

**BILL BEARD**

POEM WITH A QUOTE FROM OLSON

as this tree  
stands separate from wind  
– has parted deep soil  
sprung  
    away  
from earth,  
seeking its own light  
its own quivering  
need of balance

and now grows  
    drops limbs  
sheds leaves upon the snow gum  
dawn,  
ever true to its song  
of touch and kiss, season's  
sigh of breeze,  
wet skin in gentle rain  
– a green leaf  
    dance curled  
    in sea fog  
    silk o slide  
    of root thru  
    brown pores  
    gentle granite  
    a delicate hills  
    smile . . .

so now to move  
in the generous winds  
of a loose limbed dawn, beyond  
the sorrow concerns  
of compromise and faint desire,  
living our human frailties  
on a level with all gods  
    . . . out here  
to sing    daily,  
as tho it  
had never happened  
before, where unblinking eyes  
are clearings of wide surprise . . . the quiet  
startling of rainbow deer  
gliding thru shining mahogany  
coasts,  
where sea eagles  
spread their wings  
on crimson clouds of first  
light    drifting fog  
over murmuring mountains,  
ever to breathe  
where the summer sun  
enters,  
mushrooms up  
unto blue . . . parachutes, slowly  
thru evening's trees  
ripples thru the sky  
and journeys in our dreams,  
ennobling the solitary  
clear winter's night/curlew gaze  
of moon . . . .