



(Photo: Roadside Dog Rose, the Alps)

Of Flowers and Poems

Flowers are to the background green of meadow and forest what a poem is to the constant chatter of sounds which surrounds us. How strikingly beautiful they are, these centers where essences converge.



(Photo: Mountain Spring, the Alps)

Three Miniatures—

(1) In limit, there is freedom; in freedom, there is limit. Even the wildest of rivers creates itself the boundaries of the bed that order its flow.

(2) New meaning necessitates new form. After drinking from the source of a hundred mountain streams, even the finest of wine glasses may no longer suffice.

(3) A free economy is a strictly limited one. Even the busiest of thoroughfares still retains a thin white line, protecting the rights of those of us who prefer to walk.



Leaves

Perhaps leaves fall simply
to carry away all that we
thought we needed to say.

And perhaps trees in this
way purify themselves each
year, knowing that there is

no thought so large that it
cannot be written on
the smooth, plain surface
of but a single

leaf.



(Photo: Redbud Pods (Cercis canadensis), July aspect—North America)

Talent? Everyone appreciates the wild flower's showy brilliance, but few care to follow the slow, steady ripening of the seed.



(Photo: Empty Frames, Free Speech; Outside the Chicago Museum Of Art, circa March 1989, at a demonstration in support of US constitution First Amendment rights for all, including artists.)

Simplicity

In Politics, the most radical idea is simplicity;

In Art, the most difficult idea is simplicity;

In Science, the most necessary idea is simplicity;

**In Religion, the most mysterious, arduous,
complex idea, is simplicity.**

Cliff Crego



(Photo: Flowforms, Mountain Spring, the Alps)

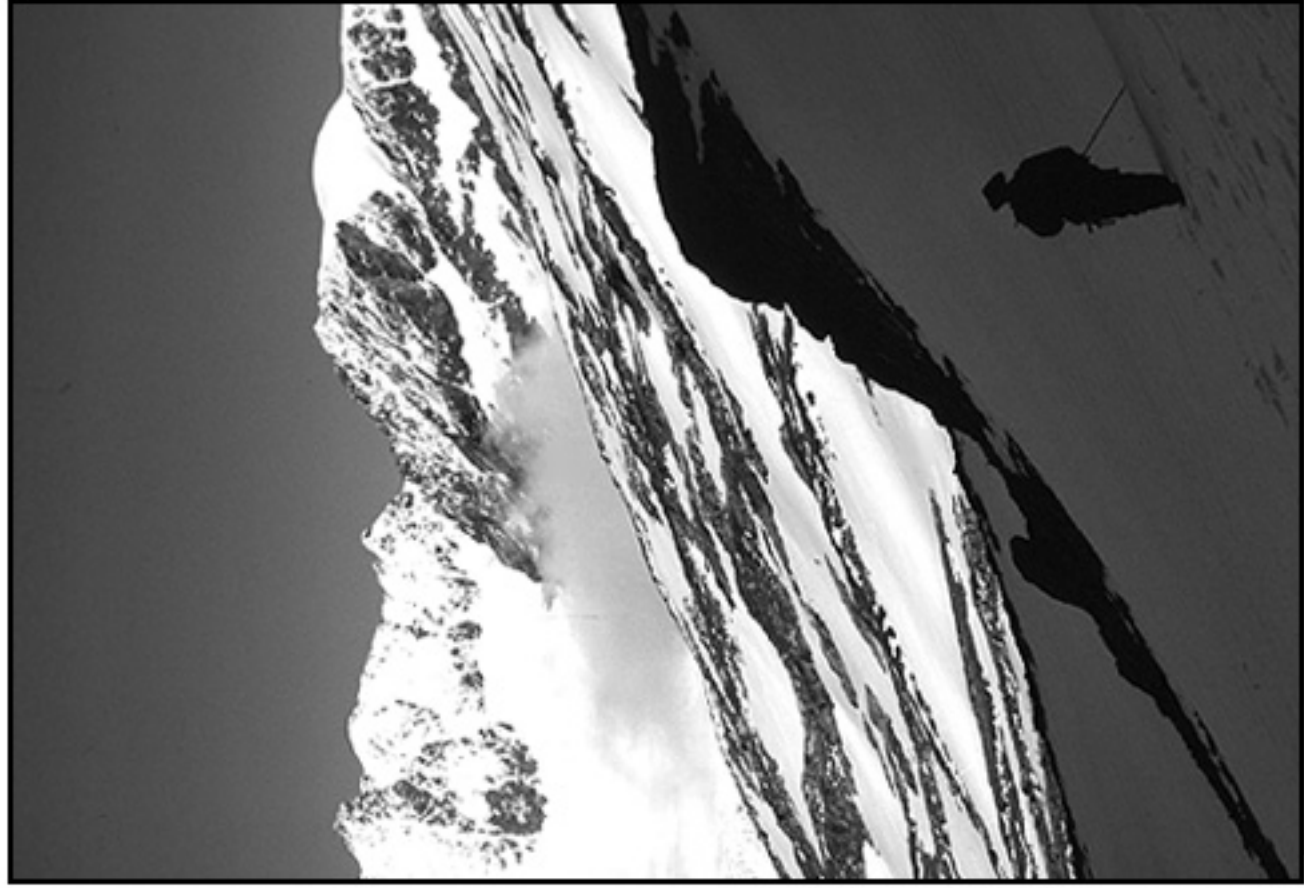
**The spring gives freely of its water,
but only in freedom can we drink.**

Sometimes

Sometimes, a poem
wanders about the world
in search of its
proper place and hour.

To learn it lovingly
by heart is
to walk with it;

To offer it freely
to another
is perhaps
to bring it home.



(Photo: Heading West, Summer Snow—the Alps)



Picture/Poems
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