

Content(ment) Creation

Don Perkins

Saffron, the full moon
settles to the west;
two planets wander
the southern pre-dawn glow.
For the patient who wait,
sunbright breaks
to fire the eastern clouds
and the imagination that questions,
“What’s the light doing today?”

This risen sun adds sparkle
to the dance of feeding
sandpipers dipping along the edge
of a reedy suburban run-off pond
bordering on still-farmed fields;
to the splashdown of migratory mallards;
to the ripples trailing
the local muskrat who patrols
the edges of the sedges;
and to the purposeful strides of
joggers and dog-walkers
alive to the crisp possibilities
offered by morning air with
a bit of a thrill in its chill.

Most of all, this morning light
exposes the essential:
Nothing here is digitized,
nothing parceled bit by separate bit into
pre-packaged "content"
for browsers
scrolling for something
disguised as "information" --
not among these connected layers of
autumn translucence
wherever fluttering leaves
thin, yellow, and pick up
ambient shine to contrast
earth ploughed dark
and turned to rest after a summer
of productivity,
now waiting for snow
and the time of
preparation
we call hibernation.

Lifelines

Don Perkins

Wading the shallows
and being tossed about
where the sea remodels the shoreline
seem not the stuff of deep,
challenging confrontations
with the serious business
of life. Look again,
the shallows and shoreline are
 alive, a transitional zone,
 where older and newer
in the relativity of eternity
 toss against each other in
 curious familiarity;

 where generations of children
have picked their ways
among tide pools, curiously eyeing
tiny fish and crustaceans,
or have laughed while they wait
for the next wave to roll
them up the pebbled strand
so their playful little legs
can run them back down to be
rolled back up, again and again;

and maybe where the first aquatic life,
dragging or rolled from the shallows
tested its fins
on not quite solid
and not quite dry land,
played its own games
with the possibilities,
of the changeable, living, line
 where the shallows
and sea
 become shore.

From the Botanical Garden Bench

Don Perkins

Sit quietly on this bench

constructed and set for contemplation;

Face the centre of the garden,

focus into mindful meditation.

Take for granted how well refined,

strategically laid out, contained, designed

Each angle, vista, ripple, sigh;

ignore what had to be confined,

Torn asunder, violently redefined

from the scrubby, scruffy parkland

Forest just outside the fence behind--

the natural landscape so offended,

Gardened, terraced, maintained and mended,

replanted, calmed, to free your mind:

But, think: How odd; these birds alive in spring-time song

don't seem to care which side they're on.