

REDWOOD CLAUSTROPHOBIA

Standing under a white umbrella  
I am so happy.  
Standing one on one  
Nobody supporting anybody else.  
Such a silly smile radiating from your face --  
But it's cold  
It is cold and friendly.  
How is it possible  
That two is not two?  
How is it possible  
That one is not even one?  
Green bristling wet drops  
Falling on a great umbrella  
If I am happy to be just as I am  
Then somebody's crazy!  
If I take advantage of myself,  
Then nobody's crazy.  
Under a vast white umbrella  
With crystal clear diamond drops  
Cascading in ten directions  
I stand alone.  
I stand with my friends  
How fortunate we are!

May 7, 1977  
Mendocino Woodlands  
OT/db