



Turtles

As turtles, through the world we go,
packs on our backs, and walking slow.

Self-contained, as close can be,
our feeling way has set us free.

And while still in the earthly mode,
we know that Source is our abode,

for within the inner dome,
is where we find our peaceful home.

With open hearts, we fully share,
our lives and love, with tender care.

Another View

A poetic adventure

Third Version

Poetry and photography by
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Welcome

*In this gathering of poems,
I tell stories that are true,
and offer contemplations,
with a choice to see anew.*

*These poems were felt and written,
on Hawaiian ground,
corresponding with the heart,
where the deeper Self I found,*

*and allowed the words to flow,
through my heart and pen,
where the nectar can be shared,
with readers now and then.*

~

All storytelling poems
are based on true stories.

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Beauty of the Harvest

In the tilled and tended earth, the farmer plants the seed.
He nurtures it with care, and protects it from the weed.

From the fertile soil, moistened by the clouds of rain,
and warmed by rays of sunlight, a seedling sprouts again.

For the conscious care, and the disciplined attention,
a harvest that reflects it, is the natural extension.

The mind and the emotions, produce a “normal” yield,
but the bounty of the harvest, is in the oneness field.

The oneness field is opened, when surrendered is the mind,
to the beauty of the Now, the way of peace for humankind.

And the Harvest of the Moment, is a skillful human art,
that can only be attained, through the feelings of the heart.



Master of my Fate

In my observation, every aspect of my day,
reflects the how and why, of my chosen way.

The energy of “how,” what feeling is behind,
my actions and my words, returns to me in kind.

The subtle motives of, everything I say and do,
are mirrored back to me, I know this fact is true.

When the feeling of this fact, I choose to integrate,
an opening occurs, and I am master of my fate.

When others treat me rough, I fault not them or me,
but with joy accept it as, my own responsibility.

To listen with the heart, to another human being,
and feel that other person, is so wonderful and freeing.

For then I have a choice, to stop in time and feel,
a response more from the heart, to be myself and real.

This action lifts me higher, beyond the worldly realm,
and my authentic self, puts more firmly at the helm.

I find this attitude, is an attainable ideal,
and serves me faithfully, to evolve and heal.

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Guiding Star



Island Jewels Fair

Hawai'i, O Hawai'i,
your island jewels fair,
set in the blue Pacific,
with fire, earth and air.

Built up from molten rock,
spewing out from vented earth,
full of mystery and magic,
from the moment of your birth.

Your cliffs are cut by clouds,
of tears and driven rain,
and in your fire and ice,
I see human joy and pain.

In your misty clouds,
raindrops speak a metaphor,
sunlight prisms into colors,
and the One expresses more....

I asked the inner wisdom, that is Us beyond the form,
“In life what is most useful, to guide a person through the storm,

of the mind and the emotions, and the culture of the land,
to fulfill the true potential, to life enjoy and understand?”

The wisdom voice responded, “The wisest you can do,
is know and feel yourself, and to yourself be true.

“To actually live from this intention, is most unorthodox,
mental patterns will be shifted, making room for out of box

“choices and responses, as you align with who you are,
and take the steps that lead you, closer to your guiding star.

“The star that ever guides you, when you listen and are still,
is the higher constant aspect, of your personality and will.

“And the star is your connection, to the Source beyond the veil,
when you firmly choose this way, my friend, you will prevail.

“This authority is your birthright, as is the power deep inside.
On your journey through this life, there is no higher guide.”



I'm Here for You

When we lived in California, Kati, Marc and I,
there was a gift of life, that opened up my inner eye,
to the nearness of the world, beyond what can be seen.
We three were new together, and Marc was then a teen.
And he was feeling challenged, by the tension and the stress,
of the choices in his life, and emotional duress.
I went out to his car, parked on the highway side,
and discovered on the gravel, a note that opened wide,
my heart to feel the feeling, of compassion for the one,
I know now as my friend, as well as my dear son.
The note was to another, unknown the writing hand,
but its message was for us, and delivered in the sand.
How the message came to be there, just in that time and place,
and spoke so clearly to us, is still a mystery case.
The note said, "Mark, relax," and went on, "You'll be fine."
"I'm here for you." was written, on the ending line.
The note was brightly flowered, the writing feminine,
with no signature or sign, of where the note had been.
When I saw it was to Mark, my spine was lightly chilled,
and Kati, Marc and I were mystified and thrilled.
In the passing years, our journey has been far,
to open up our hearts, and feel our guiding star.
And the memory of that note, the way it came to be,
will always be a landmark, on the path that set me free.

Ironman Triathlon

We were deeply drawn, to the islands in the sea,
and knew that for a time, it was our place to be.
To Kauai we went first, it's called the Garden Isle,
rainforests wet and green, go on for mile and mile.
We had our packs and tents, but not so many bucks.
A week of camp in rain, and we were three wet ducks.
With our packs and bikes, we hopped from sand to sand,
to the Big Island of Hawai'i, called the healing land.
All this was new experience, for Kati, Marc and I,
and we enjoyed the heat, of the October island sky.
We pedaled our bikes north, all belongings on our backs,
with no water carried on us, not aware of all the facts.
We thought there would be stations, along the desert way,
on the thirty mile stretch, to camp at Spencer Bay.
The Kona heat was awesome, as was the weight we carried,
and it seemed that in the desert, our bodies would be buried.
There were no stations here, no place to quench our thirst,
we saw the wisdom now, of finding it out first.
But as fate would have it, on this very highway,
the yearly triathlon, was pedaling south, our way.
And people stood with stands, of water, Gatorade,
for the tri-athletes, and that is how we made,
our way the thirty miles, for as we passed the stands,
folks put the Gatorade, into our grateful hands.

The Hidden Unveiled

The Heart

Only the heart can truly feel
what is pretend and what is real.

The heart is in a mystic sense
the inner life beyond pretense.

The heart is what is at the core
of each atom, and a door

to the vast, expanded space
of life beyond the human race.



The bay is filled with life, with eels and colored fish,
on shore the nature spirits land on flowers to make a wish.

A prayer that humankind would choose another way,
to live in peace and harmony, to Be not just to say.

For the mana of Hawai'i holds a vision clear and true,
and invites all earthly creatures, including me and you,

to feel the deep connection with life on every plane,
to know that we are one, and walk this knowing lane.

Hawai'i, O Hawai'i, the living breath of God,
keeper of the hidden secrets, and now you give the nod

for the hidden to unveil, and give all an equal choice
to surrender to one Source, from the heart to lift one voice....



Courage

One morning in the coffee house, while sipping on my tea,
a man in his emotions, came storming up to me.

He was so very proud, of the courage he displayed,
and sought attention for his deed, as a hero he was made.

I chose to hear his story, not to argue or resist,
and by this way I learned, what makes a man persist,

in the habits of the world, to glorify aggression,
and the feelings of the heart, to cover with suppression.

He told me how he had tangled, with a monster bull,
he had the bumps and bruises, he thought were beautiful,

because they were the proof, of the virtue he called guts,
that not so many have, to be knocked down on their butts.

“Would you ride a bull?” he asked me with loud voice.
I said, “It’s not attractive, and wouldn’t be my choice.”

“That’s right, it takes real courage,” the next he said to me.
And asked, “What do you do?” I said, “Write poetry.”

With that he wandered off, and I chose to meditate,
on the values of the world, in its current sleepy state.

From my point of view, there is nothing that is wrong,
only choices to be made, which way to sing the song,

There are many kinds of courage, of oneself to give,
to risk one’s life or safety, that another soul may live.

And if a man considers, his life it’s time to change,
the choice is always there, his mind to re-arrange.

To cut through all the veils, and choose the higher plan,
and this is what I call, true courage in a man.

African Baby

On the outskirts of Waimea, there is a watering hole,
where a machine dispenses water, for a quarter toll.

While filling up our gallon, a man with patience waited,
and we struck a conversation, for which I am elated.

For he told to us a story, that still warms my heart today,
how a best friend of his parents, came to his dad to say,

“We can travel all together, our families, you and I,
our love of life we’ll share, our friendship satisfy.”

They traveled as a team, an extended family,
to the villages of Africa, from their home in Germany.

The culture of one village, forbade a touch to give,
to infants that were sick, this way the fit shall live.

The people of this village, are of the darkest skin,
and it was this scenario, the families landed in.

Just the day before, a baby had been born,
so ill its skin was gray, abandoned and forlorn.

Our storyteller’s dad, held the baby in his arm,
close to his beating heart, and would to allow no harm.

As he held him there, the baby’s color changed from gray,
to black, his natural color, it was as if to say,

there’s life and healing wonder, when a being loves so much,
and reaches out to give, from the heart a human touch.

Patrick’s ending of this story, could really be no other,
for the children of the Germans, now have a black-skin brother.

Abundance of the Moment

On a bike trip to Waimea, I parked my two-wheeled steed,
and after shopping in a store, would have mounted to proceed.

But I stopped there in my tracks, at the sight that greeted me.
The back tire on my bicycle, was as flat as it could be.

“Oh well, I will just fix it,” came the first and cheerful thought,
until I rolled it to a station, then I said “I guess I’ll not.”

The inner tube was slashed, and quite beyond repair,
it wouldn’t for a moment, hold a single breath of air.

When I pushed my bike ahead, from behind I heard a voice,
of a stranger on a bike, and he offered me another choice.

Said he, “I’ve ridden many miles, and am at my destination,
and I have some extra tubes, which from my calculation,

should fit within your tire, your wheel appears to be the size.
When I tried to give him money, he answered warm and wise,

“Many folks have helped me out, just pass the favor on,”
and with a shaking of our hands, the smiling cyclist was gone.

The inner tube he gave me, was the size my bike required,
and once more my bike and I, were properly a-tired.

The abundance of the moment, is a magical perspective,
and to live it from the heart, every day is my elective.

Simplicity

To navigate the human maze,
it helps to follow higher ways.

On this way, a golden key,
I found is pure simplicity.

Possessions held, take up the place
that Source would fill, if given space.

I learned this not, in just one day,
but over years, a narrow way

of choices, steps to see, distill,
me to my essence, what is real.

Important were the social things,
with letting go, my heart now sings.

From house to van, to some suitcases,
traveling through, so many places.

And now to carry, a backpack,
yet I am rich, and have no lack.

For when the clutter, I cleaned out,
I realized then, what life’s about.

Far greater gain, than what I paid,
when for Source, the space I made.



Pay It Forward

Our friends in northern Georgia offered us a place to rest,
the woman a good cook and her biscuits are the best.

We'd had enough of hiking and hitching oh so far
and felt that we were ready now to have a car....

One night the woman gave, to us a video
'Pay It Forward' was its name, new light it was to show.

For the theme of the movie begins with little boy
with idea to make the world a place of love and joy.

If each person gave a gift without thinking to be paid,
and each would pay it forward, a better world is made.

In the morning after, Kati asked the woman so,
"If for sale you see a car, would you kindly let us know?"

"We haven't any money, but perhaps you'd make a loan
and we will pay you back, good credit we have shown."

Later in the morning as we sat in sunny place,
our hostess came back home, smiles beaming on her face.

"I have found a van, that is perfect you will see
and some money came today unexpectedly.

"The amount of the check is exact the same as car
and I want to give it to you, your journey is so far.

"We were also given help by people in the past
and my choice to Pay It Forward is a gift that will outlast

"the deed on its own, for I know you have the mind
to Pay It Forward also, you choose a world that's kind."

Dad's 83rd Birthday

In sun and rain,
a harvest grown,
from fertile soil,
and seeds well-sown.

And now the peak,
white with fresh snow,
at peace in moonlight's,
silver glow.



Choices

Choices, choices everywhere,
out of box, oh, do I dare?

So many choices, everyday,
what to do and how to say.

which clothes to wear, which foods to eat,
which shoes, or not, will dress my feet.

The consequence of choice, is in my life profound,
to bless my days with happiness, or to my life confound.

What is my vocation, and who will be my mate,
will I buy it now, or will I wisely wait.

To be captured in the trap, of the world's self-pretense,
to judge, complain, resist, and fight in self-defense,

to live in fear, the mental storm,
and with emotions, to conform.

Or first to listen, and be still,
to act upon, the higher will.

To live from Being, deep within,
the wellspring of the genuine

freedom from, all loss and stress,
freedom from, the world's duress.

And choose to master, life each day,
for peace on earth, another way.

Kuhio

Into a coffee house, one afternoon I walked
and saw that in a circle, my Kati laughed and talked.

And on the other side, of the circle sitting so,
was a bright Hawaiian man, I learned was Kuhio.

He played a ukulele, with a voice so sweet and clear,
the sight and sound before me, was music to my ear.

I joined the little circle, relaxed into a chair,
and enjoyed the entertainment, that the artist gave us there.

He sang of Haleakala, volcano of the Sun,
of fire in a kiss, and the yodeling was fun.

I sensed in him an innocence, a humor with delight,
beyond the gift and talent, in a setting that was right

for this magic moment, spontaneous happening,
which brought us all in Starbucks, to laugh and clap and sing.



Higher Ground

We were invited to a party, it was at Christmastime,
the atmosphere was cheery, the feeling was sublime.

And the meeting hall was filled, when the hosts said, “Gather ‘round,
“we’ll form into a circle, may peace and love abound.”

A talking stick was passed, each guest to have a choice,
to share a thought or word, ‘twas the season to rejoice.

Half way around the circle, a young man sang a song,
about the Bush administration, all the evil, bad and wrong.

He played guitar so stridently, it seemed his enemy,
and though he sang of freedom, he was anything but free.

Weeks passed and then we saw, protesters line the street.
They were dressed in black, and held signs that sounded sweet.

The signs said, “We Choose Peace,” and let’s have “No More War,”
and I wondered what it was, these folks were looking for.

A woman I engaged, in a little conversation,
was so full of bitter anger, towards her world and towards the nation.

The voice inside me said, “If you want to change your world,
don’t in these dark emotions, get tangled up and swirled.

“Witness and observe, that anger only fuels,
the violence and aggression, with which the ego rules.

“Choose another way, to allow the higher will,
to radiate with feeling, that is peaceful, deep and still.

“With attention on the center, everything you say and do,
is on a higher ground, and your world is born anew.”

Make Compost

*A woman who tried to change the people
around her complained about the effect
of the negative energies.*

*Kati told her,
“It is like a dog that rolls in the shit,
and then stinks.”*

From this, I wrote a poem:

If in the shit you walk and sink,
don't then complain that you stink.

To smell of shit is not to boast,
still there's a choice to make compost.

So plant good seeds of flowers fair,
and enjoy the fragrant air.



Man

“The inner drumbeat, that you hear,
with feeling makes, your pathway clear.

“Don’t be drawn, out by the world,
but let your being, be unfurled.

“A drumbeat that, is not the same
as other drummers, has a name,

“the road that is, less traveled by,
the path with heart, a freedom cry.”

A different drumbeat doesn’t lead
to social life I will concede,

and I lived, my early years
in conflict fraught, with pain and tears.

The world I fought, and from it ran,
then wrote a paper, I called Man,

and shared my feelings, through my pen,
I was in school, in eighth grade when

I wrote my anger, towards this life,
how people act, in fear and strife

and think the earth, is man’s domain,
keep animals, in cage and chain,

without respect, for fellow man,
in ignorance of, a higher plan.

I made the paper, confidential,
to stir things up, it had potential....

I passed the Church of God but the buildings were not lit,
to be the hero of the day, I thought that wouldn’t fit.

The hills were getting higher and so I turned around
to go back to the car, and it was then I found

at the Church of God, behold, there was a light
in the pastor’s home, it was a welcome sight.

The pastor gave me gas, he said return the can
and to the road I climbed, to walk the road my plan.

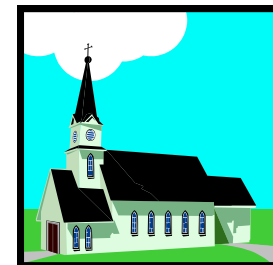
On the way I saw him across the road in car
He said, come on, get in, the walk in rain is far.

When we pulled up to the car wherein my family waited,
I jumped out with the can and saw they were elated.

Later Kati told me Arne felt so low
he said, if God exists, He would help us so

why doesn’t He just bring to us a can of gas?
And just as they were talking, as it came to pass,

I jumped out from the car, I smiled and gave a nod,
With a can of gas from, of course, the Church of God!



God Supplies the Gas

We had worked in a house overlooking Kona's bay
and were feeling tired when it came to end of day.

The sky was overcast as we walked out to the road
with minds to hitch for rides and return to our abode.

The cars stopped not for us, instead they whizzed on past
and as we walked the hills, we made a choice at last.

to call our son at home and ask if he would mind
to come and pick us up, a ride would be so kind.

Marc, our younger son, had a car with many miles.
A sporty white convertible, it was full of happy smiles.

The gauges didn't work, and one thing and another,
but it was his first car and he shared it with his brother.

When Arne came to get us, it just came to pass
that the tank was running empty, the car was out of gas.

So when he drove to us standing in the parking lot
The car had run its last, it just died there on the spot.

Arne, he felt low for his day had gone not well
and this lot was used by dealers, with drugs they came to sell.

All I knew to do was go walking in the rain
to buy a can of gas and bring it back again.

When I walked into the rain, and put out my asking thumb,
the drivers paid no mind and I was feeling numb.

On and on I walked along the busy highway
and then I saw a church, now maybe things go my way.

Myriad

A high school English teacher, by the name of Robert Zach,
was gifted with perception, and the grace and tact

to see the treasures buried, in a deep emotional sea
through the rebellious exterior, of the high school senior, me.

He saw the voice inside me, was urging to be penned,
and made to me an offer, not as a teacher but as friend.

“Fort Collins High School had, an annual literary,
magazine called *Myriad*, and it is for you, Gary.

“Two years we’ve had no *Myriad*, for lack of editors,
but if you want, this year, the project will be yours.

A prose I wrote for *Myriad*, “The Universe is Yours,”
was meant to be a message, that would open doors....

On a sunny afternoon, a Denver poet came
and as we sat in circle, he called us each by name.

He listened to our poetry, and gave his calm critique,
and when he came to mine, his answer was unique.

He urged me to continue, to pursue the mystic thought,
and consider my last line, the way that it was wrought.

“‘The Universe is Yours,’ says man possesses, true?
“but all of us are one, ‘The Universe is You.’”

His words that day were piercing, and my heart agreed,
I changed the prose accordingly, and in that act was freed

to take another step, from the darkness of illusion
for “The Universe is You” is now my felt conclusion....

Tale of a Snail

One bright and sunny Maui day,
we were walking on our way

back from a hike on mountain trail
when on the path I spied a snail.

'Twas in the shade of forest glen
and people walked behind us when

I put the snail into my hand
to save her from the hikers and

make photos of her in the light
where she could feed my appetite

for making great photography
better had I let her be.

For what I thought was pure and kind
was puffing up my ego-mind.

Her shell a spiral, her neck so long
she seemed to be a snail song.

And I fancied, in my charm,
that she was glad to ride my arm.

We rounded hill and saw the gate
past which my camera did await.

The scene unfolded to my eyes
and met me with a big surprise.

We saw black cows were gathered round,
they stared at us without a sound.

Inner Voice

Inner voice, I gladly play
into your hands to start this day,

I understand that we are one,
I the moon and you the sun,

for I the personality
reflect your light for eyes to see

in the night of human life,
in the peace and in the strife.

The constant, stable light of sun
is who I am when I am one

with the all, the whole complete
from my head to my feet.

I choose to walk as sun and moon
on earth this day and to attune

to nature's rhythm guided by
the silence of the endless sky.

Drumming Prayer

Spirit of the drum I play,
merge with me o' now I pray.

Lift me up on wings to fly
bird un-caged into the sky,

beyond the clouds of human fear
into the space where Source is near,

to free the human spirit more
and travel through the mystic door

that opens to the oneness field,
where to the Source I fully yield

with my body, mind and soul
in union, oneness with the whole.

O' beating rhythms of the drums,
flying fingers, hands and thumbs,

break now through the crushing fears
allow the music of the spheres

to rise and flow in harmony
as humankind learns first to Be.

One cow especially did not like
the folks returning from their hike.

She glared at us with head down low,
the boys ahead had fear to go.

So, being master of my fate
I proceeded towards the gate.

I, in hindsight arrogant,
thought in my presence they would want

to give me space and let me pass,
instead she knocked me on my ass.

She charged at me just like a bull
and with her head she butted full

into my chest, knocked out my air
then glared at me, just lying there.

It was a jolt, that is sure
and gave me a choice to mature.



(continued)

Tale of a Snail
(continued)

For later I reflected on
the experience I had undergone.

First of all my anger rose
against the cow that did dispose

of my oneness energy
with her assault and battery.

I feared for hikers unaware
of a cow that charges like a bear.

And I felt sad for the snail
whose life was lost, she was so frail.

Her shell was crushed by the weight
of the fall, it was too late

to change the choice that I had made
to take her from the forest shade.

My anger calmed against the cow
as I could see just why and how

I got knocked down that sunny day,
a choice for me to change my way.

The cows were in a narrow state
'tween brush and fence and backed by gate,

and they had calves, they were upset
by what they saw as a threat.

Cornered in they were distressed,
and by me not real impressed.

In the act of will, of forgiveness and self-worth,
the three of us shared deeply, in the glory of new birth.

The second session lasted, for more than seven hours,
for all of us 'twas timeless, and we felt the higher powers.

And then one day she asked us, if Source Reiki was for her,
and delighted by her interest, we gladly answered "Sure!"

In a mountain national park, shaded by a spreading tree,
we attuned Rose to the Power, to set her own self free.

We watched her transformation, saw her bloom before our eyes,
and her story still remains, a joy, a great surprise.

She expressed herself creatively, with camera and with prose,
and she progressively unveiled, a truly blossomed Rose.

After a few months, Rose returned to her homeland,
she faced her family fully, and then she gave a hand

to other women suffering, from abuse and pain,
and Rose has turned her life, from one of loss to gain.



Blossoming Rose

In Spain there was a woman, whose name I will call Rose,
and the evening that we met her, we could barely see her nose.

For her head was bended down, which no chance to see her eyes,
and she talked in a low whisper, well, she was a great surprise.

She asked if we would give her, in a scheduled hour,
our touch and counseling, a feeling of Source Power.

For forty years she'd carried, such deep emotional pain,
and it had weighed her down, to the state we found her in.

While we were counseling Rose, we learned about her more,
that she was assaulted by her father, when she was only four.

The terror of that night, and how she felt betrayed
cannot be put in words, the emotions not conveyed.

When she later sought to say, what had happened on that night,
her family turned against her, and she ran from them in flight.

She fled from home and country, and retreated deep inside,
and any joy inside her, just shriveled up and died.

The village people knew, her family all by name,
and she would not return, she felt such guilt and shame.

In our healing sessions, the three of us pressed through,
Kati, Rose and me, and we discovered something new.

We brought her dark emotions, into the morning light.
She surrendered to the Source, and relaxed her mental flight.

We let intuition guide us, through inner wisdom voiced,
and for breakthroughs in the session, the three of us rejoiced.

When my anger did at last subside
I felt no longer need to chide

the cows or owner of the land
for I came to understand

she stood against my arrogance
and once released, I could dance

to a brighter, simpler beat
align my heart and my feet

to walk the way that I voice
I find each day gives me a choice

to see each creature, snail and cow
as beings with a life and now

I take more time to wait and feel
my inner voice, the only real

connection to the One, the Source,
the all-pervading living force.

I am more conscious now to ask
before I set about a task

that might involve a cow, a tree
through inner voice I ask to see

and feel the consciousness contained
in other forms, in this I gained

a gift that day from snail and cow,
to live the beauty of the Now.

For in the Now, respectfully,
all creatures have a choice to Be.

Pepe

Up on a hill, near where I live,
I go each day, a friend to give,

a touch of warmth, and loving care,
for he's a horse who's tethered there.

Pepe's a horse, with spirit bold,
to see him leashed, feels hard and cold.

This Appaloosa's, made to run,
where he can feel, the wind and sun.

And in his eyes, I see the plea,
"I want to run! Please set me free."



*Pepe, an Appaloosa stallion,
tethered on a hill above Waimea.*

And if you feel the horse's soul,
you'll know, that to be truly whole,

the horse needs more than grass or hay,
another horse will make its day.

And so I write this yearning prayer,
that humankind will be aware,

that all creatures, the earth in whole,
are one Being, one heart and soul.

From this feeling, knowing way,
man and earth, have a new day.