THE SENTENCE

I charge you world and I find you guilty
And I sentence you and you shall pay thusly.
My voice will be in the rain that falls
Against your window and upon your roof;
My voice will be in the small winds in the trees
And in the air that brushes your face.
It will always be there,
Sometimes angry as now, sometimes wistful, sometimes just there.
You have repeatedly committed these crimes
And there must be a punishment.

I find you guilty of the following charges:
Neglect of the old who live half-sick
In their lonely rooms with nobody to care;
Neglect of the very young who need love
And as many kisses as there are;
Abandonment of the little people who are hungry,
Cold, and unable to help themselves;
Unconcern for the fate of the smallest bird, the lost dog,
The lonely man who walks a lonely street;
Lovelessness of all things beautiful and good
With no price tag, or money to be counted and stored.
There are more counts and I shall whisper them low
When you least expect it.
This is my sentence, world.
Listen, world, listen to the breeze,
Listen to the small winds,
Listen to my voice....

* * *

SONG LOVE SOUND

What sound does water over stones make?
A sound that says I love you.
What sound does the wind in the trees make?
It makes a love sound.
What sound does the wind in the grain make?
It makes an I love you sound.
What sound does rain in the night make?
A sound like remembered love.

I hear you call my name
Though you are not there.
I hear your voice in the wind
That cries like lost children.
I hear you in unexpected places.
I hear you with an extrasensory thing called love.

* * *

THE ASTRONOMER

What star
Is yours, my love;
In all the skies, what
MY star is shining There within
your eye?