

in memory of elliot washburn from the heart

*if there ever was a 20th century
philosopher equal to rw emerson
it was the serene elliot washburn
who likewise possessed a silent
but golden reverence for existence
and bathed in the essence of life
while marvelling at all creatures
great and small animal or otherwise
with an equanimity ever so rarely
exhibited in the rest of humanity
and like emerson he also managed
to integrate practical workaday life
with his speculative quest for nature
in its significance yet insignificance
for his gaunt solid new england soul
understood the marrow of paradox
and whether attired in business suit
as i often saw him emerging from a train
or clad in khaki pants and plaid shirt
happily doing yard work enjoying nature
and joyfully whistling with the birds
his presence gave this boy reassurance
while i watched or played and socialized
with his beloved son and wife
and will always linger wherever i am
in the rocks and the trees and the sky
and in my mind where he lives on*

march 9 1990

★ song for margaret ★ salute to margaret kirschner

*i come to praise margaret not to roast her
for i ask myself if i dare to vilify or criticize
the character of somebody i have long admired
and have set upon a much deserved lofty pedestal
constructed of exquisite experiential reality
often camouflaged in a murky closed environment
in which only an intuitive visionary such as her
can call upon the inner forces and resources
deep inside that soul of hers which i know
she has long striven to open and hence to enlighten
that she might achieve her already enlightened goal
of improving the lot of humanity in a realistic sense
while acquiring a much sought after holistic state
of spirituality rarely attained by long sufferers
actively involved in assuaging human pain
or in rectifying social and political wrongs
for i cannot even jokingly forget or deny
the moments in my hour of need when she sat
at my hospital bedside and tenderly taught and led
me and my beloved worried wife step by step
through the process of visualized self healing
affirming to us that this longtime friend of ours
had gradually succeeded in conciliating or merging
her desire to make worthwhile social contribution
with her never ending quest for depth of soul
all taken in stride with a smile on her ruddy face
and twinkling laughter in her deep brown eyes
and so i write to thank margaret with all my soul*

june 28 1990

july 4th 1990

★ flight ★ over mount saint helen with pilot dean caldwell

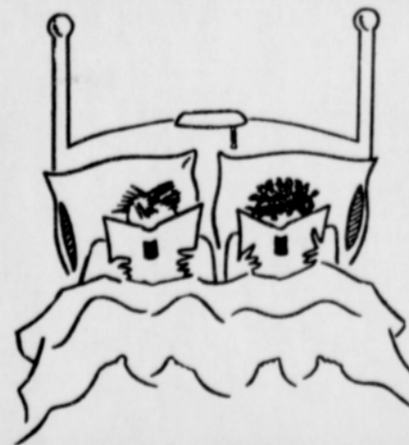
*azure is the independent sky
and exhilarating is the takeoff of the cessna
flying higher and higher above the tiny runway
until we are aloft and cruising the air lanes
in a somewhat westerly direction bringing portland
and the winding willamette into snaking view
in aerial detail from south of the sellwood bridge
to north of saint johns where the river merges
into the mighty columbia and where we turn north
as if following the freeway before flying northwest
above the ashen toutle and the stubble of brush
and abruptly we encounter the spectacular majesty
of the fallen still fuming saint straight ahead
shortly before sweeping upon the looming peak
and rising above its fast melting glaciers
to gaze down on near barren gray slopes
and as we circle then swoop ever closer
the gaping hole in the once conical form
leaps into razor sharp clarity of view
revealing geomorphic rebirth in mother earth
via the gradual build up of a new lava dome
with occasional puffs of steam gently rising
to remind us that the mountain still lives
before we fly away from that awesome chasm
to ruminate on its grandeur in golden thought
and quietly picnic in the shadow of wings
on the grassy airfield at cascade locks*

july 22 1990

arthur honeyman

arthur honeyman is a
writer, poet, printer,
teacher and bon-vivant
who has cerebral palsy.
he is 50 years old and
married to jo ann kelly-
griffen honeyman, artist,
printer and coffee entrep-
reneur. they live in port-
land and are cofounders
of "wheel press", through
which arthur's books and
poetry are published.

— mpmc



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happy birthday to ann becher a woman with flair

*the real question about
the charming ann becher is
how can a poet find the words
to capture the dazzle
of her cosmopolitan smile
and the sparkling ambiance
emanating from deep down within
and surfacing aglow in her dancing eyes
which you know could transform to icy fire
if unjustly provoked and in her ivories
of glistening warmth
and in her flashing movement
of colorful but tasteful finery
and you wonder if it would be redundant
to utter conventional words of birthday wishes
to an individual who so exudes
the quintessence of gaiety
and satisfied felicity and while pondering
these thought meanderings the slow minded
but well meaning writer of free verse
is thwacked on the cabeza
with the lightning bolt realization
that the esteemed ms becher
is a real flesh and blood person
and one of considerable achievement
and scads of talent
and throughout the course
of her personal history
she has successfully striven
to make her lasting mark
and to make it with exuberance
and style and humor
and that it would be very nice
to be aware that this poet
is grateful for her existence
and cannot help but exclaim
happy birthday ann*

july 12 1990