Perigee

The moon full
at its perigee
casts a lunar net
over the interweave of branches
laden with storm ice
glistening in a black and white
pointillist's silhouette
as if the forest itself
were a galaxy
its empty upheld arms
sweeping the night
for stars.

Icons of the Wind

On old maps
the wind
is a cherub's
inflated cheeks blowing.

On winter calendars
it's an old man's
breath
bearded with icicles.

While weather vanes
chart compass points
with sailing ships
and flocks of geese.

But here, on this lake,
from these sunny shores,
the wind is simply
the hand of the sky
passing over water.

Winter Studio

The storm has taken
castings of the forest
each stump
each fallen branch
packed in frozen plaster
preserving the moment,
encapsulating time
in snow and ice.

Even the rocks
have taken on a thick new skin,
all breathing suppressed
waiting for a rising sun
to break open the mold
and rip winter's white cloth
off its set table
unveiling spring.

The Sea's Oratory

Waves slide their foamy tongues
along the beach,
each crescendo
tosses rounded pebbles
that scuttle back noisily
like insects caught in light.

We listen
for what the ocean has to say
as if she were Demosthenes
practicing her oratory
with stones in her throat.

Origami Book and Poems

Selections from
Templates
by Bill Carpenter © 2010

Selections from
Templates
by Bill Carpenter

Templates explores universal patterns
using the poet's toolbox of language,
metaphor and simile.

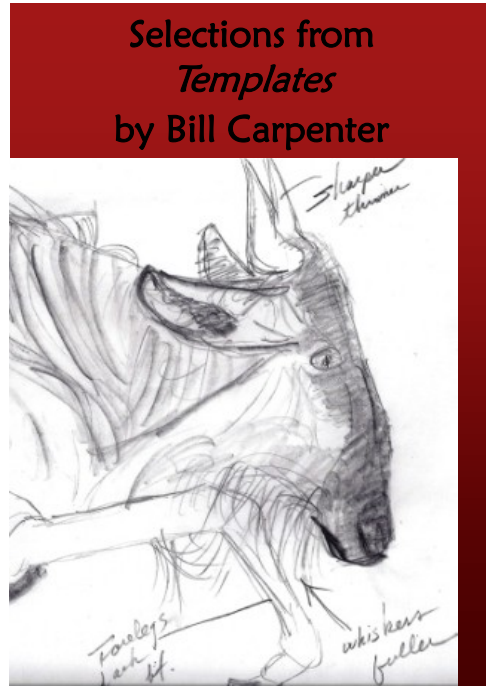It is an effort to empathically understand
and connect our world.

Ode to the Wind

Oh, to be the wind,
cling to you like rain,
run invisible fingers through your hair,
sculpt your cotton dress
to your contours like Venus,
run away with your sweet perfume
tossing it like petals in my wake.
To billow your skirts,
animate your breath with my spirit
flowing in your veins as life;
to cling, caress
and kiss
your moist mouth dry.

Oh, to be the wind
and take you as my lover.