

Poems of Nature and the Environment

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Introduction

The poems in this group are primarily from the 1960's, but some were created fairly recently. Most were written for and printed in the newsletter of The Coastal Canoeists, a canoe club originally based in Newport News but now based in Richmond, Virginia. I have made some minor changes and corrections, but generally I have left the poems as they were originally created.

You will note that some poems have titles and some do not. I have made the titles bold so they would not be confused with the poem itself, and I have provided a break-line between poems consisting of five tildes or utilized the page break for the same purpose.

Suddenly
But not unexpectedly
Accompanied by confusion at Lloyds
It happened
Like the Great Chef
Cracking a mammoth egg
Black albumin drooling out
Spreading
Choking
Creeping-up
To become the familiar
Iridescence of the coastline

~~~~~

### **Penultimate**

“ . . . and in closing, ladies and gentlemen  
I would like to reiterate  
that this is indeed the penultimate of our hopes

Since the early years of Henry Ford  
from one-lanes  
to two-lanes  
to four-lanes  
to turnpikes  
to interstates  
to elevated internationals

And finally, with the fitting of this cornerstone  
the coast-to-coast  
arctic-to-isthmus  
omni-directional  
solid concrete  
North American Ceiling Freeway”  
<APPLAUSE>

## **The Mighty Faucet**

Take two measures (molecular) of hydrogen  
Combine them stably with one of oxygen  
And you have rain  
Which tends to drain  
Into a main  
River

A foamed delight  
In roaring flight  
Through flumes of curls  
To spumes and whorls  
Into a reservoir

The water from these placid pools  
Goes to serve the flaccid fools  
Who pump it into swimming pools  
Car washes  
Lawn sprinklers  
Scented baths

And my grandchildren will think  
Water runs only from faucets

~~~~~

Joys of Nature

Cry joyous
The magnificent multi-faceted beauty
of a dew-jeweled pop-top
The scintillating radiance
of a crush-textured ball of foil
The glowing opalescence
of a bottle brindled pool

God Bless the American Dream

Two On the River

The beauty of each rhythmic stroke
 sun on paddles gleaming,
Slicing fast through snow-white foam
 down the rapids seeming
Not to fear the mighty river
 with her awesome power.

Hesitating not a moment,
 free from indecision,
Tempo, allegro, flashing blades,
 with metronome precision,
Shooting into pitched confusion,
 whirling spray to shower.

Eddies pushing now left, now right,
 cross-rip currents dragging,
Through haystacks, whirlpools, standing waves,
 aching muscles flagging;
Still jagged rocks and thundering falls,
 lesser men would cower.

With burning lungs and racing heart
 from turbid into calm,
Frustrations gone and tensions eased,
 fatigue a pleasant balm;
Relaxed repose with spirits soaring
 glowing egos tower.

~~~~~

## Wild Ducks

On fog's crystal hush  
Wild ducks in the whistling bend  
Fold around again

### **Bullpasture Gorge**

Down across the river of pied beauties  
Singing through her spelunked hills  
Girdled in her narrow waist  
Spending her ergs on boulders and men  
Taunting with her Sirens' roar

A foam-flecked odyssey  
For those who would live

~~~~~

Silent River

Silent sounds of river's falling
Sliding soft around its stones
Pooling brightly feeling flow
To sleep a night alone
Whisper smooth
Sublimating
Like ripples in a shadow

~~~~~

### **Marsh King**

From the mud in color melding  
With the day on cloudless drop  
A languid haste in feathered motion  
Riding whims around the bend

~~~~~

Campfire

In shadowed days of rising wisps
The blended self in silhouette
Flees the night's coronal heart
In leaping joy of freedom's flight
To wash upon the face of men

Salvation for Rivers

go
wild river
channeled down gullies
scarring across bottom land
relentlessly seeking
Nirvana
in the sea

~~~~~

## Alone

glimmering iridescence  
shimmering stillness  
alone  
fish like finned silver cigars  
in helicopter movement  
you look at me  
I'll look at you  
mutely

a crow gives a freon-blast  
a cicada whirls his noise maker  
a frog makes his nimbus call  
a pair of ducks explode from cattails  
an acorn cap clatters through oak branches  
all a harmony of silence

a color potpourri  
but green has a photosynthetic dominance  
and the spectrum grows wings  
hold it  
click

pleasant fatigue discharges capacitor nerves  
While soreness is dulled in monotony

the self climbs back into its symbiotic womb

you become the glimmering iridescence  
you are the shimmering stillness  
alone

## Fall

the mountains are camouflaged ships  
afloat on a brown wind-rippled sea  
the tide ever rising  
until their armor is stripped  
by a withering blast from the north  
leaving skeletal frames  
and bare superstructures  
as the fleet waits for help  
from the south

trick-or-treat  
with half-empty stares  
of orange and black shopping bags  
proffered by midget Frankensteins  
and spat-less Mickey Mouses

from the uniform larva of summer  
to brief-lived prism-refracted adult  
dormant  
waiting for the Karma of metamorphosis

~~~~~

Snow
ground styrofoam
Spore-like drifting
Some sublimating
Some melting
Slush

~~~~~

Iridescent  
Like a morning dew drop  
Refracting blossom brilliance  
Out of the deep of night  
Into the now of day  
Sparkling

## Sea poems

From the sea's roar  
Waves pad up  
To lap kittenish  
And purr softly  
Into the sand

White-rider  
Of warmth pitched drafts  
Wheels relieved on azure drop  
In search of yielding life  
To impaling plunge

Weaving in the spray  
A slickered man  
Plays the recurrent theme  
Of guided hiss  
Against the fugue  
Of the sea

All the strutting giants  
Fall to foam  
In the wake  
Of Stentorian death

~~~~~

Skylord

Riding steep on glory puffs
Sun-gilt coined in fame
Falling free in folded law
Of Machiavellian grace

Hungary Death

With fires of hunger alight
 in the paling October sky
The osprey soars with eyes that see
 through gold flecked diffraction
The swimming helix chain
 that binds each node
 and finds in death
The life to fly
Again
 and
Again

~~~~~

### **River Morning**

Pausing here on pebbled shore  
My heart records in sunshine green  
The death of care in birth unseen  
Opening in on arms of love  
To hold the whiskered frost