

Poetry by Mica White

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MASTER GARDENER

pulls not the petals
to turn a faster blossom,
he beholds the beauty
of Natures unfolding.
Morning dew
trickles down his finger
like no other
nostrils flare
as he welcomes
liquid nectars
blessed scents.
For he alone embraces
the vision
of this flower
accepting each petal
as she unfurls
to his heart's
warmth.

Rooted infinite
Love sends it's tendrils weaving
into my Spirit

WELL TO ETERNAL WATERS

Strata of earth
rugged topsoil--fiery red clay
terra-cotta slate and ashen granite
prodding the surface
nudging the boulder of doubt
careful for the mahogany roots
probing buckets
past earthworms to crystals
rushed by old bones to gems
the Holy One sends showers--pure
the pit still shallow
a muddy catch
plodding the crevasse
the abyss of emptiness grows
soil slips from the boulder's foot
though daunted- delving deeper through the shale
a long fresh sprinkling rain

sinks in--settles clear
An explosion!
Buckets of granite surface
till you touch
cavernous, subterranean *WATER*
cascading up from within
sagacious walls cast
bucket no longer for ground
all rope leads new vessel mining
for the Divine.
Pulley cranked
by *THE WORD*
bucket attached floats on top
released, tips and sinks,
left there,
inundated by the flood
of the Most High
disintegrates!

Beyond the breakers
past the reef skim the bottom
gather up the pearls

ASCENDED MASTER IN WAL-MART

The wax covered the black
and white checkerboard floors
with a sheen that shined forth from shimmer
emanating

from the clear center
of it's pure being
empty of all thought
embodying stillness merged

in the divine presence of now.

Glory be to that Invisible Foundation upon which we walk.

The Enlightened one enshrouded in janitor clothes

the one you never see with no name

claims his inner truth and pours the juice

that has spiraled from the indwelling universe of his heart

out upon those clear waters of wax pure love merged

saturated solid knowledge infuse

with the marrow of the bone of his being

given freely in the moment

of swirling spirals of wax melding floor

with the one poured.

You as you stroll no, strain

insane through

with that list of things to do
as you grasp at things false glint your eyes bring
if you let go you will know,
unfurl your gimme fingers
reel in your selves eyeing shelves
if for one brief moment
you stop and look within you will win
the grace of that place
you will feel the foundation not just a trace
of the truth of your being but truly seeing
your oneness standing on that wax with open
heartedness
on that clear foundation she awaits your revelation
empty of all thought embodying stillness merged
in the divine presence of inexorable bliss
this is why with the I
birthing juice of Her creative art
God invented Wal-Mart.

Rose petals glisten
rainbow droplets as dawn's blush
caresses the ground

I GOT IT... IT'S A RELIGION!

I took your clothes off today

Skin glistening in the sun

Rays shone how those elastics

Marred your wrists and ankles...

I don't like that cut collar mark on you

or those crippled feet from too small shoes

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into original formlessness

Beyond even oceanic love

All knowing wise

Eyes in all...

Hare Krishna's to Hindus

Catholics, Christians to Jews

You know your clan by the outerwear

You choose not by the inner wear

Putting cultural clothes on the divine

Saying, "I'm right!" is a very big sign

Forget this fight over fashion

As if buttons and frills

...were the DEAL

No wonder the belt always fit too tight

The size never felt right

Thank God, Fashion doesn't Rule

Though the billboards say they do

And books dressed in wine, navy blue, brown and black

Dressed pages arguing I'm God, I'm Right

Working to keep the devil in the backpack

Part of the garb-laden heavy, cutting shoulder straps

Naked with no trapping

No attention calling names

No tags of London Fog or Nike

To contract the psyche

All religions

Are but outer ware

Encouraging you to style your hair

this way or that.

Thin or fat

Vest clothes fit too tight

Won't let you breathe

In your heart chest right

If you knew your were good enough you wouldn't need

A double breasted suit to
intercede

Ah but that bulging belly is bliss

That gnarled nose nectar

You're sacred Go naked

It's free It's immortality

No style improves your being

In each moment do your loving

Bad hair day or perfect top knot

The hair is love

NO STYLE CAN CHANGE THAT LOVE IT

Enjoy this costume party

Your birthday suit

May look a fashion

Or wrinkled beyond recognition

Unzip your overalls

It won't be all over

Be one with the one under all

These disguises

It's a masquerade ball

It's midnight

TAKE IT OFF!

THE MELTING

Icicle,

tinsels sunlight

as crowding clouds

levitate, to reveal

hot pink round bottom

whose sun-streak sears

a tear

trickling, rivuleting into pond

who consumes this tasty sun-stained morsel,

with clouds collaboration

darkness descends

and cold

crisps the ripples

into one frozen mass...

only to have heated, steamy spring showers

dissolve

all signs of frost away
as ponds current overflows
to the other side
Cascading
Earth-showering
waterfalls
to the life
BEYOND.

OPEN TO LIFE

Walk, stop, and breathe
massive green-laced-sky
engulfing path
rubber legs climb
jagged boulders to summit
horizon eyes see
sunset cradled
between peaks as layers of mountains
ripple, under sky-ocean
stop, sit, and breathe
long breaths
drinking in

appreciation

night vision

takes us down cricket's sound abound

crescent moon's grey shadows

rhododendron tree-grove showers black on black

"step out empty"

giggling Thai Chi

over roots, rocks , and railroad ties

safely open, to new ground.

TENDING YOUR HEART-FIRE

Amid waking dream,

I Visioned relationship anew:

Tending your Heart-Fire,

not moment by moment attention

only oneself can give...

I offer pine needle twigs

to tickle

sparks from you,

I never splash water to dash

your dreams,

I find trunklets to fuel you

and sweet grass to tendril and merge
with your spiraled smoke
for long soul journeys...
by your blaze my hands are warmed
to loving action,
I curl up cozy by your flickering
mesmerizing
flame,
as I dapple rose petals in your tongues
they lick my fingers,
our light rises
into a new

SUN-NECTARED DAY!

The Muse

struck

the bottom

of the well

last night.

We sensualize

that drowning.

Others

just contemplate
how long it takes
empty air-ripples
to echo
through starlight.

Are you wet with us?
If not,
dustbowl
roll into us
and become

MUD
at the bottom
of the WELL.

In love's quiet
face washed
with streams of departing
not to caress
no heart voices between friends...
only the Unseen
Remains.