

A Quiet Calling

A collection of poetry

By Timothy Merrill

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WHERE DO WE GO FROM HERE

Do we sleep under a bridge
do we calculate how
to win a million dollars
do we pursue a fair lady
or be celibate again

do we try to sculpt our bodies
with muscle definition
or do we go to the wilderness
and not come back
or do we sip coffee
at a popular coffee shop
and conversation vendor
all these things are possible
and I keep on writing

FOR OLD TIMES SAKE

my once upon
a time
favourite woman
is coming to visit

it's been more
than two decades

a little bit of love
remains

I will fan the flame
I will puff up my heart
I won't do summersaults (age)

I will give her flowers
I will steal honey from the bees
for a cup of tea

IN THIS PLACE

In this place
where I am

not the chair
not the house or land

but with pen and paper;
the universe.

Alone today
from across the creek
I hear the construction.
It sounds benign
with voices
in some kind of harmony.

A wasp has entered the room
through the open door
better to have
nothing frenetic.

It has landed or left
and now the little refrigerator
kicks in
but still behind this
there is a silence.

Now the birds
outside the door
may be heard

now an airplane-
still harmony

now my own ear-ringing
creeps in
followed by a little
self pity.
I boot this feeling out.
Somewhere a rifle goes off.

Another day in 2009
and I return to the place spoken of.

I hope to see stars tonight
and understand my connection with them.

EVERYWHERE

far away and here
is our love

the robins peck
for worms
the old dog next door
barks for nothing

the sky is bright
and haze
by turns -
geese and swans
flying gracefully
to warm places
what has twenty-three years
of medication
done to
me
I don't know

my mother was the same-
powerful pills
for inflammation
more pills
to make other pills safer

Lord what messes we get in to carrying our
being
from place to place
with the free will
we were granted

LOVE OF NEIGHBOR

on this globe
over water
on the other
side of mountains
next door
live our neighbours
sounding simple
Jesus told the formula
all the brave people
the wedded, the old and the young
because whatever the literature,
your God is theirs
and their God
if they only knew
is yours

little babies
are little babies
the wise old men
are wise old men

the sun rises
and sets on all

ON MY BULLETIN BOARD

on my bulletin board
where I put dreamlike
lovable things,
there is a reproduction (card)
of a painting
with brown grass –
there is a lion
lying down
and a sweetly sleeping lamb
with its head resting on the lion's mane

there is a dove above
with a rainbow behind it

the lion looks
slightly nonplussed
as if he didn't know
such things existed
a surprise like this
I just don't know

BROTHERS AND SISTERS

love your brothers and sisters
populating the planet
they are everywhere
this powerful belonging
can help set you free

the fault line may rupture
a hurricane may rake the land
but God lives through everything
and that's enough

love your brothers
and sisters
you will see
beauty unbounded
hope unextinguishable
wisdom hidden

if your heart is wounded
simply turn away

if you are given a lesson
admit it

love your brothers and sisters
whom God has given
to grow with toward him

HIS PRESENCE

feeling alone
clue after clue
God gives

the life of trees
animals
man and finally God
who put everything here
with his presence
the great love
you are his
part of His
one life

how can I say
what is there to do
finally a homecoming

ADVANCING

Your eyes are the same
but there is a difference now

your mouth looks the same
but there is a difference now
everything looks the same
you are in God
but not as you were
you are aware
and suddenly I feel
a little shy

FLOWERS

The little teenage girl
in the clown suit
is dancing
near a busy corner
waving a sign to sell roses
she is dancing
seemingly happy and at ease
she is not the first clown
on this beat
but the most enthusiastic
I said she deserves flowers herself (and forgot)
a day later
my father
gave her a rose

BELONGING

everyone needs this:
young student,
father, mother, sister, brother,
husband and wife
the athlete who has made
The Big Mistake or
congregation;
preacher on his first day

COUGAR

the news came –
a cougar in the neighbourhood

pets were disappearing
and our cat Waffle also

this mysterious terror
had everyone in awe

we grieved for Waffle
and this would obviously
turn into a legend

back when
when little children had
to be protected
and the cougar
had no good name

HORSESHOE

a child watching
the shoeing of a horse
cringing with each blow
of the hammer
to the nail
being driven
further and further
into its hoof
waiting for a protest
and calling to its owner
I learned that solid hoof
ran deep
the horse acting
a little intruded upon
and I relieved,
but feeling for
this intrusion

SOURCE

a manmade
light bulb
gives out light
what makes you think
that there is
no light within man
it was man
who invented the light bulb

MOON DOG

in Junior High School
there was a boy
(I have forgotten his name)
known as Moon Dog

he never wore tight pants
didn't wear
a popular brand of shirt –
shoes worn out at the heel

not well spoken
and when he did speak
the students would laugh
reflecting
their own joke

CROSSES

Christ oh Christ
your pain is etched
in many –
the crosses
to bear,
the care lines,
the heart
that has cried its limit
but a heart can renew
care lines can soften
and when
you lost your concentration
on God and wept
perhaps looking at the crowd
you gave
“forgive them”

REGRET

when the cherries began to ripen
my mother handed me a gun

crows; the little devils
were eating all the cherries
and even had a lookout
who would sound an alarm
even if

I was behind
my mother's broad windows
the lookout saw me
accepting the gun

they would fly away
before I even
got out the door

but one day I got the drop on them;
the cherries almost gone,

I shot two crows
and stood there with that terrible stick
looked to the top of a cedar tree
and shot a blackbird
to the ground

A blackness came over me
and I went to the dying bird
and held it in my hand; mourning

and a quarter of a century later
I have killed nothing more
than two bugs
and a few sandwiches

LIVE AND LET LIVE

a rule of the reformed drinker
it means don't try to control
the people around you
God works through people
and looks of love
are not uncommon –
seek to share
with those people
the good of life
see the eyes
and hear the words
and follow those
inspired from the land of heaven

THE PRISONER

Oh Lord
the leaves are returning;
an early spring
some days I see reminders of you

this weary child
that I am
noting the passing years
this ego
flopping like a landed fish

THE TREE

Gloriously decorated
bright and intricate
with my mother's touch
the string balls filled with
bulbs of light
though mother is gone
father and I can still laugh
and we often do

.....Father in heaven
please keep him well
I give him to you

I read of a saint
and because I have seen
a little of what he saw
my hope is
they dance their dance
and meet under the branches
of a tree of light

RECEIVING TOO

I slow down

if there is a mess
I clean it slowly
and quietly

if I find myself gossiping
I shut up
and ask God's forgiveness
Some days I am rich
some days I am poor
some beautiful days I am downcast
some days I soar in the rain
today
I am
counting my blessings

I DON'T KNOW

I don't know
if I should
talk today

I am hoping
for something
beautiful to see
or good to do

I have been
separated
from my
brothers and sisters
by a little self pity,
but today
I'm feeling a little lucky

I'm not lying on the desert floor
with a bullet hole
blood seeping from me

In North America
we wouldn't
even like their weather

WHY

Didn't they see her –
didn't they know what she was attempting

in the psychiatric hospital
two large men
carrying a young woman
who was in the lotus position
in their hands
to a more “secure” place

Was she a danger?
Was it that she didn't want her pills?

Four feet off the floor
crying for God
while they
carried her way

she
who wanted only
TO GO HOME.

CRIBBAGE

the roaring
the buzzing
I can't tell
is it the medication
or not enough of it

as the pots and pans ring
I search in the cupboard
for just the right one
for food
that might make a difference

it sort of seems holy
to care about
this business

my father peels oranges
skins pineapple
cuts them up into pieces

puts them in a bowl
tiny forks
to help ourselves with

then on to the main event
cribbage

me twenty points ahead
I say I am in big trouble
he has me where he wants me

we've played so often
that we often have to calculate
who dealt last
as usual, hilarity reigns

A MYSTERIOUS NIGHT

in my childhood
we drove through the night;
father at the wheel – lights only occasionally
and a mystery; the radio in the middle
of nowhere bringing in Chicago, San Francisco,
Omaha reaching us
on this flat terrain

I can't even remember
the highway we were on;
perhaps in southern Idaho.

but remembering this strange and glorious
event
makes me feel
like a child again

JESUS

Grass shimmering
in the moonlight.
Is that you, Jesus?

Golden light on the evergreens –
is that you, Jesus?
There are men and women
working to end war;
is that you, Jesus?

in the various blisses
Is that you, Jesus?
All the energies
all the brilliant colours
Is that you, Jesus?

Sweet silence,
“all things brought together.”
Is that you, Jesus?
Jesus.

POPULARITY

I go to the local pool

only thirteen
and far from the beaten path
of children with many friends

but the most popular girl
in my grade
swims over to me
and we exchange small talk

I bring this to mind
because it was better
than a lonely
chocolate ice cream cone

how these thing work
nobody really knows
perhaps gossip in the upper echelons

more good than bad

in my surprise
I watch her swimming back
to her girlfriends
a whole new feeling in me

it is one hundred and ten degrees out
and now there is a cooling breeze

IN THE MIDDLE OF THE NIGHT

In the middle of the night
the odd car wheeling by
its sound disappearing
into the distance

asleep are lovers
in each other's arms
asleep are the lonely
single ones
who rise to work
and wonder
who finally
to give the money to

and the monks
who will be rising now
to say their words
formed by the first word

and I and I in the lovers way
wondering where my girl
wants to take me

the dreams of journeys proliferate
plane, train, bus or car

plans for excitement.
I really don't mind

in fact I would like to see
a new place or two
but not necessary
together in God
is the adventure

UNTITLED

If you think God is distant
He's given us fruits and vegetables
in gardens to tend
digestion
heart beating
everything
done for you
and he is in
and created
the farthest star
so that we may begin
with an inkling
of his presence

ENTERTAINMENT

when I am unhappy
I lie on the hard floor
with my radio
to find an inspired song –
if someone looks into my room
I say “I like it here”
or maybe “it’s good for the back”
and they go away
shaking their heads

If I only find junk
I turn it off
and pick up a tape
from my small
but beautiful collection

though tapes are now “old hat”
there is still some music
left in mine

HELLO

Hello cuts through the ice
douses heat
says you are not alone

hello to the father
and mother
brother and sister

a country might land in your heart
skin colour disappearing
with laughing eyes

hello hello to the different religions
concealing the same God

hello to the miner
to the teenager searching for identity
to the pregnant mother carrying the life
to the construction worker
who is more gentle than he seems

may the wars end
may the hungry be nourished
may the dying be comforted by eternal life

we are a part of God*
his creation
his children

not just a technique
but an experience of recognition

* all things “being of God”.....
“brought together in Christ”

PRIVILEGED

I see God in you
consciousness
so deep
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

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

let's dance for a while

FOR

this “for”
is very important

writing should be for.....
singing should be for.....
love making should be for.....
and praying should be for.....

a basketball play
should be for his team mates
a preacher, his congregation
even in nature we see this
in families

but we see usually without knowing
the maker of all
for this makes us
next to angels

WHO

Some people say there is
no love on this planet
and if I say
I have experienced love
they say it was only desire

the heart can be
big or small
tolerant or angry

tender or made of stone
and all manner of states
in between

the object of love
may be a paycheque
or work
It can be a rodent in a cage
or a best beloved
or God

BEYOND

beyond the perfect burger
and the unconcealed midriff
beyond the victory dance
and souped up motorcars

beyond our loves
for flowing curtains
and double ice cream cones

is our love for the best love
we've ever known

relegate the dance
below the belt
to at least
second place
and remember a friend's smiling face

your love was given to be shared
or given when you look at someone
and see beyond what you tried to be

KINDNESS

Getting toward the end of the day,
I look at the beautiful
light and smell
the summer evening

This light is special to me,
flocks of sparrows
swim through the light

We hold hands
off and on;
a time for laziness
and friendship

You knocked me out
with a look
so kind-
I knew it was from heaven
and I forgot about my pain

We check the flowers
on a shortcut path
looking for beauty
the suggestion of which
I had already found
in your eyes

OFF MY ROCKER

my little lamp
is like golden water
or the glow of the sky
just before dark

I must be careful
to not mistake it
for myself

when I first acquired it
I turned it off
as I was leaving
for a few hours
saving energy and all

But you know what?
now I leave it on
so that when I come home

it's gentle light
may bathe my eyes

MY TYPEWRITER

My typewriter is starting
to look like His Property

I wonder if I am to write
not bitterness
we have seen too much of that.

But at this transition house
the bustle of activity
belies the center of it all-
the Drug Cabinet

what the staff doesn't know
is that good food and affection
do most of the healing

but the pharmaceutical companies
send their wave of well dressed salesmen
to the doctor
who passes them on
to the Drug Cabinet

When will Willy Loman
send the prefect Drug

MY FATHERS HOUSE

1.
is quiet
there are no ghosts
the spiritual marauders
for the most part
withdraw their thorns

Father and I
get a lot of mileage
out of the jokes flying
and a squirrel
that tried to raid
the bird feeder
now has his own platform
and all the sunflower seeds
he can eat
looks right and left
as he chews at high speed
somehow separating the meat
from the shell
I study them
and even these little creatures
so aware, so alive

2.
this little guy
is fun to watch
and we were relieved
when a tick
ensconced in his ear
must have dropped out

the bird feeder
next to the squirrel's platform
is full
I'm trying to say
that my father takes care of
business
taking the time to bake
muffins, little cakes
and bread

and now lands the rare
scarlet finch
a fruition
of his task
of feeding

A NOD AT EVOLUTION

I try to write poems that could be etched or
painted on
a cave wall
Is this how language began?
It certainly seems possible

around the fire,
sharing food
with another hunter
running on bad luck

sharing warmth with your
mate
and finally agreement
about important things

so that the possibility of fighting
would end

it sounds possible

what am I waiting for?

MUSEUMS FINALLY

like the sunlight on water
the dawn begins
spreading light
closer and closer
until it finally touches me

I sort my closet
it is getting better
and better
as I give things
to the thrift shop
to sell to poor people
for practically nothing

I know this hour
all the religions
people in ecstasy
I quietly give
Jesus homage
God has sons
none greater than he
this thing called free will
annoys some seekers
but think of Jesus
all things brought together
all the guns put
in museums

WISHFUL

is it too much to ask
for a cuddle after this
uneventful decade

ten times the tress have
shed their leaves
and no caresses

certainly the hugs
of greeting are wonderful

I have fallen in love
numerous times

and as the Eagles sing
Desperado “you ain’t getting no younger”

I have given up a truckload
of people to God
and they for the most part
don’t know it

IF YOU DON'T BELIEVE

how much can
I love thee

here on Earth
fragile bodies
hurtling cars
and the bullets
always the bullets
seeing a beautiful
sunset is one thing
a little of your
extraordinary bliss
is another
but nothing
can exist
without you,
is my thought

last night
I listened to
a song of bitterness
towards you
whom the singer
thought you didn't exist

THE BABY ORCA

the baby orca
washed up on a deserted beach
this animal
once a wonder
now dead
but recalling
the wonder of the Orca
and its understanding
sign language
and simple verbal commands,
I think of our family
silently viewing it
wanting it to come to life
a great wave
taking it into the sea
it jumping and playing

we pressed on
looking back wistfully
for this miracle

FRIEND

my young friend
wise beyond her years
tough as Iron
soft as a feather
when we meet
I feel
who fits
her job description
a sister
as a Christian might say
this friend
I am lucky to have

HEART

having a heart “for”
is a beautiful thing
you wake up one morning
and realize that everything
is from the same source

that man pushing the shopping cart
full of empty bottles
deserves a break

putting someone ahead of yourself
is a right thing

you find the kindness in others
by having some yourself-
the lives of
plants and animals
comes alive too

your brothers and sisters in God
become loved
in your silence

the labourer
caked with dirt, tired to the bone
and three hours left
is seen in a different light

let yourself
take time to observe
and you will be amazed
at the small graces

LEAVES

leaves
fallen from the trees
their autumn colours gone
childhood states revisited
though on the chubby
side
I could run
hour after hour
up and down
the playground
basketball court
and how I loved the Boston Celtics
always it seemed
their heroes were ancient
and now I sense a moral
what could be
can be

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

NEAR

there is a place
near here
it is the recycling depot
cardboard, glass, etc
next to it is the thrift shop
where people bring clothes
and other items of use

the woman running this place
has beautiful eyes
and a long braid
that speaks of a deeply feminine quality
though her job
demands firmness

Wednesday and Sunday
you can stuff a bag
with all it can hold
for one dollar

in my heart
I know her
as a beloved sister
on the planet
maybe we can have
a cup of coffee together

merchandise behind the counter
costs more
interesting works
and she says I have good taste

LITTLE BEINGS

golden was the glow
from over
the eastern hill;
noticed especially
on weekends-
free for two days
from school,
checking the stones
for salamanders beneath
(my record was three)
I would gaze
at their odd (to me)
delicate shapes
these gentle little creatures
I took extra care
in replacing the stones

MOONLIGHT

oh moonlight
lighting up the wildflowers
on the shortcut to the plaza

I emerge on the sidewalk
the cars streaming past
look like they mean business

once upon a time,
a lady gave me a blossom
in a glass of water

I mail a letter
turning away
from the liquor store
fresh air being my best bet
and on my way home
I find a flower.
I will put it in a vase
I bought at the second hand store.

DOVES AND HEARTS

in this morning
of doves and hearts
wishing for peace
this old boy
who started late
knows only a few things

I am made
and haltingly search
for his wish for me
as for the pastor,
priest or reverend
some weeds are fairer
than the much attended flowers
so pastor
know your people

there might be a saint unnoticed
in the congregation

INTERIORS

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

the poor Oriental 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 a flower

DIP IN THE ROAD

maple swaying,
leaves fluttering
to the ground
reminding me of Minnesota
in the fall
father, mother and I
marvelling at the colours
as we drove through
red, orange, yellow

and suddenly there was a dip in the road
at the bottom of which
was a small village
with a white church
with a steeple

also houses
then suddenly the road ascended
to the level
it was before
and looking back
there were only brightly coloured trees
a wonder too great to forget-
from the road
a visible outpost
of love

WOMAN

It doesn't take much
for me to fall in love
with you

a smile
that flowing skirt
the beautiful skin

many times
it has happened
and I haven't even said
"Slow down. Wait for me".

VISUAL

in the field
behind the residence
six mallard ducks are waddling-
pairs of two;
so harmless they look
benign
but there is no water here
the sun finally dried it up
in early spring
but there they are
where the water once was-
perhaps they are on vacation
friends
like Alan Alda, Carol Burnett and company
in "The Four Seasons"

CROWS

6 A.M.

across the vast
morning sky white clouds
layering blue sky
flying a single course
this common bird
may have a job
looking out for a rookery
checking for danger
these mysterious birds
live together, fly together and
play together
but when they chase an eagle
pulling off wing feathers,
they mean business

A FANTASY OF LOVE

Pearls around her neck
blossoms falling on her hair
This is a fantasy
that comes from a place of respect
for female beauty-purity
and found in the shade of a maple tree
on a hot summer's day
leaves playing in the breeze
found in the eyes of a loved one
or this stranger

THE STAR

Oh star
way up there
I see you-
your existence
a night full of stars
and all the beings
suggest being
is all through the universe
so I say thanks
for the company

WRATH

It is a terrible knot in the stomach
it is a mind of anger:
in marriage it is unthinkable
but often present
do not spite your loved one
pray instead for harmony
he or she a child of God too
may be praying for you

QUALITIES

every now and then
I step out
of the status quo-
higher than a pew in a church
higher than the tallest tree
and notice who I am talking to
man or woman, a part of God
with godly qualities

WHEN

When you care for someone
you pave
a road to God the wonder
of sharing
is great, better than Dirty Harry,
Better than IMAX Better than a
Rolls Royce

ORGANIZATION

someone gave me
a plastic portable
file box
in it I keep
a dictionary, thesaurus;
and all the notebooks
people have given me over the years
are filled
with my musings
300 some poems
in three of them

without these notebooks
you would not have heard from me
slow to respond to an idea
I simply filled those two
with all the love
I could muster

CHRISTIAN WOMAN

I am not without feeling.
The sun rises and sets
on us both

I am willing to be
what you want

I love you because you are sweet
I can't explain

If we are to be
Just friends
that's fine

But I want to see you.
The day goes better
after we have shared friendship

My heart is limp
from years of trouble
but your friendship
is a right thing

I would be sad
if we didn't continue
our little journey
"Two or more gathered
in his name"

SIMPLIFYING

Things are getting complicated
as I especially love
more and more people

and in this time alone
I am wondering at what they are doing
I guess I have to
love them all

and give them back to God
and love them
in him

OUT THERE

Out there
is someone needing forgiving

Out there is a man
needing spare change

Out there is the rubble of Iraq

Out there are Buddhists
Muslims
Hindus
And Christians

meditations and holy songs
some of which intersect
in the Original word.

Is loving your neighbour so hard
this equality
which gives rise
to compassion

look carefully.
Others exist too.

LITTLE STEPS

If you don't think
there is respect on this planet,
consider brushing up
accidentally against another
“excuse me”
“sorry”

a tiny example

RECOGNITION

for Nina & Jay

In this age
of powerful
religious sects
I look for truth
among flowers
and the eyes
and laughter
of friends
and strangers
it does not
take a great show
we are part of God's life
the bliss
he saves
for selfless
giving
and advice
that leads you toward him
the tattered book
that keeps me going
was replaced by my father
with a new one
shortly before
I received a beautiful bookmark
from a wonderful couple
I hope to keep this copy
in better shape
and myself also

LEARNING

After thirty-three years of writing
have I ever told you
who I am

I see the man
after a day's work
that has tightened his muscles
in exhaustion
finding only temporary
release in beer

the night was made for sleep
but I find myself
writing of moonlight
and the coming sun

and the garden
sparse in fruition
no green thumb here

and I apologize
with a prayer
for my poor tending
of his garden

VISTING THE HEART

Faintly my love beats

too much time in the head

Everybody loves someone or something.

We want our love

to light up our beings

to envelope us with a glow.

Our old girlfriends

or boyfriends

would begin calling us

on the telephone;

telling us their stories since parting.

We want to meet prince charming

or the princess

We want our records back

the ones with our favourite songs.

We want God to speak to us

telling us that he will never leave

and we can do no wrong

We want every day to be better

than the last

even though aging

The mistakes we would like back
would be replaced in memory
by romantic comedies

and people would move
all over the planet lightly
honouring each other's light.

BOCELLI AND DION

my heart fills
my throat

this is music*
that should be played
every morning
before business
at the "United Nations"

*"A Prayer"

TIME WITH A MOTH

the moth
stuck inside the kitchen
and battering itself
against the window

this small creature
shaking with fear
its life so apparent
that a feeling comes over me

how can I relieve its fear

I try to make my fingers
a taxi
no
but finally he lets me nudge him onto
a piece of paper

I feel an ok
and take him outside
for a few moments he is quiet
and I leave

coming back to check
he is gone

I mention this in passing
because I loved this gentle
trembling creature
and for a reason I state often
I wished it well

“LOVE”

this is a word
your creative writing teacher
might say is too much a cliché for a poem

but consider the care worker
helping the elderly
it might only be a job
but it might be a calling

the nurse on the sixth floor
where you might live or you
might die
her activity might be a job
or it might be a calling

oh unfolding by the sacred
all I have is a pen
and paper
thank God I now
realize
it is a calling

FEMININE

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

A CRITIQUE

the solar system
can exist without the “laws”
the laws cannot exist without the solar system

“THE WINNER TAKES IT ALL”*

Turning into someone different
then the one who had
a smile for me
became a stern judge overnight
the flowers I held in my hand
took ten years to fall to the ground

I picked another
and this one
took a year to fall to the ground

but I know that our years together
had some kind of magic.

perhaps someday
we will stumble
into heaven

“a song by Abba”

THIS THING CALLED LANGUAGE

without it
everyone at war
would stand around
making noises like “gee whiz”, “what am I
doing”
and would look around
for something nice to do

on the other hand
now that we have it (language)
from the heart
it can save us -
that we all
aren't so different

THIS DAY

this day will be marked
by another moon
and the starry sky illuminating
our piece of eternity

we choose our friends
with free will
something we want
something forever
something glowing
something fragile
something indomitable
inhabits us
see there
it is spring
and everything growing-

lawnmowers and hedge clippers
will be taken out of storage
but moon and sky
will mark the passing of this day
this day of flowers
this day of sweet smells
this day of lilies
and tiny violet flowers
growing from the muck
I linger looking at
what you had pointed to
and down the path
you are lingering too
waiting for me

About the author

Timothy Merrill began his writing career at the age of nineteen when he was chosen out of eighty-seven candidates of the position of “junior reporter”. When he left this job he was commended for accuracy. He resumed his writing career at The University of British Columbia where he received high marks in creative writing and a scholarship.

His first book, In Bare Apple Boughs, was published by the

legendary Fiddlehead Poetry Books and over the years found a place in their catalogue in the “Best of The Backlist”. Timothy has worked as a copyreader for Pulp Press. Caitlain Press offered to publish Hearts The Same and later Bravo Press published After The Beginning. Five books followed, three on what he called “his trusty printer”. Timothy is presently teaching creative writing to “mentally ill students”. Timothy has appeared on television, radio and in the press discussing writing while one is referred to as schizophrenic.

“At his best, along with Thomas Merton, Leonard Cohen and Margaret Avison, Tim Merrill proves that God is a singular complexity, as is his own life. Through these lyrics, observances, resolutions, derived from human and divine encounters, or with the ‘rodent in the cage’* of his mind, he arrives at a hard-earned simplicity of acceptance. Often in the long slog with God, the heavy experience is taken off their back and his poems, his love and his people ‘move all over the planet, lightly, honouring each other’s light’. The poems can also linger with the lyrical longing of a good song, listened to in a garden-‘sparse in fruition, no green thumb there,’ he claims, but there is.”

George McWhirter: Poet Laureate for Vancouver

* page 30

Timothy is listed in “The Poets’ Encyclopaedia” along with his deceased mother Jo.

“Rivendell Centre Retreat”: “Timothy Merrill; a breath of fresh air”.

