

Where we live and other poems



by Bill Eberle

Where we live
and other poems

SAMPLE

by
Bill Eberle

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Cover Photo

Fusion July 16, 2003; Camden Maine, a moment in Hosmer pond ©2003, 2023 William C. Eberle
Fujifilm FinePix S602 ZOOM, 1/640 sec, f/4.0, 46.8 mm

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for
my daughter Ann

and

my son Ben

Forward

Pushing

the wheelbarrow

of ourselves

Bump ba de

bump ba de

bump ba de

bump

2004

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Where we live

Some people
like to say
what's wrong

with this person
or that person

And of course,
we're all
such easy pickings . . .

Perhaps existence is,
in some way,
divided
into what's wrong,
right,
and unimportant

between good, bad
and gray

love, hate
and indifference,

heaven, hell
and purgatory

If that sort
of understanding
is useful

then
there's a simple measure
for knowing
which of these worlds
we,
in each of our moments,

are in

One that

people
animals
plants
insects

all bits of existence
which *may or might*
be sentient

know instantly

Because you know
and others do too
when you're being kind
and when you're not

Kind to another
fellow creature
or to yourself
or to a time
or a set of circumstances

Thinking,
reflecting,
or expressing and acting
with kindness
and appreciation
of what is there
in front of you
all around you
or a part of you

Seeing
hearing
feeling
and understanding

And being thankful

Knowing
the moment
and the bits of life
and existence

sharing the moment
with you

Simple gift
for being
sentient creatures

It's a simple measure
of who and where you are

Ask yourself

In this moment
is there kindness
unkindness
or simply
indifference

Being humans
love is, perhaps,
beyond us
a mystery
beyond our understanding
...

But kindness we can do
and recognize
in ourselves
and others

Kindness is the
measure
of how close we can get
to the divine

To love and light

Kindness is a measure

The real miracle
is that we can
be kind
in our thoughts
and actions

Can approach love
with

Kindness
Our heaven

Unkindness
Our hell

Indifference and
ignorance
Our purgatory

...

And, having will,
we are blessed

We choose
in each moment
where we
live

August 21, 2011

circles

if minutes mean anything
and they probably don't
but if they do
I mean a year
on a planet in a system
in a galaxy
in a universe
and a day in that place
with conscious beings
who measure time
daylight sunlight
nighttime
over and over
lifetime beginning time
end time
and all that
if minutes here
mean anything bigger
connect to the alchemy
of other things
everything that also is
or was
or will be
then
there is also
this odd fact
that
in this day here
24 hours approx.
a lighttime darktime revolution
during another spin
around a star
 $\frac{1}{4}$ of that day
1440 minutes
is 360
four circles in a day

April

Dried leaves
flutter across retina

Spring gusts
pop stop move along
crawl catch scurry scurry
duck walk
jump twirl hold
lifted up and up
flying
returning

Blur
burned image
receding
winged body's sudden arc
up
impossible to see
details
vibrating

Consciousness
ready waiting
like a patient dog
there in the great oak's
shadow
for more

Glowing ending dream
unfurled eons
light to years
to moments
emblems
crumbling icons
last breath let out
exhaled remembered
first breath
once again

fluttered

Dried leaves

pop stop across retina

awareness

flying

returning

waiting

For more

Spring 2005

jewel falls

flow into rock
curl back around
and over

bounce down
and along

stream across

flow onto rock
and bubble across

flow into rock
curl back
twist
curl

around
and around

Jewel Falls

Sept. 8, 2006

Afterword

I don't write poetry. Something inside of me that is related to poetry but earlier, more primitive, takes a hold of me and shakes me and takes me for a ride. The only way I can keep from falling off is to write, parse, push, feel, play, and reach . . . and keep putting words on paper until it's over, and the ride ends. Then I get to take a deep breath, remember some of the music from the trance I was in, and try to wrap my simple heart and brain around what is left - some words on paper. What is amazing to me is what I've learned from all of these experiences, that the spark for all of the poems that have come out of me is always love, a desire to tell someone I care about something inexpressible and wonderful, something worth remembering.

Bill Eberle

Thank you

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