filament cloud
sit in gifted warmth

coming inside
miles & miles

every place person thing

*

clear water over white & red rock
thick common reed
cold clad leafless limbed cottonwood
wind-changing flat-bottomed clouds
that could give rain & do there, at the peaks
what were known as peaks until remade by cloud
closer-in mountains give light & shadow
their play

i can only be
all that i am

god knows
god only knows

*

every rhizome—
the underground branch
sending down roots,
offering up to sky leaves

ground softened by so much
given rain

here's the snow

there's steam clearing through
from warm spring

being of water

leaving home in rain
coming home to rain

*

it impends
it hovers
it hangs heavy & yet dry
cold dark draped sky
that signs for rain
but does not rain

flowers bloom early & die & offer more
even in these cartwheeling days

*

in thomas merton's last journal
merton is off roaming the world looking
for a new home a place to get away from
go to
his idea
of peace

September 18

First Ecstasy of Rama Krishna

One day in June or July when he was six years old he was walking along a narrow path between rice fields, eating puffed rice from a basket. He looked up at the sky & saw a beautiful storm cloud, & a flight of snow-white cranes passing in front of it, above him. He lost consciousness & fell into a faint at the beauty of it. A peasant found him with rice scattered all about him & carried him home

*

drop down
 into death valley
 descended pupfish from ancient time
 in salt creek
 sky scraped clean of snow
 warm at last
 walk up to hidden palms
 warm creek treasure-full washes
 of colored rocks

*

merton, p.58:

It would be folly for me not to consider Alaska as one of the best possibilities for a true solitary life & I hope I can return here. When I am through in Asia.

... I would not be asked to do any parish work of any kind—the only request would be to help priests by spiritual direction if they wanted to come all the way down there to see me.

*

so long ago
 pratacara
 lost
 her husband
 her babies
 her family
 in a time
 when all those ones
 might be your best possessions

met the buddha
 followed him

his teachings

joining his nuns

and still
 even in the practice of
 the ardors of attentions

she felt in pieces

just a turning down
of the lamp

gave her a glowing moment

yet we know
the days went on

to cooking cleaning

*

shree maa:

You had thought about how a guru should act. You didn't see the whole universe. This is human life.

natalie goldberg:

The shock finally shattered any veneer I attempted to create. I didn't want to know these things. I didn't want to know how human Roshi was; I didn't want to come up close and personal with him.

*

to the ones who finish their earthly concepts,
i am one with god!
-rudrastradhyayi, a vedic hymn

*

if yeshua mean teacher/rabbi

and jesus went to india
and received the ancient teaching there

then yeshua/teacher/rabbi/jesus
also means guru

*

as much as i
want to walk
away
that much i
want to know
what is
here when i stay

that snake that sun
that one
person talking
all the ways that irritate

peace a creek under
ground of that & this
if i want it, whatever
it is
i make the world
my own
nothing, no one a stranger

no place
above or below
ground
to find fault

*

darting hieroglyphs of leaves
move swiftly with wind

ground evidences crumble

stock tragic narratives
surface or dissolve

evaporation, expiration

inhaling, for now,
sweet air

black sky
star speckled

*

sit in the garden in late pink light

later sit lit within

in the hedge
little throated-songs

i say you and this means we

a cup
a sea

beautiful flowers floating in water

gone

and here again

another
color

when little i nearly floated

but they taught me all their ways,
gave me strings, taught the ties

we do what we do

go in & out
seeing
through mirror

the wise one says
how beautiful to walk with two feet
in one world

2011

how to lift ourselves
this is the question

all around a ground
still holding us

some leaves

and if you are living
water

it has to come
from somewhere

fortunate to be able to

and going as if

not yet vanishing in thickets
of violences

o so many

what came before?

i was another face

what lives on

in these days grass grows
still grows

you could get used to it

but it won't keep you there

not so similar, the chapters & chapters
adult kid

advancements of comedy

squirrels run for the sliced hot dogs
and the sun's come out again

we were a family of sorts

we were friends for awhile

the one who was the one and then not

many worlds come to an end
and still

a sky a ground

tree coming into bloom

blue heron
standing in shallow water

stars not stars but planets

ground moving even
when we don't feel it

we have to

sleep work eat

and the sky, great sky
must give us rain

cats run quickly past to get to sitting shoes to chew

as they say, a whole sky opens up

when turned over in the near-grave of grief

that sign pointing both left and circling back

o how the land gives

sun bringing out the best of her

land of many promises

book of questions

this world sighs
into its night repose

sometimes it comes through
like an answer

root & flower & fruit

& tosses again into winds of worlds

is it world

is it sun

and she would run & run,
because they'd say run,
secretly biting the inside
of her cheek

apples falling

neighborly twilight fence-side talking

is it

where hawk's call broke through canyon's afternoon hush

and they met at a dance
he just back from the war
that was all it took

where hummingbird has to go on searching
past the trees that give
undrinkable flowers

when she was so large she could
walk only with effort
out for all to see

slowly slowly the sidewalk
their mean thinkings
her incurable illness

the focal point of visions

is it

the generations, after awhile, not so black white red yellow

in the hedge the hidden-nest-time is over

what's here what was
the then of then the then of what
will be

there
then here then

always
running

together

had i known then
what i know now

we got into the boat
to go away
some made it there
some went there under the surface

and we never saw
them again

now how
do you
like that

some howled
and even howled
more
there
we get what we think
we want
and it's not

it
is it

a way of life disappears
one takes over the other
in time
this is how

and one day what she wanted so much
she no longer wanted

just like that

brilliantly glittered sky of stars
there to see

are you lost
they ask

the days open now to living

water sinking into the porous ground

if you are sick, well then

let's feel this sun
let's say it
you're sick

holidays have so many meanings

if i haven't read those books
by now, maybe i won't ever

you & me & the countless stars

the body that came in to teach
and one day the teacher's energy
so waning he just sits

to be with

i find it difficult to say, to convey

there was the story

in our time our shared days
all the while we were talking
about the book

music between the talks

with every step a prayer

there is no boat

is there

they would fish in the days
of sea monsters
& grace-giving spirits

but no more, almost no more,
their land of ice nearly gone

we were living there
and that house is no longer there

always, she says, go on

don't
look back

like paint on rock

like coming to an age

of knowing
who you are

in the desert, flowers
the forest, fruit

one breath in
out
comforts startles

it's the same breath

up the hill is the stone
on the stone
is another stone

above is a sky
for now, blue

around & about are the wild roses
pines on the edge

there, over there, the little lake
who drains into
the canyon

every day is the day

dear to the sun
beloved of moon

one day is the day
having all the signs
of poetry
in its waters & dust

they say dark, darkness
they mean a night with nothing
no stars, nothing

we say dark is a semblance
and from it comes light
all this
light

in the book of names your name
tho as yet you don't remember it

called by any name, still you know

who is destroyed
who is everything

i will walk up the hill, she says,
and come around again

dialogues in the wind drifts

in a way, it hardly matters where now,
who, what
in the land
of desert or forest
in it

where is the hand pointing to

in that way
we came to wander
for all these years

i got up to the stone
and then walked back down

an eternity walking

somewhere in pause of steps
flower berry

going on from there, yes

large tree where it has been
for so long missed if not
seen, walking by

having no idea where
or the very careful working & planning

in a human way in rocks appearing after rain

taking up where we left off

a day in pieces
& of a whole

freed for a little while
in first morning hours
then returned to the latest
occupations

hawk lives nearby

in the forest
changing into flower
unopened cone

feeling tender

anywhere is tender

beneath bravado of human

finches in the pines

once in awhile
the forest seems to leave

across the meadow
now it looks like the dead tree
has at last fallen

when the grasses shake back & forth—snake
when they dance in one place—squirrel

going off coming back having never left

go slow

soon to be in snow

clear landscape of any day
this day

wild rose petals going to ground

little cracklings in the hillsides
where squirrel & lizard
move up down & around

who is snake

tracks in sand
slight sightings in grass

skin shedder

cooling kind wind
mixed in with heat

inside inside

little lake now in lilies & reeds

walk where it seems the way

bees all with one direction
flower to flower
wherever for her

there is the trunk of the tree that was
big & tall & sweet & home
now where is the rest of it

the killings to live
here owl feather red tail hawk feather
mountain lion tracks

back in the deeper trees
arrivings & dyings

into the night this private world all out

she wanted the divine mother to come to the himalalyas
as her daughter

parvati agreed with one condition

you have to forget who i am
i will be your human daughter

you have to be in human reality
otherwise it will all go away

here is the play
play your part

and when you see
just watch

there the hawk circling
as it does

and where will you look for peace?

this glorious world

a circle
'round
itself

a center
uncontained

do you go into the meadow
tho the clouds hang low & black

hot air thick with unfallen cloud

go

i go

i come back
all turns grey & black

first small bits of the whole watery sky

but not long

no then what once was below
coming from above

sky all one in let loose

trail become creek

did that world live?

quick leap away of one sky

blue sky
green trees
don't say

i was mortified—
& that was the great one's idea—
to chop off another one of my many heads

*

maybe there is no getting rid of it

they all get to have their way
buckwheat blossoms fall
ants scurry off with them
more blooms come

bus, train, rickshaw
arrives as needed

wind blows through
where it's hot

along the trail a big rolled-down boulder
no propping it back into its old place

Credits:

p.18: out/beyond right & wrong/there is a field: Rainer Maria Rilke.

pp. 36, 37: Thomas Merton: "Alaska Journal." *Antaeus* No. 61, Autumn, 1988, p.273; 58.

p. 38: Shree Maa: *Living with the Soul*. 2007, p.116

p. 38: Natalie Goldberg: *The Great Failure: A Bartender, a Monk, and My Unlikely Path to Truth*. 2004, p.11.

p.38: *Rudrastradhyayi*, a vedic hymn; 8:28. Translated by Swami Satyananda Saraswati and Swami Vittalanda Saraswati. 2002, p. 116.

