



Thee and Me

Poetry by Timothy Merrill

Thee and Me

Poetry by Timothy Merrill

For Zenzatsu Baker

Thee and Me

Poetry by Timothy Merrill

ISBN: 978-0-9984123-3-7

Credits

Editorial consulting: **Valerie Stein**

Copy editor: **Kendra Stein**

Book and cover design: **David Merrill**

Copyright © 2018 by Timothy Merrill

All rights reserved. No part of this publication may be reproduced, stored in a retrieval system, or transmitted by any means, electronic, mechanical, photocopying or recording, except for brief excerpts in critical reviews or for purposes of instruction, without written permission from the publisher.



Published by Homeostasis Press
5919 147th St. SW, Edmonds WA 98026
www.homeostasispress.com

Contents

Vancouver Island	1
Memories	2
Earth	3
Returning.	4
Untitled.	7
The Original	8
The Sign	9
Heaven	10
Before Dawn.	11
Lilacs	12
The Role	13
Planet	14
The Old Days	15
The Big Bang.	16
With All	17
An Agenda.	18
Gossip.	19
Dove	20
It Exists	21
The Possibility.	22
Interiors.	23
Feminine	24
Fatalist	25
Forms of Seeking	26
Unsaid	27
Friend	28
Echoes of a Heart Forgotten	29
Mending	30
Though.	31
Mood.	32
Giving.	33
War	34

Woman.	35
Strengths and	36
Seeing Beauty	37
The Exam	38
Here	39
Those Two.	40
Butterfly	41
New Buds	42
Overlap.	43
Ego Overhaul	44
I Don't Know	45
No Prophet Here	46
The Work on Love	47
Give Credit.	48
Could Be Better.	49
The Rug.	50
Spring.	51
The Horse	52
A Time for Penguins	53
How So.	54
Privileged.	55
Mother	56
A Meeting	57
For Us.	58
Friendly.	59
For the Schizophrenic.	60
The Sports Page.	61
Zen and the Last Walk	62
Golden signal	63
A Beloved	64
The Muse	65
Ocean.	66

Vancouver Island

Here there are no poisonous snakes
And swarms of mosquitoes are rare
Occasionally a wolf will wander
Into the city limits
Of some town and be shot
And there are the cougars
Who travel to the sea for salt
Sometimes they are shot too
As mothers and fathers
Fear for their children
All these legends
And to protect the children
Who ask "why did you have to shoot it?"

Memories

I needed a nice memory
when I met you going
out the door of the restaurant
my heart sang

an unexpected hug
from a woman
whom I had secretly adored
but was already taken

her eyes happy
to see me

the years seem shorter
and I as a poet remember the smiles
of women

no one is knocking at my door
and I
with hidden scars
and without prospects
see people's eyes
dancing or somber

for only a few moments
perhaps mine
danced again

Earth

This globe
This home

Injustices
Good intentions
But to please whom
And what
The weeping goes on
When the spiritualists clash
And more visibly
Countries at war
This thing we call "person"
Ourselves
Others

We can start there
As so many have
With the same source
Christians call this
The Father

Returning

For Mae Hill-Brown

I was fifteen long ago
And now I am fifteen again

All these summers have come and gone
Troubles everywhere

For an hour
As the sun set
Through these troubles countless
I became fifteen again

Meditation
Where they call themselves God

Voices, sickness and hours of hell
Came, ringing of a bell
I dropped to one knee
I rose up
Fifteen again

In this civilization
And all the din
The droning
Wheels turning
And all of this
I was fifteen again

It came about
So suddenly

I asked myself to make it stay
So I fell to one knee again
And was silent
I arose
And remembered Van Gogh
And even back when the warning of cigarettes
came
And in the din
I was fifteen again

Oh Mae Hill
Now I know
The meaning of what you said
Though you were old

You were so very sweet
Like the taste of a peach

But I clutched it too hard
And it went away
But nothing could change the fact
Or any act
I was fifteen again

And so had come
My first kiss so soft and sweet

And I remembered my first meditation
But I couldn't quite buy it

God's child
Through the mists of creation
And I was fifteen again

And suddenly I felt like the only person alive

Mae Hill passed on and gone
Did anyone feel this kind of thing?
And so came the ringing of the bell

And then all of a sudden
Came a compassion
Not a mantra nor a technique

But the kind of recognition
One gets compassion for
Man and woman
I was watching a woman trembling
Trying to roll a cigarette
And I was fifteen no more

A Christian perhaps
In a home for the mentally ill

And I was typing
And I was typing
I looked
And I was not fifteen
Anymore

Untitled

Love is gentle
I look upon women
As dear sisters
We shall work together
And there will be no distance between us
The hard done by
Will find solace
Like a summer breeze
We will be gladdened
By each other

The Original

By the brook or stream
Winding through the grass and mud
Where the lilies grow
Lovers laughing beside the water

In gentleness of high regard
In life's autumn.

The masks fall
And a beauty unknown until now
Grows full
Showing its face
As you did
In my arms.

The Sign

Incorporated a town
1886
The sign read
A few hundred yards
From our home,
1886;
The year Lagrande
Became a town

The stage coach stopped
Behind our house
There were tickets sold
From the ticket window
Of the stone building there

How I loved the mystery
The past
Indians, white men,
Chinese most certainly
Building the railroads
A major junction
At that time
And opium dens
Believed to be
Beneath the town

We lifted manhole covers
To find the tunnels
Nothing but water pipes—
Oh but somewhere
There just had to be
An opening into
A world where the smoky release
Was used
But we went home
Every time
As school buried us in homework
And boys will be boys

Heaven

Mother, it is getting light outside
And I think of you

Do not come back
To the house you loved so much
And the garden you tended
In great pain
Dance above
Let your heart be filled with God
There, there is no use counting pennies

I may be wearing rags
When I pass on
Now our earthly land
Is growing light
You may remember
The heron, ducks, and beavers
Through the vista
My father and I made in the forest
Mother, do not come back
There are flowers of light
Where you are going

Before Dawn

All is quiet
The birds are sleeping
The beavers also
And the slow stream below
My father's house
He's sleeping also

I am awake
A quiet beauty has overtaken me
A soft light
To write by
The sun now showing
Outside the window
Still beyond the horizon
But close enough
To shed light
On the vista

The water
And the conifers.
Maybe today
We will see
A red finch
And all manner
Of little birds.
Their little hearts
In God also.

Lilacs

I would like to take
A hand full of lilacs
And throw them in the air
So that they would land on your
Red Irish hair
And then you would tip your head
And let them be washed away
By the wind
And then we would take your scarf
One of us on each end
And fly down the hill
Of waving grass
You and I
My Irish lass

The Role

How can the poet
Write of little birds
And the beaver
Splashing its tail
When so many die
By weapons
By hunger
Even heart break.
But we know death
As a passage
And just now
One little bird
Has begun
A hesitant chirping.
A wall of trees
Making an opening to the water,
Is what my mother planned
And got
The ferns and shrubs
And flowers
Look like they are sleeping
No wind
In the bright silence of the sun

Planet

We are all on the same planet
In the same universe
What's the problem?
All the same species
Men and women
So what's the problem?
There are so many people
Believing they are God's answer
While they hurt each other
Over what?
And there is
Greed and jealousy

What's the problem?
Can't one see
How beautiful it could be

Love Your Neighbour

The Old Days

In the days
When on T.V.
The most risqué thing they showed
Was sanitary style kissing
I was a child
About eight years old

It was in the days of
Happy endings
And good men

The kiss was saved until the end
And unfortunate situations
Were rectified
Through the miracles
Of God, men and women
I recall the man
Who has lost his memory
And his true love
Waited patiently
For him to remember

My first T.V. tears

And I Love Lucy
Corny jokes and gags
Harmless entertainment
But oh that kiss
I wished that someday
Would happen to me
I was eight years old

The Big Bang

Play, oh you physicist
Your left brain is abundant
And the big bang has become intelligent
Or always was
In that case, what is the difference
Between that and God?
But really
I heard one man
Say he saw the big bang
In everyone's eyes
But while drinking a coke
I saw the beauty so breathtaking
In a woman
That the big bang
Was smothered far below

So let's be hip about this
The big bang must have been beautiful
It must have eventually created
Fruit trees
Tall grass
A man and a woman

So let's get down to the question
I'm not in the debating society
Wondering which came first
The chicken or the egg

It takes courage to say this
But it was the chicken

With All

As the sun
Touches this side
Of the planet
All through the day

I find that I am with everyone
In some way

Forgive me
If I love you
But God gave me that

Earth dwellers inc.

Borders are crossed
Spiritually and physically
For peace or fighting

And the only thing wrong
With John Lennon
Was that he

Forgot heaven

An Agenda

Drop your mistress.
Throw the ball around
with your son.

have your country in your heart
but all other countries as well

there are good people everywhere
know that there is one God

play the role
you have been given

and when all is said and done
you will rest

Gossip

Gossip runs around
From one person to another
Relationships are broken
Friendships are lost
And for what
Nothing
These little pick-axes
Passed around
And you wonder why
You have no friends
Because you are not spared either
And the person you were talking about
Is now hearing about you

Dove

When the dove disappears from sight
And in the silence
The clicking of a gun
Be conquered by love

It Exists

In chance meeting
On the street
Or coffee bar
You see a one
Whose light
Speaks of eternity

Or in the bustle
Of a crowd
On a street
At noon
When the business people
Look for lunch
You see one looking beyond—
Someone our Father
Has touched
So obviously

The Possibility

Wait in the shadow
Of the Washington monument
Wait in the shade
Of a tree in the forest
Look at the faces
On the crowded sidewalk
Or maybe skip the usual place
And possibly you will find
When expecting or not expecting
Those eyes that know you

Interiors

You can tell
the state of a person
if you look closely;
joy so obvious
or pain written across a face

the poor Chinese girl
behind the pharmacy counter
I had felt the same tension
some pain taking over my face once
I felt like calling out
“don’t fret,” “everything will be alright,”
but I could not find the words
or be that forward
so I left
and today I know
that pain can be
transitory—because one with
a sensitive nature can come alive
with a smile or with a flower
not knowing this woman
I hope she has found the peace
to let the care soften
and beam with a true love

Feminine

You are hurt
and I'm beginning
to know your greatness
women have the qualities
of the Divine mother,
I am told

trees are falling
across the road
a great wind has come
but I imagine you
warm
in a cozy dwelling
it is for people like you
that houses are built

Fatalist

I, a fatalist
At sixteen.
Our hip crew
Drank wine in the forest
Near the golf course
Instead of our classes

But most of us
Turned respectable
And oddly enough
There were
Love affairs
And later marriages
Babies to feed
Finally our ragged hearts rested

Forms of Seeking

When the lilacs
Return in Spring

When the geese
May again be seen

When the restless teenager
Begins to calm down

All the possibilities love holds

And the young children
Scurry to playing fields
With no inkling
Of the one sustaining

The stock market is clattering
And nervous fortune seekers
Believe that a bonanza
Is just around the corner

Stop and think
Realize
What was given

Unsaid

Some poems are waiting to be said
But I won't say them
Some songs are waiting to be sung
But I won't sing them
Some truths are waiting to be pontificated upon
But I won't utter them

I am not a guru

And backlash hurts my soul
So I will write quietly

But consider this

They say if you say it
You lose it
And it's so true
Unless it is written indelibly
On your heart

Friend

my young friend
wise beyond her years
tough as Iron
soft as a feather
when we meet
I feel I am looking at
an ageless beauty
a caregiver
she fits
her job description
a sister
as a Christian might say
this friend
I am lucky to have

Echoes of a Heart Forgotten

come impressions
before the medications
the mantras

I do not begrudge
all of it

and sometimes
one has to
forgive their doctor

but still I remember
my first kiss

the awe
the wonder
the sweetness

Mending

As the hummingbird
Hovers to drink the sweetness of flower

As the hyacinth drinks deeply
Of the spring rain

As the moon glows over here
Two moon children

As love comes in
Where love went out

You have mended
A heart where I look
But could not find
Anything to soothe
The stone hidden there

Your voice like a symphony
Of little bells
Returned to me
To the land
Of living hearts

Though

Though
You make me feel unworthy
Your sense of humor
Your wit
I feel my heart open
In wonder
At meeting one another

Like a school boy
I feel giddy in your presence
And I am
Today a fountain of love
At the thought of you

Mood

Raindrops—
how they seem
to set a mood

cars through the rain
on the way home
and home is where the heart is
they say
but possibly you carry it
with you

even when
loved ones aren't present
you see people
hear people
who seem as if
you have always known them—
and a smile can save
a bad day
genuinely friendly
these things go on
and you return a smile
from the heart until the universe
becomes your friend

these things go on
try to be genuine
and give a smile from the heart

Giving

I know of a shop
That is part of the recycling depot
One dollar for a plastic bag full
Of useful items
And behind the counter
The classy items
For a dollar or two more

I shop for my friends
For things like
An old brass kettle
A blown glass vase
And what appears to be
A shaman's medicine bag

I go there often
Thinking of people I know
Renouncing greed
One dollar at a time

War

The wars and religions
For a time
Conceal
The innocent babes
We once were
And for all the battles exhortations
And cries
At home a mother
Suckles a baby
From when her soldier
And she lay in a brief respite
From the grim days of waiting for
Her fighting man
Probable lesser men in power
Have made the army suffer

Love's last call
For the man
Whose body a bullet caught

And who is to know
The final thought
This babe grown to manhood
Dying for nothing

Because who can say
Among the array of men pitted
Against one another
That there may be a circumstance
When two good men
May face each other
One must die

Woman

Well, here we are together
My respect for you is boundless

Never mind the arguments
You are magic to men
But the final line
Is something more important

Aside from money, fame or fortune
In this world of danger
And misunderstanding
Just because there are two
Doesn't mean there can't be one

Strengths and...

The jackhammer operator knows it
The preacher, jubilant
After his first day, knows it

The boy who has won the game
With a last second basket knows it
But the girl who likes him
Turns away
When the report of the game
Is told in classroom

Because she doesn't want to share him
Or think he is
Any better
Than she is

Seeing Beauty

Those trees
That woman with the baby carriage
That young Native stock shelver
That young woman with the revealing new style
Even the car towing man
Are calling
'Here am I' they say
'Know me' they whisper
As I await my change

The traffic marks our age
We think great progress
But inventions are
Made from the Earth
We trod on
And there are more
Where that came from
From the Internet
Right to Google
These things we are doing
Idea upon idea
Still the young people protest
And play a different string
Many of them stoned
But stoned
Wake up in the morning
To a new possibility

The Exam

My name is Timothy
Friction did not create
The universe (cosmic dust, etc.).
How can intelligence
Grow from dust?
The answer is
It would more likely
Create static than harmony.

The neighbor
Is using a table saw
(Created by ideas)
To renovate his home

I love this man
Because he is my brother
I also feel kinship
Because I too
Have worked with wood

I watch him
Thinking about
What he is doing for his family

Here

Jesus asked his persecutors
If they did not believe
he could call forth
legions of angels

now, we like the idea
of these angels
we want to meet one

and on a crowded street
or in a food store
we may pass a man or woman
equal to an angel
and not know it

I once wrote of
a bank teller
an East Indian woman
when she looked at me
I knew instantly
That she knew me
such a small
extraordinary event

Those Two

Despite the past dear Eve,
Great, great, great, etc. Grandmother
I still like you
And as my father would say
I'm sure there are a few of her molecules in me
Science aside, I am sitting here wondering
About the serpent that uncoils
Causing the sex instinct

Is it supposed to happen or not
Now a mother
It didn't take long
To bite that fruit
And for some reason
We have these organs
Below the waist
But it is said
We were meant to reproduce telepathically

And Adam
Well
No one wants to see their mate
Trotting into the distance
Alone with a great big duality
So why the clothing?
Am I stepping on God's toes?
Were they meant to create angels?
Or delicate babies of flesh?
Either way he still wants us
To return to him

Butterfly

I know you
Are short lived
But you flutter
Here and there:
The suggestion of freedom
You bring wonder
To a child
Alighting on a flower
Quivering so gently
And now I see
Why my mother's life
Was here gardening
Digging
And rearranging
Life like a living room
And this living space
For a flower
Oh mother
I hope you are free
Like the butterfly
The Monarch the Tiger Swallowtail
And the children of friends
May they run and laugh
But never catch them

New Buds

Your voice like chimes
Rung in my ear
As we talked over the phone
Daffodils
Leaped into my hand
But I could not pass them
To you
And so
And so I listened to that note
As you told me I existed
And bridges that had crumbled
Were rebuilt
And the flowers came from heaven
Came from beauty
Came from life

The sorrow
Was not that I was not loved
But that
Autumn leaves
Fell many times
As love
That was once lost
And now it is spring
And there are new buds on a tree
That could be called
"Friend"

Overlap

Oh woman
know that
I think You're fine

but when this comparing begins
barriers are built

interesting but useless data
and sex crimes in the news
that can only be forgotten

but woman,
I walk the fine line
even mentioning differences

what you really are is lovable
aside from the skills intelligence
and yearning for love
as the male does

Ego Overhaul

I look at the night sky
Stars, planets, and the moon for
I know they all have inner lives
This vista hides
A more beautiful vista
The colors present
In lesser or further degrees
This is as far as I go
With the fireworks
All these lives
Are important to God
Help is the answer:
Your fellow earthling

He/she needs help too
See without making yourself
Too important
And our heart gets bigger
And your ego smaller
And love can enter

I Don't Know

I don't know
If I should talk today
Hoping for something Beautiful:
Someone—

I have been separated
From my brothers and sisters
By self-pity
But soon I feel a little lucky
And at home in Canada

This planet
Can be a rough place
I am not lying on the desert floor
With a bullet hole
In my chest
Blood seeping from me

In North America
We wouldn't
Even like their weather

That's all

No Prophet Here

I've never been
Good at looking into
The future
But the past...
I gaze at India and wonder

They do not use guns
For their deeply divided
Approaches to the almighty
Some say he is
An undifferentiated field
And some say Krishna has four arms

I am tired
Tired as a child
After all this bickering

The Work on Love

Meditate a little
look in
you are God's child
here we are
a room full of brothers and sisters
and beyond these confines
this understanding
crosses all borders
brings tender regard
where suspicion dwelled

Give Credit

It's significant
That man and woman
Have each other

It's significant
That there is human intelligence
And things are made from the earth
With the minds we are given

It's significant that we can see
And that there are
Things to look at

It's significant
That our involuntary functions
Go on
Without any help from us

It's important to give credit
Where credit is due

Could Be Better

We were born into a world
Of sustenance
So we ate.

So we eat
But millions are suffering
And everyone has their life story
And many go hungry
But we are a part of the universe
And reflecting it

When they ask
How many trees
I was responsible for
How many did I cut down
I ask what are they living in
A wooden house, maybe?

We are born
Learning the baby food
Learning to walk
Wanting the affirmation of cuddling
Some more
Some less
Our life stories begin
Great suffering
Or relatively easy
We may roll in the sun
Or search for coolness

The Rug

The used rug I got
For ten dollars
At the recycling depot
Is bright and cheery
Orange, crimson, and yellow
Has transformed the room
But when all is said and done
It is not
What I am searching for
Lord it is you

Spring

Oh sweet spring

Fragrances intermingle
Even wet concrete smells sweet
Teenagers plotting rebellious
Get togethers

Yes, these are years that make or break.

Wine in the woods

Or books at home.

And everything

Between.

But there is nothing to say

The 'bad' boys and girls

Often come to their senses

And the boys and girls

Busy studying

The years

May mellow most

And all of a sudden

Everybody is wearing

The same kind of thing.

The Horse

the eyes of a horse
an ancient white mare
standing alone in the rain
in the autumn rain

seasons have gone by
four seasons
for each of twenty some years
and she has ridden no more

in the rain
Cleo, her owner named her
there is no shelter

the eyes of a horse
ancient now patient

a mystery somehow
as the rain makes fragrant
the field of grass
Cleo; her name

rest Cleo
rest

A Time for Penguins

in my room
I have a gift
from a friend
a picture of two penguins
mother and babe
baby standing on mother's feet
and mother bending
to touch, beak to beak

there is nothing
much more to say
except that the penguin,
endearing little animals
have a place in my heart

on the wind-swept ice
conditions rarely known by humans
they waddle
not stupidly
but with a will
to live
in bitter cold
animal love
to behold

How So

Though believing in God,
I took astronomy,
and was told that the creation
of the solar system began with
cosmic dust colliding
then heating up and spinning
attracting more dust
until finally
we had a sun

but a gentle heart
and unconditional love
is a better hint
about our creation

Privileged

I see God in you
consciousness so deep
that I see no end

let me buy you a cup of tea

or we could go to the beach
and watch the waves come in

so deep you seem
it's a wonder
that you bother to talk

let's dance
for a while
to an old ballad
that you like

let's dance for a while

Mother

It was a day something like this
a heavy snow had fallen
and mother, father and I traipsed
through this cathedral on their land
evergreen branches bending with
snow and icicles
and I with a feeling that this was
a time to remember

joyously mother threw snow at us
I, now older than she was then
happy as a lamb

but as the years went by
bitterness slipped into her speech

and I, forgetting the pain
that she carried with her every day
grateful for any sleep
that would stifle the pain

and as her speech grew hard
I asked her why she was bitter
after some thought
she asked me to forgive
my fractious mother

her winters were few after that
and finally in an oxygen tent
I leaned to whisper to her
that there were no hard feelings
and hoping that there were none with her
and we exchanged our last hug
knowing it was goodbye

A Meeting

Watching the cow
and the cat named "Fiddle"
touch noses long ago,
the waving grass stood still
the maple trees of leaves
came to attention
and an apple fell off
a nearby tree.

A meeting of animals
thought to be
less than brilliant
but you know
this large creature
and the smaller one
performed a little
détente

For Us

Flowers in profusion
Soothe the eyes
Practically hypnotized
In a good way

Red, yellow, orange vermillion
The growing of a flower
Is explained
Nutrients from the earth
Pollinated by bees
Veins, etc.

But the explanation
Is not the reality
They will grow
No matter what
You say about them

The austere room
Where my mother
Kept bulbs in winter
Taking them from the ground in fall
That once planted
Would simply grow
Again
As my mother helped with water
The power of God
Running the universe
Taking time to make things beautiful
These delicate petals
For us

Friendly

I always wanted
To make friends
With a wild bird
Today a rosy finch
Has somehow entered the house
Wildly it thrashes at the window
Which was sealed shut
Of course
I sat quietly at a table nearby
And tried to let it
Get used to me

Oh what fear and longing
That little bird must have had
Finally after more thrashing
It sat on the window sill quietly
Maybe thinking I was its best bet

After all

It allowed me to cup it in my hand
Gently I petted its rosy head with my thumb
Took it to the door
Then let it fly to freedom
Oh freedom
I once knew the feeling too

For the Schizophrenic

As the years go by
We glance at our faces in the mirror
And though the years take their toll
Often we feel
Like we did in our youth
The scars of bruised hearts healing
In the long years
Whereas Buddha called one life
“a few moments”
When looking back

Hearing a voice of
Eternal
Simply say
God’s world
Or think it
And the dark shadows of trees
Change back to play
With wind and sun
And passing the playground
All the merry children
Are living their stories
Whose parents are their love
Treat them with kindness
Unformed, they do not know
There will be problems and answers
Money for their upkeep
And concern for their safety

The Sports Page

So
And so the sunlight comes
Dominating this place
Of what is called the west
This island
That is occupied
Above the vault line
And the scientist says
We are due for an earthquake
But in their diaries
They add up the number that has been
And find the law of averages

But when my hero
Willie Mays
I had the good fortune to watch
In the very park where he played
Where he could hit any pitch
Any pitcher threw

And it is more difficult
To hit a curve ball
Than to proclaim impending doom

Zen and the Last Walk

Near the end
I said "fifteen for two" (cribbage)
He would win anyway
So we put the cards aside

He said "How about a walk?"
"cane?" I asked
"No"
and so we proceeded out the door
he walked very carefully
on two artificial hips

the silence was sweet and sad
we walked maybe fifty yards
full of undefined words

he looked at me
and his blue-gray eyes
seemed more blue than usual

we entered the house
and sat down again at the dining table
a little smile came to the corner of his mouth
"cut for a deal"
we cut
"Me first?" he said
he was eighty six

Golden signal

One day,
Fuming about the world's situation
A beam of golden light
Touched my head
And for a time
I turned off the news
Because though we are beset
The universe is a friendly place
The news
And horrifying television shows
Seem to tell us
A different story
But it's not all thus
Good acts are a daily event
Recognize your brothers and sisters

A Beloved

Because bullets are flying
because children are starving
because our leaders are suspected
I had better be a good poet

Because 15 young hockey players
died in a bus crash
because floods are making
people homeless in India
because animals that make
our lives colorful are going extinct
I had better be a good poet

because our young people's music
is becoming mindless
because people are sleeping under buildings
I had better be a good poet

because I became a hippy
instead of following a dream
because I made a fool out of myself
too often
because I let you slip
through my fingers
because we come into life naked
and leave naked

I had better be a good poet

The Muse

This muse
this awkward child
this father
this mother
made of brilliant sunsets
and broken hearts—
this thing of beauty
deep within

when did it start
this thing that makes the heart move
spiced with joy or sorrow
this touchdown dance
this lying in the gutter

it speaks of wide-eyed little lambs
the terror and pain of war
and of one's own life

why this writing it?
for whose sake so important

leaves are whirling
in the yard
little birds have taken to shelter
the horse stands stoically
the rain
beginning to fall

Ocean

The leaves
and branches across the way
are flowing and dancing
dancing and flowing

and the dresses of the women
at the dance
are dancing and flowing
flowing and dancing

and the long hair of the boy
on the scooter
is flowing and dancing
dancing and flowing

Do you still think of me?
and the boy and girl
walking home
holding hands gently
seeming to say
in their hearts quietly
will you be mine?
they seem to say

on the river
on its way to the sea
dancing and flowing
flowing and dancing

Timothy Merrill has had a wide range of jobs, including photojournalist, copy reader, editor, ferryman, and carpenter. Today, his work in poetry explores the mystery behind the oneness of all life.

In these poems about relationships, realizations, and love, Timothy shows us in *Thee and Me* that we are related, in all our doings and in our very blood. Timothy explores his belief that God is present in all things, and that He glories in us when we discover the powerful beauty with which we are surrounded.

Timothy's first solo book of poetry, *In Bare Apple Boughs*, was published in 1982 by Fiddlehead Poetry Books. Other collections followed, and Homeostasis Press published his most recent book, *A Quiet Calling*, in 2009.

In September 2009, "Take Five" magazine reviewed *A Quiet Calling*:

*His writing buoys him. He speaks of language.
Now that we have language, he says,
"from the heart
it can save us —
that we all
aren't so different"*

Thee and Me continues to dig deeper into what feeds the human heart.

