

# The General's Dispatches

## I

Standing content,  
Attending flowers, birds,  
Inconstant sky, a shape  
Seeming unbending, but more  
Flexible than any judgment,  
Blue, but never downcast.

## II

Yesterday a peregrine perched  
Nearby, his blue-gray  
A minor mode complementing this  
Tonic blue, that dominant sky,  
A winter triad amid the snow.

## III

Steeled against the cold,  
And, when summer flares,  
Against the heat, playing  
At angles with the sun.

## IV

Pay no attention  
To what is dissimilar,  
Your edges and surfaces  
Being hard and sharp as these.

## V

The peregrine again  
Silent and alert,  
Encouraging, comforting,  
A fellow warrior.

## VI

In ways you shun  
We engage the elements:  
Leafless maple, ravaged ferns,  
Metallic form, at attention  
In the wind-driven winter rain.

## VII

To lead demands a good deal  
More than issuing commands:  
Orders may be traced to the stars,  
Angles, surfaces, curves and planes  
Forged within a molten core  
Spun from the sun.  
Nearby, a mother and her son  
Pay no mind, conjuring  
Out of snow a shrine  
To house their love.

## VIII

It is the antagonist  
One waits and watches for,  
Not the enemy. One must focus  
On technique and form, be ready  
To accept defeat or claim  
Victory, time and again,  
With equal grace, until  
The final contest bears down,

Like a wave in the dark.

## IX

A cannon burst echoes  
An exploding star.  
The planet's heart is liquid  
As the sun's flame. Light bends,  
Space curves. What strategy  
Or tactics may we devise equal  
To the charges we are made of  
In this theater of being  
Where we take our final stand?

## X

Standing in rain, wind,  
Cold and snow, simply  
Looking. Who knows  
What he sees?

## XI

Deep inside these  
Planes and curves white  
Heat still seethes.

## XII

These bones lay scattered  
Until a knowing hand gathered  
And assembled them as now  
They stand. We are all  
Assemblages of lines  
Whether straight or bending,  
Tempered well or ill,  
Random scraps found

To mix and haply match.

**XIII**

Beads of rain:  
Distillates of tears  
Born of strife, welding  
Confident planes to secret  
Angles shaping life.

**XIV**

Hush! Savor  
Momentary magic:  
Metallic blue reaching  
Unison with twilight.