

**a collection of clouds**

**Unpublished Addenda**

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### **March Meteoron 2000**

Beyond the mountain  
a setting sun greets the dawn.  
Pumpkin moon.

### **Touching Base Mill Creek, 23–25 May 2000**

A sunlit twinkling  
amid shadowed forest pines,  
yellow butterfly.

Sunset sunbeam motes,  
a billion insects dance in  
the last warmth.

As the freeze arrives,  
the firewood only smokes.  
Moonlight on tree tips.

A crashing through trees,  
a soft thud upon the ground,  
another pine cone.

### **What Truly Matters/October 2000**

In a crowd  
two friends  
alone.

### **Point Reyes Christmas 2000**

In forest of leaves  
the song of but one  
dropping, tumbling.

Dawn meadow.  
Two sunlit deer study the  
intruding shadow.

### **February Chill**

After the rain  
two hawks surf the contours  
of the rising sky.

### **Berkeley Spring**

Along misty streets  
iris . . . poppies . . . and daisies  
dance these dormant bones.

### **Relativity**

Across twilight sky  
paired egrets descend to meet  
themselves on the lake.

### **Validations**

That suspect shrill call –  
eyes lift to the high roof and  
its finial crow.

In leaf-shedding trees  
Monday morning birds sing out,  
I am here, I am here.

### **Camping during the First Terrors, October 2001**

The campsite retreat –  
no war, no terror here, yet . . .  
bullets and casings.

Thwack, swoosh, flutter, flap –  
A crow, in air so becalmed.  
A struggle to just fly.

The motorcyclist:  
these woods vanish in his blare,  
their silence shattered.

Night winds howl,  
icy flows tap the tent,  
need to pee . . . *again!*

Pulse of the forest:  
it is not tree, bird or bee;  
the ear hears itself.

Nimble climber,  
a squirrel cracks cones to nibble  
ripe pine nuts.

From hushed pines  
birds call softly, amply.  
But those flies, those bees!

**Tannenbaum** [2002]

O discarded tree,  
you once warmed the heart but not  
the wintry room.

## **Overnight Sensation**

The walking routine  
halted under graycast skies.  
Cherry blossoms!

### **Heat: Mt. Tamalpais, 7 June 2002**

Two white-winged egrets  
Skim across the mountain lake.  
A shaded cove.

At water's edge  
a red-faced fish hawk  
dips its head to sip.

Not so well hidden,  
a lurking wild turkey –  
gobble, gobble!

A plunge from the sky.  
A splash upon the lake.  
The hawk's empty claws.

## **January**

In skeletal trees,  
tumorous nests deserted,  
the shadowless dawn.

## **Dharma Lessons of the Tent**

[Fort Hunter-Ligget/Lost Padres Forest Campground

18–22 May 2003]

Morning sun.  
Pollen sacs plunge,  
pellet the tent.

Cloudless thunder.  
Artillery or bomb blasts?  
The jay pecks for food.

So many birds.  
Why then so many  
mosquitoes and flies?

Against the tent  
shadow puppet insects prowl  
a plotless epic.

Patrolled by black flies,  
this tent becomes a prison  
or a hermitage.

Noisy neighbors gone:  
sudden clarity and peace.  
O you hermit monk!

Jays, squirrels, woodpeckers  
in forest conversation:  
mine-me mine-me mine.

Chipmunk neophyte,  
fearlessly curious still,  
eyes the tent beast's lair.

Nightfall.  
Syncopated frogs sing  
a ragged rag.

Meshed tent and DEET  
plus Sun Tzu's insects equal  
five hard itchy bites.

Stinky and sticky.  
But the narrow shallow brook  
is not a shower.



## The 60<sup>th</sup>-year Manifesto

[2005]

The lone mote  
afloat in the universe  
of my tiny room.

New shoes for ambling:  
one hour of comforting,  
two of suffering.

Wide open poppy  
welcomes the midday sun,  
its soft cooling wind.

The little girl's joy,  
her bicycle, destroying  
my moment of gloom.

On the Seventh Green,  
devoid of players, the doe  
ponders her odd lie.

## **The Last Great Road Trip**

[August 2006]

The solace of noon  
sweet hopefulness missed in  
the throes of midnight.

Cattle herd ashore,  
bird communes on the water.  
The lone observer.

Dusk — utter calm.  
Sudden scores of bird squadrons  
rush to the lake!

The fowl convention  
argue through the evening:  
geese overrule the ducks.

Morning mosquito flits  
give way to the buzzing flies.  
No business here.

The bleating dawn cattle  
now sound asleep on the grass.  
Temperature soars.

Lake bird flotillas  
scooping up breakfast leave  
the surface empty.

No overhead jets  
but the occasional whoosh  
of highway semi's.

A wispy white cloud  
arises from emptiness  
then melds back to blue.

Parching summer wind  
provides hot tea for dinner.  
Unsatisfying.

Job in ruin awaits.  
An ancient, doubtful auto.  
Night of heat and wind.

The needed journey,  
ill-afforded in prospects.  
Grasping the dharma.

Still far from mid way.  
Menacing red night lights flash –  
antenna array.

Campground flood lights glow  
through the tent walls, reassuring  
the child within us.

Train horn, airport jets,  
crickets and frogs of midnight.  
Why did I awake?

Days with friends bring cheer.  
New sights, foods, and bonds renewed.  
Yet nightmares haunt sleep.

Great mountain stupa  
but the distant plain torii!  
Light rain and quick steps.

Into the Rockies.  
Nearly at the top . . . snowing!  
We retreat through fog.

Green River rabbit  
hops past my shredded tire,  
ignores this new plight.

**From the Editing Floor, 1991–1993:  
Reconsiderations**

Dishes put away  
yet breakfast lingers.  
Odor of oil.

Dishwashing bubble  
escapes  
into the teacup.

Rising over the ridge  
Venus, the edge of dawn,  
a match for tea.

A forest of days:  
one moment great freedom,  
next moment, prison.

Forest hermitage:  
each leaf rustle, each bird chirp  
a Buddhist sutra.

Voices walk the woods,  
pine trees pine, birds bird, and I  
cannot be found.

Zafu sitting,  
only East Ridge as witness,  
lentil farts.

### **Rite**

[October 2006]

Father's open grave.  
Flowers, then shovel's earth  
crash upon the casket.

### **Back to Pt. Reyes**

[August 2007]

At the trail head.  
Scent of moist earth, plant decay  
entice and cajole.

At the creek, two deer  
tagged with scarlet ribbons  
bring Christmas early.

**In the Meantime**

[2008–2009]

Sudden commotion:  
Thirty-six thermal gulls  
soar back to the bay.

One-half cup of rice  
pellets over the pot  
sent forth skyward.

A chill in warm air,  
I return for my sweater  
and welcome autumn.

Cracked open and chipped,  
my mug is chucked with a  
momentary sigh.

Three pair of crow come.  
They ponder the odd movement.  
My dance of Tai Chi.

## **The Year 2010**

### **Painting by Gestalt**

The first, brave brush-stroke,  
one color against the void,  
orders all the rest.

### **After April Showers**

Streets lined with orange suns –  
Poppies everywhere bringing cheer  
at least to me.

### **A Bay August**

Sliding the window:  
a crusty scrub jay cries out –  
my summer smile.

### **In Old Age**

This lit autumn leaf,  
this bird chirp, this crumbly cake,  
even this distress.

### **In Berkeley**

Parched autumn leaves  
scratch along the asphalt  
with each passing auto.



## **Feeling Like Shrödinger's Cat**

At the splitting path:  
peeking ahead, I am there  
already walking.

## **Art Prose to Poetry**

### **Situation I**

Now I feel the ease  
of the knife slicing circles  
from a banana, the curve  
of computer keys, the thinness  
of a fine brush, both the slick  
and rough textures of my morning  
paper; I admire  
the fleeting scent  
of a lit incense stick; the reflection  
of gray sky on a right angle  
triangle tool resting on my incomplete  
canvas, the rattle  
of pills in the bottle,  
musical.

### **Situation II**

Applying paint  
amid the gray overcast  
sky light on canvas.

### **2011 Climate Conundrum**

In warm autumn sun  
gum tree leaves linger in green.  
Evening air goosebumps.

### **Nature as Metaphor**

Flashes of something  
yellow among the branches  
playing hide and seek.

### **Along the Waterfront**

Cramped somber city  
patch of orange poppies, one  
to my hat.

With the passing train's  
horn, honking goose, gander, and  
six peeping chicks.

## **Glimpses of Brazil**

[2012]

A maze of alleys,  
the gallery door at last  
. . . closed.

Ant hill of people  
rush to lunch, missing the  
musician trio.

In Rio, my cane,  
gray hair bring polite respect  
in compensation.

Smooth subway below,  
chaotic traffic above,  
Christo above all.

Grand duck dinner  
guitarist and songs, joy  
but for the loud lush.

The shaded hammock  
swaying in afternoon heat,  
the poet's dropped pen.

Walking and stumbling  
Paraty's rocky roads – still  
worthy of right gifts.

No ground in sight  
flying through night clouds, she  
gestures a prayer.

Ah, a waterfall.  
Two, three, four, five more falls . . .ten,  
twenty. . . Terrific!

**Abiding**  
[2013]

Pine tree needle skirts  
dancing in the morning breeze  
swinging, and singing.

The expected bird  
jostling the lemon leaves  
has rounded mouse ears.

The storm softens  
sufficiently to hear  
a forest twig snapping. [with Sydna Armstrong]

## **2015 & 70 Years**

Each stroke and hue from  
my brush of painting style and form  
is my life story.

## **Passing Darkness**

[September 2017]

Rushing here and there  
in dusk sky gray electric  
100 clumped crows.

Air nitrous sweet,  
Distant rumbles and flashes,  
the rain hesitates.

High above the trees  
Olympian fireworks  
shadow the street sign.

A touch of blue.  
Behind a retreating cloud  
the moon persisting.

### **The Scientist**

I dwell alone.  
All the germs you find  
are me.

### **January 2018**

First winter rains —  
Rushing to the window —  
its chorus of drops.