

## Three Poems

Donald Perkins

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[See table of contents](#)

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# Content(ment) Creation

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*Don Perkins*

Saffron, the full moon  
settles to the west;  
two planets wander  
the southern pre-dawn glow.  
For the patient who wait,  
sunbright breaks  
to fire the eastern clouds  
and the imagination that questions,  
“What’s the light doing today?”

This risen sun adds sparkle  
to the dance of feeding  
sandpipers dipping along the edge  
of a reedy suburban run-off pond  
bordering on still-farmed fields;  
to the splashdown of migratory mallards;  
to the ripples trailing  
the local muskrat who patrols  
the edges of the sedges;  
and to the purposeful strides of  
joggers and dog-walkers  
alive to the crisp possibilities  
offered by morning air with  
a bit of a thrill in its chill.

Most of all, this morning light  
exposes the essential:  
Nothing here is digitized,  
nothing parceled bit by separate bit into  
pre-packaged "content"  
for browsers  
scrolling for something  
disguised as "information" --  
not among these connected layers of  
autumn translucence  
wherever fluttering leaves  
thin, yellow, and pick up  
ambient shine to contrast  
earth ploughed dark  
and turned to rest after a summer  
of productivity,  
now waiting for snow  
and the time of  
preparation  
we call hibernation.

# Lifelines

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*Don Perkins*

Wading the shallows  
and being tossed about  
where the sea remodels the shoreline  
seem not the stuff of deep,  
challenging confrontations  
with the serious business  
of life. Look again,  
the shallows and shoreline are  
    alive, a transitional zone,  
        where older and newer  
in the relativity of eternity  
    toss against each other in  
        curious familiarity;

    where generations of children  
have picked their ways  
among tide pools, curiously eyeing  
tiny fish and crustaceans,  
or have laughed while they wait  
for the next wave to roll  
them up the pebbled strand  
so their playful little legs  
can run them back down to be  
rolled back up, again and again;

and maybe where the first aquatic life,  
dragging or rolled from the shallows  
tested its fins  
on not quite solid  
and not quite dry land,  
played its own games  
with the possibilities,  
of the changeable, living, line  
    where the shallows  
and sea  
    become shore.

# From the Botanical Garden Bench

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*Don Perkins*

Sit quietly on this bench  
    constructed and set for contemplation;  
Face the centre of the garden,  
    focus into mindful meditation.  
Take for granted how well refined,  
    strategically laid out, contained, designed  
Each angle, vista, ripple, sigh;  
    ignore what had to be confined,  
Torn asunder, violently redefined  
    from the scrubby, scruffy parkland  
Forest just outside the fence behind--  
    the natural landscape so offended,  
Gardened, terraced, maintained and mended,  
    replanted, calmed, to free your mind:  
But, think: How odd; these birds alive in spring-time song  
    don't seem to care which side they're on.