

AUTUMN RIVER

Revised



POEMS by
WILLIAM RAIN



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AUTUMN RIVER

Poetry celebrating

Nature
Love
Mind
&
Spirit

Primeval Light
Publishing
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Autumn River





Nature is looking at you

Birds fly above -- they see you.
They eye you. They watch you.
Animals watch you from their
own homes.... Their eyes follow you.

Insects, so small, sense your presence.

Nature is looking at you.

Trees surrender their shade.
Flowers accept your love.
Nature, all its beings, know you.

Nature is aware of you.





Spring

The seed
spread itself

the blossom rose...
to air its fragrance
amongst the trees

To wind its scent
through the leaves

to find the bee
to be again.





Fox and Crow

One spirit
is the trick
between the fox and crow

One spirit
red as fire
leaps into smoke
flies off as crow

One spirit changing tails.





Coyote

Far on the ridge, he's there.
alone with the sun, drinking fire.

Coyote!
Coyote!

Spirit of dust and sage.
He's there, far on the ridge.

Ghost of the desert
alone with the moon
howling medicine into the open night.





Full Moon

Like a visitor
over my shoulder
the moon appears...

it's face a smile of wisdom.

suddenly!

the questions
to all I have asked, disappear.

speechless, I gaze and learn
without words.

I stare... and my soul appears.
full luminous and clear.





Totem song

My thoughts are becoming animals

My thoughts are becoming tall trees

My thoughts are becoming birds

My thoughts are taking wing

My thoughts are flying away

My thoughts are flying away.....





The Bell

Floating earthward...
from the high temple

a cascading prayer

passing through mist and bamboo
as it falls

not even stirring
the pond of perfect stillness....

A floating prayer
A stinging joy
A lingering happiness.....
Hearing only Heaven.





Enlightenment

Moon light
moves through bamboo
leaving leaves unmoved

shafts of moonlight
reach deep into the pond

through which
swimming fish are illuminated.





Compass

In still airs...

the weather cock
points anywhere.





Time Piece

The monk's
prayer bell

announcing devotions...

heads bow
Tao is now.





Searching

The Snail
while his house was growing,
kept looking for his home.

and did not see
that he became
house and home.





Illusion

A breeze...
or snakes wake

which is which
in seas of grasses?





Living Words

Tufu,
a great Chinese poet
wrote living words
that turned to ferns....

You can see them growing
along flowing streams
and near mountain waterfalls

Always from the Tao
the spores of his soul...
drifting through the ages

and I
centuries later...

feel like the earth
on which his words
grow.





Thoughts

Soothing sensation
Rescue me from my mind
Distract my thoughts
make my musings
sensation soothing

My thoughts
have come to their thoughtly end
my sense of self
has thought itself

Sensation!..... touch me with the wind
Sensation!..... wet me with the rain.





Diadem

In the vast pure universe
the jewel of the void
rises...

crimson and full

The circle of clarity
inlaid
with a crane

in black silhouette...

the spring moon.





Love poem to a Butterfly

I interlope
I transcend...

I command the great wings
towering above the body of the butterfly

I wish you to rise upon this breeze
to shake your pastel dust
upon my tongue

now, move around to my ear
so I may listen
to your only sound.





Temptress

Like a flower
that only shows its face at night
in moonlight.

Releasing dark perfumes
on the evening air

Releasing lust on herself
In full view
of the naked moon.





Winter love Poem

When the jade leaves of summer
shined like stars
we were lovers

We were lovers
when the stars dripped gold and melted
the summer into another autumn heart

We are lovers now, in winter
Red hot..

Keeping the flame close
Holding fire like life

Holding love like heat.





Love with Tao

Silently.....
In mid air

The white butterflies
with each other.





Heartwood

Wind
slips into the splintered tree

Draws forth
the fragrance of a heart.





Adversity

The flower
seeded by the stars

rooted in the space

crept forth from this
with its blossom.





Night Flower

The moth
a moment silhouetted
in the full moon

the cosmos
in full bloom.





Charm to catch a Love mate

I unweave from my heart cloth
threads of light
I weave into open eternity
a web of heart light

I make a circle
attaching light threads
To my illuminated mind
To my compassionate heart
To my sacred body
To my spiritual energy

Suspended in prayer
I weave my love snare

In a sacred manner
I wait to sense her
caught in my heart cloth

In a sacred manner
I wait to sense her
caught in my prayer.





Love chant

Most beautiful one
Most perfect one
Woman with universe as a soul
Woman with space as a being
Woman with love as a way
Woman whose voice is a hymn of the
void
Hum the hymn
Hum the hymn of the way
Most beautiful one
Most perfect one
Woman with universe as a soul
Woman with space as a being
Woman with love as a way
Woman whose voice is a hymn of the
void
Hum the hymn
Hum the hymn of the way
Hum
Hum
Hum....





Lover in the garden

Cleomes on her skirt
sway like the garden...

Roses on her blouse
scented by her heart...

A living garden, she is.

Amorous, I stare...
Pansies blush
the whole garden sighs.





Longing

Separated from my lover

I watch the seasons
chase after each other

hopefully note
the changing position of moon and stars

Praise the last of pure blossoms that fall...
mindful of baby birds stuffing out of their
nest

Tall grasses are only half the height till
we meet again

All of nature feels deliberately slow
tomorrow has not arrived in days, night
lingers...

Away from her, effects the cycles of the
world.





Love Lost - Love Found

The Butterfly said to the flower
I cannot resist you...

The flower
moved further away in the breeze.

The Butterfly said to the flower
I cannot resist you...

The flower said to the butterfly
I cannot resist you.





Marriage

My wife and I
pray the same
prayer together

The heart vine stretching
until the reaching blossoms.

Married to our love
with roots in the same spirit
nourished by mutual intent

we create marriage from
Divine love

Our wedding vows
have grown entwined

Together..... we
reach out and climb
the stalk of the sun flower.





Autumn

Without wind

Without rain

Without a stir.....

By the weight of their own colors
the jeweled leaves of autumn fall.





Winter Wind

Fury! In the wild winters raging storm.
Fury! In the wild willows raging form.





Autumn Cicada

Unmated and cold
old and tired
weak with incessant song...

ancient cicada
Autumn has come.





Hunter

The spider
in the center of his web

The bird on target

flying off
trailing silver threads.





Enlightenment

There was a man
who stood
in front
of the full moon

all night long

and never saw how dark it was.





Disciple

Between I
and
the full moon...

silhouetted leaves.





Hunting the shadow

The black crow feather soared
out of the clear turquoise sky
like a warrior's arrow from the past.

A black arrow
aimed through the centuries
A black arrow
shot by a spirit through the ages

A spirit arrow
sailed out of the middle air
with purpose, it plunged

The black arrow feather
seeking it's prey, hunting it's destiny

The black arrow feather
piercing it's shadow

The black arrow feather
and its black shadow
impaled on the earth

Spirit arrow
Black crow feather.





The Shadow Hunting

Shadow prayed
Shadow stayed hidden
remained in the world of the unseen
Shadow a mere void, waited....
Like a prayer with an unknown purpose
at the world of light it strikes.
It waited, the hungry shadow watched.

The white sun
The turquoise sky empty
The white snow bright and level
It searched , shadow hoped
The uncreated prayed.

Out of the clear sky, the feather fell
Shadow saw
Earthward it came
Shadow poised
The hunting shadow, struck!
Caught it's form
Held it's prayer on the white snow
Shadow came to Be.





Habitat

My home
Is where the dog
barks at the stars

and my heart
beats surrounded
by Quasars

and the moon...

makes perfect
circles around my world.





Wave after Wave

The sea rolls up to me
as though...

I were a primeval man
as if...

there were no chances on the land.





Autumn Journey

The autumn leaf

blown
through the entrance of the cave

and shuffled back
deep into it's throat.





Autumn Crow

In the autumn forest

only a shadow
do I see....

cawing.





Nature

We are Nature
The body makes this quite apparent
We are composed and formed by the
earth around us
Our bones are stone our flesh the sea.

I am the sea upright
I with my life
have taken the sea inland
have become a wandering shore
an island of ocean.

Our salted tears swell up
from our inner surf
Our heated bodies splash out in waves
the sea drips from us, the taste is distinct
the evidence is clear, we are nature.

So why are we behaving so badly with nature?
Why are we in such disunity with what we are?
Man knows his body is nature.

What he does not know
is that his mind is nature.
What he does not know
is that his consciousness is nature.
What he does not know
is that his nature is the universe.





The universe is his nature
is his link between mind and spirit
His synapse of truth, from which
he may hear the language of the stars.

Poetry is a script
for our inner sense
a history of mankind's mind.
Our planets dossier
an aliens guide to our souls
for a linked verse of worlds.

We are not only people of this earth
we are people of the universe
we must behave humbly in this awesome force.
The laws of nature are the laws of being
Respect the creation
or be relegated to the... Extinct.





Night Light

Moths
wait
in the evening garden.

For Buddha to appear
For Buddha to meditate.





Moon Mood

Full upon my face
the moon

Full upon my heart
the mood.





Spirit and Soul

Spirit is song
Soul is body

Spirit spirals upward
Soul whirls downward

Soul the bow
Spirit the arrow

Soul the drum
Spirit the sound

Soul the stone
Spirit the form

Soul the spout
Spirit the flow

Soul the bowl
Spirit the space

Spirit the prayer
Soul the thirst.





Epiphany

Everyday my mind
full of holy light...

shining through
the colored mosaic
of my daily life

I hold my thoughts
in the candle flame
my head above
the shadows

Innocence stretching
to the far horizon
my eyes full
with buoyant sails

This whole existence
my daily bread...
The mountain crest
so attainable from here

The Moon and Sun
full face to face
shining brilliantly

The illuminated path
winding upward..
no emptiness
in the moment
No end to Epiphany.





Altar

Human Beings
in the sacred chamber

Beating on drums
the size of spirit hearts

Through the opening
in the above rafters....
the rhythmic pulse
ascends-- carrying me aloft

The stars and great space inhale
swallow me whole

Empty of self

I fall into the heart
of the original people

Same sound same drum
the first prayer still expanding

In this vision
with human beings in the chamber
of hearts and drums beating

I see as a spirit
with the eyes of a man

I see,
the earth, luminous with love..
afloat, buoyant in nothing...

Shining... Shining...





Innocent World

On this blue globe
this celestial sphere
We are born... We live...

Vast emptiness...embraces
our world...
The only
Blossom in the void

Sun Moon and Stars
Shine on
Lakes, Ponds and Oceans
light years carry our reflection
beyond our perception.

Currents and eddies
sculpt worlds in a transparent force
earth and riverstones
caught in flowing streams

Seeds sprout
flowers face starward
trees take root
birds nest

A house is built...a home is grown
in a floating dew drop
in a cosmic condensation.

Earth... the only
Blossom in the void.





Aspiration

All day,
the potted plant
sits patiently....
next to the open window
and blooms.





Realization

I had no idea
how quiet
I had to be...

To understand
my own Buddha nature

I had to be...
still as reflection.





Flag of the Earth

A living flag, earth emblem, this pine.

Its bark a parchment marking the years
a map of its course from seed.
A chart of its growth
through season and storm

Boughs navigate skyward

cones fall about
like used prayer bells,
releasing secrets only discernible
to earth and stone

High branches and low branches
intone the wind.

Pine needles tuned to hymn
with each stir of the mutable air.

An instrument of nature music
a musical flag of the earth...this pine.





Observation

I heard the night approaching
I heard the stillness coming
It came from the horizon

The earth shadow
rolling stillness in it's path

Urging creatures into quiet hollows
little sounds becoming rustlings
on the edge of rolling stillness

I heard the night coming
the earth shadow
pushing little souls to sleep.





Treasure

The heart spoke
before
The mind awoke

Petals open .
Grace touches everything

The sun
in the palm of my hands

The tongue
quiet...the pulse explaining
The heart speaking...

Forgive.. now Love...
Forgive.. now Love...

Bowl full
Hands open

Before the mind awoke
The heart spoke.

Forgive...now Love
Forgive...now Love.





Earth Mind

As I look and listen
to the expressions
on the cliff face

a mirage forms
reflecting my stare

cliff face and I
gaze upon gaze

together
we muse at one another

I see...
I am these stones
with mind

I hear
I am this flowing stream
with thoughts

All around me
pine cones and pebbles
are my poems

The open blue sky
is my own dear energy

Through natural reflection
my original being appears

Formed and sculptured
full of mind and spirit
seeing myself in stone.





The View

Shadows of trees
weigh nothing

Mountains float
on the pond.





Greatest show on Earth

These bubbles

dance on puddles

to the clapping of the rain.





Weight of mortality

Still my spirit treads with me

In the snowed on path
my tracks.





Vision

The hawk
soaring high above
sees his own feather
floating in the air.





Summer Snow

My heart vase full
holding your bouquet
of Queen Ann's Lace

In the open window
I witness your spirit
your love poem

White petals
falling through sunlight...
Summer Snow

In my heart vase
a beautiful full
sunlit bouquet
of your verse.





My Friend

I hold my friends love
in my hands like a river stone

In the sunlight, worn round
by the years of our friendship.

The impression of your embrace
never leaves my body

Standing at the source
the current of your love
replenished..fresh..new

Your door open
Your truth never shut

My Friend, your heart is
a loving
gravity on my soul

Year after year I orbit
your brilliance

My spirit enlightened
my mind filled
with your truth

A beautiful riverstone
My friend.





In the Mirror

Barn Swallows glide
over mirror still water

Bird and reflection
chase and dart

Substance and Shadow
reaching for each other

Bravely - at the brink
only to the edge
of their own nature
Do they dare.



Event horizon

A whirlpools
cone...

And swirling
down into it's depths

reflections.

After life

Fog
lies just below
the gravestone tops

like mingled
spirits of the dead.

Summer Burial

Mourners in their grief

Have one eye on the mound
One eye on the wreath...
the bee.

Traveling Friends

The Recluse and the Sage
Questioned by Authorities...

Comment horribly!

Satori

Space...
without stirring
immediately
fills the opening
in the cracked stone.

Heart Robe

When I first wore my robe
on my heart
I was an old man

I pulled my old kerchief
from my back pocket
dirt gravel and all

Flung it over my heart
as a holy man would
dress for prayers
and made it my Heart Robe

Autumn leaves
falling from the shoulders
hand prints and silhouettes
story this beautiful robe

>

My old kerchief
stained with tears
now diamonds on
my robe

Poems stitched
in the seams
with silver thread

The alchemy of the tattered rag
becoming a golden robe

The turning of grief
to grace and love

Wearing my Heart Robe...

I stand in the world
fully dressed for prayers.

Speaking with God

I reach out from my heart
to visibly see you,
to touch you

Did you hear me many years ago
as I stood in the open field
and called out to you
as you drew perfect circles
in the deep blue sky
with your flight

I remember
when you were a humming bird
in a trapped space
and I searched you out
cupped you in my palms
and set you free.

Do you recall
how I praised you
carrying a great boulder
with your small ant body

How I marveled
at your strong diligent
work

And the day you embraced me
next to your wide open sea
How you held me in your wind
as you blew around and through me

I vowed my love and now my
prayer is in your currents.

O! Teacher

I remember as a child
how you first made yourself
known to me
You were everywhere
in the pure night heavens
pointing every star at me

I still breathe
your deep night breath
I inhaled that evening...
among the summer crickets

The pond
your sacred chalice...
your pure pearl floating on the surface
I dove into the moons reflection

I gave my spirit to you
I am now and everyday
swimming... swimming.... through you.

There was
that hot summer day
I was kneeling in
the flowers...
listening for you

When the bee
walked into my ear
and you told me all
the bee knows... is sweet.

My teacher!

Even in my dreams
you seek me out

The night you asked me
what I had to offer

Then held up my hand
holding only a burr
the seed inside
bright and bursting with sunlight

I so clearly hear you saying...
"This is what you have to offer"!

O! Teacher.. My Mentor.. My Spirit
It is not only my prayer to you
that is so very important...

But, also... with
my ear to the flower
my eye on the moon

Hearing and seeing
Your prayer to me.
O!... My teacher.

Morning services

Still minds
in the zendo..

through the window
a bell sounds...

another faith
beginning services.

Tao

Down the waterfall
flows the Tao...

Swift and sudden
a silent pool.

Squeaky oars

Alone in the country
Crickets row out

to darkness
all about.



Effort

I saw the effort
in the great blue heron

startled off his silent moment in the
stream
his way blocked by vines and trees
by heavy strokes in the wing
and hard push with claw and leg
he worked his way upward
over the obstacle in his way

My teacher
the man who carries a beautiful arrow
tells an effort tale
of a tiny white splinter of a bone
with an ant on the end
working it into his hole

In the length of time shadows move
the ant maneuvered
crawled over his splinter
a thousand ways
around and around over and over
angling for his entrance
till with vigilance
ant and bone down the hole

Both tales tell me - all beings
bird, ant, man,
share in the making of effort
To rise above the obstacle
To find the entrance.





Listening

Around the candle
I heard fire speaking to itself

asking...how best
to describe itself to a man

It said:

Fire illuminates space
Mind illuminates eternity

Flame and thought
are the same

both ignite..
the Universe.





Zen

White moon
steady black





Offering

Hawk and Wind
scatter feathers...

among spring
blossoms.





Winter Owl

A single hoot...
from
the willows
coverlet of snow.





Earth Heart

Bosom for souls
territory for spirits

Earth Heart...
root for all beings.





Primeval Poet

The dragon fly
again and again...

a verse
so quick and still.





Autumn River





Notes:

Page 42 - Hunting the shadow.

The imagery for this poem occurred while I walked through a country meadow. A crow must have flown high above me but all I saw was his black feather spiraling downward. It landed at my feet, quill first, thrust into the ground with its striking black shadow laying by its side.

Page 43 - Shadow Hunting

This poem is about the struggle between the conscious and the subconscious; each searching for the other for resolution. The poem came about through a nature observation. I was at the sea shore, strolling and musing. Autumn leaves had blown on the beach and were whirling with their shadows in the sun light. Chinese and Japanese poetry had brought to my attention the dynamics of 'substance and shadow' as well as 'form and spirit'. Here it was so clearly presented. I let an autumn leaf fall from my hand and watched as it rushed toward its shadow and likewise the shadow rushed toward the leaf until they lay on the sand embraced. This observation was very helpful in learning how to bring together issues of my own conscious and subconscious mind.





Page 65 -Vision

A poem on our ability to observe our own behavior.

Page 73 - Satori

This is an attempt to explain the ah-ha moment when constriction of the mind suddenly opens to immense space, filling it with new insights.

Page 76 - Speaking with God

The nature I am immersed in is God.
My teacher is my experience with nature,
through which I am nourished.
This nourishment is the equivalent of a prayer to me.

Page 85 - Listening

An attempt to make clear and visible another glowing light in the universe besides flame.





Books by William Rain

Photography:

Quest for Vision

Nature Totems

Blossom

Alley Cat

Wheels

Poetry:

Autumn River

Please visit: [William Rain.com](http://WilliamRain.com)







blurb.com

William Rain is a poet and a nature photographer. This personal anthology of poetry covers a 40 year period which chronicles his eyewitness to nature and his spiritual insights.



The crystal and its hidden spectrum

The mind and its hidden light.

- Rain