

Oregonauthor.com  
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## Winter Notes 1997

I saw my first wife  
in my dream last night  
hair gone grey  
face showing  
nearly forty years  
since I've seen her  
showing  
some hard times

She said, "It's good  
for both of us  
I don't have a gun.  
If I did  
I would  
probably  
shoot you."

Yes

I was young  
stupid  
without moral training  
without religious training  
I damaged  
some  
people  
around me

Eventually  
I learned to stop  
most  
of my  
uneducated  
destruction

It took time  
my own guidance  
and,  
eventually,  
assisted guidance

openness  
gentler existence

Love of all life

I woke from my dream  
saw forest  
white  
outside  
my window

Cold fog  
hung densely among trees

Ten degrees

I'll never finish  
everything  
I've made notes on

I'm free to throw away  
partial manuscripts  
partial songs  
pages of notes  
about  
what I'd write  
if there were time

Most of the day  
I sort  
and dispose of  
material possessions

All night  
fine, powdery snow  
drifts down  
from dark clouds

I wake at daylight  
face the white forest  
powdered snow  
on every surface

Ten below zero

This day begins  
with golden sunshine  
with my gratitude  
for life  
for this day  
for sunshine  
brilliant  
on white snow  
lighting dreams