

**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**Unpublished Addenda**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 motocyclist:  
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 — it destroys  
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 tori!  
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  
Or  
Why Did I Not Include Them Before?**

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.

