

Morning Tea

The Merced
brews her morning infusion,
in tea-dark turns
the sun steeps stirred
by cinnamon snags
that diffuse steams
as Time
twists through a sleep
suffused with evergreens. A
flaming bend
of the Merced, a kettle
of steaming tea
in which the dawn dips
a crust of light
to whet the appetite
of folks like me

(or you), a brew

of light and
steam and stream, a
loaf of light that clears
the head
of an old dream
newly risen
from its bed
upon the ground, stirring
to the sound of a riddle
that lies around
the next bend.

Sun-filtered sticks
wafting incense
from the pith
of an evergreen Faith
that has stood
within this wood and
now congeals in each
winged
woodland
wraith. Under
neathe Sentinel Bridge
the up
side

down pyr
amids, the floating
funeral pyre
of a season laid to rest
a water-color forest-fire
slightly Turner-esque
swirled into nothing
by the flourish of a trout. A

look
ing glass that slides
from bend to bend
where motion and
stillness artfully
blend, a still life
that wont keep
still, that
cures the paralysis
of limbs, gives
reflections the bends and
new life to old leaves
whose portraits decompose
in the breath
of a breeze.